

The World

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LET THE WEST COME HERE.

New York's desire for the Democratic National Convention is not bounded by party or factional lines. Democrats in and out of Tammany are uniting with Republicans in their expression of it. Senator Dewey, ardent Republican as he is, wants the convention for the benefit of New York City and State. He sees in it, too, a necessary means of bringing the East and the West together.

In the latter respect it is really more important to the people of the West to send the convention here than it is to us to have it. We have been in the position of Mr. Carnegie's fortunate young man who has had the advantage of being born poor. We have been compelled to look beyond our own vicinity, and the process has done us good. In the West, where most of the conventions of the past generation have gone, the people have been able to stay at home and have their politics brought to them on silver salvers. Such a situation tends to promote provincialism.

Let our Western friends take a week off and come to see New York. It will do them good, and our numerous visits deserve some return.

OUR MOST NEEDED NEW PARK.

A week ago The Evening World said editorially: "It is not likely that Europe would invade us if the army should find some other headquarters than Governor's Island, and leave that for a public park. Criminals and paupers might cease to monopolize Blackwell's Island—the most perfect park site of this or any other American city."

These suggestions may be nearer fulfillment than many people think. Mr. Lantry, the new Commissioner of Corrections, announces that "the penitentiary on Blackwell's Island, as well as the other institutions there, will all be removed to Riker's Island in the near future." The work of filling in the flats at the latter spot, he says, "has progressed so well that we may expect to see in a reasonably short time all the buildings cleared from Blackwell's Island and that delightful spot converted into a beautiful public park."

The New Yorker who does not live to see that vision realized will have good cause to complain of fate. No other single improvement could add so much to the attractions of the city. Blackwell's Island seems to have been created by nature expressly to mitigate the discomforts of the swarming population on both sides of the East River. When it is turned into a park and made easily accessible life in those teeming regions will be distinctly brighter.

THE PASSENGER'S FAULT.

Mr. Edgar Van Etten, Second Vice-President of the New York Central Railroad, has had an inspiration. He has discovered that the passengers are to blame for the delays of local trains because they do not move quickly enough in getting out. "The public," he observes, "can save thirty seconds at each stop if they will, and with a train making twenty stops this means ten minutes."

But just how is the delinquent passenger to step livelier? He already gets up and crowds toward the door as soon as the train begins to slow down, although it has been judicially held that by so doing he releases the company from any claim for damages in case of accident. He jumps off before the cars stop. Ought he to begin jumping in the open country, so that the train could go past his station without even "hesitating?"

In Europe passengers do not usually rise until their cars have come to a dead standstill. One of the most surprising things the foreign observer jots down in his notebook is the American habit of crowding to the doors before a station is reached. But it seems our railroad officials are still not satisfied.

"SWEARING OFF" FROM DIVORCE.

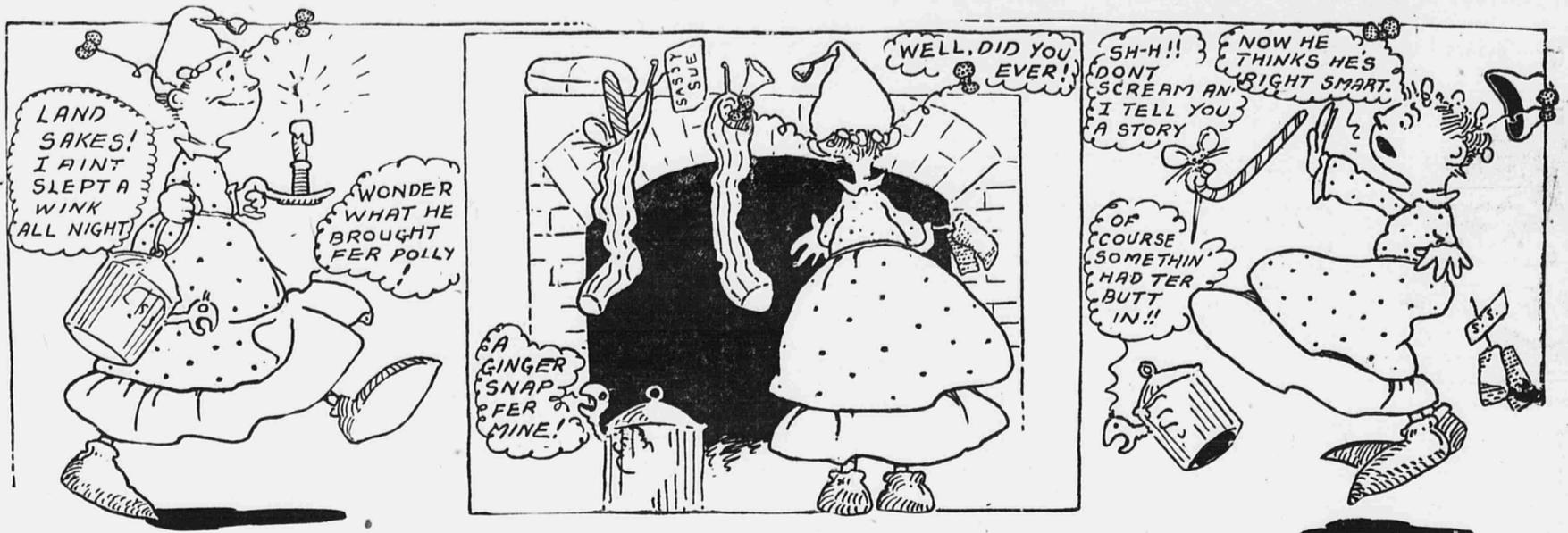
A Justice of the Peace in Cleveland has undertaken to repeal the divorce laws of forty-four States. "I have made up my mind," he says, "that this divorce business is all wrong." When a Justice of the Peace makes up his mind that a thing is wrong, and the laws take a different view, so much the worse for the laws. They had a local option law in New Hampshire and a Justice wiped it off the map by putting the name of every man in his town on an alcoholic black list.

The Cleveland jurist has a plan equally simple and ingenious. He refuses to marry any applicants who will not sign a pledge binding them never to take advantage of any legal rights of divorce they may have in the future. The scheme has only one tiny flaw. Nobody will sign the pledge. The modern bride and bridegroom are like passengers boarding a street car. They may not expect to change cars, but it is a satisfaction to them to know that they can get transfers if they want them.

A SCIENTIFIC TOUR DE FORCE.

"Some things can be done as well as others," said Sam Patch when he jumped over Niagara Falls, but Patch was a timid experimenter compared with Mr. Horace Fletcher, the expert in food hygiene, who has been testing the possibility of living at the Waldorf-Astoria at a cost of less than a dollar a day for meals. Mr. Fletcher has proved that a man may go into the Palm Room at the Waldorf, obtain a seat at a table and induce a waiter to bring him something which, on the principle of the Raines law sandwich, would be judicially called a meal. But why should he want to do it? Would it not be more satisfactory for one bent on economy to economize where he could do so without forfeiting the esteem of the waiter?

SASSY SUE - By the Creator of "Sunny Jim" More About Her Xmas Gifts.



On Christmas Sue jumped out of bed; "I'll see what Santa brought," she said.

"Good Lands! my stocking's fine an' fat; Here's ear-muffs—wristlets—and—what's that?"

"Quick, bring a trap!" she roused the house, "That Santa fool brought me a mouse!"

MINNY MAUD HANFF.

Every Man His Own Romance, OR HOW TO BE A HERO

By Nixola Greeley-Smith.

There is nothing the average man likes better than to be thought the hero of a deep and mysterious love affair.

And if there is just the least suggestion of wickedness about the mystery, he is all the more pleased.

A great many women, at some time in their lives, like to be thought bright beings, and go about with the wan and laudatorial air which they think proper to the role.

But men do not care about figuring as bright beings at all.

No air of disapproval or disillusioned love appeals to them.

They know that the only lover that interests other men is the successful lover.

And therefore, at all cost to truth or hazard to fortune, they strive to appear successful.

For this reason their conversation is largely about women. If there is, perhaps, a fair looking girl stenographer or bookkeeper in the establishment where they are employed her goings and comings and shortcomings are subject to the keenest scrutiny and comment.

A scrutiny not always respectful and a comment that is seldom kind.

If there is none, these self-made Lotharios nod and wink over the boarding-house waitress, even while they are trying to convey the impression that their friendships with many well-known society women or prominent actresses would, if they became public, furnish the national breakfast of scandal for months to come.

Nothing pleases this man better than to be seen talking frequently and always earnestly with a pretty woman.

If he is telling her nothing more than that it is a fine day, or that it looks as if it were going to snow to-morrow, he tries to do it with an air of such deep and mysterious import as to leave little doubt in the minds of onlookers that they are arranging the final details of an elopement.

And the poor man is really rather pitiable in his constant striving after the elusive romance, his incessant talking about the things that never were and never will be his.

He has never realized that the man of many adventures does not talk about them, having learned that discretion, quite apart from being gentlemanly, is the price—a very small price surely—of continued popularity with women.

No one is more circumspect in his manner and conversation with and about women than the man of many love affairs.

He does not believe in the "every man his own romance" style of conversation, and he does not indulge in it, whether from actual gentlemanly reticence concerning women or a more prudent appreciation of the value of a reputation for silence. It would be hard to determine.

But the motive is in a very small matter, and the result is the best.

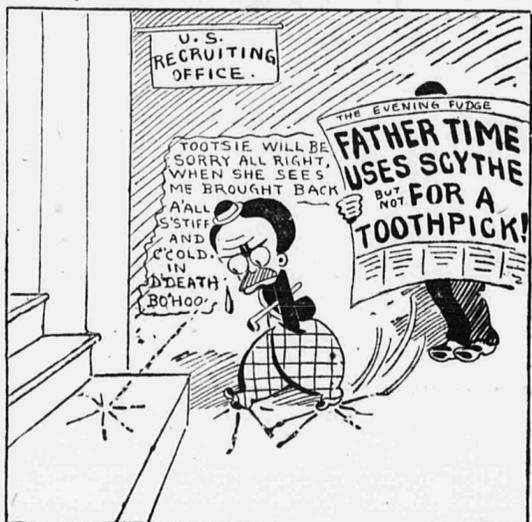
THE HEIGHT OF CLOUDS.

Questions often arise about the height of clouds, and information on this subject is neither plentiful nor very definite. At the Simla observatory a series of photogrammetric measurements have been made during a period of twenty months, and the results are reported in the "Indian Meteorological Review."

Simla has an elevated situation on a mountain ridge, and the observatory is placed at an altitude of 7,224 feet, which is above the ordinary lower clouds. Hence the observations made relate to the lofty cirrus clouds, the mean height of which, above Simla, in forty-seven measurements, was found to be 20,000 feet, or nearly six miles. The maximum was 28,460 feet. Of the thicker cumulus clouds the mean was 7,304 feet—over a mile and one-third—and the maximum 14,328 feet. In the warmer climate of Simla these figures are naturally larger than would be given by average measurements of the altitude of British clouds.

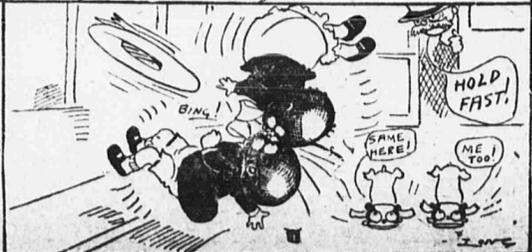
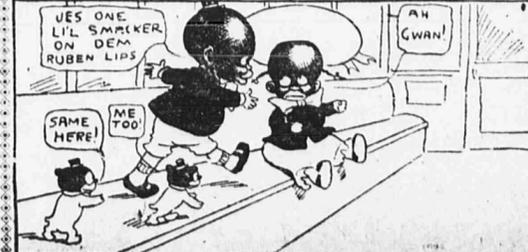
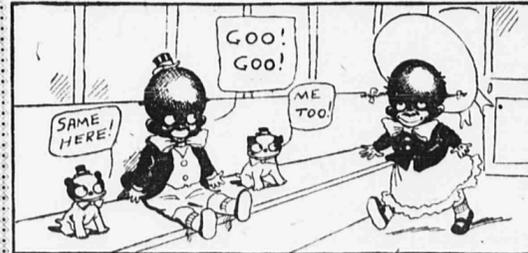
The Important Mr. Pewee, the Great Little Man.

He Has a Christmas Tiff with Miss Sixfoot and Tries to Enlist for the Columbian War.



Little Dixie The Goon Kid

He Meets a Chocolate-drob Affinity and Gets Seriously Jollied.



The Man Higher Up

Should Women Be Compelled to Pay Alimony?

"I SEE," said the Cigar-Store Man, "that there is a case on in the courts in which a husband is suing his wife for alimony."

"The time is about ripe," remarked the Man Higher Up, "for the formation of a Woman's Auxiliary Alimony Club. There is a woman's auxiliary to about every other organization in the country, from the Descendants of the Man who Shook the Hand of Washington down to the Knights of the Gilded Growler. Woman is butting into everything else, and she might as well butt into the distribution of alimony."

"Nearly every day we read of a meeting of women in which mere man is held up to scorn. He is denounced as a slob and verbal hot wallops are thrown into him for trying to hold up his own end. Gradually we are being taught that woman is able to take care of herself; and it is woman who is handing out the lesson."

"The magazines are full of pictures of women who are running hotels, livery stables, banks, restaurants, clothing stores, office buildings, stationary engines, barber shops and steamships. Two young women out in Indiana or Ohio or some other similar literary centre in the neighborhood of the Wabash are learning the blacksmith's trade. A woman was sentenced to prison in this town the other day for running a pool-room. Scores of New York women are making money by catering to people with the drink habit. A woman over in Brooklyn runs a couple of drug stores. About the only male employees in shoe factories, hat factories, shirt factories and the like are the porters who sweep out."

"Women are becoming the breadwinners. Why shouldn't they be producers? Man has been producing ever since Adam began to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow. The law makes him produce to a woman who is his wife and then compels him to keep on producing after she gets a divorce from him. The women are clamoring for equal rights and they ought to be willing to take equal responsibilities."

"Wouldn't it be a shame if some of the wives of society husbands should sue for divorces and ask for alimony. The average English or French nobleman who marries an American heiress would have a ticket to jail for life if his wife got a divorce with an alimony tag. If women with money or a good trade marry men they ought to be compelled to support them."

"I'd hate to have a woman paying-alimony to me," asserted the Cigar-Store Man.

"So would any clean-minded, able-bodied American citizen," answered the Man Higher Up, "but wouldn't you hate to be paying alimony to a woman?"

SMALLNESS OF THINGS.

PLINY relates that Myrmecidius wrought out of ivory a chariot with four wheels and four horses and a ship with all her tackling, both in so small a compass that a bee could slide either with its wings.

Frank Schmidt, of Jersey City, recently made a teapot, about the size of a pea, with a capacity of two drops of water, and an alcohol lamp small enough to go under the pot. The lamp boiled the water.

In the time of Pope Paul V. there was exhibited in Rome a runny consisting of 1,600 perfectly formed and carved glasses and the whole set being so small that it could be easily inclosed in a case fabricated in a peppercorn of the ordinary size.

An Egyptian carved from ivory an elephant so small that it could be passed through the eye of a cambric needle.

In the British Museum there is a Japanese needle of steel as thin as a spider's web, and yet through the centre of its length is drilled a perfectly round hole.

Nuts to Burn.

The candlenut is a native of the Pacific Islands and the name is derived from the fact that the kernels are so full of oil that when dried they are stuck on rocks and used as candles. The people of Hawaii, after having roasted these nuts and removed the shells, reduce the kernels to a paste, which is flavored with pepper and salt and is said to be a most appetizing dish. The husk of the nut and the gum which exudes from the tree have medicinal values, while the burned shell of the kukui is used to make an indelible ink with which tattooing is done.