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EIGHTY-SIXTH STREET SUBWAY.

The Metropolitan Street Railway Company has long coveted the two blocks on Eighty-sixth street between Central Park West and Amsterdam avenue.

They would form a connecting link by means of which the company's crosstown line might be made continuous from river to river. At the situation is, west side passengers using this road through the park are put to the enforced inconvenience of a walk of several blocks, a disagreeable experience in bad weather.

To what extent are the property-owners justified in holding up improvements which, while of advantage to the entire west side, are of direct and very great advantage to the railway company? That is the question in its present form.

There is no doubt that tracks in Eighty-sixth street would cause a marked depreciation of real estate values there; an adequate compensation by the railroad would be very heavy—very heavy, indeed, to pay for a subway for the two blocks.

Why should not such a subway be constructed? The grade is adapted to it and the building of the three stations called for would not entail much additional expense.

The main argument against a subway is that voiced by John Flanagan, who says that it "would bring objectionable crowds and make these blocks what those on the east side are." This is very unlikely, as there is no resort in the neighborhood such as will attract crowds, nor is there prospect of one.

It is obvious that some concession to the demands of west side passenger traffic must soon be made. A subway through Eighty-sixth street and an eventual line of stages through the Ninety-seventh street viaduct are called for as least objectionable, while most serviceable.

AID FOR THE INJURED IN FACTORIES.

An apprentice in the Mare Island Navy-Yard having suffered injury from a particle of steel which imbedded itself in his face, the electrician in charge held an electro-magnet against the wound with the object of drawing out the offending substance. In an instant the powerful attracting force and the wound was ready for dressing.

This was a case of ready aid for the injured of exceptional interest. Why cannot this ready-remedy principle be extended for use in a smaller way in all factories and shops where employees are numerous and injury or sudden illness not infrequent?

A machine crushes an operative's finger or an edge tool slips and cuts his hand badly. There are no remedies ready, no bandages or surgeon's plaster or antiseptic dressing, no tourniquet to stop the gush of blood from an artery, not even a cot for the injured man to lie on till the ambulance arrives.

Now, in the case of the fainting girl a few minutes in a retiring-room under the care of a cool-headed forewoman, a little whiskey, a few drops of aromatic spirits of ammonia, and she would speedily revive from the faint that becomes more serious the longer it lasts.

The remedies and appliances required are simple and inexpensive. No employer would refuse to provide them if asked. The approach of the season of heat prostrations makes their adoption urgent.

KENTUCKY AND CHERRY HILL.

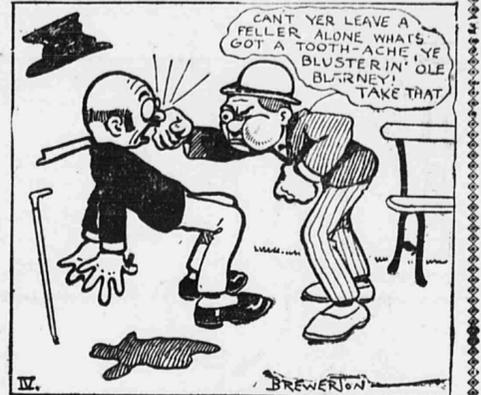
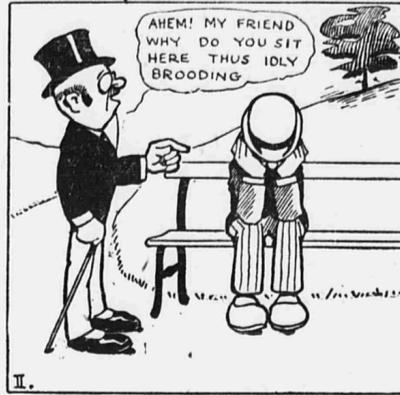
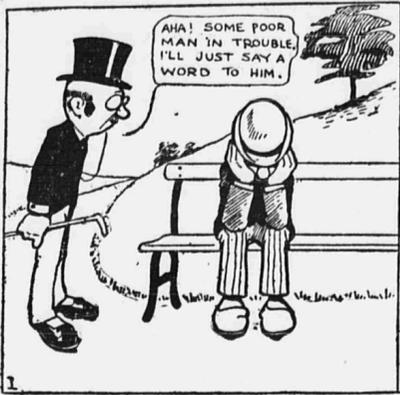
While we are reading the Kentucky mountaineers lessons on the "honor" that seeks satisfaction in assassination, shall we remain silent about Cherry Hill? In deploring and reprobating the shooting of Marcus in the back at Jackson must we be blind to the murder of McMahon, slain with a bullet in the back of his head in Hamilton street? Is the latter crime less dastardly because of its background of brick houses rather than of moonshiners' cabins?

A curious parallel exists between the Kentucky and the Cherry Hill murders. Marcus knew a year ago that his time had come and frankly told his friends so. As one familiar with feud processes and as the last recognized leader of the Cockerill faction he was well informed as to the probability of a rival's bullet taking him off very soon.

The Kentucky blood hatreds are expiated in the sparsely settled mountain regions where officers of the law are few. The Cherry Hill murders, a long list, have been committed almost in the heart of the great city within gunshot of a police station. Is it not hypocrisy for us to criticize Kentucky for what is happening right under our eyes? Are we to talk of cowardly feuds when we have feuds equally cowardly of our own?

The Evening World has had occasion before this to find fault with the police tolerance of street gangs out of which these too frequent assassinations grow. If previous encounters resulting in broken heads and violent deaths have not sufficed to justify a war of extermination on gangs, will not the McMahon murder serve? The conditions that made its perpetration possible are an abiding disgrace to a well-policed city.

MR. CHESTY GIVES GOOD ADVICE, AND REAPS HIS USUAL REWARD.



TOLD ABOUT NEW YORKERS.

PRESIDENT TUCKER, of the Pielades Club, administered a gentle but none the less scathing rebuke at a recent dinner of that aggregation. Henry Blossom, Jr., had been called on to sing. The murmur of talk did not cease with the playing of the song. In an instant Tucker was on his feet.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he called, politely, "just because you happen to be in evening clothes please don't imagine for a moment that you are really 'in society,' and that you are therefore absolved from preserving a civil silence while music is going on."

"That was a good defense of fat men I saw in the Evening World a few nights ago," said ex-Magistrate Job Hedges. "It reminded me of a friend of mine. He used to be as slender as a ray of sunlight. He loved a nice girl over in Brooklyn. She wouldn't marry him and he was glad to get a job in Washington so that he could get away from her. In the course of time he was dismissed and came back to New York. He had grown fat enough to be shown at a county fair. He went over to Brooklyn and called on the girl. A week or two later they were married. He teased her before after the wedding about her change of heart. 'Absence made the heart grow fonder,' I suggested. 'No, indeed,' she said, 'I wanted him bad enough when he was thin, but he was laxy then and I was afraid of him. When he walked into our house fat as a butter-ball I threw myself in his arms. It's all right now; he can't afford to be laxy. If he don't keep moving all the time he'll get so fat he'll bust.'"

A short time ago a party of gentlemen were dining at the Beaux Arts restaurant. The party consisted of Major Edward T. McCrystal, of the Sixty-ninth Regiment; Wilton Lackaye, the actor; and two other gentlemen. Major McCrystal is an enthusiast in the present Irish literary revival. He is at the head of the Gaelic movement in this country, and teaches a literary class in the language of the ancient kings of the land.

He had been giving some quotation from the Gaelic bards, when suddenly at a table near them arose a fearful clatter as three male opera singers began an excited controversy in Italian. "There," said one of the party, "there, Major, your neighbors are talking Gaelic!" Wilton Lackaye listened attentively a moment and then said: "No, you are mistaken, that's not Gaelic—it's garlic!"

Mayor Low, on his advent to Columbia, was cordially greeted by "Stevie" Weeks, the sexagenarian Proctor. "You knew him before?" asked a student of "Stevie."

"Knew him," echoed the Proctor. "Yes, in the days when he was a round-faced, red-cheeked kid, in a little polo cap. Only, in those days he had to bow to me; not I to him."

THE ANNUAL "FIRST-OF-THE-SEASON" CRAZE IS ON.



It's a glorious sensation to be first of all the nation, To do in May some "summer stunt" not due until July, And the folks who force the season are already showing reason Why the overworked foolkiller cannot spare the time to die.

ROMANCE OF BOTHGATES.

She Was Too Much in Love at First Sight.

BOTHGATES is an "L" guard who will not sit in a cab between stations. He is always on the platform with his back to the train's head. Several passengers kept him company. One was keeping a cigar lit.

"Guard," said a severe gentleman, "is smoking permitted on the car platforms?" "No, sir."

"That gentleman is smoking." Bothgates tapped the man indicated on the arm and said "No smoking."

"Thank you," the smoker said, and held his cigar over the gate. A few minutes later he drew on it faintly. Bothgates made no remark.

"Guard," said the severe gentleman, "that man is still smoking." Bothgates studied the whitewashed walls of the flat buildings that disfigure Morningside Heights.

"No smoking," he said mechanically to a man who did not have a cigar. "No, no," said the severe gentleman, "the man by the gate."

Bothgates eyed the severe gentleman severely. "Ain't you afraid you'll get a cinder in your eye, sir?" he said scottiously.

"You're impertinent. I'll report you." At One Hundred and Fourth street the severe gentleman and the smoker left the train. Bothgates winked when a platform passenger laughed over the incident.

"The man smoking is the one that got me back on the road after I'd sassed the big boss and got fired; the old duck owns the flat I live in," he said.

"Coming up late last night—my last trip—car was full at Thirty-third. Gals asleep on their boy's shoulders, men trying to look like they didn't know the taste of beer, some nice ladies and gents and a few quiet black people. On trips the loudest girl you ever see. Hair blonded, face painted, highest high heels you'll find, gladiest kind of glad rags. All the sleepers woke up. Gay girl sits next to old man with snow hair and mustache and red face. Talks to him right from the start. He straightened up and talked back. Girl tried to hug him. He wasn't standing for that, and I go in and warn her. She smiled at me and followed me out on the platform, obnoxious all the time and laughing loud enough to be heard a block away. I got mad after warning her and threatened to put her off. All the passengers in both cars were gazing, and most of them crowded around the doors. You never heard such a run of chin as that girl give me. Made love to me there, so I thought she couldn't just simply be drunk; she must be crazy. Anyhow, I says 'Off you go at Fifty-third street. She toned down some and I let her stay on. Between Fifty-fifth and Sixty-sixth she got wild again, and at Sixty-sixth I put her off. Then what you think? Well, the girl lifts off her blonded hair and says in a good strong man's voice: 'Good night, Bothgates. Had a awful jolly time at your party.' It was a son of the man you saw with the cigar."

WOMEN BELL-RINGERS.

St. Andrew's Church, of Bridgford, Berkshire, is the only place in England where the bells are rung by women. The reason why women have been engaged for this task is very simple. About eighteen months ago there was a great scarcity of men and boys in the district, owing to the dearth of labor, and the vicar, being unable to obtain the requisite number of men to ring the bells, asked the ladies of the congregation to undertake the duty. The appeal was instantly and heartily responded to, and six young women have rung the bells of this pretty little church regularly and punctually for nearly eighteen months. It is heavy and trying, but the bell-ringers have become quite enthusiastic in the work and do it excellently.

ON THE EVENING WORLD PEDESTAL.



Children! Our Pedestal to-day Holds Pileman Adam Cross. He owned a large, hypnotic Eye And rose yet higher and more high, Until Reform came rolling by And left him stranded high and dry Unrescued by his toes.

HOME FUN FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

A FIGURE OF FIGURES.



This illustration will be found to be made up of the numerals 0, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9. For instance, the legs form the 4, the body the 8, and so on.

A TRICK WITH CARDS.

Deal the cards into three packs, face upward. Ask the spectators to select a card and remember which pack it is in. When you have dealt out twenty-one cards throw the rest aside. You now have three packs with seven cards in each. Ask in which heap the chosen card is and place that pack between the other two. Deal as before and ask the same question again, putting the pack indicated in the middle.

HINTS ABOUT PARTIES.

A "boor party" is lots of fun. Invite girls and boys that you know will do all they can to make the others enjoy themselves. Dress in old, old clothes, some good costumes are tramps, peasants, gypsies, fish wives, farmers, shoe blacks, orange girls, and any one that has a little ingenuity can think up very funny costumes.

BIRTHDAY PARTY GAMES.

Begin by having some music; among your guests some will be able to sing or play. After that ask one of the boys to do a few tricks which have been prepared before the party. Then have one of the girls as a fortune teller, and have every one's fortune told, either by cards or by the palm or by saucers as at Halloween; these must be prepared also and may be made very amusing.

PUZZLE PICTURE.



Where is the policeman?

Some of the Best Jokes of the Day.

CELEBRITY. "Yes," said her proud mother, "Lullia's husband is known in nearly all parts of his native State." "Indeed? Where does he come from?" "Rhode Island." —Chicago Record-Herald.

HIGH DODGING.

Gunner—I am tired of dodging trolley cars and trucks. The rich can ride about in their carriages and don't have to dodge anything.

SAME OLD EXCUSE.

Senior—I learn, Mr. Smith, that while I was gone Mr. Sparty was intoxicated. Why didn't you fire him?

HIS VINDICATION.

Passerby—Here, boy, your dog bit me on the ankle! Dog Owner—Well, dat's as high as he could reach. You wouldn't expect a little pup like him to bit your neck, would yer? —Chicago Daily News.

ACCEPTED.

"You'd best take something for that cold." "I would if I were you." "His master said, 'Said anybody bold: "Thanks. Don't care if I do."'" —Philadelphia Press.

THE FULL HOUR.

When a woman is but a thing For a man to fondle and pet, Let her dance and sing— Her hour is not yet.

When a man is but a staff For a woman to cling to, dumb, Let him strut and taunt— His hour is not come. —Louise M. Still in Harper's Weekly.

LETTERS, QUESTIONS, ANSWERS.

Old Man Revived.

To the Editor of the Evening World: When one wants to intimate that one is politically favored or pretends to be he asks him quizzically, "Who shines your shoes?" I was treated to this latest form of the "Who's your hatter?" of years ago yesterday.

Another Problem.

To the Editor of the Evening World: Here is something to puzzle some of your readers for awhile: Mary is twenty-four years old. Mary is twice as old as Ann was when Mary was as old as Ann is now. How old is Ann? D. P. P.

Apply to Your Congressman.

To the Editor of the Evening World: Where can I get admittance to West Point Military Academy? THOMAS K.

March 23 is the Correct Date.

To the Editor of the Evening World: M. S. claims Good Friday came on March 23 in 1883. H. L. says it was in April. Which is right? H. K.

Broadway and Howard Street.

To the Editor of the Evening World: Where is Post-Office Station 8? JAMES WILLIS.

Apply at a Recruiting Office.

To the Editor of the Evening World: I would like to join the United States Cavalry. Where can I learn particulars? J. E. G.

Son Is a Citizen.

To the Editor of the Evening World: If a child is born in America of English parents is the child an American citizen and entitled to suffrage as such? C. B.