

The Evening World
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WERE YOU COUNTED?

Fifteen years ago there was a great scandal over the Federal census which deprived New York City of two Congressmen. The Federal Census Bureau purposely omitted the enumeration of several hundred thousand people. This was exposed at the time, but the wrong was never righted.

This year the census is for State purposes. Senators and Assemblymen, not Congressmen, are at stake. New York should have at least half the Legislature. Whether it gets what it is entitled to depends on the State census.

Many complaints are made of people who have not been counted. Every omission reduces that much New York's representation. It needs nothing more than an intimation from their political superiors to make the enumerators repeat the omissions of 1890.

A SKELETON IN THE SAND.

In breaking up the hulk of the General Slocum a skeleton imbedded in sand was found in its hold. The anniversary of the Slocum disaster has been mourned. Of the hundreds of victims the bodies of most are in the Lutheran Cemetery, but others remain in the depths of the waters and this last skeleton also will be speedily hid away from human sight.

There has been no vengeance yet. The corporation which owned the General Slocum has had no punishment. The men who constitute the corporation have also escaped. The Government officials who permitted the men who owned the corporation to violate the law have also escaped. The men who sold the deadly life-preservers, the men who provided the rotten hose, the whole series of Slocum murderers are going about their respective money-making schemes as if the east side had not been devastated, as if hundreds of homes had not been blotted out.

Has Justice departed from the city of New York?

WORSE THAN DRY DOLLAR SULLIVAN.

Congressman Dry Dollar Sullivan is going abroad to spend the summer. The man who represents the Bowery better than Daniel Webster is surely entitled to a vacation, and since there is nothing more for him to learn about New York it is well for him to go to Europe to enlarge his knowledge and experience.

He will be missed. New York would not be what it is were it not for the Dry Dollar Sullivans, the Battery Dan Finns, the George Washington Plunkitts, the Barney Martins and the other men of their kind who typically represent the political powers which governed this municipality. What they are everybody knows. They have risen by the process of natural selection which among lower animals makes the strongest and the shrewdest the ruler of the herd.

But their day is going. Their power is annually less, and their influence is shrinking until it is confined to only certain quarters of the city, while formerly it dominated the whole. In their stead a shrewder, more merciful, less sympathetic and hypocritical type of man is succeeding.

The old type sympathized with the poor and helped them in their poverty, befriended their constituents and looked after their welfare. They were the rulers of the people, but they protected their subjects.

The new type of political ruler holds no office. He puts his underlings in public office as he does in the executive offices of the corporations which he controls. His only use for the people is to take their earnings and their savings away from them, to exploit the public utilities which the people make valuable, to manipulate the savings which the people have laid aside for their wives and children, to raise the cost of the necessities of life which the people must have, and to defy the law and corrupt the Legislature, the Executive and the courts, which should be the people's bulwark against extortion and oppression.

HARD WORK AND SUCCESS.

Is hard work the best way to success? That depends on how the work is done and what work it is. Fidelity to the interests of the stockholders of a corporation may not be the best way to obtain promotion from superior officers who put their personal interests first. Efficient work must be considered from the point of reward of results as well as effort.

The sad result of some modern corporate considerations is their lesson that success does not depend much upon conditions or hard work, but on manipulation, and that favor and obsequies grease the rungs of the ladder to facilitate the upward slipping of ambitious feet.

To divert the rewards of business life from honesty, fidelity and industry will cause the disintegration of solid business foundations.

David B. should organize an Equitable mercenaries' union. There should be no cut rates. If Depew's pay was not cut when the Republicans were out, David B. should have insisted on full prices even in adversity.

School children are warned by Commissioner McAdoo not to throw stones at automobiles. Automobiles also should be warned to leave school children alone.

With Lyon's restaurant closing at midnight what will the all-night Bowery do when it is hungry? Maybe the Bowery cannot afford to eat both night and day.

New York City spent more for charity last year than the whole assessed valuation of Cohoes.

The Tenderloin has a new inspector. Does any one notice the change?

The People's Corner. Letters from Evening World Readers

Business or Profession. To the Editor of The Evening World: I am working in a business house, in this city, but find I do not care for a business career. I was thinking of taking up electrical engineering, but have come across people who tell me not to and who say I would better stay where I am and pursue a business career. Now, which experience do you think would be the better, electrical engineering, if I have talent, for it, or staying in the place where I am? E. R. H.
A Pre-Fulton Steamboat. To the Editor of The Evening World: About one hundred years before Fulton built his first steamboat I have found that a steamboat was built in Cassel, Germany, by Denis Papin, and made a trip down the river Fulda to the town of Kuedon, where it was destroyed by hostile fishermen. This was between 1680 and 1700. A. ROOEN.
Defends Firecracker Racket. To the Editor of The Evening World: In reference to the firecracker complaints, the youth of America will while the country is worthy of its name, celebrate with all its might the Day; and every lover of the grand old flag will instill into his children's minds the meaning contained in the sexting apart of the Fourth of July as a day of days to show by our spirit that we are not ingrates to the cause and nation which our forefathers died to uphold. W. J. C.

New Glory for the Bowery.

By J. Campbell Cory.



A news item says: "Timothy D. Sullivan and valet" are booked to sail for Europe.

From Cherry Hill and Chinaville to Callahan's booze chalet The gang is daft to grab the graft as Big Tim's chesty valet.

Chicago May Be Brought Within Commuting Distance.

By Ferdinand G. Long.



The railroad "filers" soon may run from stock yards to the sea so Chicagoans who work here can be home in time for tea.

Some of the Best Jokes of the Day.

I hope the mosquitoes are not thick around here, said the man who was negotiating for summer board. "Spunky of you, old man; but where did she want to go?" "Why, Newport; haven't I just told you."—Philadelphia Press.
"Where would you say if I should kiss you?" "She—I should tell you to stop right where you were."—Chicago Journal.
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The Man Higher Up!

By Martin Green.

"I SEE," said the Cigar Store Man, "that there is quite a discussion on among correspondents of The Evening World as to whether hard work or a pull makes for success in New York."
"With the case of James Hazen Hyde staring them in the face," remarked the Man Higher Up, "the people who argue that hard work counts for success in New York would appear to be in the class of the man who took a Christmas promenade in a suit of pajamas and a straw hat who gets the coin in New York—the conscientious toiler or the man with a relative on the board of directors?"
"This town pays the highest and the lowest salaries in the United States. It attracts the best talent of the country and pays out more of the long green to shiners, four-flushes and fronts than would settle the national debt. This is especially true in the financial and mercantile lines, where a mut can get away with the game by looking wise and conspicuously reading Wall street columns of the small but savagely respectable newspapers."
"The man who has no particular genius and a small amount of gall—who possesses a large willingness to work and makes the boss's interests his own interests—is sure of continual employment in New York. It is a cinch that he will have six days' toll a week for his natural life, and it is also a cinch that when he starts on his first long vacation with the aid of an undertaker his name is on the books of his respected boss for the same salary he started in with."
"The immensely rich of New York are generally persons of wide family connections. They have poor relations and the poor relations want money. But the immensely rich won't cough up. They compromise by giving their poor relations good jobs at large salaries."
"These incompetents wouldn't know a valuable employee if a flaming figure came out of the sky and introduced him. Invariably they pick out the most finished slob in the business for preferment and the slob makes good by telling them how good they are. In the meantime the good old boys who love their boss and his business are grinding away and doing the work and waking up every morning in a haze of amazement because they are alive."
"Sometimes," suggested the Cigar Store Man, "a pull helps a deserving fellow up."
"Yes," replied the Man Higher Up, "more generally it is somebody else's pull that drags him down."

To Double Men's Strength

By Hugo Zug.

DR. WOLFGANG WEICHARDT, of Berlin, has discovered the "essence of strength," by which the power of any animal, even a man, may be nearly doubled; an antitoxin which may prove of immense value to athletes and incalculable good in cases of nervous exhaustion and in convalescence of seriously ill persons.
One gram of the antitoxin, taken in four doses, has added three-fifths to the strength of a young woman gymnast.
This antitoxin, or "essence of strength," may yet enable prize-fighters fifty years old to renew their strength for one more great battle, may revive a beaten and exhausted man and turn the tables, may make a weak man strong enough temporarily to punish some bull who has been abusing him. It draws up the picture of a 120-pound man, indignant over the actions of some big fellow, swallowing a couple of pastilles and then punishing him severely. It opens the way finally for some one to beat Jeffries if he can arrange with Dr. Weichardt to get a few of the pastilles, says Hugo Zug in the Chicago Tribune.
The antitoxin was discovered through the discovery of the toxin of weariness, three or four drops of which, injected into the system of a human being, might actually "tire him to death."
First, the eminent Berlin specialist took a guinea pig and drew it backward, resting desperately, along a rough carpet, until it was so tired that it could no longer resist. Then stimulants were administered, both liquid and electricity, and the process repeated until the strength and resisting power of the animal was totally destroyed. Then the animal was killed, and immediately after death the toxin (poison) was obtained from the crushed muscles.
The toxin, in the form of unstable brown scales, was afterward injected into other guinea pigs, that immediately became exhausted, utter exhaustion and death resulting in twenty-four hours. The animals were actually "tired to death" by the poison from the muscles of their exhausted fellow.
The antitoxin was procured in the regular way, by injecting the toxin into the veins of horses, as diptheria antitoxin is secured. The antitoxin, when dried, forms permanent scales and is stored strength, and the scales retain their activity for months. It is readily taken up by the stomach, but is usually administered hypodermically.

Do Women Fear Freedom?

By Marcel Prevost.

MAN always takes a long time to learn how to use liberty. Women, it must be admitted, are still slower than the other sex in the exercise of liberty. It is not their fault. Customs and laws have made of the majority of them eternal minors. In greater and greater numbers women are admitted to competition with men in all sorts of activities. The prejudice for moral and intellectual inferiority is no longer defended by any one. And behold finally that they are occupying the position of equals.
This is the moment which certain women choose for their flight. They cry "Stop!" They wish to descend.
Curious feminine fear of liberty! Is this not a renewed proof that the servitude was real? Every time that serfs have been enfranchised some have been found who wept for their old servitude, others who demanded to remain serfs, and, finally, others who perished without ever knowing that they had been set free. Each revolution has some victims and some malcontents. Already these malcontents are appearing among the future emancipated ones, says Marcel Prevost in the Chicago Tribune.
It is sadly true that many women, in just the measure that their real enfranchisement approaches, show themselves timid in the extreme, and that is what seems so sad.
For the future state of things will not be established, that is certain, without chilling certain sensibilities. On the day after the enfranchisement tears will be falling. Some women, certainly deserving of pity, will find themselves disabled by their actual liberty; they will not know where to get the energy for action. It will be, I believe, a matter of a generation at the most; the reform will take long a time fully preparing to cause any lasting surprise.
If any of these women of 1850 should by chance read of the proposition of several ultra-feminine women of 1905, they will be astonished at their pusillanimity, and will laugh at the fears that the grandmothers felt of liberty.

Little Willie's Guide to New York.

Gotham's Rural Pets.

NEW YORK is a kosmopolitan sitty, but most of its inmates came from the old farm, and deep down in their hearts they cherish the memory of the deer happy days when they broke the ice in the pitcher in the morning and got stung by hornets every time they went into the south meadow, so whenever a bug or other insect blows into town from the country we always make a feeble fuss about the bug and claim it can do all sorts of weird and wonderful stunts. A few years ago there was a bug found in Harlem and it bit somebody on the mouth and we all at once shrieked that the kissing bug had arrove and that his one joy in life was to convert folks' lips into watermelons and the kissing bug wood ketch us if we didn't watch out, and now we are nailing a new and marvelous rooster pet called the button bee, he habbitually is content to be in making his presence felt so strongly that no fatbusher is content to live in his own home unless he can also own his own button bee and he luv to show his fellow commuters the scars and wounds inflicted on him by his ferrous pet. Nu yarkers luv the country so dearly that they give soever-nir brix and greengoods to apny Kountryman who will vizzit the grand sentral stahshun. but the button bee is too wise to come where the brix grow, so he lurks coyly in fatbush, where all the goald brix have already been haut up. good oald button bee. A. P. TERHUNE.

Said on the Side.

A DUCK made a member of a swell French club, a St. Bernard dog in a Boston pulpit to illustrate pastor's remarks, Fire Dog Pink returns to active duty with Engine 33 after recovering from injuries received in the line of duty, ostrich trots to a wagon at Coney Island, detective detailed to hunt a lost parrot, etc.
"Yale men owe a large debt" according to President Hadley. "Sense of relief felt by fathers on learning that it is nothing more serious than a moral obligation on which payment may be deferred for some years."
"Though light at ferry" preferred a Sunday hoodlum squad next, one composed of the entire force perhaps.
"Making of a pretty good husband in that Syracuse man who, marooned on a St. Lawrence island, swam a mile rather than disappointing his bride-to-be. Still a sufficient quantity of romances left when twentieth century Leaders borough management may allow that swim an American Hallsport.