

The Evening World

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The Evening World First.

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

IN THREE YEARS THE EVENING WORLD HAS MOVED TO THE FIRST PLACE.

"SAFETY" MADE A JEST.

The authorization which the little joker in the automobile law gives the Nassau Supervisors to set aside public highways for private races is contingent on the conduct of such tests "under proper restrictions for the public safety."

In the light of the fatal accident to the chauffeur Rigby, which occurred under ordinary road conditions and while he was travelling at a rate of speed nominally safe by comparison with racing recklessness, are the Supervisors prepared to say that they have imposed "proper restrictions" for Saturday's contests? Such a term becomes an absurd misnomer as applied to a race in which the most daring speed maniacs of two continents will strain every nerve to win at the risk of their lives on machines in which a hidden mechanical defect or an unsteady hand on the steering wheel may precipitate a catastrophe worse than those which have marred previous international races.

Taking advantage of the law's phrasing which "does not prevent" their subservient action, the Supervisors, at the bidding of a few automobile speed enthusiasts, in effect deliberately seek to imperil the public safety which the law expressly provides, as a condition to the proposed use of the roads, that they shall make secure. No act of human foresight, no slowing down of railroad trains at grade-crossings, or oiled roads or any doubling of the guard of special officers can reduce to a negligible quantity the risk to which the action of the Supervisors will expose thousands.

The races have already claimed one victim. Another will put a serious burden of blame on those who have gone beyond their legitimate functions to sanction Saturday's speed madness.

The Police and the Gangs.—On Sept. 9 a meeting of east side business men was called to consider the growth of rowdiness in that quarter of the city. Now, because of the many robberies and assaults committed by a gang having its headquarters in East Seventy-eighth street, a petition bearing more than 200 signatures will be sent to Commissioner McArdoo asking for additional police protection. Gang depredations which call for such action on the part of citizens point to a censurable laxity of control by the police. The records of the force show that it has been able to subdue gang violence in the past, and it would appear to be an opportune occasion for it to make another demonstration of that ability.

FIRE-ESCAPER THAT ARE FIVE-TRAPS.

On the day after the Attorney street fire tragedy Inspector Schmittberger was reported as making energetic efforts to put a stop to the practice of placing encumbrances on fire-escapes. Of this spasmodic precautionary measure the Evening World was moved to ask, "Will it still be in force when the next tenement-house fire breaks out?" The question, after the lapse of a month, is made of timely interest by the published statement that "many of the east side fire-escapes are boarded over so that children may have a playground away from the streets," while others are used as places "for the storage of flower-pots, ice-cream freezers, baby-carriages, trunks and firewood." The momentary reform impulse being over, there has been speedy return to the old danger conditions.

Tenants are liable to a fine of \$10 for encumbering escapes. Firemen may warn them of their violation of the law, and are detailed to do so; their warning unsupported by power to arrest fails of effect. The police are charged with the duty of making arrests for such violations. But it is the direct province of the Tenement-House Commission to prosecute offenders, and with their agents the responsibility of removing this menace to safety mainly lies. At the offices of the commission a reporter was informed that "if a tenement-house inspector on his rounds happens on a flagrant violation he reports it and action is taken," but that "no special orders have been issued as a result of the Attorney street inquest."

And is nothing more to be done in the interest of public safety? Is the nullification of the law's provisions for the security of tenants to continue, subject only to occasional enforcement due to the chance visit of an inspector who "happens on" a violation?

MILLIONS FOR THE PARKS.

The twelve million dollars which Engineer Lewis estimates to be needed to complete the city's scheme of park establishment represents only about 4 per cent. on the approximate land value of all the parks now figuring on the city map. To such great values have the public playgrounds risen as the city has grown. The miracle is several times repeated of Union, Madison, Tompkins and Washington Square parks, which, purchased at intervals from 1827 to 1847, cost \$253,331 altogether, and are now estimated to be worth \$20,000,000. These facts emphasize again the point dwelt upon by The Evening World of the importance of being forehanded in the purchase of park lands. Prices go up while the city waits; therefore waiting is unwise when the buying must eventually be done.

But if money goes out in large amounts upon parks it may be said that few investments yield so many kinds of good returns. Health, strength and joy flow from parks to people, and the breathing-spots are also beauty places for the city. Besides which wherever a park springs up the taxable value of neighboring real estate takes a bound. Of how Central Park has raised since there is a hint in the sale for \$345,000 in 1901 of a plot the tax value of a lot in which, in 1853, was \$1,500. There are a great many wiser ways of looking at a park appropriation than considering it merely as an outgo of tens of millions of dollars.

TO GET THE BEST.

If you'd buy a dog, or bird, or horse, You want the very best, of course; And likewise you'd prefer to pay The very lowest price you may. Then put World Want Ads to the test. They'll get the cheapest and the best.

WILLIE WISE Gene Carr's Brainy Kid as an Amateur Ball Player



A Time Limit for Slow Suitors.

By Nixola Greeley-Smith.



Nixola Greeley-Smith.

THE Rev. Father Alexis, of the Passion Order, according to a story in yesterday's papers, is responsible for the statement that no girl should allow a man to call on her longer than six months without proposing to her, and that if a dilatory suitor should exceed this time limit she or her parents should dismiss him. Here surely is balm for the troubled spirits of the young women now puzzling over the grave problem as to just what space of time a bachelor may reasonably be expected to propose in. Only, suppose that at the end of six months, though Edwin has been lavish with theatre tickets and not ungenerous with flowers and candy, he has not spoken the fatal words, and no new candidate has presented himself, shall Angelina summarily forfeit the advantages of seltzer, candy, &c., without knowing where any more are to come from? New suitors don't come around every six months like the equinoxes, and the young woman with an eye to the main chance is never off with the old aspirant until she is pretty solid with the new.

One often hears sage reflections as to the necessity of asking a young man's intentions, but can one imagine any girl or any parent actually doing it? It was once credibly reported in a small town where I happened to be sojourning that the wealthy father of a great, big, raw-boned Scotch girl of thirty had asked a poor, little, puny bank clerk, scarcely past his majority, his "intentions." And the poor young man was so frightened he never went back to the house.

The whole idea seems to belong to European countries, where the young woman's only legitimate interest in life is to get a husband and the sole duty of parents to provide one for her.

That idea doesn't admit the possibility of a mere friendly acquaintance between young men and women, and when an unmarried man enters a household where there is an unmarried woman he does so avowedly on a tour of matrimonial inspection. If he likes the girl, satisfactory financial arrangements can be made, he promptly proposes marriage to her parents. If he doesn't like her he simply doesn't go back, and she enjoys the cheerful sensation of knowing that she has been weighed in the balance and found wanting.

But in America a man doesn't expect it to be taken for granted that just because he likes to call on a girl occasionally he is inevitably bound to lead her to the altar. And she in her turn would be very much chagrined if he were to take it for granted that he is the chosen of all others because she wears as many bunches of violets as he is willing to send her.

The Rev. Father Alexis is right in thinking that six months is time enough for two young people to make up their minds as to whether or not they are matrimonially suited to each other. But suppose they are both of the opinion that they are not. Is that any reason for their not being friends? May not the existence of that very friendship indeed spur the right suitor, when he does turn up, to a proposal, or the right girl to keener appreciation? One of the characters in "A Soldier of the Valley" reasons that if there were but one man and one woman alive they would die an old bachelor and an old maid, but if there were one woman and two men they would both lose no time in proposing to her. And that is true, courtship and the more suitors a girl has, or can create the impression of having, the more each one of them will think that one is the one and only one for him.

THE WOMAN AND THE RIB.

Adam gave his rib To make a woman's shape. (Thus the story's writ; There is no escape!) Many an arctic whale, Willless of the blame, Also gives his rib For to make the same! I sorrow not for man, He gets his riblet back; But for the poor old whale, Alas, my friends, awake! —New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Mary Jane and the Organ Grinder's Monk

She and Kickums Give the Simian a Hot Surprise and He Returns the Compliment



The Emblem of Sociability in Darktown.



The Man Higher Up

By Martin Green.

Autumn Is Not Really the Sad Season It Is Doped Out to Be.

"THE melancholy days have come, the saddest of the year," quoted the Cigar Store Man, in tones meant to be pathetic.

"I never could see anything melancholy in the moth-ball season," said The Man Higher Up. "You'd have to carry an indicator to keep tab on all the joyous brannigans that are wandering around town these cool, fresh days. People walk faster and breathe harder than they did a month ago. The community at large is just recovering from its summer vacation.

"You hear some people lament that winter is approaching because the weather is going to be cold and they will have to buy coal. It's a stand-off. In the summer we have to buy ice and pay fare to Coney Island. Now York in the autumn stretch presents a gladsome prospect.

"In the first place the schools are open. This takes children away from the house the biggest part of the working day, bless their little hearts. The more they are away from home the less damage they do around the house. They are learning the ways of the world so that they may soon go to work and support their fathers in luxurious idleness. It will be necessary for all fathers to be supported by their children pretty soon, because a man over forty years old will be barred from any job but working as a messenger boy.

"The theatres are open and the best actors in the world are performing for our benefit and paying up the board bills they ran through the summer. From melodrama to Lew Dockstader, from grand opera to vaudeville is on tap at from two bits to \$2 a seat. The odor of roasting chestnuts is in the air and soon we will hear the pancake sizzle on the griddle.

"The free lectures for the people, established through the efforts of The Evening World, have been started for the season, and the women who own fur coats that were new last season are trying to pass their husbands the coin that the stylos have changed. And, best of all, the lordly janitor, who has spent the long, hot days sitting on the basement steps drinking beer out of a can, is getting out his shovel and repairing the furnace for steam heat."

"It is sad to see the leaves die and the grass wither," complained the Cigar Store Man.

"Oh, I don't know," replied The Man Higher Up. "While the leaves die and the grass withers the fall overcoat blossoms, millinery blooms and the thoughts of man turn to corned beef and cabbage."

The First Lights.

From the fat of slain animals, the restuous products of the forest trees and the wax of the wild bee came these lights which gleamed upon fair women and brave men at Belshazzar's feasts. From Rome the oil lamp passed successively into Germany, Gaul and Britain. In these countries torches, rushes dipped in grease and a very odorous fish oil were the methods of artificial lighting until the Roman conquest. The rush light of that day consisted of a notched wooden stick set to a wooden base. Stalks of the rush were peeled to the pith save for one strand of husk and passed through hot grease. Sometimes three or more were twisted together and when cold were placed in a notch of the standard, to be pushed up when the fire neared the wood. These rush lights emitted a strong flame and a similar odor. You may make one of these and enjoy for an hour the ancient light of Britain and that which to this day dispels the gloom of night in remote Irish cabins. The candle of the common people was the rush light of our ancestors. It burned where candles made from wax were too dear and before Chevreul and others found a way to refine a cheap candle grease from the fat of animals.

The Forbidden City.

Lhasa is a dirty town, according to the Englishmen who have seen it. "Black pools of water," writes a correspondent, "had flooded the wide, uneven spaces into which we emerged, and even the Chinese quarter to the right of us was dirtier than Chinese sections generally are. The main drain of the town runs between black mud banks, and in the open squares before the Chinese amban's residence herds of black pigs rooted in rubbish heaps. To the left the houses of a few ragsmen, or professional scavengers, were betrayed by the famous horn walk, which no visitor to Lhasa has failed to notice. Perhaps the sight of these walls reminded one of that other duty of the ragsmen—the cutting up and distribution to animals of the corpses of the dead."

Wheat Burned Seven Months.

City Surveyor Abelisk C. Thomas has reported to the board of street commission of Baltimore that "as men uncovered a large portion of wheat that was still burning—exactly seven months after the fire. "The wheat was so hot," said Mr. Thomas, "that we could not handle it. We had to let it cool off before we could proceed with our work. The wheat was in solid chunks, but the grains were distinctly visible. It was one of the most remarkable things I ever saw."