The Evening World.

ESTABLISHED BY JOSEPH PULITZER.
Published Daily Except Sunday by the Press Publishing Company, Nos. 53 to 63 Park Row, New York.
RALPH PULITZER, President, 63 Park Row.
J. ANGUS SHAW, Treasurer, 63 Park Row.
JOSEPH PULITZER, Jr., Secretary, 63 Park Row.

Entered at the Post-Office at New York as Second-Class Matter.

Subscription Rates to The Evening World for the United States and Canada.		For England and the Continent and All Countries in the International Postal Union.	
One Year	$3.50	One Year	$9.72
One Month	.30	One Month	.85

VOLUME 54.....NO. 19,259

SPEAKING OF METHODS.

CHARGED with having put through, in the interests of the Morgan combination, a deal which turned over big holdings of Boston and Maine stock to the New Haven, Lewis Cass Ledyard told the Interstate Commerce Commission a pathetic story of how the cruel laws of Massachusetts cramped the Boston and Maine.

When the Boston and Maine wanted to increase its bond issue capacity the law said that the only way it could be done must be by enlargement through new issues of capital stock.

"Under the laws of Massachusetts," declared Mr. Ledyard, "that could be done only with the consent of the Railroad Commission, and the purposes of the issue were to be approved by them, the amount was to be authorized by them and the price at which the stock should be offered to the stockholders fixed by them, which the law required should be not less than the actual value of the stock. For that purpose the Railroad Commission always took the market value of the stock.

"As Mr. Lawrence has told you, one of those issues was at 190, while the Boston and Maine was paying dividends of 7 per cent. That made a return of about 3.5 per cent. to the stockholders. The large stockholder had to sit there and take his medicine or lose his proportionate interest in the property—and take his medicine on these very unprofitable returns.

"That law has done more to retard the development of railroads in Massachusetts than any other one thing. That law went on and provided that if the stockholders did not take the stock at the price so fixed any amount thus taken should be sold at auction.

"Can you imagine a method more complete and better fitted for destroying the value of a railroad stock than that?"

We don't have to imagine a better method. One has been unrolled before our eyes. Was ever method "more complete and better fitted for destroying the value of a railroad stock" than that used by the powers who exhausted the New Haven with the strain of colossal aggrandisement, loaded it with debts and paralyzed it with finance?

In 1889 New Haven stock sold at 279. In the last two months it has sold as low as 65 1-4. Some destructive methods speak for themselves.

Opportunity is the word for it, Mr. Mellen.

WHAT IS THE BOX-OFFICE FOR?

THE Aldermen have withdrawn their theatre ticket ordinance passed two weeks ago, which forbade the sale of a theatre ticket for more than the price printed on its face. The Mayor persuaded the Board that the ordinance was too severe and would wipe out all ticket agencies.

"It was agreed," said Mayor Mitchel, "that in the interest of good government, regulation should always be tried before abolition, and that effective regulation of theatre ticket agencies should be at least attempted."

A later ordinance signed by the Mayor empowers the Police Commissioner to make such rules regarding the sale of theatre tickets as he sees fit. A committee appointed by the Mayor will try to work out a reasonable ordinance.

Instead of trying to do too much, why not stick to essentials? The worst feature of theatre ticket selling in the city to-day is that theatre managers each day place big blocks of good seats in the hands of agents about town, out of reach of the public who come to the box-office to buy.

At any given moment during the day every seat not actually sold should be in the box-office rack. If a portion of the public prefers to pay extra for the convenience of having an agent secure seats for them, let the process be carried out by telephone or written order. What we need most at present is a fair show for the man who presents himself at the theatre to buy seats. Keep the unsold tickets at the box-office.

"The horse-chestnut blooms in the Champs Elysees were never more beautiful," is the glad word from Paris. Tell it to Huerta.

THE GREATER GOOD.

BOSTON delegates to the Anti-Vivisection Conference in this city sought to induce the league to enlarge its scope by declaring against vaccination. It is significant that the motion was lost beyond hope.

One hundred and eighteen years ago to-day, on May 14, 1796, Edward Jenner announced that he had conclusively established the important principle of vaccination, "proving that it was possible to propagate the vaccine affection by artificial means from one human being to another and thereby at will communicate security to all who were liable to smallpox."

Immediately and for long after vaccination aroused the wildest opposition, the most grotesque and hideous reports of its terrible effects—among which the story of a boy who, "after being inoculated with the cow vaccine, had his former natural disposition absolutely changed to the brutal, so that he ran upon all fours, bellowed and butted with his head like a bull," was one of the mildest.

Yet vaccination triumphed to bring incalculable benefits to mankind in all parts of the earth.

On their own more immediate ground—hostility to medical research which "sacrifices" animals—the anti-vivisectionists admit that they have made little headway against surgeons and Legislatures and that public opinion is against them.

The great, good common sense of the world is neither stupid nor cruel. In the long run it strikes a sane balance. It has long been convinced that the benefits of vaccination immeasurably outweigh its risks. And even the tenderest hearts, if they can be induced to face facts, are readily persuaded that the certainty of saving a single child is worth a thousand guinea pigs.

UP TO DATE.

Ancestors—My grandfather flew his own pennant as a commodore in the navy.

"Pshaw! My grandfather helped capture one in a world's series."—Pittsburgh Post.

TRUE COURTESY.

"They tell me you love good music," said the lady, playing at the piano, to her musical friend.

"Oh," said the polite friend, "that doesn't matter. Pray go right on."—Ladies' Home Journal.

Such Is Life!

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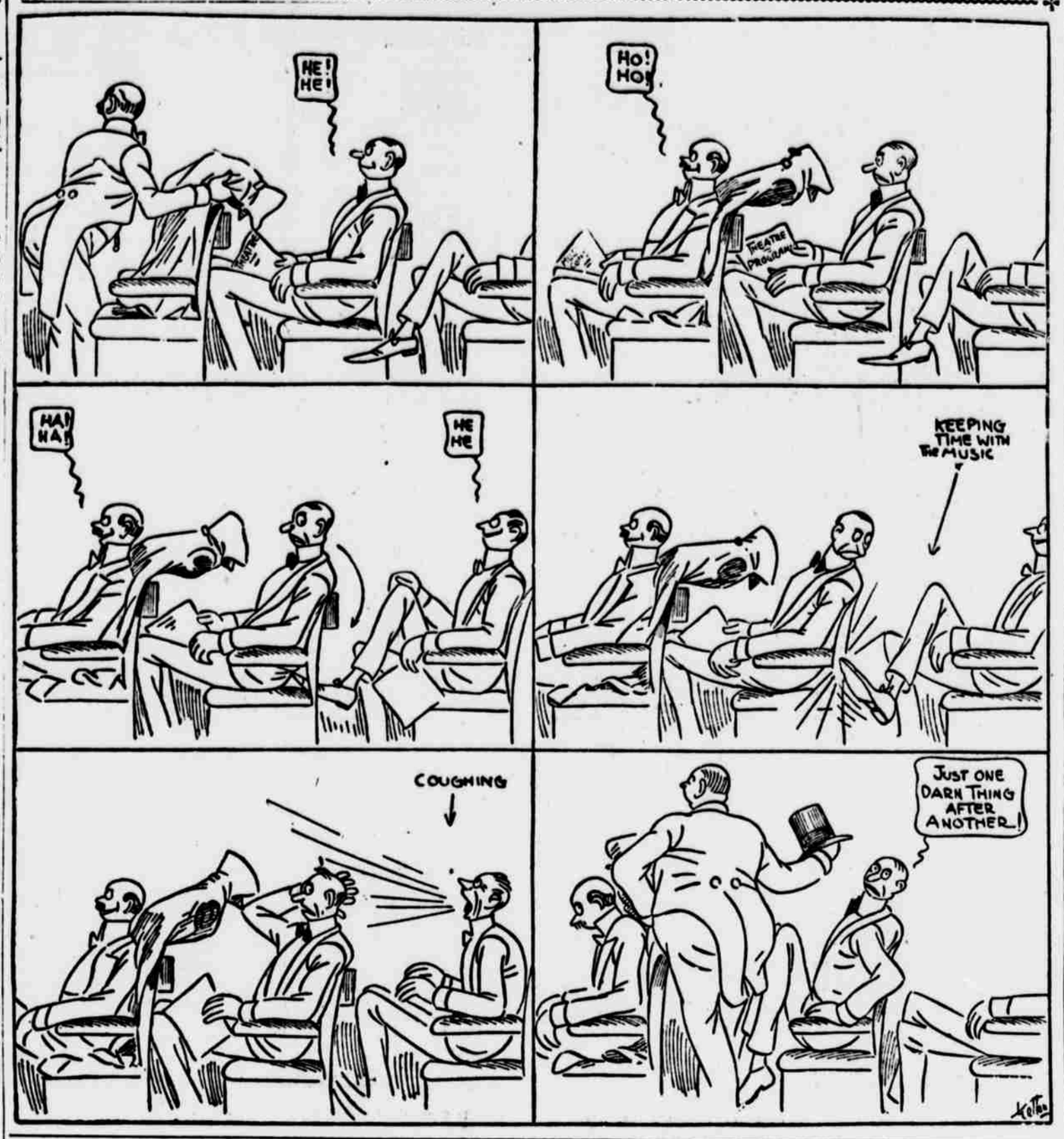
By Maurice Ketten



Straight From The Shoulder

Success Talks to Young Men.

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Patience.

PATIENCE often has been called a virtue. Be that as it may, certainly it is an asset to any young man who has his road before him.

Storming the citadel of success not often is a short, sharp, decisive battle. More often it is a slow and discouraging siege.

And early discouragement spikes the siege guns. No, there is a better way of putting it: patience is the ammunition for the siege guns; and when you exhaust patience you exhaust your ammunition and your campaign is without hope of success.

A goal that is worth attaining is not only worth fighting for—it is worth waiting for—so long as you keep on hustling while you wait. It is worth repeated efforts. It is worth being placed above petty difficulties and discouragement, nay, above BIG difficulties and discouragements.

It is the things a young man learns to bear that strengthen him most—far more than the things that give way before him.

A wall is built one stone at a time. Each stone must be made secure in its place. Dumped impatiently in a disordered heap, no wall can rise above them, for there is nothing to give it stability.

So be patient even in the little detail work of career building. Realize that duties impatiently skipped or skimped in your foundation work limit the height to which your wall can rise.

Steadiness rather than speed, firmness rather than haste. Lay your stones with the mortar of patience. It takes nature centuries to produce a diamond—yet observe the finished result! Where nature takes centuries, you, at least, can afford to take days, or weeks, or even months. Better to produce a "diamond" than a paste imitation. Isn't it?

Hits From Sharp Wits.

The "fast" young man is not found running in the straight and narrow path.

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"Make a sweetheart of your wife" is the advice now being handed out to husbands. Having made wives out of sweethearts, it is just as well to go back to first principles.—Deseret News.

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Of course, we couldn't get along nowadays without the statistician. For instance, how vital it is to know that, as one statistician has figured out, "enough bananas were imported last year to furnish peelings to give the people one hundred slides per capita."—Charleston News and Courier.

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Perhaps it has been noticed that the soap boxes the curbstone orators stand on never contain any soap.—Cleveland Leader.

• • •

Nothing makes a man so sore as taking a tumble to himself.—Deseret News.

History Repeating Itself In Present Mexican Tangle.

FIFTY-FOUR years ago this month Gen. Miguel Miramon effected a coup d'etat by which Gen. Zuloaga was deprived of the Presidency of Mexico, and Miramon returned to Chapultepec, while Zuloaga went to a prison cell.

In the troubles of the last few years in Mexico history has been repeating itself. Then, as now, the Constitutionalists opposed the military dictators; then, as now, the internal turmoil brought about foreign intervention.

When the new Constitution was formulated, in 1857, Comonfort, the Madero of his time, was President of Mexico. Gen. Felix Zuloaga, the Victoriano Huerta of the period, was the commander of the forces. Comonfort had no sooner been seated in the Presidential chair than Zuloaga began hatching a military conspiracy against him. The Constitution was not popular with the wealthy landowners of the country and they financed Zuloaga's movement for its overthrow. Zuloaga marched into Mexico City at the head of the army, abolished the Constitution, ordered Comonfort impeached and driven from office and established himself as Provisional President.

With Comonfort deprived of the Presidency, his successor, under the Constitution, was the Vice-President, Benito Juarez. The new leader of the Liberals or Constitutionalists was a full-blooded Indian, but a man of great force and ability as both statesman and general. While Zuloaga held the palace in the capital, Juarez was declared Constitutional President at Vera Cruz, and his government was immediately recognized by that of the United States.

The great civil war was then on in earnest. The armies of the Liberals or Constitutionalists and the forces of the Clericals or Reactionaries clashed on many bloody fields. While Juarez and his patriot army were occasionally defeated, and Juarez was forced to change his capital several times, the cause of liberty was constantly advanced, and Zuloaga became uneasy. While seeking to distract the attention of the people from the main issue by an anti-Gringo campaign, the military dictator sought foreign intervention. He plunged the country into debt, and soon become unpopular even among the reactionaries.

In 1859 Miguel Miramon, a general in Zuloaga's army, was chosen as his successor by the junto. For a time Miramon, one of the most brilliant officers of the Conservative army, remained true to his chief, but in February the opposition to Zuloaga had become so strong that the dictator abdicated. British ships of war had already been sent to Mexican waters to protect English subjects, and other countries, notably France and Spain, were threatening intervention.

Miramon, when he succeeded Zuloaga, governed the capital without any regard for the rights of foreigners. Late in 1859 Miramon defeated the Liberals under Colima, and in 1860 marched on Vera Cruz and bombarded it. While Miramon was in the field Zuloaga was plotting against him, and on May 1st he announced that Miramon was deposed, and again assumed the presidency. Miramon returned to the capital, and on May 9th overturned Zuloaga's new government. On the following day the diplomatic bodies suspended relations with Miramon. The latter threw off all restraint, seized a large sum belonging to Englishmen, and inaugurated a series of persecutions which drove all foreigners, including the ministers, from the city.

In July, 1861, the Mexican Congress decided to suspend payments to foreigners for two years. This led to the breaking off of diplomatic relations with England, France and Spain. In October these three European governments signed a convention to combine in hostile operations against stricken Mexico. In December Spanish troops took possession of Vera Cruz, and intervention had become a reality. A British naval and French military expedition arrived early in 1862, and faced a desperate resistance of the people.

Betty Vincent's Advice to Lovers.

BETTY VINCENT

IF any girl doubts which of two young men she loves the better she may be reasonably sure that she doesn't love either well enough to marry him and pass the rest of her life with him. And if any young man hesitates between two girls he ought not to propose to either.

Real love, the sort of love to marry on, has no doubt or waverings as to its object. To the true lover all other persons besides the beloved are irrelevant. He or she who hesitates isn't in love.

"W. D." writes: "I have been paying attention to a girl two years older than myself. I am nineteen. Now my work has made it impossible for me to see any girl regularly, and I don't think I ought to ask the young lady to wait for me several years. I have told her all this, and have suggested that in the future we should be merely friendly acquaintances. Did I do right?"

I think you have acted sensibly.

How to Get Acquainted.

"C. R." writes: "Every morning going to work I meet a nice young lady with whom I would like to get acquainted. I do not want to flirt with her, but I should like your advice as to how to meet her."

There is only one suitable way of getting acquainted, and that is through the introduction of a mutual friend.

Home and the Man

By Sophie Irene Loeb.

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IS home a haven or a horror?

"Are there any homes in New York?" asked a Westerner, who had tried four restaurants at 7 o'clock one evening and could not get a vacant table for himself and family. And that is the average impression of the visitor to the metropolis. This man went on to say:

"We have been in New York three weeks and have visited several friends and never had a meal in their home. They take you out. Such a thing as home life does not exist.

"It is not a very comfortable realization. You feel all the time that you are being 'entertained.' Nobody spends evenings at home.

"They all seem to have the idea that 'showing a friend a good time' is summed up in a lobster palace; followed by a haphazard musical comedy, more lobster and a cabaret.

"One woman told me that 'it is so much easier to take people to the restaurant and pay the bill;' that there is always the question of help, and too much company spoils too many cooks—and, therefore, the merry-go-round.

"In the mean time you get acquainted with your friends only between courses and acts and tangoes. Opinions on all subjects are cut-and-dried. There is no chance for the delightful discussions that made the great friendships of yesterday."

There is much truth in this. But why? Is the faculty for home-making on the wane? Does the average man and the average woman expect too much and give too little, and vice versa? Are patience and perseverance lost arts where home is concerned?

We know the common variety of man who thinks he is evading the issue when things are not pleasant by wandering away from his fireside, when in reality a little tolerance, a little giving in, and a little look-at-yourself attitude toward the whole thing would save many a situation and keep his home from being a constant centre of strife.

To cultivate the spirit of contentment right in the home is more to be desired than great riches to spend in the merry whirl. Yet many a man regards home merely as a place to sleep and snatch breakfast.

Also the old-time criticism that a man leaves home because "it is not made pleasant for him," bears a little closer inspection. And as usual there is the everlasting other side. Such a married man assumes the air of a misunderstood martyr and pities himself to the call of a cocktail, the desire of a duckling, and the tune of a tango.

On the last analysis many a man has failed to see home, as his wife does, as a place:

Where a man expects a cook, a grass cutter, a nurse and a wife all in the one woman.

Where a man is forgiven and a woman is forgotten;

Where a cheering voice often wastes its sweetness on the desert air;

Where a man raises Cain and a woman raises children;

Where a cook often gets the wages, while the wife gets the woes;

Where a woman pays interest, but gets no credit;

Where the stork is the one visitor that never asks to come;

Where a man may preach "Love thy neighbor," but practise "Love thy neighbor's wife;"

Where a man skimps and saves, afraid to spend his heirs' money;

Where the hand that rocks the cradle feels the weight of the wedding ring.

After all, home is a habit of either Heaven or Hades—as you make it.

REFLECTIONS OF A BACHELOR GIRL.

By HELEN ROWLAND.

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THIS is the tragic time of year when a young man's heart is constantly torn between the call of love and the call of the spring onion.

A man may be guilty of stealing a girl's heart, but he always feels hurt and indignant if she refuses to take it back again after he has finished with it.

At college a girl learns all about "right-angle triangles," &c.; but the hard School of Experience is the only place in which she can learn anything about the Eternal Triangle.

When a man invites another to have a drink you never can tell whether he is starting in for "a high old time" or just celebrating his resolve to "cut it all out."

A flirt's conscience becomes so deaf at this season that he has to go about in rubber heels in order to hear the still, small Voice.

A pretty woman with a little intuition and a dimple can do more to alter the history of the world than a whole army of men with gatling guns.

It is so easy for a man to become attached to a girl, under the influences of the spring moon, that he never stops to think of the difficulty he will have in getting detached in the autumn.

When a girl exclaims "This is so sudden!" she probably refers to the shock the man feels the moment he realizes that he has proposed to her.

A Many-Named Potentate.

IF you should have occasion to address a letter to the Maharajah of Bikaner the proper form would be: Colonel His Highness Raj Rajeshwar Narendra Shiromani Sri Sir Ganga Singh Bahadur, Maharajah of Bikaner, Bikaner, Rajputana, India. If you like, you may add to his name the magic letters G. C. I. E., K. G. S. I., K. C. I. E. and A. D. C. (If there is room on the envelope.)

The Maharajah rules, with the assistance of British officials, over a country 22,000 square miles in extent. Bikaner is in Rajputana, south of the Punjab, and has a population of about a million. While the Maharajah is surrounded by grandeur and pomp most of his subjects are desperately poor. They live chiefly by pasturage, breeding camels and horses that are famed throughout India. The Maharajah's army consists of 1,097 men, of whom 371 are mounted on camels and 319 on horses.

His Highness was born in 1860 and succeeded to the throne at the age of seven, although he was not invested with full ruling powers until his eighteenth birthday. He served with the British army in China in command of the famous Bikaner camel corps, for which he was decorated. He was also awarded a decoration for his public service in India following the great famine of 1899-1900. The Maharajah is well educated and a thorough sportsman. Polo, tennis and motoring, as well as big game shooting, are among his recreations.

Chapters From a Woman's Life

By Dale Drummond.

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CHAPTER XXX.

THE next morning I busied myself getting my work in hand again; and about noon Gertie came over and had luncheon with me. She was perfectly delighted with Emelie, and fussed over her much of the time.

"Oh, Sue, you remember about Helen Landon, don't you? How George advertised that he would not pay her debts?"

"Yes; has she left him?"

"My, no! I saw them at the theatre last night, and they were laughing and having a fine time together, to judge from appearances."

"You don't mean that she goes out with him, after what he did?" I asked, horrified.

"Sure, she does!" Gertie returned, laughing. "Don't be so scandalized, Sue!"

"Jack seemed to think Mr. Landon needed all the sympathy," I mused, "but I think Mrs. Landon is the one to be pitied."

"Well, I suppose she thinks she brought it on herself, and that now she knows on which side her bread is buttered," Gertie said, flippantly.

I gasped.

"I'm sorry for her, of course. She's a charming woman, and a perfect hostess, and is perfectly capable of taking care of herself. I only wish, as I told you, I could do half as much with money as she does."

"You know, Gertie, that Rumsey Grant felt just as Jack did about it—that any man is justified in doing anything to compel a wife to live within her income."

"Oh, men are all alike," Gertie answered, and then began to talk of something else.

But I wondered how Mrs. Landon could bring herself to go out with her husband, after he had so insulted her.

After Gertie left I drew the box with the gold colored dress out from under the bed. I was horrified to see how rumpled it was. It had not been disturbed, but laid just as I had thrown it, with the slippers and stockings huddled beside it, the stockings wrong side out and the slippers crushed on their sides. I shook the dress out and hung it on the gas fixture so that the air would help blow the wrinkles out. To my dismay I noticed that where I had let it hang when walking up the stairs was a soiled ridge. I straightened out the stockings and put trees in the slippers, thinking of the good time I had had at the studio tea and of all that had happened since.

About 4 o'clock I took the dress down, cleaned the soiled places as best I could with French chalk and again put it into the box, but this time carefully, with tissue paper between the folds. I then put the smoothly folded stockings and the slippers in the corners and returned the box to its hiding place.

I had no sooner put it away than the telephone rang.

"Hello! Hello!" came a voice over the phone.

"Hello!" I replied.

"Hello!" came the voice again. "Is this Mrs. Jack Coolidge?"

"Yes," I answered; "who is calling, please?"

"I am speaking for Mme. Loraine."

"Yes?"

"She wants to know if you can accommodate her with a check. She has some very large bills to meet and would like you to help her if it is convenient."

"Certainly," I answered as quietly as I could. "I will send it to her tomorrow."

"Thank you! She wants to know if you won't come in and look at some new models. She has some pretty ones just your style."

"Yes—perhaps," I returned, thinking, as I had no check account and would have to draw the money from the savings bank, it would look better for me to take the money to her. Then it would do no harm just to look at what she had. Of course I should not buy anything.

I had not had the remotest idea of using any of my thousand dollars right away. Indeed, I had other plans for it. But I could not run the risk of Jack's learning that I had bought the dress at a time when I had nothing to pay for it.

The next day—Mrs. Banks was ironing—after I returned from the bank I called up Mrs. Somers and told her I was going to Mme. Loraine's and asked her if she didn't want to go with me.

"The place frightens me," I laughed.

"I shall be delighted to go. I need some things myself," a surprised tone in her voice. "I'll call for you about 3 o'clock, if that's convenient."

"I'll be all ready," and I rang off.

"You are paying very promptly, madam will have heart failure. She isn't accustomed to such celerity in settling her bills," Mrs. Somers said as we were riding along, after she had asked me about mother and sympathized over father's death. "She didn't ask you for it, did she?"

"Oh, no!" I hastened to say, ashamed to have Mrs. Somers know that she had done so. "I happened to have it, and thought I better pay it while I could," forgetting for the moment the $200 I had owed her for nearly three months, and which, after the day she had lent it to me, I had never mentioned.

"How did Jack like it? I suppose you have shown it to him by this time?"

"No, he was out when I got home from the studio that afternoon, and you know I went away that night. Since I returned I haven't thought of it."

"Well, I'm sure he'll like it! We must have a little dinner together soon, and then you can wear it. Did Jack tell you that Ned had opened an account with him or his firm, rather? But I'm sure it is principally because he likes Jack, although he didn't say so."

"No," I stammered, "Jack hasn't told me yet. As I told you, we have had very little time to talk," wondering if what Jack had once hinted at was true, and that Ned Somers was opening an account, thinking he would get some information from him.

(To Be Continued.)