

The World

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How Long, Mr. Jerome?



What is Mr. Jerome doing to follow up the investigations of the Armstrong Committee with prosecutions?

Why does he delay to frame indictments against those involved in the insurance scandals? What is the explanation of his diminished energy and interest?

When the investigating committee was at the height of its activity in exposing insurance graft and greed the District-Attorney entertained the idea of a special Grand Jury to deal with the corruption and rascality revealed.

His zeal for instant action was then fervent. Motives of propriety alone restrained him from what he thought would be interference with the committee's work.

That restraint is now removed. Why, then, does he delay? The incriminating testimony is at his disposal. Nothing that will be contained in the committee's report will add to the all-sufficient evidence of criminal culpability.

Of examples of moral guilt, of convictions at the bar of public opinion, the public has had enough.

Light Up!

People who live in New York generally live in streets. When they make for home at night well-regulated citizens generally want to find the particular street on which they happen to live with as little trouble as possible.

Last winter they could look out of street-car windows and read the number of the streets in radiant white numbers on beautiful blue lamps, and were able to stop the car and get off when their own streets were reached.

But last March the Board of Estimate and Apportionment had a spasm of economy. They thought it cost altogether too much money to help citizens find their way home at night. So they followed Othello's example and "put out the light, and then put out the light."

He does not care what device the city uses to show him the number of his street at night, but he does want to be able to see that number somehow. The gentlemen on the Board of Estimate should light every lamp, and keep it lighted every night, until they can hit on some alternative.

The Haverstraw Homicide.

In law a landslide, under natural conditions, is an act of God. But is the Rockland County Grand Jury going to take that view of the Haverstraw horror?

Was it an act of God or of human greed that the clay bank was dug into, dwelling houses undermined and their tenants precipitated to death? In plain phrase, it was manslaughter.

In Pennsylvania it is no longer possible for a part of a city to "cave" into a mine. Law has put an end to the undermining of houses without the safeguard of props and all adequate precautions. Do the Haverstraw fatalities call for such legislation in this State? The common law is sufficient to cover the responsibility for the dead and injured.



"Resting!"

By J. Campbell Cory.

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NEW YORK THRO' FUNNY GLASSES.

By I. S. Cobb.

To insure a successful season the management of a Broadway theatre ties up with a team of gentlemanly pirates producing musical comedy by the acre, running foot or in plots to suit the purchaser.

What follows is comparatively easy, although expensive. It is necessary to hire a cast of twenty or thirty high-salaried persons, headed by a knob-about gentleman with talented legs and adjustable comedy eyebrows.



Newport season and about half a million dollars' worth of scenery and colored light and silken draperies. This combination plays to capacity until the following midsummer, and in the fall goes out booked up solid.

Further down the way an effort is made to revive Shakespeare. Considerable trouble is experienced in bringing him to the chief revivalist is a survivor of the classic or scenery-eating school of tragedians.

THE FUNNY PART:

The revivers blame it on Shakespeare.

Marriage, Birth and Death Rates.

The marriage rate is higher in England than elsewhere, being 15 per 1,000. In most other countries it varies from 7 to 10 per 1,000.

Letters from the People

People's Chorus, Cooper Union. To the Editor of The Evening World: Is there any place in New York where I can study music free or at a nominal price? H. L.

Answers to Questions

manager of the B. R. T. a joker of the Harriman type. "Improved service on the Broadway line!" headed the announcement that doomed the passengers of this line to be dumped at the Van Siclen avenue stock yards.

Kidnapped in New York,

The Machinations of a Russian Secret Society Pitted Against the Love of a Plucky New Yorker.

By Arthur Rochefort, AUTHOR OF "THE DETACHED BRAIN."

CHAPTER I.

The Master Musician.

EDWARD MERTON was in love, not an unusual condition for a good-looking man of five and twenty, who feeds himself without relatives and with a fortune that might have brought a youth with less self-poise to the dogs.

Edward Merton was, or rather imagined himself to be, a musician. In an amateurish way he played the violin. The practice may have annoyed his neighbors in the bachelor apartment house where he lived, with a negro man servant, but they never complained, as it seemed to delight the young performer and to amuse the friends who visited him.



ments in Washington Square. This was just a week before Christmas, and already the great stores in the business centres and the smaller stores all over the city were making brave displays in their windows of necessary things and glittering things, all appropriate to the festive season now approaching; and the ubiquitous small boy was forcing the season by filling the air with choruses by means of the barbaric horn.