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BRIBERY AND THE TRUSTS.

Three incidents in the day's news give encouragement to the people in their fight against bribery, boodlers and the trusts.

The Grand Jury at Chicago has indicted T. J. Connors, general superintendent for Armour & Co., for tampering corruptly with a witness, a former employee of the company, whose testimony was sought in the action against the combine. The Beef Trust fooled Commissioner Garfield and is now trying to thwart the criminal prosecution. Chicago intends it shall not.

In Kansas the Federal Grand Jury is investigating the conspiracy between the Standard Oil Company and the railroads to control the oil market. When a Kansas Grand Jury "gets busy" after a criminal trust something is pretty sure to happen.

For the encouragement of these and all other honest efforts to root out corruption and send boodlers and bribers to prison, Gov. Folk, of Missouri, spoke eloquently before the Missouri Society, in this city, last night. He told of his successful fight against bribery in his own city and State.

New York never needed such an object lesson and such an example more than to-day. And she never more needed a Folk!

THE "HOLD UP" OF LABOR.

To-morrow night at the Murray Hill Lyceum the workingmen of the city will meet to protest against the "hold up" by the Board of Aldermen of franchises for great public improvements. The meeting was called by the Central Federated Union, and will be addressed by Comptroller Grout, John S. Crosby, ex-Senator John Ford and Alfred J. Boulton.

The Aldermen seem to have overlooked the highly important fact that in "holding up" the franchises of the Pennsylvania Railroad and other corporations they are also holding back work and wages for thousands of New York's laboring men.

This is a very serious matter. The extraordinary prosperity of the city during the past few years has been due in large measure to the construction of the Subway and other great public works. To continue and to increase this prosperity further vast improvements are planned. Anything which delays them hurts labor more than it does capital. The latter works and earns while it waits, as the former cannot.

The "powers that be" will act with simple prudence in heeding this protest of labor.

SING SING YAWNS FOR THEM.

The Evening World's call for "swift and terrifying punishment" for the wretches who are preying upon the little schoolgirls of the tenements meets with a quick response in the District-Attorney's office. "We shall stamp this out in short order," says Assistant O'Connor, who has been assigned to this duty. "I shall push every case relentlessly."

This is what is needed. When Recorder Hackett years ago promptly gave to convicted garroters twenty-year sentences this crime of violence speedily ceased. How much more dastardly and devilish are these crimes against innocence!

Sing Sing yawns for these miscreants. Let his ponderous and iron jaws not wait in vain!

WHY NOT, MR. CARNEGIE?

Mr. Carnegie complains that the library industry is running low. He is not asked now to build more than one a day. He may have to give his money in other directions to avoid the "disgrace of dying rich."

The great ironmaster has housed more libraries than any other man—more than any State—and it has been a worthy work. Meanwhile Farmer Phipps has made a beginning toward the housing of human documents. Really it is not such a long step from libraries to model tenements—except that in New York the need for the latter is much greater.

Combinations of millions would make possible the ideal whole-block improvements, with airy tenements around the borders and courts and playgrounds inclosed. These would work miracles for health and not less for morals. Meningitis and many plagues would be driven from their nesting places. There would be infinitely less chance for such shocking evils as are revealed in the abuse of little east side schoolgirls.

Model tenement philanthropy is not new, but it can be brought splendidly up to date. It is not sensational, but it brought undying good fame to a Peabody. Without it even a City Beautiful must be marred by ragged edges and can never be in completeness the City Beneficent. From libraries to tenements, Mr. Carnegie—why not?

A CONSPICUOUS GLASS HOUSE.

Leader Murphy did not score a great hit in "pointing with scorn" to the broken promises of the Republican State administration and calling upon it to "open the books." Gov. Higgins countered neatly in saying:

I think Mr. Murphy could render a greater service to the city of New York by opening his own books on gas and private contracts than in talking about State affairs about which he knows so much less.

That's it: Why does he get it? How much of it does he get? Furthermore, Mr. Murphy provokes the question whether Tammany can "point with pride" to its own platform pledges. How about the promise to reduce expenses, to clean the streets better than Waring cleaned them, to "suppress criminal protection by the police force" and to insure the "absolute uprooting of the evils which exist in the department"—not to mention the pledge to "furnish ample accommodation in our elementary schools for every child of school age?"

People who live in glass houses should not throw stones.

The People's Corner.

Letters from Evening World Readers

Staten Island Air.

To the Editor of the Evening World: I read in your paper the other day that the buildings in the Bronx are tumbling down as if made of mud or clay. I would suggest a plan and might as well say: Let the Bronx folk jump over to Richmond, across New York Bay, and get the full benefit of the pure air, especially in the summer, the odor of the fresh-made hay. M. S., Staten Island.

Warning to American Girls.

To the Editor of the Evening World: Having recently returned from the Continent it was my misfortune to meet there several young American girls who, between their ambitions for the stage and bogus agents, have found themselves stranded in a foreign land. Belgium, France and

Germany representatives of the various public halls flock to this country for the purpose of securing the services of young and attractive women, irrespective of talent. It is perilous in the extreme for young girls to go on the Continent without proper protection. THOMAS A. MILNER.

The Pass Over Oiler.

To the Editor of the Evening World: Doesn't it seem absurd to be making such a fuss about one single individual's (Dr. Oiler's) opinion of the length of a man's usefulness on earth? He is certainly no authority on the subject, for if he were he could never express so absurd an opinion; and, being no authority, there is no necessity of commenting on his views or the matter to any extent. B. J. S.

Said on the Side.

"WHY men don't marry" is up for discussion once more. Mrs. Ellen T. Richards tells the Society for Ethical Culture that it is because women are too extravagant. "If it be true that \$3,000 a year is the least a young lawyer or professor, or even a clerk, feels he can marry on, then all I've got to say is, it's a disgrace to our young women," says Mrs. Richards. Writer in the Sketch says the reason is that "a bachelor is made so comfortable in his clubs and in the restaurants that he fears to face the unknown in the form of a plain cook controlled by a young lady with scant knowledge of housewifery." As for feminine prostration in journeying toward the altar, the Lady's Pictorial says the city girl puts off the day "for the good reason that she has plenty of amusement, as often as not a club of her own, and as much freedom as her married friends."

Supt. Hopper's investigation of his department "from cellar to garret" must include an eye for apartment-house walls if it is to be effective.

Girl of fourteen who has written the best history of Hoboken is now qualified by age and experience for a career as an author of historical fiction.

"I understand," said Miss Minnie Brown, "that you appeared to be feeling yoh oats at de pahler social yesterday."

"Dat wasn't out," answered Mr. Erasmus Pinkley. "Dat was rye."—Washington Star.

While the spasm of reform of dangerous conditions on fire-escapes and in theatres is on a little attention might be directed to narrow stairway death-traps in factories and upstairs assembly rooms. Or must a disaster of this nature be awaited as a necessary preliminary to precautionary measures?

Opponents of race suicide will note the case of Ell Ruelle, of Houghton, Mich., who owes his election as Highway Commissioner to the votes of his seventeen sons.

Amen to what "Bat" Masterson says about the "one-horse little sports packing guns" in Manhattan. They should be packed off to the look-up pending payment of the \$20 fine which seems to exist in the ordinance more for ornament than for use.

"What's the matter? Tonelittis?" "No, Tunnelittis."—Brooklyn Life.

Advocate of uncooked food asks man to change his diet of articles that have been "roasted, toasted, greased, sweetened, soured, fermented, raised, mashed up, wet up, dried out, fixed, mixed, mashed, smashed, bruised, pounded, strained." For a rational diet of "purple grapes swinging in bowers of green, nuts ripened in the top of a mountain tree," and apples or peaches "reddened, ripened and finished, nursed in the lap of nature, rocked in her ethereal cradle and kissed from the odorless bosom of infancy on to maturity by the soft beams of the life-giving sun." Descriptive genius of this high order of advertising rhetoric seems to have missed its vocation in not seeking employment with a breakfast cereal concern or a tandoorin table d'hote hostelry.

Senior Garcia seems to be an unusual type of contentian. He "did not touch wine or spirits until he was ninety."

Literary item: Mrs. Chadwick is now at work on an autobiography for which she has made copious and valuable "notes."

"It's all right, I suppose, for a woman to make an hour glass of herself if she wants to be in fashion," observed Uncle Allen Sparks. "But her sands of life will run out a good deal quicker."—Chicago Tribune.

Preparations made at Gloucester "for the cold storage of fishing bait" will interest all anglers.

Prospects said to be good in Boston for the election of "a ras Mayor." The question in New York concerns his re-election.

"Men do not own millions; it is the millions that own the men," says Andrew Carnegie. "Wealth is slavery." For this form of servitude the average citizen would barter away the blessings of liberty.

With Jeffries and Corbett simultaneously on the stage, why should there be further fears of the future of the American drama?

Mr. Carnegie says he prefers to see college men "not excoiling in football or things pertaining to the foot, but excelling in 'head expansion.'" No "head work" in the gridiron game? The Laird of Skibo should grant a half-hour interview to the captain of the eleven.

"The man I marry will have to be a man of brains." "I see, dear, you have set your mind on being one of those dreadful bachelorette girls."—Houston Post.

Mary Jane and Kickums Play at War

Their Two Dads Resort to Feeble Talk, but Youngsters Act Out Russo-Japanese Situation



The Man Higher Up.

By Martin Green.

"I SEE," said the Cigar Store Man, "that the cops pitched a bunch of boys for playing ball last Sunday." "Why shouldn't they?" asked the Man Higher Up. "It's against the law to play ball on Sunday because the game is played in the open air. The players get enthusiastic, their lungs get full of ozone, their blood pumps through their veins and arteries, they perspire and they feel good and they holler. Consequently the game is against the public peace. It has had the kibosh put on it by the small but powerful and insistent portion of the population that has a growth against seeing anybody enjoy himself on Sunday. "The bowling alleys are open on Sunday. Bowling is a grand game, but there isn't a bowling alley open to the public that hasn't got a boose camp on the side. Billiard and pool-rooms are open on Sunday all over town. There is nothing wrong about billiards or pool, but it costs boys money to play the game, the smoke-house air of a billiard room with the curtains down on Sunday is not healthy and the boose-camp adjunct is often on the works. "The back rooms of all the Raines law hotels and a lot of hotels that are not Raines law are open every Sunday. A boy going into the back room of a Raines law saloon and throwing a highball into himself runs no chance of getting pinched. But if he goes out into a vacant lot and throws a baseball away from himself it is the cue for the nearest cop to chase him for a lawbreaker. "Let a philanthropist go into a factory and pick out eighteen pale kids who do a ten-hour stretch six days in the week over machines. Let him organize those kids into two baseball clubs, purchase the uniforms, balls, bats, masks and gloves, rent a lot for them, put a fence around it and advertise a Sunday baseball game. Before the gates are opened the neighborhood will be spotted with self-constituted custodians of the morals of the community from all over Greater New York and the suburbs screaming protests against the proposed laceration of the first day of the week. "What are we going to do about it?" asked the Cigar Store Man. "What we have always done," replied the Man Higher Up. "Let the people with blue minds sit at home and reflect upon the sinfulness of everybody else while we go down to Coney Island and forget it."

The Spring Blues.

By Nixola Greeley-Smith.



Nixola Greeley-Smith

THERE is a tradition generally fostered by poets that spring is a festive season, and that man and nature alike rejoice in it. Nature certainly gives outward and visible signs of being in a good humor, but so far as man is concerned he is more apt to languish at this season under a gentle, all-penetrating melancholy, a vague dissatisfaction with things as they are or have been, or may be, that may be regarded generally as the spring fever, or, specifically classified as spring fever. I don't know whether there are any statistics on the subject or not, but I am sure the three insidious months, of which we are just finishing the first, must have a heavier record of suicides than any others among the twelve. In the spring the young man's fancy—and the young woman's, too, for that matter—turns not lightly, as the poet has it, but somberly, lugubriously even, to thoughts of love. We may have been perfectly sure all winter that the adored of our soul adores us, but the first April day turns loose a horde of devastating doubts, as those hands our sublime assurance suffers ignominious rout. The adored of our soul does not love us. Nobody loves us. Before us life stretches a dreary, infinite waste, and there is not an oasis in sight. We are glad to see the sun come out because that means that the water is getting warmer. It will soon be warm enough to receive our wearied bodies without giving them too much of a shock. When we are drifting, a new world Elaine on the placid Hudson or the wofully unpoetic East River then, perhaps, Lancelot will be sorry and will wish he hadn't taken that other girl to the theatre. So our troubles accumulate, and perhaps if we are of a communicative disposition we tell them to our friends. And these unamplified creatures tell us to see a doctor. And the doctor fails to understand the innermost needs of our soul and prosaically prescribes a tonic. When we have had the spring blues year after year for many seasons we learn not to take them so seriously. Indeed we get calloused to them so that they don't even inspire us to poetry any more. But such is the subtle influence of the melting season that although we recognize our misery as purely physical in its cause, we are none the less miserable on that account. The "spring blues" leave us, however, in fits of spirits. They act as a sort of spiritual housecleaning. We follow the poetic injunction to "Build the new mansions, oh my soul. As the swift seasons roll." And the best season for building is at the end of spring.

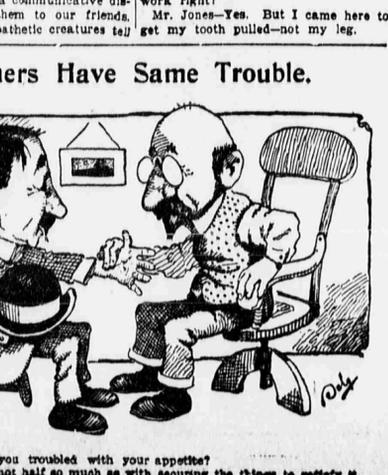
IGNORANT. "Are you going to marry sister, Mr. Frantz?" "I don't know, Johnnie." "That's just what sister said when mother asked her."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Too Much Pull.



Dentist—Well, sir, didn't I do my work right? Mr. Jones—Yes. But I came here to get my teeth pulled—not my leg.

Others Have Same Trouble.



Dooten—Are you troubled with your appetite? Patient—No, not half so much as with scouring the things to satisfy it.

Fudge-itis.



IF I COULD WRITE WELL, I'D WRITE FOR THE FUDGE, FOR HOT AIR, RED INK I WOULD USE, THE POOR TRUSTS I'D ABUSE, AND I'D WRITE SOME HEADLINES THAT WOULD SCARE.

Little Willie's Guide to New York.

WASHINGTON SQUARE.

In the days of Jorje washenton there was a berrying ground in nu york that he termed into a parade ground and named it after himself and it has been called washenton square ever since. washenton square was discovered by edomiram judson who hit a church there, then mare mackellen and bishop potter moved into the opposite side of the square and the public bit an arsh midway between. washenton square used to be chock full of loakle color, articles and posts and other people who coodant afford to pay rent used to live there but now the shanties where shoes inspyred bohemians lived are torn down and replaced by model apartment houses with rubber plants and hot and cold rase and instalment man and elevators with a hoppedzied ralty elutch. when novelists want to rife about oldtime nu york they always lay the scene of thare litterary crime in washenton square and tell about the plookrats who infest the north side of the square and the jolly bohemians that lurk in the shadows of the suthern side. if it wazent for the riers who describe washenton square and for the penny arkadia joints that are lavishly skattered thro the stty one half of nu york would never know how the other half dazent live. good old washenton square. A. P. TERHUNE.

Mrs. Nagg and Mr. McCordell.

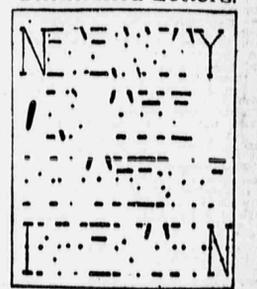
...by Roy L. McCardell...



Roy L. McCardell

"I KNOW what is the matter with you, Mr. Nagg! I started wrong with you. I was too kind, too quiet, too forbearing! And what is the result? Why the result is what you see now! I am jeered and flouted in my own home! "And I stood by and never said a word except to ask you to be calm. But you would not be calm and claimed that Sneeze the Fish tried to bite you, as if a member of the Jolly Fallbeers would be guilty of such a thing. "You do not love me, you would not do anything for me, it is because I did not love you when I was a baby. My mamma and papa got along together. They were never separated but once, and that was when papa came into some money and ences came into some money and ences led him astray and then deserted him when his money was gone! "But he returned when he found out who his real friends were, and mamma's boarders would listen to him by the hour when he sat around praising things after he got back. "But you never say a kind word, or if you do, I know you don't mean it, Mr. Nagg! "If my poor dear papa was allowed to have his own way, and given all his wages to spend when he worked at anything and not contradicted or annoyed and had his meals regular, no matter what time he came home, he was as gentle as a lamb. "But what chance has Brother Willie, who has a disposition exactly like my poor dear papa's, what chance has he to develop his papa's kindly qualities? "Look how brutally you acted last night when you kicked him because he borrowed your watch and lost it somewhere in his boyish play. Yes, I know you found a pawn ticket in his pocket. But I know Willie would not tell an untruth, and he said that a brutal divinity student, whose name he couldn't remember, had stolen the watch from him and then put the pawn ticket for it back in his pocket unbeknown to him. "You sneer, Mr. Nagg. But don't you see villains doing such things when we go to a theatre to see the melodramas? "Oh, yes, you know we see such things in real life as shown on the stage every day! "And there was Sneeze the Fish and Brodie the Toad, two of Brother Willie's young school friends who belong to the Jolly Fallbeers and the gentlemen's Sons of Red Hook, they both subscribed to Brother Willie, and yet you threw them out of the house in a most brutal manner. Shame on you, Mr. Nagg! Sisking mere boys like Brother Willie and his friends, and then being so cowardly as to say they are larger than you. "And I stood by and never said a word except to ask you to be calm. But you would not be calm and claimed that Sneeze the Fish tried to bite you, as if a member of the Jolly Fallbeers would be guilty of such a thing. "You do not love me, it is because I did not love you when I was a baby. My mamma and papa got along together. They were never separated but once, and that was when papa came into some money and ences came into some money and ences led him astray and then deserted him when his money was gone! "But he returned when he found out who his real friends were, and mamma's boarders would listen to him by the hour when he sat around praising things after he got back. "But you never say a kind word, or if you do, I know you don't mean it, Mr. Nagg!"

Unfinished Letters.



Supply the missing parts of letters as shown by the four completed letters. When finished you will have made a well-known quotation of six words.

The "Fudge" Idiotrial

Hurry the Bird Machine.

(Copyright, 1905, Planet Pub. Co.)

A California Man has invented a machine that will fly. We expected it. Nearly all California men are HIGH-FLYERS. This man does not use gas in order to GO UP. He simply flaps his wings. We presume he also CROWS. The flying machine represents man's last aspiration. When we have flying machines in EVERY HOME we will cease to want to be angels. The earth has been cornered by purse plutocrats, but there is PLENTY of room in the air. It CANNOT be bought or sold. We rejoice that the air is still FREE. Land and Water are both becoming TOO EXPENSIVE. We look forward with JOY to the time when we can flit up into the sky and, sitting on the edge of a nice clean, cool cloud, TWIDDLE OUR FINGERS at Rockefeller and J. P. Morgan, with a little SIDE TWIDDLE for Perkins and Andy Carnegie.

\$10,000 Trousseau.

The women of savage tribes have not infrequently a wardrobe consisting of furs which would be worth from \$5,000 to \$10,000. Grundeman, the explorer, relates how one fair Greenlander wore a dress of sealskin with a hood of that costly fur the silver fox. The garment was lined with fur of the young seal otter, and there was a fringe of wolverine tails. About \$600 is probably the average worth of the dress of Indian women on the Columbia and Fraser Rivers.