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THE MOUNTAIN AND THE MOUSE.

The plan of the Committee of Nine to reform the police administration in this city is absurdly inadequate. It merely scratches the surface of the trouble instead of going to its root. The radical fault with the police lies in its control by politicians. The bill prepared by the Nine does nothing whatever to carry into effect the first and most essential condition of reform: to "take the police out of politics and politics out of the police." The Commissioner is to be appointed as now by the Mayor, and hold his office for the same time. To pay him a larger salary, as proposed, will simply make "the plum" so much more desirable to the boss who selects the Mayor and through him the Police Commissioner whenever Tammany wins, as it generally does. The changes recommended in the executive administration of the department might do some good, though the creation of a "Bureau of Criminal Investigation" made up of uniformed men for control of the liquor traffic and the detection and suppression of gambling and prostitution, would very likely result in concentrating the blackmail that is now diffused. It is desirable to separate this spying from police duty; and this can be done by making the State responsible for the enforcement of its own Excise law and turning the detection and punishment of secret vice over to the District-Attorney's office. The committee's plan is fatally faulty because it leaves THE SYSTEM intact, and it is the system that leads to graft, corruption, inefficiency and insubordination. It is the old fable over again of the laboring mountain and the brought-forth mouse.

EXCUSES AND PROMISES NOT ENOUGH.

It is now ten days since the Interborough strike collapsed, and the company is still giving to a disgusted public excuses and promises instead of decent TRANSIT. The reason for the wretched service is obvious. The company has not enough competent men to restore its schedules. It is blacklisting its old employees at the expense of the people's convenience and safety. This should no longer be tolerated. The old men are ready and anxious to go back as individuals. The company has them at its mercy. It should not make a tyrant's use of its power. And particularly it should no longer abuse the public's patience.

BUILDING TRADES PEACE.

War in the building trades affects the community at large. The result of the past few years' strife has been to raise rents, add to the congestion of the population, bankrupt many builders and impoverish the workmen. Nothing has been gained to counterbalance this great loss. To-day's conference of the building trades should have peace for its object. It is not so much the question with the workman whether he gets 50 or 60 or 70 cents an hour when he works as it is how steadily he is employed and how many hours he has worked in the course of the year. The builders should recognize in like manner that their prosperity does not come from a few long-strung-out and high-priced jobs, but from steady work at reasonable prices and moderate profits. In the unbuilt areas opened up by the Subway, bridges and tunnels there is work for every builder in New York. The people are waiting to move in. There should be no more friction, strikes or lockouts, but work and trade harmony.

The large amount of building during the winter was one of the reasons of last summer's idleness. Such unseasonable building is unsafe, as was proved by the tumbling down of the bricks set in frozen mortar.

THE SING-AND-LAUGH CURE.

"Just practise the scales every day and laugh a lot." So said the doctor. Miss Mabel Penny, of uptown Manhattan, followed this easy prescription and in two weeks recovered the voice she had missed for twenty years. It hardly needed so extreme a case to point the virtues of the sing-and-laugh cure. That simple remedy will remove more troubles than ordinary philosophy dreams of. It comes from the same natural medicine chest with the don't-hurry, don't-worry, don't-get-in-a-rut and don't-need-food-sleep-or-exercise prescriptions set forth by women doctors for their sister women in yesterday's Evening World. To sing and laugh is gain—if not of a voice, yet of a cheerful spirit and a good digestion, which are the source and sign of good health.

SPRING AND THE CIRCUS.

Spring brings the circus or the circus brings spring, according to the motto of the New York small boy who has not the luxury of crawling under the circus tent, for there are no circus tents in New York. Neither can he see the street parade, for circus parades are reserved for the villages and country towns. But even without the pink lemonade, the peanuts, the baby popcorn, and the pretzels, circuses are still circuses, nowhere enjoyed so much as in the United States. There is something about the circus which makes it the most popular of all shows. What is it? Maybe the expectation that the tiger will break loose or the elephant step on his trainer or the trapeze performer fall and break his neck. More likely it is the instinct of the boy which is in us all, the desire to see real menagerie animals instead of the geography pictures, the wonderful beautiful spangled ladies, the clowns' antics, the loop-the-loop and wonderful mechanical contrivances of to-day. Still the circus in the city does not represent as much to any of its audience as to the stub-toed country boy who earns his admission by weeding vegetables in the home garden or by helping carry water to the elephants.

The People's Corner. Letters from Evening World Readers

The South and Two Little Education. The Editor of the Evening World: While the parents are complaining that their children are having too many lessons forced upon them—what of the 18,000 that are refused at the schools, and have no advantages whatever? C. C. B. Reform at Pistol's Mouth. The Editor of the Evening World: I am decidedly against your anti-anti-editorial. On the contrary, I am in favor of a law making it compulsory for every person to carry a pistol with a penny attached for any and every failure to wink a crook caught in applying his thieving business. Moreover, their allies—the young hoodlums who shove and push and crowd in and off of the 'L' and subways—should be instructed. A few lessons of cold lead would go further toward producing a more wholesome condition of public morals than all the laws that could be enacted. Give the public a free hand for a little shooting, and Jerome and the police in breaking up crime would not be in it. J. P. PHILLIPS. Once More—Hen or Egg? To the Editor of The Evening World: If a hen comes from an egg and an egg from a hen, who got here first? Our butter and egg man can't answer this question to my satisfaction. X. B. Z.

Said on the Side.

QUESTION regarding a man's rights in the matter of food prepared for his consumption at a restaurant came up before a Baltimore court, with a decision relieving patrons of the obligation of paying for tough beefsteak. In Manhattan the responsibility for illness resulting from eating shad roe in a restaurant is soon to be determined. Divorce granted an Iowa wife whose husband refused to eat her pancakes and eat of a Brooklyn wife in establishing husband for criticizing her cooking raise parallel questions as to the relation of culinary efficiency to the validity of the contract of domestic partnership. Problem involved is of wide scope, judicial ruling on which will be awaited with interest. All right, perhaps, for the thaw to do the Street-Cleaning Commissioner's work, but asking too much to make it perform building-inspectors' duties also. Almost enough ashes on the sidewalks, Mr. Commissioner, to add another acre to that Riker's Island made land. A British brain specialist says that "the brains of juveniles are heavier than those of adults and begin to shrink at the age of seventeen." Average age at graduation must be lower in England than here. She—What is the defense of that man Miss Antiqua is suing for breach of promise? He—Insanity. Smith College class song, set to the tune of "I May Be Crazy, but I Ain't No Fool," indicates that the quality of the higher feminine education is up to masculine standard. "He who does not step lively in life as well as in the Subway," says the Rev. Dr. Alsop, "will be left behind." True of life, but hardly so of the Subway under the present train schedule. Odd feature of the latest "missing jewel" case is that their owner is missing with them. Correspondent suggests that "no man should be allowed to manage an automobile until he has taken a course in plane geometry, so as to know the difference between a straight line and a curve." Failed that he is on to too many curves already. "Men, when he is at his best," says the Rev. Dr. Silverman, "is always dramatic." Though perhaps a little too much given to vaudeville. Trainmen on the Alton road warned by the management "not to be too attentive to women passengers and not to make themselves conspicuous in their desire to accommodate." Opening for them on the Interborough lines if they lose their present jobs. Hardly necessary to say that the hotel chambermaid who saved \$13,000 in tips was employed at a hotel patronized by New Yorkers. Mr. Dasher—I've just insured my life for five thousand in your favor, Dolly. Mrs. Dasher—Oh, my dear, haven't you overvalued yourself a little?—Chicago Journal. The trouble with the negro, says a Southern pastor, is "too many six dollar hats on ten cent heads." But why draw the color line? Little fox terrier saves a Boston household from death by fire. More than a baby in the house could have done. Hoboken school-children, who are compiling a record of important happenings in that city's history, must not omit the date of the first crossing of the bar by a "schooner."

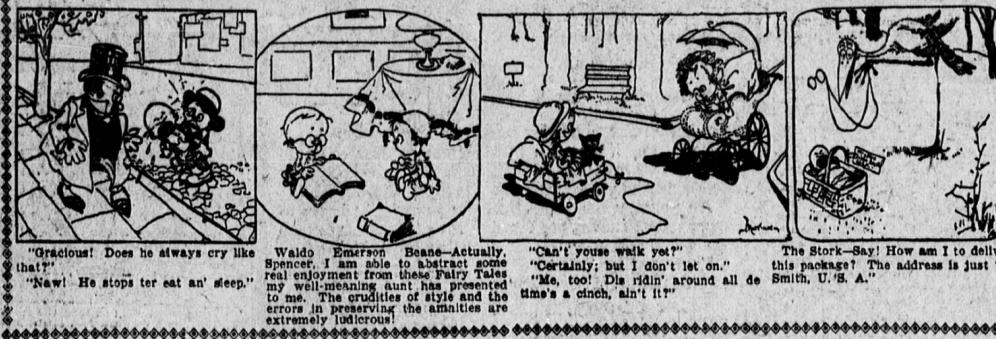
"Peary tells plans of his polar trip." Publication a trifle premature, with Polar conditions still existing in New York streets. Dramatic critic notes that in six plays now running in London the plot turns on the part played by a servant. In the view of the housekeeper these are "problem plays" of a genuine kind. The building contractor is luckier than the pistol toter. It costs him only \$5 to "shoot up" the town with dynamite cartridges. Statistician who figures it out that those points of coffee will make thirty large cups of the beverage, of ample strength, was not cut out to run an eating-house successfully. "I can truthfully say," remarked a St. Petersburg official, "that nobody ever threw a bomb at me." "To what do you attribute this, 'fact'?" asked his London colleague; "popularity or unimportance?" While the new director of the Metropolitan Museum is registering his impressions of art in America, he should not fail to note that the Governor of Ohio, sitting in judgment on Sculptor McKim's statue of McKinley, has ordered the artist to remove the curl from the upper lip of the clay model and reduce the projection of the cheek bones. Cromwell wanted even his warts painted in, but realism has its limitations. Being a Governor nowadays requires more versatility of talent than it did. Besides his ordinary executive duties he must show his ability to run a State oil refinery, or boss a railroad merger, or decide a question of fine art as occasion arises. A French traveller in Asia reports that the favorite military exercise of the Emir of Bokhara's warriors is to lie on their backs at the sound of the trumpet and kick their legs in the air. Perplexed by this singular action, the visitor made inquiries and found that it was borrowed from the Russians, who when they were subduing Bokhara, had to wade through many streams, and when they reached dry ground, used to lie on their backs to shake the water out of their boots. Greatly struck by this performance, the natives took it to be a sign of military efficiency, and hastened to strengthen their own fighting forces by adopting it.

The New Tenant and the Janitor.

A Strenuous Introduction to Each Other with No Dove of Peace in Sight.



A Quartet of Marriner's Amusing Little Folks.



Men and Clothes. By Nixola Greeley-Smith.

ST. LOUIS reader has written a very interesting letter to this column in which he announces that men are indifferent to fine clothes on women and that the time our sex devote to sartorial adornment is, so far as mankind is concerned, entirely wasted. He says that, excepting those who use dress to conceal defects, women spend money uselessly and for their own disadvantage in dress. Now, this may be true of St. Louis—at least, I don't know that it isn't. But in New York, where women spend more money on clothes than anywhere else in the world, they may certainly replace themselves with the thought that if wisely spent not one cent of it is wasted. For I have yet to meet a New York man who lacked appreciation of beautiful gowns, or who did not have a pretty fair idea of their cost. It may be that the splendor and beauty of the theatrical costumes of the last ten years have educated him and made him more fastidious and more exacting in his tastes. But, whatever the causes, it is certainly a fact that he knows nearly as well as you do whether your gown was made on Fifth Avenue or in Hester street and pretty well what you paid for it. No amount of money spent on clothes is wasted, provided you have it to spend and the result justifies the expenditure. At this season of the year it is as natural for women to think of new clothes as it is for the trees to show their promise of new leaves in the faint green that tints the brown autumn of their life in gaunt petition to the sun. There is probably not a woman in New York who does not devote the greater part of her leisure at the present time to planning her spring wardrobe. Opinions are divided as to whether Lent was invented to gratify the ambition of the industrious hen or the busy dressmaker. But however this may be, both alike are reaping their reward in this penitential season. And the glad raiment now in process of construction will have a direct effect on many a laggard sultan, notwithstanding man's alleged indifference to dress. No man is indifferent to women's clothes except when he has to pay for them. Then generally he transfers his admiration to those that some other fellow has to pay for. It is ten to one that the St. Louis author of the theory of man's lack of interest in clothes is a married man, whose indifference has been developed by long friction with dressmakers' and milliners' bills. But let him see a glittering serpentine princess gowned on a woman with a good figure and he will gaze with admiration like any bachelor.

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

"I SEE" by the papers that the Russians have been defeated by the Japanese. Mr. Nagg, I don't know what it is all about, and I think it's very nonsensical. When I was at Atlantic City last year I used to go into the Japanese auction stores along the Boardwalk, and Roy L. McCardell, I must say that all the Japanese I had any dealings with were perfect little gentlemen, although they did ask the most outrageous prices for things that I saw for one-fifth the money this winter in the five and ten cent stores. "But, as I say, the Japanese were perfect gentlemen, and I suppose they charged such high prices because they did not know much about American money. I have no sympathy for the Russians, anyway, because the cost of Russian babies is something dreadful. Mrs. Nagg paid \$3.00 for her set, but no matter how she dresses she looks like a cook, and, anyway, you can't believe what's in the newspapers. "The newspapers can be blamed for a great deal. It was the newspapers that caused trouble between the Terwilligers. Oh, yes, I know he claimed incompatibility of temperament, but I know there's nothing the matter with him, except that he wants to keep as far away from Susan Terwilliger as he can, and he's have gone to San Francisco only his money gave out, and so he located in Denver and went into insurance soliciting, which is a horrid sort of business, because a life-insurance solicitor's wife can't find out how much money her husband makes and has to be content when he hands over a mere pittance to her. "Mrs. Terwilliger was in the wholesale wooden-ware business and did not have to get down to his place early and in the morning when the newspapers came. Susan Terwilliger would have them brought up and put under her pillow and wouldn't let Mr. Terwilliger see them till she read them over first, because she was one of those selfish sort of men that never let their wives see the papers till they get through with them. "Then, when Mrs. Terwilliger had finished reading the bargain sale advertisements and the marriage ad-

What His "Pull" Won for Him.



The Man Higher Up.

By Martin Green.

"I SEE," said the Cigar Store Man, "that the improvement in the Interborough service since the strike has not been appreciated by the people." "That," explained the Man Higher Up, "is because the people are not hep to the Interborough's system. As a matter of fact, what the Interborough management is trying to do to-day is get the passengers accustomed to modern methods of street railway travel. The Interborough is trying to grab a game it started with the opening of the Subway. "This was the convenience game. It was possible to get seats on Subway and west side 'L' trains in the rush hours. The Subway expresses yanked a man downtown and back home again so fast that a majority of Harlemite travellers were figuring on moving further out so that they might have a chance to read more than the first page of a newspaper on a train. "The 'L' and Subway riders were getting cheery. People on the east side were accumulating nerves enough to kick about a schedule that kept crowds on stations without a train for ten minutes and then shot ten trains by a minute apart. The Interborough in a misguided effort to make a hit had overplayed itself. The service was too good. "Then came the strike. To the experienced transportation men at the head of the Interborough the chance to tame the people was a cinch. It is rumored among fare-payers of the Subway and 'L' that the eminent mob impresario William A. Brady has been retained by the Interborough to train its play-form men and train crews. "The proposition is that the people of New York will stand anything they get accustomed to. They have been trained to endure a degree of discomfort in traveling and from their place of business for years and the slight relief the opening of the Subway afforded was a mistake, the Interborough officials are seeking to have forgotten. "I should think it would pay to please the patrons of the 'L' and Subway lines," remarked the Cigar Store Man. "With that idea," replied the Man Higher Up, "you couldn't get a job on a street railway line shovelling coal in the power-house."

Little Willie's Guide to New York.

SOUBRETTE ROW. no one knows just where sobrette row is but it is a street where ladies of the stage practise like housekeeping on chafing dishes and where they cook waltz rabbits and heat their curling irons over the saim gas jet. when a girl on the stage kant sing and dussent look over forty they call her an inebriate but an inebriate with things she can sell and get by for a living. when I grow up I am going to be a sobrette too. good old sobrette. A. F. FERHUNE.

The Dirty Streets.

From Bad to Worse. To the Editor of The Evening World: On Sunday morning the Street-Cleaning Department proper removed the snow, etc., from the section of Ninety-seventh and Ninety-eighth streets and deposited same in a lot, or, you might say, our back yards in Ninety-seventh street, between Park and Madison avenues. Commissioner Woodbury has been notified, but to no avail. A. F. A Disgrace to the City. To the Editor of The Evening World: What excuse has Commissioner Woodbury got to offer for not having cleaned the west side streets? Take for instance West Ninety-seventh street from Columbus avenue to Amsterdam avenue. It is a disgrace to any civilized country. Why don't you demand his removal from office and get a man more capable of performing his duty? P. H. V.

The "Fudge" Idiotorial

Why Do People Fail? Why do people fail? Why is it that everybody asks this question of US? Probably because WE ALONE can answer it. The reason why so many people fail is because they DO NOT SUCCEED! If more people succeeded there would be FEWER failures! We think this is an indisputable fact! We pause in the midst of our success to make the problem clear to everybody. We succeed where others fail because the OTHERS are not US. Some time, perhaps we shall fail. When WE DO we shall have a receiver appointed. That is the BEST WAY to fail. Then your CREDITORS will not get anything. It is NOT WISE to let the creditors in on a failure for anything except a LOSS. Otherwise they might become PROUD. A proud creditor is a very disagreeable person. They often want to be PAID. Gentee! BANKRUPTCY is much better than becoming-POOR!