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. 16,274.

A GREAT PUBLIC SERVICE.

JUDGE SAMUEL SEABURY

Judge Samuel Seabury of the City Court, in moving energetically for the unveiling and punishment of the "jury fixing" frauds committed in the interest of Ryan's Metropolitan, is doing public service of the highest value.

These frauds have been almost open and quite notorious. They were admitted when a lawyer high in the Metropolitan service said that hereafter the law department of that corporation would be honestly conducted. They were confessed when William H. Tillinghast revealed in the public interest his own services as a professional juror and was rewarded for his valuable information by being railroaded to prison.

Other witnesses are ready to tell how the Metropolitan managed its "hung" juries and its professional testimony if they are assured that Tillinghast's fate will not be theirs. It is a splendid opportunity to reveal, to punish and to stop a crime that affronts the courts, that perverts justice and that makes mockery of the forms of law.

Judge Seabury is young, able, vigorous and in dead earnest. These are excellent qualities. He need have no fear that the people will fail to appreciate his efforts to bring the Metropolitan foulers of the fount of justice to repentance behind bars.

THE STREET RAILWAY TRANSFER.

The Metropolitan has given out orders that hereafter passengers who desire transfer tickets must say so when they pay their fares. Several fights have already occurred over the order, and one man has been arrested for "petit larceny" in snatching the ticket that belonged to him, but which the conductor refused to give him.

Is it legal to deny a transfer to one who fails to ask for it when it is most convenient to the company? If a passenger has a right to a transfer ticket for a certain point, can Tom Ryan abolish that right? Is he the Legislature and the courts? Is he the lord of New York?

It would be interesting to see these questions legally tested.

AN ARTIFICIAL ICE FAMINE.

Manufactured ice cannot, from existing plants, make up for this season's apparent shortage in the natural product for New York consumption.

It is well to understand, however, that the conditions which make for an ice famine in this city are purely artificial. They have been brought about by the Ice Trust.

It is not because the Hudson River has failed to freeze as usual during the winter that the Trust finds itself moved with tears to raise the rates per hundredweight.

The real reason lies in the fact that with a monopoly's natural objection to any surplus that would not answer as extra dividends, the American Ice Company has broken down by restriction the ice industry of Maine.

In 1890, when the Middle States' ice crop failed, Maine harvested 3,000,000 tons.

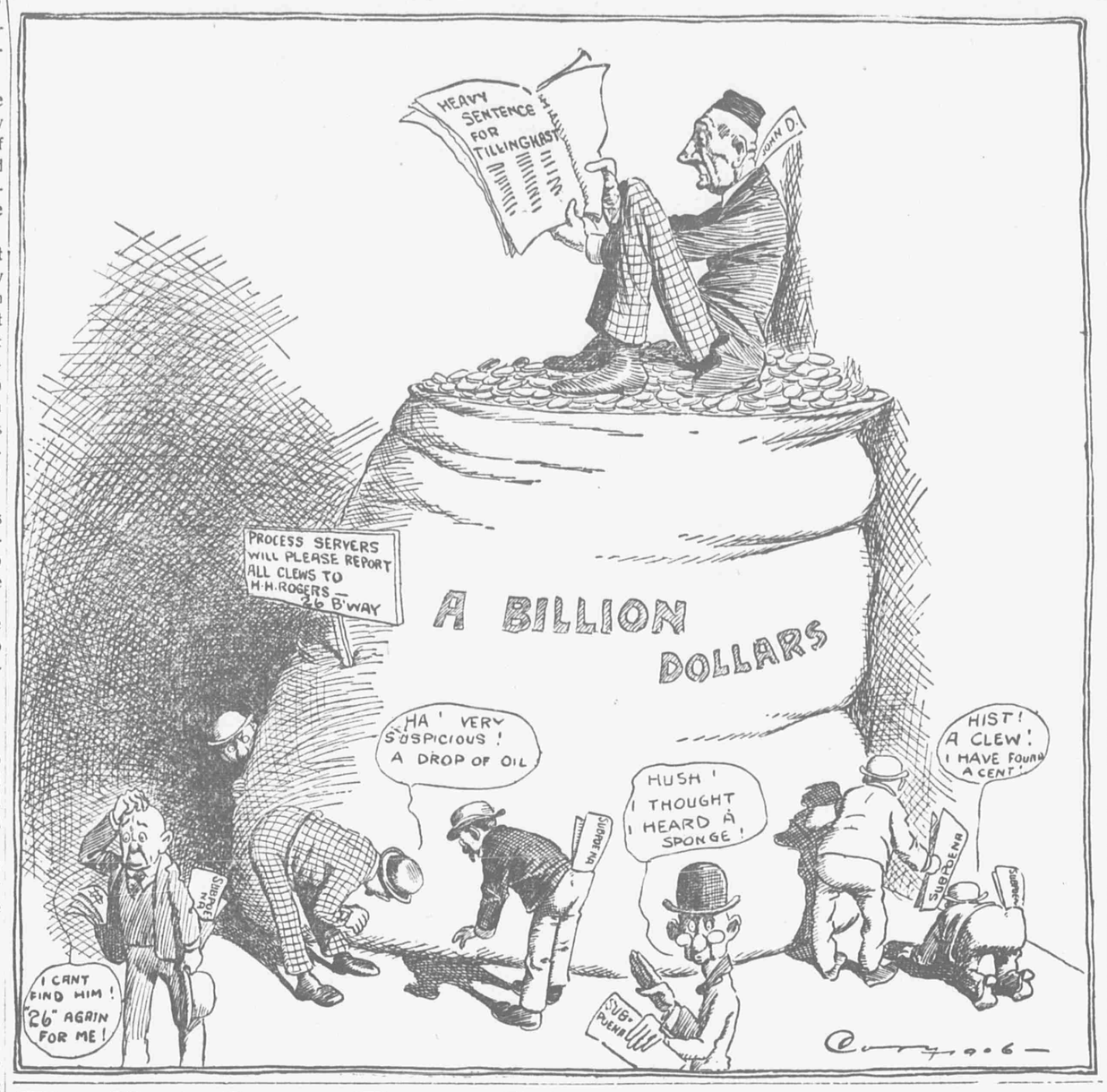
The Trust, coming into possession a few years later, began a deliberate policy of neglect. Great storage houses have been suffered to go to ruin. Some have been burned. No effort was made to harvest in the splendid winter of 1904-05 the full crop, which would have left a surplus for this year's relief of New York.

From its punishment in 1900 the American Ice Company seems to have learned only the wisdom of reducing to a negligible limit its emergency resources in Maine. As the fruit of its heartless calculations it appears to have in 1906 a better case for extortion than it had six years ago.

It is not straining a word to call such Trust operations criminal. What are we going to do about it?

The Man Higher Up.

By J. Campbell Cory.



The Mock Orange Bridge Club

By Grinnan Barrett

"WELL," quoth Mrs. Oliver Quiver, Vice-President of the Mock Orange (N. J.) Bridge Whist Club, "if I live to be a hundred years old—and I hope I won't, for no woman could expect to retain all her looks for a hundred years, although Mrs. Wiseburd did say to me I was getting younger looking every day of my life—and, by the way, I think she's a very attractive woman; I didn't use to like her, but I do now—I say if I live to be a hundred years old I shan't forget the miserable time I had yesterday afternoon when the club met with me.

"In the first place, I wanted all along to be the last hostess on the list, because that gives you such a splendid chance to watch for all the clever things that the other women get up in the way of decorations and dishes and things, and improve on them, and make them feel small. So that was why, when we organized, I proposed that the selections should be made in alphabetical order, and we put it through, although Mrs. Alumtaste and Mrs. Beestinger did vote no, and I remember at the time I thought it was rather indelicate of them, seeing that they were going to be the first ones, and it made them look as if they didn't want to entertain at all.

"I was the last on the list then, but after that Mrs. Wiseburd and Mrs. Vainone and Mrs. Youngthing had to go and join, so here I am entertaining the club and the season not near over! I declare, some people are too aggravating!

"But one thing I will say, I got beautiful prizes—perfectly beautiful. For the progression prize I bought the loveliest Royal Worcester plate, but after I got it home and got it unwrapped it looked so darling on my cabinet that I just decided to keep it and not say anything about any prize for progression. We ought to give up something in Lent anyhow, and I thought it would be a good idea for us to give up the progression prize. But that despicable Mrs. Colefeet had to bring up the subject. Just as soon as she had won the first game she scored herself for points and progression, too. And then she spoke up and said to me insinuatingly:

"'Oh, Mrs. Quiver, of course there is a prize for progression?'

"And of course I had to smile and say 'Yes,' although I felt more like taking the woman by the throat and shaking those old artificial cherries off that last year's bird's nest of a bonnet that she wears, the stingy piece!

"But I made up my mind then and there I wasn't going to give up that beautiful plate to anybody. And while I was trying to decide in my mind what I could spare easiest an inspiration came to me like a flash—I would give the burnt-wood plaque I did for my dining-room and then didn't use. It was the first one I ever did, I remember, and as luck would have it, none of the members had ever seen it, because it didn't turn out exactly as I had expected it would and I never had hung it up.

"As it turned out, Mrs. Wiseburd won the progression prize herself, and when I brought her that burnt-wood plaque and handed it to her her nose turned up until I thought it was going to land on top of her head and be a wen. Finally, after so long a time, she said:

"'What does it represent, dear? A bunch of grapes on a plate, isn't it?'

"If a look from me could have withered her that woman would have done some shrinking! Not a half minute before she had heard me say that it was a design of a dog's head in an oak wreath. But I gave her one look that she won't forget soon!

"Anyhow, I kept the plate, and that's some comfort. But I've got to entertain the club again next week—it meets twice in succession at each place, you know—and I certainly am looking forward to it with dread, because I know from yesterday's experience those women will try their level best to eat me out of house and home."

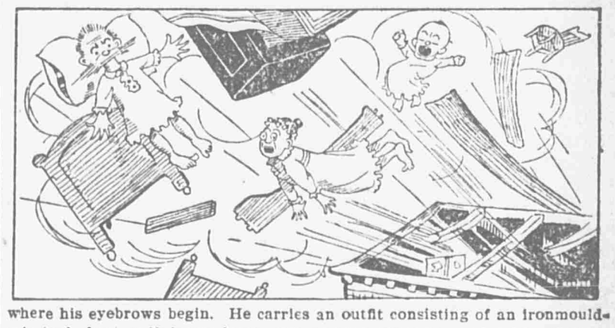
NEW YORK THRO' FUNNY GLASSES.

By Irvin S. Cobb.

TIME was when a safeblower ranked even higher among the recognized predatory classes than a ticket speculator. He was nearly always raised to the business and had to serve a three-year apprenticeship before he could get his card from the union. It was his custom to slip into the Twenty-third National, wearing the correct garb for an evening call, strap up the night watchman in a specially prepared harness and open the safe in from five to seven minutes with a neat device resembling a nutpick, meanwhile discussing the rising influence of the Ibsen cult on the drama with his understudy, who accompanied him and held his overcoat and cane. He would extract ninety or a hundred thousand from the inner vault, where the President of the bank kept his conscience during office hours. Then he would tidy up the place, pour all the rubbish in the cuspidor, spray the premises with eau de cologne and depart in his own cab. The largest article in his sole-leather workbox looked like a souvenir spoon.

If he inadvertently left a pair of cuffs or his walking stick behind and litigation threatened he compromised with the depositors for 50 cents on the dollar after paying the customary 10 per cent. to the Central Office for negotiating the deal. In his old age he would turn his line of city accounts over to his son, sell his suburban route to some enterprising young journeyman just coming on in the trade and with his savings purchase a modest farm up Westchester way. When he succumbed to gout the papers would give him two columns with pictures, while a wholesale hardware dealer who died the same day got four lines in the paid obit. column at the rate of thirty cents a line single insertion.

The old days are gone for aye. The modern cracksman is as uncouth in his hours of ease as a he grand opera singer. His front hair only leaves off



where his eyebrows begin. He carries an outfit consisting of an ironmoulder's tool chest, a liniment bottle full of nitro-glycerine and a bar of soap. He answers to the name of Gallipolis Slim or Tuscan Red and he is willing to take chances on breaking into anything except a bathroom.

Since the Armstrong Committee began making business good for the French line you won't find the crassness of his work equalled even in the larger insurance companies. With several friends he enters the village bank by the simple expedient of pushing in a side wall after having dropped the town marshal down the public pump head first and locked the switch at the depot with the still warm remains of the ticket agent. He puts sixty-five pounds of home-brewed guncotton under the safe and blows it over into Calloway County, accompanied by several members of the cashier's family who room upstairs. Pausing only to pry off the few dollars that have adhered to the ceiling, the entire company pursue the safe on a hand car and open it at their leisure with an axe. Less than twelve hours later the Sheriff is leading a determined posse of shipping clerks and deputy assessors in the opposite direction.

Meanwhile Messrs. G. Slim, T. Red and others have returned quietly and unostentatiously to our own city and are enjoying the fruits of their uncultured toil in those crude resorts where the barkeepers know the art of drawing a beer that is all lingerie and no lager. In dull seasons along Chatham Square you can get a hard-boiled Yegg with every drink except an schooner.

THE FUNNY PART:

Yet some people insist our banking methods are improving.

Tipping the Waiter.

By Charles R. Barnes.

I.

B'GOSH, I've tipped th' waiter, dad fetch his skinnin' soul!
An' say, I've soaked my fingers in th't there finger bowl!
Of course, th' splashin' dabble was stylish as could be,
But tippin' th't there waiter—it kinder tickled me!
He come an' fussed an' puttered, an' wiped my plate off clean,
An' acts like I was town-broke, an' not most tur'ble green;
Th' meal he dished was fillin', th' things they was real prime,
So, w'en he fetched th' ticket I passed him out a dime!

II.

By cricky, it was wuth it! Th' feller grinned an' bowed—
"He thinks I'm awful wealthy an' gen'rous," I allowed.
It made me sorter proud like, as common people feels
W'en fust they gits a servant t' cook an' tote their meals.
An' w'en he hovered 'round me an' handed me my hat
I seen th' other feeders was takin' note o' that.
My vanity was tickled an' things was lookin' bright,
It sat my hull durn bein' a-glowin' with delight.

III.

Some folks is alwus kickin' about th' tippin crime,
But see th' soothin' prestige it gits you ev'ry time;
It's jes' ol' human nature—an' folks is off th' track
T' try an' stop this buyin' o' pattin's on th' back.
Th' people's goin' t' do it, jes' as they spend their cash
F'r showy clothes an' fixin's t' help 'em make a flash;
An' though I'm jes' a hayseed, I'm same as all th' rest—
I'm bound t' tip th' waiter, th' robbin', skinnin' pest!

NIGHTSTICK and NOZZLE

A Romance of Manhattan

by SEWARD W. HOPKINS

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Dave Lenox, a policeman, falls in love with a girl whom he has rescued from a hotel fire and whose very name he does not know. He saves her from abduction, and a gun fight ensues in the course of which she is wounded in the cheek. She begs Lenox to take her to a place of safety where certain mysterious persecutors cannot find and murder her. He conducts her to the house of a Mrs. Foby, a receiver of stolen goods. Mrs. Foby's husband is a criminal and a fugitive from justice. The woman promises to hide and care for Lenox's wounded protegee.

Lenox discovers that the man who tried to kidnap the mysterious girl has subsequently been killed.

CHAPTER VII.

Mr. Jake Foby.

THE little yellow brick house was never more sedate in appearance than it was on the day after Lenox had had his conversation with Mrs. Foby.

So far as the front of the house was concerned it gave no evidence that there was anybody within, the drawn shades promising a quiet shelter that nobody on the block understood.

The policeman on the beat was new, and did not know every person he saw. It was not Lenox. Lenox, as we know, was off duty on that block.

Nevertheless, as the new officer walked into the shadow another man walked out.

The electric light shone down upon the naked trees, but still there was a shadow cast.

In this shadow was a policeman who had not been informed that he was on a beat where sharp eyes were more needed than sharp ears, and as he swung his nightstick and advanced step by step he was doing all that could be demanded of him as a policeman.

The man who walked out of the shadow was worthy of some description.

He was a man of medium height, powerfully built, with a short neck that seemed scarcely a medium of communication between the base of the skull and his spinal column.

His eyes were set narrowly together, and his low forehead was seamed with years of thought and emotion.

No one who knew of the results would ever have accused Mr. Jake Foby of studying too much. That simply becomes a question of what an individual studies.

Mr. Foby studied his own interests, which, if followed too closely, may cause wrinkles in the forehead and none in the pocketbook.

Unmindful of the officer, Mr. Foby turned into the area of the yellow brick house, and rang the bell.

Mrs. Foby, who had answered that bell a few thousand times, knew the ring and hastened to reply.

As she opened the door and as Mr. Foby thrust himself into the hall, Mrs. Foby gasped.

"What's matter with you?" demanded Mr. Foby. "Ever see me before?"

"Jake! What a looking sight!"

"Oh, I am a looking sight, am I? You are worse."

"I was good enough to come home to," said Mrs. Foby.

"Yes, but why? I got a letter that you wanted to see me and that all was safe."

"Oh, goodness! Come in. If everything was not safe would I bid you come?"

"How do I know?" growled Jake, as he stepped into the hall. Mrs. Foby shut the door after him.

"What do you want?" asked Jake.

"Come in the kitchen. I will explain."

The kitchen was the place Mr. Foby wished to visit. He followed his wife to the region of cuisine and sat down with a sigh of contentment.

"Give me something to eat," he said.

"That is what I am doing, Jake."

"No, you are not. You are fixing up omelets, which I do not like. You know I do not like them. Give me something

"Did you send for me to trap me?"

I like."

"That's just what I will do," said Mrs. Foby. "I'll give you a sirloin steak."

"I like that. But what has that to do with an omelet?"

"I did not fix that for you. That is for my patient."

"Your patient?"

"Yes," laughed Mrs. Foby. "You know Dave Lenox, the policeman? Of course you do. He has had a little trouble—no, not what you mean. He has been humane and decent to everybody and has not asked a cent."

"What do you mean?" growled Mr. Foby again. "Who ever asked for a cent?"

"Will you keep quiet? This girl"——

"What girl?"

"My patient."

Mr. Foby stared at his loving wife.

"Are you a doctress now?"

"No. Can't you understand? Lenox is trying to help us all. He will not stand any more crooked work, but as he is on post here he said you could come and see me."

"The devil he did."

"Didn't I write you?"

"Yes."

"And you came?"

"Since I am here, yes."

"You came because I sent for you?"

"Yes."

"And I sent because I wanted to see you."

"I suppose so. You would not be likely to send for me otherwise. What did you mean by your patient? You are cooking an omelet. For whom is it?"

"I don't know."

"You don't know!"

"No. She is upstairs."

Mr. Foby gazed at his wife with an expression that could be repeated only by repeating his own words.

"Who—upstairs—did you send for me to trap me?"

"Jake," said Mrs. Foby, "don't be a fool. There is a young lady upstairs. I do not know her name. I am taking care of her for Lenox."

"The cop?"

"Yes. That is why I send for you. I want to talk with you about our private business."

Mr. Foby who had sojourned among haystacks, nearly choked on a piece of sirloin steak.

"I suppose you did not think we had any private business," said Mrs. Foby with a look that was only Mrs. Foby's. "I never thought we had anything else," answered Mr. Foby.

"Very well. Lenox knows it. You are here because you—because"——

"Stickman, tell me the truth, is she—"

"Hush! Not so loud. She is asleep. She seems to be worried."

"I do not know who is upstairs. It is a girl."

The expression on Mr. Foby's face would baffle any attempt to picture it.

"When—really—er—when was she born?"

"I don't know," said Mrs. Foby. She was getting excited now. "Did you think it was a child?"

"That's what you said."

"I did not."

"Oh," replied Mr. Foby, attacking his sirloin steak again. "A woman never knows. Now, if you will tell me"——

"It is a girl. She was saved from a fire in the Bastick by Lenox. She was also saved from"——

"What?"

"Somebody wants to kill her. To get her out of the way."

"Why?"

"I don't know."

"Hum!"

Mr. Foby had eaten enough. He swung his plate back on the table and gave his trousers a hitch.

"You have talked nonsense long enough," he said. "Now take me to see that girl."

"Well, the omelet is done. Come on. But I want you to promise not to cut up any."

"Cut up any who? What?"

"I mean carry on."

Mr. Foby was enjoying the best time of the past six months.

"I won't carry on. Sail up."

Mrs. Foby knew what she was doing and did it with a precision that did her credit. She took up the omelet, gave it the necessary condiments and covered it with a second plate.

"Come on," she said. "We can talk after."

Mr. Foby, well satisfied with his meal, wearing a placid smile, followed his wife to the second floor.

He saw a pale, beautiful face on the pillow. He saw a girl that was well dressed.

His smile vanished. He turned a white, scared face to his wife.

"What is the matter?" she asked.

"Matter? Matter did you ask? Do you know? Great God, woman? That"——

"Go on." Mrs. Foby's face was different now.

"That's the girl"——

"Go on," said Mrs. Foby with emphasis. "The girl?"

"I was to kill. I was to take her from—from a man—at Herald Square. Somebody fired and"——

"Shot the girl!" almost screamed Mrs. Foby.

"No, dammit, no! He shot the man. You have trapped me. If this girl was saved by Lenox it is a case of twenty years for me without counting any other. You lied. You sent for me to trap me. I'll do my work. It means five thousand dollars to me. You shut your mouth or it will be bad for you. I'll get a coach and"——

"And what?" gasped Mrs. Foby as he paused.

"Take her to the river and throw her in."

He rushed out of the house, leaving Mrs. Foby staring wildly, still holding the omelet.

LETTERS from the PEOPLE ANSWERS to QUESTIONS

For Very Rich or Very Poor.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

New York is a delightful city for the very rich or the very poor. In other words, the rich man can buy all possible comforts, for he can afford them. The very poor man can get fairly cheap quarters, and can also find more sorts of work to choose from than in many cities. But for the family man, earning from $20 to $60 a week, it is the most expensive place on earth. Rents are exorbitant ($40 for a flat he could get in another city for $25) and food is yearly costlier. If he lives in the suburbs and works here, commutation money eats up his profits and the servant problem balks him. This steady rise of rents, food and clothing, and the stationary salaries, deter many New York men from marriage. That is the answer to "Why Don't Men Marry?"

E. S. K.

Jastrow Alexander, Hanover Place

To the Editor of The Evening World.

Can a person consuming gas have the meter inspected by the city, and if so, what is the proper place and person to whom to apply? I think this is a matter of interest to many readers. I have time and again complained about high gas bills, but to no use.

A. H.

Odd Coins.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I have two odd coins and I wonder if coin experts among your readers can tell me what they are. One is a Canadian coin dated 1837 and marked "Bank of Upper Canada" and has a horse and rider on one side. On the other side is inscribed "Bank Token, One Half Penny." A crown and two cornucopias, an anchor and sword are inside of this inscription. Another is a United States penny dated on one side 1841, with the ship Constitution in the centre and the following words inscribed around same: "Webster Credit Current." On the other side appears the date 1837 with a ship appearing to be in a heavy storm and whose mast is struck by lightning, with the following inscription around the edge: "Van Buren Metallic Current."

E. S. H.

Apply to Supreme Court.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

How can a person change his name legally and to what court should he apply?

CONSTANT.

"A Universal Scale."

To the Editor of The Evening World:

In European countries wages are low but the cost of living is (more or less) correspondingly cheap. Here in America wages are high, but living is higher. Why can't some of the international conferences stop tinkering away at wars, boundaries, open doors and other abstract things, and get busy on a plan to establish a universal scale of wages and of living expenses? That would do away with involuntary pauperism and make Trusts come to terms and enforce a fair understanding between employer and employee. The idea is sane and practicable. What do other readers think?

COMMERCIAL STUDENT.