

The Evening World
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GOING OUT IN A SMUDGE.

The State Legislature will adjourn in a smudge of scandal unequalled in recent years.

The record of the Senate is particularly black. It passed the outrageous Niagara grab; killed the 80-cent gas bill; repudiated the pledge of its party and candidates to repeal the tax on the savings of the poor; refused to amend the mortgage tax so as to include the bonds of railroad corporations; rejected the bill to start police reform and emasculated the bill, afterward killed in the Assembly, to prevent and punish corruption in elections.

Thanks to the persistence of the Governor and the efforts of Senator Stevens, the other gas bills passed will enable the consumers in this city to get cheaper and honestly inspected gas—provided the State Commission to be created does not fall under control of the Trust.

TAMMANY AND "THE PEOPLE."

After shouting and resolving in favor of cheaper gas for the plundered people of this city, ten Tammany Senators united with thirteen bolting Republicans in killing the 80-cent gas bill.

Whether this action was due to boodles, to "graft" in the "organization," or to secret orders from the skulking and silent Boss, the effect will be the same. The Tammany Senators have made the election of McClellan or any other candidate of their machine for Mayor doubly impossible.

Tammany's love for the "plain pee-pul" was still further illustrated in its votes against the bills to tax stock gambling and to equalize the tax on mortgages.

THE QUESTION OF SHAME.

Mayor Dunne, of Chicago, refuses to call for State or Federal aid to end the strike riots and violence on the plea that he does not want to "shame the city in the eyes of the world by admitting that we cannot preserve order in our streets."

But does not the shame already exist when the entire trucking and delivery business of Chicago is suspended on account of the strike—when crimes of violence are committed almost hourly—and when the contending parties are armed for deadly conflict?

If Mayor Dunne, with the police force and such special deputies as he can call upon, is able to restore order and preserve the peace, that is undoubtedly the better way. We have an idea that the New York police would have made short work with the rioters before this time. But the history of all such outbreaks proves that if the police either cannot or will not put down a riot at the start they are usually helpless when a great strike of violence gets under full headway.

If Mayor Dunne can restore order and give to the people of Chicago their paramount right to do business and use their streets as will he will deserve credit. But the "shame" which he dreads is already upon the city for its unchecked anarchy and its unrestrained disorder. The quickest way to end it is the best.

A CHANCE FOR CASSIDY.

Senator Cassidy, who sees only "a waste of power" in the world-wonder, Niagara, ought not to stop with his effort to give the Falls to a boodling corporation, although, thanks to Publicity and an honest Assembly committee, the Grab is killed for this year.

He ought to prepare a bill for the next session providing for grinding into dust the Soldiers and Sailors' Monument and the Tomb of Grant, on Riverside Drive.

Why should these useless piles encumber the ground when the acquirers, the chemists and the adulterators of food are crying for marble dust?

Dry up Niagara, blast down the Palisades, make pulp of the Adirondack forests, grind up the monuments! There is nothing great but the Almighty Dollar, and to get Boodle is the chief end of legislators!

SAFEGUARD ELEVENTH AVENUE.

If Eleventh avenue were on the centre of Manhattan Island and its residents were people of means and social standing conditions which have annually clamored to the Legislature in vain would long since have been bettered. There was a time when street steam railroad trains ran on the surface of the centre of Manhattan Island as far south as the present Criminal Courts Building. No such state of affairs would now be tolerated.

The New York Central uses Eleventh avenue as if it were a railroad yard instead of a public thoroughfare. Accidents are of daily occurrence, and the children in the tenement-houses are the most frequent sufferers. Property values are injured by restriction of the neighborhood to cheaper tenements and factories.

The clergymen of the neighborhood have headed a movement to better conditions, but so far they have not succeeded. The crowding of the population has increased the number of accidents. The New York Central is spending a vast sum to improve its facilities in the central part of the city. A comparatively small expenditure would relieve the west side from its present dangers.

The People's Corner. Letters from Evening World Readers

Report Him to the Police.

To the Editor of The Evening World: There is a man who goes around the city claiming to represent a big tailoring company and offering to make a suit of clothes of very good material for \$15 or \$10 and in a week's time. If given an order he asks for a \$5 deposit. He got \$5 from myself and several friends of mine a long time ago, but he failed to show up and we have not seen him any more. CHARLES FABRY.

The Suspender Dress.

To the Editor of The Evening World: Could there be anything more ridiculous than these suspender dresses the women are wearing? My wife has one, and I have nicknamed her "One-Gaiter Girl" after an old citizen of my native Massachusetts who I knew as a boy. F. A.

A Matter of Taste.

To the Editor of The Evening World: Is it proper to boll bacon before frying it? 2. Are Hungarians descendants of Jews? MARY CLARKE, Brooklyn, N. Y.

A Cure for "Mashing."

To the Editor of The Evening World: It is bad enough to have a strange man try to flirt with you after he has given you his seat. But what about the disgusting man who copulates by keeping their seats while you swing

from a strap and peep coquettishly at you over their newspapers? This is the climax of masculine cheek and women should be protected from it. The company ought to post a sign in the elevated and subway saying that mashers are liable to fine or imprisonment or both. Then it would be stamped out like the spitting nuisance. Mrs. J. G.

How Can she Get Rid of a Bore?

To the Editor of The Evening World: I wish some woman reader of The Evening World would tell me what to do when a man acquaintance, after obtaining permission, brings another young man to call and the latter turns out to be the deadliest bore on earth, and, of course, immediately shows signs of wanting to make my house his home. I know too late that I don't want to know him, but I don't want to offend my friend. E. A. W.

Six o'Clock Shoppers.

To the Editor of The Evening World: Something ought to be said about the horde of women who for no reason at all delay their shopping until 5.30 or 6.45, and keep the stores from closing exactly on time and the tired girls from getting home to their dinners. There is no excuse for this, and it ought to be stopped. Women ought to have a little more consideration for each other. E. T.

Said on the Side.

NEW attack on coffee, this time by French doctors, who pronounce it "incomparably more harmful to the nerves than tea," and actually "more dangerous than alcohol." American public, who drank 1,633,953,254 gallons last year, will please take note. Consumption of 475,000,000 gallons of tea during the same length of time shows that we are making respectable progress as a tea-drinking nation, though still hopelessly behind England. Veneration in that country of the "6 o'clock tea" as an institution, indicated by the action of the Dean of Norwich in changing the hour of afternoon church service from 5 to 5.30 to avoid conflict of date. Result, a fair congregation where formerly there had been empty benches.

Man whose place of business, in the shadow of Police Headquarters, has been robbed fifty times says he is "beginning to lose confidence in the police." O ye of little faith!

Said now by Prof. Ernest Haeckel that the human soul is identical with the soul of apes, the difference being one of quantity, not quality. Proof advanced by another scientist that the blood of monkeys and men is exactly the same in character and composition. May be necessary to give the hero of the New York "Smokes" dinner belated credit as a social Darwin more discerning than his fellow-men.

Tom has been a benefactor for almost two weeks.

"You have no idea what you miss by not being married," he said to his friend Jack.

"No, I suppose not," rejoined the latter. "Do you count your money every night and morning?"—Chicago News.

The Nine's police bill among the dead measures at Albany. Thrown out at first, so to speak.

Wedding party at the National Art Club escapes shower of rice and old shoes by taking to the roof. Evidence in the publicity recently attained by this club of its possession of an artistic and capable press agent.

Importation of diamonds and pearls for April \$3,429,338, almost enough of itself to furnish a Florida hotel dining-room display. Indicated by the way, in the theft of the Vanderbilt diamonds and the reports of a traitor's conspiracy to rob tourists that the centre of lost jewelry sensations has shifted temporarily to the "American Riviera."

Girl who made \$50,000 on stock tips could hardly have done better as a member of a "Flourishers" sextet.

Iowa schoolman to be the bride of a Cabinet officer. Profession continues to maintain its reputation for marital eligibility.

"When a fellow shaves himself," asked young Kallou, "is it necessary to shave up against the grain?"

"Why should you want to know?" asked Elder. "You'll only have to shave down."—Philadelphia Press.

Precedent of the California firm which has decided to make employment contingent on the employee getting married will be watched with interest. Observed in the case of large corporations which require total abstinence in employees, that their attitude has come much to advance the cause of temperance, and good reason to believe that matrimony would be largely promoted by a similar rule against single men. With legislatures taxing him and business houses discriminating against him, the bachelor will feel that his lot is becoming less and less a happy one.

Allimony of \$3,000 for a Gibson girl, a rather high figure for her own.

Writer in the London Telegraph speaks of the American veranda as "the particular retreat of Cupid the haven of flirtation and the storm centre of gossip." Thus does the veranda play its part in the summer life of America from June until October, says this observer from afar, who adds that "the craze for verandas has grown to such an extent that the area taken up by this adjunct of the summer home is often as large as the entire residence, while the furnishing is as carefully looked to as that of the drawing-room itself."

Prize irritable man of whom there is record seems to have been the one who committed suicide at Hayward's Heath, Sussex, because he could not receive a telephone connection as quickly as he wished. Regretted that he could not have had preliminary practice in patients here.

Miss Mabel Matilda Montgomery said she was opposed to all flummery;

So she went on the stage And became quite the rage, In a costume the critics called flummery. —Chicago Tribune.

Automobile now indicted by the doctors as tending to favor the development of diabetes, due to vibration. Riders of auto-cycles are declared to be especially liable to the ailment, the existence of which in railway trainmen has previously been noted.

"Bicycle face" and "bridge eye" in women now followed by the "wolf" which should be included in the same category with the "glass arm" and "housemaid's knee."

Innovation made in the public toleration of tobacco smoke by the International and New Art galleries in London, which both permitted smoking on various days. Good concession to the practice by a Liverpool theatre in which the audience is allowed to smoke during the ordinary variety performance, but is compelled to extinguish all pipes and cigars while the short dramatic pieces are being produced.

Summing Up. By J. Campbell Cory.



The Vindictive Banana. By Nixola Greeley-Smith.

HERE lived once upon a time on a pushcart a vindictive banana. Hour by hour it saw its yellow and more seductive companions disappear under an onslaught of copper that made the banana man feel like a petty Lawson, or more diplomatically, a Lawson in miniature. But though the stock had been picked over all day, no eye had lighted in friendly appraisal on the small, shriveled black-and-tan banana that grew minutely more resentfully morose. At first the banana's resentment was toward mankind in general that displayed such a singular indifference to its manifold merits and a marked disinclination thus to scatter their fire, and the hatred of the little banana struggled humbly to concentrate itself. It was not long in finding an opportunity. For there passed daily before the pushcart A Thing of Blue and Brass, that smote terror into the soul of the little Italian and when it was in a good humor felt with lordly fingers among the bananas for the plumpest and firmest, and, having eaten it, let the Italian live. But when it was more sternly minded, uttered strange sounds, mostly "Gwan, now," and "Move on there," and sent the owner of the pushcart flying. At first the soul of the banana yearned after the Thing of Blue and Brass, and its heart beat happily every time it paused analytically before the pushcart, hoping for the touch of those consecrating fingers. But, alas, it was always passed over. And it grew to hate it with all the force of its vindictive nature. But it happened one day that this uniformed omnipotence had been called down by a still lordlier being, whom it spoke of publicly as "the roundsman" and under its breath with strange spluttering sounds, and as a result it bore down upon the pushcart and wrecked it, sending its contents into the middle of the street and its owner into the middle of next week. And as it lay in the gutter the soul of the vindictive banana grew hot within it and it lay there plotting revenge. It was not far to seek. For at that moment a newsboy spied, seized and devoured it in one complimentary gulp. But the peeling he threw carelessly upon the sidewalk. And then the Thing of Blue and Brass returned, and as it stood on the corner airing its lordly presence and lifting its foot upon its heels, the peel of the vindictive banana insinuated itself under its feet. And the next moment the Thing of Brass, unheeded, mud bespattered, lay supine in the very gutter to which the vindictive banana had been consigned. Moral—Consider the vindictive banana and its peel. For it goeth before a fall.

An Accidental Discovery.

HERE lived in Boulogne, Italy, about a hundred years ago, a learned student, Dr. Gelvani by name. On one occasion he was making a scientific experiment with frogs. After they were dead, wishing to dry them, he pierced them with little brass rods and hung them on the iron railing of his balcony. To his surprise they began to move, and Gelvani saw this was due to the action of the wind. This knocked the part of the body pierced by the brass rods against the iron balcony. This discovery resulted in the galvanic battery, which has been employed in the latest inventions of the telegraph, trolley cars, electric lights, bells, etc.—all these because a frog made the acquaintance of a wise man.

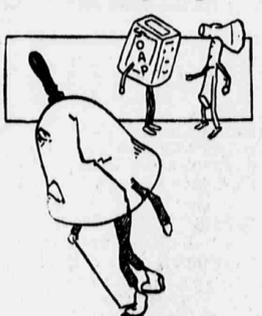
They Can't Mistake It.



Too Tall.



A Few Ding-Dongs.



A Love Song.

I'm Arcady of old, A shepherd to his love The old, old story told. With summer skies above. A simple tale it was. Of words forever new: "Beloved, I love you. I love you, I love you." "Fair Rosalie, to you I fain would pledge my heart. Arcady's shepherd true Would play a better part. His words I'll use again. Those words forever new: "Beloved, I love you. I love you, I love you." —Evelyn Browne.

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

HERE is Miss Woodhead so partial to old Jack? Doll—it's his height that wins her. She is never annoyed by his kissing or hugging her. Mrs. Nagg and Mr. Nagg. Mrs. Nagg, you'll be sorry some day!

He Looked For It.

A MEMBER of a temperance society heard of a man in the southern part of the city whose wife, in popular parlance, "had driven him to drink." The advocate decided to call on the inebriate and his wife and to plead with him to give up drink. The evening she called she did not find the toper at home, but the temperance worker and his wife talked on other topics. At last she asked the woman if it was true that her husband was driven to drink. "Driven to drink!" was the answer to the white ribboner's question. "Why, no; my man is willing to walk, no matter how far he has to go to get it."

The "Fudge" Idiotorial.

Too many people are arrested for GOING FAST in buzz wagons. We believe the practice is wrong. We know the automobile is a dangerous thing. The longer it fools around in one place the more dangerous it becomes to MORE people. The faster it gets away the safer it is. This is logic and it is correct. If a machine endangers the lives of 1,000 people in SIX MINUTES it will only threaten 500 in THREE MINUTES. The rule should be to get the thing out of the neighborhood as soon as possible. The automobile going a mile a minute is therefore SAFER than one going a MILE in ten minutes. We believe it is TEN TIMES SAFER! Who ever heard of an automobile hurling any one when it was going fast! THE SHOEVERS always SWEAR they were going slow. Usually they were. We believe in going fast, living fast and STANDING EAST!