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The Evening World First.

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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.

"IMMORALITY" OF FOOTBALL.

The annual arraignment of football for various high crimes and misdemeanors is this year rather more savage, if anything, than usual.

As for its crimes, has it not killed fourteen and injured an unparalleled total of 236 players? The Evening World has no desire to extenuate this formidable showing of the game's dangers except to note that they apply chiefly to the very young and the inexperienced, who mostly make up the casualty list.

But granting its perils to players better adapted physically to golf or tennis, what ground is there for Supt. Draper's indictment of the sport as "breeding loafing, gaming and drinking" and militating against "sound living"? It is difficult to follow the critic's argument. A sport which encourages a fine spirit of manly rivalry, which furnishes a keen incentive for the athletic training which makes for a sound body, discouraging vice as physically harmful, would seem to make for good morals also. To compare its obvious beneficial influence with the malign effect of the gambling-house and the saloon betrays curiously illogical reasoning.

Possibly Prof. Draper's idea is that as only few take part in the game it is for the many who see it a spectacle in the nature of a horse race or a prize fight. There is a widespread misapprehension as to the general participation of college students in the heavier athletic games. Yet of the 331 students composing the present freshman class at Yale 196, or 60 per cent., had taken part in "team athletics," in football, baseball, &c., previous to entering college. In the last Harvard report it was noted that one-third of all the students who took regular exercise directly participated in the sports which are popularly supposed to be played only by the chosen few.

A game which engages the many activities of thousands of youth the nation over and draws to witness it audiences of hundreds of thousands of a class constituting, as was said of the Army-Navy game and is true of all college games, "a social function," is hardly to be viewed as a menace to morals. Undoubtedly the sight of an injured player borne from the field on a stretcher is to be deplored. Doubtless also, to quote Critic Draper's further allegations, it is culpable for student youth to wager their dollars on the outcome of the game. Perhaps it is had that the game should "gather more money than ought to be under the control of students," though as a matter of fact that control is vested in graduate officials.

Nevertheless football has become an American institution, one promoting manliness and morals and underriving of a censure which could more profitably be directed against less meritorious developments of national life.

Children, Parents and Panics.—It is to be wondered whether any of the little sons and daughters of the women who trampled one another in foolish panic at the Harlem Opera-House matinee have been per enough to explain to their mammas how much better they sat in school under the fire drill. Within two weeks there have been two carefree theatre panics and three examples of school children in a situation of danger either marching coolly out of the school-house or calmly keeping their seats. The honors are decidedly with the children.

WALKS THAT MOVE IN A DREAM.

New York is a bustling city, often prosaic. It has never been able, in planning its great public works, to look far enough ahead to catch the meaning of its own progress. It outgrew the Subway even while that splendid bore was being pushed along. And it has outgrown almost everything else—even its own main island—quite as persistently and amazingly.

But the city is neither without imagination nor without a delicious sense of pleasure in having its imagination tickled. It likes to contemplate fresh pictures of "something doing." It derives new ideas of its own importance from the apparent fact that people sit up nights planning surprises and blessings for its hurrying population. And sometimes the blessings really happen.

At the moment, New York is asked to shut its eyes real hard and think of a series of underground moving sidewalks, making crosstown transfer routes from all the stations not only of the present Subway, but of whatever subways may come—under Sixth, Seventh or any other avenue. Such a vision is good enough to fall true. And for possibility's sake, indeed, the proposition, so far as it relates to a walk under Thirty-fourth street, is about to come before the high municipal powers.

Before the foreshadowing of a finish, let us say that, at any rate, the general scheme is "something like."

A TAVERN ON NEW LINES.

From far Winnipeg, in Manitoba, comes news of the contemplated establishment of a great moral drinking place somewhat on the lines of our own Subway Tavern. Reciprocity with Canada, at least to the extent of untried ideas in reform, may therefore be considered as fairly in sight.

But the Manitobans will go New York better by several details. Their enterprise will include, along with the "drinkery," a gymnasium, a reading room and a swimming bath. For these the Subway offers no substitute. Is it that the promoters in Bleecker street, having heard that "reading makes a full man," desire no such competition with the bar? Or that they have failed to hear from any book of proverbs how cleanliness is next to a

A Woman with Nerves Is Awful.

By Nixola Greeley-Smith.



Nixola Greeley-Smith.

To live with a nervous woman is a perpetual torment, and these are the victims of her fears and fancies in the knowledge that she herself suffers quite as much as the victims.

There are several varieties of nervous women, and perhaps the peculiarities of some of these have their foundation in physical infirmity, which it is both fruitless and unkind to criticize. But the rest are products or survivals of the days when "nerves" were numbered among a woman's most invaluable assets, and when it was thought that one could scarcely be feminine without being afraid. Afraid of what? Of anything, of everything, of a mouse, a beetle, the chance view of firecrackers, or even of the tiny speck of blood that might issue from a pricked finger as they bent over their sewing.

But fear, as a feminine quality, has lost caste in the last hundred years or so, and many women, even when affected by it, cover it as carefully from the eyes of mankind as their grandmothers were wont to flaunt it.

All women, and indeed all men, are more or less nervous in the presence of real or imagined danger. But the excessive nervousness that many of them display at the slightest provocation, or, indeed, no provocation at all, is entirely a matter of cultivation of a partial mental paralysis liable to occur in facing any but the most petty and commonplace events.

To them it is as much a part of femininity to scream and fluster at the sight of an unloaded toy pistol as it is to wear pink tulle ruffles at the hankers of their necks or to fib about their ages or their husbands' incomes. So it is just as essential to their womanhood to cry for what they want, to sulk for what they can't get, and to live in alternating moods of hysterical gaiety and morbid gloom.

To admit one's self the victim of nerves is a confession of ill health. For no healthy person is nervous in the sense in which the word is generally used. But the nervous woman instead of acknowledging her slavery and trying to escape from it, enters into a trying bondage by fostering it as almost a feminine virtue.

LETTERS. QUESTIONS. ANSWERS.

We Had the Wrong Tip. To the Editor of The Evening World: In answering an inquiry a few days ago you said that the names of the candidates for President and Vice-President were not printed on the official ballot in the last election. I think you are wrong, but I'll give you another guess.

HENRY HENDERSON. The Evening World's information was wrong. The names of all the candidates for President and Vice-President were printed on the official ballots. This comes from the Board of Elections.

Costume for Wedding. To the Editor of The Evening World: What is the proper apparel for the bridegroom at an evening wedding?

A. R. Dress suit, white waistcoat, and gloves, and patent leather shoes.

No. To the Editor of The Evening World: Is black a color? P. M. Legal Aid Society, 239 Broadway.

Where can I look for aid in getting my rights in property left behind when my mother died? Father has now married again and forbids me from entering home since Aug. 27, 1904. My age is nineteen. H. K.

The Barber's Sign. To the Editor of The Evening World: Why are barbers' signs red and white? F. H. M., Kingston, N. Y. Barbers originally practised surgery as well as shaving. The red and white typify blood and bandages.

He is Alive. To the Editor of The Evening World: Is Mark Twain dead or alive? WILLIAM H. Yes. To the Editor of The Evening World: If a servant (employed by the month) is discharged before the end of the month, must her employers pay her a full month's wages? J. F. O. Nov. 21. To the Editor of The Evening World: On what date did Thanksgiving fall in 1857? SAMUEL W. In 1858, Abram S. Hewitt. To the Editor of The Evening World: In what year did Roosevelt run for Mayor of New York, and what candidate won that election? E. J. W. New York's Holidays. To the Editor of The Evening World: How many legal holidays are there in New York State? FOLSOM. Nine—New Year's Day, Lincoln's Birthday, Washington's Birthday, Decoration Day, July 4, Labor Day, Election Day, Thanksgiving Day and Christmas.

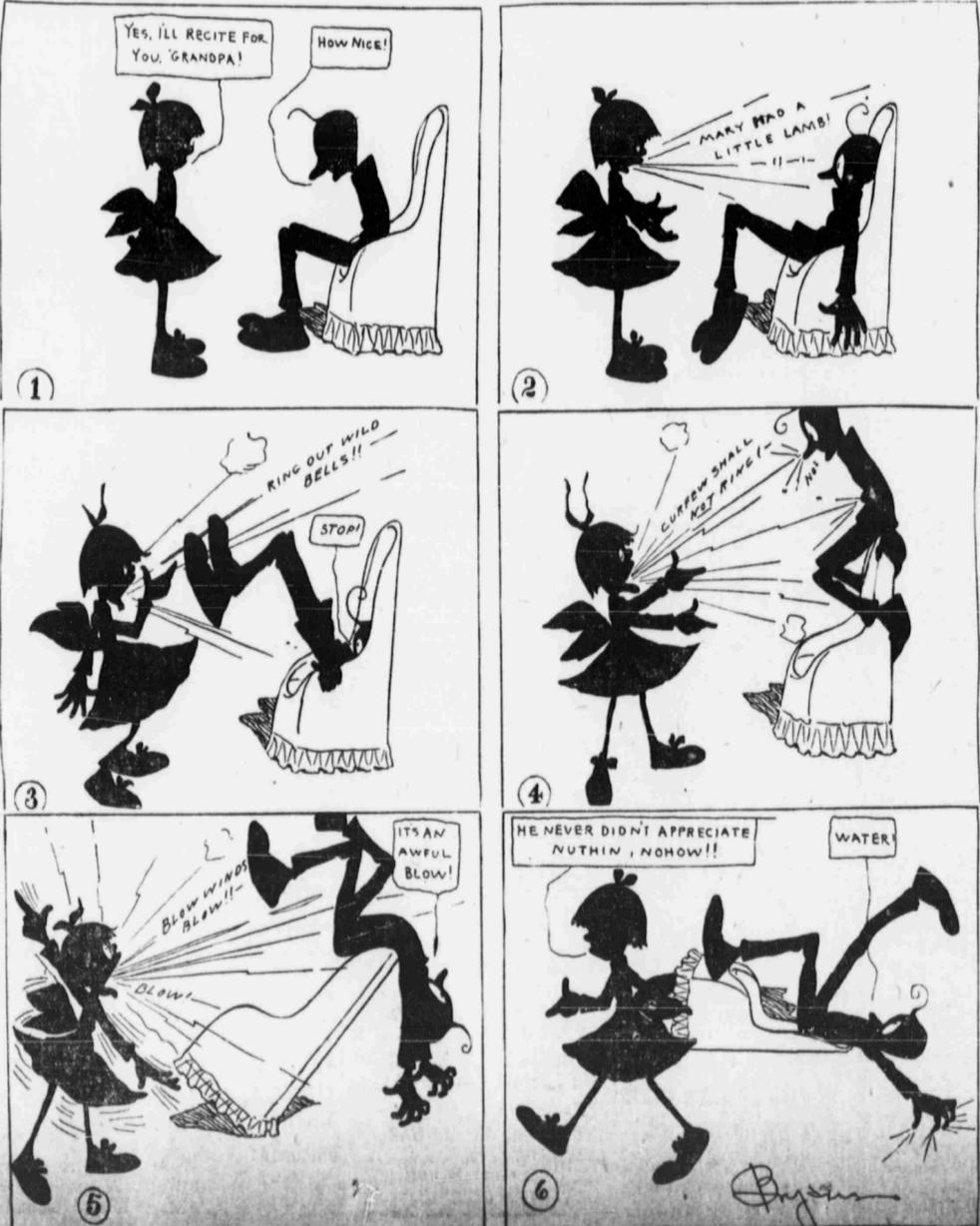
He Doesn't Love Her Any More.

How Could He Have Been So Thoughtful of His Stenographer and So Thoughtless of Her if He Did?



The Little Genius of the Family

In This Funny Bryans Inkograph She Carries Her Grandpa Off His Feet.



Why Should New York Make a Joss Out of Unclean Antiquity?

"SEE," said The Cigar Store Man, "that there is a loud scream of protest because Borough President Ahearn has ordered a sand massage for the face of the City Hall."

"Yes," replied The Man Higher Up, "there are people who say that to take the dirt off the outside of the City Hall will make it unpicturesque. The same might be said of Pietro, the Park Row newsboy who was pushed off a recreation pier last summer and nearly died from shock. Pietro is certainly picturesque; but Central Park wouldn't be big enough for you to breathe in if you had to run him a race around the reservoir."

"There has grown up of late in New York a disposition to venerate the ancient, which is all right; but there is no reason why a building cannot be ancient and clean. Of course, the City Hall is under a strong handicap because the Board of Aldermen meets there; but the building should not be made to suffer for that."

"Advocates of a dirty City Hall maintain that dirt softens the appearance of the building and gives it an aspect of dignified age. What's the matter with letting out a contract to have all the city buildings artistically frescoed with mud, moss, barnacles, empty tin cans and other evidences of decay? Why not start in on the Hall of Records right now and beat 'nature to a frazzle? What's the use in building our city offices of white marble, anyhow? Why not construct them of boiler-iron or brick or fancy cement, if it makes no difference how they look? Let us pass a law to preserve our picturesque old tenements in which all the rooms are dark and dirty. When we make a joss out of unclean antiquity, let's go the limit."

"They say," announced The Cigar Store Man, "that cleaning the City Hall is like gliding a lily."

"Well," said The Man Higher Up, "I've seen lilies that would look better gilded."

Mrs. Nagg and Mr. —

By Roy L. McCardell.

Why, He Talks to Her Something Dreadful

"MR. NAGG, there is something I would like to speak to you about. I put up with a great deal in all my life, but the manner, the brutal, impatient manner in which you have been speaking to me lately is something that even I, patient and forbearing as my nature is, will no longer stand."

"Is it that Col. Wilkins who puts you up to it? Is it that man Wrymouth? Who is it?"

"No one? Ah, don't say no one to me! This is how trouble starts between husband and wife. It was the way with Mrs. and Mr. Dibbles. They got along lovely for years and Mr. Dibbles brought home his pay envelope unopened every pay night up to the fifth anniversary of their marriage, and she used to allow him fifty cents a week. But he said that his friends refused to buy cigars for him any longer and he started to drink up all his money, sometimes taking \$2 out of his pay, and this was what broke up their happy home. The advice of disolute friends. Not that the Dibbles ever separated, but they might as well, for he used to laugh at her in the cruellest manner."

"Shut up, I make you tired, you say? Oh, Mr. Nagg! I was never talked to so in my life. You would not speak to me in that manner in your normal senses. It is that Col. Wilkins. I can see his demon work in it all. He is a pretty man to have an artificial limb. Beware of men with artificial limbs, they are fiends in human forms. I always did mistrust him. I always said that he and that man Wrymouth, whose wife doesn't dare say her soul's her own, although she pretends to be happy—what is to become of the American home? After a while the moon will get so they will refuse to tell their wives how much they make and want to put them on an allowance to run the house with and then not give them any more."

"I can see it all! You long for your bachelor days when you went to the Y. M. C. A. gymnasium every Wednesday night and was out till all hours playing chess with Col. Wilkins. I know it is him! He is putting you up to it! He is in Bermuda, you say? Yes, but he writes you every day telling you to desert your wife and child and come over the world with him and his artificial limb!"

"Stop chattering! Who is chattering? I have a right to venture a witty remonstrance when I see my husband acting like a tyrant."

"A woman gives up everything for her home, and what thanks does she get for it?"

"I see it all. I have been too kind, too patient, too forbearing! I will go home to my mother. I see you do not care for a peaceful, quiet home. All right. All I ask is that you see that Brother Willie gets his meals regularly and my mother does not want and that our child is taken care of. I can earn my bread; all I ask is for you to pay me a certain sum each week enough to run the house, and you can go with your friends and desert your happy home."

"Oh, Mr. Nagg, my heart is broken! Here is the milliner with my new hat. It's \$35, but you need not pay it. Here's the money? Oh, Mr. Nagg, why are you not kind to me? Yes, isn't the hat becoming? It's an imported hat reduced from \$50."

Humpty Dumpty's New Doings.

The new adventures of Humpty Dumpty—but the same dear old Humpty—have been put into serial form by Malcolm Douglas, the magazine writer, and they will appear daily in six instalments in The Evening World. The first instalment will be printed this coming Thursday. Mr. Douglas has made a story based on the great Christmas spectacle, by John T. McNally which is now running at the New Amsterdam Theatre, that will amuse and interest the grown-ups, while it will prove a perfect whirl of delight to the little folks. Humpty Dumpty. The story will be illustrated by Paul West. Everybody should read it. The first chapter will appear in Thursday's Evening World.