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BACK TO QUEEN ANNE.



ANDALL'S ISLAND is not large enough for the growth of the city institutions located there. It is suitable for a State hospital. Therefore the State and city authorities have arranged an exchange of the city's Randall's Island property for the State's Flatbush Hospital site. A bill to sanction this transfer passed the Legislature, when objection was made to the Governor that the described boundaries included the Sunken Meadows.

The Jones heirs claim to own the Sunken Meadows. They have never exercised any acts of ownership, except to file deeds. They have never improved the meadows or drained them or utilized them to some good purpose. They merely, generation after generation, looked after the records of title, in order that if the use of these meadows ever becomes necessary to anybody else the Jones heirs could compel that somebody else to pay them a large sum of money.

What the Sunken Meadows are now wanted for is to add to the hospital property and to benefit thereby the health of poor sick people. For the city to have to pay a large sum for this property would impose an additional burden upon the taxpayers and add to the cost of public charity.

Why should the city have to acquire these unused and unimproved marshes at great cost?

Because Queen Anne in 1703 gave a patent to one William Lawrence.

And Lawrence transferred it to the original Jones.

Of course, if Queen Anne did grant the Sunken Meadows to Lawrence, and if Lawrence gave a duly executed, valid deed to the original Jones, and if the Joneses in the intervening two centuries took the trouble to have their wills properly probated and their deeds recorded, there is no escape from the city paying for the Sunken Meadows to the Jones heirs whatever sum the Jones heirs can prove the marshes have become worth.



The Jones heirs' lawyers claim that they can show a clear title back to Queen Anne. But where did Queen Anne get her title? Who authorized her to provide that the people of the city of New York shall pay many hundreds of thousands of dollars to add an unused waste marsh to a hospital site, to put to a useful and charitable purpose a part of the territory of the city which has never been of any real value before?

This is the law. It is a complete illustration of what unearned increment is. The Jones family demand their enrichment at public expense, not because of any valuable service they have performed or of anything they have done, but because the boundaries of a grant from the English Queen two centuries ago may be so construed. If the grant had read the high-water line, instead of the low-water line, as the boundary of Long Island, the question might not arise. It is doubtful whether the change would have made a sixpence difference.

BILLIONS.

HE figures in Mayor McClellan's veto of the Public Utilities bill should be impressed on the public memory. He has computed the combined capitalization of the public service corporations affected by this bill to be \$3,322,537,916. Who believes that the real investment of these corporations equals \$1,000,000,000?

There are only seven States in the Union where the assessed valuation of all the real estate exceeds \$1,000,000,000. A billion dollars is an enormous sum. It is greater than the whole interest-bearing debt of the United States, greater than the two years' average wages of 1,000,000 men. It is twice the assessed property of Chicago or St. Louis. It would rebuild thirteen Albanys. It is four times the assessed valuation of the city of Washington, and almost equal to the valuation of Brooklyn or Philadelphia.

Yet the capitalization is three times this, half as much as all the buildings and land in the five boroughs which make up New York.

Whether the people must pay on the basis of capitalization or on the basis of honest investment makes a difference of over \$2,000,000,000.

Letters from the People.

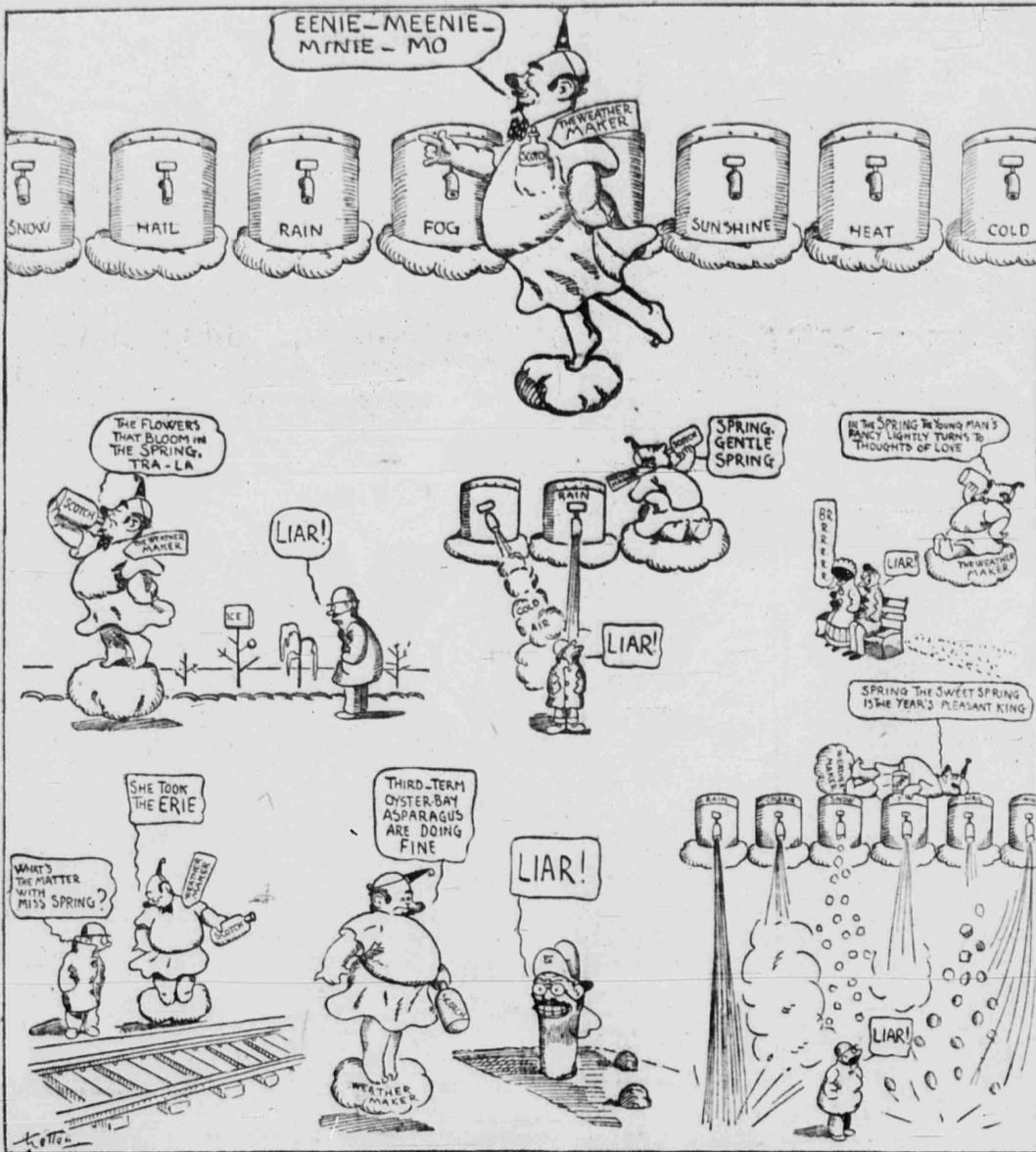
Outdoor Sundays. The Editor of the Evening World: Recently I observed a letter in your column, advising readers to tramp through the suburbs of New York for recreation on Sundays. That is an interesting pleasure, but too rarely indulged in by city people. Instead, they spend resorts that are hot, stuffy, noisy and nerve racking, while a small amount of walking and tramping provides the atmosphere. Let the working class be home educated to a proper means of healthful recreation. The beautiful shores along the Sound, so large in acreage that an enormous number of people can be accommodated, afford one of the best instances of scenic beauty. Awake, New Yorkers, to the beauties surrounding you!

or more, grows about the condition of this "glorious country." Very few people have any conception of the trials and tribulations of many a poor foreigner coming here for the purpose of ameliorating his condition. The moment he lands his troubles and disappointments begin, which are apt to breed in him a scrambling habit. He is unaccustomed to our hustle and bustle, unaccustomed to our climate, the most changeable under the sun, one day arctic, English, the next. Oftentimes he has no friends, no money, no knowledge of our language save "yes" and "no" and "hurry up." He is struggling to obtain suitable and remunerative employment. In course of time he finds that his quick-or-slow-get-rich expectations have been a dream, that our vaunted prosperity has not been lavished upon him, that the immense wealth and resources of this country are controlled and laid up by a few dozen of avaricious and speculative men, that it takes a great deal of hard work and hustling, combined with wits, in order to make both ends meet.

The Troubles of Foreigners. The Editor of the Evening World: A correspondent complains of "Foreign" names being set for five years

The Real Nature Fakir.

By Maurice Kettner!



SIXTY HEROES WHO MADE HISTORY

By Albert Payson Terhune.

No. 54—WILLIAM OF PRUSSIA; Hero of "United Germany." A SICKLY little boy of twelve wept with helpless rage when his father and mother were insulted and his country humbled and crushed by the great Napoleon. Sixty years later this same boy was to wreak terrible vengeance for the slights heaped upon his parents and his fatherland. He was William, second son of King Frederick William III. of Prussia. Careful training changed the invalid child into a healthy, muscular youth with a genius for war. He grew up during the Napoleonic campaigns, and took the field in 1812, when only sixteen years old. The same year he was promoted to a captaincy and at seventeen won the coveted Iron Cross for bravery in battle. He was a major-general at twenty-one, and for the next nine years studied warfare as hard and carefully as though he were learning law or medicine. He was to have one day, for all he could thus learn.

In 1840 his elder brother, Frederick, came to the Prussian throne. Eight years later there was a second revolution in France and its example fired Prussia to imitation. Mobs swarmed through the streets of Berlin, the whole land was convulsed and timid men feared lest the horrors of the first French Revolution were about to be re-enacted in Germany. William, as his childless brother's heir presumptive, adopted a wise middle course between two conflicting Prussian parties. As a result he found himself so bitterly hated by both sides that he was obliged to leave home and live for a time in England. But he came back the same year and at the head of his army put down rebellions that were springing up in the grand duchy of Baden and elsewhere. Frederick's mind broke down some time after this and William was made regent. On Frederick's death in 1861 he succeeded him as King of Prussia. His real career was beginning.

Prussia had risen to splendid heights a century earlier, but the Napoleonic wars and other misfortunes had by his time reduced it in power until it was merely one of the more insignificant of the many little independent kingdoms and principalities that made up Germany. William resolved to change all this. He already had dreams of one great, united German nation with Prussia as its foremost State and himself as its ruler. He laid his plans at once by demanding sweeping military reforms and a larger, stronger army. His thrifty Parliament saw no use in such a vast expenditure of money, and refused. But William carried the measure through, and thus took his first step toward supremacy. The second move in the game of empire was already at hand. Austria, "the bully of Europe," was powerful in Germany. There was not room enough in the same land for two such mighty influences as Austria's and William's. One of them must go under.

The success of William's projects depended on his destroying Austrian power in Germany. This would not only rid him of a dangerous rival, but would give Prussia an added prestige with the other German States, some of which were already inclining toward their sister-kingdom's cause. Meantime Austria could be made very useful. For instance, the rich Danish duchies of Schleswig and Holstein would be a tremendous addition to Prussian territory. By rare diplomacy Austria in 1863 was induced to join with Prussia in wresting these duchies from the feeble grasp of Denmark. It was agreed that Prussia should take over the affairs of Schleswig, leaving that of Holstein to her ally, Austria. But this did not suit William's plans. Having secured Austria's aid in winning the two fat provinces he had no idea of sharing the fruits of victory with his colleague.

So in 1866 the old-time rivals clashed at last. Prussia had been carefully preparing for the conflict. Austria, seemingly, had expected nothing of the sort. William's plans were carried through without a hitch. Austria found herself compelled to fight. Her General, Benedek, with 230,000 men, met the Prussians in battle at Koniggratz July 3, 1866. At the close of the day, the Austrian army was completely smashed and demoralized. Holstein went to the conqueror. Austria's power in Germany was forever lost. Prussia had fought and won her way to the head of the German kingdoms. The first half of William's life ambition was fulfilled. Now came the second and greater part.

France was Prussia's hereditary foe. Napoleon had humiliated William's parents and battered his country to earth. Bonaparte's nephew, Napoleon III., sat on the throne of France. A double result could be gained by war with France. Not only could Prussia be avenged, but the other German States (drawn into the contest by William) could the more readily be induced to unite, after the victory, as one nation. The Franco-Prussian war will be more fully described in a later article. It is enough here to say that William won an overwhelming victory and on Jan. 18, 1871 was crowned Emperor of United Germany. He lived until 1888, the remainder of his life being spent in strengthening the consolidation of his fatherland.

Behind William in every step of his career looms the stern, gigantic figure of his Chancellor, Bismarck, most daring and unscrupulous and, perhaps, greatest of statesmen. He it was whose will and genius guided his royal master to victory after victory and at last to the ultimate triumph of empire.

Six Ways to Make a Man Care for a Woman

By Margaret Rohe.

No. 4.—Make Him One of the Family.

WHEN he calls in the fond hope of being alone with you always arrange that all or at least one member of the family joins you for a social evening. He will enjoy these little family gatherings and appreciate deeply his being so cordially made one of the home circle, as it were.

If your unfeeling mother prefers to read a new novel in her own room after a busy day, and father brutally refuses to mix his night's game of pinochle with the boys, little Willie or Aunt Jane will be only too glad to sit up with you and monopolize the conversation.

Should little Willie or Auntie by any chance be otherwise engaged, however, the dog will do quite as well for the third party. If you devote yourself exclusively to the little pet, kiss her ecstatically on the nose at frequent intervals, put her through her "cunning" tricks, insist on holding her all evening and converse solely in baby talk, this will impress him with your affectionate disposition and your kindness to dumb animals. He will be overcome with silent admiration of your beautiful and tender nature, and so intoxicated with your gracious presence that he may go home a little earlier than usual to sleep it off.

If you can ring in your relatives at little luncheons and theatre parties so much the better. It is a good way to pay off any little family obligations that you may have incurred, and besides he will admire your touching devotion to home ties. "The more the merrier," you must say, with peals of happy laughter, if perchance he should look askance at the collection of sisters and cousins and aunts.

The Goose and the Golden Eggs.

By Walter A. Sinclair.

Lord Rothschild etc., our railroad agitation will kill the goose who lays the golden eggs.—Item.

"DON'T kill the goose of golden eggs!" Lord Rothschild loudly cried. We heard his shout, although he was upon the other side. The Nature Fakers hushed awhile their answers to abuse. While one and all they asked: "See here! Who is this self-same goose? Who is the bird in danger of our Teddy's blunderbuss? The foolish, feather-headed goose—he surely can't mean US!"

Oh, what's the use? Why be the goose Who lays the golden eggs. When rich men kick And throw a brick Whenever we stretch our legs!

Oh, who's the goose who lays the eggs? Milord, we'd like to ask. To grab those eggs is nice for you, to lay them quite a task. The goose may have a word to say, we'd venture to suggest; She doesn't like to be reproved by him who trims the nest. Now, as the poor, benighted goose for mercy never begs, Perhaps she'd rather be the man who gets the golden eggs.

Says she: "The deuce! Why be a goose? I never seem to suit. If I'm a fowl, I'll be an owl And give them the best!"

Antitoxin for the Love Bacillus.

By Nixola Greeley-Smith.



DR. CHALMERS, medical officer of the city of Glasgow, according to a morning paper, attributes the high rate of mortality from spotted fever to kissing. Kissing, he declares, is an unmistakable carrier of disease and should be discouraged. Other physicians before him have made this depressing statement. Yet, though the death rate may go up or down, the kissing rate remains forever stationary, comprising at one time or another about every human being alive. I except, of course, from this sweeping statement all the young women "who have never been kissed" and that one impeccable man, Gladstone Dowds.

From the fact that the frequent proclamations by doctors of the danger that lurks in the kiss are invariably fruitless of results, I think we may assume that if the physicians really wish to abolish the gentle practice they are not going about it the right way.

Perhaps the sense of peril was about all the kiss lacked to make it perfect, and this the discovery of the deadly microbe conveyed by it has supplied. The men and women who lived before the microbe was discovered must have found their kisses sadly devoid of flavor.

Now we may, if we are of an analytical nature, smack our lips over a varied assortment of pneumonia and spotted fever germs, to say nothing of the less insidious bacteria of less deadly diseases.

Physicians who have discovered under a microscope all these diseases that surround the kiss seem persistently to overlook the deadliest peril, the love bacillus. Love is the deadliest malady in the world, the most universal, the easiest to contract, the hardest to recover from. The kiss almost invariably conveys this disease, and compared with its microbe the germs of pneumonia are

kind and benevolent. They at least kill us or let us recover, whereas the love microbe, once it makes itself thoroughly at home in the human heart, can never be dispossessed from it.

Let some friendly physician with the real interests of his kind at heart tell us what to do to eliminate the love bacillus from our minds and lives. There are more than enough doctors to deal with pneumonia and spotted fever. As things are, the impulse that urges Edwin to implant his lips on Angelina's is merely the insidious urging of the love bacillus lurking on her rosy mouth and acting as a "come-on" for the other germs.

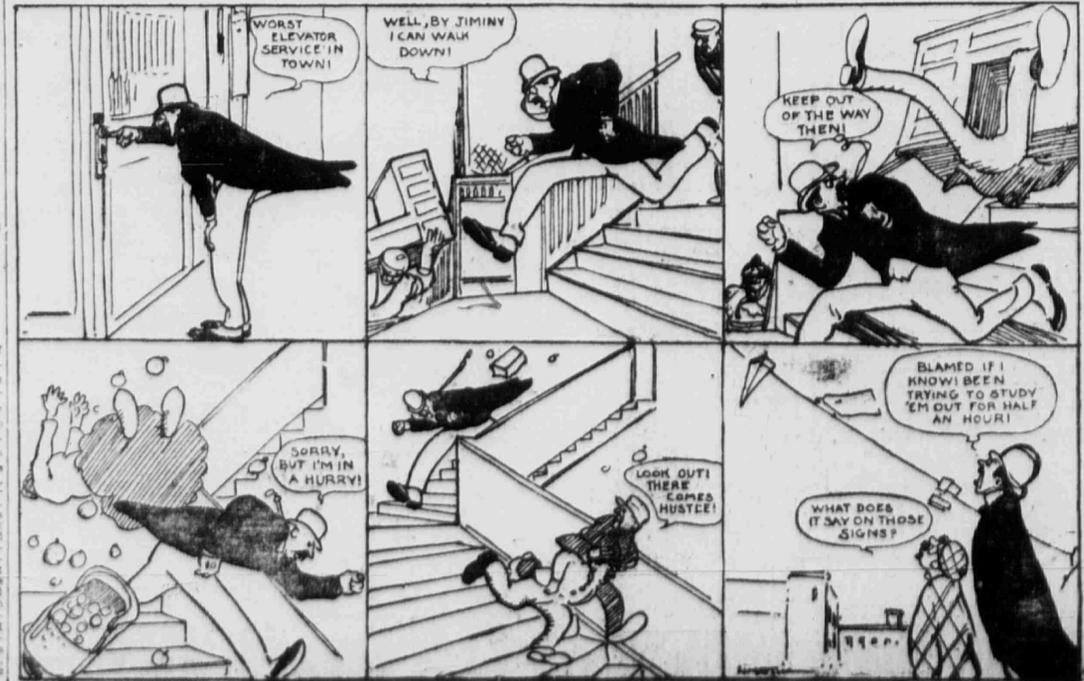
So long as the love bacillus is without its antitoxin, and physicians give their scientific attention to such uninteresting maladies as rabies, typhoid, diphtheria and meningitis, lips will meet lips, and the microbes thereof profit by the encounter.

The Hard-Biting Gila.

OF some of the strange ways of the gila monster, that little-known creature of the southwestern deserts, a correspondent of the Chicago News writes: "I have had some experience with gila monsters, and can state that, no matter what scientists may claim, the gila monster is a good thing to shun. Indians and Mexicans have a horror of them and fear them more than a rattlesnake. I believe that the bite of the gila monster is dangerous because of the creature's habit of eating lizards, bugs and rodents, and then lying on sand so hot that it blisters the hands and feet of men. The heat causes the food to ferment, evidenced by the fact that the teeth are often covered with a fermented froth from the food. A bite has the same effect as the cut of a dissecting knife used on a cadaver. In other words, the inoculation of a deadly poison. When frightened or angry he can move quite rapidly. That short, thick, stubby tail is used in jumping, just as a kangaroo uses his tail. The gila monster bites like a bulldog and has the tenacity of a snapping turtle.

Bill Hustle, of Harlem.

By H. Methfessel.



and laid up by a few dozen of avaricious and speculative men, that it takes a great deal of hard work and hustling, combined with wits, in order to make both ends meet.