

The Evening World

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THE BRONX RAPID-TRANSIT MUDDLE.

The Board of Aldermen has trouble and a hearing on its hands for to-morrow. It is possible that the trouble will last.

Indignant Borough of the Bronx men, individually, in pairs, and in organizations, have been preparing for a week, at least, for to-morrow's storming of the City Hall. Their cause is that of greatly needed new transit facilities in their borough. Incidentally, it is the cause of the New York and Port Chester Railway.

In opposition to the Port Chester proposition there is the franchise application of the New York, Westchester and Boston Railroad Company, favorably passed upon by the Board of Estimate. Mount Vernon's Aldermen say, officially, that this is a defunct corporation; from various sources comes the charge that it is a mere name revived to help the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad beat off a threatened competition in local passenger traffic. An unsatisfactory feature of the Westchester plans is that the line promised for immediate building stops far short of the Harlem River.

It is in connection with this franchise conflict that the story is told of a Port Chester promoter being advised by a New York Alderman to "see the captain." There have been many plain utterances making a similar point. Apparently "the captain" has not been seen. Evidently it behooves the Aldermen to listen very attentively to-morrow and to be fortified with reasons fit for publication if they continue of a mind to disappoint the Bronx delegations.

Triumph Over Great Obstacles.—Helen Keilers' graduation from Radcliffe College with honors is more important as an achievement in the face of seemingly insuperable obstacles than as a shining example to the innumerable students weak of purpose or firm of will. Deaf, dumb and blind, apparently hopelessly incapacitated, she has made of herself at twenty-four a brilliant and accomplished woman. The exercise of one-tenth of the patient industry she has exerted would put her in the front rank of college scholarship. The indolent host of students whom lack of energy keeps lagging to the rear.

ELEVENTH-HOUR PRECAUTIONS.

A novel feature distinguishing yesterday from other outing Sundays was the stricter regulation of the steam-boat excursion traffic. At all the important piers a force of inspectors was at work, vigilantly watching to prevent overcrowding, observing the conduct of crews, noting the condition of the life-saving appliances, and generally subjecting the boats to an examination, hasty and cursory in many particulars, but commendably precautionary, to assure the safety of passengers as far as was superficially possible.

The order came from Washington. Whether taken to allay what Supervising Inspector Dumont is reported to have called the "semi-hysterical condition of the public mind" or to correct lax conditions of long standing, the action taken was timely and urgently demanded by the circumstances.

Yet these inspectors were doing only what should have been done on every Sunday and holiday for years past. Their services were as much needed a year ago as they are to-day, and it is a reproach that it should have required the Slocum horror to bring them into requisition.

But this stricter watchfulness, belated as it is, is gratifying as evidencing a first step toward the greater reforms to which the dearly-learned lesson must inevitably lead.

BENEFICENT USES OF THE FUSE.

The fuse which blew out on a Gates avenue trolley car on Saturday created "only a slight panic." It is true that "half a score of persons fell to the pavement" in the rush to leave the car, but only two women passengers were injured. An ambulance surgeon attended them.

Evidently popular knowledge of the beneficent uses of the blowing-out fuse is increasing; the panic might have been much worse. Some day, when all passengers become familiar with the safety-valve properties of the fuse, the mad scramble to escape from unreal dangers will be a thing of the past. The enlightened passenger will then realize that the "sheets of flame from the controller box" are merely evidences of the electricity's search for an inoffensive outlet. He will, therefore, decorously keep his seat. The flashes may blind him, the odor of burning insulation suffocate him, and the apparent but misjudged peril of the situation try his self-control.

But he will not fear. He will not hazard life or limb by a foolish precipitancy of action. He will calmly await results, trusting even to the roasting point in the assurances of the company that the fuse is safeguarding him from electrocution. And what an amount of Casablanca material the next generation of New Yorkers will develop!

A Man's Descendants.—The nomination of Senator Fairbanks for the Vice-Presidency brings to light the remarkable fact that there are in the nation 5,000 living families who are descendants of Jonathan Fairbanks, who settled in Dedham, Mass., in 1638. It furnishes an interesting object lesson of the importance to the world of each individual member of its human family.

LOVE AT THE NORMAL COLLEGE, TOO

Good for Dr. Thomas Hunter, veteran principal of the Normal College! Fresh from the task of sending out into the world his latest class of four hundred sweet girl graduates, he has this to say of a much-mooted question: "It has come to the conclusion that a college education does not interfere in the least with matrimony."

When the Normal College is on good terms with itself it can boast of about 2,900 maiden students. Dr. Hunter has seen the ranks of wisdom recruited from his sophomores, his juniors, his seniors and his graduates. Moreover, he is able to testify that the percentage of teachers who marry is very great, and he has noticed that "it is the brightest, the most efficient, who marry soonest—not the dullest of them. The very qualifications which make teachers successful and popular in their classes are those which make them attractive to the other sex."

Education gives a young woman independence, judgment and a higher appraisal of her real self. But the college girl remains "a girl for a' that," as the Evening World said the other day in commenting on a Vassar senior's confessions, with all a true girl's hopes and dreams of love and marriage.

Jack, the Jester, Whose Merry Pranks Are Recorded in Four Words.



The College Presidents and Marriage.

By Nixola Greeley-Smith.

"I have no patience for the college graduates who deliberately elect bachelorhood. In this country, where there is no place for drones and idlers, the primary duty of every young man is to provide for a wife and family."—President Schurman, of Cornell University.

THESE sentiments, expressed last week by the President of Cornell University in his address to the graduating class, form the nucleus of pretty nearly all the matrimony addresses that have been delivered in the last fifty years. They present for the consideration of the young graduates a recognized truth, an undoubted duty. But to the average young student duty is one of the innumerable things that, like the rose, by any other name would smell as sweet—indeed, a good deal sweeter.

And there would probably be a greater number of converts to matrimony if college presidents dwelt more on the delight of having a wife and family than on the duty of it.

But, of course, most college presidents are married and are, therefore, apt to dwell on the phase of matrimony uppermost in their minds. Duty is probably the most ungrateful word in the language to young ears. To be sure, we object more to the sound than the sense of it, for in the pursuit of amusement we often do things called pleasurable which, were they termed duty, would be absolutely balk at. If one's eternal salvation, instead of an evening's amusement, depended on looping the loop, for instance, there would be a tremendous falling off in the patronage of that thrilling device for the naive pleasure seeker. And the same argument would apply to practically all the other forms of strenuous amusements we do our best to enjoy.

As amusements we love them, as pleasures we pay our hard earned coin for them. But once call them duties, and their value would become a membership card with the dead past.

Why tell the young man or the young woman it is a duty to marry? Say, rather, it is a glorious privilege. They will wake up to the facts soon enough. When we were children and our mothers or nurses argued before us, trying to make smooth the road to matrimony, we would say, "I don't want to marry. I don't want to marry. I don't want to marry." Why tell the young man or the young woman it is a duty to marry? Say, rather, it is a glorious privilege. They will wake up to the facts soon enough.

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And when we muttered at our milk and cast nutinous glances at our rare beefsteak, did they thrust them into us in the guise of duty? Did they not rather urge us to eat of them that we might become strong or beautiful, according as they dealt with little boys or little girls?

Men are but children of a larger growth, they say, and their duties should be presented to them with the same nursery wisdom. College presidents cannot improve on these early and familiar methods, and it is useless for them to try. The success of the homeopathy proves that men and women can be made to swallow anything provided it is judiciously sugar-coated. Incidentally, also, it generally demonstrates that the things they swallow are good for them. So that the stanchest advocate of blissfulness divided by two need not object to the comparison.

The college presidents are undoubtedly trying to do a good work, but they are not going about it the right way. When they preach the joy not the duty, of marriage, they will be apt to make more of an impression on a generation whose strongest doctrine is that of individualism.

OMNIVOROUS. Guest (at summer resort).—Yes, Johnny is a vigorous boy. He seems to be able to eat anything. Proprietor.—I've noticed that he seems to be able to eat everything.—Chicago Tribune.

MARKED DOWN. He.—You can't expect to marry rich. She.—Why not? He.—A drug store blonde must logically go at cut-rate.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

The Great American GOOK. Oh, Fudge!

He Cheerfully Gives Advice to Folks Who Are Going for a Holiday.



Mrs. Nagg and Her Friends.

By Roy L. McCardell. (Copyright, 1904, by the Press Publishing Co., New York, World.)

"HOW was it made, Mrs. Gladley?" "Well, to tell you the truth, dear, she was so anxious to show off in it that I never pretended to notice it was a new dress." "A new dress, indeed? I will wager it was bought at one of those second-hand places. If it is as fine as you say, 'Not that I would hint at such a thing, my dear, but Mrs. Skipshaw isn't past such tricks. S-s-s-h!' here she comes now!" "Here is Miss Smerk, Miss Minxton. She joins the Kind Words Club to-day. She was so pleased to hear that you, her dearest friend, belonged." "There, I know you would be delighted. Miss Smerk is just back from Europe; she is a sweet and innocent thing." "Yes, her hair is surprisingly lighter, but we must be charitable, dear. Perhaps it was the climate abroad. Tee hee!" "What were you saying about the German ladies, Miss Smerk? They have very few women's clubs, but meet at each other's houses and hold what they call 'kaffeeklatches'." "Dear me, how interesting. (Listen to her, not with us a minute, but all the time, bringing up the subject of her trip abroad.)" "You say they gossip at these 'kaffeeklatches,' Miss Smerk? Dear me, how dreadful!" "Well, there is one good thing about American women. When they meet it is for some good, uplifting purpose." "Now, here is our Kind Words Club. You never hear the least suspicion of gossip, and, as for airing petty spites or back-biting—thank goodness, we are cultured gentlemen!" "Come on, dear, Mr. Nagg has hurried downtown; come on upstairs. There is a newly married couple next door and they have a dreadful quarrel on. If we go upstairs in the hall and listen at the wall we can hear every word! But I know you two girls, such dear chums at high school and all that, are just dying to have a sweet talk together. You two stay here, and if the light next door gets real interesting we'll call you."

MISS MINXTON.—Oh, Clara, how glad I am to see you. How well you look. You don't seem to be a day over twenty-six. It seems only just the other day when I was four classes below you and used to envy you big girls. MISS SMERK.—Don't say a word about it, dear. I know how your heart used to ache because you were such a stupid thing! We used to pity you so. But then, you know, it was not your fault. None of your people had any great aptitude for education, had they? MISS MINXTON.—What did you pay for those pink, dear? You see I have so many flowers of all kinds; not those cheap ones, but the variegated and costly kinds, sent me, that I never get to know what is the cost of flowers. MISS SMERK.—I am sorry you did not go abroad. I knew a Chicago girl, you are so like her in every way, but she was so very coarse and uncultivated, and the trip improved her manners wonderfully. Really, you should go abroad, dear. MISS MINXTON.—And you haven't changed a bit. It is true that those tourist parties only travel third class and have horrid accommodations? Did people traveling nicely snub you? MRS. NAGG.—Miss Smerk! Miss Minxton! Hurry! They are having a lovely fight!

LETTERS, QUERIES AND ANSWERS.

Apply to Bureau of Vital Statistics. To the Editor of The Evening World: How can I find out my right age? I was born in this city. JOSEPH B. Side Nearest Curb.

To the Editor of The Evening World: Is it proper for a man when he is walking with two young ladies, to walk in the centre or on the side nearest the curb? J. M. W.

Yes. Apply to Supreme Court. To the Editor of The Evening World: Can I change my foreign name? I have a German name. Can I change it to an American name, or have my name Americanized? J. C. P.

Dog Could Never Catch Rabbit. To the Editor of The Evening World: A correspondent asks how long it would take a dog to catch a rabbit if he started 100 feet behind the rabbit and

at each 100 feet diminished the distance between them by exactly one-half. The fox could never catch the rabbit. All mathematicians know that a variable can never reach its limit. To speak more plainly, the dog would frequently diminish the distance by one-half, and at last would be one-millionth of an inch behind the rabbit. As a matter of fact such a case is impossible. But the problem is clever. As the promulgator rightly says, there is no "catch" in it. NOAH DINKS.

Full House Beats Straight. To the Editor of The Evening World: Which beats in poker, a straight or a full house? J. D.

The Van Cortlandt Tragedy. To the Editor of The Evening World: Think of it! Please stop and think of it for a minute, reader! Here is a rail-

road crossing in the city of New York where thousands of happy people cross every busy day that is inadequately protected. Two people were killed the other day at Van Cortlandt Park. Were I on the jury to try the case against the railroad company I would stand out for heavy damages. JUSTICE.

Yes. To the Editor of The Evening World: Were there races at the Jamaica Race Track this year ANXIOUS Sewing Club.

To the Editor of The Evening World: Will clever readers suggest a name for a sewing club that a couple of girls are going to get up? BUSY BEE.

A Poker Query. To the Editor of The Evening World: In poker A deals and B aces, C raises the cost to draw cards. B claims that

C cannot do this after looking at his hand. C states that any one of the six players can raise in turn the price to draw cards. F. G.

C is right. It is the privilege of any player on his proper turn to raise the price to draw cards.

Last Thursday in November. To the Editor of The Evening World: Do the moon's phases determine the date of Thanksgiving or is it always the last Thursday in November? D. C. C.

Not Heavy Enough. To the Editor of The Evening World: I am eighteen years and six months old, height 5 feet 9-1/2 inches, and weigh 143 pounds. What is the average weight of a man of my height and age? CHARLES H.

The average weight for a man of your age and height is about 150 pounds.

The Man Higher Up

By Martin Green.

Mr. Roosevelt's Fondness for the Wild and Woolly West.

"I SEE," said the Cigar Store Man, "that President Roosevelt has appointed Paul Morton, a Western railroad man, Secretary of the Navy." "Another glad hand to the wild and woolly West," replied the Man Higher Up. "President Roosevelt wants Illinois and Nebraska represented in the Cabinet. Mr. Morton is from both States, and he also cuts a lot of ice in Kansas, which State his railroad, the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe, gridlons.

"The Iowa representative in the Cabinet is Leslie M. Shaw, Secretary of the Treasury. Mr. Shaw is a banker of distinction from an Iowa town called Denison, which isn't even a one-night stand. You can stand on one side of Denison and throw a baseball over it, and Mr. Shaw's bank is about the size of the lobby of the Metropolitan Opera-House.

"Some people are sore because they think that Mr. Morton, coming from about as far away from the ocean as it is possible to get in this country, don't know anything about naval matters. He may know nothing about the navy, but he is certainly a lalapaosa when it comes to navigating a private car.

"Up to four years ago this month President Roosevelt didn't know Mr. Morton very well. The President was then Governor of New York, and he went out to Oklahoma City to attend the reunion of the Rough Riders on the Fourth of July.

"From Chicago to Kansas City the President rode as the guest of Mr. Morton, and from Kansas City to Oklahoma City he rode in Mr. Morton's private car over the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe and allied roads. From Oklahoma City he rode back to St. Joe, Mo., in Mr. Morton's private car, and from St. Joe to Chicago he rode in a special train of private cars and sleepers furnished by the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railway. While in Oklahoma City the then Governor was the guest of Col. Zach Mulhall, of Oklahoma, who is now under \$25,000 bail in St. Louis for shooting three men in a gun fight on the Fair Grounds. Later on, when the President made his tour to the Pacific coast and back, Mr. Morton was advance agent and general manager over most of the route."

"Can Mr. Morton swing any votes?" asked the Cigar Store Man. "He certainly can," answered the Man Higher Up. "But it is hard to tell which way. He is almost as popular with the men on the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe as Mr. Baer, the Divine-Rights man, is with the employees of the Reading."

Italian Cyclones.

Many cities and districts in the Venetian province have this week been ravaged by a cyclone as disastrous as it was certainly brief. Padua, Verona, Treviso and Udine, with the country districts lying around, were all swept by the storm. First came a fearful downpour of rain, or, in several cases, of hail; and this was followed by a whirlwind which, though only lasting about half an hour, left some buildings wrecked, others unroofed, and crops, telegraph lines, &c., prostrate and ruined. Besides the large number of families rendered homeless, many people were injured and about ten killed—all in thirty minutes.

The "Fudge" Idiotorial.

IDIOTORIAL PAGE OF THE EVENING FUDGE

Do Not Cast PERILS Before Swine! A Pearly Idiotorial for Perill-Divers. Copyright, 1904, by the Evening Post Co.

Some people who do NOT THINK may perhaps be led to think that they think that Russia is fighting Japan. THE EVENING FUDGE's special war correspondent however, reports from his headquarters at the Paresis Club that this is a mistaken impression. Russia may THINK she is fighting Japan, but she is so near-sighted that, for all she knows, she may be FIGHTING LUNA PARK.

Such a contest would seriously interfere with the Common People's enjoyment, and THE EVENING FUDGE warns the Czar in advance that should he attempt such a thing THIS PAPER WILL SEE IT STOPPED.

That ought to hold 'em Czar awhile. IN REALITY the Jap-Russ war is a war of the YELLOW PERIL against the PINK PERIL. If two Perils cannot dwell peaceably and amicably side by side without quarrelling, the rights of the COMMON PEOPLE receive a DANGEROUS menace and setback. The Peril that first writes to Mayor McClellan will have THE EVENING FUDGE's support. Let the watchword be: "PINK PERILS FOR PALE PLUTOCRATS!"

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