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THE MAYOR BARS THE WAY.

Mayor McClellan has scored again by vetoing the Westchester franchise on grounds so thorough-going and comprehensive as to leave the Aldermen not a hole to crawl through.

The prompt passage of the Port Chester franchise with all proper safeguards for the public interests will extend genuine rapid transit to the Connecticut line within two years.

Meanwhile the Mayor has added another good page to a very creditable record.

BEAUTY AND PRACTICALITY.

The more the subject of a remodelled city is studied the more fascinating it seems. It appeals alike to the artistic temperament and to the practical mind.

For instance, at the Municipal Art Society's dinner on Tuesday evening Mr. Charles R. Lamb exhibited new street plans in whose preparation equal attention had been paid to beauty and to the convenience of circulation.

Radiating streets distribute the crowds to the best advantage and they can be made to end in a vista of some imposing building or monument.

When the Mayor names the City Plan Commission, whose appointment will be one of the crowning distinctions of his administration, it will have to deal with almost every subject that affects the collective life of the citizens.

Indians Two Thousand Years Ago.—When one of the big trees of California was cut down it showed the traces of a forest fire which, if the record of the rings is to be believed, occurred soon after the beginning of the Christian era.

Cabbage Heads and Caterpillars.

A Fable.

By Nixola Greeley-Smith.

THEY were very green, the round, incurling cabbage heads that grew in the cabbage patch that lay in the very centre of the common.

Originally it had not been a cabbage patch at all, having been considered barren ground unworthy even of the cultivation of cabbage heads.

But because the spring winds that caught up and distributed the cabbage seeds were wiser than the men who sowed them elsewhere, it happened that after awhile the barren strip in the centre of the common became peopled with green things also and boasted a cabbage patch of its own.

And in all the patch there were no two cabbage heads alike. But after awhile because they grew in a waste space on the common and there was no one to tend them weeds grew around the cabbages, and the rain fell and the wind blew, and finally the caterpillars came.

The caterpillars came and selected the cabbage heads that they thought the tenderest and greenest, and ate into their very hearts and dwell there. And at first the other cabbages looked on with envy, but as the caterpillars had attacked and prided themselves upon their own freedom from caterpillars, but as the deprivations of the caterpillar tribe increased the number of cabbages with white, speckled hearts diminished, till instead of being a disgrace to be eaten by caterpillars, it became the fashion, and every cabbage in the patch had a caterpillar at its heart or pretended to have one.

Finally the cabbage patch grew to believe that the caterpillar was an essential part of the cabbage. There were wiser cabbage heads among them, however, and one of these said:

"You know—and I know—we all know—that every cabbage has a caterpillar at its heart. But because we live in a generation of hypocrites, and there are some cabbages who are ashamed of the caterpillar at their hearts and even deny that it is there, we will curl our leaves a little closer and hide our hearts, where the caterpillars dwell, and not mention them or show them except when we talk among ourselves."

And all the cabbage heads agreed that this was the voice of wisdom and there was harmony in the cabbage patch because they had an interest—and a caterpillar in common.

But it happened one spring that the warm winds blew into the cabbage patch a strange seed that sprouted and grew up among the cabbages—but fortunately it did not grow up a cabbage, but a cauliflower.

The cauliflower had a little white heart that did not cover with incurling leaves for the simple reason that it was a cauliflower and not a cabbage. For it is the custom of cauliflowers to wear their hearts uncovered.

But the cabbages saw the heart of the cauliflower and they said among themselves in whispers:

"Look at the strange cabbage that does not curl its leaves about its heart, but shows it. What a white heart it is! Is it a white heart? The cauliflower's heart is not white at all—and it has no caterpillar!"

And all the cabbages looked at the strange thing that had no caterpillar and showed its heart. And they saw that it was so, and they were angry, and they grew around the cauliflower and choked it because it had no caterpillar at its heart.

Moral: If you live in a cabbage patch where caterpillars at the heart are de rigueur and you haven't any, it is best to wear your own piece of mind to keep the cabbage heads from seeing you.

The Great and Only Mr. Peewee.

The Most Important Little Man on Earth.

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Mr. Peewee Has His Say About New York as a City Beautiful.

Advertisement for 'The Evening Fudge' featuring 'Russian Man o'War' and 'Sunk Jap Transport'.

Advertisement for 'The Evening Fudge' featuring 'Fierce Battle' and 'Great Jap Victory'.

Advertisement for 'The Evening Fudge' featuring 'Big Guns Roar' and 'Whole Russian Fleet'.

Advertisement for 'The Evening Fudge' featuring an editorial page about a red lobster.

NOTE HOW THE "FUDGE" WAR NEWS GROWS WITH EACH NEW WAR EXTRA. To-day's Prize "Evening Fudge" Editorial Was Written by Agnes K. Whiting, 249 West 11th st., N.Y. City

"For the Love of a Woman," by Robert Louis Stevenson.

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"Independent" Aldermen and the "Near Side." SEE," said the Cigar Store Man, "that the Board of Aldermen hasn't shaken any results out of the box on the repeal of the O. P. side ordinance."

Advertisement for 'Mrs. Nagg' by Roy L. McCardell.

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