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CONFLICTING COURT RULINGS.

At the dinner of the Civil Service Reform Association Police Commissioner Greene criticised City Magistrates for various shortcomings, among others that of holding "such views of the laws that the result of bringing any complaint on certain kinds of offenses before them is largely a matter of speculation."

Yet is not point lent them by Magistrate Breen's latest excise ruling? In the Yorkville Court Sunday he said: "When a man enters a hotel the proprietor and his employees have a right to presume that the man makes himself a guest and intends to obey the spirit of the law; hence if he orders a drink the proprietor or his employees, presuming that the guest intends to order a dinner, may lawfully serve him with a drink first."

This seems intelligent law and is doubtless good law; in effect it will permit others besides Magistrate Connor to "take a cocktail on Sunday an hour before dinner in spite of 10,000 Greens."

But the point is that the Breen decision is in direct conflict with other magisterial decisions on the same vexed question, and therein lies proof of the justness of the Commissioner's criticisms.

Going Slumming.—Two young women exploring "Chinatown" in San Francisco donned male attire, were discovered, arrested and subjected to a most unpleasant experience with the law. In New York, two notorious Tenderloin resorts were raided last week, fully half of the 150 persons arrested, most of them women, besought with tears in their eyes to be released on the plea that they were only sight-seeing.

MR. CANTOR'S CONFESSOR'S HINT.

Much in the role of a confidant dropping a hint of a secret he would like to disclose in full, the Rev. Dr. Parkhurst intimates that if President Cantor would tell the public as frankly as he has told him the inner reasons for the removal of Commissioner Stewart, it "would exceedingly relieve the existing tension."

There has been a prevalent impression that there were facts of interest leading up to the request for Mr. Stewart's resignation which have not even been outlined in the brief communications with which President Cantor has favored the public.

The summary decapitation of an official with whose work he had declared himself as pleased less than a year ago, indicated a change of mind on the Borough President's part as complete as it was sudden. What was the cause of it? Will Mr. Cantor now take the community into his confidence and thereby "relieve the existing tension?"

CAR-STRAP GYMNASTICS.

The poet who could find books in brooks is outside by a comedian in "The Runaways," who discovers means of physical improvement and personal beautification in car straps, elevated stairs and generally in the daily ordeal of crush and scramble to which New Yorkers are obliged to submit en route to and from their offices.

To stand in a surface car, according to this authority, is to strengthen the muscles of the legs; and to look upward toward the top of a skyscraper gives the neck muscles elasticity and tone.

The strap exercise, as outlined, is to hang alternately by the right and left arm between stations and to finish the trip with each hand clinging to a strap. In this way the benefit is distributed, neither biceps being slighted. And the good derived is passed on to the muscles of the chest and to those of the back.

It is apparent that the philosophic strap-hanger, instead of grumbling at his lot, should appreciate the advantages and consider himself blessed by the opportunities for exercise freely provided. Every man can become his own professor of physical culture, with "L" or surface car a gymnasium ready at hand. The discovery deserves to rank with that of the conservation of energy.

SPEED MADNESS.

The casualties of the Paris-Madrid automobile road race point anew the moral of a recklessness which in this case was different in degree only, not in kind, from that with which we are all too familiar. Whether it is the upset of a racing machine on a Staten Island road, or accidents like those in which the Fairs and Elliott Zborowski lost their lives, or this latest and worst of road records of disaster—whenever there is a powerful machine pounding along under the direction of a speed-mad chauffeur there is the prospect if not the near possibility of a smash-up.

It seems an immutable law of automobile ownership that a desire for fast travelling shall develop, the only cure for which lies in its gratification. This explains why the Prime Minister of Great Britain has been four times arrested for violating speed ordinances. Probably that is why a young woman like Miss Roosevelt finds an ordinary locomobile runabout tame and sighs to possess a large and powerful touring car. In the case of most women chauffeurs the early feminine fears give way in time to a self-confidence admirable enough in some aspects as a development of feminine accomplishment, but suggestive of the inevitable working of the law of speed madness.

Another phase of this speed madness is witnessed in the suburban trolley car, now dashing around a curve into a Presidential coach, now jumping the track and imperiling many lives as near Paterson Sunday. The country motorman is not immune from the craze. The city passenger in the rural racing trolley car holds his breath and commends his soul to Heaven.

MR. HOTFOOT COMMUTER IS LATE AGAIN--THROUGH NO FAULT OF HIS OWN.



TOLD ABOUT NEW YORKERS.

ANDREW CARNEGIE has paid a debt which his mother incurred long ago in the highlands of Scotland before her son had earned his first dollar. When leaving Scotland Mrs. Carnegie had borrowed a few shillings from a neighbor, and as the years rolled by the debt was forgotten and left unpaid. Not long ago it came to light in a curious way. An enterprising advertising manager offered a prize for the best suggestion as to how Mr. Carnegie should use his wealth. One of the answers was that "the best thing Mr. Carnegie could do was to pay his mother's debts." In this way Mr. Carnegie first learned of the 15 shillings (\$3.75) his mother had forgotten to repay. He made inquiries, found that two daughters of his mother's friend were living and paid them each \$48, being at the rate of compound interest at 5 per cent. twice over.

"I came near winning a small fortune at Morris Park Saturday," said "Pat" Powers to a party of friends last evening. "In fact, if the winner had been Haasum's old-time headless horse I'd have been flush to-day."

"How do you make that out?" asked Carl Davis. "Why, the horse I played to win lost by a nose," explained Powers.

C. C. Sullivan, the Tammany orator, and Deputy Police Commissioner Piper, have each lost an arm. Their figures are, however, so perfectly developed otherwise that at first glance many persons would not note the defect.

"Abie" Levy has bought a summer home on Long Island. For the first few days after he moved out there he made light of the inconvenience of the twice-a-day railroad trip. Yesterday, however, he reached his office nearly two hours late, owing to the slowness of his watch, the laming of one of his horses and the persistence of a freight train in blocking the main line. As he walked into his office he greeted a group of waiting clients thus:

"I used to feel like congratulating the chap whose sentence was commuted. But now I know, by sad experience, that the electric chair is far preferable to the miserable existence of the commuter."

Prof. A. V. W. Jackson, of Columbia, was one of the very few Columbia instructors whom irreverent students had never nicknamed. Recently, however, he has started a class in Anglo-Saxon literature, since when he is familiarly known, from one end of the campus to the other, as "Anglo-Jackson."

Mary E. Wilkins (who is now Mrs. Freeman) received a crushing blow at a reception tendered to F. Marion Crawford. A friend brought Miss Wilkins up to the guest of the evening with the introductory remark: "Mr. Crawford, I want you to meet Miss Mary E. Wilkins, one of our foremost American literary women. You are, of course, familiar with her work."

LETTERS, QUESTIONS, ANSWERS.

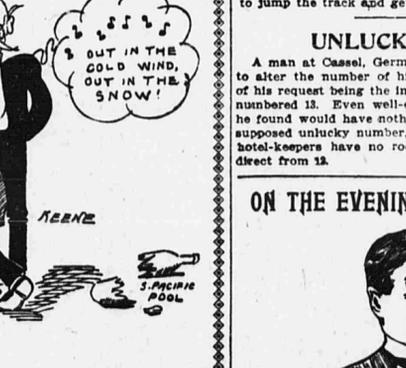
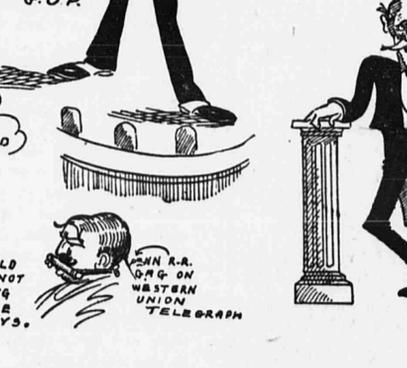
Meaning of "O. K." To the Editor of The Evening World: Kindly inform me of the origin and meaning of the letters "O. K."

DESIRIOUS. There are several versions of the term's origin, the most generally accepted being that an illiterate man first wrote it as an abbreviation for "All Correct." "All Correct" is the meaning it still bears.

Civil Service Query. To the Editor of The Evening World: Where can application be made for municipal positions in any of city departments; also where civil service papers are obtained, and where information may be obtained as to when next series of examinations are to take place? JACOB A.

Same Old Penny Query. To the Editor of The Evening World: I hear that 1902 pennies will be called in and the value of the same will be 11 cents. I have quite a number of them accumulated and I would like to know whether this is really a fact. Miss C.

THE MULTI-MILLIONAIRE AS A HUMAN SONG BIRD.

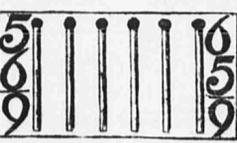


(John D. Rockefeller astonished a number of his guests by singing "Annie Laurie" in a voice as smooth as oil. The favorite songs of other rich men are here suggested.)

Hark to Gates, Gould, Platt and Morgan exercise the vocal organ! Their arpeggio scherzandos rend the money-laden air. Ah, how sweet to hear them singing where mere coins were erstwhile ringing! But the dulcet notes they "float" can't be discounted anywhere.

HOME FUN FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

TRY THIS MATCH TRICK.

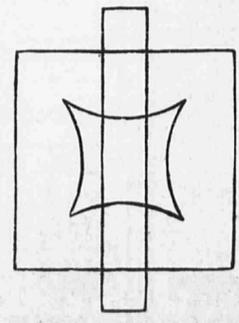


Anybody knows that six matches and five matches do not make nine matches and yet they can be made to do this very thing. The picture shows six matches. Go to the match box and get eleven matches. Lay six of them on the table and then place the other five in such a manner that they will make nine. You can fool all the members of the family with this trick. They will insistantly say that six and five are eleven, but you can show them how six and five, is properly placed together, are nine.

CONUNDRUMS.

What kind of pins make good pies? Pippins. When is a man the sweetest? When he is candid (candied). Why should we think that a locomotive can hear? It always has an engine-er. Where should sorrowful people go? To the Cape of Good Hope. What periodicals are always out of health? The weekly (weakly) newspapers. Why is a whisper forbidden in polite society? Because it isn't loud. Why are young ladies at the breaking up of a party like arrows? Because they can't go off without a beau and are all in a quiver till they get one. When is a man out of date? When he's a week (weak) back. What did the spider do when he came out of the ark? He took a fly and went home. Why has an ocean voyage no terrors for physicians? Because they are accustomed to see (sea) sickness. Why is a popular novel like autumn? Because its leaves are quickly turned and always read (rob).

CAN YOU DO IT?



Can you draw this figure without lifting your pencil from the paper and without going over the same line twice?

Some of the Best Jokes of the Day.

REDUCING THE DRINK HABIT. "That's a great temperance move up in Sandusky." "Not in Sandusky?" "Yes. The Brewers' Union demands twenty pints of beer a day for each employee, and the brewers want to cut them down to ten pints."—Cleveland Plain Dealer. HIGHER GAME. "The Earl's first idea in coming here was to become engaged to a girl with a million." "Yes, and now he's engaged to five." "Five girls with a million?" "Oh, gracious, no! One girl with five millions."—Philadelphia Press. PLAYED ON APRON STRING. "Mr. Henpeque, let me introduce you to the Count de Dieppe." "Ah, set out so honor to meet a musician. I hear, sir, that you and your family play so music." "Why, I don't know the first thing about music." "But I hear set all around that you play second fiddle to your wife!"—The

BOTHGATES ON OLD JOKES.

Genial Jokes with Gray Hair and Moss on Them Defended by the "L" Guard.

"AIN'T this a day to curl your whiskers?" said a passenger as he stepped on an "L" car platform. He was round, his face was red, there were laughter wrinkles about his eyes.

Bothgates laughed as he said: "If I wasn't so busy I'd like to take a spin out to the green things in my automobile."

"Your automobile? Say, man, didn't you see the big headlines in the papers, '8 Killed in the Paris-Madrid Automobile Races, 'Automobile Ran Away and Plunged Into the Sea, and 'Automobile Exploded and Killed Owner and Chauffeur?' You better be thankful you ain't got none."

"That's so," said Bothgates. "They is advantages in being poor. When I get sick the doctors don't operate on me for appendicitis. My little red-head hikes over to the drug store and gets some medicine and back I go to work."

The fat passenger laughed heartily and entered the car. He had been blocking the platform, and a passenger commented savagely on "idiotic exchanges of inanities which some people call humor."

"That man don't eat his breakfast till 12 o'clock," said Bothgates. "What's he expect? I'm only a guard. If I could reel off good jokes every time a man gives me a job I'd be getting a house and lot a week from Weber & Fields."

"Ain't it funny? They's lots of people purtend to get mad when a feller works off a little fool joke, and they get nervous if somebody hums a tune, and they get sarcastic if a feller whistles. Them little jokes keeps many a feller out of the sick house if they have got gray hairs and moss all around the edges. They's a feller gets on at 82, and every time he says something Dutchy: 'Vell, how you vas, ain't it?' Now, when I say that it ain't so funny, but I always laugh at that feller and I say, just like him, 'Purty good, not?' and I tell you straight I'd rather meet that feller than a whole cartful of gum ones like that sour stomach in there."

"What harm is it being a fool if a feller wants to be one?" Read about that feller that tried to josh with a conductor on the bridge Sunday? Says he when he paid his nickel to the conductor, "Can't I ride for half fare?" Said it serious and kind a surprised like. What does the conductor do? He just gives him the hard eye and don't say anything, and the fool joser jumps off the unsocial trolley and over the bridge fence into East River. He says to himself, "This is a cold world," and over the rail he goes. Now, if that there conductor had just dropped his dignity and joshed back the feller might a gone on to Brooklyn and raised a family."

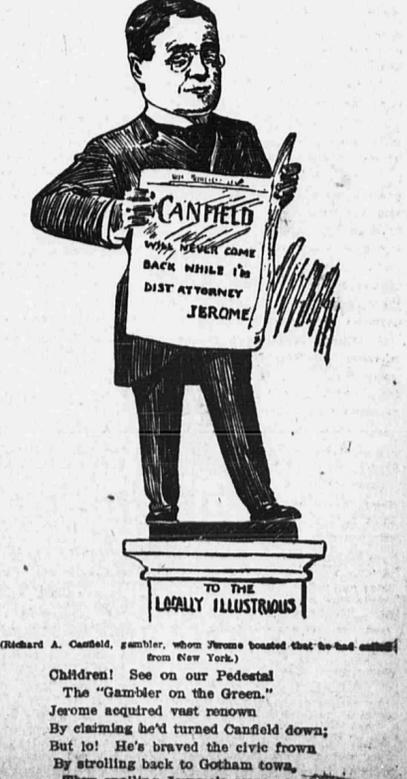
"Bothgates," says my red-head, "is my hat on straight?" "How'd I know?" I says: "I ain't seen the hat-stores map of how it ought to on." "Well, I guess I said that 1,500 times, but red-head, she laughs every time. Of course it's a fool joke; I don't know anything but fool jokes. What's the harm? She laughs and I laugh and the kids laugh and we're happy. I don't see as these college boys make jokes that would look well in print. They just fire their old, worn-out gags and yells around, and the bigger fools they is the better they like it."

"When I get to be too old to laugh at a fool joke I want to jump the track and get splintered."

UNLUCKY THIRTEEN.

A man at Cassel, Germany, has petitioned the authorities to alter the number of his house from 13 to 14, the reason of his request being the impossibility to let rooms in a house numbered 13. Even well-educated people, especially women, he found would have nothing to do with a house bearing the supposed unlucky number, says Home Notes. At Cassel the hotel-keepers have no rooms numbered 13; they pass to 14 direct from 12.

ON THE EVENING WORLD PEDESTAL.



(Richard A. Canfield, gambler, whom Jerome taunted that he had outbid from New York.)