

The Evening World

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THE BURGLAR TRUST.



ACK GORMLEY is a professional burglar. At his flat on upper Third avenue he had a safe in which to store the jewelry he stole...

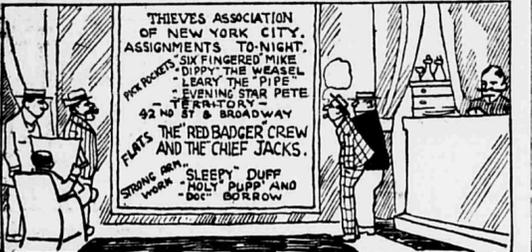
When the police caught Gormley he was promptly released on low bail by the police magistrate, and even that bail turns out to be a straw bond.

There is a good deal of fuss being made about Gormley's disappearance because the policemen who arrested him expected to add to their reputations by it.

Except for that, Gormley's case is one of many.

Scores of burglars and pickpockets never go to jail. They keep on year after year in comparative immunity, molested by the law little more than are Wall street criminals.

The burglars and pickpockets of New York have learned a lesson from high financial methods. Instead of operating alone they form syndicates. They arrange in advance with skilled lawyers to look after their interests. They go into politics. They even make campaign contributions, like Perkins. They contribute to a getaway fund, to hush money, to fixing money. They have a treasurer, counsel and a board of directors, like the big trusts which incorporate in New Jersey.



Every little while some little burglar is caught and railroaded to Sing Sing. That is like Mr. Jerome's presenting the evidence against the independent ice dealers to the Grand Jury while the ice trust escapes.

When a burglar comes here from Chicago, or a pickpocket from London, or a second story man from Philadelphia, and he undertakes to do business without first joining the proper association or trust, he is very likely to land in Sing Sing.

The man who gave a straw bond for Jack Gormley is a former police court clerk. That is one way some police court clerks have acquired as many tenements as some police captains. Giving a good bond costs something. Occasionally such a bond is forfeited. Giving a straw bond is cheaper, and where a police court clerk stands in it is easy.

The bad example of high finance shows as well in the burglars' and pickpockets' trusts as in the doubling of the number of street car conductors who have been discharged for knocking down fares.

Letters from the People.

Benton's Speech. To the Editor of The Evening World: The late Thomas H. Benton, when his old enemy, John C. Calhoun, died, said: "When the Almighty puts His hands on a man, I take mine off."

Boys and the Fourth. To the Editor of The Evening World: I am ashamed to say that in New York and other places there are a lot of old fogies who complain about the boys making a lot of racket on the fourth of July and forget what they did when they were boys. I think that the boys ought to be allowed to express their patriotic feelings at least once a year in the shape of fire-crackers, pistols, cannon, etc., and the old fogies that try to stop them should be sent off to Barren Island until the Fourth is over.

A Noisy Neighborhood. To the Editor of The Evening World: A correspondent appeals to the public for less noise in our streets. He struck a popular chord and thousands are in sympathy with him. Lucky, indeed, is the neighborhood free from noise! I live on a street where the entire neighborhood is daily and nightly subjected to a nuisance that is becoming almost unbearable. The proprietor of a resort has installed a monster electric organ that is at once the terror and despair of the entire neighborhood. Obviously the only music needed in the place is enough to please and amuse the patrons, and a small organ would have been eminently proper. As it is, the giant organ with its drums, cym-

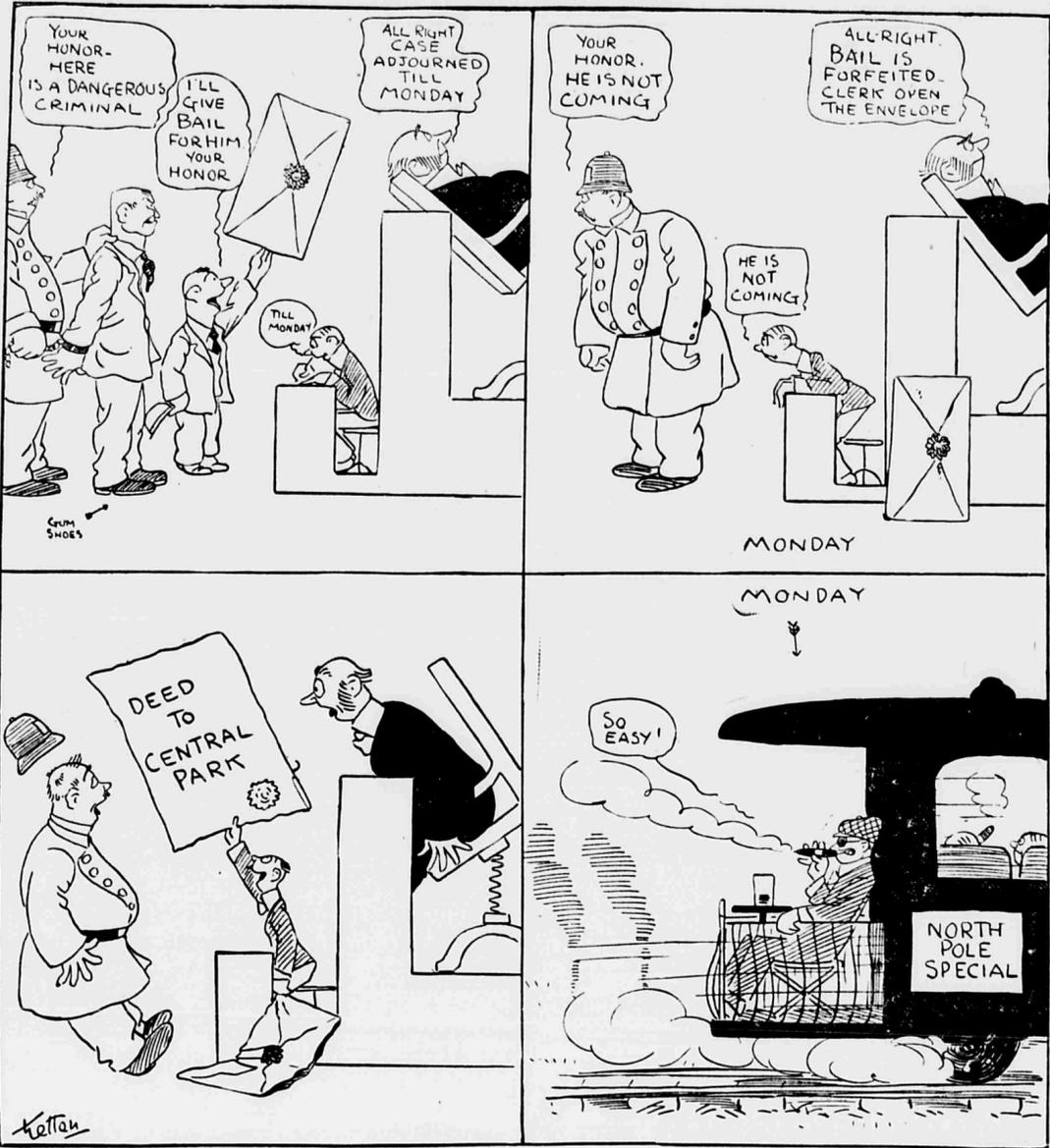
balls and trumpets holds forth every afternoon, Sundays and all, and every evening from 8 to 11. For three city blocks this nuisance is terrific. The sick are made miserable, those who ought to have quiet and contentment at home must either go out or move away. What do readers advise? HEARTSICK.

How Large a Tip? To the Editor of The Evening World: I went into a hotel restaurant on upper Broadway the other evening and ordered a light dinner. The check was \$1.80. I gave the waiter a 20 cent tip. He stared coldly at it and pocketed it without a word of thanks. I have always understood that a 10 per cent. tip was enough. This was over 10 per cent. yet was evidently not enough. How large a tip ought I to have given, readers? I realize that the tipping system is senseless extortion and forced charity, yet I submit to it, as do all of us sheeplike consumers. I only ask how much it ought to be. R. N.

As to Vacuum. To the Editor of The Evening World: Regarding the query, "Why, if a vacuum is a non-conductor of heat and cold, does an incandescent bulb become hot?" The reason is that light striking on any substance is partly transformed into heat, the other and greater part being either reflected by or transmitted through the substance. The light from the incandescent filament, striking the glass bulb, passes through it, but a part of it is lost by transformation into heat. The vacuum of one of these bulbs is almost perfect; otherwise the filament would burn out quickly.

So Easy!

By Maurice Ketten



Mr. Jarr Promised to Meet His Wife on a Shopping Tour. But He Forgot. So Did She. Both Were Very Nice About It.

By Roy L. McCardell.



"NOTHING but bills, bills, bills," said Mrs. Jarr, peevishly. "I wonder if other people are bothered with bills the way we are?" "If they buy things and don't pay for them they are," was Mr. Jarr's sagacious reply. "I don't believe it," said Mrs. Jarr. "It just looks like everybody is picking on me. The tradesmen tell me how much is due them that they can't collect, so I don't see why they expect me to pay, and everything's so dear!" "Oh, I know things are dear, all right," said Mr. Jarr, uneasily. "But he did not care to be taken on shopping trips, for, manlike, he had an objection about having things sent home collect, and when along with Mrs. Jarr he generally paid for the things she selected out of his own pocket."

Reddy the Rooter.

By George Hopf



Nixola Greeley-Smith

ON TOPICS OF THE DAY.

Marrying for Money.

TWO women met on a street corner the other day. One was young, unmarried and self-supporting; the other in the forties and a wife. "Mrs. Blank is getting a divorce," said the older woman. "Why foolish? He made her life unbearable. She has never loved him. Every moment of their life together was a degradation to her," was the reply. "But think of his position, his salary," urged the matron. Then she laughed. "You can afford such romantic notions. You are independent. But nine women out of ten live with men that they don't love. What else can you expect of them? They are incapable of making a living for themselves."

Gertrude Barnum's Talks to Girls

The Old Maid.

"WELL! If there isn't the old maid!" whispered the belle of the "Business College excursion," nodding in the direction of an oldish, pale girl attired in much ruffled white dress embellished with a pink illusion. "Who is she?" asked the good-looking captain of our boat. "She's in my stenography class. The girls always call her 'the old maid.' Her name is Mary Smith." "She'll keep that good old name all right," volunteered a popular beau. "I never saw her out at any affair before," said the belle. "She's a young thing and cannot leave her mother," sang up my friend Edna in serious tones. "Listen, I'll tell you about her. They used to live upstairs in the rear of where we lived when I was a little girl. She was going to be sixteen then, and awfully pretty and lively. Her father worked in a paint shop until he took painter's colic—a kind of poison he never got out of his blood. Next he had work in a tin shop and got his right hand cut off by unprotected machinery. After that he could never do much of anything but odd jobs. His wife worked herself to death, and then Mary had him and the three youngsters to support. That was twelve years ago, and she's sick nursing. She gets six per week except busy seasons, when she works nights and gets eight. But on that and odd quarters the rest earned she's sent her sisters through grammar school and her brother two years to high and a year to business college. Now the father's buried and the sisters are married, and last week she got her brother a position in a railroad office, with a good chance of working up. This is the first time she's had to think of herself. She may be an old maid, but she sure has a right to wear white shoes and pink bows if she wants to. Just making up for lost time."

Reflections of a Bachelor Girl.

By Helen Rowland.

THE only mills that haven't been shut down during the slump appear to be the divorce mills—and they grind merrily on. As long as Satan can make a woman believe that it is possible to reform a rake and make a roue over into a doing husband the ladies will keep his majesty's business running. If anything could make a woman willing to exchange her curves for little muscle, it would be that maddening, "there, there, now!" attitude with which the average man greets her righteous wrath. Many a man would be dumfounded if he should discover that the ideal in his wife's heart didn't have a double chin, a bald spot and turned-in toes just like himself. A knowledge of all theologies and isms isn't worth half as much to a girl in the game of life as a knowledge of how to use her eyes and how to keep her pompadour in curl. When a man discovers that a woman knows more than he does it strikes him dumb—but not with admiration.

The "Fudge" Idiotorial.

Oh! The languid, liquid Days of June! The Roses are in Bloom, and the Honeyuckle sways sweetly in the Breeze. All NATURE SMILES, but somehow we can only YAWN! It is VERY DULL Sitting in Court watching the Account GO AGAINST US, especially these warm days. Even the FLIES on the windows seem BORED. We have often heard that COUNTING was a cure for Insomnia. We guess this is TRUE. WE never felt so sleepy before. Then, too, we feel so shattered over the unfeeling conduct of Big Tim, Big Tom, Little TIM and CHARLIE. It will probably be the same when we get to PAT over in Brooklyn. We could stand CROOKEDNESS, but who can overcome STUPIDITY? Sometime when we are not IDLE we shall Try to figure out the difference between the MACHINE VOTE and the VOTING MACHINE!