

The World

Published by the Press Publishing Company, No. 53 to 63
Park Row, New York. Entered at the Post-Office
at New York as Second-Class Mail Matter.

VOLUME 44.....NO. 18,480.

FERRY TERMINAL IMPROVEMENTS.

A ferry-house to which the term palatial is not applicable by comparison with the existing ferry accommodations in New York is projected by the Lackawanna line for its West Twenty-third street terminus. The structure is designed to cost \$250,000 and the provision it will offer for the convenience and comfort of passengers will entitle the Lackawanna to the grateful consideration of commuters. In this and in the adjoining terminals of the Erie and the Pennsylvania, as also in that of the Staten Island route at the Battery and at Barclay and Chambers streets, the city's multitudes of ferry passengers are well served.

The other ferry-houses have by no means been improved to meet the demands of the increased ferry traffic. In some of these antiquated and obsolete structures the conditions are thoroughly discreditable. What was sufficient to satisfy the requirements of a half century ago has been left unchanged to provide for a present day congestion it is wholly inadequate to accommodate. If the Dock Commissioner's proposal to have the city purchase the Thirty-ninth street line, modernize its terminal and equip it with fast boats is favorably acted upon, a further improvement long needed will be in sight. And possibly from the example set in these contemplated betterments a general modernization of ferry terminal facilities may ensue, so that in the course of events the passenger travelling by ferry may be as well cared for as when he goes by rail.

Such treatment would win his gratitude to as great an extent as it would excite his surprise.

"BOOK PLAYS."

"Lady Rowe's Daughter" on the stage has been so grievous a disappointment to admirers of the brilliant romance from which the dramatic version was made as to lead point to a prophecy of the early doom of the dramatized novel.

Certainly the theatre-going public has had a surfeit of book plays and its present repugnance to them is understandable. In the interval between "Tribby" and "The Sponders" nearly every romance that had attained a summer-hotel-plaza vogue or become a circulating library success has been revamped for the stage. It was not alone the novel strong in dramatic situation, the good Weyman work of the "Under the Red Robe" kind and the detective story of the "Sherlock Holmes" order. Of these and of the "Tess of the Durbervilles" type the supply was never in excess of the demand.

But with dramatized fiction of the "Helmet of Navarre" sort, "Hearts Courageous," "Phroso," "Rupert of Hentzau" and their kind, the patience of the indulgent audience has been sorely tried. Managers have "presented" too many done-over dramas whose only claim to attention was an ephemeral popularity with the omnivorous devourer of fiction.

Possibly some explanation of the present dearth of thoroughly good original plays is to be found in this long prevalent preference for warmed-over fiction. The playwright's occupation, if not gone, has been running on reduced time the while, and his output curtailed. The decline in public estimation of the dramatized romance will effect a squeezing out of the water from which an improvement may be expected in the way of a higher grade of plays written as such for the stage direct and not through the medium of the publisher.

SEVEN THOUSAND A YEAR.

In the Jewell divorce suit counsel for the plaintiff argued that as the defendant had enjoyed an annual salary of \$7,000 for twelve years he "must have saved at least \$3,000 a year." Justice Scott said that he "did not think it likely that on a salary of \$7,000 a year a man would save much, if anything."

It is not long since an income of this size was deemed ample to meet all the demands made on a generous purse and provide a sufficient margin for a bank account of good proportions. A quarter of a century ago \$7,000 a year commanded a high grade of ability. It secured executive capacity of the second if not of the first order, and a lawyer or physician with an income in these figures had a wide reputation in his profession. A position on the bench returning \$5,000 a year was a prize coveted by lawyers. Now Judge Grosscup holding to such a post for the honor in it and resisting the enticement of a corporation salary ten times that amount excites remark.

In New York to-day a salary of \$7,000 means \$1,200 a year for rent, \$4,000 for household expenses and amusements, \$1,000 for clothes, &c. If the residue remains intact through the year, perhaps it bespeaks a thrift which Justice Scott would single out for commendation.

In the main it is very likely that in this city of extravagance and of temptation to unnecessary expenditure his view is correct.

CONSCIENCE MONEY.

Conscience, which makes cowards of us all, has led two finders of lost money to make restitution to the losers after many years. By reason of this belated honesty Deacon Noah Washburn, of Glens Falls, has been reimbursed for the roll of bills, a little more than \$100, which he lost thirty-five years ago, and William Frjes, of Auburn, has been repaid the \$60 which he dropped in a State street store in 1868.

The stings of remorse which led to the restoration of these lost sums of money were a long time in prevailing. That they overcame the dishonest inclination at a period of life when the desire for material wealth diminishes need not concern us. They seem to have been the keener in the case of the man who picked up Deacon Washburn's roll.

For year he kept careful track of the deacon's whereabouts. So far from seeking to lose sight of the man he had wronged he became fearful lest such a conspiracy would deprive him of the chance of restitution, and this fear added to his qualms. It was bad enough to see the deacon and hear of him, but not to see or hear of him was worse. For thirty-five years his inward monitor lashed and scourged him, reproached him for his dishonesty, and left him no peace, while the deacon remained him from making the confession which would bring relief.

At a dear price to pay. Now that he has got rid of the burden he is probably as joyful as a convict released from prison.

LITTLE DIXIE==He Exhibits His Cake-Walking Mule at the Horse Show.



The Girl With the Bunch of Violets.

By Elizabeth H. Westwood

A GIRL may be a Maxine Elliott beauty and wear Paquin clothes, but if she doesn't carry a bunch of violets she'll never be a winner. We've had the tailor-made girl, and the athletic girl, and the Gibson girl; now the violet girl makes her bow to the footlights—so runs the latest verdict.

Authorities differ as to the requisite amount of violets to the bunch. Some say four quarts are necessary; others declare they have done the business with three.

This violet, by the way, is not the wee modest retiring flower that haunts country roadsides. Goodness, no! It wouldn't know a shady nook if it saw one.

This is a creature nurtured and reared in a hot bed, counted off by the thousand, tied with purple cord, and despatched to my lady in a hand-painted box.

There is absolutely nothing that will land a doubtful man so successfully as a good fat cabbage head of violets.

He may not have an eye appreciative of your ravishing beauty. He may be insensitive to your subtle charm. But he would have to be blind, deaf, dumb and a lunatic to boot, if those violets didn't make an impression.

The girl who is past master of the gentle art of manipulating the purple flower has a bunch very much in evidence when Sir Doubtful calls in the afternoon.

She lets him hold it—oh, so carefully—while she makes tea. He does it about as gracefully and with as much pleasure as he would hold a two-weeks-old infant.

He wonders incidentally who the fool was who sent them. Then she takes it on her own lap, buries her face in it—to hide anonymous blushes—looks at it lovingly.

All this for a hideous purple exorcense. That fool must have been pretty far gone. She seems to like his truck, anyway. By Jove, he won't be the only one. Not by a good deal. There are others.

By the time she has surreptitiously pressed them to her heart—while he is looking, understanding—she has him safe. If a man is just plain baneful they are a tonic that puts beef, wine and iron to shame. Let her brandish her purple weapon of goodly size through the first act of the play and he won't be able to wait for the intermission to have the matter settled once and for all.

"We'll see who sends her violets in future!"

Scared? Never! All he wants is to get his hands on the other fellow and show him a thing or two.

Beauty and charm and Paris gowns are all very well, my dear young lady, but they are only potential, possible popularity. It is the violets that are the actual, hard, knockdown, incontrovertible fact.

And nothing is as popular as popularity, you know.

If there is no other way to do it, open an account with the florist—and the bill to father—economize on silk petticoats, cut down the number of veils, perpetrate any trick to secure a fresh car-load daily.

Do it, and you are a star and a queen, for it is the girl with the bunch of violets who wins.

Some of the Best Jokes of the Day.

WHY HE REFORMED.
"You say Mistah Raspberry Jenkins is done reformed an' 'Jine de church?"
"Yas indeed."

"Gwine to gib up all his bad ways?"
"Yas. You see he's done got de dyspepsia so bad dat he can't eat chicken, nohow."—Washington Star.

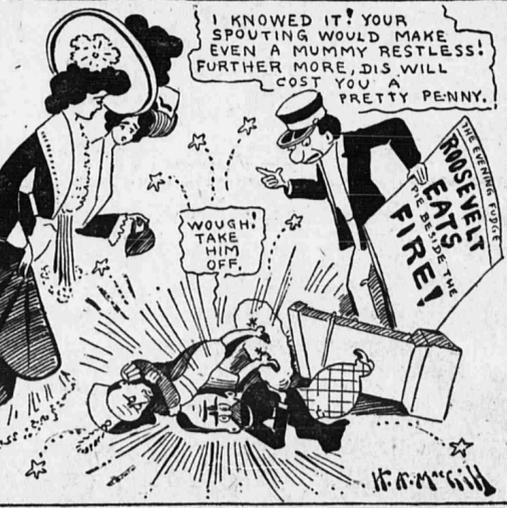
TOO MUCH FOR HIM.
Manager—Doctor, come into the store quick.
M. D.—Is it a serious case?
Manager—Extremely so. A woman bought \$10 worth and didn't ask for a single sample, and the clerk is now a gibbering idiot.—Butte Inter-Mountain.

WANTS TO STAY.
Hobkins—You are always prating about the joys of Heaven, but I notice you don't appear to be in any hurry to go there.

Millings—My dear boy, you know I think a great deal of you; and I do hate to break away from you forever, you know.—Boston Transcript.

The Importance of Mr. Peewee, the Great Little Man.

At the Metropolitan Museum of Art He Lines Himself Up with the "Sawed Offs" of History.



The Man Higher Up

Kisses and Dope at the Horse Show.

"I SEE," said the Cigar Store Man, "that considerable excitement has been caused by ladies kissing horses at the Horse Show."

"Why shouldn't the ladies kiss the horses?" asked the Man Higher Up. "I'd rather see a woman kiss a horse than a woman kiss a dog, and you know that nearly every woman who owns a dog puts her lips against his nose numerous times every day."

"A thoroughbred horse has got an age over the average run of men when it comes down to a proposition of kissing. Horses don't drink booze, smoke cigarettes or cigars or chew tobacco. Horses don't wake up in the morning with a taste in their mouths like a cage of trained seals. I can't see that there is any prodigious yammer coming on a woman who walks up to a blue-ribbon horse and plants a chaste salute on his intelligent visage."

"Women are more or less amusing in their propensity to kiss. A woman expresses almost any emotion by a caress. If she loves a man she will kiss him with all the fervor of her heart and soul, and if she hates a woman she will kiss her the same way. Down at Oonay Island last summer I saw women threatening to rough house the incubator joint because the nurses wouldn't open the cages and take out the babies to be kissed."

"On one occasion I attended a poultry show at the Garden. A young woman grew enthusiastic over a gamecock with an expression in his eye that would have given anybody the office to brush by. Well, she reached over and kissed this gamecock right on the bill. He didn't seem to appreciate it. When she got away her face looked like a colored map of the Gould railway system."

"Speaking about the Horse Show reminds me of the way that some of the star performers in the ring have been acting. On the race-track there is a lot of talk about shooting the hypo into the horses, but if a nag on the track would do the head-splins and cake-walks and hoochee-cooches that more than half the strivers for prizes do in the Horse Show, the owner, trainer, stable boys and man who furnishes the feed would be ruled off for life."

"Don't tell me that the horses that prance into the ring at the Horse Show with their coats covered with sweat and their feet bouncing off the ground as if they were walking on rubber haven't got the dope into them. It is inserted with a hose."

"It's a shameful way to treat a horse," said the Cigar Store Man.

"Oh, I don't know," replied the Man Higher Up. "I'd rather be a show horse, dope and all, and be kissed by ladies, than be a truck horse and have the boots throw into me twice a day by a burly driver."

Glaciers Shrinking.

The great glaciers of Switzerland are in danger of disappearing and of becoming, like the edelweiss and the chamois, memories of the Alpine past. According to experts who have been studying the question, the death and total extinction of the prehistoric glaciers is only a matter of time. In the Davos Alps seventeen great glaciers have been under close observation since 1880, and all have shrunk steadily during the period, some of them as much as fifty feet per year.

Out of the ninety-four great Swiss glaciers ninety-three have for a long time been growing smaller and smaller, and the same action has been noticed among the ice fields of the Austrian Alps and other mountainous districts that have been watched.

A Ragtime City.

Moscow seems to be a city where nobody knows with any degree of certainty what time it is. Arthur Symons in his new book on "Russia" writes that at two o'clock in Moscow agree; even in the best hotels a clock will seldomly strike three a quarter of an hour before its neighbor strikes seven. The confusion is increased by the fashion of sticking up dummy clocks in the streets as advertisements. The maddening moment comes when you have to catch a train at Moscow. The railway time tables are worked on St. Petersburg time, which differs by half an hour from Moscow time. When you are told that the St. Petersburg express leaves at 9 o'clock you are in doubt as to whether it leaves at 8:30, 9 or 9:30 by your carefully adjusted watch.

A New Alcohol.

The Journal Official of Paris says, in a report of the proceedings of the National Agricultural Society, that a new means has been discovered of producing alcohol. As a result of experiments made many years ago by Mr. Bartholot, in the chemical analysis of alcohol, efforts have been made to perfect and simplify the proceedings that he had indicated, and it now appears that chemical alcohol can be made from a variety of calcium and its product acetylene at a cents a gallon, the alcohol to be of 100 degrees.

LETTERS, QUERIES AND ANSWERS.

Nominating Three Times.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
How many times has Mayor Low been nominated for Mayor of New York?
F. W.

Yes.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Did Roosevelt ever run for Mayor of New York?
F. R.

No.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Is an alien eligible for the Presidency of the United States?
T. L.

Both Methods Are Used.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
A says whales are caught by harpooning, the harpoon being thrown by hand.

B says the harpoon is shot from a sort of cannon. Please decide.
A. R.
Yes, He Scored Many Knockouts.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Was Peter Maher ever known to knock any pugilist out?
R.

Not Irving's Wife. Yes.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Is Ellen Terry the wife of Sir Henry Irving. If not, has she ever been married?
K. A. W.

Cooper Union.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
I would like to make use of my vocal organs and, having heard of Damrosch's singing school and not knowing where it is, I refer to you to tell me the situation of the school.
K. A. W.

He Should Walk on Side Nearest Curb.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
G. claims that when walking with two ladies a gentleman should walk be-

tween them. B claims that the gentleman should walk on the side nearest the curb. Which is right?
F. H. G. and R. B. B.
Dress Suit Should Be Worn.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Is it proper for a bridegroom to wear a Prince Albert coat at an evening wedding or should a dress suit be worn?
T. W. A.

LOOK OUT FOR
The Girl in Red
New Prize Story. Next Monday.