

The World

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STREET-CAR TRANSFERS.

Two trolley-car passengers who were refused transfers by the Interurban Company and brought suit against the railroad have received checks from the company covering the amount of fine inflicted by the Court and the costs incurred. Col. Vasa E. Stolbrand gets \$89.02 and William Blume, who sued for damages for three refusals of transfers, gets \$237. Whether they are to be congratulated on the financial returns of their public service depends on the net amount of cash coming to them after the lawyers' fees have been deducted. But at least they are deserving of thanks for the fight they have made to maintain their rights as passengers and to establish a precedent for the benefit of all who travel by the Interurban Company's cars.

What is to be the company's future policy with regard to transfers at points where they have been heretofore and are still refused? Is it to be as indicated in these suits? Is each passenger to be forced to put up with the refusal and pay an extra fare or sue individually for damages and go to the expense of prolonged court proceedings to establish rights which by the Supreme Court decision have already been established?

If this is to be the corporation's policy, the legal tactics of which it is part cannot be too strongly characterized. The company's apparent abandonment of its fight by the withdrawal of its appeal to the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court while evidencing the fear of an adverse verdict left the railroad beaten by the decision from which the appeal was taken. But if passengers are still to be refused transfers and forced into further litigation over a question already decided in their favor, the corporation is to all intents and purposes nullifying the court's verdict and defeating the public victory already won.

THE BURDEN OF WEALTH.

"Avoid the delusion that the acquisition of wealth for its own sake is worth living for; when you get more wealth than you need the excess is a burden instead of a blessing."

Thus Attorney-General Cunnene to the students of Manhattan College; and as he was saying it J. P. Morgan was arriving from Europe, his vacation cut short, to spend the remainder of his holiday disentangling the troubles into which his pet particular trusts have fallen during his absence. He is wanted for attendance on the Ship Trust, the common stock of which is now quoted at 5 per cent. of its par value. He is required for diagnosis of the Steel Trust, its common stock below 30. And for consultation in the Shipyard Trust, alleged by its bondholders to be bankrupt and giving evidence that their allegation is a true bill. Obviously, Mr. Morgan can serve to point the moral of the Attorney-General's warning.

A tickler follows the overly rich man wherever he goes—into his Newport cottage, his Riviera villa, the Mediterranean ports where his yacht touches. Private secretaries, stenographers, stock quotations, "the market" are with him always and necessarily so. Given a millionaire who had invested heavily a few years ago in the securities of the trusts Mr. Morgan has come to doctor and had since remained out of touch with Wall street—let us fancy his state of mind on arriving in New York to-day and looking up the quotations of the stocks in question.

The burden of wealth of the rich grows heavier, yet the college graduate is willing to take his chances of succumbing to it in spite of commencement oratorical warnings. The Napoleon the Yale boys voted for as their favorite character was the Napoleon of Finance.

TOO MUCH FOURTH OF JULY.

In Finland, under the monarchical rule of the Czar, the sale of guns, ammunition and explosives has been prohibited. Here in our free republic we permit their use with greater license by all who desire, not refusing the infant just out of arms.

Whatever "shooting iron" young America may prefer is his for the dealer's price, rifle or revolver or toy pistol. The cannon cracker is his, with its ear-rupturing detonation; the torpedo, in which dynamite sufficient to kill is lodged; pin wheels, roman candles, rockets, bengal lights, serpents, "nigger-chasers"—there is no end to the pyrotechnic apparatus with which he may rend and maim and make day and night hideous with the noise of his patriotism. It is a proud privilege of freedom the blessings of which the Finland lad cannot even conceive.

Our liberality to the small boy in the matter of fireworks grows annually greater. Some restraint is demanded by the yearly crop of casualties and of injuries which grow correspondingly larger. Cannot the toy pistol be suppressed? Cannot the explosion of crackers and torpedoes be limited to the Fourth and the continuous celebration from February into July put an end to?

AN IDYL OF THE STUDIO.

The public cannot fail to sympathize with the aged artist whose former model, the same with whom he read "Romeo and Juliet" in the studio, has sued him for back pay for services as "amanuensis." She who was once the painter's "petty baby" has been sordidly seeking compensation for those days of heart-to-heart communings over Shakespeare when easel and palette were neglected for the study of more soulful things. It is sufficient to shatter our faith in feminine sentiment.

Miss Clark's letters give rare glimpses of those sweet, satisfying days when they met and wooed and read of Montague and Capulet loves even until the gray morn smiled on the frowning night. Then had this cruel court complainant affections and warm youthful blood, and trust and confidence. Alas! for the disillusion that has now turned her love to hate! The serpent heart hid a flowering face is now revealed in all its venom.

It is a painful thing thus to see the sentiment of youth dispelled by the progress of years, the affections waning as the flesh waxes until the trusting heart is shielded against the former object of adoration. If she had taken their proper course in this case the old model would long ago have married and settled down in quiet domesticity, forgetful of studio life and indifferent to artists in general or particular. It was Dr. Miller's bad luck that something went wrong.

WHEN THE NOBLE ARMY OF ITALIAN BARBERS MARCH ON ODELL.



THEY MAY SURROUND THE CAPITOL WITH LATHER UNTIL THE GOVERNOR SURRENDERS

THE BARBERS MAY BOYCOTT THE GOVERNOR AND REFUSE TO SHAVE HIM

REP. LEADER MARSH IS QUARANTINED ON A TUG TILL THE STORM BLOWS OVER.

TOLD ABOUT NEW YORKERS.

MRS. EDITH WHARTON, the author wife of Edward R. Wharton, of Lenox, received \$122,500 for "Landsend," her summer residence at Newport, which she recently sold to Eleanor T. Bookman, wife of R. Livingston Beekman, of New York. The consideration is regarded as indicating a rise in value in Newport real estate.

Commander Booth Tucker, of the Salvation Army, says the project to raise \$500,000 for the purpose of settling Jewish emigrants from Russia in the already established Russian community at Woodbine, N. J., is only in a tentative stage. Mr. Tucker has just returned from Woodbine. He said that he found the Russian Jews there were successfully undertaking industrial and agricultural pursuits and he thought newcomers might profitably be established there.

After resigning and subsequently withdrawing his resignation, Robert Hunter, the head worker of the University Settlement, has decided to sever his connection with the Eldridge street house and work along social lines on the east side independently. Hunter recently married the daughter of Anson Phelps Stokes, sr., and they intend on their return from the wedding trip in Europe to found a settlement of some sort near Corlears Hook Park.

Oscar S. Straus, of New York, will deliver the baccalaureate address at the commencement of the National Farm School, Doylestown, Pa., on Friday. Six scientific farmers will graduate. The places secured by the graduates are: Landscape gardener at Shenley Park, Pittsburg; floriculture establishment in Illinois, manager of an agriculture institute in Massachusetts, assistant manager of a fresh air vacation school under the auspices of Prof. Felix Adler, of the Ethical Culture Society, in the Catskill Mountains, New York; nursery of Thomas Meehan, in Philadelphia, and assistant manager of a tobacco plantation in Havana. Louis L. Loeb, of New York, gives one of the four prizes for excellence.

The father of Judge William B. Hurd was a famous dentist. When his son took up law instead of following the paternal profession a friend remarked after hearing a specimen of the future Judge's cross-examination: "There's nothing like heredity. Hurd extracts information patiently and gets to the root of the matter while you wait. He'll be gold-filled one of these days."

Harry Thurston Peck, litterateur and Latin professor, was the theme of conversation at a recent Columbia reunion. "I wonder why a man of his dignity signs his name 'Harry' instead of 'Henry,'" mused one alumnus. "He probably knew," replied another, "that if he remained 'Henry' he'd go through life cursed with the nickname 'Hen-Peck.'"

LETTERS, QUESTIONS, ANSWERS.

Yes. To the Editor of The Evening World: Is a son born to American parents while visiting temporarily in Europe eligible for President? S. WATT.

Yes; \$540 a Year. To the Editor of The Evening World: Do the cadets at West Point receive a salary from the Government while they are there, and if so, how much? A. G. T.

July 15. To the Editor of The Evening World: When is St. Swithin's day? Mrs. P. F.

On the Outer Side. To the Editor of The Evening World: Should a gentleman walking with two ladies walk in the centre or on the outside?

Answers the "Jealous" Query. To the Editor of The Evening World: In answer to A. C. W., who asks if "true love knows no jealousy?" Man was born to love and from his very infancy jealousy seems to be the predominant trait of the child. Notice how he watches every motion of his mother lest she should bestow marks of affection on any one but himself. And as the years roll by and the child advances into manhood or womanhood its love for material objects grows still stronger. Jealousy must exist in human beings to cause true love. Love is a veneration, and jealousy is a true consideration for the object revered.

Usually Pronounced "Greenwich." To the Editor of The Evening World: What is the accepted way to pronounce "Greenwich"? F. R.

A SESSION OF THE PROPOSED "SCHOOL FOR WIVES."



An anti-divorce crusade suggests regular courses of study for wives. When wives begin a-schooling in the art of husband-ruling And master all the details that shall teach them how to reign, They'll learn new ways to manage him, to cinch his cash and damage him, Till poor old Pa is on the blink and likewise on the wane.

HOME FUN FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

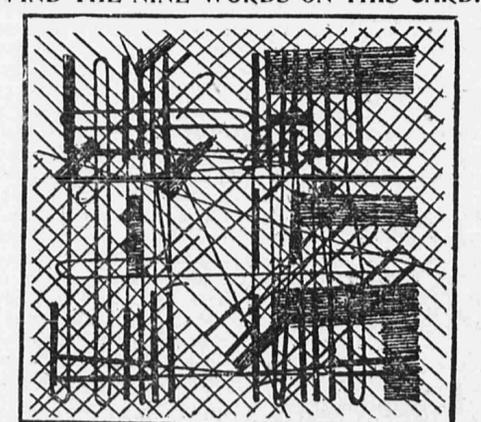
CONUNDRUMS.

Why would you prefer to die in San Francisco instead of New York? You would be near the golden gate. Why is a washerwoman like Saturday? Because she brings in the clothes (close) of the week. Where does all the snuff go to? No one nose. What is everybody doing at the same time? Growing old. Why is a griddle cake inhabited? There is a little Indian in it. Why do dentists make the best farmers? They are used to pulling stumps. What nation is the most talked of? Carrie Nation. How can you shoot at 129 hares at one shot? Shoot at a wig. When are you not yourself? When you are a little pale (pail). How does the woodcutter invite the tree to fall? He axes it. What is the most popular paper at a summer resort? Fly paper.

CURIOS FACTS ABOUT EGGS.

It is rather curious to know just how much pressure an egg will stand. The following tests, given in a scientific journal, may surprise readers. Eight ordinary hens' eggs were found only to give under a pressure applied all round of between 40 pounds and 60 pounds on the square inch of surface. When the tests were applied internally to twelve eggs they yielded at pressures of 32 pounds to 60 pounds per square inch.

FIND THE NINE WORDS ON THIS CARD.



This card contains nine words. Hold it about half an arm's length from you on the level of the eye; shut one eye; read from the left-hand side; keep turning until you come to the point where you started. You will look for small letters printed on it, but you will be fooled, for the letters are two inches to three inches long. If you try to make one of them you will make letters as in printing, which is wrong. If you wish to print one of these, make the letters long and notch them at the end.

Some of the Best Jokes of the Day.

HOW HE GOT IT. "How did he get his title of colonel? Did he ever live in Kentucky, or was he on some Governor's staff once?" "No; he once had a half-interest in a racehorse." A FOOLISH QUESTION. "Which," she asked, "would you rather have, immortality or riches?" "How can you ask," he returned, proudly drawing himself up to his full height, "since you know that I am writing popular novels?" THE FURTHEST LIMIT. "Henpeck doesn't dare to say his son's his own." "It's worse than that. His wife even tips the waiter when they go out to lunch together." RECKLESS EXTRAVAGANCE. "These grand-opera singers are awfully extravagant." "That's so. I actually heard of one who sang her baby to sleep with a hundred-pound aria."—London Tid-Bits. THE TOUCH. "A sweet book!" she exclaimed. "Not a touch of materialism in it!" I opened the volume. On the first leaf I read: "H55." "Ha!" I thought, but said nothing. I would not for the world shatter my wife's illusions.—Detroit Free Press.

THE MAN FROM THE WEST.

Made Cynical by Depressing Weather, He Talks of Summer Resorts.

"REMINDS me of Galveston," said the Governor from Saint Lewis, as he stood gazing disconsolately out of his hotel window. "Why? Because it's so damp outside all the time that a man can scarcely drink enough to keep the interior and exterior pressure at an equilibrium. You know the nearer you get to the sea the more you get to drink. That's why the men who live on Galveston Island a foot or so above the sea are all big, strong fellows; they keep things balanced. And the women—of course they don't drink, and they can't stand the climate. The women have to skip out when summer comes, but a man can stick till cotton gets right where he wants it and he has the funds to buck one of your eastern summer resorts."

The Governor had to restore his equilibrium several times before he got in a mood for conversation. "Our folks out in Mizoura don't have to go away for the summer in spite of that Chicago label on the temperature of Saint Lewis; but, sir, they've got the summer resort habit nearly as bad as you folks down East. Thousands and thousands of them go up to the lakes and thousands come East. They fill hotel registers and landlords' pocket-books just because they got the habit. They leave their comfortable homes and the food their systems are accustomed to and go to some dinky place where they have a four-by-nine bedroom and have to bathe in the wash basin. My pocket's full of notes from friends who're camping out along the coast, from Philadelphia to New Brunswick, begging me to come see them and telling all kind of lies about the bathing, the boating, the golf, the feed. But, my boy, I'm too old, too fond of just this sort of a place. When I go roughing it I'll put on my old clothes, get out my guns and send a wife down to the Ozarks to a guide I know that I'm coming and I want him and his coon dogs for a week. Then I'll box up some bottles and some cans and I'll go and do the thing proper."

Why, sir, what's the use of doing a thing by halves? If you want a spell of luxury, why, just register at this hotel. If you want a spell of comfort—plain, honest comfort, pack your grip and come out home with me. If you want to rough it I'll send that wife and we'll go down in Ozarks. I've got to that time of life when I want just what I pay for and I won't stand to be fooled. "Would you mind touching that bell? This rain's got in my throat and I need some medicine from the bar. I don't know where they have finer weather, more bracing air and bluer sky than they have in New York in good times; but when it comes round to a season like this and I have to keep Father Knickerbocker company I'm glad that my ancestors were Irish or I'd jump off the bridge."

THE BIGGEST BOTTLE.

In attempting to turn out a huge bottle to send to the St. Louis Exposition, the glass blowers of Alton, Ill., have turned out four glass bottles with a capacity of forty-five gallons each, which are believed to be the largest bottles ever blown.

The largest type of bottle known commercially is the carboy, which holds twenty gallons. Alonzo Miller made the first big bottle. Other glass-blowers then strove to outdo him, and attempted to make a big bottle, without a mould, in order to give it greater size. Valentine Reininger, Jesse Steelman and John Metz undertook the task, and with only a shaper to fashion the bottoms, they blew vessels capable of holding forty-five gallons each. It was a task of one hour to make each bottle.

ON THE EVENING WORLD PEDESTAL.



G. E. Smith, known as "Pittsburg Phil," the punger, who has been placed under the ban of the Jockey Club. See, Children, on our Pedestal, The plunging Pittsburg Phil, Whose stable, down from "Crack" to "Dub," Ran races for their daily grub, Until the ruthless Jockey Club Handed him out a fierce, hot snub Since when his pull is "nub."