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. 15,455.

PREYING ON THRIFT.

Judge Grosscup, of Chicago, is no hot-headed agitator. In times not very remote he has found it his duty to give judgments in favor of corporations which have caused him to be denounced as an architect of "government by injunction." It is not a light thing for such a man to say:

In my opinion the men who have passed off bogus securities on the public have done more harm to American institutions, to American spirit, unity, good feeling and prosperity than if they had deliberately spread over this land pestilence and fever.

Perhaps speculators do not deserve much sympathy, but these promoters have not confined their ravages to Wall street. They have ranged the country, luring the earnings of the masses out of the savings banks as the Panama Canal conspirators lured the little hoards of the French peasants out of the stockings by the chimney-pieces.

Take the case of a man who three years ago had $550 in the bank, drawing 4 per cent. interest. He had an opportunity to buy ten shares of Steel common with it at 55. The most distinguished financiers in the country told him that the investment was absolutely safe. The stock was bound to go to par, and to prove it a 4 per cent. dividend was declared. It was a chance to "get in on the ground floor," as Mr. Rockefeller did in Standard Oil and Prof. Bell in Bell Telephone stock.

The man drew out his $550 and bought his ten shares of Steel. Now he finds his savings shrunk to $100. The dividend has been cut in two, so that he gets no more from it now than he formerly got from the savings bank, and the indications are that it will be wiped out altogether. And now the financiers are saying that Steel common has no investment value whatever, but is worth having merely for its voting power.

Is it any wonder that the little investor is in an ugly mood? Is it surprising that the workmen who were allowed as a special favor to buy preferred stock at thirty points above its present market value feel that "profit-sharing" is a confidence game? These things strike at the very mainspring of American prosperity, for they break the spirit of thrift. They punish the industrious and the far-sighted, and make it seem better to enjoy one's earnings from day to day than to practise self-denial and be robbed of its fruits.

Judge Grosscup calls the proceedings of the predatory financiers "paternalism." That is a misuse of a word that has some good in it. A more fitting one would be "infernalism."

OUR TERRIFYING PRICES.

A New Yorker, returning from five years of wandering abroad, has written to The World complaining that within that time New York has become the most expensive city on earth to live in. He fortifies his case with illustrations from the shops, the theatres and the restaurants. It is a melancholy fact that the purchasing power of money on Manhattan Island has gone down to a level that ought to satisfy Mr. Bryan.

It might be said that this indicated general prosperity, but in that case the high prices would be easily paid. The truth is that they are not easily paid—they are paid, except by the rich, with very great difficulty. Often they are not paid at all. Many people whose incomes a few years ago would have been considered liberal go without things that they need; many others buy and fail to pay.

There is a general complaint that New Yorkers are living beyond their means. It is easy to preach economy, but not so easy to practise it when an apple costs five cents and a healthy boy will eat three for breakfast; when a small steak costs a dollar and a Christmas turkey four dollars and a quarter.

THE SUFFERING STREETS.

According to the report of Mr. Livingston, Commissioner of Public Works, in nine months of the present year 21,215 permits were granted for ripping up the streets of the borough of Manhattan, and in many cases there were several openings to each permit. At least 2,357 times a month, 544 times a week, or 90 times a day, the picks drove through the surface of the most torn-up city in the world. About once every six minutes, on an average, a new assault was made on the pavements for which the people of this suffering town had paid their good money.

There is a humorous theory that mutilated pavements are restored by the mutilators to their original condition. If that were true our asphalt streets would be as smooth as skating rinks. Look at them on a rainy day, with chains of lakelets marking the inequalities of the surface, and you will see the sort of "restoration" they get.

This island is going to be perforated with tunnels. Every tunnel built without pipe galleries to prevent the necessity of street excavation represents a neglect of the public interests amounting to a civic crime. And where digging up the surface is unavoidable it ought to be restored, not by indifferent contractors, but by the public authorities at the expense of the persons responsible for the damage.

POLITICS IN ZION.

Dowie's Zion, like that of Smoot, is Republican, and even more solidly. Elijah has cast his first vote as a naturalized American, and as he decided to cast it for the Republican candidate, every one of his followers voted the same way. You don't have to hold mass-meetings, distribute literature, have torchlight processions or kiss the babies of the independent voters when you are electioneering in Zion. All you have to do is to see Dowie. But it will probably be found in the end that seeing Dowie is just as expensive as any of the old-fashioned methods of campaigning.

The Immortal Pensioner.—So there are still three surviving and pension-drawing widows of Revolutionary veterans, 120 years after the close of the Revolution. At that rate the civil war will still have a number of representatives on the pension rolls in the year 1965, when a future great-grandson of Theodore Roosevelt may be old enough to be President of the United States.

Four Millions' Worth of Racing.—The people of New York spent over $4,000,000 in the last season to see whether one horse could run faster than another, and the State was enriched by more than $200,000 paid in taxes on the receipts of the tracks. All of which would be accepted by the Turks and the Chinese as conclusive evidence of the Caucasian's insanity.

Little Tragedies Strikingly Told in Four Words.

When the Mirror Cracks from Side to Side.

By Nixola Greeley-Smith.

She left the web, she left the loom,
She made three paces through the room,
She saw the water-lily bloom,
She saw the helmet and the plume,
She looked down to Camelot.
Out flew the web and floated wide,
The mirror cracked from side to side.
"The curse is come upon me!" cried
The Lady of Shalott.

AND all because this saddest and most elusive of Tennyson's heroines left her appointed place in the tower where, to be sure, she could not look out, but where "moving through a mirror, clear, that hung before her all the year, shadows of the world appear," that she might gaze directly upon the Knight Lancelot passing below.

For the Knight Lancelot was a very good-looking person. And though the Lady of Shalott knew that the mirror would break, if she ventured to look directly at him instead of being satisfied with his mere reflection—and though she must have known also that broken mirrors are very unlucky—she could not resist the temptation to take a nearer view. So the curse came upon her and she died.

Which, after all, was the very best thing that could have happened to her and shows the advantage of being a lady in a poem, instead of in real life.

For actually, where a woman, turning from the mirror of young illusions which first reflects him, looks too long and nearly upon the man she loves, and the mirrors shiver in a thousand fragments at her feet, she does not die. Frequently, indeed, she does not want to die, but instead bends over painfully to gather up the bits of broken glass, and—though often with cut and bleeding fingers—pieces them together.

But even while she is doing this she knows that it will never again give back the flawless reflection that first charmed her, but only one crossed and seamed with many scars.

By this time, however, she has learned that her living Lancelot is not Lancelot at all and that to find the lost hero of her dream she had best patch her mirror together.

Of course happy women do not have to do this, for they have been lucky in their Lancelots and have found them the real, breathing knights—so strong, so tender and so true as altogether to obscure the pallid day-dream heroes viewed as through a glass darkly. For them there is no curse, no mirror cracked from side to side. But how many of these women do you know? For every one are there not ten whose knights on nearer view have proven thoughtless, shallow, pleasure-loving, selfish, as only men can be, for whom the illusions of life are gone, its perfume dead, its roses ashes of roses?

Often, of course, this is not the fault of the knight—the catastrophe must either be charged to the lady or the mirror, which perhaps was of an inferior kind and gave back a distorted image of which she rashly became enamored.

But wherever the blame may lie there are a good many ladies of Shalott.

Some of the Best Jokes of the Day.

A DIFFERENCE.

"Is it not a fact," said the lecturer, warming with his subject, "that owing to the effeminacy of our modern way of living, our men are becoming physically smaller and smaller every year?"

"Yes!" responded the hatter in the audience.

"No!" shouted several shoemakers.—Chicago Tribune.

FROM BAD TO WORSE.

Hojax—What's your friend Jigsmith doing since he lost his job in the weather bureau?

Tomdix—Oh, he's doing the public, as usual.

Hojax—How's that?

Tomdix—He's running a fortune-telling establishment now.—Chicago Daily News.

THE WICKED FLEA.

Scribbler—I'm going to name my new play "The Wicked Flea."

Scrawler—I suppose you'll try it on the dog.—Philadelphia Record.

UNOBTRUSIVE ANGELS.

"I never hez seen a book wid cullud angels in it," said Brother Dickey.

"But," objected Brother Williams, "dey sho' must be cullud angels up yander."

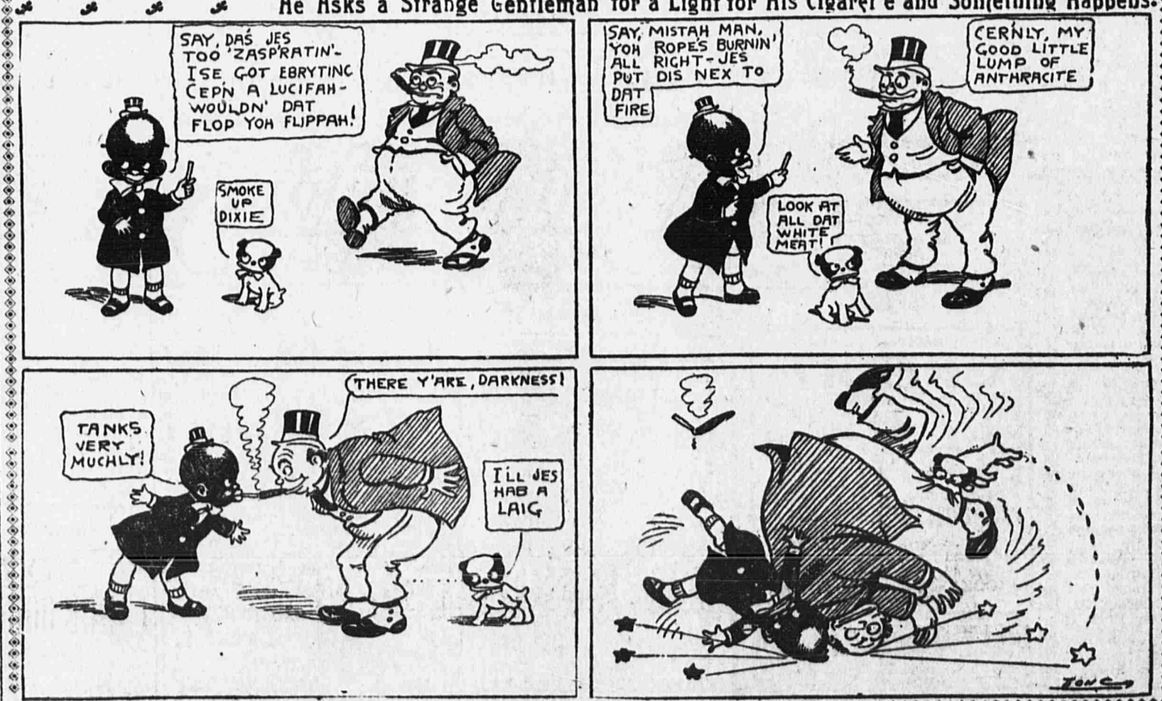
"No doubt of it," replied Brother Dickey. "But dey's too wise ter projick roun' much; once dey gits in dar, dey say nuttin', en lay low!"—Atlanta Constitution.

The Important Mr. Peewee, the Great Little Man.

Miss Sixfoot's Pastor's Sermon Lulls Him to Sleep and the Size of His Snore Appals the Congregation.

Little Dixie The Coon Kid

He Asks a Strange Gentleman for a Light for His Cigaret'e and Something Happens.



WHERE ENGLAND SCORED.

It is the custom in Abyssinia for all foreign missions to bring presents to King Menelik. The French some years ago brought a lot of Parisian mechanical toys—sheep that squeaked, pigs that ran about on their hind legs and dolls that talked. They thought such things would be certain to tickle the fancy of the dusky King. Menelik looked at them for a moment with disgust and rage, then thrust them aside. "Do you think," he asked "that I am a child or a savage, that I should delight in toys?" The Russian and English emissaries showed a truer insight into his character. They brought him Mauser pistols, revolvers and the latest and best rifles they could buy. He was delighted. "These are gifts worthy to be received by a warrior and a king," he declared.

THE COLOR-LINE.

In Australia, under a new law, no contract can be made for the carrying of mails by any steamship line which allows a colored man to work on any of the ships. The mail steamers hitherto have been largely manned by dark-skinned British subjects from India.

A RARE CASE.

"Most surprised man I have ever seen, he was!"

"What astonished him?"

"He felt in his pocket for a match, took out a handful of"——

"Toothpicks?"

"No, sir; matches—not a toothpick in the lot. That's what shocked him."—Baltimore News.

Exactions of the Christmas-Tip Habit.

"I SEE," said the Cigar Store Man, "that the grocery boys of Bayonne have balked on neckties for Christmas gifts from customers."

"Maybe they want automobiles or manicure sets," remarked the Man Higher Up. "It is getting to a stage where the consumer not only produces for what he consumes, but helps pay the salary lists of the people he buys from and pays rent to. After the ordinary wage-earner gets through passing out his Christmas tips he has to do the Santa Claus act for his family in a ten-cent store.

"But you can't blame the henny-hennies and the other Christmas-tip grafters, at that. If they got more money for the work they do they wouldn't be undercover beggars. The people we have to pay tips to and stake to Christmas presents get shy remuneration from their employers.

"A boy of about seventeen who opens a store at 6 o'clock in the morning, builds a fire in the stove, sweeps out, puts the stock display on the sidewalk, attends to early customers, hitches up the horse, delivers groceries and hauls up dumbwaiters all day, waits on late customers at night, puts in the stock display, closes up the store and puts up the shutters is entitled to more than $3 to $4 a week. That's about what the majority of them get.

"The clerks are not much better paid. Elevator men, letter-carriers and people in every other branch that you have to tip get wages that a unionized hod-carrier would turn up his nose at. The merchants, the real-estate owners and even Uncle Sam are encouraging the tip habit.

"I was reading yesterday about an embezzler who held a responsible position. When it came time to tell his own money from the boss's he got multy in the lamps. After he flew the coop about $10,000 shy the boss was so surprised that he went into a cold sweat.

"It appears that this young duck had let it be known around the office that his wife had cash coming to her every month. To hear him tell it he was an understudy to the Rockefellers. For his labor, in which he handled dough by the basketful, he got the obese salary of $18 a week.

"It turned out that the wife didn't have any income at all—or if she did have one it was in stage money. The young guy had been copping off from the firm's bankroll for a front. The old man of the concern consented to be interviewed:

"'I thought he had money of his own, so I paid him only $18 a week,' said the boss. 'If I had known of his real circumstances I would have paid him twice as much. He was worth the money.'

"Wouldn't that back you against the wall? So long as employers pay their clerks and bookkeepers and other help not what they are worth, but what they can get them for, there will be embezzlers and Christmas-tip grafters—licensed panhandlers."

"I have to give all my customers presents on Christmas Eve," complaind the Cigar Store Man. "That's the same as a tip."

"Foolish man!" answered the Man Higher Up. "You never heard of John D. Rockefeller giving his customers a present."

CALIFORNIA BIG TREES.

CLEOPATRA'S Needles measure seventy feet in length and seven feet at the base, yet one tree in the Mariposa Grove would have furnished enough wood for the casings and floats of both Needles in their eventful voyabes from Egypt to London and New York.

The steamer Oceanic is 705 feet long, but in one fallen tree in the Converse Basin Grove there is enough lumber to make a box into which she could be placed.

It would have taken Abraham Lincoln nine years and three months working ten hours a day to split the 440,000 rails there are in one of the fallen trees in the Fresno Grove, if he split 150 rails a day.

In "The Fallen Monarch," Mariposa Grove, there is enough lumber to plank Broadway from the Battery to Madison Square.

The largest California tree was discovered last year on Mount Rob Roy. It is 109 feet in circumference, over 400 feet high and would cut into 3,000,000 feet of lumber.

From a big tree at Millwood King Arthur could have made 1,200 round tables, two inches thick, 16 feet across and 48 feet around for his Knights to have plenty left for mugs.

From one tree near Millwood enough one-inch lumber could be cut to entirely sheath the Flatiron Building.

Which Arm Is Longer?

Physiologists and scientists have been making some curious experiments with a view to determine the relative length and strength of right and left limbs. Fifty and nine-tenths per cent. of the men examined had the right arm stronger than the left; 10.4 per cent. had the two arms of equal length and 22.7 per cent. had the left arm stronger than the right. Of women 46.9 per cent. had the right arm stronger than the left; 24.5 per cent. had the left arm stronger than the right. In order to arrive at the average length of limbs fifty skeletons were measured—twenty-five of each sex. Of these twenty-three had the right arm and left leg longer, six the left arm and right leg, while in seventeen cases all the members were more or less equal in length.