

**The Evening World First**

Number of columns of advertising in The Evening World during first six months, 1904..... 7,700

Number of columns of advertising in The Evening World during first six months, 1903..... 6,019

**INCREASE..... 1,681**

No other six-day paper, morning or evening, in New York EVER carried in regular editions in six consecutive months such a volume of display advertising as The Evening World carried during the first six months, 1904.

**THE SUBWAY REALIZATION.**

The now assured opening of the subway to traffic within a few weeks is a matter for general congratulation which it will hardly require speeches and music to express. The public has waited long for the boon of fast transit now almost within its reach. It has waited with alternate hopefulness and impatience while putting up with encumbrances and impediments which tried the most even temper. It has forgiven these impositions, and the day it takes its first ride it will forget them in its pride over the workmanlike completion of an engineering enterprise of really gigantic size and scope.

What the construction company could do has been well demonstrated; it has "made good" in the true sense of the term. Of what it has yet to do as an operating company in furnishing the city with the safe and rapid transit expected we are given an idea in the present carelessness exercised in the choice of employees. It is not exaggeration to say that the subway motorman will be called on to prove the possession of the qualifications of a competent locomotive engineer. A fifty-mile-an-hour express schedule necessitates that. The public wants no cheap labor in the subway, no "economies of operation," and from present indications it is to get none.

With capable men on the cars, a signal system and mechanical safety appliances of approved pattern, ample safeguards against fire, ventilating devices and modern methods everywhere, the risk of accident must appear to have been reduced to a minimum and the road rendered as safe as inventive ingenuity and human thought can make it.

**Convicts Out of Stripes.**—On Oct. 1 next convicts serving their first terms in New York prisons will don their striped outfits for clothes resembling uniforms and less directly suggestive of prison confinement. Stripes will be retained only for convicts of previous criminal record. This removal of a badge of penitentiary servitude, following the abolition of the lock-step and the close cropping of the hair, is an act of humanity which cannot fail to be productive of beneficial effects on the character of first-term convicts. It is notice to them that society has not put them in restraint to humiliate or degrade them, or to stamp indelibly on them the brand of the convict. It marks a great advance over old theories of relentless punishment.

**COMMUTERS AND AUTOMOBILES.**

Out of the occasional revolts of commuters some good always comes.

The uprising of the New Haven commuters following President Mellen's arbitrary withdrawal of local trains is especially interesting because of the proposed abandonment of the unsatisfactory train service for a line of automobiles connecting Westchester points with the city. Automobile commuting may seem at first view to be impracticable. Yet it is not an oversanguine expectation to regard its serviceable development as entirely feasible. This week has seen the achievement of a remarkable non-stop record, F. A. La Roche travelling to St. Louis and back, a distance of 3,450 miles, without stopping his engines. Every year adds improvements which promise for the near future a type of powerful automobiles, the motor efficiency of which will make them relatively as reliable as locomotives.

Lines of automobile stages of high power between suburban towns and the city would afford a form of transit which, if slightly less fast than steam service, would possess advantages of comfort, cleanliness and maintenance for which the commuter would be glad to pay a somewhat higher commutation rate.

The establishment of such motor car lines will raise new questions of public safety. They would add to a congested traffic an element of risk which would necessarily be regarded with some concern. The popular objection already raised in the upper Bronx against the installation of a trolley express service, which is to begin running Monday, gives an inkling of the public attitude toward street transit innovations, which threaten to bring new speed dangers in their train.

**Mr. Carr's Heir.**—It may be said more truly of the Carr's new heir to the Russian throne than of any other royal child that he is "born to the purple" in a most literal sense. Yet there are Droversy babies born to-day who will have little cause to envy him the life of responsibility and peril to which fate dooms him, with a bomb in air above him suspended by a thread.

**BEACH POVERTY OF NEW YORK.**

The current issue of Charities calls attention in striking fashion to the poverty of New York in the matter of public beaches. Out of the miles and miles of ocean front within the municipal limits, the city owns the pitiful ten acres lying in front of the Seaside Park at Coney Island.

By mathematical processes, it is revealed that this allows 14 square inches of public beach per capita for the present estimated population of the city.

This ocean-front condition presents another of the many matters in which New York has been slower than its own growth. Compared with the public energy of Boston, in respect of provision for seaside and other parks, ours is as the pace and intensity of the small compared to the legitimate "scorching" of the automobile.

In 1870 Boston had 115 acres of parks against our 1,600. Since 1893 the Hub, through its Metropolitan Park Commission, has taken over 9,280 acres of land, and along with the rest has come two miles of Revere Beach, with splendid roadway, bicycle sheds, promenades, shelters and baths. The beach had to be taken from "squatters" and proprietors of unsavory resorts by a process of eminent domain. There was also a railway to be removed and an old right of way. But the Commission proceeded inexorably and the city is so much the richer.

New York's road to beach acquisition and improvement at Rockaway and Coney Island is distinctly easier than Boston's at Revere. But it is getting harder because private enterprise outruns city betterment. No efforts should be spared so to shake the city and official dry-dunes at the City Hall that the public beach shall see well in hand the projects for which the Commission so happily postponed for this

**TOUGH EGGS.**

Mrs. Newtweed—I really must complain of those eggs you sold me on Wednesday. They were awful.

Farmer—Why, they were perfectly fresh ma'am.

Mrs. Newtweed—They may have been fresh, but they were frightfully tough.

I made an omelet of them for my husband, and they were so tough he couldn't eat them.—Philadelphia Press.

**GOOD NEWS IF TRUE.**

She—And are you really so much better since you returned from your trip abroad?

He—Yes, indeed, I'm quite another man, I assure you.

She—Well, I'm sure all your friends will be delighted to hear it.—Stray Stories.

**RENEWING HOSTILITIES.**

Mrs. Callen—I'm surprised that you recognized me. It has been more than five years since we met.

Mrs. Naggeby—I had almost forgotten your face, but I remembered that dress you have on.—Stray Stories.

**PROPER QUALIFICATION.**

"He has undertaken to edit a society paper, I hear."

"Yes, and he should make a success of it."

"Why, he can't write at all."

"No, but you know how stubborn he is."—Philadelphia Press.

**The Feminine Virtue of Credulity.**

By Nixola Greeley-Smith.



THERE was a story printed in Friday's paper of a lady, who, upon receiving a postal card from her absent husband, which read: "My Dear Wife—I am dead. Your husband, Samuel Sternberger," promptly took his word for it and married again.

By doing so she gave a touching proof of that sublime credulity which all bad husbands think good wives should possess, and which should have been highly gratifying to the voluntary deceased.

It was not, however, with unaccountable perversity he became angry at the very sublimity of her faith in him and, actuated by base motives of revenge, turned up after she was living peacefully with her second husband and denied his own death.

Could anything be meaner?

Yet that man had probably so trained his wife as to make her acceptance of his postal-card obituary inevitable. He had dandered in at 3 o'clock in the morning with the brief statement that "business" had detained him downtown, and if she imprudently sought further enlightenment had promptly flung out of the house again in a tantrum of righteousness. He had taught her to accept the most palpable lies in long-enduring silence rather than risk a scene by questioning them. And yet he quarrelled with her for swallowing without protest the greatest of them all. Personally, I admire that woman. Patient Griselda wasn't in it with her. No greater proof of wifely devotion could have been asked for. He wrote to her that he was dead, and, despite the evidence of her mind and senses, she believed him. Then with base masculine ingratitude he came back and denied it.

There is a lesson for wives in this incident which it is hoped they will take to heart. And the lesson is briefly this:

Believe everything you are told. It hurts less. Never investigate. Investigators learn no good of themselves or other people. If your husband writes you that he is dead, believe him and go into mourning. If he subsequently writes you that he is resurrected, believe that also, and never have the indiscretion to point out to him that the two statements ever seemed in the least conflicting. If you do, he will put on his hat and go out for a good time with the boys. And you will stay at home and cry your eyes out and not look pretty when he feels inclined to come back.

"It occurred to me, when I began to suspect my husband," said a pretty little divorcee to me the other day, "to look in his pockets. I did it just once. And nothing on earth would have induced me to do it again—it made me too unhappy."

Now, this woman was wise, wise as the cynic American in "The Yankee Consul," who summed the wisdom of the ages in the remark: "Yes, and what we don't know don't worry us."

It is no wonder that the hero of this tale, Mr. Sternberger, seeks to have his wife's second marriage annulled. He has tardily realized that, like the base Indian, he threw a pearl away richer than all his tribe, and it is small wonder that he should seek to recover it.

It was given to him to have a perfectly trained wife, yet only by taking the chance he did on losing her could he test the perfection of her training.

Splendid as was her devotion, however, it was not unique. In my own personal experience I have met with a lady of equally sublime credulity. She was a poor Jewish woman who had advertised that she wished to sell her baby. She told me what her motive for doing so was, that she could not support it and her other children since her husband's death.

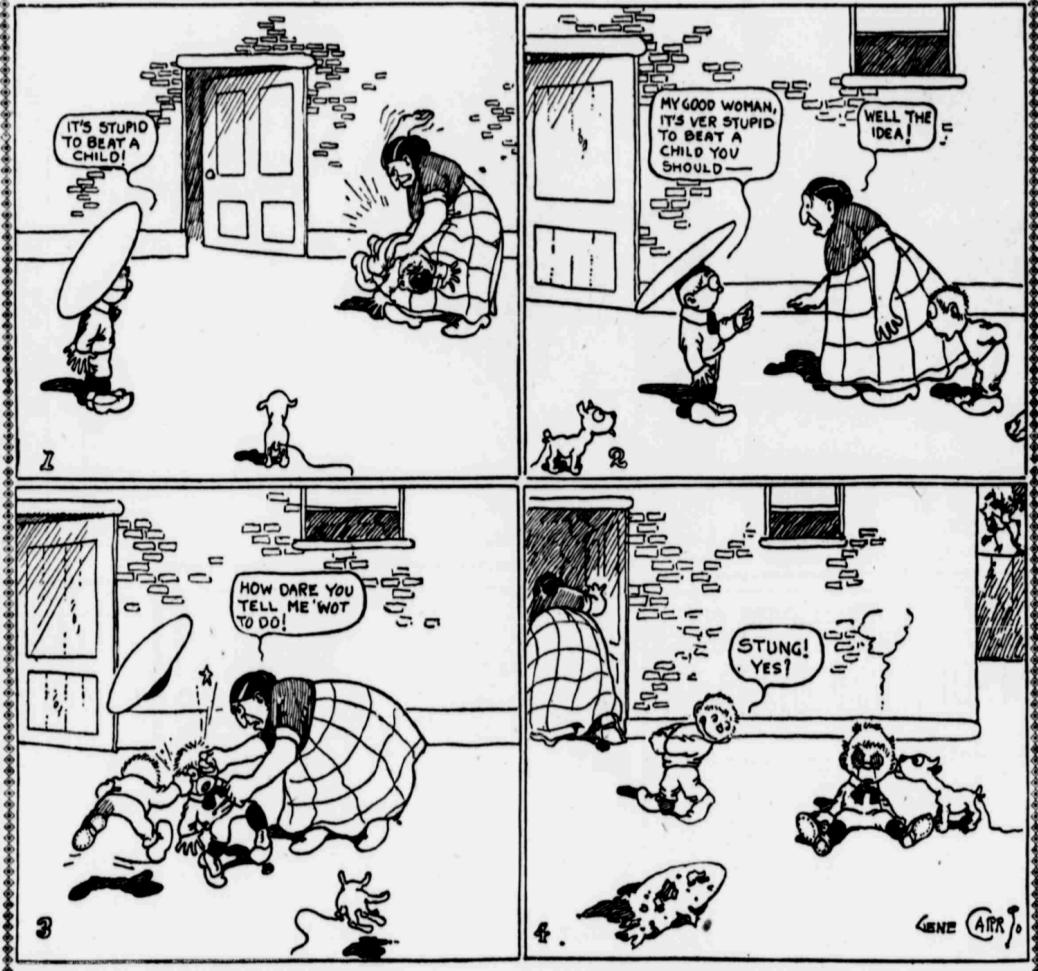
"How did your husband die?" I asked, and she answered:

"He went West about three months ago, and last week I got a letter from him saying he was drowned!"

Here, surely, was a perfect wife!

**WILLIE WISE Gene Carr's New "Kid."**

He Imparts His Ideas on Bringing Up Children to a Strenuous, Hard-Handed Mother.



**If Mayor of New York What Would You Do?**

Write 100 words, not more, to "What-Would-You-Do" Editor, Evening World, New York City, and you may win a \$5, \$3 or \$2 prize.

**No "Half Time" Schooling.**  
To the Editor of The Evening World: I WOULD give every child a full day's schooling, have the streets absolutely clean, erect garbage consuming plants, get as good a rapid transit system as possible, with universal transfers; try to secure a referendum of the Sunday saloon opening question, spare no reasonable expense to maintain highest efficiency in all departments, especially Health, Parks, Water Supply, Tenement, Building, Police and Fire; seek legislation for abolition of Coroner's office. B. KATZ.

**Out the Grifters.**  
I WOULD put out all grifters and install men with brains, not caring whether they were poor or rich. I would then make a round of the city and try and find out all public needs. I would then invite all citizens to write me one letter each and would have them all considered by my assistants. I would see that there were street signs on any and all corners. I would have the streets swept before 8 A. M. and have them watered during the day all summer and winter except when there was snow on the ground or when the weather was too cold. JOSEPH SPATT, No. 24 Throats Avenue, Brooklyn.

**"L" and Gas Reform.**  
I WOULDNT sign any corporation bills, which are intended for grafting purposes only. I would see that the crush on the elevated was stopped by compelling the companies to put on more cars. I would see that New York should never suffer any more from the unmerciful Gas Trust, by building a gas plant owned by the city. Although the poor man could not afford to take me out in yacht to Eoepus, as the rich man does, still I'd try my best to give him the same show and try hard not to forget that if the rich man contributes the campaign fund, nevertheless it is the poor man, the voter, that elects the man. LOUIS LEVY, Continental Hotel, Newark, N. J.

**Would Have Fire Drills.**  
I WOULD look after the steamboats to insure the public safety, and I would order the captain of every steamship that carries passengers to have a fire drill once a week, and I would also at the end of every second month send around an inspector to inspect the boats and see that they were in good order and also to inspect the life preservers, and if anything needed fixing I would give the company a week to fix it, and if not fixed within a week I would impose a fine. In that way there would not be any more unlit boats running up and down the river. ROBERT F. M'ORMACK, No. 525 West Fifth Street, city.

**A School Shake-Up.**  
NO MATTER in what direction a person turns, he cannot fail to hear wrong usage of the English language. The programme of study in use in our public schools, is responsible for this evil. For, instead of giving the proper amount of attention to the three "r's," they employ valuable time in such studies as trigonometry and

sky-scrapers be built? Would there be any tunnel accidents? Would every one have a decent home, with light, air and sanitary conditions? Would every one have safe travel for business or pleasure? JOHN M. PFROMMER, No. 230 Lyon Avenue, Irvington, N. Y.

**No Cigarettes.**  
I WOULD improve New York in every respect as much as possible; do my utmost for the poor and needy; inspect all excursion boats, etc., to avert disasters; compel proprietors of cigar stores not to sell cigarettes to boys under sixteen years of age, and last, but not least, do all I could for the good of the public. BEATRICE MARIS, No. 228 Third Avenue, city.

**To Aid the Sick.**  
I WOULD do all in my power to improve the city and the condition of the poor. I would inspect hospitals and places of charity and see that the money given from the rich reached the poor suffering patients. I would have homes with kind surroundings for homeless incurable consumptives, and make their last days happier. F. N.

**Department Prohibitory.**  
I WOULD see that my assistant office-holders were worthy and capable of filling their positions, and not have saloon-keepers and gamblers in charge of the city's welfare; and I would see that the Police Commissioner did not renege police officials previously dismissed for neglect of duty. And I would intervene in strikes that hinder our schools and subway. A. GREENSTEIN, No. 228 East Sixty-sixth Street, N. Y. City.

**A List of Reforms.**  
I WOULD keep the city as clean as a pin, free from dust in the summer and from slush and snow in the winter; have the streets sprinkled on Sundays as well as on week days, and make the city pay for it; compel landlords to keep their houses in good condition and tenants their rooms and apartments; get rid of all the crooks and criminals, provide employment for all and bounce those refusing to work; have homes built for the aged, and abolish red tape; find out the wealthy tax dodger, put a heavy tax on empty lots and exempt small homesteads from taxation; prevent strikes by having disputes quickly settled by arbitration. F. DECKMAN, No. 14 West One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street.

**"Enough Schools for All."**  
I WOULD have enough schools for ALL the children. I would see to it that all city nuisances were abolished; that trusts were curbed, strikes abolished, taxes and rents lowered, salaries raised, and the price of food products decreased; also that no more passengers were allowed on trains and cars than there was seating capacity for, that ashes and garbage were collected at night. Just at present this is done during the morning and some of the ashes flies in our faces. I'd see that "gangs" were not allowed to collect at street corners. Mrs. C. JACKSON, Corner Greene and Throop Avenues, Brooklyn.

**A Municipal Golden Rule.**  
I WOULD do for others and theirs as I would have them do for me and mine. Would there be any past-due Gen. Slocums? Would any lat-

public meetings on every important public question pertaining to the city's welfare, compel my subordinates to do their full duty to the city, advocate and see to it that there were plenty of schools, a seat in school for every child, no matter what it would cost, even if many other improvements had to be hung up. F. G. W. SIGRIST, Jr., No. 127 West One Hundred and Seventeenth Street.

**Would Teach Swimming.**  
I WOULD make some arrangements by which every girl and boy in our public schools should be taught how to swim. CHARLES SAYER, No. 51 East Eighty-eighth Street.

**Three Platons.**  
I WOULD give the firemen three platoons, pay more attention to the Borough of Brooklyn, put grifters out of political offices, sign no Homestead bills, provide more public schools, so that the city should have no half-day schools, compel the B. R. T. to provide more cars on the bridge, thus avoiding numerous accidents; also station police in lonely places and provide more public baths, parks and piers for the poor. JOSEPH LEVY, No. 20 Meerole Street, Brooklyn.

**"Wear No Man's Collar."**  
I WOULD wear no man's collar but my own. I would be at the office from 9 A. M. until 4 P. M., and run the office in a business way. I would receive all who called on the level. I would veto all grab bills. I would have all drivers walk their horses around the corners of the principal streets. I would have all garbage collected between midnight and 7 A. M. I would have more seats in the parks, and have those seats marked "For Ladies" and "For Men." A. FOLAND.

**For More Parks.**  
I SHOULD favor the establishment of more small parks in the crowded tenement sections, the betterment of the Street Cleaning Department; the improvement of roads; municipal ownership of gas-houses; single tax, so as to tax land for its full value and remove taxes from the improvements placed thereon, forcing people to build on vacant lots and not hold them for speculation; give the firemen the two-platoon system; stop horse race gambling at race tracks and elsewhere; build an automobile speedway and pay the strictest possible attention to the enforcement of all laws upon the books. ARNOLD J. WISCH, No. 276 Seventh Avenue.

**For the Poor.**  
I WOULD help the poor. I would not want them to go begging for help. I would help them myself. I would see that no murder should be committed in any house, and I would send policemen all over the city to protect it. I should also make a law concerning cruelty to animals, which would fine and imprison every person caught brutally treating an animal. This law would be rigidly enforced. H. C. No. 63 Mattison Avenue, Astbury Park.

**No Flirting Policemen.**  
I WOULD put a stop to policemen flirting with young girls and would order more street lights, as some of the side streets are almost in total darkness. MARIE KANE.

**"Forget Politics."**  
I WOULD forget politics. In other words, be Mayor for all the people, court the fullest publicity of any official gets through the newspapers, hold

**The Man Higher Up**

By Martin Green.

Newest Wall Street Game to Excite Suckers to Contribute.

"I SEE," said the Cigar Store Man, "that stocks are going up."

"They need the money in Wall street," replied The Man Higher Up. "The summer has been all to the chase. There hasn't been a good trick turned since the hot weather set in. Brokers have been hanging around in swell offices trying to wish in enough cash to pay for the breeze off the electric fans. Something had to be done and they have gone and done it."

"How? Don't ask me. If I was wise to the way they get suckers excited in Wall street I'd declare myself in. The way it looks to me the main pullies have got together and eased out a boost and the dear old public, that has been tolling for the coin, has fallen to the game."

"When stocks are going down or get stale the public is as shy as a Russian warship. Let any stock take a boom and the public slides to bases like the first better up who makes a hit to the infield. The bait on the present rise was Metropolitan."

"We have been reading in the papers that Metropolitan is going to take in the Subway and the 'L' that it is going to secure control of 600 miles of railroads and about \$60,000,000 worth of debts in New Jersey that it has secured an option on the trolley line between Nokomis, Ill., and Kankakee, and that it is going to run the New York Central suburban service in combination with a line of express wagons from St. George to Tottenville."

"Metropolitan goes up and the public gets a hunch that everything is going up. The public buys and everything does go up. The brokers, who have bought cheap, sell and their depleted bank rolls begin to swell like specially prepared goose livers. The theatrical season is opening, the Wall street angles need the marmosa for shows for numerous leading ladies and wise financiers are figuring out that the market is on the rise because the alfalfa crop is good in Arizona."

"I always thought," confessed the Cigar Store Man, "that the stocks of corporations went up only when they were making money."

"That's what everybody who plays the Street from the outside thinks," answered The Man Higher Up, "but it is generally the case that stocks move up or down according as the wise guys who control them want to make money."

**Squire Romanoff's Boy.**

(From the Nevskoyevitch (Russia) Daily Argus of Aug. 12.)

Nick Romanoff, of Moscow Centre, is the happiest man in town to-day. It's a boy.

Our genial fellow-townsmen, Mr. Nicholas R. Carr, called at this office yesterday wearing a smile a yard wide. As he handed us a long black cigar (such as cannot possibly be purchased at Chestnut's General Store for less than three cents) he remarked jovially, "New citizen of Petersburg Corners arrived this morning!"

Always glad to see Nick.

A suspicious character made his appearance in our thriving burg yesterday (Thursday). He could give no satisfactory account of himself, did not know his own name and was without visible means of support. But Mr. and Mrs. Carr, of Palace Avenue, have decided to keep him in our midst and to give him a permanent home. Our congratulations carry!

The stork Thursdayed at the Romanoff estate, at Kremen Park.

In view of a certain happy event yesterday in the Nicholas II. household the happy parents are advised to take our tip and inspect Bombsky & Blowemup's fine stock of bottles, teething rings and dolls. (Adv.)

When Squire Nicholasky, of Neva Lane, strolled into the post-office store after supper last night it was noticed his face had lost the bothered look it has worn of late.

"How about Port Arthur, Nick?" facetiously inquired Haycock. "Boared them Jews from yer hencoop yet?"

"Port Arthur and the Jews be gol-swissled!" roared Nick with a grin. "The older's on me, fellers. It's a son!"

A. P. T.

**The "Fudge" Idiotrial**

IDIOTRIAL PAGE OF THE EVENING FUDGE.

What Color is Your Peril?

You Can Have as Many as You Filled in the Paint Box. (Copyright, 1904, by the Fudge Pub. Co.)

Did you ever stop to THINK what a LOT of colors a PERIL has? There is the YELLOW Peril that is engaged in taking Port Arthur on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, and losing it again on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. There is the SRUDGE-COLORED peril that attacks the fingers and gloves of all who handle THE HYVING FUDGE. There is the GREEN peril, which claims as victims ALL who swallow our circulation statements.

In this enlightened age you can choose ANY color you may prefer for your peril. Therefore, if the Jews conquer the Russians and then ally themselves with the natives of China, India, Senegambia, Timbuctoo and Hokkaido, H. J., and pour in a RESISTLESS SRUDGE over the civilized world, WHAT chance will the subway have of solving the almighty puzzle?

Of course, NONE of these alliances has happened yet; but THE EVENING FUDGE would not feel that it was doing its FULL duty toward the COMMON PEOPLE unless it was the FIRST to yelp a warning. And it is WELL KNOWN that the Jews HATE this country. They have PROVIDED this by NEVER reading the Evening Fudge nor replying to the Editor's cablegrams to the Mikado. So BEWARE the rainbow-colored peril! This paper will see that it is STOPPED.

IN THE DAYS OF OLD HORATIUS WAS OUR CIRCULATION SPACIOUS? NO. BY GRACIOUS!

**For More Parks.**  
I SHOULD favor the establishment of more small parks in the crowded tenement sections, the betterment of the Street Cleaning Department; the improvement of roads; municipal ownership of gas-houses; single tax, so as to tax land for its full value and remove taxes from the improvements placed thereon, forcing people to build on vacant lots and not hold them for speculation; give the firemen the two-platoon system; stop horse race gambling at race tracks and elsewhere; build an automobile speedway and pay the strictest possible attention to the enforcement of all laws upon the books. ARNOLD J. WISCH, No. 276 Seventh Avenue.

**For the Poor.**  
I WOULD help the poor. I would not want them to go begging for help. I would help them myself. I would see that no murder should be committed in any house, and I would send policemen all over the city to protect it. I should also make a law concerning cruelty to animals, which would fine and imprison every person caught brutally treating an animal. This law would be rigidly enforced. H. C. No. 63 Mattison Avenue, Astbury Park.

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I WOULD put a stop to policemen flirting with young girls and would order more street lights, as some of the side streets are almost in total darkness. MARIE KANE.

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