

The Evening World
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The Evening World First.
Number of columns of advertising in
The Evening World during the
first nine months 1904..... 10,652½
Number of columns of advertising in
The Evening World during the
first nine months 1903..... 8,285½
Increase..... 2,367
No other six-day paper, morning or evening, in New York
EVER carried in regular editions a 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.**

VOTING FOR PRESIDENT.

Whittier's poetical comparison of election ballots to snowflakes "lightly falling" to register the freeman's will needs correction to conform to the prosaic fact of the bulky ballot. It appears that the 2,000,000 ballots prepared for use in New York to-day weigh 600 tons, the printing of which has kept six presses busy and required the manual labor of one hundred men and girls. Computations of the aggregate weight of the ballots provided to register the will of the 15,000,000 and more freemen of the entire nation suggest the devastation of large forest areas and the grinding into pulp of whole groves of spruce trees. As recently as the Blaine-Cleveland campaign the official ballot was a narrow strip of flimsy paper of the general width and length of a railway coupon ticket.

The election machinery nowadays necessary for the operation of a national election impresses by its vastness. More than 70,000 polling-places are open to-day, at which an army of nearly a million election clerks and officers, party representatives and policemen are on duty. The expense entailed on the States for rent, the construction of voting booths, the hire of clerks, the printer's bill and the minor legitimate expenditure involved in an electoral contest has grown to large proportions.

In the first four national elections no discrimination was made in the voting for President and Vice-President. Thus, in 1796 John Adams, having received 71 electoral votes, gained the Presidency, while his rival, Thomas Jefferson, with 68, became Vice-President. Four years later their positions were reversed, Jefferson being elected President and Adams Vice-President. The popular vote increased from 352,572 in 1824 to 13,959,657 in 1900. The most notable majority in the electoral college was achieved by Monroe in 1820. He received 231 votes out of a total of 232.

SLOT MACHINES IN THE SUBWAY.

Following the appearance of advertisements in the Subway comes the penny-in-the-slot machine with its assorted offerings of chewing-gum and candy. How far is the exploitation of the Subway on Coney Island lines to go? It has been suggested that the flashing effect of the white pillars on the vision be availed of for a series of kinetoscope views. Certainly the possibilities of its utilization for vaudeville features of the "Midway" and "Pike" order are limitless.

But do not the commercial uses already made of the underground for advertising and catchpenny purposes amount to a desecration of a noble municipal enterprise? The Subway was calculated to be and is the pride of the city. It is not only the "conquest of engineering" which the Mayor called it, the successful achievement of which marks an era of progress. It is a monumental work of civic art as well. The disfigurement to which it is being subjected is a form of vandalism as amazing as it is deplorable.

THE Y. M. C. A. AS IT GROWS.

By the annual report of the International Committee, just issued, it is shown that the Young Men's Christian Associations of North America now number nearly 375,000 members. This represents a larger aggregation than the army on a peace footing of any great power save Russia, Germany and France. The year's increase has been almost 25,000.

The growth of the Y. M. C. A. as a body affords something broader than a merely religious interest. Conducted on non-sectarian lines and with an increasingly liberal regard for the social and general amenities of life, the organization has acquired more and more of the features of a wholesome and universal club. Its libraries are finely supplied, its educational departments are excellent, its gymnasiums with their 127,000 students of physical culture are promoting good work for the future of the race.

Still and properly retaining the title of "Christian," the associations are neither bigoted nor oppressive in their requirements as to the actual religious practices of members. They find an abundant becomingness in providing for healthy-minded young men quarters where good company and varied opportunities for improvement may readily be found.

THE PAY OF THE DOCTORS.

Defending his \$4,000 charge for medical attendance, in a case before the Surrogate at White Plains, a New York physician testifies that he makes \$50 per day in general practice. With liberal allowance for holidays, this is in excess of \$25,000 per year. Between such an income and the \$750 which is given as the average yearly earning of the 200,000 doctors in the country—an approximate count—the difference is striking and suggestive.

It was stated recently in a special article that the preparation giving a man good standing in the medical profession means an expenditure of \$4,000 in a reputable school of medicine, \$1,000 for general expenses during two years' hospital service, and perhaps another \$1,000 in setting up an office.

Very probably the greater proportion of American "M. D.'s" have got through much more cheaply than this. Yet it is pretty certain that the "country doctor" of large gifts, training and small income, exists quite frequently even outside of the story-tellers' world. It may be believed that statements of large earnings here and there do not tell the whole tale of professional care and merit. There are plenty of physicians good in responsibility for life and health who are yet poor dividend-earners on their original investments of time and tuition money.

**Alas! Alas!
The Poor
Fat Lady!**

By Nixola Greeley-Smith



O f the abstract beauty of adipose tissue there cannot, of course, be two opinions. To be sure, a small and therefore negligible class composed of artists, poets and idle dreamers may prate of the superior loveliness of a woman's figure briefly summarized by Mr. Kipling as a "ring, a horse and a bank of hair."

But the great majority of us will go on believing in the beauty of mere bulk, and all the rhapsodizing of foolish idealists will not shake us from this opinion. Women particularly are very generally incredulous of the charm of slenderness, and there is hardly a two-hundred-pounder alive who does not in her heart believe that the sculptor's vision and the poet's dream have found in her their most complete expression. But, alas! for flesh foods and physical culture, we cannot all be cast or even made over into the heroic mould. And it behooves those of us so bereft to reflect, with as much consolation as may be, on the inconveniences of the adipose tissue that is denied us.

Slenderness in the first place is inconspicuous. A slender woman may walk in Twenty-third street, or even what has always seemed to me a still more frequented haunt of the masquerade, the wholesale district of lower Broadway, and escape without comment of any kind, an exception far more to be desired than any of the quasi-compliments which follow the beauty of more robust proportions.

Another advantage which she possesses is that of being far more likely to be made room for in a crowded car. The very man who, glancing casually up from his paper, beholds a little woman weighing 110 pounds and makes room for her may not give her another thought. And his mind and his glances may both revert to the 160-pound siren hanging to a strap above him. But he won't move up even though with the supreme assurance of the street car siren he may make goo-goo eyes over the dresser.

Dressmakers will all admit that a slender woman is much easier to fit than one who is the least bit stout and is apt to look far better in their choicest creations. And it is said of one of the most prominent stage managers in the world's history that the moment a theatrical ingenue begins to take on flesh, she is doomed in his eyes and that his one decided idea about young girls' costumes for the stage is that he wants something straight up and down. Considering the general partiality for all-too-solid flesh it is remarkable what a degree of attenuation the chorus beauties of the present day have attained. There be those to be sure who in the midst of "broilers" and "pony" ballets sigh for the good old days when a solid phalanx of 180-pound knock-kneed loveliness carried the spears which transixed the elderly New Yorker's heart.

"Where are these Marys and Annes and Elizas, loving and lovely of yore?" No one knows or cares but these types of to-day are taking in washing. For, strange metamorphosis in public taste, they can no longer display their too adequate proportions. Anything but road companies of refined burlesque.

Such indeed is the trend of popular opinion that there are nowadays a few women out of side shows who are really convinced that they are too fat and who exert frantic efforts to decrease their bulk. And herein lies the last supreme advantage of the slender woman. For with the dressmaker's art contrivance she can be any size she likes. While, alas, for the fat lady, not all the straight fronts in the world can give her the appearance of slenderness she invariably covets.

A LONG REST.
"How long have you been out of work, my good man?" asked the head of the household as he parlayed with the rusty-looking caller.
"I was born in '68, s'r."

TRUE CHIVALRY.
Sharp—The Young Women's Poker Club invited you to play with them. Why did you refuse?
Whetstone—Because I would never raise my hand against a woman.—Philadelphia Record.

AT THE POST.
Hicks—Whatever else may be said of Baggerley, he's pretty well posted in social matters.
Wicks—I should say so. He's posted for debt in every club he belongs to.—Philadelphia Ledger.

BISHOP'S EXAMPLE.
First Saloonkeeper—Can't you contribute something to our fund, Bill?
Second Saloonkeeper—What's the fund for?
First Saloonkeeper—Why, a few of us air going to try to start a model church.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

PRIDE.
"Why did you tie that waiter? You can't afford to give away money."
"I know it, but I didn't want him to lead it out."—Detroit Free Press.

But It Didn't Work.

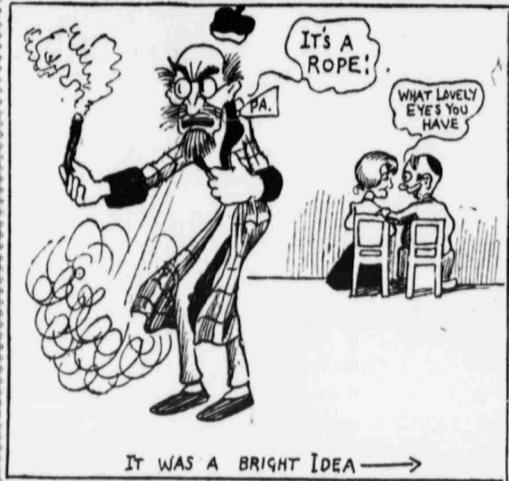
By T. E. Powers.



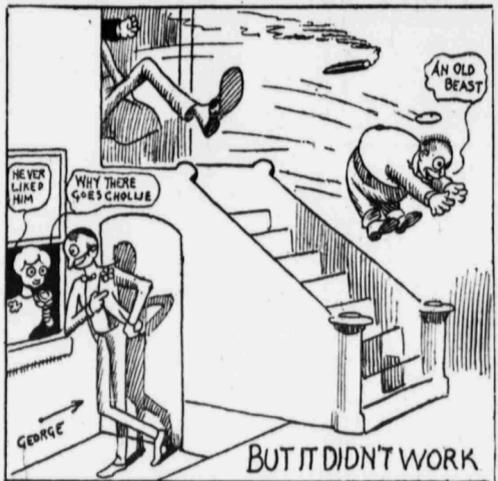
CHOLLIE BUYS 2-FORS



AND PRESENTS ONE TO THE OLD MAN TO MAKE HIMSELF SOLID

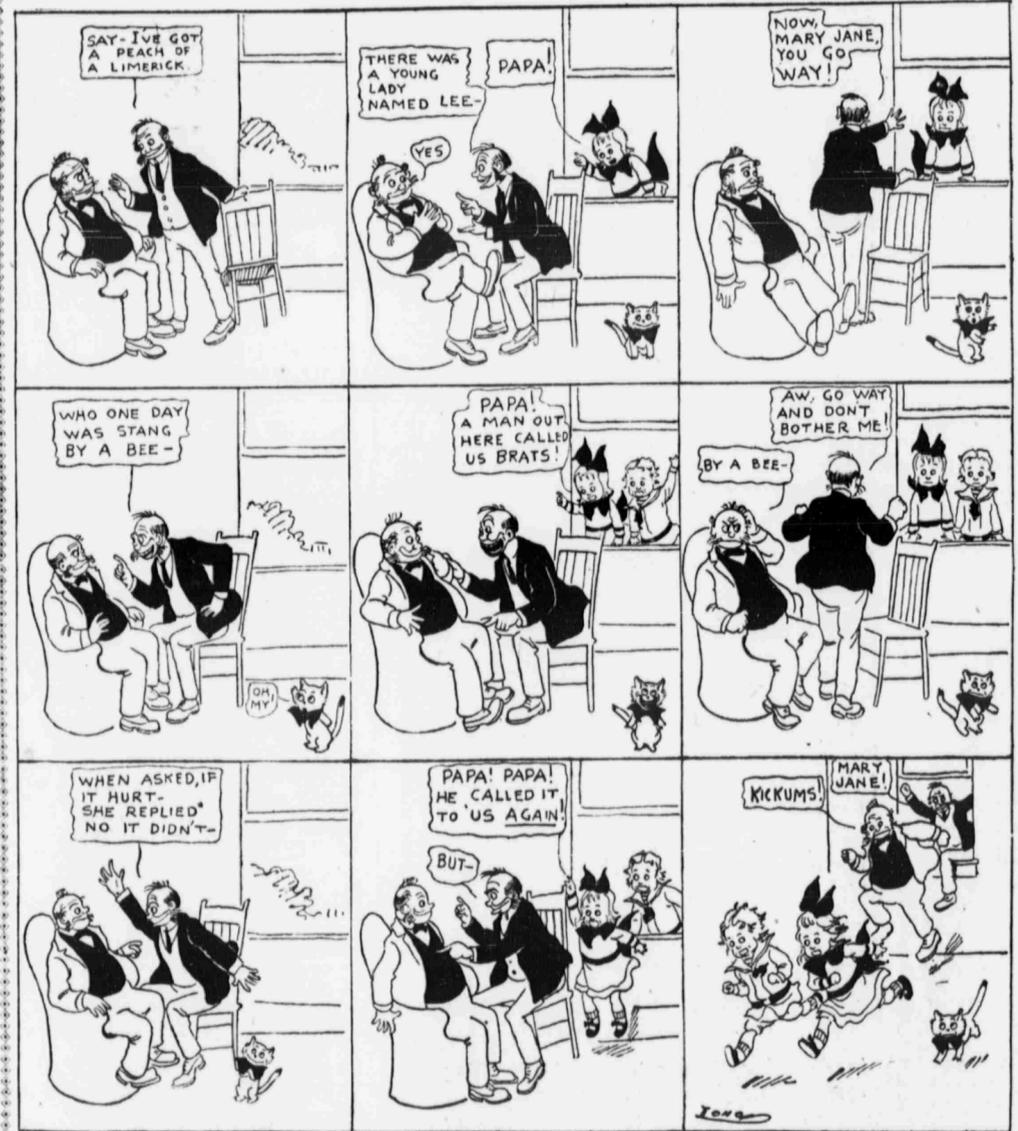


IT WAS A BRIGHT IDEA



BUT IT DIDN'T WORK

Mary Jane's Papa Has a Blithesome Limerick.
But His Darling Daughter and Kickums Spoil the Recital of It.



LETTERS, QUERIES AND ANSWERS

The Left Side.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
On which side of the road does a carriage have to drive in London, England?
H. B. W.
To Prevent Railroad Accidents.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
In collisions the heavy and strongly built Pullman cars do not even leave the track, and the passengers therein get only a "shaking up," while between the Pullman cars and the opposing engine there is often a ghastly hatching of people mutilated beyond recognition in the ordinary coaches.
As "head-on" collisions are more frequent than "rear-end" collisions, an immediate remedy would be to place the

altar to receive the bride, who is given away by one of her brothers (her father cannot be present).
A. R.
The bridegroom and best man should await the bride at the altar. The latter walks up the aisle with the relative who is to "give her away."
There is No Such Law.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Is there any law forbidding the President of the United States to be elected for more than two terms in succession?
L. C.
Wedding Queries.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
At a church wedding is it proper for the bridegroom to march in with the bridesmaid and the bride escorted by the best man; or should the best man escort the bridegroom and be at the

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The Man Higher Up
BY MARTIN GREEN.

The Final Struggle Is On, But Nothing Awful Seems Imminent.

"WELL," said the Cigar Store Man, "it'll be all off in a few hours and we'll know whether the country is going to ruin with the able assistance of Roosevelt or Parker."
"We're up against an awful finish whichever way it turns out," remarked the Man Higher Up. "If Roosevelt wins the trusts are going to eat us alive. If Parker wins the trusts are going to eat us anyhow, but we have half a promise that they will pass around the ether before they begin. Both sides have a clinch, and if we didn't have a lot of experience the most of us would be beating it for Europe or Mexico."
"The free, untrammelled and noble voter goes into the polling place to-day, takes his ballot, and if he's a strong man, carries it without assistance to the booth. There with the solemnity of his task sticking to him like maple syrup to a cold plate he makes his mark expressing his desire to vote for Roosevelt or Parker as the case may be. If he feels real solemn he may vote for Watson or Debs."
"Tomorrow morning he wakes up, looks at his paper and sees that the man he didn't vote for is elected. Does he go into the bathroom and turn on the gas? Does he lock himself in his bedroom and flood his interior with carbolic acid? Not on your natural. He kicks himself a couple of times for betting a hat and makes a rush for the 'L' or Subway, depending on which side of town he lives on. The next and last time he'll think of his sacrificed ballot will be when he gets a bill for the hat."
"It's too bad that in this great country, with 80,000,000 people, we have to pick out the two worst citizens to run for President. Roosevelt is the limit; Parker is also the limit the other way. It must be nice to live in a quiet monarchy, where all the people have to do is pay the bills—like we do here—and not worry about elections."
"I see that snow is predicted for to-day," said the Cigar Store Man.
"There will certainly be a frost for somebody," answered the Man Higher Up.

\$5 for a Limerick.

Subway Poets Now Cut Loose and Earn a "V."

Send your best limerick on the Subway to "Subway Limerick Editor, Evening World, P. O. Box 184, New York City." Prize, \$5.

A young chap from Avenue D thought he'd ride on the Subway free, so he jumped for a train. But the cop's club caused him pain, so he plunked down a bright shining "V."
NORMAN L. BRODA, No. 188 East Eighty-second street.

The Subway appears now to all for New York's taxpayers the bill; And you may as well know It's the poor man's auto, But we hope that no people 'twill kill.
C. K., No. 721 Decatur street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Summy Smudge, of the Evening Fudge fame, Painted red a new Subway train. "I know the red ink Will put it on the blink. Who said I hadn't a brain?"
JOSEPH WHITE, No. 638 Broome street.

There was a young fellow named Percy, Who looked to the Subway for mercy. To the "I," crushing through No more to belong, So now he feels happy and cheerful.
PERCY BALLANCE, No. 172 Amsterdam avenue, city.

The New Plush Woman Looks Like an Arm Chair.
By A. Rohe.

"WOMEN are getting woe every day," said the Pessimist.
"What's the matter now?" queried the Amateur Philosopher.
"Matter enough," growled the Pessimist. "Have you seen the new abominations women have turned themselves into? You know they tried everything under the sun—they dressed like men, stole styles from the dogs in dog collars; they've done everything from wearing garden truck on their hats to carrying whole baskets full of fruit on their heads. But now what do you suppose they're doing?"
"What?" asked the Amateur Philosopher interestedly.
"Why, turning themselves into plush upholstered furniture!" screamed the Pessimist.
"I was walking down Broadway to-day when I saw something sail out of a department store that looked just like my old plush standard rocker at home."
"What was it?" asked the Amateur Philosopher.
"What was it? It was a woman, and she was rigged up in a green plush that made her look just like a piece of upholstered furniture."
"I stood there a while, and by and by another woman came out and followed the standard rocker down the street. The second creature was broad, and looked like a nice brown plush sofa. I thought if I stood there long enough I'd land a whole set of parlor furniture."
"Yes, but that plush furniture is all out of style," interposed the Amateur Philosopher.
"So I inferred," commented the Pessimist, "when I saw those women strutting down the street with the coverings of a good old parlor suit on their backs."
"Well," asked the Amateur Philosopher, "the women go wild about it."
"You can't do anything about it," commented the Amateur Philosopher.
"I know," said the Pessimist, "but it's tough luck. Last night when I went home I found my wife tearing the plush off the sofa in the back parlor and my mother-in-law was dressed up to look like a red plush armchair trimmed in gump."
"Now I've stood for the upholstering stunts in building up the figure, but when it comes to invading the furniture stores for dress hints, and having something that looks like a plush rocker but is really your wife greet you at night, I think something should be done."
"Cheer up! Cheer up!" said the Amateur Philosopher. "You must remember you are not qualified to pass judgment on women—you're a married man."