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THERE ARE OTHERS.

The example of young Mr. Hyde in "giving up" to the Equitable \$51,446.92 of money which belonged to the policy-holders should be followed by those of his fellow-directors who have profited wrongfully from a use of the society's funds.

In spite of Mr. Hyde's disclaimer, restitution is confession, and if he did wrong in profiting personally by syndicate underwriting and like ventures, there are others equally culpable who should also disgorge. The Vice-President accuses President Alexander of sharing in the profits of the syndicate. The insurance law is specific on this point. It forbids any officer of a life insurance company to profit personally in any transactions with the company. Violation of this provision disqualifies the offender from holding office in any insurance corporation. The Penal Code makes it a misdemeanor.

Yet the gaining of personal profits through sales of securities, through trust company loans or other devices supported by the Equitable's enormous accumulations, seems to have been the chief business of several of the directors in connection with the society.

Will they follow Mr. Hyde's example and "give up"? The confession of the Vice-President puts beyond question the demand for turning on "the searchlight of Publicity" by a legislative investigation. It suggests also a plain duty to the Attorney-General of the State and to District-Attorney Jerome.

To-day the Stevens Committee begins its examination of the "political side" of the Gas Trust scandal, and "Nan" Patterson's third trial is on the docket. New York is never dull.

MAKE A BEGINNING.

The bill before the Legislature to prevent the corrupt use of money in elections is not all that it ought to be. But it should be passed as a beginning. The provision requiring publicity under oath to all campaign contributions received and expended by political committees, as well as by candidates, is alone enough to commend the bill for passage. All reforms come slowly. It is the duty of legislators to encourage every step, however short.

Murphy and McCarren may "bury the hatchet" for policy's sake, but will the people who don't want either a boss or a bi-boss government bury their broadaxe?

THE LIE OF SUPPRESSION.

Gov. Higgins is warned in one quarter not to "go fooling with any tax on mortgages." In another quarter he is admonished that "a mortgage tax is double taxation, and this is unconstitutional."

All such criticism of the bill in the Governor's hands is either ignorant or designed to mislead the ignorant.

All individual mortgages in this State are now taxable as personal property. Those that are not hidden or "sworn off" by false oaths pay the regular tax rate of \$1.51 in this city. In some of the towns and cities of the State, as Gov. Higgins reminded a committee from this city, "mortgages pay a local tax of from 2 1/2 to 2 3/4 per cent."

The bill now in his hands substitutes for this, on all mortgages hereafter recorded, a tax of one-half of one per cent. This is in lieu of all other taxes. The principle of mortgage taxation may be wrong, but what excuse is there for treating this bill as a new departure? The lie of suppression is sometimes as bad as the lie of expression.

BASEBALL FOR EAST SIDE BOYS.

After reading your article on "Outdoor Recreation on Sunday," I asked myself why the boys of the east side should not have a baseball field in which to play the national game. There are some excellent players among them, and I see no reason why this sport should not be encouraged among the east side boys as well as the Bronx sports.

I am sure that if this topic were brought up by The Evening World it would bear fruit. Why not? The Evening World has made a success thus far of every public good it has advocated, and I see no reason why this should be an exception.

BENJAMIN DAVIDSON, No. 611 East Sixth street.

The Evening World heartily approves of this suggestion; but the difficulty seems to be in finding a suitable field where the game could be played without disturbing the "repose" of the neighborhood. The great American game cannot be played properly without a good deal of noise!

But the boys of the crowded east side ought to have room somewhere to "play ball." If one of the small parks in that district cannot be utilized for this purpose the city authorities ought to give the east side boys a "reservation" in the Bronx, and protect them in the use of it.

JANITORS' AND TENANTS' RIGHTS.

Recorder Goff must have had experience of his own to cause his remarks in sentencing a janitor convicted of assaulting a tenant. The Recorder said that janitors are not monarchs, but "merely servants, and tenants have some rights."

It would be well to have the tenant's rights definitely defined. Custom and a desire for tranquility dictate that the tenant must take the newsman, the iceman, the milkman and the coal dealer whom the janitor nominates, and it will also add to the tenant's comfort and peace if he permits the janitor to decide who his butcher and grocer shall be.

Beyond this the janitor should not go. He has no right to thrash the tenants or to decide what paper they shall read and what kind of coal they shall buy. He should also be reasonably considerate of the tenant's preference as regards temperature, providing the tenant concedes the janitorial perquisites.

The People's Corner. Letters from Evening World Readers

B Takes the Trick. To the Editor of The Evening World: A says that he can build on the six of clubs with an ace and make it seven, and B says he can add an ace and make it eight from his own hand. Which one takes the trick? This game is casino. The Stone and the Earth. To the Editor of The Evening World: If a hole were drilled through the earth and a stone allowed to fall down the hole, it would just pass through the earth when its velocity would be all spent and gone. The error of "Astrologer," who says it would oscillate forever like a pendulum. Hes in not taking into account the laws of gravitation. When the ball starts on its downward course the tendency is for its speed to diminish from the attraction of the particles of matter in the earth behind the ball. If the ball could be arrested just at the center of the earth it would remain perfectly stationary, with no tendency to move in any direction, but when it passes the earth's center, the tendency is for its speed to diminish, and there are more particles of matter behind it than before it, and arriving at the earth's surface its velocity would be gone. H. L. HARTER. A Cloud on Municipal Art. To the Editor of The Evening World: Why can't the Municipal Art Association step in and say something about the new suspender dresses the women are wearing? It's awful that those epinecure garments should break out just when we are trying to beautify our city. ONE-GALULA GEORGE.

Said on the Side.

GOLF said to be ousting cricket in England, but no evidence of its interference with baseball. Growth of the "national game" in popularity makes the old-timer rub his eyes as he casts them over the packed bleachers, compares the heaped-up pile of cash in the ticket-seller's window with that in the bank teller's cage and makes an offhand estimate of the manager's salary list and the vast property interests involved. Development from the old game of rounders on the village green is as remarkable in its way as that of trusts and railway mania. When is Boston going to erect a statue to Harry Wright? Ought to be a place for him in New York's Hall of Fame at any rate.

Weezyan professor discovers the "specific bacteria" and mould necessary for the production of Camembert cheese. Soon be importing them from Orange County.

Dictionary of slang published and fills seven large volumes. Information awaited as to whether Devery and the Man Higher Up collaborated in editing it.

Doctor—Perhaps it's your cooking that's responsible for your husband's illness. He's got a bad case of gastritis.

Mrs. Novotny—Gastritis? But I always cook on a coal range; never use gas.—Philadelphia Press.

Author of "The Galusha" says that musical comedy is the "national drama of England and America." Man who said he did not care who made a nation's laws so long as he could write its songs had the right idea if he meant topical songs.

Remarked before that "being a boy" is not what it was in the good old days. And now there are no more circus parades for him!

Precautionary measure of the woman doctor who has had her vermiform appendix removed preliminary to a trip abroad will recall the case of the man who drank boiled water and avoided microbes all his life only to die an untimely death from slipping on a banana skin. Present generation sometimes line occasion to envy its ancestors their blissful ignorance of the perils to which the discoveries of modern medical science doom the human race of to-day.

"Why should I spend my money?" Quoth the baldhead in despair, "Rockefeller has a billion. But he hasn't any hair."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Dean of the Women's University at Tokyo, who has started for home after an inspection of American colleges, intends to introduce basket-ball to Japanese girls. New era will dawn for the Flowery Kingdom when Mme. Butterfly begins to cultivate her biceps.

New Haven road to use Subway to enter city. Time seems to be getting almost measurable, not when the commuter will take his train for home at the nearest Subway station.

"Janitors of apartment-houses who style themselves superintendents and arrogate to themselves all the powers of monarchs," says Recorder Goff, "must be taught that, after all, they are merely servants, and that the tenants have some rights they must respect." Wonder what his janitor, if he has one, says to that.

Proposed reform of the volunteer fire companies seems to mean a revamping of the "vamp," as it were.

Expected that the increased price of beefsteak will be passed on by the restaurant keeper to the customer, as before, and the cost of a sirloin moved up another notch. Not increase at the larger restaurants within five years is about 25 per cent., as shown by a comparison of bills of fare. Porterhouse steak which a Tammany connoisseur regards as of the right size now costs as much as was paid for a day's board and lodging at a New York hotel when the old St. Nicholas was in its glory.

Ma—Willie, what's your little brotha' trying to do with that? Willie—Just 'cause he don't want to learn anything. I hit took his candy and showed him how to eat it.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Playwright who is going to act the part of the ghost in "Hamlet" feels reasonably sure that it will walk for him.

Sum of \$1,500 paid for a letter of Mary Queen of Scots comes near attaining breach of promise figures.

Example of Mexico in employing President Diaz to kill off the tigers that infest ranches suggests a way for sport-loving monarchs and chief magistrates to make their sportsmanship useful to the nation as well as amusing to themselves.

Among athletic schedules, that for the public school roof games is not least interesting. Evolution of the east side school-house into a club-house is a pretty good educational by-product.

"Why did you stay away yesterday, Jimmy?" asked the teacher. "Please, sir, myver's ill," replied Jimmy. "Oh, that's bad," said the teacher. "What does the doctor say it is?" "Please, sir, he says it's a girl."

A widow, quite small and petite, in a strapping young man a side by a dandah young sir. Then a "thank you" from her. Caused the dude to fall dead at her feet. —Houston Post.

"The Chief Magistrate recently recommended a differentiation of education, so that the girls might be trained to be good mothers. It would be interesting to inquire of the heads of the great universities what special courses there are in each curriculum which provide for the training of boys to be good fathers," says the President of the New York Mothers' Club. And the President of the National Woman's Suffrage Association says: "To the men who prate about wifehood and motherhood the women must rise and tell that there is a husbandhood and fatherhood as well. Always instructive to hear the other side of the argument."

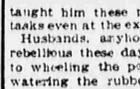
Why Go West for Big Game?

By J. Campbell Cory.



Rebellious Husbands. By Nixola Greeley-Smith.

A BROOKLYN broker, sued last week for divorce, asserted that his domestic difficulties were due to his refusal to wash dishes or cook his own dinner. All because he had not the advantage of the present public school system, which would have taught him these pleasant little family tasks even at the expense of his A B C's. Husbands, anyhow, are getting very rebellious these days. They will object to wheeling the parambulator next, or watering the rubber plant. And then, what will society have come to? I remember reading "Lady Clara Vere de Vere" as a little girl and boiling with indignation at the Tennysonian injunction to the disdainful beauty to "teach the orphan boy to read, or teach the orphan girl to sew." Why should boys read and girls sew? I asked, ignoring the near future when a Superintendent Maxwell should arise and reverse the dictum. Why should not men cook and sew? The world's greatest dressmakers are and have been men, and the word chef has come to represent all that's finest and most subtle in the gastronomic art. Why should the husband whose wife compels him to wash dishes rebel? Let him strive rather to raise these arts to heights hitherto unattained by woman. The number of men engaged in the



same occupation will be strictly limited by the number of good-for-nothing wives, and competition will therefore be far less keen than in the more usual fields of masculine endeavor. Since woman is trying to beat man at his own game, all that is left to him is to beat her at hers. And judged by past efforts in that direction, he ought not to have any difficulty in doing it. Besides, he will wreak his finest vengeance in the process. For every superior woman an inferior man has been or will be. And there is no burden which can be thrust upon a woman's shoulders equal to that of enforced and protracted superiority.

Be True. "Be true," said the rose to June. "Ay, ay," June swore, And sailed away with her sun and moon To another shore. "Be true," said the bee to the flower. "Ay, ay," she said, And waited for him long hour by hour Till she was dead. "Be true," said the bee to the sun. Said the sun, "I will." But the sands in his glass ceased not to run, Nor stood he still. Nor is it false nor strange, The web fate spun For the bee and the flower, in a world where change And the life are one. —Charlotte Observer.

Springtime on the East Side.



I sing a song of drain-pipes, which means a song of spring; I sing a song of servant girls forever on the wing; I sing a song of moving-vans and mud up to your knees; I sing of parlor carpets a-waving in the breeze; I sing of rheumatism; pneumonia I sing; In fact, as I remarked before, I sing a song of spring.

A Passion for Rings.

By Nixola Greeley-Smith.



Aisy—She's a ringer all right. Gerald—You bet. She got a beauty solitaire out of me.

Wee Wizzie Wisdom.

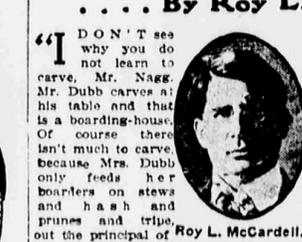


"I hear Willie Wimble was born in midocean on a steamer." "Dear me! Can storks fly so far, auntie?"

The Essence of Thrills.

A CURIOUS individual has recently taken trouble to dissect the works of an author of sensational dramas, and he finds that he requires the co-operation of eighteen widows, sixteen sons and two daughters of persons executed, eighty orphans of the male and 112 of the female sex, sixty blind persons and ten feigning blindness, twenty-two fratricides, eight paralytics, 145 foundlings, 162 lost and 116 kidnapped children, 124 children exchanged or fostered, 212 false wills, 216 stolen pocket-books, 198 duels with swords, 168 with pistols, two with sabres, eight with knives and ten with axes; 43 fires, 123 murders with weapons and 138 with poison, 48 drownings, 28 guilty and 62 innocent galley convicts, 50 freed and 26 escaped prisoners, 118 burglaries, 208 d-rainings, 75 lunatics, 28 feigning lunatics, 113 false marriages and 61 bigamies. Who will say after this that the drama is an advertisement?

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



"I DON'T see why you do not learn to carve. Mr. Nagg Mr. Dubb carves at his table and that is a boarding-house. Of course there isn't much to carve, because Mrs. Dubb only feeds her boarders on stews and a hash and grines; and I take out the principal of Roy L. McCardell, the thing is the same, and the Dubbs do have a pot-roast on Sunday for their boarders, except in summer, when they have cold meals on Sunday. "And when they do have a pot roast on Sunday Mr. Dubb carves it and smiles, and says, 'This is certainly a fine piece of meat!' But the boarders only groan, and I know what I am talking about, for once when my poor, dear papa in a rage—but it was drinking on account of his troubles that maddened his brain—well, as I was saying, when my poor, dear papa, who has gone to his long home, but it wasn't his own heart speaking, drove us from the house and sold the furniture, mamma and Brother Willie and I went to Mrs. Dubb's to board. "And everything was so greasy, and we had to furnish our own napkins because the napkins were only changed twice a week, and we got so sick of hash and rice pudding and stews and bracket corned beef that I never want to see a boarding house again. "Well, Mr. Dubb did all the carving, and smiled and praised everything, like the deceitful wretch he is, because we could hear him quarrelling with his wife because she wouldn't give him money to spend and rowing with her when she let any of the boarders get behind, although he hadn't the courage to say a word to them. "And that's why I say I don't see why you don't carve at your table, Mr. Striver carves at his table, but he is so awkward he gets the tablecloth covered with gravy, and I have seen him spill the chicken he was cutting up, on the floor. "But you don't care. You leave me to do all the work, and by the time I have carved and served and cut up the children's meat and spread their bread and given everybody else but myself a second helping my dinner is cold and you are through, and then you jump up from the table and run away and leave me sitting there all alone, all tired out. "I don't know whether Mr. Cheskaat carves or not, because they never invite anybody to dinner. "Mr. Ladyfinger doesn't carve because he is too poetic and he can't eat anything but delicacies and wants everything garnished with violets, and he keeps the fern dish in order himself, and I do think we should have a fern dish and cut glass too, but what can you do when the children break everything up on the table? "But that doesn't excuse you from not carving, Mr. Nagg! Don't you think you ought to do something to make it easier for your poor starving wife? Oh, never mind, you don't care for your home, Mr. Nagg, and I know it!"

The "Fudge" Idiotorial.

The Game of Hyde and Seek.

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"Little Fish Feed the Whale." We cannot ALL be whales, but we need not be LITTLE fish. How many of us have been feeding the Equitable whale? It is a FINE, FAT whale, but it is shrinking! It has raised the ante to its agents, so as to bring in MORE FOOD. It is good that food has become scarce. MORE money in stockings and LESS in some banks would clean up Frenzied Finance. How clever it is to raise the price of a bunco game! People love to be TAKEN IN. The widows and orphans are safe, but it makes it somewhat EXPENSIVE for papa when he has to buy the Union Pacific for Mr. Harriman, as well as to provide for the FOLKS. Mr. Hyde is not nearly so expensive as the OTHER gentlemen. Violets are CHEAPER than bonds and automobiles cost LESS than stocks. Let us be glad that the game of HYDE and SEEK is winding up so gloriously. Meanwhile an order for some NEW reputations should be put in at ONCE!

The Man Higher Up.

By Martin Green.

"I SEE," said The Cigar Store Man, "that 40,000 people attended the opening game of the season at the Polo Grounds." "It can't be," protested The Man Higher Up. "How could 40,000 people in this town raise the price? Don't we hear on every hand that New York is on the plots, that the people of the tenements are starving to death and that 70,000 school children leave home every morning without having had pie for breakfast? Don't we hold mass-meetings every night and adopt resolutions that make those outside of New York imagine half the people of the city are feeding on grass in Central Park? "Shame upon that frivolous 40,000 that went out to the ball park to see the Giants play. They must form a calloused bunch. Some people—nearly all the people, it seems—absolutely refuse to be put wise to the true condition of affairs in this city. "Here is New York, lame and decrepit and facing poverty and starvation on every hand, but 5,000 heedless persons through the Hippodrome every night. Probably 5,000 more jam Madison Square Garden to see the circus. Although the frost is scarcely out of the ground, from 30,000 to 60,000 people go to Coney Island every Sunday. Take a walk through the east side any Saturday afternoon and you will discover that nearly every young girl has on a new hat and a stylish, if cheap, gown or spring wrap. What right have those people to look fat and happy? Can't they get next to their hopeless condition? It is enough to make us reformers feel a hunch to throw up our jobs. "Why don't the folks who think New York is not a fit place to live in move away?" asked The Cigar Store Man. "No other place would stand for them," replied The Man Higher Up.

How the Nutmeg Grows. "A NUTMEG tree," said the New Haven gardener, "looks like a laurel. Such trees are rare in these parts. The nutmeg tree begins to bear at the age of ten years. It keeps on bearing until it is ninety. The fruit resembles an apricot, and when ripe it bursts open, showing at its heart the black nutmeg inclosed in a network of scarlet. The nutmeg after plucking must be dried. It is dried over a slow fire and the process is tedious. It often occupies two months. Before shipping the nutmegs are always steeped in sea water and lime. This is to protect them from insects. They have nothing but insects to fear. Insect-proof condition they keep—well, they keep practically forever."