



Published by the Press Publishing Company, No. 53 to 55
Park Row, New York. Entered at the Post-Office
at New York as Second-Class Mail Matter.

VOLUME 45.....NO. 18,777.

The Evening World First.

Number of columns of advertising in
The Evening World during the
first nine months 1904..... 10,652 1/2

Number of columns of advertising in
The Evening World during the
first nine months 1903..... 8,285 1/2

Increase..... 2,367

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.

THE DISFIGURING SUBWAY "ADS."

Once again, this time in the matter of the Subway
advertisements, "city beautiful" ideals come in conflict
with commercial utility, and with the usual result. The
ideals again give way to practical considerations of
revenue.

The framed posters of corsets and haberdashery and
superior blends of whiskey are a blot on surroundings
otherwise artistic and pleasing. They mar a scheme
of decoration wholly admirable and unique in conception.
They nullify an effect in ornamentation which has
made the Subway stations a glad surprise to New
Yorkers.

The sooner the objectionable posters are removed
the better for the reputation of a city professing high
standards of municipal beauty, which their presence
degrades. The public is hardly likely to take the matter
in its own hands to the extent of rendering itself
liable to prosecution for disorderly conduct by destroying
them, as advised by a prominent member of the
Municipal Art Commission.

But the efforts of that commission to clear them away
under authority of the law will have general approval.
If Mr. Warner is right in his contention that the Subway
stations are public places, as much so as highways
and sidewalks, a legal remedy should be speedily available
to put an end to the disfigurement.

An interesting launching.—The launching of the Scranton
at Newport News is unaccompanied by pictures of
that event or by a portrait of the fair sponsor and her
bottle of wine. But the incident is of interest because
the Scranton is one of four modern double-decked ferry-boats
for the Hoboken line. Within recent years the
North River ferry service of all lines has been greatly
improved by the addition of larger and faster boats. A
few years more will doubtless see it in a state bearing
favorable comparison with railway development, which
it has lagged behind. And every improvement made on
this river serves only to accentuate the archaic and obsolete
deficiency of accommodation for passengers on the
East River ferries.

A POLICE RAID WELL MEANT.

"Like a Comic Opera," said the headline in The
World yesterday over the story of a police raid on a
gambling-house in Twenty-ninth street, near Broadway.
It was a good line. The raid came out in promotion
far more of general gaiety than of municipal
purity. Yet the policemen meant well—even the two
who, in evening clothes and opera hats, were held captive
by their own prisoners until the uniformed force
broke through iron doors with sledgehammers.

Something had been left out of the arrangements,
and the affair went off like a defective set piece in fire-
works which burst forth in spots instead of all together.
It was a spectacular raid and the police were the specta-
cle. Nevertheless, there in the Old Tenderloin was
activity—a force not in present evidence in that New
Tenderloin, where flourish—

Fourteen gambling-houses.
Five pool-rooms.
More than one hundred disorderly houses.
His own suspicions started Capt. Cottrell in Twenty-
ninth street. Is the tranquillity "higher up" so great
that suspicious never disturb Capt. Hussey, "model of-
ficer," or Inspector Walsh, district commander, or
through them, the head of the department?

The Subway and "L" Improvements.—The satisfactory
working of the sliding doors in subway cars makes per-
manent the suggestion that they should be adopted on the
elevated. This might be made the first of numerous im-
provements for which the underground with its modern
equipment has pointed the way. When, indeed, is the
older road to follow the excellent example of the newer
of protecting passengers and employees from the third
rail? The accident to a workman on the Sixth Avenue
line from this cause calls attention anew to the dangers
of the exposed electric current. The Interborough Com-
pany, with perils and discomforts left uncorrected on the
"L" which care has been taken to remove from the sub-
way, bears the aspect of a corporation with a Jekyll-
Hyde personality.

COLUMBIA'S NEW WOMEN'S "GYM."

By an interesting coincidence Columbia's celebration
of 150 years of progress includes the dedication to-day
of a \$400,000 gymnasium for women. It is doubtful if
any other event in the history of the college has been
more significant of university development in the modern
sense.

In the early American college the gymnasium had no
recognized place. Until as recently as a quarter of
a century ago if it existed it was as the least conspicu-
ous and important of college buildings. The home of
haphazard physical culture at Harvard when the luxu-
rious Hemenway gymnasium replaced it, in 1880, was a
small brick structure deficient alike in roominess and
in apparatus. The advance since made at all colleges
in the recognition given physical training as a part
of the regular course of study, in the more substantial
buildings erected for that purpose, with their more elab-
orate apparatus, marks a most instructive change of
view with regard to the relation of the sound body to
the sound mind. And its sagacity has been justified by
the beneficial results. Writing in the London Mail a
Cambridge University don notes that he has "always
found that the foot at sports is a fool at books, and con-
versely, that the good athlete is also a good student."
It is the testimony of general observation.

Columbia by providing a palatial gymnasium for
women students takes a more radical step forward than
Harvard's of twenty-four years ago. It is a new de-
velopment, evidencing as to much as a basis for mental de-
velopment. Certainly the champions of the girl athletes
could ask no greater concession of their theories or
more marked appreciation of the advantages of athletics
for women.

Does Love Give Happiness?

By Nixola Greeley-Smith.



GERTRUDE ATHERTON is responsible in her latest book for the statement that no woman is truly happy except in those rare moments of her life when she is not in love. Certainly love brings unhappiness to many women, the degree of misery it occasions being measured by the fervor of the attachment. But there must surely be a few women blessed among their kind whose hearts love touches more benignly.

We see often in the same families instances of this blind partiality of the little god. In recent years there has been none more striking than that presented by the case of Margaret Lynch, the young Brooklyn woman whose misplaced affection brought about her own disgrace and death, and indirectly led to that of her invalid brother, and the uneventful and altogether happy marriage of her younger sister which culminated in her marriage ten days ago.

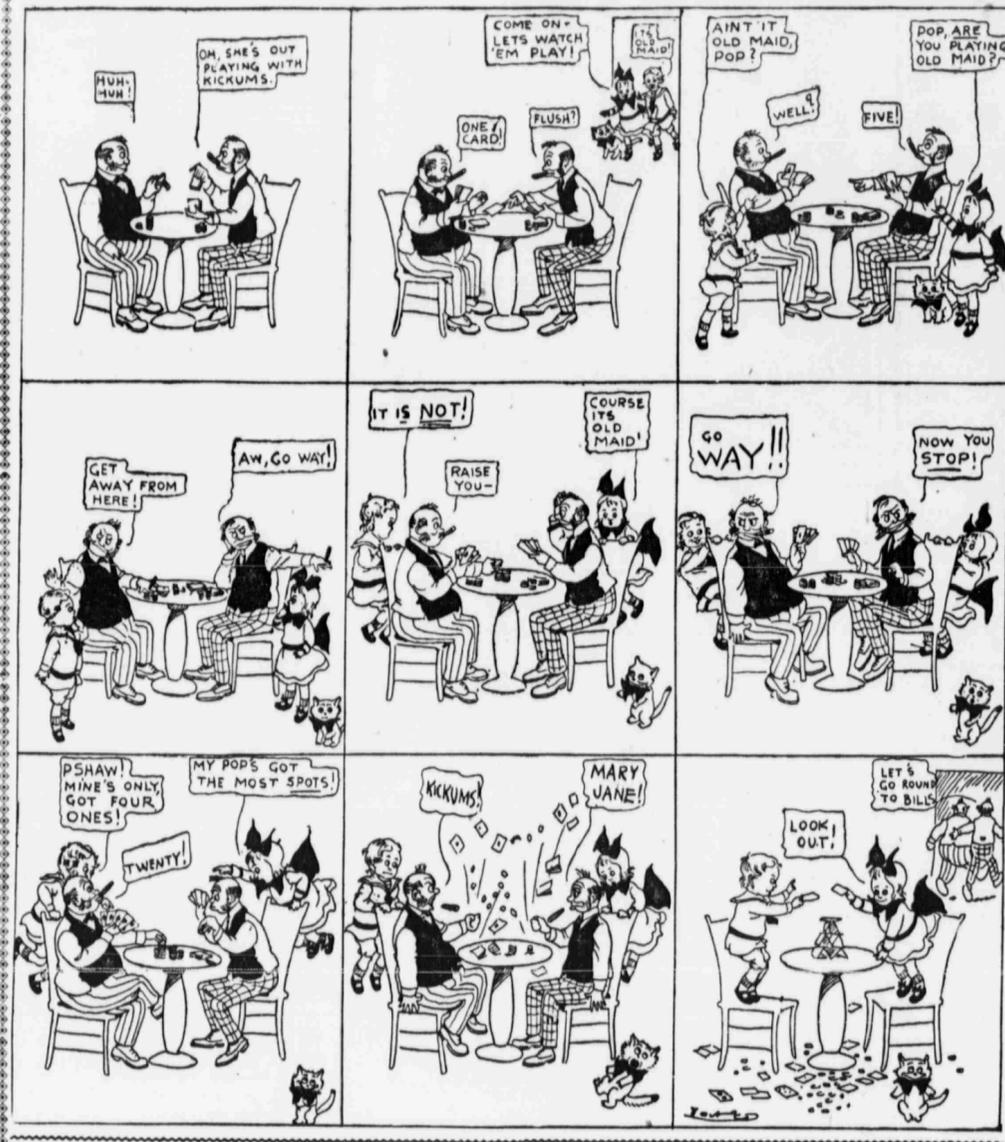
It would immediately occur to the cynical to suggest that as life doesn't end where the novels do it may not be taken for granted that a romance ending in marriage is necessarily a happy one. This year's love idyll may be next year's scandal, and the course of time may even see the participants in the latter pillars of the society they once defied.

Blessed, indeed, and as rare as blessed is the woman to whom love gives more than it takes away. "For a woman love is nothing but a series of exquisite disappointments," continues the wise old lady in Mrs. Atherton's book who uttered the first-quoted aphorism about love and happiness. But there are few women who would not prefer to be unhappy in love rather than happily out of it.

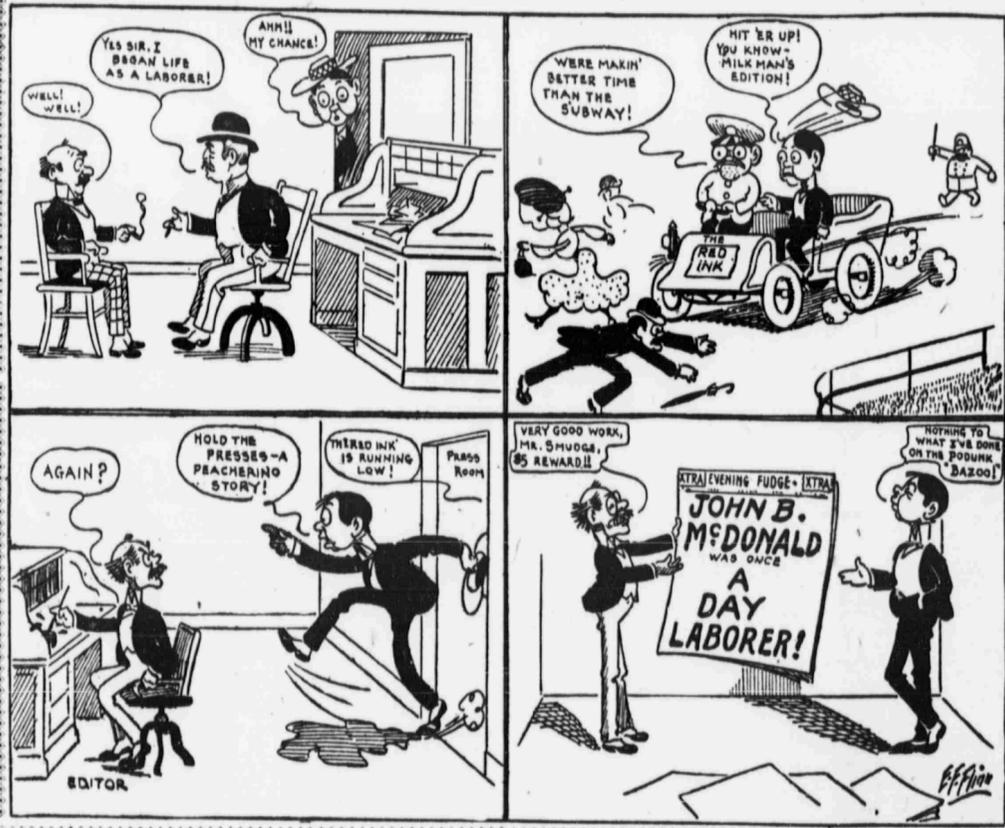
LETTERS, QUESTIONS, ANSWERS.

Should Officers Marry?
To the Editor of The Evening World:
"Has an army officer a right to be married?" is the question recently asked. Lord Kitchener, it is reported, says he does not think an army officer has such a right. War is a matter of national business, and each soldier whether officer or private, is its business man. Has, then, a business man a right to be married? Certainly. In all matters of business there are duties to perform and obligations to respect. There is no place for sentiment in business. If a man allows his emotion to overcome him while in business he soon fails, becomes ditched and dishonored, whether it be while a citizen of the commonwealth or while a soldier on the field of battle. Therefore this quibbling over army celibacy should cease. It is not so much a question of celibacy as it is a question of duty's performance and obligation, respect and honor.
WILLIAM CLAYTON BULMER,
Richmond Hill, N. Y.

Mary Jane Breaks In on Papa's Poker Game. She and Kickums Take an Interest and Spoil a Very Good Hand.



Sammy Smudge, The "Evening Fudge" Wonder



Mrs. Nagg and Mr. By Roy L. McCardell.

"Now, if you want me to go with you to the theatre please don't worry and hurry me!"
"Yes, I am looking out the window."
The Harkinsons are moving, and at this hour, too! There is something suspicious in that. I will bet they are skipping out without paying their rent, and yet that woman puts on so many airs!



A Whole Catalogue of Sidelong Stumbles Are Laid at Poker's Door.

"I SEE," said The Cigar Store Man, "that a woman out in Ohio has sued sixteen men for \$3,000 apiece, which she alleges her husband lost to them at poker."
"He must have been a pudding," remarked The Man Higher Up. "They must have passed him along from hand to hand and shook his shoes off. It hardly seems possible that there can be such a soft mark alive, and the chance is that the reason his wife is suing for the money is because he told her he lost it playing poker, not because he really did."
"Poker has a lot to stand for; so has the race track. Many a man has stumbled off the straight and narrow path, woke up the next morning to find himself frisked to cartage and solemnly declared to his wife when he got stowed up to courage to go home that he sat up all night playing poker and lost his bankroll. It's a gag that always goes."
"Whenever an embezzler who has been applying the muzzle treatment to his boss's cash gets sloughed, he emits the story that is on the fat galley in every newspaper office in the country—he lost it playing the races. It always gets an encore. Bookmakers don't keep accounts showing customers' names. The chances are that some diamond merchant could tell a lot about how the coin was sunk in shiners for a blonde."
"If you hear a man say that he is losing a lot of money playing poker, make it your cue to go behind the returns. He may be playing poker all right, but if you trace the mazzuma there is a long chance that you will find a lot of it represented in rent receipts made out to a certain party with an assumed name."
"Suppose a man is a natural born gambler," suggested The Cigar Store Man.
"A natural born gambler," replied The Man Higher Up, "never works."

The Soda Clerk and His Fizzy Fountain Talks

He Writes Poetry and Has an Experience with a Typewriter.

"YES," observed the Soda Clerk, cautiously measuring the required number of tartario acid drops into the "Fresh Lemonade" oak, "I've ridden on the Subway a lot of times. I was one of the very few thousand invited guests on the day of the formal opening. Through my dear friend, the District Leader's Second Deputy Assistant Lieutenant, I got one of the invitations. It was engraved and was signed by Belmont and said: 'You are invited to inspect the Subway, &c.' So I wrote back to Mr. Belmont on a sheet of our best scented, burnt-onion-tinted paper, saying: 'I shall be delighted to inspect the Subway with a view to accepting it should it prove desirable.' How was that? Belmont hasn't answered me yet, but I'll bet he—"
"What did you say, sir? Your wife's mother is dying, eh? Well, let me advise her to dye a becoming shade while she is about it. Let me recommend our large variety of— There! He's went! I s'pose that'll mean another complaint to the boss and I'll get fired again. Not that I care, for my political job as Chief Caretaker of our District Club rooms pays me a lot better than the drug business; or would it there was any pay attached to it."
"I'm going to make \$5, anyway, by winning The Evening World's prize for the best Subway limerick. I've written a dandy one. It's so clever I have to laugh every time I say it over. Like to hear it?"

"There was a young man from New York,
Who rode on the Subway one day,
He rode from the Bridge
To Harlem and back,
And enjoyed every mile of the ride."
"How's that? I'll bet it'll win the prize. Ever hear anything so screechingly funny before in your life?"
"Yes, ma'am, we keep violet soap. What did you suppose we did with it? But we only hold it as a temporary investment and we'll part with a block or two of it at inside rates."
"I came uptown on the Subway last evening with that lovely, refined-looking typewriter lady who's been so attentive to me lately. Aw, quit yer joshin'! We got nearly to Seventy-second street when the train didn't do a thing but stop between stations. 'Alli there' yelled the guard, as he sees me tryin' to open the gates, 'Wotcher doin'?' 'I'm goin' to get off and pick berries along the track,' says I in that irrepressible dry-humorous way of mine.
"I'm goin' to write a Subway melodrama. Heroine tied to the track by the villain. Hero's a dime-museum sword-swallower. He jumps into the tunnel and eats the third rail. That shuns off the power just as the express dashes down upon the heroine, and—"
"No, Miss, we can't change a \$50 bill. If there was so much money as that in the store the Boss would have grabbed it long ago. What did you want it changed for?" (Ain't I the cut-up, though!)"
A. P. TERKUNA.

Our Mismamed Quail.

America's typical game bird, the quail, is not named correctly at all, according to Dr. Sylvester D. Judé, the Government ornithologist.
He says that the real quail is the quail of the Bible, and that this is a bird belonging exclusively to the old world. The true quail does not occur in America at all. In many parts of this country the American bird is known as partridge, but the American partridge is really the ruffed grouse and not American. He thinks that the name given to it in many localities, "Bob White," is as good as any. The name comes from the cry of the bird, which is something like "Bob White, Bob White, Bob White!"

Tons of Unclaimed Mail.

Thousands of letters, postal cards, packages and newspapers addressed merely in care of the St. Louis World's Fair await their owners in the United States Government Building at the Fair. The weight of the unclaimed mail amounts up into the tons.

Thirtieth Biggest Brain.

The brain of Taguchi, the Japanese anatomist, weighed 1,830 grams, and stands thirtieth in the list of brain weights of men distinguished in the professions, arts and sciences.