

The World

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THE LONG TUG OVER.

At last the Cuban tooth has been extracted from the Senatorial jaw. It has not been an exhibition of painless dentistry, but now that the operation is over it is to be hoped the patient will feel better.

The housekeepers of the United States may expect a perceptible reduction in their sugar bills, and our trade and shipping will be considerably stimulated. Our implied promise to Cuba has been kept, and we are morally, as well as materially, refreshed.

The only thing to regret is the wanton folly by which we have bound ourselves not to reduce our sugar duties for five years. Senator Aldrich himself, the leader of the high protectionist Senatorial trust, admits that those duties are too high. Then why should they not be reduced? What excuse can any honest Senator give to his constituents for binding the country by a pledge not to reduce them?

There is one comfort. This preposterous pledge applies only to our foreign trade. It does not bind us to keep up the tariff against our own possessions. The next thing in order is free trade with the Philippines. It is likely that within the next five years our tropical islands, Cuba, Louisiana and our best-growing States will be able to supply all the sugar we need and make the saccharine schedule of the tariff merely a beating of Chinese gongs.

Help for Butler.—The calamity that has befallen fever-stricken Butler is hardly less crushing, in proportion to the size of the place, than the flood at Galveston. The Relief Committee appeals through The World for \$75,000. This paper will be glad to receive and forward any money contributed to lighten the gloom of Butler's black Christmas.

LOOK BEFORE YOU BLOCK.

The Democratic Senators who are proposing to block the Panama Treaty by a solid party vote under caucus dictation are hugging the delusion that they are building a valuable campaign issue. Before they commit themselves too far they may profitably consider two or three points. For instance: No party has ever won a Presidential election on a platform of pure obstruction. Senator Gorman might strike a noble attitude and say that the conduct of President Roosevelt and Secretary Hay offended his moral sense, but could he be sure that this would reconcile the people of the United States to the loss of the Panama Canal? Again, it has been repeatedly charged and widely believed that the rejection of the Hay-Herran Treaty by the Colombian Senate was due to the influence exerted upon Senators by the American transcontinental railroads. How would the Democratic party enjoy itself in a campaign in which it would have to be continually on the defensive against a similar imputation?

Really Remedied.—The friends of Gen. Wood, headed by Secretary Root, protest that their favorite is the victim of an injustice because a garbled version of the testimony before the Senate Committee on Military Affairs has been given to the public. If that be true the remedy is in the hands of the General's supporters. They control the committee, and they can have it publish its full proceedings.

THE NEXT SUBWAY.

The West Side Rapid Transit Association has been organized to help along the development of New York's transportation system by securing a subway for the occidental slope of Manhattan Island from Fifty-ninth street to the Battery. Nobody who has given any study to the transit problems of this city needs to be told that the tunnels already under way are only the barest beginning of the system we really need. The Rapid Transit Commission fully recognizes that fact. Even the more experienced plans of Chief Engineer Parsons fall far short of meeting our full requirements. A new tunnel on the west side is an urgent necessity, not only as far as Fifty-ninth street but all the way to Harlem. So is one on the east side. And when we get those there will be room for plenty more.

THE CARDINAL'S VENGEANCE.

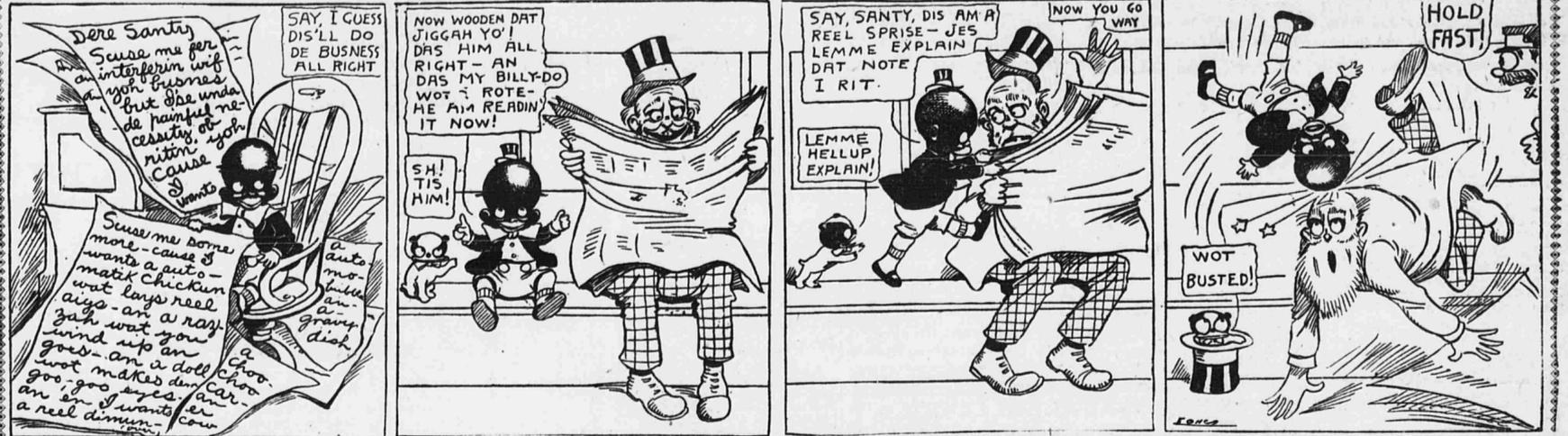
Who would not be a stockholder in the Bank of Spain, prospectively the richest institution in the world? In 2008 the legacy of \$1,000 left on deposit by the late Cardinal Herrero y Espinosa for "the first Spanish General Landing in United States territory with an army sufficiently strong to avenge the defeats of Cuba and the Philippines" will amount to \$505,051. If compounded at 4 per cent. in 2103 it will be \$25,507,587. In 2253 it will be \$9,185,351,878, and Madrid will be the financial centre of the universe. In 2303, only three hundred years from the present time, it will reach \$55,064,337,059, and all Spain will be able to knock off work and live on the interest of its money. Then, indeed, will Manila and Santiago be avenged in the most charming and characteristically Spanish manner.

THE NASSAU STREET BAZAAR.

The plan of turning Nassau street into an arcade has been enthusiastically welcomed by the merchants on that thoroughfare. And naturally. Popular custom has made Nassau street a footway in its whole width. Narrow and paved with asphalt, it invites the pedestrians who are crowded off the sidewalks. If it were turned into a glass-covered arcade, barred to wheeled traffic, it would be one of the sights of the city. It would be a bazaar, a section of a permanent world's fair. In which people could stroll from shop to shop, protected from the weather. Edward Bellamy said that in an advanced civilization one station-umbrella or a whole town would take the place of a lot of little portable umbrellas for the individual citizens. The arcade is the realization of this idea. Its popularity in Milan, in Paris and in London would be repeated in New York.

Travels from Babel.—A girl picked up in the street, unable to understand any known language, and a Greek who cannot be understood by any of the natives of the island he is in, are not to be despised—these are two more examples in one day of the polyglot problems presented to our variegated stream of immigration.

LITTLE DIXIE, The Coon Kid, and His Letter to Santa Claus.



Why Mr. Sixfoot Falls in Love with Miss Peewee.

By Nixola Greeley-Smith (Granddaughter of Horace Greeley.)

EVERYBODY is laughing at The Evening World's comical Mr. Peewee. And, whether in pictures or in real life, the big little man is undoubtedly amusing, especially when he walks abroad with Miss Sixfoot, with whom he has an unfortunate propensity to fall in love. But what about dainty Miss Peewee, the important little girl's important little sister and the fascinating and undoubtedly exercises over the stately Miss Sixfoot's big brother, Mr. Sixfoot? They may be seen arm in arm any day in the week, and yet nobody laughs at them, nobody caricatures them. Apparently they are not funny. Mr. Peewee's sister is frequently just as important as her distinguished brother. She has quite as many views and she airs them with an assurance of manner and a finality of tone equal to his. But while Miss Sixfoot is represented as suffering a daily discomfiture at the hand of her miniature lover, owing to some catastrophe due to his lack of size, good, amiable Mr. Sixfoot listens with undisturbed rapture to the pearls of wisdom falling from little Miss Peewee's lips, the while his strong right arm and his heroic size keep her secure from jostling crowds and jangling trolleys.

Another advantage which Miss Peewee has over her brother is that she is always quite sure that her giant loves her better for being little, while, notwithstanding Miss Sixfoot's many consoling assurances, Mr. Peewee cannot help wondering if she would not really prefer him to be tall. It is the fashion to say that big men like little women, and big women like little men, but is the latter half of the proposition true, save on the general principle that if you can't get what you want you should want what you can get? For Miss Sixfoot's admirers are nearly always in the Peewee class, and she can only exercise the feminine prerogative of choosing among the men who offer themselves. It is rarely that a tall man or even a man of average height loves a very tall woman. He may admire the girl who stands shoulder to shoulder with him, may wonder at her symmetry, marvel at her sturdiness. But it is the girl whose dainty head must tilt upward just a little when she looks him in the eyes that he falls in love with.

Many a man tells himself that his ideal woman must be of stately height. And he may indeed meet a tall girl and fall in love with her. But the question of her inches or lack of them has absolutely nothing to do with it. The most charming incident in "The Gentleman from Indiana" is that where the hero, whose ideal is of the tall, stately order, comes suddenly upon the living realization of his dreams and exclaims as he notes her scant 5 feet 2: "Why, I always thought you were tall!"

Some of the Best Jokes of the Day.

PLACING HIM. "See, I'm a Western man, myself." "That so? I've never been West, but I expect to go next year to the St. Louis Fair." "Oh, that may be worth seeing, but it won't be in it with you." "Ah! how are things in Chicago?" Philadelphia Press.

A PARADOX. "I think the contrastiest man I know," said Uncle Jerry Peewee, "is my brother Bill. He's a Populist, and that's been contrary enough, the Lord knows, but he keeps his face shaved clean." Chicago Tribune.

OPTIMISTIC. "I've quit smokin'," said Casey, accidentally smashing his pipe as he came up out of the gas trench. "I think you're a liar," said Dugan. "I hope I am," said Casey. Cleveland Leader.

BETTER USE FOR IT. Little Rastus—Mammy, Mistah Swell-man dun say to talk to hub dat dress shirt ob his in evenin'." Mrs. Johnson (the washday)—Yo' go tell him he kain't hab it twell tomorrow. Doan' yo' know yo' daddy's old gwine to do Afro-Merican ball dis evenin'?" Philadelphia Press.

The Important Mr. Peewee, the Great Little Man. His Thrilling Adventure with a Cuckoo-Cluck Which He Buys for Miss Sixfoot.



NOVEL-READING NELLIE M'GEE. After Much Persuasion She Finally Gets What She Wants.



The Man Higher Up Reform Needed in Xmas-Gift Business.

"It's funny," sighed the Cigar Store Man, "that a person is always broke coming on Christmas." "I know what's the matter with you," retorted the Man Higher Up. "You've been doing some second-story work on the Old Jokes' Home. This scream about being broke at the approach of Christmas is frescoed with green mould. The trouble with the average man is that he frames up a diamond orgie of gifts on a peanut income and gets cold feet when he sees the price list.

"The Christmas hand-out thing is overdue, at that. It has got to a stage where we think we ought to give something to everybody we ever called by their first names. The old times when you could send your friend a Christmas card with a snow scene on it and stand a chance of getting a meerschaum pipe in return are considerably deceased. Christmas has grown into a commercial holiday.

"If Santa Claus could only inoculate the alleged Christmas spirit with a few million microbes of common sense the day would be an occasion of eighteen-carat joy. People used to give Christmas presents for the pleasure there was in giving. Nowadays people give Christmas presents in the expectation of a come-back, and nine times out of ten the come-back has got a horseshoe in it.

"New York is a hard town to give Christmas presents in. There is so much fake front here that the people are spoiled. The father in a small community who can make his offspring happy with a repertoire of gifts setting him back about a five-case note would have a chill if he could see what a father in similar circumstances in New York is up against.

"A \$30-a-week New Yorker with a family cons himself into the belief that he has to hold up his end with people who have the mazuma to use for shaving paper. He lives in an apartment-house, squeezes his income until his fingers are calloused and balances himself on the debt line from one year's end to the other. He tries to make friends among people who are better ballasted financially than he is, and his children are brought up in the idea that he is the business manager of a gold mine. When Christmas comes around he has to make good to the people he knows or stand to get the marble-heart treatment, and if the Christmas presents of his young hopefuls are not as expensive as those of the kids of the foxy geezer in the next flat who pays his bills with checks there is a holler that loosens the gas fixtures.

"What we ought to do is make up our minds not to give Christmas presents to anybody we don't want to give Christmas presents to. If they don't like it, pass them up. I am in favor of organizing a 'Society for the Suppression of Business Trades Disguised as Christmas Presents.'"

"It's a wonder you wouldn't get busy and organize it," said the Cigar Store Man.

"Say," answered the Man Higher Up, "you're wise to what happens to a reformer? Yes?"

A Battle of Languages. Three or four languages strove for mastery in ancient Gaul, which is now France. German was spoken by 12,000 Frank invaders. Popular Latin was spoken by 4,000,000 Gallo-Romans. Literary Latin was the language of the church and of literature. Low Latin was the language of the administration. German was the first to succumb. In four centuries it ceased to be understood by the soldiers, and in seventy years more it had become an object of ridicule. But it survives in more than 600 words, expressing the things of government, law and war, and thus forms no insignificant part of the French language.

Lighter than Cork. In spite of the formidable rivalry of the feather, the cork has hitherto held the foremost place among pseudonyms for lack of weight. This supremacy is now seriously imperilled by the discovery of manna wood, as reported to have been made by Capt. Truffert in the Bah-el-Ghazel and the neighborhood of Lake Tchad. It belongs to the same species as the mimosa, and as observed growing on the shores of Lake Tchad reached a height of from 12 to 15 feet. It throws off shoots near to the ground, and its branches bear thorns and yellow flowers. The wood is lighter than cork.

Up-to-Date Germans. There is an interesting conflict in Germany between black-letter characters and the Roman alphabet. It is costly to keep two distinct kinds of type, hence the inferiority of German typography. The strain of reading "Gothic" print has contributed to the myopia prevalent in Germany. To be though Roman is manifestly gaining ground, a spirit of so-called patriotism, long fostered by Bismarck, maintains the archaic form.

POSTHUMOUS WIT.

The late Sir Antoine Dorion, Chief Justice of Quebec, was once invited to come annual function, but Lady Dorion, who was dead, was invited likewise. Sir Antoine accepted for himself, but declined for her ladyship on the ground

UNCLE SAM, FARMER.

In Castle, Spain, agriculturists having made practical experiments, prefer American to English implements, though the latter have been most profusely preferred. The agriculturists, noting that

American machinery is better fitted for the uses for which it was intended, though not considered so strong as the English, give it the preference, as it requires less power to work it—a most decisive reason in this country, where the soil is so hard and the power so scarce.