The World

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The Evening World First.

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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 READY REVOLVER EVIL.

The question of harsher penalties for the unlawful bearing of concealed weapons, and particularly firearms, came up again in the Harlem Police Court Sunday.

Magistrate Crane in hearing the evidence regarding a tenement-house shooting and cutting affray said: "There ought to be a law to prevent the sale of dangerous weapons to all persons who are likely to make trouble."

Magistrate Pool said: "I would put a stop to the issue of permits to carry revolvers and increase the penalty for the possession of concealed weapons."

Other Magistrates have recently expressed themselves to similar effect. Magistrate Baker has said: "The penalty we are now enforced to inflict for the offense is too small. It should be raised to $25, with the alternative of imprisonment for exceptional cases." Magistrate Flammer thought the penalty should be $25. Judge Cowing once put himself on record as advocating "State prison" as fit punishment. The Justices of Special Sessions on Oct. 21, in sentencing Alfredo Lattiere to jail for six months for firing a revolver in the street, let it be understood that the severity of the sentence was mainly to discourage the practice of carrying concealed weapons.

The frequent "shooting-up" of the town in wild-West style; the numerous homicides growing out of the handy presence of a "gun" or knife, of which Magistrate Pool had to deal with seven cases between Nov. 27 and Dec. 11; the abuse of pistol permits, which Commissioner McAdoo has made strenuous efforts to check, and the promiscuous flashing of revolvers in street encounters, whether in east-side gang affrays or duels between gamblers on crowded Broadway—the general reckless use of the ready revolver all over the city points to the alarming increase of an evil against which it is high time to adopt the most rigorous repressive measures.

Either the Aldermen or the Legislature should give the Magistrates power to cope with the offense. The former can raise the fine from the present insufficient $10 to $25, or preferably to the $50 maximum rate in Washington. The latter can provide for jail sentences. From one or both of these sources a remedy should be forthcoming.

A New Carnegie Library.—The announcement is made that "a new library is ready" for public use. It is unnecessary to say that the library in question is not the great central structure in Bryant Park. That building, long delayed beyond the contract date of completion, is at last visible above the Pallas fence, which gives some ground for hope. Meantime it has been possible to build and open six Carnegie libraries from which nearly a million books will be circulated annually.

AMERICAN EMIGRATION.

And now Miss Daisy Leiter's engagement is announced to the Earl of Suffolk. She is the third of the Leiter sisters to marry into the British aristocracy.

This engagement only emphasizes the fact that the United States sends out more influential emigrants than any other nation in the world and shares in the government of more different countries than any other single nation in the world. Our fair and favored emigrants leave our shores in first-class cabins instead of in steerages. On arriving in their adopted lands they need no long sojourn to make them eligible for naturalization. They wield a subtler and a stronger influence on their adopted countries' destinies than that of the ballot. They step instantaneously into the most intimate possible confidence of men of prominence and power. They influence the rulers of the present with their American beliefs; they create the rulers of the future with their American flesh and blood.

They carry onward the propaganda of our country not with fire and sword but with the altar and the cradle. Their crusade is unobtrusive but irresistible.

Good luck to the latest of our emigrants!

TOO MANY CHILD WAGE-EARNERS.

Despite an awakened public conscience and the better laws which have resulted, the increase in child labor in the United States in the last quarter of a century has kept fair pace with the increase in population. It is estimated now that at least two million boys and girls under sixteen years of age are engaged in gainful occupations in the Republic. And it is startling to realize that this army of little laborers constitutes about one-fifth of all the children in the land between ten years old and fifteen.

Industries in New York State employ more than 56,000 boys and nearly 37,000 girls of the ages indicated. During October, November and December of last year 2,922 certificates were issued allowing children to go to work in New York City, a decrease of about 1,400 from the year before. But this year the Child Labor Committee of this city is alleging wholesale violation of the laws regarding the employment of boys and girls, and it is on this account that the reappointment of Labor Commissioner McMackin is being opposed.

The accusations in this matter reach up the State. But here in the city, where conditions at the best are none too good for little folk of humble circumstance, it is of special importance that abuses shall be traced out and remedied. At least 2,000 employers here are declared to be working children illegally. For the metropolitan good name and by the appeal which tender childhood should make to the heart of every thinking man and woman this condition should be changed—and heavy penalties visited wherever offense can be proved.

Go West, Young Woman!

By Nixola Greeley-Smith.

Nixola Greeley-Smith.

PROF. WILCOX, of Cornell University, has figured out for the Government Census Bureau that there are 1,633,321 more males than females in this country, or about two more males than females in every hundred of population.

Furthermore, in the entire world, judged by the civilized sections of it, there are several million more men than women.

Surely these facts should instil courage into the heart of even the most despondent old maid and spur the decidedly lagging courage of the most confirmed old bachelor.

Here in New York, where matrimony does not seem to be the inevitable great fact of life which it undoubtedly is in less sophisticated regions, it is difficult to convince the charming but no longer young maiden of thirty or thirty-five, who is single from lack of opportunity to be otherwise, that somewhere in the uttermost prairies west of Jersey City there are hundreds, even thousands, of men who would willingly lay their hands and fortunes at her feet. She does not realize that, though in Massachusetts and some other Eastern States it is undoubtedly true that "a million surplus Maggies are willing to bear the yoke," in the great Western States of Montana and Wyoming there are equal numbers of lonely and enforced bachelors pining for some woman, any woman, to relieve their solitude.

So far as the United States is concerned, this obvious error in the plans of nature seems to be entirely one of distribution and could be remedied by following a very simple piece of advice, which is: Go West, young woman. Never until she has been West does the Eastern woman fully realize the simpler and better point of view which prevails there concerning marriage and the ease with which the Western man is led even as a lamb to the slaughter.

I was very much amused some time ago by the astonishment betrayed by a young girl who had recently returned from a Western trip, in relating that the sons of the wealthiest man in the community she had visited, who would certainly inherit $200,000 apiece, were unmarried at thirty because they had been unable to find women who would marry them.

Of course, such a state of things could not exist in New York, where rich husbands, and indeed, any husbands at all, seem to be at a premium.

How much better, therefore, for the jaded and discouraged mother of marriageable daughters whom she has dragged year after year from one summer resort to another in the hope of husbands, to ship her matrimonial cargo West, and then smilingly, and with folded hands, await the inevitable. In the West girls practically marry themselves, and she must indeed be peculiar and unattractive who at twenty-five has not had several opportunities to wed. While the really charming practically walks on more hearts than she has time to count.

If by some impossible but beneficent whim of Fate the spoiled bachelors of New York would suddenly be wafted west of the Mississippi, and the lonely bachelors of Wyoming and Montana would find themselves lost in the maze of feminine loveliness that winds in and about Broadway and Fifth avenue, the point of view of each would be substantially benefited. For the one would waken to a lively appreciation of the benefits he now takes for granted, and the other would have the opportunity of even acting the role of young Lochinvar and carrying a beautiful maiden home with him.

The Western man generally wants to marry. He has no disturbing doubts as to the wisdom or necessity of such a course. Unlike his Eastern prototype, he does not loiter placidly in the byways of bachelorhood waiting for some one woman more determined than the rest to come along and sandbag him into matrimony.

He is not merely a calm believer in the doctrine of non-resistance, not passively willing, but actively anxious to be gobbled up by the young woman in search of a husband. It is he, therefore, whom the surplus Eastern girl should seek to snare, and to do this she must necessarily inevitably go West.

TOO BUSY.

Otherwise—And you actually approve of gossipping women?

Wise—Yes, for this reason: I have noticed that a woman who is always talking about her neighbors never has time to complain of her husband.—Detroit Free Press.

Unload Your Stock!

This is not a word of warning from Lawson to the lambs, but a word of wisdom from The World to business men.

A good solicitor, saleswoman or agent can help you do it.

Now is the time to push your business, while the holiday trade is at its height.

Read the "Situations Wanted" Ads. in The World.

Select the kind of "help" you want and clear your shelves for fresh stock in the Spring.

A Good Salesman Will Increase Your Profits.

He Does Not Love Her Any More

It Is Apparent His Love Has Grown Cold, or He Would'nt Throw Up the Cost of Her Clothes to Her.

The Green-Eyed Monster and the Christmas Greeny

LETTERS, QUERIES AND ANSWERS

Quotations on Literature.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

From what poem is the following line taken and who is the author of the same: "Full many a flower is born to blush unseen?" From what books are the following characters taken: Amy Robsart, Jean Valjean, Elizabeth Bennett?

M. E. T.

The quotation is from Gray's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard." Amy Robsart is the heroine of Scott's "Kenilworth." Jean Valjean is the hero of Hugo's "Les Miserables." Elizabeth Bennett is a character in Jane Austin's "Pride and Prejudice."

Prefers "Tube" to "Subway."

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Travelling on the London "Tuppenny Tube" trains is far superior and much more comfortable than on the elevated trains or Subway trains in New York City. In the first place, tube trains are only allowed to carry as many passengers as can be comfortably seated. There is no hanging on straps or crowding like a lot of people, which is a disgrace to a fine city and country and which should be stopped.

JAMES CLARK.

Two Statements of "Interest."

To the Editor of The Evening World:

If on Jan. 1, 1904, a man had put in the bank at 4 1-2 per cent. interest just one cent and allowed principal and interest to accumulate till Dec. 31, 1904 (1,000 years), and at that time this amount, which would have grown to the sum of $86,168,130,866,323,336.71, was to be divided equally among the 80,000,000 people of this country, each one would get as a New Year's gift the nice little sum of $237,351,634.08. If the one cent had been put at 4 1-2 per cent. interest in the same way as above but from Jan. 1, year 1, on Dec. 31, 1904, we would have the grand amount of $4,706,159,539,960,449,923,460,000,004,672,122.88 to be divided. We could afford to give each man, woman and child in the world his share and then be happy; but where would such an amount come from, when there would not be enough money in the world to pay this interest? If any reader doubts these figures he can figure it out for himself or herself. This was done in one evening.

SAMUEL C. BROOKS.

Lynbrook, N. Y.

The Firing of the Juror Who Had Ideas of His Own.

"I SEE," said the Cigar Store Man, "that Justice Davis released a man who had been accepted on the Nan Patterson jury because, in a previous murder trial, in which he served as a juror, he disagreed with the other eleven."

"There are people," confided the Man Higher Up, "who are disposed to regard this particular affair as a blow below the belt at the jury system, which is one of our proudest possessions. It is not exactly because this peer of Nan Patterson was relieved of duty on the jury after he had been accepted that the captious persons to whom I refer are making a holler. It is the way the deed was done that arouses their spirit of criticism.

"The verdict of a jury is the concrete sentiment of twelve men. This number of men on a jury in a criminal case is made obligatory in order that the interests of the accused may be thoroughly safeguarded. Unless the twelve agree absolutely there can be no verdict.

"Naturally the intention of the founders of the jury system was to have each individual juror absorb the evidence, size up the witnesses and case out the proceedings according to his own lights. If he happens to disagree with the other eleven it may be a sign that he is unduly stubborn or it may be a sign that he has a clearer understanding of the case than his fellows. At any rate, the right to his opinion is unquestioned and must be upheld, else our jury system is under the kibosh.

"The only charge against this particular person was that he refused to vote as the other eleven voted. The accusation was made by the prosecuting attorney in private to the judge, and without a hearing and without notification to counsel for the accused he was arbitrarily fired out of the jury box. A precedent has been established that goes a long way toward allowing a prosecutor to select his own jury."

"If I got put off a jury I'd consider myself lucky," asserted the Cigar Store Man.

"Not," corrected the Man Higher Up, "if it was implied that the reason for your being discarded was because your brain was so thick that evidence would bounce from it."

Mrs. Nagg and Mr. —

By Roy L. McCardell.

"YOUR stockings are full of holes, you say, Mr. Nagg? Is that my fault? I am always buying you socks. Just the other day, just after we came back from the country, which was the middle of last August, I bought you half a dozen pairs of socks. I paid twenty-five cents a pair for them: that's the way the money goes, Mr. Nagg! And here you have the feet out of all of them.

"Why do you go around the house in the morning in your stocking feet? Why don't you wear your slippers? Brother Willie has taken them, you say? That's right! Begin again about that poor boy just because he is more careful and considerate than you are. He sees me mending his socks and he tries to spare me by wearing slippers, which is more than you do, and you complain about it!

"I would not have said a word about it, Mr. Nagg, only you have made such a fuss about your socks, because you can't find a pair that hasn't holes in it in your drawer. I would keep quiet, but now that you have acted like a demon or a fiend, I will say that I need stockings myself, and if anybody in this house gets new hosiery it will be me!

"There is a run in the very pair of silk stockings I have on this moment, and all my stockings are in such a condition that I am afraid to go down town. Yes, afraid to go down town! No, I don't mean that I am afraid to pass the Flatiron building, and I do not understand your coarse allusion. What I do mean is: suppose I would be run over in the streets by a cab or a car while I had on a pair of stockings like I am wearing now?

"I would die of mortification to come to in the hospital and find that the nurses saw such stockings on me! Oh, you may listen to me impatiently, but I have some feelings of refinement and I am haunted by the fact that I may get run over or injured in the streets when my stockings are in such a shocking condition.

"When Mrs. Stryver was injured in the cab she was riding in being struck by a street car, she told me that all through the pain and fright of her terrible situation her mind was comforted by the fact that she had on her new white silk petticoat, and that her flounces were real lace and that she had a lovely pair of imported lisle thread stockings, and her boots were a credit to her.

"Yes, Mr. Nagg, a man never thinks of being prepared for an accident that may happen any day in New York's dangerous streets. He goes and gets an accident policy and doesn't care what people may say about his attire in case he is mangled beyond recognition.

"Emma Scaddaday was injured in a railroad wreck once and the surgeons tore her dress to strips to make bandages and she said she felt like a heroine because it was her new taffeta and it fitted her perfectly.

"Where are you going to? You can't rush out of the house without any shoes on!

"Oh, if young girls only knew what irrational, unthinking, unfeeling and selfish creatures men were, they would not be in such a hurry to marry them!"

The "Fudge" Idiotorial.

Reduce the Size of the United States.

Copyrot, 1904, by the Planet Pub. Co.

Have you read the President's message?

Probably not.

NOBODY reads ANYTHING, but THE FUDGE!

But if you HAD read it as WE did you would have discovered a VITAL FACT!

The UNITED STATES is too BIG to be HAPPY.

ALL the people in the world could live on STATEN ISLAND if the ferry boats ran on time.

Think what a lot of room this leaves!

It is ALL going to waste!

We DEMAMD that the United States be REDUCED in SIZE!

Then the People will be HAPPY.

HOW can the people be happy when they have to HUNT around for a place to sit down?

If the 1,500,000,000 people of the earth were on Staten Island THEY COULD ALL STAND UP!

We are TOO FAR apart. Get us together and we WILL be HAPPY.