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A FOREDOOMED STRIKE.

The notice of the National Brotherhood of Engineers to the chief of the local union to order the "L" and Subway motormen to go back to the work which they had no authority for quitting was the finishing blow to a strike which was already failing, and which was doomed to failure at the start.

In strikes, as in other matters, it is always well to heed the advice of Davy Crockett: "Be sure you're right—then go ahead!"

The leaders in this strike were not right when they required the motormen to break a straight agreement with the company and to strike without first getting the authority of the National Brotherhood or seeking arbitration, as they were under obligations to do.

They were not right in precipitating the strike on a few hours' notice, to the serious loss, inconvenience and peril of more than a million persons, the majority of them working people.

They were foolish in not considering that the relatively high wages and easy conditions of the "L" and Subway men were such as to invite thousands of Capotee and willing workers to take their places.

They were blind in not seeing that they could not command public sympathy under these circumstances and conditions, and that without public sympathy and support their strike was hopeless.

Arbitration, as The Evening World has said, is the right method of settling labor differences. But the time to arbitrate is before proceeding to war. The strike is the remedy of last resort.

GOOD FROM PUBLICITY.

It is grateful to note that following The Evening World's warfare on bad milk, the death-rate is diminishing on the East Side, according to the last report of the Board of Health. Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather and the trying changes of temperature the agitation for pure milk has driven the milk rectifiers and embalmers temporarily at least out of business, and the result was speedily apparent.

In fact there are a very few men, six or seven in all, who are responsible for almost all the bad milk sold in New York. At the conference of the farmers and the retailers the names of these men were freely spoken and there was a general consensus locating the blame. With Dr. Darlington and the State Department of Agriculture, both of them, fully notified as to who these milk rectifiers are, there will be no excuse for permitting them to renew their nefarious activities.

FOR A NEW ANTI-PISTOL LAW.

In a test made on the first case, the new anti-pistol ordinance has been put out of service. It was set aside on a technicality of jurisdiction and not at all on its merits.

This ordinance was greatly needed. The interval employed in getting its successor into shape, with the error of the first draft corrected, or by an amendment to the charter if necessary, should be as brief as well-directed energy can make it.

The "pistol habit" is an evil to correct promptly by such pains and penalties as shall put an end to it.

THREE GIRL WIVES THAT WERE SORRY.

Stories of eighteen local divorce cases figured in yesterday's news. In three suits the plaintiffs were wives still in their teens. These girls had married without their parents' consent, one of them at the age of fifteen. They asked for the annulment of their unhappy marriages.

The three instances are not cited because of novelty. Unfortunately the rashness of youth has led to great multiplications of like cases.

It is a pitiful thing when a girl rejects the counsel of a mother—only less pitiful than when the mother has failed to obtain the confidences of her daughter. It is a matter apt to be fraught with sad consequences when home government takes the form of a tyranny which does not give reasons, instead of a control through loving care and wise counsel.

As the homes of the nation grow richer in the mutual trust of children and parents, and the old-fashioned virtue of obedience is revived, the scandals and shame of the divorce courts will proportionately diminish.

SECRET POLICE SIGNALS.

Already the patrolmen have adopted a system of signals to notify one another of the approach of an unknown roundsman. To Commissioner McAduo's move in ordering the roundsmen to wear civilian clothes and to shift from district to district, the patrolmen reply by an organized detective and secret-signal system.

This action on the part of the patrolmen is the grossest insubordination and bad discipline. The whistles and sidewalk taps which are the means of communication from post to post are known to half the street population of New York. They can be heard any evening by any one who cares to follow a shoo-fly roundsman on his patrol.

This is another plain case significant of what is going on in the Police Department. What is Commissioner McAduo going to do about it?

Among the direful threats of the Subway strikers is "talk of tying up cabs and other means of transportation." Fortunately the walking is good and there is good in walking. There can be no "sympathetic strike" of pedestrians.

The People's Corner.

Letters from Evening World Readers

Good Anti-Fat Conditions. To the Editor of The Evening World: Some of the slim-fat people of this town should be glad of the enforced necessity for walking which the "L" and Subway strikes bring. A. B. C.

Impolite New York Men. To the Editor of The Evening World: I came to New York from Milwaukee two weeks ago and I must say I never saw anything to equal the impoliteness of New York men. The other day I slipped on the ice and fell in the presence of three men standing on a corner. They all laughed and did not offer to pick me up. That could never have happened in Milwaukee. J. H.

The Leisurely Ambler. To the Editor of The Evening World: I want to say a word about the leisurely citizen who ambles down the Subway steps to take a local train not in sight, preventing hurried business men behind him from catching the train. Nearly every morning when I go down the Subway steps there is some fat man ahead of me who causes me to miss my train. Why are the Subway stairs too narrow to admit of people passing each other? I lose ten

minutes in this way three or four times a week. J. A. WILLIAMS.

The Between-Acts Fiend. To the Editor of The Evening World: Do you not think it an injustice to people who pay for good theatre seats to be subjected to unthinking men who insist on going out between every act and not coming in until after the curtain is up? I think theatre managers ought to enforce a rule whereby no one may enter the auditorium unless he has a theatre seat, after the curtain is up. MRS. ELMER McCULLUM.

What Are the Three Parts? To the Editor of The Evening World: Divide \$8 into three parts such that the second shall be two-thirds of the first part, and the third three-quarters of the first. What are the three parts? ALMA.

The Rude Conductors. To the Editor of The Evening World: I wish to remonstrate against the continued rudeness of street car conductors. Ladies on surface cars are made the centre of attention by unnecessary loud remarks from conductors. "Here, there, don't get off that car. Why don't you wait, &c?" Can not the street car company insist upon a more courteous treatment from its employees? A. B. S.

Said on the Side.

CORRESPONDENT "notes with surprise" the omission from the Rapid Transit Commission's plans for cross-town subways of one through Eighty-sixth street from river to river. The reasons in its favor have increased in urgency since The Evening World's original advocacy of this project. The flow of traffic between the east and west sides above Fifty-ninth street has swollen to a point where it is very inadequately handled by the trolley line terminating at Eighty-sixth street and Central Park West. If the convenience of passengers is not a sufficient consideration, the rush-hour congestion at the park terminus and the danger conditions in the park viaduct themselves demand the relief asked for.

"Car-ahead victims lose their fight." There is a time for all things, and the present is not one for finding fault with the character of the vehicle.

She would not see the best of men. 'Twas what she said at first.

She proved her strength of purpose when

She seduced about the worst.

—Chicago Journal.

Anger at Sportsman's Show broke records "casting" a rubber frog 113 feet. Real test of his skill will come when he enters into competition with a barefoot boy with pin-hook and sapling rod.

Average time of divorce suit decisions reduced by Justice Trust to thirteen minutes from previous average of fourteen. Still behind the Kansas City school of "five minutes to alimony."

Great archaeological controversy as to whether there really was a library at Nippur, where Philadelphia scientist says he found one. An opportunity for Mr. Carnegie if the charge is proved.

Perhaps it would be just as well if the college boy stuck to his books and his gymnasium suit and expended his youthful energy on other outlets than strike-breaking.

It appears that there are five weekly papers for free distribution among theatre patrons. May happen some day that a programme will go with every family circle seat.

"Don't you think it is disgraceful to go to jail?"

"Dat depends," said Plodding Pete, "on what jail you pick out. Some jails is right luxurious."

Washington Star.

Note to impatient passengers: The policeman is not there to run trains.

Supreme Court Justice declares the new pistol ordinance illegal. Aldermen meant well, but forgot that they are not the whole thing in law-making.

Wife who bought a phonograph with sixty-nine records to keep her husband at home did all she could and deserved her decree.

Kentucky Grand Jury has returned 30 indictments against the Standard Oil Company, Kansas, in her search for a "competent man" to tackle the Beef Trust, might select one from the regular panel.

Prize year for the discovery of hidden treasure. Old Macy mansion in the Bronx yielded \$150,000 in gold, silver and bank notes. Old trunk bought by Max Hart for \$4 revealed bonds worth \$30,000. Romney portrait found in a Sussex (England) garret sold for \$10,000. Silver-mounted crystal ewer discovered among pantry rubbish at the Marquis of Anglesey's country seat sold at auction in London for \$20,000. Latest instance, jewelry valued at \$30,000 found hidden in an old clock which a Hungarian student bought for 50 cents in Plume, Austria.

"Isn't this a bird of a bonnet?"

asked she.

"It is more than that," replied the young man; "it is the bonnet of a bird."

After which the course of true love runs smoothly.—Houston Post.

"Fresh" bread, 1,800 years old, was taken out of Pompeian ovens last week has been found in Egyptian tombs of unknown antiquity. Record case of natural preservation, however, is that of the mammoth dug up from the frozen soil near a Siberian village, the flesh of which was eaten by native dogs when it was unearthed. Not much doubt that this is the most remarkable instance of food storage ever known.

Another Jiu-jitsu expert comes to grief. Might be well for Japan to call the professors in before the loss of national prestige extends further.

London paper notes that "As bachelor apartments increase in number, so do the restaurants flourish, for the majority of well-to-do single men dine at different cafes every night when they are not dining with friends. Meanwhile, numbers of comfortable little houses in Kensington and elsewhere, which should be tenanted by young married couples, are vacant." Same complaint in New York, but apparently no remedy in sight until landlords cease charging the benedict \$1.00 for apartments the bachelor gets for \$50.

"My daughter wants a piano," said the man.

"Ah," said the dealer, "you want to buy one?"

"No, I don't," interrupted the man, hastily, "but it looks as if I'd have to."

—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Baltimore judge who has decided that a restaurant patron is not called on to pay for a tough steak has established a revolutionary precedent.

"Women need not suppose," says Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Gilman, "that being their own housekeepers is the best Christianity. When there is a question of approbation between Mary and Martha it is Mary who wins it, though Martha is getting the supper while Mary sits around and listens."

Mary Jane Does a Trick with Papa's Hat

It is a Trick Which Doesn't Do the Hat Much Good, as Papa Soon Discovers.



The Marrying Habit.

By Nixola Greeley-Smith.

As a champion of prodigious families President Roosevelt has a rival. He is Judge Hagans, of Monongahela County West Virginia, who, when Louis Stonking had been refused a marriage license after taking unto himself nine wives without the formality of one divorce, made this ruling: "The Clerk must give Louis Stonking marriage licenses whenever he wants them."

So the man with the marrying habit might have gone on merrily wedding whenever his fancy listed, if a kind wife had not interposed and killed him. His death was reported in this week's papers, and must surely have attracted some attention from persons hovering on the brink of matrimony. Everybody, of course, ought to marry once. If only to learn enough not to marry again. Up to three times, indeed, the offense may be deemed pardonable. But after that the only acceptable plea should be that of insanity.

To be sure we have all heard of the much-married widow who, when asked the reason for her many successive husbands, replied: "Well, I was bound to show the Lord I could get 'em as fast as he could take 'em."

But even this prudish ambition does not furnish an adequate excuse. "When we are dead," said Max O'Rell, "we are dead a long time—but when we are married, we are married forever"—the point being obviously that death is in this instance the better part of valor. And sometimes it is.

"Most of the people who are cynical about marriage are old bachelors or old maids," said a sweet young thing the other day. And the point was well taken.

A Cheap Remedy.



Kind Lady—But how would a nickel help you to regain your sight? Beggar—Dat's what dey charge for er "eye opener."

Not Built That Way.

Put to Good Use.



No matter how dull business is Godfrey Fitz never kicks and he doesn't get cold feet.

Ma—Say, Tommy, what did you do with the pills the doctor left for you to take?

Tommy—Oh, I used them in my peashooter.

Lost Language.

A monument to a lost language is to be found in the village of St. Paul, near Penzance, in Cornwall, and it is believed to be the only monument in existence which marks the death of a vanished tongue. It commemorates the death of the last woman who spoke in the Cornish language, and was erected by a Frenchman.

It is a granite obelisk about seven feet high and is built into the churchyard wall, the front facing the highway, where it is plainly discernible by all who pass that way. The upper part is in the form of a Maltese cross. The inscription reads as follows: "Here lieth interred Dorothy Pentreath, who died in 1777, said to have been the last person who conversed in the ancient Cornish, the peculiar language of this county from the earliest records till it expired in the 18th century in this parish of St. Paul."

The Beautiful Life.

THE much-talked-of Academy of Grunewald, outside Berlin, where Miss Isadora Duncan, the famous American danseuse, is to teach her pupils how to live beautifully, is rapidly drawing to completion and is the subject of endless gossip in Berlin. The girls have to begin their training early—before they reach the age of ten. They are to live their beautiful lives chiefly in the open air and under the watchful eye of the high priestess of Hellenic art will acquire the grace and dignity of Greek goddesses.

When Miss Duncan appears in public, at theatres or concerts, in her white Attic robes, crowned with myrtle and bearing a lyre in her hand, she never fails to produce a sensation.

Love's Awakening.

The first time that my lover said my name It seemed as if the earth broke into flame And put on majesty; and in my heart Grew music, when my lover said my name.

The second time my lover said my name The earth seemed changed, but still I knew the same. The birds all sang for me, and every flower Was mine, because my lover said my name.

The third time that my lover said my name A sudden silence on the earth there came, And, in the hush of it, my listening heart Heard his heart beating as he said my name. —Pall Mall Gazette.

Little Willie's Guide to New York.

COLUMBUS CIRCLE.

When nu yorck was hit the bliders said Leta make out a big queer-shaped piece of ground at the north of the stivy just to show how foolish we can be when we try and they did so and the piece of ground had no shape at all but lookt like a commot that had a jag and because it had no shape they called it a surkle and named it after Kolumbus who discovered it, then by and by it stop being the fetherest north point of stiviesman and became part of the stivy and was interest by cars and carriages and theaters and rattlers and stachus and electrick Hies and boomrums and other pleasing innovations until Kolumbus himself wooten know it. Kolumbus surkle is the gateway to harlin, everyting north of that is hoames and the surkle is the last oasis in the desert that harlinites pass on thare way uptown, some of them realize this and they are so unwilling to leave that last lingering outpost of joy that they often stay there till hoame no longer seems anything to be desired. If it wuzent for Kolumbus surkle a whole lot of uptown people wud get hoame before they fairly realize that they had left the realm of electrick Hies and rattlers. Good old Kolumbus surkle. A. P. TERIUNE.

Won by a Head.

Professor—Do you think the Russians will come out ahead?

Puppl—Oh, yes; a man's head always gets there first when he runs.

The "Fudge" Idiotical

Let Thine Enemy Do It.

(Copyright, 1905, Planet Pub. Co.)

He should NOT write a book because some one might PRINT it!

There would be little objection to the writing of books if it were not for this trouble.

Of course, it is not NECESSARY to read a book because it is printed. MANY book reviewers get along by cutting a piece out of the cover and pasting it up.

This will do for the compositor and often DOES FOR the public.

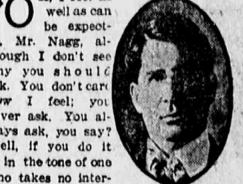
The point is that TOO MANY people write books just because they feel badly and want to rest their minds.

BETTER write a play. It does not HAVE to be printed and it will NEVER be produced!

Mrs. Nagg and Mr.—

By Roy L. McCardell

"O H, I feel as well as can be expected. Mr. Nagg, although I don't see why you should ask. You don't care how I feel; you never ask, you say? Well, if you do it is in the tone of one who takes no interest in what he is saying. You take an interest, you say? Ah, how can I believe that? Men are such deceivers these days. One never knows when to trust them. But I have trusted you, Lionel Nagg, although it is very little thanks I get for it. For once grow sad and give me a chance to yearn for you."



Roy L. McCardell.

"Yes, if you insist on knowing, I am not feeling very good. Oh, yes, I suppose I am well enough, but simply because a woman is well is no reason she should be happy. And yet I am always happy. So why should it occasion so much comment if I for once grow sad and give you a chance to yearn for me?"

"Everybody has a pleasant time in this world but me. Oh, well, never mind, I am used to it. I will go along just as cheerfully with the tears of unthought sorrow, as Mrs. Heavypopp says, in my soul."

"What can you do for me, you ask? You can be a little kind and considerate to me, Mr. Nagg. You must realize that a woman who is always kind and uncomplaining like I am feels at times that there are things to yearn for."

"No, I won't cheer up! How would you feel if you had been asked the question I was in front of a lot of catty women by Mrs. Heavypopp to-day in her Ideal Hour of Soul and Song?"

"Her topic was 'Let Us Have No Thought of Self and Banish Sordid Things.' And then, after she had collected \$10 from every person present, we went into silence for two minutes and a couple of rude reporters giggled and one said audibly: 'This beats Mrs. Pepper's graft!'"

"After we had come out of the silence Mrs. Heavypopp asked ethical questions. Why she should have packed me out to embarrass me after all the luncheons I have brought her and all the good money she has gotten from me I do not know, but she stood right up in front of everybody and said: 'Mrs. Nagg, what method do you take of expressing your individuality in your home life?'"

"I felt like a fool. What could I say? If I had told her that I only sought to be helpful and kind all the other women would have sneered at me, because in the scope of wider endeavor for women one must have ideals to live up to above such paltry considerations."

"I stammered something about 'etide endeavor' and Mrs. Heavypopp morofully let me alone."

"But all the rest of the Ideal Hour of Soul and Song I was so miserable I could have cried. But one who is acquiring 'potes' and 'ethic rest' must not speak or give way to anything save cheerful emotions."

"Then Mrs. Heavypopp discoursed on the 'psychic eye.'"

"She said one could attain the psychic eye by introspection! Everybody had a psychic eye, she said, and I could obtain their psychic eye."

"One could obtain Tolstoy's psychic eye, she said, by reading his works in the original Russian. And then I knew I could never attain the psychic eye."

"Brother Willie attained a psychic eye as one of the affairs of the Jolly Fall-beaters, you say?"

"What do you mean, Mr. Nagg? You know that brother was snarfed by a brutal ruffian. You always have some nasty sneer at that dear child. You do it because you know it wounds me. All you think of is to try and wound me!"

"That is how I am repaid when I try to tell you of the little happinesses that come into my life! No, I will not forgive you! I shall never forgive you. Don't speak to me! Never speak to me again! What time is it?"

Put to Good Use.



Ma—Say, Tommy, what did you do with the pills the doctor left for you to take?

Tommy—Oh, I used them in my peashooter.

Love's Awakening.

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