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VOLUME 45.....NO. 18,801

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..... 8,255 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 Woes of the Restless.

By Nicola Greeley-Smith.



Nicola Greeley-Smith.

No matter how limited our acquaintance, there is sure to be numbered among them one or two nervous, restless, idle and unhappy creatures whose minds seem to be affected with a sort of St. Vitus's dance, and who make themselves and their families miserable by their inability to keep either mentally or physically still.

They are the women whom it is impossible to find in their own houses who may be anywhere during the day from a downtown salvage sale or a hotel tearoom to a Harlem flat, which they inspect without the slightest intention of taking it; but they are never by any chance at home. Perhaps they sleep within the four walls hallowed by that name, but, if they do, their one regret upon going to bed is for places unvisited during the day, their one thought of fresh jaunts to be undertaken on the morrow.

This state of restlessness in very young and unmarried women is perhaps pardonable enough. Having no settled interests to hold their attention, and striving always to reach the veil which the mysterious future still interposes between them and their ultimate fate, it is not surprising that many of them should be restless. But there are many mothers of families, women forty and fifty years old, whose minds show the concentrated purpose of the grasshopper, and whose lives have apparently no more serious intent. There are women who would refuse a handout to a tramp, having no sympathy with and no understanding of the wandering spirit of worthlessness that makes him the drifting dervish that he is, who betray precisely similar tendencies in their morning journeys from one store to another, that a few more variations between half a dozen clubs, their ceaseless, senseless, wearisome migration. Generally speaking, restlessness is the outgrowth of unhappiness. But it seems scarcely credible that the number of women we see daily walking the social treadmill are unhappy. As a rule, very poor women are not restless. They haven't time to be. It is, on the contrary, among the feminine possessors or beneficiaries of great wealth that the spirit of restlessness is most rampant.

Restlessness is perhaps an attribute of all unusual minds. But the restless woman cannot excuse herself on this score, for she is, save for her gad-about propensities, the most commonplace creature imaginable. Nearly every woman has within her the possibility of developing this chronic restlessness, but it is a tendency which she should do her utmost to suppress.

LETTERS, QUESTIONS, ANSWERS.

On Seventy-seventh Street. To the Editor of The Evening World: On what street is the main entrance of the Museum of Natural History? LOUIS.

Not Required by Law. To the Editor of The Evening World: A says that a married woman must have a wedding ring. B says that it is not absolutely necessary. Please decide. E. L.

The Letter Is Correct. To the Editor of The Evening World: A says that the phrase "Sixty-five feet cut from a 300-foot length" is correct, while B claims that "Sixty-five feet cut from a 300-foot length" is correct. Which is correct? WM. DARCO.

Claims a Record. To the Editor of The Evening World: A. B., who says he walked across the new Williamsburg Bridge in 16 minutes, does not know how to walk. I walked across the bridge at least eight times to-day in less than six minutes each time and I am only a B. R. T. conductor. JOHN J. KINN.

Concord Street, Near Bridge Street, Brooklyn. To the Editor of The Evening World: I read in The World an article describing the building of cement houses which interested me very much. Where can I see any such house in course of construction? L. O.

The Spectrum. To the Editor of The Evening World: How many colors are there in the spectrum? R. R.

There are seven colors in the spectrum: Violet, indigo, blue, green, yellow, orange and red.

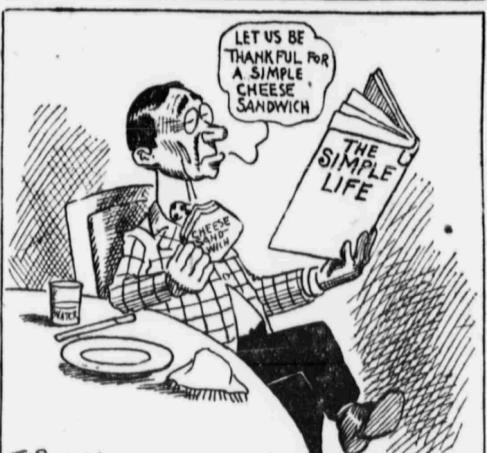
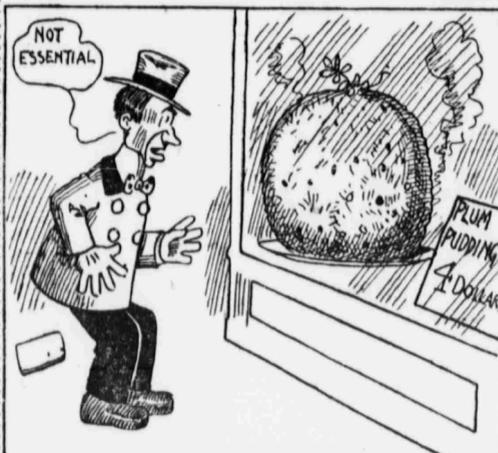
At Cooper Union. To the Editor of The Evening World: Where is there a good architectural school in New York City? FRED B.

At Any Large Book Store. To the Editor of The Evening World: Where can I buy a book that gives the boundaries of all the States in this country? E. B. J.

No, He Is Already a Citizen. To the Editor of The Evening World: A young man, age twenty, born in the United States to foreign parents, and whose father, although a resident of the United States for about twenty-five years, has not taken out his citizenship papers or made application for the same. Is it necessary that this party shall declare his intentions of becoming a citizen of the United States and take out papers to this effect, or is he a citizen and entitled to a vote without taking out any papers when he becomes of age? J. C., Little Falls, N. J.

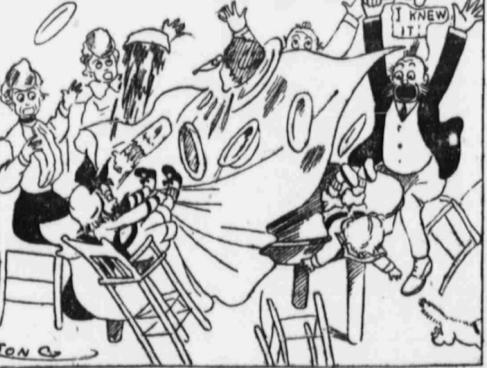
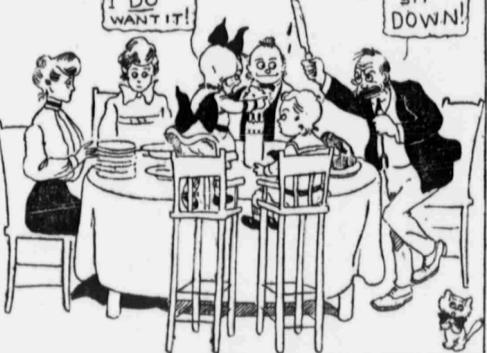
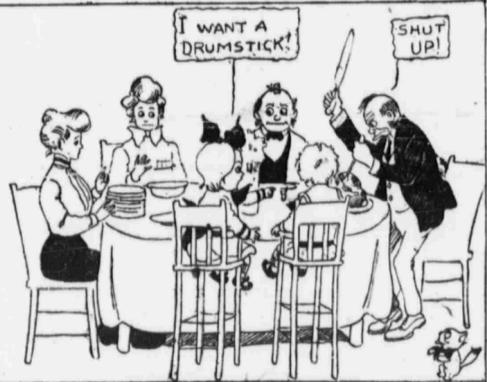
The Simple Life on Thanksgiving Day

By T. E. Powers.



Mary Jane Breaks Up the Thanksgiving Dinner.

Her Fond Papa Is Carving the Turkey When the Inevitable Catastrophe Occurs



Mrs. Nagg and Mr. Their Thanksgiving Dinner

BY ROY L. MCCARDELL.

"YES, I got a turkey. I don't care how dear they are. Thanksgiving Day isn't Thanksgiving Day unless I have turkey and cranberry sauce. 'Mamma will be over to dinner and Mrs. Terwilliger and Mr. Smig—so you see there won't be room at the table for your friend Col. Wilkins. He is an old bachelor, anyway. He should pick out some nice woman to marry and have a home of his own and his own turkey for Thanksgiving. 'It is a lovely sight to see a happy family gathered around the festive board, peace and happiness. 'Why do you object to sitting next to you were. It is had enough to be brow-beaten by Mr. Nagg. I will not put up with it from others! 'Brother Willie, there are other people to be served with that turkey! Gravy isn't liquid refreshment for you, as you seem to think! 'What makes you so slow, Mr. Nagg? What are you staring at mother for? Do you begrudge her a bite to eat? 'Mamma, you eat down! No, you shan't go home! What are you leaving the table for, Mr. Nagg? 'Well, go home if you like, Susan Terwilliger, if you are here to-day it is because you hinted around for an invitation! 'There they all go! You see how it is, Brother Willie! I try to have a happy home gathering, but everybody quarrels with me. I have hardly any appetite—stop eating all the turkey, you greedy clams!"

Mrs. Terwilliger, mamma! My friends are good enough for me, and if you don't like them, why do you come here making trouble? 'No, Mr. Nagg, I will not keep quiet. I don't care if it is Thanksgiving Day. I will have some quiet and happiness. There, the baby has spilled the cranberry sauce on the table cloth. Why did you insist on bringing her to the table, Mr. Nagg? 'You didn't? Of course you didn't. You don't think your child, our cherub child, our darling Angelina, good enough to sit at the table! Susan Terwilliger, you need not sneer because the turkey isn't quite as tender as it should be. It is better to have a tough turkey than no turkey. I notice plenty of people will come to my dinner who never ask me to dinner with them. No, I don't mean anything personal, but if you want women I wouldn't care who you were. It is had enough to be brow-beaten by Mr. Nagg. I will not put up with it from others! 'Brother Willie, there are other people to be served with that turkey! Gravy isn't liquid refreshment for you, as you seem to think! 'What makes you so slow, Mr. Nagg? What are you staring at mother for? Do you begrudge her a bite to eat? 'Mamma, you eat down! No, you shan't go home! What are you leaving the table for, Mr. Nagg? 'Well, go home if you like, Susan Terwilliger, if you are here to-day it is because you hinted around for an invitation! 'There they all go! You see how it is, Brother Willie! I try to have a happy home gathering, but everybody quarrels with me. I have hardly any appetite—stop eating all the turkey, you greedy clams!"



Turkey Is 40 Cents a Pound, But Let's Give Thanks for the Subway.

BY MARTIN GREEN.

"I SEE," said the Cigar Store Man, "that turkey is 40 cents a pound."

"Turkey?" asked The Man Higher Up. "Oh, you mean one of those birds. Turkey had lost its number with me; also with almost everybody else who is able to keep his salary only long enough to get casually acquainted with it. It's a case of 'hello' and 'good-by' to the envelope nowadays, and the average wage earner is playing liver all three ways."

"There was a time when the prospect of paying 40 cents a pound for a Thanksgiving turkey would have jarred up a tidal wave of consternation. It doesn't bother anybody now. The people who can afford to separate themselves from 40 cents for each pound of turkey wouldn't balk at a dollar. The people who can't afford it haven't eaten turkey for so long that they wouldn't know gobbler flesh from a piece of sealskin sack."

"I never did like turkey, anyhow. It makes my whiskers grow crooked. The smell of roast turkey reminds me of a fire I saw once. It was in a cold storage warehouse. After I left the fire I knew I had been there for several days. It is better to feel that way about turkey if you haven't got it on Thanksgiving than to get spifflicated and fill up on free lunch."

"Even if we can't have turkey we have the Subway. New York is thankful for that. Turkey meat is poison, anyhow. I read a speech to that effect the other day. It was made by a doctor. The Beef Trust has several billions of cold storage turkeys, holding them for a raise. They put some kind of paint on a cold storage turkey to keep it from drying up and blowing away. If you eat it you feel as though you had been dining on an Irish frieze overcoat. Happy and healthy is the man who can make his Thanksgiving dinner out of a beef stew."

"You look as though you were up late last night," remarked the Cigar Store Man.

"I was," confessed The Man Higher Up. "I was trying to win a turkey at a raffle."

Thanksgiving Day Only Rubs It In on Some Folks.

By Alice Rohe.

"FINE thing, this Thanksgiving business," said The Pessimist crabdully. "What's the day for, anyhow, except to rub it in a little worse—all this 'be joyful' racket."

"Well, we ought to be thankful on Thanksgiving Day," said The Amateur Philosopher. "Surely you have something to be thankful for, haven't you?"

"Yes, I have," snapped The Pessimist, reluctantly. "What is it?" queried The Amateur Philosopher with interest.

"I'm thankful Thanksgiving only comes once a year," blurted out The Pessimist.

"You seem unusually depressed," said The Amateur Philosopher.

"Well, holidays are enough to make any one depressed," replied The Pessimist. "For a good doleful day of the dumps give me your happy holiday! Talk about your country, quietude! Why, a deserted village is a dizzy whirl compared to gay New York on a holiday."

"Yes, but New York looks deserted because everybody is off some place having a good time."

"Oh, as that so?" said The Pessimist, sarcastically. "I'll bet if you'd take a census of the people who are having a good time you'd find 99 per cent. resorting to artificial means of raising their spirits from holiday gloom or settling their lonesome walls in some hall bedroom or furnished flat."

"Yes, but there's plenty to do on Thanksgiving," said The Amateur Philosopher. "There's football, you know, and all the theatres."

"Yes," said The Pessimist. "That brings in another element who must love Thanksgiving. To the weary thespian it only means an extra matinee. No sir! I say there isn't much to be thankful for, and Thanksgiving Day just throws the fact in your face. Thanksgiving has degenerated into a day for gloom, football players, matinees and penny fliehers."

"Well, the kids seem to enjoy the day," said The Amateur Philosopher cheerfully.

"Yes, and they've got to take many a red-hot penny with their dough, too," said The Pessimist.

"You seem to have lost sight of the real significance of Thanksgiving," said The Amateur Philosopher.

"Do you know what it means?" demanded The Pessimist.

"Certainly," said The Amateur Philosopher. "It's a day for offering thanksgiving in church."

"I suppose that's the reason the theatres have to put up signs—'Free list suspended,' and 'Standing room only'! and why the football fends are torn to pieces trying to get a seat in the grandstand. Don't talk to me about Thanksgiving!"

Kaiser's Serious View.

A recent French book on the Emperor of Germany gives some amusing stories. All combine to emphasize the fact that humor is not Emperor William's strong point. One evening he wanted to cut the tip off a cigar, and could not find a knife. One of his suit thereupon handed him a penknife. The Emperor took it, cut his cigar, and returned the implement to its owner with the solemn remark: "Keep it; guard it well. One of these days it will be historic." On another occasion he went to dinner with the Prince of Bismarck. His first words on arrival were: "Pless, do not forget that I put away my sceptre and my crown when I entered your door."

Government Women.

More than 5,000 women are employed in the various Government offices in Washington, 2,044 of whom have entered the service after competitive examination. Nine hundred of them are paid salaries ranging from \$1,000 to \$1,500 a year, the others being paid the compensation of ordinary clerks—\$600 to \$700 a year.

Child Weddings.

The custom of marrying girls when they are mere children of nine or ten years is increasing rather than decreasing in Bengal and other parts of India. The resulting racial degeneration is becoming so obvious that laws have been passed in several regions forbidding the marriage of girls under fourteen.

Watch in Shirt Stud.

An English watchmaker has just finished making a tiny watch in the form of a shirt stud. Its dial is two-sixteenths of an inch in diameter, and it is to be worn with two other studs. By turning the upper stud the watch is wound, while by turning the lower one the hands are adjusted.

Galaxy of Leap Years.

The greatest possible number of leap years will occur in the twentieth century, the year 1904 being the first one, and every fourth year following up to and including 1996. In the 22nd century February three times will have five Sundays—in 2150, 2180 and 2170.