

The World

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A CRITICAL TIME AT ALBANY.

The Legislature at Albany is entering upon the closing days of the session. This is always the critical time, alike for the honor of the Legislature and the good of the people.

Certain of the committees of the two houses seem to have been organized to promote grabs and graft, but the two houses have not yet done anything to forfeit the public confidence.

If the leaders of the majority are even ordinarily prudent they will "watch out" for jobs with unceasing vigilance until the final adjournment.

President Roosevelt was yesterday "in at the death" of three wolves. They were not named "Beef Trust," "Oil Trust" and "Rebate."

AGAINST THE BETTING WOMEN.

It is settled that women are to be discouraged from betting at the metropolitan race tracks. Commissioners may no more skimmish among the petticoated visitors to the grand stands for speculative dollars and a "take-off."

The race track managers act in this matter for their own protection. Commissioners have proved dishonest, clients have been unreasonable and hysterical, and the resulting scandals have been held against the sport.

The Senate has passed the bills taking from the Board of Aldermen the power to grant franchises and giving it to the Board of Estimate.

JUDGE DUNNE AS AN EXAMPLE.

The young Americans who say they "can't afford to get married," or that they "can't afford to have children," will do well in studying the life-story of Mayor-elect Dunne, of Chicago.

At fifty-one years of age he has won fame and a fair competency. He has been a successful lawyer, a hard-working and honored Judge, and now is elected Mayor of the second city in the union.

In his character, his career and in his family Judge Dunne is thus one of the most admirable of "typical Americans"—must we say of the old school? This country is so big, and the characteristics of its citizens are so diverse, that a thoroughly "composite American" must have many qualities and be many-sided.

The Cooper Union meeting last night cheered for "home rule" for New York. Yet every time these reformers want anything really decent and vital done for the city they scorn the large share of home rule we have and rush to Albany for relief: generally with good reason.

EXAMINING THE MILK SUPPLY.

At the invitation of the railroads shipping the most milk to New York, Commissioner Darlington, of the Health Department, with his chief milk and sanitary inspectors, has been examining the dairies and creameries which furnish New York's milk supply.

By a process of elimination the responsibility for the east side's bad milk has been narrowed down to six or seven middle-men, whose names everybody in the milk trade knows, and whom the Health Board also must know.

As The Evening World has repeatedly said, the time to put the milk business in order is before the hot summer months, and the remedy is by prevention before the infant mortality of the summer time has been caused.

The People's Corner. Letters from Evening World Readers

Seeks a Remedy. To the Editor of The Evening World: Can any one of your readers suggest a remedy for snoring? I am afflicted with it, and for the sake of my dear ones, whose sleep I frequently disturb, I would try most anything to get rid of it.

Said on the Side.

NEW boom of the banana as an article of diet. Said to possess 95 per cent. of nutritive properties, and to be a remedy for the drink habit. Its habitual use diminishing the craving for intoxicants. Recommended in typhoid fever, because almost entirely digested by the stomach, thus relieving the intestines of work, and declared to be an excellent restorer of "worn and thread-bare nerves."

Another betrothal growing out of social work among the east side poor. First the college settlement, then the marriage settlement.

"In President Roosevelt Latter Day Saints have a true friend," says a prominent Mormon. On the anti-race suicide issue, of course.

Another wife-murderer dies "like a stoic." Respectable that these exhibitions of egotism are not made at the time of the commission of the deed.

Cholly—I feel so sorry for the poor creatures who carry bundles of wood on their heads. Miss Kutting—You needn't; it's all on the outside.

Married women barred from the ladies chorus of the Deutscher Liederkreis, of Williamsburg, and fathers declared ineligible for membership in the Married Men's Club of Chippewa Falls, Wis. Twentieth century children in coming into the world have to run the gauntlet of strange social prejudices.

Now it is the employees of the New Jersey Public Service Corporation who are warned not to drink, bet or gamble, on penalty of losing their positions. New temperance movement by railroads and large business companies has a practical persuasiveness to it which was lacking in earlier moral crusades, which appeared to sentiment more than to the pocketbook.

Twelve admirable "don'ts" for young girls by Miss Rose Pastor. Noted that Funch's celebrated one to "those who intend to marry" is not included among them.

Gov. Stoles, of New Jersey, says that "bachelorhood is its own worst punishment" and that his sympathy goes out to "the poor single man whose lot is cast in solitude." Lot of the "poor single man" in Manhattan, so far as he can be learned, comprises frequent invitations to dinner in houses where there are marriageable daughters, invitations to box parties, dances, week-end visits, a good time at his club, luxurious quarters at half the price he would have to pay if married, and generally the good things of city life and the fairness thereof at bargain prices on a salary which would be meagre for two. It will not exactly be the height of wisdom for the Governor to institute his anti-bachelor propaganda on this side of the river.

Physician—Do you have any chronic trouble with your stomach? Patient (with an impatient snort)—Doctor, my salary is only \$14 a week.—Chicago Tribune.

Apparently inexplicable decline reported in the number of cases of cerebrospinal meningitis. Doctor announced some time ago that the meningitis germ was "a sensitive germ," and the notoriety given it has proved too much for its sensibilities.

Said that this year "lawn tennis has the approval of leaders of fashionable society." Game has come to have the approval of all lovers of sport as the most profitable form of exercise for all-around health-giving exercise.

"Pocket-knives swim brooms and escarpes." To be hoped that they did not wear their feet.

The world's wonder at the millionaire's choice of a bride from the tenements is giving way to interest and admiration at the incidental discovery in her of a poetess of fine sentiment and true pathos.

If a hole were drilled clean through the earth, persons were allowed to fall down the hole, what would become of it? The astronomer says that "if there were no air resistance it would fall clear back to the opposite side and then back again, oscillating to and fro forever, like a pendulum."

Annual boat race between Oxford and Cambridge costs each university \$3,000, which, an English newspaper thinks, "makes it the most expensive contest of the kind in the world." But they know better at Harvard and Yale.

First Baby (to itself)—I wish mamma an' papa wouldn't wake me up a tiffin' each other. Last Baby (years later)—I wish mamma an' papa wouldn't wake me up a javin' at each other.—New York Weekly.

Explosion in a laboratory, nearly costing the experimenter his eyesight, may give the world a new invention in high explosives. Original discovery of gunpowder attributed to the fire-up following the chance judgment of a spark in the inflammable materials of which it is composed. Many inventions due to chance—Goodyear's process of vulcanizing rubber to the accidental overheating of a pan, electric lighting to Edison's unthinking use of the soot from the chimney of his laboratory lamp, laryngoscope to Garcia's observation of the reflection of light in mirrors, &c.

Suit of a woman for \$100,000 for alienation of her husband's affections points to a higher rating for matrimonial partners than their supposed upset valuation.

Examiner who asked the Electric Light Trust for a definition of a "two-week hour" may yet want to know how the bill are made out.

Passing It Down.

By J. Campbell Cory.



The Man Higher Up. By Martin Green.

"I SEE," said the Cigar Store Man, "that the girls who are galled to the latest styles are wearing suspenders."

"It's just like the women," remarked The Man Higher Up. "At the approach of summer, when a man takes off his suspenders and trusts his garments to a belt, woman discards the belt and falls to the suspenders. Who can name the finish?"

"This new suspender Princess gown effect is all to the good at that. It makes a woman look like she was sitting in a trapeze. Also the suspenders will have the duty of shutting off some of the revelations of the peek-a-boo shirt waists which will, I understand, be worn more generally than ever this summer. There was a billowy collection of them at Coney Island yesterday, and P. Neumonia was busy every minute."

"Have you noticed that Prof. Atkinson, the Boston investigator has doped out that a woman can dress on \$65 a year? I'm not wise to the cost of female scenery, but from the tags attached to the goods displayed in the windows of the dry goods stores it appears to me that a woman who tried to dress on \$65 a year would have to stay in the house."

"Another investigator has interviewed tailors and discovered that a man can dress in New York on \$108 a year. He must mean that a man blowing that amount on clothes for twelve months would be dressed for a job at boring the East River tunnel. Nevertheless, I know men who make a front like a circus wagon just out of winter quarters and never loosen up a cent for it. You and I would find such a proposition a little wearing on the nerves. It is a lot of trouble finding a new tailor to stand up every time you want a suit of clothes."

"I saw a dog the other day with a pair of pants on," declared the Cigar Store Man.

Two Brain Twisters.

SMITH has a \$2 bill. He wants 50 cents to buy a railway ticket. The ticket-seller having no change, he pawns the bill for \$1.50. On his way back to the station he sells the pawn ticket to a friend for \$1.50. Smith now has \$1 in his pocket. Who loses the \$1.50 the increase Smith's original \$2 to \$3.75?

THREE-FOURTHS of a cross and a circle complete; Two semi-circles on a perpendicular meet. An angle-triangle That stands on two feet—Two semi-circles and a circle complete.

A Feminine Ideal. By Nizola Greeley-Smith.



Nizola Greeley-Smith

"D O you know," said a young man the other day, "some women have the most singular ideas!" I got rather confidential with a girl I met on an ocean steamer, and one night, sitting out on deck, she gave me a description of what she would consider an ideal life. She said she would like to have a splendid country home in California, with lots of horses and dogs and a good-looking husband that was away most of the time, so she could entertain her girl friends. I said: "That suits me exactly, if you'll provide the country home. Quiser idea, wasn't it?"

Undoubtedly it was queer. But there are really a great many women who are never socially at ease except among their own sex. We hear it said that So-and-So is a man's man every day, but more rarely that Mrs. So-and-So is a woman's woman. And yet she quite as frequently is.

I often find myself feeling sorry for certain married women whose husbands go home only as a last resort, and who are almost wholly restricted to the society of their own sex, and then suddenly realize that perhaps they are really best pleased in this way, and would find the conversational society which this particular Tom or Dick or Harry would greet the topics dearest to their souls, exceedingly irksome. Going over to Philadelphia the other day I was forced to listen to the conversation of two very well-bred women, who sat opposite me, and for two hours discussed the pros and cons of giving a "tea" or a theatre party to a

NEW York friend who was going to visit her. They were both absorbingly interested in the topic, and went over and over the same little details with infinite zest. Not once did either of them say anything that would even pass muster as conversation in the stupidest musical comedy that ever died. And yet they both seemed to be having the time of their lives. It seemed to me that the most ordinary man forced to listen to fifteen minutes of such a feminine heart-to-heart talk would go out and get drunk in self-defense, and that any one condemned to a life time of it would seek solace in a Trappist monastery or an insane asylum. A woman with a partiality for the particular branch of conversation that may be labelled "feminine preferred," might just as well start with the ideal of "having a good-looking husband away most of the time, so she could entertain her girl friends." For she would most certainly have to end with it.

LOVE SONG.

Love's for youth, and not for age. E'en though age should wear a crown; For the poet, not the sage; Not the monarch, but the clown.

Love's for peace, and not for war. E'en though war bring all renown; For the violet, not the star; For the meadow, not the town.

Wouldst thou know where love doth bide? Whence his sharpest arrows fly? In a dimple love may hide, Or the ambush of an eye.

Went thou clad in triple mail, In a desert far apart, Not a whit would this avail; Love would find and pierce thy heart. —Thomas Nelson Page in Scribner's.

How Could He Help It?



Jimmy—By Jove! I'm gittin' absent-minded. I cisen forget to go to school to-day!

Little Willie's Guide to New York.

THERE are so many child restraints in New York that it is a wise child that doesn't family have out loose in the same way and each member has a secret restraint and likewise there are a few other restraints of the sort run by mister hitchhok and jonny meehan and other philanthropists and the chief peculiarity of all these restraints is that a man can eat all he will hoald in seven seconds and still have time to get komfort out of the teckets on the wau which warn diners to trust in providence and countt there change, everything in these restraints is openwork and there is no mustash to desevy you, the griddel in the windo and the cat is on the kownter so you can order sinkers and rabbit stew with a rosy confidence that you will get the reel thing, at noon the people who infest these restraints practise the simpul life by talking 2 whole minnts to swalow 3 sinkers and 4 cups of caufy and 2 alkiares and 1 donut and 6 apeldunkers and a kreem-rolle, then they go bak to work and komplaine that the bas atmosphere of the ofis givs them that tired feeling, if it wuznt for the kwiklunch restraints fokes wood have to waste at leest ten whole minnts of three lunch hour in oeing food. The kwiklunch room that can invent a noomatlick tube that will shoot a meel into kustomers in 1 second will make a forsh and get all the noon trade, good old kwiklunch restraints.

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

"I THINK if I could get away from this house and the worries of running it I would feel better. Mr. Nagg! Oh, you men have a good time of it. Nothing to worry you. Only your business to attend to, collect what money is due to you and then to come back to the house to snarl at everything!"

"Man's work is from sun to sun, but woman's work is never done!" Those are the truest words ever written, and little do you men appreciate what good times they have. If I slip off down town to go to a meeting of the Modern Mothers or to attend one of Mrs. Heavypopp's Ideal Hours of Soul and Song at the Waldorf, or go with Mrs. Stuyver to a physical culture lecture or run out to a matinee with any of the Gilligan girls, who are just crazy about actors, or go shopping with Susan Terwilliger or Amanda Soudsdaday, I come home to find that the girl hasn't done half the things I told her to do.

The "Fudge" Idiotorial

The Time to Marry. (Copyright, 1905, Planet Pub. Co.)

but giving up my whole life to being an unpaid servant? For, well you know, Mr. Nagg, after I have paid the bills and gotten myself a few decent clothes, I haven't a penny left.

"I bought that piece of silk chiffon, and now Mrs. Smith says she can't spare me a couple of days to make it up for me, because I didn't have the goods ready two weeks ago, when she had a few days for me!"

"It isn't my fault, you say? Why whose fault is it? Is that any way to talk to me when I have so much to worry me? Does Mr. Dabb talk that way to his wife? No, he doesn't. That poor woman hasn't had a new dress for three years, but Mr. Dabb talks so kindly about his wife and what he intends to do for her when he gets the position or if something turns up, that it would make the tears come to your eyes to hear him."

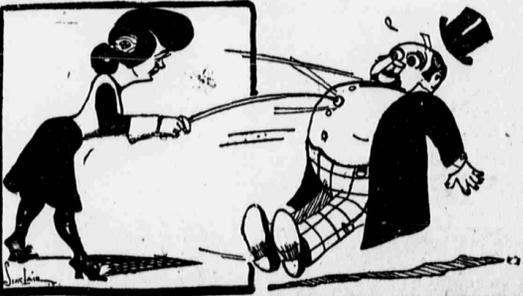
"Mr. Ladyfinger helps his wife select her dress goods and sits all day with her and the dressmaker giving them hints, for he has lovely taste in dressmaking, while you, and you seem to glory in it, do not make a basque from a belt skirt, or an accordion plait from a piece of pique!"

"So you see how I am treated, Mr. Nagg! Is it any wonder I give away to tears when I see you do not care for me? Some day you will be sorry. But then it will be too late, it is no wonder I give up in despair."

"Will I go to the circus with you? Why, Mr. Nagg, have you had those tickets all this time and never said a word?"

"Isn't that just like a man? We will have a real jolly evening, only you don't want to be jolly, you never do want to be jolly, Mr. Nagg. I never saw such a melancholy man!"

Out of the Picture.



"Folled again!" the heavy-laden Heavy villain had to shout, As the brave athletic maiden, Very neatly fenced him out.