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NO MORE GIFT SUBWAYS.

BIDS are advertised to-day for the new subway routes. In their haste to have this matter disposed of before they can be legislated out of office, the Rapid Transit Commission will open these bids on April 25 and the bids for the bridge subway loop on April 14.

In the years since the first subway opened no substantial advance has been made toward the solving of the problem of transporting the people of New York from their homes to their work and back again. The tenement-house overcrowding has increased, the suburban commuters' service has deteriorated on most of the railroads, with no lessening of fares, so that to live in the suburbs is beyond the means, time and money of the great mass of New York working population.

But while relief from bad conditions has not come, while overcrowding has increased and the train service diminished, the profits to the men who control the present traction franchises have grown enormously. The lease of the first subway, for the building of which the city paid, has been capitalized at \$70,000,000 of bonds and half as much more stock. The successive leases of the surface roads have been capitalized for hundreds of millions of dollars.



The reason for haste in this matter is obvious. Gov. Hughes recommended in his message a radical reform in traction methods in New York City. A bill to carry this reform into effect is now pending in the Legislature. If not defeated or emasculated, in any event its passage can be delayed. In the mean time these new franchises can be turned over to the gorged possessors of the old franchises.

The sad part of this is that this spoliation of the people of New York is not by legislators from the rural districts, by haysealers, by men who do not live here and whose homes and interests are hundreds of miles away, but by citizens of New York, distinguished members of the Rapid Transit Commission, prominent city officials and State Senators from this city. In delaying the passage of Gov. Hughes's Public Utilities bill, which is now held up in the Senate, the majority of the State Senators from Manhattan Island are not working in the interests of their constituents. With them the traction trinity is more powerful than the mothers and children of the tenement houses and the workmen forced to live in crowded quarters to be near the source of their daily bread.

The tenement-house mortality is high because of the traction problem more than for any other one reason. Rents are high simply because of the difficulties of transportation. The annual tax laid by the traction monopoly on the people of New York is equivalent to two weeks' wages of a shop girl, a week's pay of every daily laborer, a month's rent in the most squalid tenement house. And the men who continue this system are the very State Senators whose wealth, power and prominence come from the votes of the people whom they betray.

Letters from the People.

New York Pavements. To the Editor of The Evening World: I read of the plan to sand as well as clean the streets of New York in winter weather. There is no use in that while there is a street in the city paved with asphalt. It is slippery when wet. It is dusty when dry. The wooden pavement in the lower part of the city is worse. After it was down I had to try to stop the sprinkling of the street in front of my place of business. No horse could keep his footing when it was at all wet. At least a dozen horses fell some days this winter. It was simply horrible. One of my men counted fifty horses down in one day. There is no question that part of the trouble is due to overloading, but whether overloaded or not no horse can get a foothold on that pavement. L. J. CALLANAN.

How Long? To the Editor of The Evening World: Readers, if it takes fifteen men two months to dig up 100 acres of land, how long would it take thirteen men to dig 270 acres? H. V. W.

It is Pronounced "Skeek." To the Editor of The Evening World: How is the word "ski" pronounced? A. J.

Home for Old Women. To the Editor of The Evening World: As you are inclined to help the helpless, would it not be well for philanthropists to found a home for old women, making it of very little expense to enter? There are a great many elderly women that are not able to earn their own living, and their friends are tired of paying rent for them and providing for them. There seem to be homes enough for old men, but none for old women. They would appreciate a home, but have a horror of the poorhouse. I know of several who would be pleased to have a home. They could feel independent of their friends, where now they are dependent on them. E. B. F.

Pretty Jersey Girls. To the Editor of The Evening World: In response to "M. S. L.'s" letter about "New York's Pretty Girls," I would like him to come over to Jersey and see the crowds of pretty Jersey girls that come to business in New York, particularly those that work in the financial districts. Then he will readily see that out in Jersey is where New York gets most of the pretty (not painted or powdered) girls. Three cheers for our pretty Jersey maidens! GEORGE ANDREWS, Legal Aid Society, No. 239 Broadway.

Doctor Gives Advice. To the Editor of The Evening World: Spring poetry is so more healthy than spring underwear, spring open cars, spring drinks and spring draughts. Avoid all these, readers, at this time when vitality is sapped by sudden mildness of weather, and there will be fewer cases of pneumonia, grip and "summer colds." I give this medical advice free to readers in return for the enjoyment their letters in your letter column have always given me. MOTHER.

Well Off as it Was. Charles-I heard the other day that Gerald is going to get married. Edward-Well, air, couldn't he? He's comfortably well off. Charles-That's just the whole point. Why doesn't he remain so? -The Star.

Never Worked Before. Mrs. Jones-Your husband looks completely tired out, poor man! Mrs. Smith-So he is, my dear. He has never done any work in his life before. You know he always had a Government job. -Fading Cloud.

Elevated. Henry-Oh! I thought I had a job, I thought I thought I had a job, I thought I thought I had a job, I thought I thought I had a job. -The Star.

No Muck-Raker. "Gentlemen named Jones down in the office wants to see you," said the hall-boy. "All right. Show him up." "Show him up." "You think I'm a magazine writer." -Cleveland Press.

Shall We Be Behind Pittsburg? Never!

By Maurice Ketten.

Comic strip titled 'Shall We Be Behind Pittsburg? Never!' by Maurice Ketten. It features a character named Belmont who is being evaluated by an Examination Board. The board members are using various tests to assess Belmont's worth, including a 'Subway Microbe Test' where he faints, a 'Strap Test' where he is strangled, and a 'Crowded Car Test' where he is crushed. Belmont's score is 2 points against him, 3 points against him, and 4 points against him. The board members are also discussing Belmont's character and the state of New York's infrastructure.

ABOUT GIRLS. By Gertrude Barnum, National Organizer of the Woman's Trade Union League.

No. 4-In the Spring.

THIS is the time of year for girls to look out. Although it is very early in the season I have already seen a young man's fancy lightly turning to thoughts of love. He had a loose lock of wavy blond hair, wavy eyelashes, a wavy nose and mouth and a wavy tie-at least that is the way I remember him. His pretty young sweetheart, however, gazed raptly up at him as though he were the comeliest hero of the favorite novels of the season.

"Wake up!" I wanted to shout, "and take a good look at that object. What ho! Hello! Come out of your dream and stop his foolish talk." All girls have their day dreams, in which a Reginald or a Clarence or a Eugene is sure to figure, but it is love itself they are in love with rather than any special kind of lover. Almost any matron will tell you that her early dream hero was a vague figure in evening dress, flicking the ashes from his cigar, or a tall, dark creature with a livid scar on his forehead, which grew more livid when he was angered. Not much to cling to through a long life, for better or for worse.

One of the chief dangers for a girl lies in the fact that "all the world loves a lover" and conspires to help him win his suit. The object of his affection has learned from childhood that "woman's sphere is the home-harbor nobler mistress wifehood and motherhood." Usually it is not until after marriage that she awakes herself, "What is a home?" "What is wifehood?" "What is motherhood?" Girls should be warned against this conspiracy to delude them into matrimony. A protective society should draw up a course of study for the love-lore. She should be waked from her dream with a cold shower bath of facts and personally conducted to the divorce courts. Exhibits showing "how not to make a home" could easily be arranged. Evening lectures dealing with the subject of heredity might be illustrated with stereoscopic pictures of little Clarence with his father's retreating chin, little Reginald with elongated ears and little Eugene suffering from an acute hereditary "brain storm."

If Uncle Teddy would permit, the thought might be sent out from the Anti-Matrimonial School that we have already more children than we know what to do with; that there is something for little hands to do in keeping the children we have always with us out of glass factories, coal breakers, cotton mills, steel vats, sweat-shops and other unsuitable nurseries.

A correspondence department of the school for those at a distance has been suggested to offset the influence of Cupid's literary agents: Dear Miss Lovelock: I am a young girl, eighteen years of age and have been keeping company with a young man of twenty. He makes me very happy. He has not called at the house for a week. They say he is going with another girl. What shall I do? Write to HEARTHSICK, care of the nearest intelligence office, and converse with the cool, sensible matrons and nurses about housework, and then thank your lucky star you have escaped for a few more years.

"What heresy!" I hear young girls crying in chorus. "Would you rob us of love, the greatest thing in the world?" Well, they need not be alarmed. Anti-matrimonial schools will probably not "keep" in the spring. It will be difficult to get teachers; they usually take post-graduate courses in "Love's Young Dream" at that season of the year. It is extremely unlikely, too, that Love, who has always made the world go round, can now be trained to make it go straight. He will probably continue to wait it round and round.

Still, I wish we could wake up a few of the sleep-walkers and remind them that married life, however fleeting, is longer than a ferry trip.

Betty Vincent's Advice to Lovers.

FRANKNESS IN LOVE. WHEN I say that every girl owes it to her self-respect to be frank, I don't mean by that she should be brutally rude. Far from it, I simply want to say that any love between man and woman that is to last must be built on a rock foundation of truth and confidence. Every lie, even ever so little into the bond between them, whether it is found out or not.

Lies are just as reprehensible between friends as lovers. The other day a woman who wanted to find out the truth of a particular thing told it to me as a strange dream she had about me, thinking, of course, I would enlighten her. She only succeeded in proving to me that she whom I had thought altogether guileless was actually full of guile, and that instead of being a woman that is to last must be built on a rock foundation of truth and confidence. Every lie, even ever so little into the bond between them, whether it is found out or not.

you want to find out anything about your friends it is better to be impertinent and ask outright than to ferret around secretly and try to surprise their confidence. But your own affairs need all your time and attention. Keep them in order and those of other people need not interest you.

He Wants to Propose. Dear Betty: I am a young man twenty years of age and I am madly in love with a young girl of seventeen. I am very well-to-do and have an income quite large. I would like very much to marry this girl, but I do not know how to approach her. I should like to have a little advice on this subject, as I know she loves me but does not show it. E. W.

There is only one way. Tell her you love her and ask her to be your wife in as few and simple words and with as much earnestness as you can summon.

How to Win Him. Dear Betty: I have been introduced to a young man of whom I think a great deal. Please advise me how to gain his attentions. ANXIOUS.

If he has shown any interest in you you might ask him to call the next time you see him. Then encourage him to talk about himself, his amusements and his affairs and look as pretty as possible. Don't be sentimental. And by the way, a man is always "introduced to" you.

He Works All Night. Dear Betty: I am a young girl, eighteen years old, and I love with a young man of twenty. I see this young man very seldom as he works all night and can't get off very often. When I do see him he seems very glad to see me, but does not ever ask me to go out with him. I have known this young man some time and would like to be a friend, but I don't know whether he cares for me or not. I would like to know how I could tell him I care for him as I have a great many friends, but do not seem to like them as I do this fellow. Should I

ANXIOUS. I am glad that that. Don't try to be the young man's friend for you be wiser. I seek to make your acquaintance in a proper way-not by flirting in cars. His actions are insulting to you. Pay no attention to them.

Pointed Paragraphs. DOCTORS' fees are the reward for well-doing. There are numerous toll gates on the road to success. Study of theatrical stars has nothing to do with astronomy. When a tall man is broke that's the long and short of it. It's so much easier to tell a lie than it is to make people believe it. No, Cordelia, a man doesn't necessarily have paint in his eyes when he is color blind. As a rule a married man's sugar-coated sweetness wears off with the waning of the honeymoon.

If there is one thing a man would rather not do than another it is to accompany his wife on a shopping tour. Every locality has its "meanest man," but the man who refuses to support his poor old mother is entitled to the championship. -Chicago News.

The Latest Cure for Husbands.

THE reformation of husbands by high feeding advanced by a Chicago police court justice is a new version of an idea as old as Eve. That lady's attempt at ingratitude by feeding set a pattern which all wives among her descendants have striven eagerly to follow. But apparently Chicago is about to systematize the dearest delusion of the wifely soul. For, of course, it is a delusion. Men require more of wives than they do of restaurants, and the latter institutions have tended to diminish the supreme importance of the goddess of the gas stove. But perhaps the pendulum of feminine effort has swung too far the other way, and we give our lords and lovers too much food for thought and not enough for good digestion. The talk over the teacups and the chaffing dish has improved mightily in the last fifty years. But perhaps their contents have not kept pace with it in quality. And any wife who sees any kind of weather disturbance within the area of domestic bliss should out the table of foods for husbands published in Monday morning's World and consult it daily before answering the early dumbwaiter clamor of butcher or grocery boy for her dinner order.

Thompson's Night Out

Comic strip titled 'Thompson's Night Out' by W. J. Steinigars. It follows a man named Thompson who is late to a party. He is asked to loan a nickel to ride home, but he has none. He then goes to a hotel and finds a dog in his room. The dog barks, and Thompson says 'GR-R-R-R!' The comic strip is signed 'W. J. Steinigars'.

By Nixola Greeley-Smith.

I know a newspaper woman who whenever she had what she considered a blood-curdling story to write-she was from Boston and her blood curdled as readily as split dandelion stems in water-curl-would announce that she was going out to eat raw meat by way of preparation. Since leaving the newspaper profession she has left off the raw meat and become a disciple of Henry James, which, it seems to me, proves an effect of diet on temperament beyond doubt. Another girl who writes mystical verse cultivates literature on a little raw breakfast food. The principle that we eat what we eat may well be applied to husbands, or rather amended to make them eat what they ought to be. But how are the husbands to retaliate? The ordering of the daily dinner being a wifely prerogative, the man who wanted to retaliate by giving his wife the food cure would have to take her out to a table d'hote to get the chance. Also this danger confronts us: By the time the wife got her husband's character made over to suit her by judicious feeding he by similar secret methods might have so altered her own to meet his ideals that their new selves might disagree often and worse than the old ones. Moreover, a child born of parents whose characters were undergoing such constant change might present a regular clam-chorer temperament of all the worst traits of each. Perhaps, after all, it is better to take our wives or husbands as fate allots them. In doing better we might do so much worse.

By W. J. Steinigars

Comic strip titled 'By W. J. Steinigars' by W. J. Steinigars. It shows a man talking to a woman. The man says 'IS THAT YOU, MRS THOMPSON? BE LATE TO-NIGHT, GOT TO GO OUT TO CANARDIE!' The woman replies 'SURE!' The man asks 'LOAN ME A NICKEL TO RIDE HOME, OLD CHAP!' The woman replies 'GIT OUT WID YER LEAD NICKEL!' The man says 'ONLY A MILE FURTHER AND I'LL BE HOME.' The woman replies 'THAT'S MY HOME, BUT THAT ISN'T MY DOG!' The man says 'BET SHE GOT THAT DOG HERSELF! GUESS SHE'VE GOT TO REFORM!' The woman replies 'OH, HARRY! SOME BOY! DID THAT DOG TALK FOR AN APRIL FOOL JOKE! CAN'T YOU GO TO A HOTEL!' The man says 'GR-R-R-R!' The woman replies 'GR-R-R-R!' The comic strip is signed 'W. J. Steinigars'.