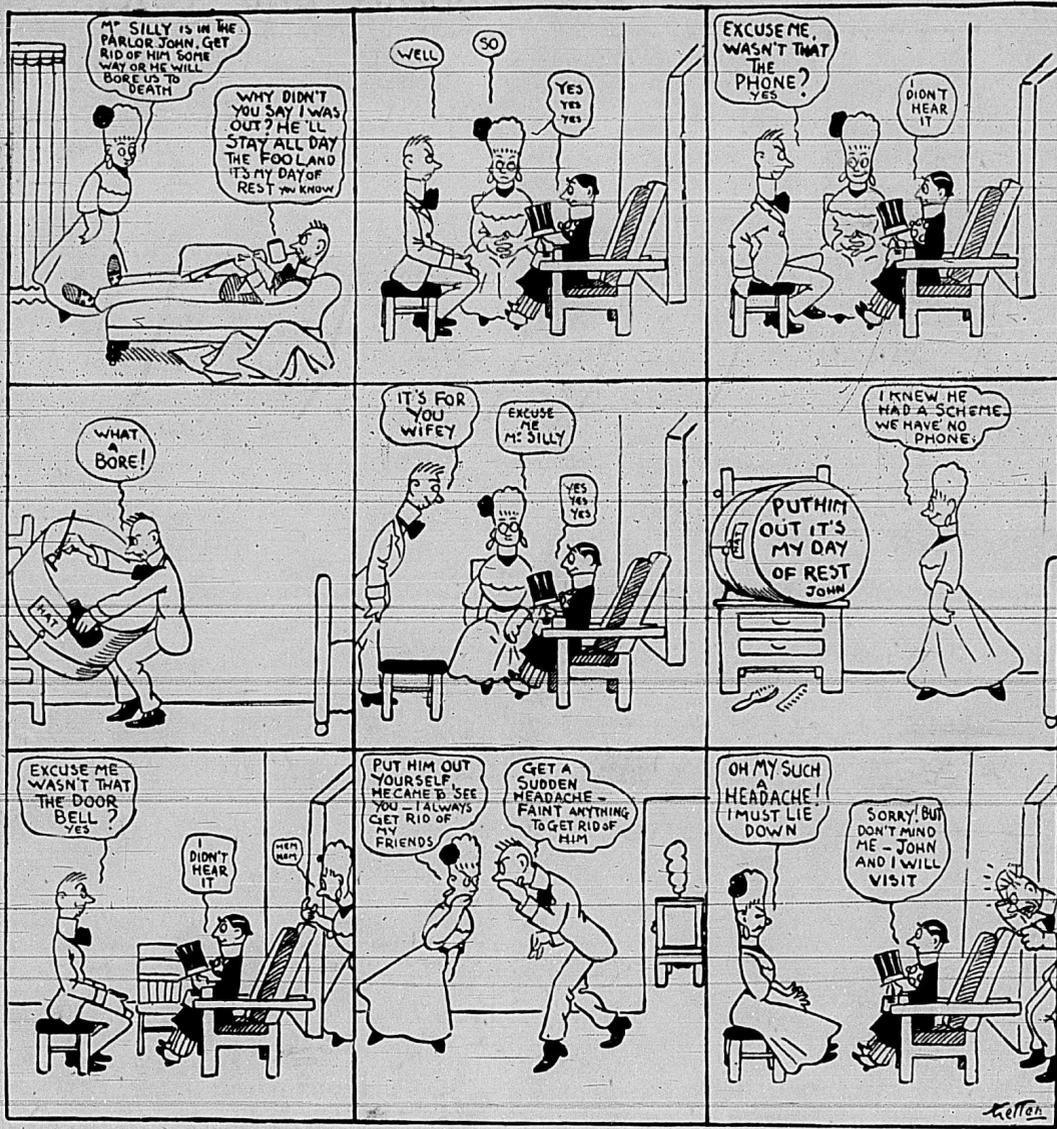


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The Day of Rest.

By Maurice Ketten.



COMPARATIVE HONESTY.

TANLEY FRENCH is a betting commissioner, an occupation regarded as somewhat provocative of dishonesty. He went to the Belmont Park track with only \$1 in his pocket. It was a fortnight since he had made a winning bet. A man in such a condition would seemingly be open to any lucrative temptation. On the train he found a roll of bills which a book-maker had lost. In the roll were seven \$1,000 bills, three \$500 bills and ten \$100 bills. He took the money home and told his wife about it. Both of them were in favor of looking up the owner and returning the money, which Stanley French did. He was remarkably honest. While Stanley French, the betting commissioner, was hunting up the owner of the money which he had found the president of a big bank was being deposited and a Stock Exchange firm was declared insolvent. Some men from Montana had formed a pool with a few rich New York bankers and speculators to corner a copper stock. To raise the money part of the stock was deposited as collateral on a loan. A man who had access to the collateral sold it when the price was high and thereby broke the corner, making a profit of several hundred thousand dollars. He did not own this stock any more than Stanley French owned the \$9,500. He had no more legal right to sell the stock than a pawn-broker has to sell a diamond ring or a watch on which he has made a loan. This kind of dishonesty, when it is successful, is popular in Wall street. This particular thief is regarded as a successful Wall street operator. The Wall street gamblers regard these Montana youths as a green-goods operator looks upon his "come-ons." To rob such as they is not only fine art but a high stroke of business. While Stanley French was returning the money he found and the Heinzes were being stripped of the money they had made in Montana a director of the Metropolitan Museum was explaining that some of its choicest treasures of art had been stolen from European churches and cathedrals and that a great part of the art treasures in the great museums in the world are the proceeds of successful thefts. Also there was further public testimony of the traction thievery and how another leading Wall street firm had received part of the loot which Brady, the "fence," had distributed, and had credited Brady's check for \$134,028.22 to the account of one of their customers. Why a man with a wife and family and with only one dollar in his pocket should steal can be understood. Why rich Wall street firms and wealthy bank directors should steal is hard to explain except that it is a habit of Wall street and that gambling on the Stock Exchange is more demoralizing than gambling on the race track. Honesty should not be comparative, but absolute. The experiences herein above recited would seem to indicate that of all the gambling places in New York or its vicinity the most demoralizing and dishonest is the Stock Exchange, and that the police should lose no time in raiding and closing it.

Nixola Greeley-Smith Discusses Heart Topics

A WOMAN'S AGE AND THE TRUTH. A WOMAN told her right age in court last week and... Nixola Greeley-Smith discusses heart topics, including a woman's age and the truth, and the importance of honesty in relationships.

THE STORY OF THE STREETS OF NEW YORK

By J. Alexander Patten, An Old New Yorker. No. 19—The First Seventeen Streets. THE city regulations of the Dutch are amusing at this day, but they developed cowpaths into streets, and a village into a city. Indeed, all the history of this period has a singular quaintness, but it is never wanting in impressiveness. The lands without the town walls at Wall street appertained to the West India Company, and were used for public grazing grounds for the town cows, sheep or pigs, or for the Governor's farms, under the name of bouwerijs. In 1611 Gov. Stuyvesant bought his bouwerijs in the section about Second, Third, Fourth, Fifth and Sixth streets, for 4,000 guilders. With the land went a dwelling-house, barn, rock-lands, six cows, two horses and two young negroes. The present Bowery takes its name from this place. On Broadway, between Liberty and Cortlandt streets, on a farm, was a public windmill, and there was a water mill near the Collect. Stone and Bridge streets were the first to be paved. In 1660 most of the streets had been paved with cobblestones and provided with gutters in the middle, all the water running off in that manner. In later times lower Maiden lane had a gutter of this kind, and in heavy rains a light boat could have floated there. The gable ends of the houses faced the street and were decorated with a checker-work of small black and yellow bricks imported from Holland. Iron figures, showing the dates of their erection, were fastened in the gables. The main doors had heavy and well-polished brass knockers, and over each stable was a weather-cock. The houses had gardens, places for cow, pigs and chickens, a patch of cabbage and dazzling beds of tulips. Leaden washes were general in the houses. Even Trinity Church had them. A house at No. 116 Water street was the first in which a change was made to wooden washes. In 1658 the first fire company of eight men was organized, under the name of the "Rattle Watch." A supply of hooks and ladders and 250 fire-buckets were imported from Holland. The men were on duty from nine in the evening until morning drum beat. Many of the old Dutch houses were destroyed in the great fires, and in 1833 not more than four or five remained. In 1827 a house marked "168," in a fine state of preservation, was taken down at the corner of Pearl street and Old Slip. Another was another, marked "1689," taken down on Coenties Slip, and the opposite corner was another, marked "1689." On both sides of the city were great swamps, such as Beekman's Swamp, on the East River, and Lippensdorp Swamp, on the Hudson, where now are streets bearing the same names. Beekman's and Peck's Hills, in the neighborhood of Pearl, Beekman and Ferry streets, were high, while Duane street, from Broadway, was greatly filled up, and at Broadway the filling was sixteen feet. At the present Leonard street and Broadway was a hill, having a fine orchard, "Bayard's Mount," on Grand street, was also called "Bunker's Hill," and was the scene of many important city factions. Murray Hill still remains as a part of a wealthy uptown section. The city gates were closed every night at 9 o'clock and opened at daylight. It was the duty of the Mayor to proceed to the fort with a sergeant and six soldiers, "to fetch the keys, and return those again there as soon as the gates are opened or shut." When digging trenches for the Manhattan wooden water pipes remains of these gates were found.

The Jarr Family What Would You Think if Your Wife Did This?

By Roy L. McCordell. "We need a new carpet in the dining-room," said Mrs. Jarr. "Yes, it does look a little on the blink," said Mr. Jarr, agreeing for once. "I've often wondered why you didn't get a new one." "Well," said Mrs. Jarr, "I thought it would be just a waste of money when the children were little. You may try all you know how, but you cannot prevent young children from upsetting their plates and dropping food and spilling milk on the floor." "Yes, that's so," said Mr. Jarr; "but now the children are getting bigger and are more careful we can get a rug, can't we?" "A rug?" echoed Mrs. Jarr. "I guess not! I have trouble enough keeping this house in order as it is without having the care of waxed floors on me!" "I sometimes think that the servant question is such a galling one because we get too refined, we have too many things to take care of," said Mr. Jarr. "Oh, it's all right for the rich," said Mrs. Jarr. "They can keep an army of servants; but where a person only has one girl it's just impossible to have rugs and waxed floors. I know they look artistic, and perhaps they are healthier, but we have to do the best we can. If we were rich, now, the children would eat in the nursery with their governess and we wouldn't need a new dining-room carpet." "I may be primitive and old-fashioned," said Mr. Jarr, "but I want my children around me, even if they are untidy. What home life have the rich, after all? When their children are young they are relegated to the care of servants, eat at a table separate from their parents and sleep in a nursery. When they are old enough to go to school they are sent away. The happiest recollections I have of my childhood and my youth are my mother's cooking that we said our prayers and then kissing us good-night and tucking us in. And then our family meetings at meal-time were jovial and happy." "Yet I notice you are always correcting the children when they cut up at the table," said Mrs. Jarr, "and sometimes I think it would be more pleasant for me if I hadn't the children around me so much. Anyway, they are big enough now to be careful, and if I get a new carpet I'll make them be careful." "Why not a rug, as I suggested?" said Mr. Jarr. "If they are big enough to be careful they won't hurt a rug or a polished floor." "I'll keep the polished floor polished," said Mrs. Jarr. "Do you know what it means? It means that you have to get a new floor in the first place. Then you have to have it stained and then sheikaded and then waxed. Then every morning it has to be gone over with a cloth, and once a month, at least, waxed over again." "How do you know all this?" asked Mr. Jarr. "I'm not Mr. Striver, waxed floors, and Mrs. Kittingly, and a lot of other people I know," said Mrs. Jarr. "Besides, I asked at the rug department of one of the big stores the other day." "Oh, nonsense!" said Mr. Jarr. "I read the advertisements in the magazines for all sorts of patent compounds that make old floors like new, and they show pictures of it." "Yes, and that is all they do show," said Mrs. Jarr. "Mrs. Kittingly tried that sort of stuff on her floors and you should have seen them! She had to have it scraped off by a man, who charged her \$4 a day, and, as Mrs. Kittingly said, seemed to have made up his mind that he was to work for her at that rate for the rest of his natural life." "But I know there are other methods," said Mr. Jarr. "Yes, there is another method, staining and oiling," said Mrs. Jarr. "But an oiled floor never looks like a waxed floor. It always looks greasy. It gathers dirt if you do not go over it all the time, and it simply ruins the hems of your dresses. Oh, I know all about oiled floors. The only good thing about them is that you can wash them without their turning white, like a waxed floor does, and then they don't show nail-marks from the heels of people's shoes, and an oiled floor doesn't cost so much and lasts so hard to keep looking nice." "Let's try it, then, and get a rug for the dining-room," said Mr. Jarr. "We will not, we'll get a carpet!" said Mrs. Jarr. "Rugs are all very well for people who have no children and who only use their homes as show places. Look at Mrs. Striver! She's so afraid of her waxed floors that she is in agony if people call on her. I want some comfort in my house, and, besides, you never can get a servant to look after floors properly, and I've plenty of work now to do without looking after waxed floors!" "I only suggested a rug in the dining-room," said Mr. Jarr. "Well, we'll have a carpet!" said Mrs. Jarr. "But a day or so afterward Mrs. Jarr asked her husband to go downtown with her and pick out a rug." "Carpets are not beautiful," said Mrs. Jarr. "Besides, it is so easy to take up a rug and clean it!"

Pointed Paragraphs.

No man is totally bad and no woman is totally good. Even respectable people, like good weather, are often talked about. A girl may be as pretty as a picture—but some pictures are false. If love would only remain blind after marriage—but what's the use! House painters and novelists are responsible for some highly-colored stories. The average man is dissatisfied either with what he has or with what he hasn't. Be sure you get a round-trip ticket when you take a trip on a merry-go-round. A business woman should never propose to a man who can't cook or sew on buttons. A woman always imagines she is charitable when she lets her husband have his own way. Doubtless the way of the transgressor may be hard, but the people who travel thereon have no time to get lonesome.—Chicago News.

Queer Old Korea.

QUAINT and curious are some of the Korean news items that find their way into Japanese newspapers. For instance: "The native curiosity of the Korean people is quite beyond description, and in many cases rather astounding. Since the opening of the railway traffic, which is one of the recent great events in the chronicles of the hermit nation, almost all third-class compartments of each train are filled with a great number of native passengers, so that there is scarcely a seat left unoccupied. Most of the passengers lack the interest for the transaction of any business, but only for the mere satisfaction of their curiosity, some of them being foolish enough to exhaust their means and run into debt in the constant pursuit of this idle pleasure." "Extremely early marriage seems to be the fate of Korea's rulers, says the Chicago Daily News. 'The latest sensation in Seoul is that measures are being taken to find an consort for the Prince Imperial, although he is only eleven years of age.'" "Again: 'The imperial household of Japan has presented a carriage and a pair of horses to the Emperor of Korea. This is doubtless a timely gift, in view of the fact that the present sovereign of Korea intends to inaugurate the custom of emerging from the perennial seclusion of the palace.'"

"When Sunday Was Monday."

UNTIL a few years ago the Philippine Islanders held their Sunday on the day which was Monday to the inhabitants of the neighboring island of Borneo. This curious anomaly arose from the historic fact that the Philippines were discovered by Spanish voyagers coming from the east around Cape Horn, while Borneo was discovered by Portuguese coming down from the west, and sailors lose or gain a day according to their direction in crossing the Pacific.

Science and the Mosquito.

ALTHOUGH the mosquito specializes on yellow fever and malaria and is universally recognized as an enemy to be fought out right, scientists have come to regard the common house fly as the more dangerous. The mosquito will spread only one or two diseases, but the house fly spreads many. Typhoid germs, tuberculous germs and a hundred other germs are all the cause to it.

Letters from the People.

Boxing vs. Football. To the Editor of The Evening World: Now is the season when eleven men hurt themselves at eleven more and commit various and sundry crimes against and wholesale slaughter of innocent and dead players mark every season of football. Yet thousands of people patronize the games and they have the sanction and encouragement of the great seats of learning. This is all as it should be. Football is a splendid, manly game. But so is boxing. Then why bar scientific pugilism from our States on the ground of brutality, while encouraging the more perilous and no more sportsmanlike game of football? I'd like this discussed. FAIR PLAY. No. 33 Broadway. To the Editor of The Evening World: What is the address of the Austrian Consulate in New York City? S. SUKENICK. Noisy New York. To the Editor of The Evening World: Had Mrs. Rice, who complains of the noise of European cities, not been an American lady it certainly would have been perfectly obvious to her that there is more noise made by the New York overhead railway trains than by all the noises in capitals of European countries put together. HARRY BRODY. To the Editor of The Evening World: Here are a few things the coming sessions of Congress and State Legislatures might (and probably won't) accomplish to make their members' names rank with Washington and Lincoln: Cut down the prices of living, reform the tariff for the people's benefit and advantage, give us decent local and suburban train service, put gas and rail-

Just Kids



Does de tightness in de money market affect yer any? Well, I guess. Say, I ain't found er decent cigar snipe in Wall street since I dunno when.