

The Evening World

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. 18,808

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.

EXERCISE AND SUCCESS.

President Roosevelt is going to take up boxing again in order to get himself into first-class physical condition. This will be by no means the least serviceable of his executive acts. It will be an example which many thousands of boys will follow by taking up a sport which will strengthen their muscles, expand their lungs and discipline their tempers.

The comparatively recent tendency to take physical exercise seriously as a pleasant duty instead of joggling as a frivolous amusement has already shown its beneficial results. The rising generations are inches taller than their sedentary parents. Among them a good complexion is no longer the exceptional object of admiring comment. The ladies no longer chronically paint, nor do the gentlemen keep miniature drug stores in their desks.

There are of course men of mark who maintain that they owe their success to working harder in their hours of leisure than they did in their hours of labor, who claim that when a man has finished his eight hours' work he ought to begin planning what he will do in next day's eight hours instead of frittering away his time on walking or riding, tennis or boxing.

The man who attends to his hours' play as systematically as he attends to his day's work may not achieve as precocious a success as his non-exercising rival, but neither will he achieve as precocious a breakdown.

There are few sights more pathetic than that of the "successful" man, prematurely old and ailing, who has hemmed in his life in the rut of his business or profession, who feels his skill and his faculties daily more and more deserting him, but who must nevertheless work more and more maladroitly on till he finally drops, because he has made himself such a pauper in the interests of life that he must seek the solace for his decrepitude in that decrepitude's very source itself.

One seeing such a warning might excusably react into the belief that there is more to be desired in the happiness of a healthy mediocrity than in the misery of a diseased pre-eminence.

But the danger of both warning and reaction will be lessened by the extent to which President Roosevelt's last example is followed by boys and men alike.

THE LAW'S INJUSTICE.

By a coincidence which must excite remark the news of the day reveals four cases of a defendant exposed to the danger of unjust imprisonment under due process of law through the fabrication of the evidence necessary to convict him.

In England a committee appointed by the Home Secretary has just submitted a report on the case of Adolf Beck, imprisoned for five years for a crime of which he was proved innocent only by the confession of the actual criminal. In New York we have simultaneously a confession of perjury by the detective on whose testimony the prosecution of Canfield was mainly based, a declaration by Justice Zeller in open court that he "would not believe under oath" a detective whose evidence was relied on to convict, and the suit of Charles E. Reohr following his unwarranted arrest on charges having their source in a detective's heated imagination.

The wrong done Beck has stirred England from centre to circumference with a humiliating realization of the injustice the law may inflict on an innocent prisoner and paved the way for reforms to prevent its recurrence. The New York cases by the light they throw on the unreliability of detectives' testimony may serve a good use by reducing the dependence on such testimony to a minimum. In the particular case of Reohr a question is prompted as to the recourse a prisoner should have for an act of injustice such as he has suffered. The British Government has offered Beck the cash solace of \$10,000. All that the law allows Reohr is permission to prefer criminal charges against the person responsible for his arrest. Perhaps, in view of what Beck underwent, he should reckon himself lucky that he had to pass only one night in a cell instead of five years.

But certainly an innocent citizen whose reputation has wantonly been put in jeopardy ought to come in for ampler amends than mere discharge from custody.

NEEDED FOOTBALL REFORMS.

It will be noted that many if not most of the broken ribs and fractured vertebrae with which Thanksgiving Day football is chargeable were the result of "mass plays." In the case of Sheridan, the Seton Hall full-back reported dying, "a dozen men were upon him at once, crushing three of his ribs." In the case of Bergin, of the Hillhouse team, "the opposing eleven piled on him, tearing his collar-bone loose."

The general subordination of all other features of the game to the mass play lends force to Supt. Draper's charge that football now "encourages real battle rather than open manliness." The increasing vogue of mass tactics is tending to eliminate spectacular individual play, justifying the popular complaint that the game is fast robbed of its old attraction for the spectator.

Both in the interest of sport and for the safety of student life and limb a reform of the game away from its present state of complex development and back to first principles is desirable.

Funny Happenings at the "Zoo" Told in Merry Rhymes.



Said a Rabbit in spirit of fun: "Let's go to a bar for just one." Said Hip—"Not anuzzer. I swallowed yer bruzzer And now (hic) yo shee I've a Bun."
Said a Pointer who'd lost all his sand: "Allow me to offer my hand." Said the Lion: "Oh, gee, Why this hand-out for me? 'Tis a pointer I can't understand."
"I'll dance in an opera bouffe, In the shoo garden up on the roof," Said a Hippo-ess gay. Said the Monkey: "Nay, nay: You'd bring down the house with your hoof."
"I hope, sir," said one of the Bears, "You mean me no harm by your stars." Said the Pelican: "Hoot, If you just bump my snoot It will be a big bill for repairs." WALTER A. SINCLAIR.

Don't Tell Your Troubles

By Nixola Greeley-Smith.



WE are all familiar with the ancient platitudes that many loves company. And in our greater or lesser griefs we generally put it to the test. But few of us apparently realize that company does not return the compliment, and that if we want to be welcome when we seek the society of our friends we must not carry our woes along with us.

Sorrow, however deep and genuine, may by long coddling degenerate into a habit which we may foster ourselves, but which we have not the right to inflict upon other people.

It is natural for us to seek sympathy in affliction, but it is the quality of much that is offered in that name to prolong the agony it is intended to console. We all know that whatever our trials, we bear them with calm stoicism in the presence of our enemies, or even of those who are merely indifferent to us, while it is the soft word of a sympathetic friend that dissolves us in sighs and tears.

It is best for ourselves and others, therefore, that we reserve our troubles as much as possible for personal consumption. There are some women who, while realizing apparently that if they tell their griefs to persons who have not known a similar degree of affliction they will fall upon deaf ears, yet inflict a double burden upon others in distress by piling their own worries upon shoulders already overladen.

Quite recently I witnessed the effect of this practice upon a young woman who, while convalescing from a serious illness, visited a New York friend who had lost her husband several months before. During the visit the most frequent caller at the house was an elderly woman who had recently suffered a similar bereavement. The two widows sought each other day and night to talk and weep over the many imperfections of their dead husbands, and at every visit which the young convalescent was forced to share she was made a silent partner in all their troubles. The result was that, instead of growing better in having afforded surroundings, she became steadily worse, and not until she had left the society of the two widows several weeks behind her did she recover from the fit of gloomy depression their society had produced.

WANTS CHEWING TAUGHT.

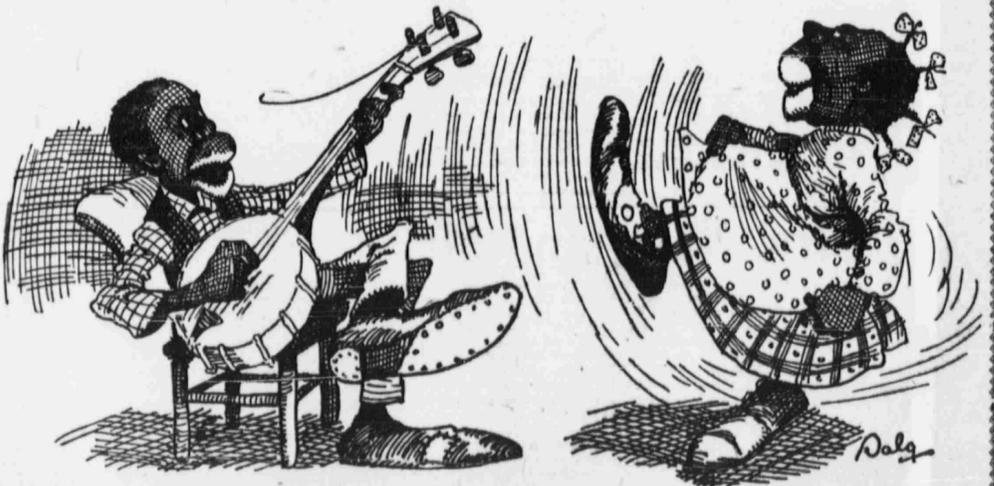
Sir William McEwen, a professor of Glasgow University, is a late authority for the view that "the quick lunch" is a health destroyer. In an address to the Charing Cross Medical School, of London, he said that people seemed to act as though "food should be thrown into the stomach in a sandwich into the pocket." He complains that "mastication is not taught in schools," and says it is time that "certificates should be given in the schools for sound digestion. Instead of doing that we appoint royal commissions to inquire into the cause of physical deterioration of the race."

Mary Jane Is Always Anxious to Learn.

Her Papa is a Walking Encyclopedia, but He Sometimes Gets Tired of Giving Up.



The Decorous Dance in Darktown



RASMUS—Lif' yo' feet, Mandy, lif' yo' feet! Catapult rou! laik yo' was dancin', not walkin' on aiggs. MANDY—Hush yo' mouf, niggah! I'se doin' dis. I ain't no low-down Moonin' Roofo. I'se a 'spectible workin' lady, I lai

"Humpty Dumpty" — A New Serial Story — Begins Next Thursday "Humpty Dumpty"

The Man Higher Up By MARTIN GREEN. "The Simple Life" Is a Cinch, for No One Can Avoid Leading It.

"SEE," said The Cigar Store Man, "that there is a lot of discussion about this Simple Life. I wish somebody would wise me to it." "The Simple Life," explained The Man Higher Up, "is the life that every man and woman leads who lacks the nerve to be a crook. Nine out of ten New Yorkers lead the Simple Life, and they play pretty close to the rules formulated by the preacher, Wagner, who has made such a hit telling people how to do what they are doing all the time and have been doing all their lives. "Pastor Wagner is all to the de-light with President Roosevelt. That he should be so is as natural as a real eye. The Simple Life apostle and the Strenuous Life advocate both work on the same schedule in their writings and speeches. The dops is 'Adopt a principle or a theory that cannot be disputed or overthrown, and play it to the limit.' "You see hundreds of thousands of New Yorkers pouring in to work every morning and pouring out again every night. They are leading the Simple Life. What other kind of a life can they lead? Every one of them is tolling for others—parents, wife or children or all together. The miles and miles of tenements hide from view hundreds of thousands of women who are leading the Simple Life—washing and ironing and scrubbing and cooking and sewing and scripping and saving. They don't know that they are in the hero class with Capt. F. Norton Goddard and livery-stable keeper Downey, who were held up by the President to admiration and applause. They are leading the only life they know and it is a matter of course with them. "Our leisure class is a small class. Dyspeptic pessimists will tell you that the dominant note in American life is selfishness. Pass them up. Self-sacrifice—a desire to make others happy—actuates the vast majority of our people, but surface observers can't get next to the truth because we go about our affairs cheerfully. "But how does this Wagner gospel decipherer assay such a great man?" persisted The Cigar Store Man. "Because," replied The Man Higher Up, "all men are susceptible to flattery and behind the mask of advice he is passing out a soft and harmless con."

Hydraulics. It is calculated that one right angle bend in a pipe through which water flows will make necessary 9 per cent. more pressure for a given flow than is required for a straight pipe of like size and structure. With three sharp bends at right angles the pressure needed is 12 per cent. more than that which is used in a straight pipe.

"Winter Stamps." The Post-Office Department has sent out its winter stamps now. Few know that there is a difference between winter stamps and summer stamps. In the cold months the gum on the stamps is a little thinner and softer, while that on those to be used during the summer and in Southern States is not so easily affected by heat.

Cut Off at 132. A man recently died in Turkestan who was said to have been born in 1782, and there was good proof that this was so. He was an inveterate smoker, however, and this is thought to have shortened his life some years.

Gowns of "Wild Silk." It has been discovered that the wild silkworm produces a silk with more lustre than does the pampered worm of captivity. Those who are up on silk culture claim that the tame worm—lost much of its power because it is taken care of so well.

\$35,000,000 of Diamonds. Louis Tax, one of the best known diamond brokers, estimates the output of the De Beers mines annually at \$10,000,000 and of other mines at \$4,500,000. Add to this the cost of labor, the profits of the syndicates, etc., and he thinks that the annual output of diamonds is worth about \$35,000,000.

1,600 Miles a Day. In one unbroken nocturnal flight the European bird known as the northern blue-throat has been proved to travel from Central Africa to the German Ocean, a distance of 1,600 miles, making the journey in nine hours.

Overcrowded Prisons. California is in need of more State prisons or better morals. Her two prisons are so overcrowded that in some cases five men are put in one cell. There are 573 cells in the two prisons and 3,273 prisoners.