The World

Published by the Press Publishing Company, No. 53 to 63 Park Row, New York. Entered at the Post-Office at New York as Second-Class Mail Matter.

VOLUME 46 ..... NO. 16,115.

THE KICK THAT GOES TO WASTE.

The New York Kick goes to waste.

It is the depressing exception to nature's general rule that no force is absolutely lost. There is a reason.

When the doctors find a case of whooping cough in the Tenth Ward and another case in the Fourteenth and another in the Twenty-second they do not report an epidemic. They say the cases are sporadic.

That is what ails the Kick. It scatters.

The picture going with these lines relates to the general subject only because it suggests the one day in the year when a considerable portion of New York gets up and moves together.

The World said one year that in the event of a new holiday being sought General Moving Day might be selected and called New York Day.

That was a humorous first thought. There is a sober second thought.

A real New York Day would be not one upon which the city households should, as by one motion, pack their gods into large vans.

It would be an occasion which should find the Kick Sporadic turned into the Kick Collective and placed where it would produce the most results.

To get various reforms well started and public rights well established the first New York Day of the right kind should have a constructive continuation through about twelve months.

By the end of that time local traction managers would cease taking off trains enough out of rush hours to preserve the balance among straphangers, and other desirable changes would be getting ready to take place.

There might even be symptoms of haste on such pieces of public work as the Hall of Records construction.

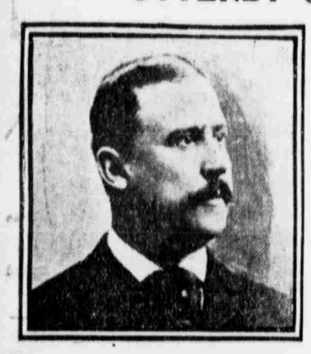
No public service corporation or contractor is so dull as not to appreciate the private pocket value of the Kick Sporadic.

Nor is any "practical" politician so dull.

Last Monday was a record Moving Day.

What an upheaval if the individual restlessness of such an occasion could be elevated into the irresistible discontent of a city whose patience is abused!

UTTERLY UNWORTHY.



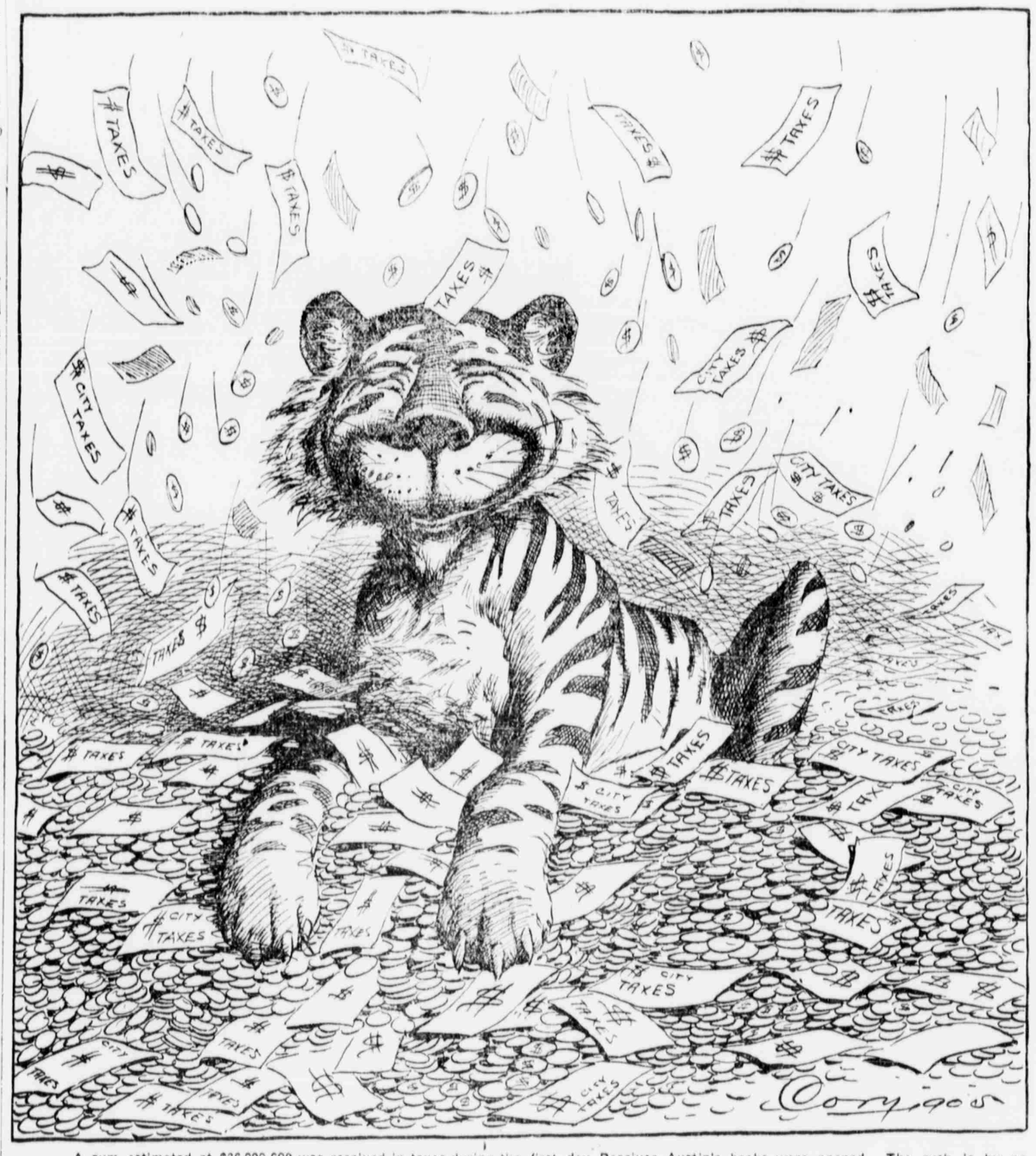
The first fruits of the McCarren mastery of Brooklyn are heralded in the announcement that the Long One has selected James W. Ridgway as his candidate for Borough President.

This office has been worthily held ever since it was created. Mr. Grout, Mr. Swanstrom and Mr. Littleton each represented the popular voice and were the honest servants of the people. To go back to the worst days of the old Willoughby street gang in the selection of the ex-race-track District-Attorney is something Brooklyn ought not to stand. Former County Judge W. B. Hurd would and should run. He has some strength and character.

The Borough President's office controls the public works of the community, controls the graft, honest and dishonest. It should be filled by a decent and honorable man.

"The Smile That Won't Come Off."

By J. Campbell Cory



A sum estimated at $36,000,000 was received in taxes during the first day Receiver Austin's books were opened. The rush is by no means over.—News Report.

Strange Marriage Customs That Date from Bible Times

MARRIAGE and courtship in the Orient are still conducted with the same odd ceremonies and forms that were in vogue in Biblical times. At an Arabian wedding the bridegroom and bride consider it beneath their dignity to show any especial interest in the proceedings.

The entire party, men and women, form in procession, with wax tapers, flambeaux and torches, the lights so perfumed as to fill the streets with their fragrance, with a band of music and a company of clowns, who cut up all manner of didos on the way, and the pageant marches to the home of the bride. They find the house barricaded and they are refused admittance. A fierce but harmless sham battle is fought, always ending in the assaulting party taking the house by storm.

This custom, of course, is a survival of the time when the battles were in deadly earnest, and when actual force was used in capturing women from real enemies. After the make-believe struggle the women of the victorious party rush into an inner apartment, where the bride is found sitting alone. They throw a veil of silk and gold over her head and bear her away, the wails of herself and her friends being drowned by the music, the noise of the buffoons and the shouts of triumph from the bridegroom's party. The apparently unwilling bride hangs back, and as she must be forced along at every step a whole hour may be consumed in dragging her for the first hundred yards. The more trouble she gives the greater will be her reputation for maidenly modesty. Finally she is lifted over the blood of a slain sheep to the back of a camel, says the Pittsburg Dispatch.

Having arrived at the bridegroom's home the bride is placed upon a divan, where she is expected to show the most abject melancholy amid the general levity. As the women pass before her she kisses their hands. The whole night is spent by the guests in rejoicing, eating and drinking.

The prevailing color of the bride's trousseau is sky blue and each garment is very heavily embroidered. Her apparel consists in part of very full trousers, over which she wears a flowing skirt. Above these two garments is a vest with ample sleeves, and over this is a large merino jacket, open in front to the waist, but her bosom concealed by a profusion of snowy lace. A cashmere shawl is loosely thrown over all. Gold guards surround her neck and a watch dangles from her waist, while festoons of pearls are looped over her dress. On her head she wears a red velvet cap over the edge of which hangs a loose fold of blue merino, the whole headdress being bespangled with precious stones. Her hands and wrists are stained with henna. Slippers of blue and gold complete her elaborate attire.

From the moment that the officiating priest enters the house next day all levity ceases. Crowns are placed upon the heads of the contracting parties, rings are placed upon their fingers and their hands are joined. As soon as they are blessed with prayer and benediction and the priest has departed the mirth is renewed and doesn't cease until midnight. In the morning the giving of presents is in order. The wedding festivities are kept up for ten days, a different crowd being present each day, with wild dancing and boisterous song. Sometimes the fun is varied by the bride's relatives setting upon the bridegroom and giving him a sound thrashing. Through all the revelry the bride sits by herself, never smiling nor speaking.

Said on the Side.

FOURTH of the Staten Island municipal ferry-boats now here, to be tied up with the others "until the slips are ready." Might put them to use on the East River lines during the year they are likely to remain idle and give Brooklynites an idea of what a real ferry service is like.

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Bronx conductor falls off runboard of his car into sewer. Auto sweeps passenger from runboard of Eighth avenue car, fracturing his skull. Car footboard is a pretty narrow margin between danger and safety, a fact which passengers too frequently forget.

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Required of football players in the Ohio State University that they study the Bible. Probably with special reference to St. Paul's injunction to "fight a good fight, not as one that beateth the air."

• • •

Uncle Sam imports a herd of goats from Malta to furnish milk for American babies. Question will be asked why the Harlem goats were slighted.

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Speaking of milk, story from St. John's, Newfoundland, of the domestication of a herd of fifty cow whales, which yield a milk "peculiarly rich in nutritive and medicinal qualities." Yield reported to be five hogsheads a day for each whale. Health Commissioner might look into this matter as a solution of the pure milk problem and get a herd or two out to pasture in the Lower Bay.

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Jewelry importations for September $1,000,000 in excess of the record for the same month last year. Outlook grows daily brighter for a brilliant theatrical season.

Letters from the People

Two Problems.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Kindly give your readers a chance to solve the following problems: A and B divide $14 between them. A is to get two-fifths more than B. How much does each get? If 2 were one-half of 6, what would be one-fourth of 20?

ELBERT O. SMITH.

An Unruly Daughter.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I ask the advice of mothers in the following dilemma: I have a daughter, fifteen years old, who is very unruly. She goes out evenings without my permission and returns late. I reason with her, and when this had no effect I flogged her; but this has no effect, either. I do not wish to send her to a home. Will mothers kindly advise me?

ANXIOUS MOTHER.

Thirty-one Days' Savings.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

My answer to the question as to how much can be saved by putting away one cent Oct. 1 and doubling the amount each day for thirty-one days is $21,474,836.47.

A. E.

Attraction of Gravitation.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

In reply to a letter signed by Curious, who asks what would become of a shell fired beyond the earth's attraction, I beg to say that if a shell were given sufficient impetus to carry it beyond the attraction of the earth it would roll on forever in infinite space unless it should get within the attraction of some other planet, when it would be drawn toward it like a pin toward a magnet and remain there eternally.

J. S.

Where Is the Earth's Axis?

To the Editor of The Evening World:

"Inquirer" writes that the earth's axis is constantly inclined 23½ degrees, whereas at the present time it is so nearly vertical to the plane of its orbit if "Inquirer" were on the earth's surface midway between the North and South Poles—that is, on the equator—he would have no shadow at noon. The 21st day of September the earth's axis was perpendicular to the plane of its orbit. If I understand the matter correctly, if the earth's axis was stationary, and was perpendicular to the plane of its orbit, there would be no tropic of Cancer, nor tropic of Capricorn; neither would there be any Arctic or Antarctic circle. Then, too, there would be no change of seasons. The sun would constantly appear to be where it was on Sept. 21.

OLD MAN.

L. F.—Department of Parks (Arsenal, Central Park), President and Commissioner of Manhattan and Richmond, J. J. Pallas; Commissioner of Brooklyn and Queens, M. J. Kennedy; Commissioner of Bronx, J. J. Brady.

G. H. R.—A man should precede in ascending stairs; a woman should precede in descending. A man walking with two women should walk on the side nearest the curb.

THE FUDGE IDIOTORIAL.

WE WILL NOT RUN FOR MAYOR.

(Copyrot 1905, Planet Pub Co.)

We wish to serve notice on Murphy and Pat McCarren that we will NOT run for MAYOR.

We will NOT stand up and be counted UNLESS we can do the counting OURSELVES! When we COUNT we use a Press Register! A Press Register is Run by Steam! This makes it EASY to RUN up BIG FIGURES!

We know there is MORE of US than there is of anybody else, and we are SATISFIED with this knowledge! As for Murphy and Pat we do not care what THEY think! We do not KNOW that they CAN think!

Some day when our BRAIN is not not tired we will TELL what we think of Murphy and PAT!

AYESHA: THE FURTHER HISTORY OF She-Who-Must-Be-Obeyed.

BY H. RIDER HAGGARD

Author of "She," "Allan Quatermain," "King Solomon's Mines," etc.

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Leo Vincey and Horace Holly, two Englishmen, start for an unknown country beyond Turkestan in search of a wonderful and supposedly immortal woman known as "She" or "Ayesha." In former years they had met this woman in Africa, where she had loved and been loved by Leo. She had claimed to have been 2,000 years old and to have loved Leo in a former incarnation. She had seemingly perished; but Leo in a vision is told that she still lives and is waiting for him in a land across the Thibet mountains.

Passing these mountains they come to the land of Kaloon.

Atene, the Khania, or Queen, of Kaloon, falls in love with Leo, and, by the arts of her uncle Simbri, the Shamon (magician), seeks to win him. But Leo, learning that a supposed goddess known as Hesea is high priestess of the sacred mountain beyond Kaloon, believes this priestess to be Ayesha and remains true to her. A flame-crowned pillar surmounts this mountain. Atene will not let Leo and Holly go to the Hesea. The Khan, Atene's husband, hates the two visitors. He keeps a pack of fierce and gigantic dogs known as the Death Hounds. He uses them to hunt down malefactors and threatens Leo with this form of death. Holly believes Atene is the reincarnation of Amenartis, an Egyptian princess who had loved and been loved by Leo in a former incarnation 2,000 years ago and whose rival Ayesha had been.

The Shamon prophesies that Leo shall kill the Khan within a month.

The Khania at length gives Leo twelve hours in which to decide whether to wed her or to die. Leo and Holly persuade the Khan to help them escape.

He gives them horses and they start for the mountain; but the Khan pursues them with the Death Hounds. Holly and Leo stand at bay and meet the attack.

They kill the Khan and drive back the hounds. They then cross the river which divides the Khania's country from that of the Hesea, and take refuge for the night on an island.

Thither Atene and Simbri follow them, imploring Leo to return and, by marrying Atene, to become Khan of Kaloon. He refuses, and he and Holly proceed toward the mountain, where at length they find themselves in a valley full of human bones.

There a veiled woman in white meets them and leads them in silence onward up the mountain, leaving them for the night in a camp of savage mountaineers. Leo and Holly witness a strange ceremony on the part of the hill tribe.

CHAPTER XXVI.

The Sorcerer's Doom.

Anything stranger, and indeed more fantastic, than the general effect of this scene, I, by the bright moonlight and first in that wild arena, it was never my lot to witness.

The red-haired, half-naked men and women, the gigantic priest, the mystical white cat, that, grinning his scalp with its claws, waved its tail and seemed to take a part in the performance; the unholy chant and its yelloving chorus, all helped to make it extraordinarily impressive.

This struck us the more, perhaps, because at the time we could not in the least guess its significance, though we imagined that it must be preliminary to some sacrifice or offering. It was like the fragment of a nightmare preserved by the awakened senses in all its mad, meaningless reality.

Now round the open space, where these savages were celebrating their worship, or whatever it might be, ran a rough stone wall about six feet in height, in which wall was a gateway. Toward this we advanced quite unseen, for upon our side of the wall grew many stunted pines. Through these pines our guide led us, till in the thickest of them, some few yards from the open gateway and a little to the right of it, she motioned to us to stop.

Then she went to a low place in the wall and stood there, as though she were considering the scene beyond. It seemed to us, indeed, that she saw what she had not expected, and was thereby perplexed, or angered.

Presently she appeared to make up her mind, for again she motioned to us to remain where we were, enjoining silence upon us by placing her swathed hand upon the mask that hid her face. Next moment she was gone. How she went, or whither, I cannot say; all we knew was that she was no longer there.

"What shall we do now?" whispered Leo to me.

"Stay where we are till she comes back again or something happens," I answered.

So there being nothing else to be done we stayed, hoping that the horse would not betray us by neighing or that we might not be otherwise discovered, since we were certain that if so we should be in danger of our lives. Very soon, however, we forgot the anxieties of our own position in the study of the wild scene before us, which now began to develop a fearful interest.

It would seem that what has been described was but preliminary to the drama itself, and that this drama was the trial of certain people for their lives. This we could guess, for after a while the incantations ceased and the crowd in front of the big man with the cat upon his head opened out, while behind him a column of smoke rose into the air, as though light had been set to some furnaces.

Into the space that had thus been cleared were now led seven persons, whose hands were tied behind them. They were of both sexes, and included an old man and a woman with a tall and handsome figure, who appeared to be quite young, scarcely more than a girl indeed. These seven were ranged in a line where they stood clearly in great fear, for the old man fell upon his knees, and one of the women began to sob. Thus they were for a while, perhaps to allow the fire behind them to burn up, which it soon did with great fierceness, throwing a vivid light upon every detail of the spectacle.

"Accursed dog! Beast worshipper! What were you about to do?"

Now all was ready, and a man brought a wooden tray to the red-bearded priest, who was seated on a stool, the white cat upon his knees, whither we had seen it leap from his head a little while before. He took the tray by its handle and, at a word from him, the cat jumped on to it and sat there.

Then amid the most intense silence he rose and uttered some prayer, apparently to the cat, which sat facing him. This done, he turned the tray round so that the creature's back was now toward him, and, advancing to the line of prisoners, began to walk up and down in front of them, which he did several times, at each turn drawing a little nearer.

Holding out the tray, he presented it at the face of the prisoner on the left, whereon the cat rose, arched its back and began to lift its paws up and down. Presently he moved to the next prisoner and held it before him a while, and so on till he came to the fifth, that young woman of whom I have spoken. Now the cat grew very angry, for in the deathlike stillness we could hear it spitting and growling. At length it seemed to lift its paws and strike the girl upon the face, whereon she screamed aloud, a terrible scream. Then all the audience broke out into a shout, a single word, which we understood, for we had heard one very like it used by the people of the plain.

It was "Witch! Witch! WITCH!"

Executioners who were waiting for the victim to be chosen in this ordeal by cat rushed forward and, seizing the girl, began to drag her toward the fire. The prisoner who was standing by her, and whom we rightly guessed to be her husband, tried to protect her, but his arms being bound, poor fellow, he could do nothing. One of the executioners knocked him down with a stick. For a moment his wife escaped and threw herself upon him, but the brutes lifted her up again, hailing her toward the fire, while all the audience shouted wildly.

"I can't stand this," said Leo; "it's murder—cold-blooded murder," and he drew his sword.

"Best leave the beasts alone," I answered, doubtfully, though my own blood was boiling in my veins.

Whether he heard or not I do not know, for the next thing I saw was Leo rushing through the gate waving the Khan's sword and shouting at the top of his voice. Then I struck my heels into the ribs of the horse and followed after him. In ten seconds we were among them. As we came, the savages fell back this way and that, staring at us amazed, for at first I think they took us for apparitions. Thus, Leo on foot and I galloping after him, we came to the place.

The executioners and their victim were near the fire now—a very great fire of resinous pine logs built in a pit that measured about eight feet across. Close to it sat the priest upon his stool, watching the scene with a cruel smile, and rewarding the cat with little gobbets of raw meat, that he took from a leathern pouch at his side, occupations in which he was so deeply engaged that he never saw us until we were right on to him.

Shouting "Leave her alone, you blackguards!" Leo rushed at the executioners, and with a single blow of his sword severed the arm of one of them who gripped the woman by the nape of the neck.

With a yell of pain and rage the man gripped back and stood waving the stump toward the people and staring at it wildly. In the confusion that followed I saw the victim slip from the hands of her astonished would-be murderers and run into the darkness, where she vanished.

Also I saw the witch-doctor spring up, still holding the tray on which the cat was sitting, and heard him begin to shout a perfect torrent of furious abuse at Leo, who, in reply, waved his sword and cursed him roundly in English and many other languages.

Then of a sudden the cat upon the tray, infuriated, I suppose, by the noise and the interruption of its meal, sprang straight at Leo's face. He answered to catch it in mid-air with his left hand and with all his strength dashed it to the ground, where it lay writhing and screeching. Then, as though by an afterthought, he stooped, picked the devil-thought, he stooped, picked the devilish creature up again and hurled it into the heart of the fire, for he was mad with rage and knew not what he did.

At the sight of that awful sacrilege—for such it was to them who worshipped this beast—a gasp of horror rose from the spectators, followed by a howl of execration. Then like a wave of the sea they rushed at us. I saw Leo cut one man down, and the next moment I was off the horse and being dragged toward the furnace. At the edge of it I met Leo in like plight, but fighting furiously, for his strength was great, and they were half afraid of him.

"Why couldn't you leave the cat alone?" I shouted at him in idiotic remonstrance, for my brain had gone, and all I knew was that we were about to be thrown into the fiery pit. Already I was over it; I felt the flames singe my hair and saw its red caverns awaiting me, when of a sudden the brutal hands that held me were unloosed and I fell backward to the ground, where I lay staring upward.

This was what I saw. Standing in front of the fire, her draped form quivering as though with rage, was our ghastly looking guide, who pointed with her hand at the gigantic, red-bearded witch-doctor. But she was no longer alone, for with her were a score or more of men clad in white robes and armed with swords; black-eyed, ascetic-looking men, with clean-shaven heads and faces.

At the sight of them terror had seized that multitude, which, mad as goaded bulls but a few seconds before, now fled in every direction like sheep frightened by a wolf. The leader of the white-robed priests, a man with a gentle face, which when at rest was clothed in a perpetual smile, was addressing the medicine man, and I understood something of his talk.

"Dog," he said in effect, speaking in a smooth, measured voice that yet was terrible, "accursed dog, beast-worshipper, what were you about to do to the guests of the mighty mother of the mountain? Is it for this that you and your idolatries have been spared so long? Answer. If you have anything to say. Answer quickly, for your time is short."

With a groan of fear the great fellow flung himself upon his knees, not to the head priest who questioned him, but before the quivering shape of our guide and to her put up half-articulate prayers for mercy.

"Cease," said the high priest, "she is the minister who judges and the sword that strikes. I am the ears and the voice. Speak and tell me—were you about to cast those men, whom you were commanded to receive hospitably, into yonder fire because they saved the victim of your devilries and killed the imp you cherished? Nay, I saw it all. Know that it was but a trap set to catch you, who have been allowed to live too long."

But still the wretch writhed before the draped form and howled for mercy.

"Messenger," said the high priest, "with thee the power goes. Declare thy decree."

Then our guide lifted her hand slowly and pointed to the fire. At once the man turned ghastly white, groaned and fell back, as I think, quite dead, slain by his own terror.

Now many of the people had fled, but some remained, and to these the priest called in cold tones, bidding them approach. They obeyed, creeping toward him.

(To Be Continued.)