

The Occult

Published by the Press Publishing Company, No. 53 to 63 Park Row, New York. Entered at the Post Office at New York as Second-Class Mail Matter.

VOLUME 48.....NO. 18,898.

A Peril in the Homes.

The Evening World's offer of \$1,000 for information that will lead to the detection, arrest and conviction of the bandit who held up and robbed Mr. Woerz in his own home on Jan. 9 is made with a triple purpose:

It seeks the apprehension of a dangerous criminal. It calls attention in a special manner to the inefficiency of the Police Department.

It would protect the homes of New Yorkers from a new and deadly peril.

Three other "inside hold-ups," similar in character to this, have been reported and verified, and apparently a fourth occurred on Thursday night at Third avenue and One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street.

Street robberies and hold-ups have been common. The burglar is always with us. But now for the first time homes are boldly invaded. In their privacy no outcry can ordinarily be heard—no interference is feared.

The Evening World therefore invokes the aid of Publicity in catching this bandit, and stimulates the search with the offer of reward. When the police have failed The World has often succeeded heretofore.

A Perpetual Sabbath.

There are a great many estimable people who believe that a man may be virtuously thirsty for six days in the week, but only viciously so on the seventh day; that to quench his thirst on six days is his natural privilege, while to quench it on the seventh is his depraved perverseness.

If they are right we should all become total abstainers at once, for there is not a minute in the whole week in which we could gulp down a drink without having done it on the holy day of some race or creed.

Either the amount of sinful Sunday thirst that is quenched in the course of a week is grievous to contemplate, or perhaps the estimable people may all be wrong, and neither a thirst nor its quenching is more wicked on one day than on another.

Suffering Snow Shovellers.

The estimate that 2,000 of the city's snow shovellers were frost-bitten in the blizzard is not creditable either to the kindness or the forethought of the city.

Many of these men were from Southern Italy and had no conception of the danger they ran. Many were not provided with proper protection for the ears or the hands.

To provide warm gloves or mittens for men who sadly needed the work, for which they were so ill equipped, to furnish with hot coffee and sandwiches the poor wretches who literally dropped in their tracks of hunger and cold while waiting in line for work, would not have cost much.

The Smoker in the Subway.

In the midst of the close-packed throng struggling up the narrow stairway from the Subway somebody stops to scratch a match, throwing the confused mass into greater confusion.

These smokers have no time to be decent. Life is short and the delights of the weed are fleeting. Therefore, light up and puff up, and the deuce take him who is particular as to the air he breathes!

When the smoker befools the air in the Subway he reveals it as "the nature of the beast" to grab every indulgence and yield no consideration in return.

Ex-Supervising Inspector-General of Steam Vessels Dumont testified in the Slocum case yesterday that it was not the practice of the local inspectors to inspect vessels. That was the work of the assistant inspectors.

The riots and strikes in Russia may blow over, as the upholders of autocracy say, and again they may blow over autocracy.

A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush—but it's apt to peck twice as hard.

The People's Corner. Letters from Evening World Readers

Bureau of Vital Statistics. To the Editor of The Evening World: Where can I find out about my sister's death? She died in this city a few years ago. The person who had her death certificate has disappeared. I want to get a duplicate certificate.

To the Editor of The Evening World: I should like to obtain a badge or other means of authority to interfere when I see a man ill-using a horse as I sometimes see when I am walking along the streets and if I can get the instructions I will do all I can to protect our poor dumb animals.

A School Grievance. To the Editor of The Evening World: Many of the parents of public school scholars are former teachers. Many have as good an education as the teachers of their children. All have a richer experience and a closer personal interest

Said on the Side

A CORRESPONDENT of an evening paper suggests a people's theatre, with prices ranging from 10 cents to 50. It would undoubtedly pay. There are said to be twenty-eight profitable theatres in San Francisco and 102 elsewhere in Western cities.

A medical journal reminds esters of light lunches that "the organs of the body were made to work and not to loaf." There has been an impression that the average New York stomach put in something more than an eight-hour working day.

One of the things the city was going to do right away a year ago was to install a system of salt water fire mains. They don't seem to have helped much to put out the stubborn South street fire.

Daisy—I have made up my mind to enter society. Hardhead—What has your mind got to do with it?—Smart Set.

A mute, inglorious epicure in Waverly, O., squandered his patrimony on things to eat and has been sent to the asylum. A kindlier fate would have located him in New York and made him the hero of \$12,000 dinners.

The Subway now carries almost as many lines on the side as a hustling travelling man.

The food specialist who lives on three milk punches a day must have possessed a pull if he got the ingredients on the morning after the blissard.

The man who was mistaken for Mr. Vanderbilt in Pittsburgh seems not to have been alive to opportunities which a Mrs. Chadwick would have embraced on the spot.

A Macaulay of the morning press talks about "the disabilities of transatlantic suburbanites." Reads like reprint from the Acta Verba of ancient Rome.

Hippocampus—What are those two crabs fighting about? Starfish—One of them called the other a lobster.—Chicago Tribune.

There are 2,011 clubs in Great Britain and Ireland, of which nearly that are golf clubs. In London there are 250 social clubs or athletic clubs with club-houses, and of these twenty-six are exclusively for ladies, while another half dozen admit ladies as members.

The feature of the editorial display of the Custom Cutters' Association in Philadelphia was the vests, "cross-barred, checkered, striped and dotted, in wild confusion"—veritable Woodruffs of waistcoats.

"Do the Smiths keep a girl?" "No. They hire a good many, but they don't keep them."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

"Women are not fond of tobacco smoke, therefore they banish men to smoking-rooms and smoking compartments," says a writer in the Fortnightly Review. "But it never seems to occur to them to ask whether men object to the patchouli and the other so-called perfumes which so many of them affect."

The saunterer through New York auction rooms rubs his eyes nowadays to convince himself that he is not at St. Louis doing the World's Fair foreign exhibit.

"In spite of all scientific theories to the contrary," says E. F. Foster in his newly published "Practical Poker," "there is such a thing as luck at cards. That it all equalizes itself in time may be true, but as in the case of tossing a coin, the length of time is uncertain, and life may be over before the tide turns. The greater the probability that there will be long runs of heads or tails to record. If you tossed a thousand times it would not be remarkable if it came heads ten times successively; on the contrary, it would be much more remarkable if it did not."

The latest member of the European aristocracy to "go into trade" is a Prussian countess, who has become a dentist. An opening at the Chicago stockyards awaits the German baron who shot five bears in ten seconds.

There are nine crematoriums now in active existence in Great Britain, the oldest having been established in 1885. The number of cremations which have taken place there since the establishment of the practice is 4,070.

Miss Popple Carr, of South Brisbane, Australia, swam 100 yards against competitors in 1 minute 30 seconds. This is believed to constitute the world's record for a woman.

Mary Jane Finds Pop at the 'Phone. Then She and Kickums Give Him More Trouble than Ever "Central" Did.



A New Quarrel Record. By Nikola Greeley-Smith.

A MARRIED woman of Kansas City, Kan., offered her husband \$100 to leave her and never return. He accepted it and actually stayed away 'till the 100 gave out and he discovered simultaneously that he loved her so much he positively must see her again.

Wise people never quarrel, however, just as they never worry. They let the "other fellow" do it. But then, in that sense, so few of us are wise. Of course, when the number of a woman's matrimonial squabbles gets her into the thousand class it is natural for her to become ambitious and seek to out-distance her competitors in the field.

Years does not exhaust the possibilities of matrimony. It is possible to quarrel in the morning before the husband goes downtown, again at dinner, and still again when he comes in from the club. That would give an average of three every week day and a practically unlimited number on Sunday. So that a really enterprising couple might attain a grand total of 20,000 in fourteen years. Experienced combatants may

consider this estimate too modest, but 20,000 is as high as a mere outsider would dare to put it. It is a mistake, however, to think that any one of the 5,000 disagreements credited to the Kansas couple was unavoidable. An occasional man may quarrel because he can't help it, but the average woman is looking for trouble. She likes it. Generally she believes the foolish platitudes about an occasional quarrel adding to the sweetness of love. It doesn't. The bonds of human affection are elastic enough, to be sure, but like everything elastic every time they are called upon to demonstrate it, some people find a certain exhilaration in quarrelling, but one day seems more than enough to satisfy the most belligerent instincts. Quarrels must surely lose their zest if indulged in too often.

Wise people never quarrel, however, just as they never worry. They let the "other fellow" do it. But then, in that sense, so few of us are wise. Of course, when the number of a woman's matrimonial squabbles gets her into the thousand class it is natural for her to become ambitious and seek to out-distance her competitors in the field.

But half the energy she expends in this direction might, if otherwise diverted, keep her out of it altogether, and that surely is a more laudable aspiration.

Little Willie's Guide to New York. I—Rector's.

RECTORS is the name of a place where food is sold in small lots for hi prices and people that can pay for it don't need so very much food anyway for they can buy it as often as they like and that's the difference between food and feed for folks feed when thaire hungry and partake of food when they want to unapoloister thair pocketbook.

At Rectors folks eat all cart and from what I saw thair all cart isn't at all the same sort of vehickel as the water cart.

People go to rectors after they have gone to the theater becaws theater tickets cant cost but 2 dolers each and it seems a shalm to go strate home with so much munny so they stop at rectors and all that munned feeling is quicky dispaited.

When Poppa talks Mamma to the theater they stop at a place called Chibos on the way home becaws Mamma is bad and they must save. But what she talks the steno-graffer to the theater to brains her mind up for arjus work of next day at the offis he has to Poppa told Uncle Charly this and Uncle Charly told Rectors afterwords to talk over biznes becaws Chibos is such a publick place somebody mits overheer.

Poppa told Uncle Charly this and Uncle Charly told Rectors afterwords to talk over biznes becaws Chibos is such a publick place somebody mits overheer. Poppa was a sad doer. The doer is man's anrest friend and is a sagavabus rept.

In the Tenderloin.

Heavy Ammunition.



Gambling with a large steak.

Professor—What a fool I was to subscribe for that last set of heavy encyclopedias.



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A Good Business.



Auntie—I hope you've made up your mind to quit your idle habits and go into some good business! Young Hopeful—Yes'm, I've decided to go into the Sunday-school supply business.

Drinks of Different Nations.

Figures compiled by the Department of Commerce and Labor show that France drinks the most wine, per capita, and Belgium the most beer.

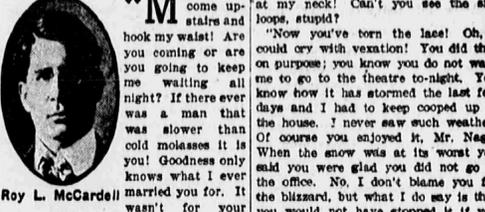
The United States, as a consumer of spirits, beer and wine, falls considerably behind most countries. In getting away with the most concentrated beverage spirits, France stands at the head of the list, drinking 251 gallons per inhabitant.

Sweden shows a per capita consumption of 213 gallons; Germany, 211 gallons; Belgium, 142 gallons; the United Kingdom, 138 gallons; United States, 133 gallons; Russia, 129 gallons, and Italy, 31 gallon.

In the matter of beer consumption little Belgium is a wonder, putting annually 56.50 gallons per capita under

Mrs. Nagg and Mr. ... By Roy L. McCardell.

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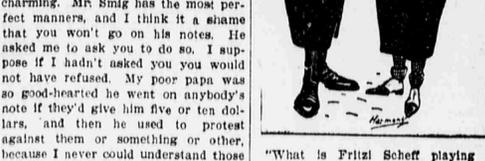


"MR. NAGG, I know it! No, there are no eyes there at my neck! Can't you see the silk loops, stupid? hook my waist! Are you coming or are you going to keep me waiting all night? If there ever was a man that was slower than cold molasses it is you! Goodness only knows what I ever married you for. It wasn't for your looks nor your money, for goodness knows you had neither. I might have married one of the handsomest real-estate dealers in Brooklyn, and to-day he is one of the richest men in Flat-bush. But, no, you had to come along and I threw away all my prospects. I wouldn't mind that so much if you were only kind to me, but the way you carry on breaks my heart. Are you coming to hook my waist or not? Why do I wear things hooked in the back?"

"Oh, I suppose you would like to see me going around like a meal sack tied in the middle. You do not care how I look. You would like to see me in rags. Mr. Ladyfinger is so proud of his wife's appearance he designs all her dresses. Of course, I despise an imitation man like that, but you might be a little more kind. Mr. Ladyfinger won't let his wife go anywhere unless he looks her over with a critical eye, and he makes her pencil her eyebrows. Of course, I never use anything on my face, except, maybe, a little powder to keep my nose from getting shiny, or just a touch of color, if I am going out anywhere at night, because the lights are so trying and do make one look so sallow. Not that you care, Mr. Nagg, not that you care! You want to see me looking like a fright, and yet, Mr. Smig told me at the Old Guard ball that he never saw me looking so charming. Mr. Smig is the most perfect manners, and I think it is a shame that you won't go on his notes. He asked me to ask you to do so. I suppose if I hadn't asked you you would not have refused. My poor papa was so good-hearted he went on anybody's note if they'd give him five or ten dollars, and then he used to protest against them or something or other, because I never could understand those business details.

"You are not hooking that right, and

"What is Fritz Scheff playing in now?" "She is playing in tights."



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The "Fudge" Idiotorial

Why the Cat Mews. (Copyright, 1905, Planet Pub. Co.) Now come our friends, the natural his ory students, thanks to Ernest Thompson Seton, Mr Seton has taught animals to THINK and TALK. This puts him in THE SAME CLASS WITH US.

We have taught HUMANS to THINK! WE WOULD have taught them to TALK, had they not already KNOWN HOW! Our young animal friend asks us to tell him WHY CATS MEW! We can tell him AT ONCE! It is because they CANNOT BRAY!

If a s could BRAY they NEVER would try to MEW! THE BRAY IS THE SUPERIOR NOISE. You may have noticed that WE NEVER MEW!

The Man Higher Up. By Martin Green.

"I SEE," said the Cigar Store Man, "that the expert doctor who examines school children to see if they are dippy or not has discovered that a child showing an attention nature is feeble-minded."

"We are certainly discounting the times in our educational methods," remarked the Man Higher Up. "When I went to school it didn't take a doctor to spot a child with a defective thought plant. Any teacher could nail a mental cripple as easily as she could locate a boy with one eye."

"There were boys and girls who were called dumb and boys and girls with a natural gift for soaking up knowledge, but in the average run-off of graduates they assayed about the same when it came to ability to make a living. Nowadays they take the process of instruction of the child out of the hands of the teachers and place it in the hands of specialists. A list of instructors reads like the faculty of a bughouse."

"If a boy is naturally slow in his studies they turn him over to the brain-examiner, who asks him if he loves his teacher. If the teacher has been kind to him the chances are that he will reply in the affirmative. This brands him dotty. He is put in a class with a lot of others naturally more or less impervious to quick instruction, and instead of spurring him along with ambition they anchor him with discouragement."

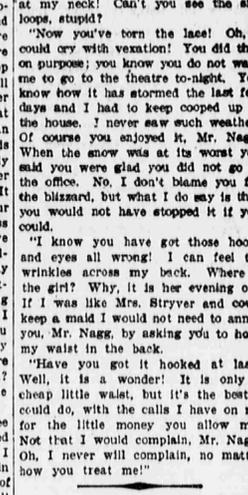
"The boy who takes his teacher candy and flowers wears no crutches on his intellect. He is one of the smooth youths of the school. When he goes out into life he carries with him a good ground-work of the great American game of con. He has learned that it is easier to get along with people by giving them something that will force them to pay back more than its value than it is to try to pry advantage from them by main force."

"Children can't spell correctly or write legibly any more," complained the Cigar Store Man. "What can you expect," asked the Man Higher Up, "when they are making every school-room an under-the-bizzard, but what I do say is that you would not have stopped it if you could."

"I know you have got those hooks and eyes all wrong! I can feel the wrinkles across my back. Where is the girl? Why, it is her evening out. If I was like Mrs. Stryver and could keep a maid I would not need to annoy you, Mr. Nagg, by asking you to hook my waist in the back."

"Have you got it hooked at last? Well, it is a wonder! It is only a cheap little waist, but it's the best I could do, with the calls I have on me for the little money you allow me! Not that I would complain, Mr. Nagg. Oh, I never will complain, no matter how you treat me!"

Candid.



"What is Fritz Scheff playing in now?" "She is playing in tights."