

The World

Published by the Press Publishing Company, No. 53 to 55
Park Row, New York. Entered at the Post-Office
at New York as Second-Class Mail Matter.

VOLUME 44.....NO. 18,304.

PUNISHMENT FOR MASHERS.

Within a week the local news columns have contained reports of three cases of attempted familiarity toward women which was resented by its victims with an energy that arouses masculine admiration for the severity of the rebuke administered. In one case the offender was horsewhipped, in another knocked down by a blow in the face and in the third given a drubbing the marks of which will not soon be effaced. In the light of these instances of injured womanhood personally avenged the word "defenseless" as applied to the sex has become a misnomer.

After paying our tribute of admiration to the women what are we to say of the spirit which prompted the offensive liberties thus rebuked? Or of that responsible for the ejection of a wealthy guest from a private house at midnight for entering a young woman's room? Are we to infer that masherers are growing more numerous and that among a certain rank of men respect for woman is lessening?

It is humiliating that even in a vast community in which evildoers of this stamp must necessarily be in a hardly appreciable minority these cases of flagrant offensiveness toward women should be revealed.

Is there not a duty devolving on every husband and brother to frown upon a masher's advances wherever seen? When the frown proves ineffective let him interpose with his good right arm and visit physical chastisement upon the offender, if a man of action, or, if a man of peace, secure the masher's arrest and expedite his punishment by appearing as a witness against him.

The cases where a woman openly resents an offer of familiarity in public must naturally be few as compared with those in which her modesty moves her to overlook and endure the insult rather than submit to the ordeal of notoriety sure to follow an open rebuke.

If women so restrained by timidity could be brought to understand that the sympathy and the services of any man whose assistance they might request are heartily with them their reluctance to publicity might be overcome and the feminine shrinking from scandal on which the libertine counts for protection would no longer avail him.

The masher's advances would then entail a physical peril he would be slow to court.

THE PRESIDENT'S RIDE.

Boots and saddles for the President and the President's son Theodore, Jr., at 2 in the morning, and a dash across Long Island before breakfast. It was a stirring ride, befitting the cavaliers from whom a strain in the Roosevelt blood is derived. Had they been carrying the good news from Oyster Bay to Sayville they could not have gone faster or ridden more fiercely. The President galloped, the President's son and the President's cousins galloped; they galloped all four in a way a Browning should celebrate. The clatter of hoofs in the village streets as they passed was worthy of Paul Revere. They saw the moon set and the sun rise as they pounded on through the mud, and when at last they drew rein they had covered thirty-five miles. It was a feat which fame will care for.

We do not imitate a President as abroad they imitate a king and Washington does not set the nation's style. But there can be no doubt that the Presidential example on horseback, in the tennis court, at handball or with the foils and in all the various forms of athletic sport to which Mr. Roosevelt devotes his leisure with much energy and assiduity is a good thing for the nation.

It means the encouragement in young men of a sane body as the dwelling place of a sane mind and to have served to foster that notion is a satisfying achievement even for a President.

FASHION'S CHANGES

Red golf coats may now be found on the bargain counters at prices to suit the smallest purse. A few years ago the fair greens of a thousand links were variegated with them. They made club-house piazzas picturesque and gave tone to dogcarts and traps. How many have been stored away in the closet without the precaution of camphor or moth balls?

Fad follows fad into fashion and out in athletics with such speed that the trouble is to keep track of the changes. Where are the bicycles of yesterday? What has become of ping-pong? Will golf itself last, settling down to a substantial basis of esteem on the part of its votaries, regardless of fashion, as has tennis?

At the time the red coat was in fullest bloom the day of its decline seemed indicated by the temperamental American dislike of affectation in clothes. It is not in the athlete or sportsman to dress a part. Is a clean "sweater" ever seen in a gymnasium, or new "togs" on a track champion, or a fresh shooting coat on a man out for ducks? A like simplicity in dress and disregard of fashion's whims marks masculine attire always. How many men of good taste in clothes are wearing velvet collars on their evening coats? The fashion came from England with princely approval, and the tailors urged it. In the unpronounced details of costume man may follow the fashion slavishly. If peg-top trousers are in style he wants his cut on similar lines, and when Panamas are out he consigns his hold-over to the ash pile.

But of radical departures from the accepted mode of adoption of which would imply ostentation and excite comment he steers clear with a commendable modesty.

The Evening World's Serial Story—"That Malnwarling Affair," by Mrs. A. Maynard Barbour, which The Evening World will publish serially next week by permission of the Lippincotts, is a detective story of noteworthy excellence and interest. In it the elements of crime and mystery are so mixed that the reader is led on breathlessly to its conclusion to find the solution of complications his imagination cannot discover. The mixed identity of twin brothers, the disappearance and supposed death of an elder and the seizure of his fortune by the younger, a death-bed repentance, a will and a murder are episodes in the story which combine to make it continuously exciting. It will be printed in six installments, beginning with Monday's paper and ending in Saturday's.

Brakeman's Bride—The Clayton, Mo., girl who has shown over a court to marry a brakeman has acted wisely. The husband may rise to be a railway president, who is greater than any count.

TOLD ABOUT NEW YORKERS.

JUDGE GIEGERICH has never been accused of tax-dodging, yet a recent epigram of his shows how clearly he understands the feelings of the average man on this subject. He was recently talking with Lawyer Michael Harris when the term "a popular tax" was used.

"Is there such a thing as a 'popular tax'?" suggested Harris.

"Oh, yes," replied the Judge. "I know one variety of taxes that are extremely popular."

"What are they?" asked Harris, in surprise.

"Those paid by other people," answered His Honor.

The studio of the New York artist, Mrs. Cadwallader Guild, in Berlin, is frequently visited by Emperor William. She is at present making a bust of Princess Irene, wife of Prince Henry.

A half dozen New Yorkers had a lively discussion a few days ago as to whether or not Joseph Choate still wears side whiskers or is clean shaven. Two of the disputants had crossed the Atlantic with Choate during the latter's recent voyage to this country to attend his son's wedding. One of the two vowed that the Ambassador still wore little gray "side-boards," while the other declared with equal vehemence that Choate was clean shaven. A third member of the party remarked in conclusion:

"It's a case of the vanishing side-boards. 'Now you see 'em; now you don't.' I don't believe there's one New Yorker in ten who can say confidently whether or not Choate ever wore side-whiskers."

"Harry Lehr," said Chris Hawthorne yesterday, "will lose the chance of his life if he does not put in an answer to that advertisement calling for some young man who looks enough like Marie Twainwright to play her double in 'Twelfth Night.' But he is now in Newport and may not see it. Nearly every actor out of a job must think he looks like Marie, for all the disengaged seem to have been in the line. And if the actress could have seen some of the men who believe they look like her! Well, if she has a temper they would have heard something drop."

Mrs. Elizabeth Custer, of this city, visited the General in his cell in the massacre at Little Big Horn, in Washington trying to assist some members of her husband's old regiment to obtain pensions and Government employment. She is still young in appearance, although she must have passed the sixtieth milestone in life's journey.

Letters, Questions, Answers.

Receives \$540 a Year. To the Editor of The Evening World: A claim that I've been making for some time receives a salary. B claims he does not. Which is right? A. W. R. City, Dublin 379,661, Belfast 343,876.

To Avert Trolley Accidents. To the Editor of The Evening World: In view of the accidents in which bodies of victims are sometimes confined under trolley cars for hours, I suggest that all surface cars be provided with small jack-saws or other simple appliances. Then, in case of accident, the opportunity would be provided for relief. Include a hurry call to a hospital. This plan being humane to the man under car would also insure a more rapid degree of transit.

The Peanut Cure. To the Editor of The Evening World: The "peanut cure for insomnia," lately formulated by the Department of Agriculture in Washington, is a pure delusion, to my best knowledge and belief. A lady in Baltimore recommended this same remedy to me about twelve years ago—a pint of fresh roasted peanuts eaten every night just before going to bed. It did not have the slightest soporific effect upon me. Several friends of mine, who were troubled with insomnia, have tried the so-called "remedy" with no better result. I am fully satisfied that the only cure for insomnia is to get that the only cause of it is fear. It is a peculiar case, and then treat it accordingly upon another. In my own case I found that the most reliable promoter of sleep is a quantity of outdoor exercise, a judicious abstinence from intoxicants and a clean, quiet sleeping place.

CHARPTEIX. A Western Wedding. PERCIVAL found Uncle Peter at his hotel, at well in the abysmal depths of woe.

Realizing that the future of the family depended upon his exertions, Percival went to work on his plans. He would go back to Montana and show Uncle Peter the stuff was in him that made his father and his grand father great. His mother and sister did not sorrow over the loss of wealth, although Psyche believed that Maubon would break their engagement. However, the birth of an heir to Lord Casselthorpe spoiled Maubon's asset in the heiress market, and he refused to accept Psyche's offer to release him, begging

A LITTLE LESSON IN HOUSEHOLD ECONOMY.

Comic strip with multiple panels. Characters include a man and a woman. Speech bubbles contain humorous dialogue about household expenses and shopping. Panels show them in a store, at a table, and in a train station. The man is often seen with a shopping bag, and the woman is seen looking at her purse. The dialogue is witty and satirical, focusing on the cost of living and the challenges of budgeting.

Mrs. Von Pincchsch is a born financier. Papa was called suddenly to Boston on business. She took advantage of his melting mood of departure to make a swift touch. "My wardrobe is disgracefully shabby," she moaned, "and they're selling those perfectly lovely linen suits with three-quarter length, plouse-effect coats and stoles and applique passanteries, with bias insertions, and all for \$20. But, of course—

"Say no more!" consented Papa, and he led out the \$20. Then he fled Bostonward. Mrs. Von Pincchsch took note of prevailing styles, bought ten yards of linen for \$1.40, thus getting an \$18.60 rake off; and sat up all night building that dress. And by the first screech of dawn it had ceased to be a dress and become a creation; and, garbing herself therein, she chanced to the Grand Central. Papa had been sleeping in his clothes. A drummer had sat on his lap. His beard was two days old and was well grown for its age. An indignant old lady in the crowd observed:

"If she'd spent less cash on clothes and more on husbands she might have gotten a real nice one with a shave and clean collar complete for \$2.50 more!"

Another Swindle. Different. Non-recognizable. All-around catcher. A series of four small comic panels. The first shows a man being swindled. The second shows a woman being deceived. The third shows a man being tricked. The fourth shows a man being caught by a woman. Each panel has a short dialogue.

THE SPENDERS. By Harry Leon Wilson. A TALE OF THE THIRD GENERATION. Uncle Peter and Percival to take him into their plans for work in the West. Uncle Peter took the family to Montana, leaving Percival to wind up his business in New York, and the young man bent his back to the task. When it was finished he met Miss Milbrey and Sheper. They were entering a jeweler's. They stopped to talk, and then he said good-by, as he thought forever, to Avie. It was the end, he thought, but the next day the desire to see her would not be denied. At the doorway she gave him her hand, which he took in silence. He took two quick steps forward and grasped one of her wrists. He spoke in cool, even tones, but the words came fast.

KEEPING IN THE FASHION. Upon the sandy beach she sat, Uncovered was her head, Beside her lay her summer hat And her umbrella red. Right in the sun that girl did sit; No sleeve she wore nor glove nor tie; And yet she did not mind one bit, A person would have said. She sat there sunning, day by day, And ever shunned the shade. It seemed a very funny way To sit her up some sort of dope, To smear her face and sunburn nap, And then she went to work in hope She'd not take long to bleach. —Chicago News.

APPENDICITIS LUCK. Sir Frederick Treves, the famous British surgeon, has established a record in performing 1,000 consecutive operations for appendicitis without a death. He has the name, which is of American origin, and prefers "perityphilitis." There were 15,000 operations for this malady in Great Britain last year, with 90 per cent. of recoveries, including that of King Edward.

\$50,000 FOR \$50. There has just come to light in Bristol an interesting romance of a picture. For some years there has been hanging in the Bristol Young Men's Christian Association a picture entitled "The Holy Family." The owner lent it for a long time, and once proposed that the association should buy it. He did not wish to drive a hard bargain. The picture was obviously a good one; it was six feet by four and a half feet. Would the committee like to buy it for \$10? "If you would," he said, "I am so much in sympathy with your excellent work that I am willing to contribute \$5 myself toward the purchase money." But the committee felt that they had more important demands for their \$5 notes, and they replied accordingly, says the Philadelphia North American.

CAR-EMPLOYEE USURERS. The Western Electric Company, of Chicago, found employees were rendered inefficient by worries over exactions of usurers. Men who were ordinarily provident were forced by great emergencies to borrow sums of money at exorbitant rates for commissions and interest. The company considered it bad business to advance salaries, but established a credit department which has been in operation a year.

TO THE LOCALLY ILLUSTRIOUS. A cartoon illustration of a man in a suit standing on a pedestal. The pedestal is labeled "TO THE LOCALLY ILLUSTRIOUS". The man is holding a scroll. The cartoon is signed "E. P. Lippincott".

See, children, on our pedestal, Shrewd Johnny McIntyre! He's busy raking for and aft Such makers of the stone-cut craft As have, he says, won many a draft Playing the golden game of graft; Thus earning vengeance dire.