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. 15,507.

The Evening World First.

Number of columns of advertising in The Evening World for 12 months, ending January 31, 1904	12,231¼
Number of columns of advertising in The Evening World for 12 months, ending January 31, 1903	7,856½
INCREASE	4,374¾

This record of growth was not equalled by any newspaper, morning or evening, in the United States.

THE PORT CHESTER OUTRAGE.

The members of the Railroad Committee of the Board of Aldermen, who found months too short a time for action upon the honest Port Chester franchise, have found days sufficient for a favorable report upon a rival scheme that bears all the earmarks of bad faith, and that is manifestly inferior to the other, even if its backers be sincere in their announced intention to furnish as good a service as they can.

The Port Chester road is a plain business proposition, which commands the enthusiastic support of all the residents along its line. Its route has been carefully surveyed and its plans, both of construction and of operation, worked out to the last detail. It is to be a four-track system, running over its own right of way, free from grade crossings, and making direct connections with the rapid-transit lines of New York. It has secured all the necessary consents except that of the New York Aldermen, and it is ready to go to work the moment it gets that. All the litigation that could delay it has been fought to a finish.

After the New Haven Railroad has exhausted every other means of obstruction, a dead company with a dead franchise thirty years old has been revived, and the Aldermen's committee has shamelessly adopted this scheme in place of the one demanded by the people concerned. Taking the most charitable view—assuming that this is a genuine project of the Metropolitan Company for a suburban extension, and not a new plan of the New Haven Railroad to prevent the construction of any additional line at all—it is far inferior, from the public point of view, to the project the Aldermen have contemptuously turned down. It would connect with slow surface lines, and even if the Metropolitan should get the privilege of building a tunnel its completion would be far in the future. The Port Chester line would find its rapid-transit connection all ready for it. No honest reason has been suggested for rejecting its request.

Let the Parks Alone!—Notwithstanding the Mayor's disclaimer, Senator Dowling has introduced a bill permitting him to use any parts of any parks, except Central Park, as sites for temporary schoolhouses. In other words, the Mayor is to have the power, if he chooses to exercise it, to ruin the park system of New York. It is a power that ought not to be granted to any man. There are plenty of safer ways of providing for the immediate needs of the schools.

THE GAS ROBBERY.

A lady whose letter appeared in The Evening World yesterday had been in the habit of paying less than $2.50 a month for gas. Without any increase in the number of lights, her bill jumped two months ago to $4.40 and last month to $11.50. Another consumer, whose bills for twelve years had run from 50 cents to $3.40 a month, was raised to $6.90 and then to $8.70. Others have been forced up to $25 and $30.

People have always complained of gas robbery in New York, and the files of The Evening World show that they were as excited a year ago as they are now, but the trust has put on the screws within the past two months with a ferocity that makes all former exactions seem like an application of the Golden Rule. One man was so crazed by the exciting spectacle of a gas bill growing like an inflating balloon from 70 cents to $4.20 at a jump that he tore out all the fixtures in the place, leaving the mixture of water gas, Texas oil vapor and air to flood the house, and had to be subdued by the police.

When the people are in their present mood they are dangerous, and even such a lobby as the Gas Trust is maintaining at Albany will not be able to nerve the Legislature to the point of denying them all relief.

The Paramount Question.—The Republican leaders at Albany are not sure whether home rule for New York would help or hurt the party. When they make up their minds on that point they will know how to act; for of course the interests and the rights of the people of New York are impertinent, irrelevant and immaterial.

THE ADVERTISER'S VERDICT.

The year 1903 was one of declining activity in business. Stocks sagged continuously, factories closed, and the Steel Trust's earnings fell off by more than one-half.

Yet, to judge by the advertising pages of The Evening World, one would have thought the country in the full swing of a Western boom. The number of columns of advertisements grew from 7,856½ in 1902 to 12,231¼ in 1903—an increase of 4,374 3-4, or over **55 per cent.** No other newspaper, morning or evening, in the United States, matched this record.

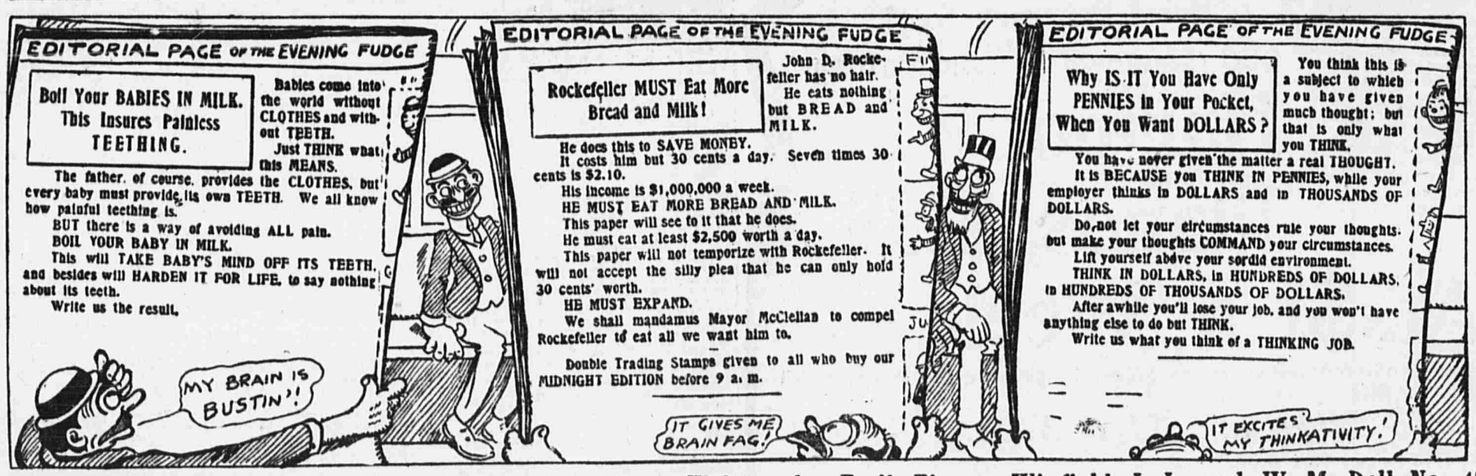
But there is no mystery about The Evening World's popularity among advertisers. Family trade is the basis of most kinds of business. The paper that goes into the family is the one that can attract the customers the merchant must have. Consequently advertising in a family paper is for the merchant not a luxury, but a necessity, and more than ever a necessity on the approach of dull times.

The Great and Only Mr. Peewee.

The Most Important Little Man on Earth.

Design Copyrighted, 1903, by The Evening World.

Mr. Peewee Demonstrates that Hot Air Is Warm.



To-Day's $5 Prize "Evening Fudge" Editorials Were Written by Emil Finger, Winfield, L. I., and W. M. Bell, No. 47 Nassau Street, Brooklyn.

PRIZE PEEWEE HEADLINES for To-Day, $1 Paid for Each: No 1—CHARLES M. FERGESS, 538 East 89th St., New York City; No. 2—L. D. RICHARDS, 2444 Walton Ave., Bronx; No. 3—ELLA T. M'CARTHY, 122 West 22d St., New York City; No. 4—A. BERKMAN, 171 East 111th St., New York City.

To the 100,000 Editorial Writers of "Evening Fudge."

Please don't be personal. Don't write politics. Be wise, witty, encyclopaedic, pedagogic, cogibund and thinkitudinous, as you like, but avoid abuse. Let's have fun with the "Evening Fudge"—good, jolly, rollicking fun, but nothing nasty. Over 30,000 politico-personal editorials received WHICH CAN'T BE USED prompts this suggestion.

LETTERS, QUERIES AND ANSWERS.

Eight Cows an Hour.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I read that Daniel H. would like to know how many cows can be milked by one man in one hour. Eight cows in full milk is about the best that can be done, the cows giving ten to twelve quarts each. One man might perhaps keep it up for three hours.

W. H. B.,
Patchogue, L. I.

Andrew Johnson.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Who was the seventeenth President of the United States? When was he elected? R. HOB.

Andrew Johnson was the seventeenth President. He was not elected President, but succeeded to the office on Lincoln's death, having been Vice-President under Lincoln.

Published in Evening World Jan. 6.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

When are you going to publish the names of the winners of the pinhole picture prizes?

GEORGE CROUCHER.

For Larger "L" Stations.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Some movement should be started to compel the Elevated Railroad to augment facilities for regulating traffic. Some of the stations are very small and narrow, and in the rush hours it is only providential that passengers are not thrown on the tracks. Barclay street station is very narrow and should be moved to a street where there is a wider scope for a station. N. H.

Our Dirty Streets.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

They say a new broom sweeps clean. Not so in the case of your present administration. Look at the condition of your streets to-day—a disgrace to any civilized country. Who is to blame for all this—Mayor McClellan or Commissioner Woodbury, of your Street-Cleaning Department? The people would like to know. New York's population will stand for anything. Barnum was right when he made this statement. Your Health Department has been promising a great deal of late. What has it done so far? P. H. V.

On Side Nearest Curb.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

A says it is proper for a gentleman to walk in the centre when in company with two ladies. B bets on the side nearest the curb. Please decide.

F. C. M.

Yes, A. T. Fichardt, Consular Agent.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Has Bloemfontein, South Africa, a United States Consul? J. P. S.

The "Near-Side" Ordinance.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

If the street railway companies were to make a test case the near-side ordinance would probably be declared unconstitutional without any hesitancy. It is detestable to every one who rides in surface cars, and also, by reason of sympathetic affection, to their immediate friends and families. Why does not our well-meaning Mayor demand that the Board of Aldermen meet without delay and repeal the silly, objectionable and useless ordinance? Keep up your good work to a satisfactory finish.

Mrs. LOUIS H.

Three Times. Twice at Coney Island, Once in England.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

How many times did Thomas Sharkey and Gus Ruhlin fight, and where?

B. R.

Yes. 1886. Against Hewitt and George.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Did President Roosevelt ever run for Mayor of New York City? If so, when? Who were his opponents? A. R.

Fire Engine.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Which has the right of way at fire lines, the mail wagon or the fire engine?

P. B.

No. 52 East Fifty-ninth Street.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Where is the Seventy-first Regiment armory? A. I. G.

Johnny Jones and His Cat-Killing Dogs.

A Poetical Reply.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Now as each two cats
Have eighteen lives,
Less three destroyed by rats,
Then one lone cat
Must have nine lives.
Less three destroyed, that's flat;
Therefore each cat
Has just six lives
To go through, ere he's done,
And every night
He'll scratch and fight
With Maria just for fun.
Now if one cat
Has just six lives
To sport before he'll die,
Then eight sound cats,
So if three dogs
Want to kill eight cats,
The number of lives they'll take,
(I think I am right,
So I'll say good night,
And my answer is "forty-eight."

JAMES H. FLATTERY, the original "Uncle Al."
No. 233 East Fifty-second street.

How-Old-Is-Ann-sters Please Answer This.

If Johnny Jones has seven dogs
And every dog is white,
And fourteen cats came chasing round,
Each one as black as night,
And each two cats have eighteen lives
Less three destroyed by rats,
How many lives must three dogs take
Before they kill eight cats?

Have forty-eight lives,
Or I cannot multiply

Says Sixty Lives Is Answer.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Each 2 cats have 18 lives less 3 destroyed by rats, leaving 15 lives to each 2 cats. Therefore 4x2 (8) cats have 60 lives for 3 days to take; "this is right?" What? W. J. POTTER,
No. 287 Franklin avenue, Brooklyn, aea eleven years.

Joys of Living in the Country in Winter Time.

"THE country for mine after this," announced the Cigar Store Man. "As soon as my lease on my flat runs out I'm going to move outside the city limits, where I can draw my breath without tearing my clothes."

"We all get a yen for the country," said the Man Higher Up. "If I had an income of $100,000 a year and no work to do you couldn't hold me in the city with hooks. Me to commune with nature when I get reduced down to the Rockefeller class, but while I'm drawing sudden gasps whenever I see a hundred-dollar bill I guess little old New York and a flat will keep me detained.

"I am moved to this impression by a visit I paid to a man who has gone out into the country. I went to see him in the evening of a nice, bracing day this week, and the melted frost has been oozing out of me ever since.

"You don't realize how cold it is until you have ridden on a train leaving New York for about an hour. When I got off at the suburban station shortly after dark I thought maybe I had fallen asleep for a couple of months and had been carried on to the North Pole. The wind was picking up the snow off the ground and distributing it on pedestrians, and maybe you think a wind in the country can't distribute!

"Then came a nice long sleigh-ride out to the abandoned farm of my friend. You never realize why they abandon those New England farms until you see them on a moonlight night in winter with the wind blowing sixty miles an hour and doing morgue music through the trees.

"I found my friend in the barn putting his horse's pajamas on. It was a nice, home-like job. The wind was flapping the sides of the barn until you could imagine yourself listening to a dozen tenor drum solos. After putting the night-clothes on his horse, my friend had to melt the oats in the feed-box. The horse had breakfasted on the oats and frozen the grains together.

"The suburbanite was better framed up for exploration than I. When he lived in New York he wore clothes of the latest style, kept his hair cut, his shoes shined and his face shaved. Out in the country I found him wearing rubber boots, a sweater, a fur cap and a sensational explosion of whiskers. He hadn't been to town for two weeks and said he was glad of it. When I asked him if he didn't think it was pretty cold, he said yes, but that he had a fine view in the summer time. The last I saw of him he was standing on the top of the hill waving a lantern at me as I drove back to town to take the train, and just at that time I wouldn't have traded the return railroad ticket I had in my pocket for his whole farm."

"But think of all the joy he will get out of that place in the summer!" protested the Cigar Store Man.

"Skiddoo!" answered the Man Higher Up. "Why, if I could think that hard I'd take the Christian Science Church away from Mary Baker Eddy."

The Girl Who Is a Good Fellow.

By Nixola Greeley-Smith.

WHY is it there are so many good girls who prefer to be good fellows? So many charmingly feminine women who would rather be almost anything else? Why do so many fluffy, frilly, little bundles of fun and foolishness sit in the windows of Broadway restaurants and make wry faces over cocktails that they do not like, while opposite them the man behind the cigar smiles and smiles and smiles, and is, perhaps, a villain? Save for the stimulus of masculine society the little girl who wants to be a good fellow would rather be perched airily before a soda fountain dipping ice cream from the messy liquid dear to the palate of feminine New York. But an unlimited indulgence in ice cream soda does not give her the delightful feeling of being a good fellow that one little sip of a cocktail does. It does not make her cheeks flush and her eyes sparkle, nor does it prompt her, ordinarily so quiet and demure, to say to her escort when the elderly woman at the next table stares at her, that she knows she is a lady and that she doesn't care a rap what people think about her.

Yet all these things she does when she gazes dreamily into the amber depths of a cocktail glass and wonders whether she will keep the cherry for the last or eat it now. And she is pleased with herself, for the man opposite grows confidential, telling her first of some early love affairs, then passing lightly, gracefully from his earliest admiration to his latest, which is, needless to say, herself—and finally, if he is very crude, discussing love and her own need of it and asking her many questions which the cocktail alone prompts her to answer.

She is the more charmed because she has a latent feeling that she is giving a very fair imitation of women to whom life itself is a cocktail with a glowing cherry in the bottom that lures them to drink and drink till at last they reach it and find that it is really but Dead Sea fruit that turns to dust and ashes in their mouths.

Later she may recollect with dismay theh little things she has said and done under the festive cocktail's influence. But while she is being a good fellow she doesn't care.

When the moment of remorse comes to her she will be wise if she resolves never to be a good fellow again. For though there are some women who can and do drink without detriment to themselves, the number is very small, and for each one of these really good fellows there are hundreds of foolish little imitations casting discredit on their families and their own selves.

Odd Cat Facts.

A good cat—the kind you want to have in the house, if any—will have a round, stubby pug nose, full, fat cheeks and upper lip, and a well-developed bump on the top of the head, between the ears, betokening good nature. A sleepy cat that purrs a good deal is apt to be playful and good-natured.

By all means to be avoided is a cat with thin, sharp nose and twitching ears. It must be remembered also that a good mouser is not necessarily a gentle or desirable pet. Although any good cat will catch mice if she is not overfed, quick, full, expressive eyes generally betoken a good mouser.

The great mistake—and probably the most common one—in the care of domestic cats is overfeeding, particularly too much meat. In wild life the cat has exercise which enables her to digest her food. In the lazy house life the same full feeding leads to stomach troubles and to fits.