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A NEW WAY TO GET RICH.

The Republican doctrine that a cheap coat makes a cheap man has been supplemented by Secretary Shaw and amplified to include a similar result from cheap food.

"The Republican party insists," he told the Roosevelt Workingmen's Club of Wilmington, "that it is unimportant what price we pay for food and clothes so long as we pay the price to ourselves. May the good Lord deliver us from another period when living expenses are cheap!"

According to this theory the "general consumer" ought at present to be enjoying a state of unexampled prosperity. For fifty-six out of seventy articles of clothing he is paying from 3-10 of 1 per cent. to 20 per cent. more than the average price of those articles for ten years past.

Secretary Shaw says that "higher prices for cattle and corn mean more lumber for farm buildings, more barbed wire for fences, more and better clothes for a happier family, more and better furniture for the home, better carpets, better carriages and more and better implements of agriculture and therefore a better market for the wage earner."

That is, the retailer will pass some part of his larger profit back to the jobber, the jobber to the wholesaler, the wholesaler to the manufacturer, and from him the bountiful stream will trickle on to the original producer, while some drops of it filter down to the consumer as higher wages. It is an alluring theory of good times all around and plenty and prosperity for everybody.

One interesting example of how it does not work is furnished by the current prices for meat. Within a few days wholesale prices have been advanced a cent or two above the previous high level. That is at the rate of \$8 a carcass, in which there lie large possibilities of "better clothes for happier families" on the ranches, and any amount of new "barbed wire for fences."

But, according to Secretary Martin of the National Live Stock Association, hoof cattle now bring only \$5.50 per hundred pounds as against \$6.50 two years ago. Within this period of general advance for dressed beef there has been an accompanying decline for live cattle, as a result of which the stockmen have lost \$750,000,000.

So it seems that the packers, while taking that extra toll from the consumer, have neglected to pass a share back to the stockman, and the "happiness" of the ranchman's family remains a beautiful protectionist dream of the same unsubstantial nature as that which derives wealth for the consumer from the higher cost of everything he consumes.

THE RECREATION PIERS.

"And Satan came also." Two clerical visitors have found him at work on New York recreation piers, where most other visitors were looking only for fresh air, music and an evening's relaxation.

One is sorry for this sorrow of the priests. It is regrettable that with a public enterprise productive of widest good results even a modicum of evil can mingle itself. If the whole-hearted wish of the whole people could be realized, good would be everywhere and always un-mixed with bad. When that stage is reached in earthly affairs, however, there will be no need of special philanthropic undertakings.

At present, the recreation piers are needed because there is trouble in the city—the trouble of stifling tenements, oven-like tenement streets, neighborhoods infested by the atmosphere of factory and workshop. By the test of seasons, the piers have proved themselves helpful against this complex trouble. They have assisted in lowering the city death-rate while giving accidental hours of clean delight to many thousands of the city's lowly workers.

CASES THAT EXCITE SUSPICION.

The important thing about the abduction of Fanny Falstein, the young Brooklyn girl, as the result of whose charges two women are under arrest and a man a fugitive, is that it is one of similar cases which have recently been too prominent a feature of the news.

An isolated wrong of this character might occur in spite of the strictest preventive measures. But the occurrence of several almost coincidentally, including that of Katie Garinkel, is accompanied by disagreeable suggestions of a return to old conditions of vice which it was hoped had been stamped out forever.

If, as these cases give reason for suspicion, there yet linger any traces of the infamous cadet system, a vigorous and thorough effort should be made by the police for its immediate extermination, root and branch.

OUTDOOR FOOD STANDS.

The Health Commissioner has joined Commissioner Woodbury in his endeavor to correct the long-established practice of grocers and provision dealers of exposing food on the sidewalk or on outdoor stands. It is a country village practice which has little warrant of existence there and none in the city where the flying dust deposits disease germs. Every dealer who voluntarily does away with it finds his reward in a better patronage.

Notwithstanding the efficiency of its Street-Cleaning Department New York is not a clean city. The amount of dust in suspension in the atmosphere is always large. Doubtless 99 per cent. of it is harmless. Yet in the 1 per cent. of contagious residue there rests enough potential danger to make all reasonable precaution something to be demanded from dealers for their customers' protection no less than for their own advantage.

Is boneliness to Be Preferred to Fat?

BY Nixola Greeley-Smith.



A YOUNG Armenian had just landed at Ellis Island yesterday. She had some across the sea to wed a man who had won her love in her own country four years ago. She remembered him as a romantic staidness. And when he turned up at the pier, a sober, solid citizen of near-normal proportions, the transformation was too much for her.

"Why?" she exclaimed. "You are too fat. I'd rather go back home than be a fat man's wife." And, notwithstanding eloquent entreaty, she remained firm in her determination and returned to the emigrant's pen, while her disconsolate lover went back to his home.

All honor to the young woman. And may she have many imitators. There is no reason for the fat man and no excuse for him. Unaccountable as it may seem, the fat woman is not without her admirers. But there is not a woman alive who would marry a fat man unless some overshadowing excellence of mind or temper lured her into temporary forgetfulness of his fat.

It is bad enough at the years advance to see the slender hero of one's day dreams take on the all-too-solid flesh and the settled jog-trot walk of middle age. But to start with him that way is out of the question.

"I would rather a man would lean to the last degree of attenuation than the least iota too corpulent," said an ambitious young woman of Boston the other day, and her sisters, from Armenia to Maine, will echo the sentiment.

The ideal masculine figure should combine agility and strength, and a fat man has neither. Indeed, the only superiority that he has over the man of average proportions is that it is easier for him to be funny. And no woman wants a funny husband.

To be sure, she doesn't want one altogether devoid of a sense of humor. But a sense of humor and a moderate-sized waist-band are not altogether inconsistent possessions. And if one has to choose between the two an aesthetic taste would favor the waist measurement every time.

When one sees a fat man or a fat woman in the street and realizes that there are probably people in the world who regard them with feelings of romantic tenderness, one is lost in wonder at the blindness of human attachments.

A fat woman has a certain surface superiority over a fat man, due to the fact that feminine attire lends itself better to the concealment of surplus adipose. There are no methods of artificial distribution such as the corset permits open to the man who weighs too much, and is not proud of it. When he is fat everybody sees just how fat he is! To be sure, this does not usually bother him much, for he is apt to take his fat philosophically, as he does everything else.

The chief thing to recommend him is that he is amiable, for he really verifies the popular tradition concerning fatness and amiability far more than the fat woman, who is given to frequent fits of vociferous gawdiness. It is true, but in her reactions from her ebullient moods is generally subject to more or less serious tantrums.

However, the too-amiable man, like the too-amiable woman, is a person to be avoided matrimonially, for his gay moods are usually spent upon his casual acquaintance and the reactions from them given vent to at home.

So that, even on the score of amiability, the fat man does not necessarily triumph, nor discredit the judgment of the fair Armenian maid.

SOME OF THE BEST JOKES OF THE DAY.

PLACE FOR A PLOT.

"Most of the action in my story," explained Penniba, "takes place in a cemetery."

PROUD OF HIS TITLE.

"What makes Brown so haughty these days?" "Why, his secret benevolent association has elected him to an office that has a title seven feet longer than any title there is in Smith's secret society."—Chicago Evening Post.

ICE.

In the spring the good wife's fancy turns to thoughts about the price that she'll have to pay this summer. To the combine folks for ice. —Cleveland Leader.

HIS REAL OBJECT.

"I understand that Lord Pucash has asked for your daughter's hand." "Yes," answered Mr. Cumrox. "That's what he has asked for. But I guess what he wants is my pocketbook."—Washington Star.

A LUCKY "EX."

"They say he's quite wealthy." "Yes, and at one time he was very poor indeed. He certainly has had a checkered career." "Well, a checkered career doesn't hurt you if it's only exchequered at last."—Philadelphia Press.

COULD GIVE POINTS.

"I see you are wearing my old engagement ring." "Yes, isn't it perfectly lovely to be engaged to Jack?" "Yes, indeed! He's so deliciously serious about it, isn't he?"—Detroit Free Press.

Baby's Squall Will Be Music to the Ear

It May Lull You to Sleep, If Properly Attuned, Instead of Keeping You Awake.



"No mother should be weak enough to allow her baby to scream off key. She should carry a tuning fork, and when the child is about to begin a prolonged howl give him the proper note."—Mrs. Amelia Weed Holbrook to the Professional Woman's League.

The Fair Sex Will Not Flock to This New Field.

Women Passengers Needed in Police Autos to Catch Missile-Throwing East Side Hoodlums.



Police Inspector Schmittberger's wife, who accompanied her husband in an auto hunt for stone-throwing hoodlums last Sunday, is the pioneer in this new line of effort, which will probably not come very popular with the fair sex.

The Man Higher Up By Martin Green. The Bookmakers' Vocabulary Makes Billingsgate an Also Ran.

"SEE," said The Cigar Store Man, "that some wise person pushed a lot of phony cash on the bookmakers at Gravesend." "Yes," replied The Man Higher Up, "and there was a roar in the betting ring that could be heard to Montreal. Hand a bookmaker a little the worst of it and you can't tell his screams of agony from the fog whistle at Sandy Hook. I haven't heard anybody spout sympathy for the bookmakers who got stung with the painted money, and the reason why is all due to the bookmakers themselves. "The comfortable citizen who never goes into a betting ring and doesn't care any more about horse racing than he does about the latest style of gondolas on the Venetian canals would be knocked stiff with astonishment at the treatment the bookmakers hand their patrons. They have got the art of nasty profanity down to a system like the works of a watch, and the way they howl oaths and abuse at the poor suckers who make it possible for them to ride in benzine buggies and buy diamonds would create wholesale slaughter anywhere else but on a race track. "Some of them are gentlemen in conversation and demeanor at all stages, but the most of them—and the successful ones—howl at their patrons in a way that a dog catcher would be ashamed to use on an unlicensed gutter hound. Their favorite method of accosting a small bettor who wanders up, shows his badge that has cost him two plunks and solicits the privilege of betting a \$5 note, is to apply a lot of stable-boy names to him and wind up with: "Get down to the free field with your small money." "They don't confine their abuse to the pikers, either. Big bettors get it just the same, and men who would jump in and attempt murder at a slurring remark about the fit of their clothes will allow a bookmaker to make monkeys of them in front of hundreds of people and smile in a sticky way about it." "Why do the bettors stand it?" asked The Cigar Store Man. "If a bettor should slug an insulting bookmaker," explained The Man Higher Up, "he would be jumped on and kicked into resemblance of a mess of tripe by a gang of hired burles and the Racing Association would close the gates on him so he couldn't bet any more."

The Gook. IDIOTICAL PAGE OF THE EVENING FUDGE. What is the use of a HUMAN LUNG? Commissioner Woodbury is WORRIED because his street-cleaners INSIST ON SWEERING. DUST INTO THEIR LUNGS. THE EVENING FUDGE, always ready to advise the municipal government, flies quickly to Major Woodbury's relief with the ensuing SCINTILLATING SOLUTION of the trouble. HENCEFORTH LET NO MAN WITH LUNGS BE EMPLOYED AS A STREET-CLEANER! Then the dust CANNOT be so foolishly wasted. Let each applicant for the position of street-cleaner be THOROUGHLY SEARCHED. If a LUNG is found in his pockets or hidden between the soles of his shoes LET IT BE CONSECATED and the man DISCHARGED. Thus NO street-cleaner can swallow a WHOLE LUNGFUL of valuable dust on the sly. THE EVENING FUDGE will buy these confiscated lungs at reduced rates and use them in its HOT-AIR EMPORIUM, and the COMMON PEOPLE of Manhattan will henceforth get ALL the dust they pay for. THE DUST CRAFT MUST GO!

"Ways That Are Dark." An ingenious trick was played recently by a gang of burglars in Sheffield, England. About 7 o'clock at night news was received by telephone at the fire station that a large timber yard in the suburbs was on fire. The message purported to be from the owner, who added that there was not much flame, but plenty of smoke. The brigade immediately turned out, but on reaching the scene of the alleged outbreak found it had been hoaxed. The wires were at once put into operation, and it was found the message had come from a silverware manufactory almost opposite the fire station. The officers on gaining an entry found that thieves had ransacked the place. Large quantities of silver goods had been packed ready for removal, and the burglars doubtless hoped to escape during the excitement caused by the brigade turning out. They had, however, been alarmed and fled empty-handed before the arrival of the police. All in One Line. Can you draw this figure without lifting your pencil from the paper, without going over the same line twice, and without allowing any line to cross another?