

## The World

Published by the Press Publishing Company, No. 53 to 55  
Park Row, New York. Entered at the Post-Office  
at New York as Second-Class Mail Matter.

VOLUME 44.....NO. 18,827.

### THE RESTORATION OF ELM STREET.

The correspondence between the Secretary of the Rapid-Transit Commission and the Borough President regarding the delay in restoring Elm street discloses an apparently inexcusable state of inaction on the part of the city authorities.

The street was in part ready for paving more than a year ago. The subway contractor was entirely through with it, except as a storage yard for litter, last March. Yet no attempt seems to have been made to compel him to remove his rubbish. No effort was made to expedite the work of paving the street and restoring it to traffic after its long disuse. In Elm street, as elsewhere throughout the city in a smaller degree on similar work, the convenience of the public has been a matter of least consideration.

The history of the new Elm street is, indeed, a record of bungling. The cutting through of the street was perhaps the least creditably executed work of public improvement entered into by the city in recent times. Its junction with Centre street was effected with the symmetry which might be supposed to follow an artillery fire on the intervening buildings. Any expectation that the street can be made more slightly or permanently improved on artistic lines is futile.

But if there is to be further delay in restoring it the only excuse which the city will heed is that the time so spent is devoted to remedying previous blunders where possible.

The break of sixty points in cotton following the crop estimate of Miss Kathryn Giles goes to show that a cotton "queen" may have more power over the market than was exercised by its now deposed "king."

### TO RIGHT THE WATER BILL WRONG.

A three-days cutting off of the food supply of New York would have meant, twenty years ago, general suffering and a measure of starvation. Thanks to the development of the cold storage industry, a two-months allowance of provisions now stands constantly between the city and the famine possibility. Only in the item of fresh milk should we suffer utter deprivation.

In respect of its water supply New York desires to place itself for the coming years on terms equally sure with those affecting what it shall eat. Between the city and the realization of this wish there stands interposed at the moment the iniquitous Dutchess County Water bill of the late session at Albany—a measure beneficial solely to that "Ramapo" grab which should have found burial or cremation long ago.

For reasons which need not be discussed, the Legislature passed this bill. For reasons of rural politics, perhaps, the Governor signed it. Presumably the "Ramapo" clique thought this ended the matter and that the city would remain subject to their mercenary monopoly.

It is gratifying to note that the City Club and the city experts on the water situation are urging an extra session to undo the mischief of the Smith measure. As their cause is the whole city's cause, it is for the whole city to give them earnest support.

The Evening World shares Mr. Deming's confidence that the Smith bill can be repealed "if proper force from the public is brought into play." That force has availed in the past to protect the city from iniquitous legislation and it can be relied on to prove effective in the present emergency if properly organized.

### THE PLAYGROUND REMEDY.

Plans for indicating and guarding special routes for automobilists entering and leaving the city by the ferries are still under discussion, the Automobile Club having taken the problem up officially. It remains true, of course, that as a matter of public interest and public pride all parts of the city should be equally safe for travellers by any lawful means. And this fact leads to the reduction that behind this issue of a new rumianism looms the old problem of the playgrounds.

The young scoundrels who assailed the Gotshall party—and who have similarly assailed other parties—are the products of a disorderly life in the streets. The pavements have been their recreation grounds and loading places. Their possession of the street for ball-playing, race-running and rougher sports has been lawless and such, therefore, as to stimulate a lawless spirit. They have come to regard as trespassers all people—but especially automobilists—who have disturbed them by using the pavement for its legitimate purpose.

And yet—if they were to be ordered from the street, where should they go?

At the foot of East One Hundred and Twelfth street there is a recreation pier. From Eighty-fourth to Eighty-ninth street, east, there runs East River Park. From One Hundred and Eleventh street to One Hundred and Fourteenth street, in the midst of "Little Italy," stretches one of the new small parks, with lawns and a gymnasium. But the great, thickly populated district in which the Gotshall outrage occurred is barren of the big, well-equipped, attractive and intelligently directed playgrounds which might call its teeming youth out of the streets and into the pursuit of sane and orderly sport. Abundant and healthful playing spaces would more quickly obliterate "hoodlumism" and the "gang" than could whole squads of policemen picketing the pavements.

### THE CHEAP CAB OUTLOOK.

A cut of ten cents in cab fares is not much, but it is a significant entering wedge. The forty cents a mile may yet become twenty-five and reduce cab hire to a point where it will be in a less disproportionate ratio to car fare.

On the theory of the superior advantages of the large volume of business with small profits, the greater number of "fares" who would make use of the cabman's services ought to yield him a better return than the occasional patron paying the higher charge. This should especially be true of motor cabs, in which the question of the horse's endurance does not enter.

There is in fact no obvious reason why the electric vehicles, with their expenditure for motive power reduced to an economical basis, should not find a system of lower fares more remunerative. Cheap fares would stimulate a growth of the cab habit which the existing prices serve only to repress.

## The Perils of Too Much Affection.

By  
Nixola Greeley-Smith.



A BUFFALO man has sued a girl for damages for breaking his ribs. That the damage was inflicted in the course of an ecstatic embrace and merely by way of expressing the young woman's affection does not seem to have made any difference to the prosaic man. Apparently, he failed to realize how favored of the gods, how marked among his kind, is he who breaks a rib, or rather has it broken, in the cause of Cupid.

It is given to few men to feel so sure of the affection of their dulcinea as this unworthy citizen of Buffalo must be. But instead of rejoicing in his sweetheart's reassuring demonstration he turns around and sues her for damages.

Which proves—something which every man since Adam has proved—that it doesn't pay to let any son of Adam be too sure of you.

Let every engaged girl take warning by the sad fate of the young woman of Buffalo. Do not break any ribs, no matter how much you may feel like it. It doesn't pay. Indeed, you may have to pay for it. If you are as unlucky as the heroine of this sad history.

There are few women who are naturally aggressive in their love affairs. The normal woman loves to be petted, and softens and purrs under the petting process like a well-fed kitten. But she is not apt to indulge in any rib-breaking exercises, no matter what heights her affection may reach.

When she does, her victim is apt to take it very unkindly. (Whether because he regards it as an infringement of privilege, or because he objects to having his ribs broken, depends largely on the individual.)

The passive pose is so much the best for a woman in love to take, so much the most natural to her, and the most agreeable to the man, that it is a wonder her common sense ever admits of any other.

Women are often led to simulate a degree of affection they do not feel simply because they think it is expected of them—and may be it is—but the expectation is one which it is far better to disappoint than to realize. For the moment a man substitutes the fatuous reflection of "How much that little girl loves him!" for the more wholesome one of how much he loves that little girl, the reign of the little girl is over—and she will find it out sooner or later.

It is a good rule in love, as in everything else, never to express as much as you feel. Of course, this is a very hard rule to follow for women whose ideal of love-making have been formed by the reading of romantic novels and who confound making love with making literature.

It is also rather difficult for the up-to-date girl, who is accustomed to see men in the work of their brain and hands, to play the role of Little Miss Muffet, "who sat on a tuft," when it comes to the game of love.

But it is so much the best role for her, and so much the role men like the best, that she had much better become reconciled to it at once and learn to play it as gracefully and easily as the great-grandmother who created it.

Of course, notwithstanding the timid possibility of her pose, she can be just as much in love as she likes. But she mustn't show it. And as for the breaking—well, if she makes the least attempt at it she deserves to be sued for damages, or even the worse fate of marrying the strange specimen who would think of seeking legal redress for his injured ribs.

## SOME OF THE BEST JOKES OF THE DAY.

### AN APT PUPIL.

"Our competitor now has all his packages marked. 'Beware of Imitations,'" said the senior partner of the new firm. "That's a slap at us."

"Well, we'll get back at him," replied the junior partner. "We'll have all our packages marked 'Beware of the genuine.'"—Philadelphia Press.

### ANOTHER "FAIR" JESTLET.

Mr. Foster-Well, the bell is going to the St. Louis Fair, I understand.

Miss Pechin—Yes, I'm going, but who told you? I only ran up my mind to-day.—Philadelphia Ledger.

### INCURABLE.

"Well," said the tall agent, "did you find those two people who were suffering with loss of appetite?"

"Yes," responded the short agent. "And did you sell them any of the remedy?"

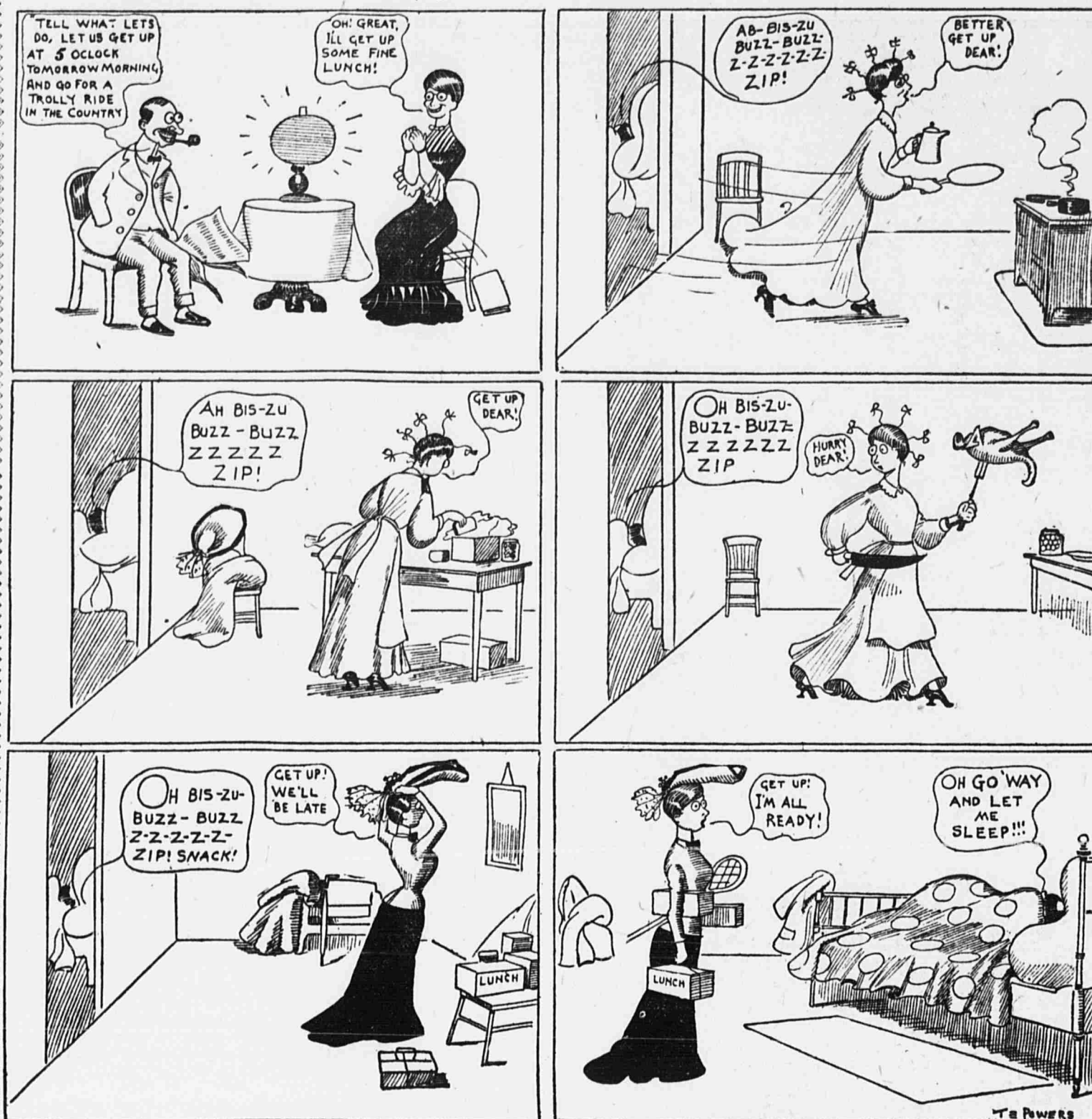
"It was no use. They were on their honeymoon."—Chicago News.

### MORE IN HIS LINE.

The Farmer—I want you to turn my grindstone.

## HOME, SWEET HOME.

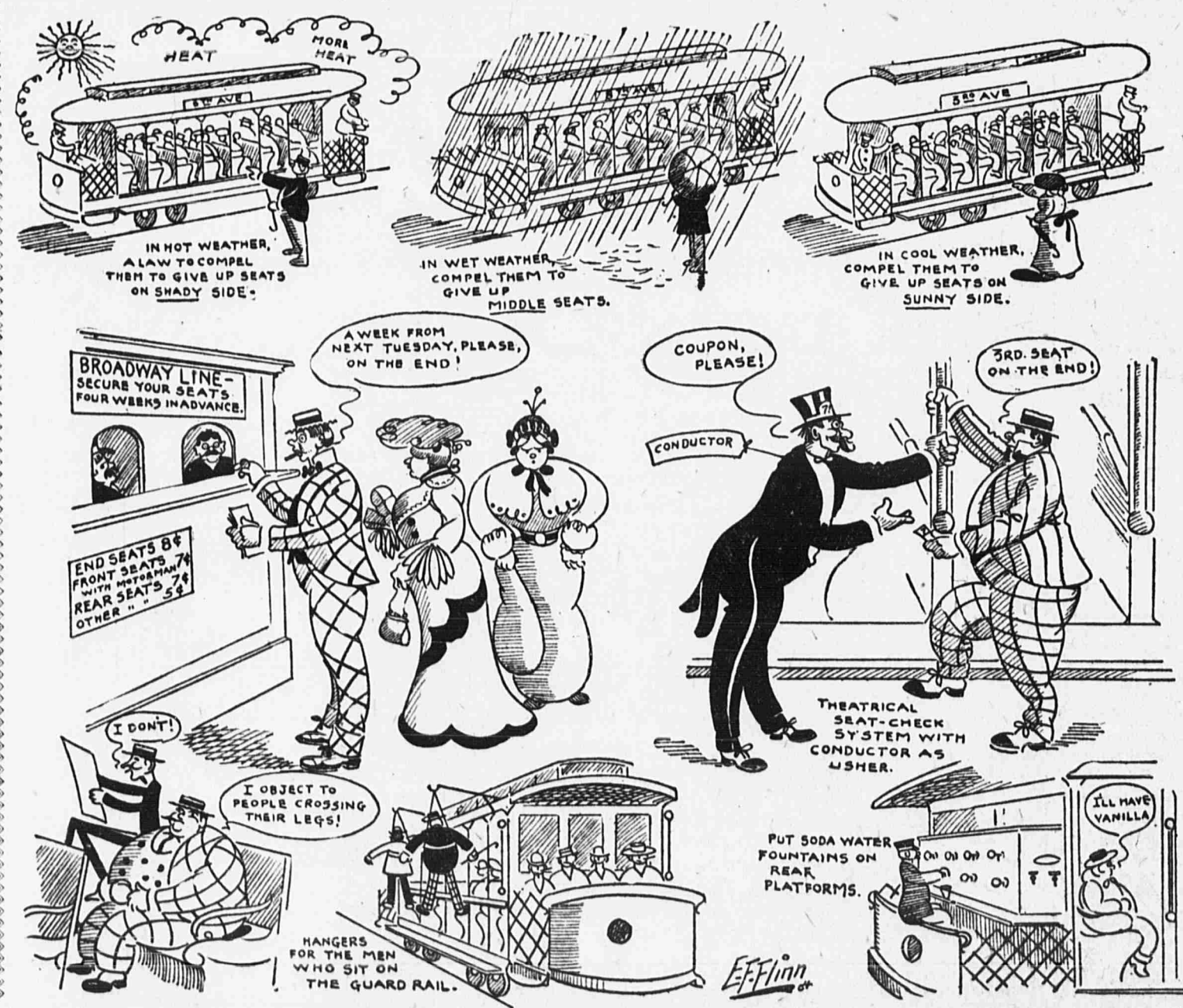
(By T. E. Powers.)



Don't Plan Your Trolley Rides Too Far Ahead.

## Open-Car Seat Laws to Suit All Sorts of Whims.

If There Must Be an End-Seat Law, Why Not Laws for the Other Seats, and a Coupon-Seat System for the More Fastidious?



## The End-Seat Hog and the Folks Who Are Doing the Squealing

### A Plea for Strangers.

To the Editor of The Evening World: This town receives thousands of strangers every day, and many of them must do their sightseeing from the cars, and, of course, they want to sit or the end seat. Then there are people who expectorate frequently. Theirs is the end seat. If persons want to go to a certain street they must often depend on themselves to see when they get there first. Who are they that accuse their fellows of being human hogs? They want to sit on the end, where they can read the corner signs. One

young only a few blocks, if he is inside, will be likely to do "hump him" on arising to get off. If a lady is in the end seat the first man to board the car would hardly feel it right to sit close to her, but later comers have no choice.

### In Defense of the "Hog."

To the Editor of The Evening World: The end seats in a car which the crowd has waited for are taken up by the "hogs" who were lucky enough to get there first. Who are they that accuse their fellows of being human hogs? Are they not the very ones who are

puffing and blowing to reach that very goal? They rush for a car, to a fire, or in fact to any kind of excitement, what is the consequence? They find other before them in the very place they want to be. They curse their luck, push and shove, anything to get where they can hold the most advantageous place. They do not reach their goal. They are being held back or made to crawl over by the "hogs" who got there first.

### As to the "Hog's" Critics.

To the Editor of The Evening World: My, but your correspondents do put that "End Seat Hog" on the pig!

## The Man Higher Up

By Martin Green.

British Fair Play, With a Transatlantic Copper on It.

"I SEE," said The Cigar Store Man, "that Travis, the American champion, has a chance to win the amateur golf championship of England in the final match to-day."

"I hope he doesn't," replied The Man Higher Up. "If he loses, he will be the most popular man in England; if he wins, they will call him a shine."

"They will assert that he is not an American, anyhow, because he was born in Australia; that he plays machine golf; that he uses springs in his clubs, and that he decorated the stuffing in the balls; that he violated the rules of training by eating eggs for breakfast, instead of oatmeal, and that he is no gentleman."

"You know the love of fair play is the long suit of the English, but it is fair play with a copper on. Personally, I have never heard of the English on the other side taking a beating in a sportsmanlike way."

"When we sent our fighters over there to meet their champions on the turf, they gave the Americans fair play with bottles and clubs. As science in boxing advanced and our men licked the best boxers in England there was a yowl of foul after every battle."

"Young Ten Eyck went over to Henley and won the Diamond Sculls. He was investigated by the X-ray process before he started from home, but after he showed he could outrow their champions the Englishmen raved that he was a professional. Our rifle team went over, there last summer, shot in open competition and won the Palma trophy. Now the English are screaming that the American marksmen didn't shoot through the right kind of barrels."

"Our American jockeys, with one or two exceptions, have been ruled off the English turf because they showed that they knew more about riding race horses than the English jockeys could ever learn."

"How did the English get an idea that they were so strong on the fair play things?" asked The Cigar Store Man.

"They talked themselves into it," answered The Man Higher Up.

## Verestchagin.

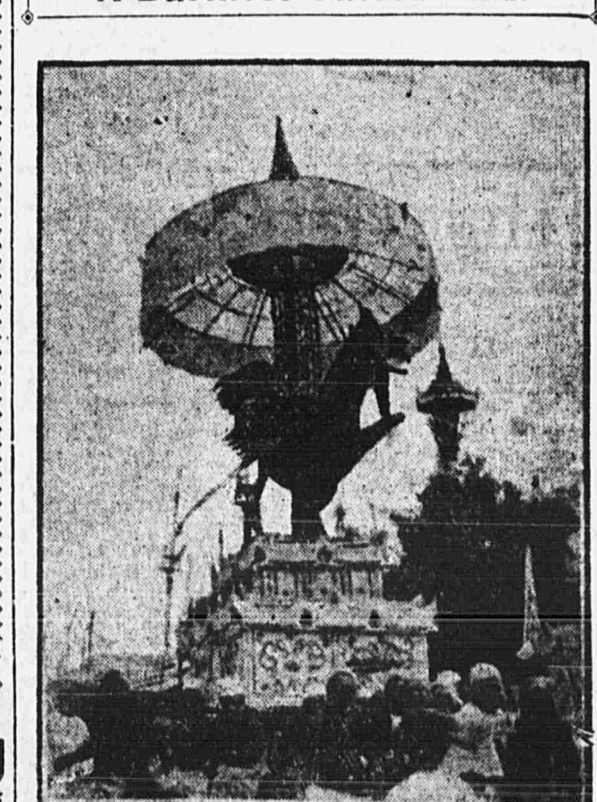
VERESTCHAGIN, the great painter who went down with the battle-ship Petropavlovsk, I never met, writes the Clubman in London Sketch, but his pictures I have encountered pretty well all the world over, for no artist ever sent his works on more extended tours. They were at the Crystal Palace once, I remember, and I saw them at Chicago during the time of the Great Exhibition. The last time that I saw the bulk of Verestchagin's earlier works was during the autumn of last year, at Moscow, and I was struck with the stolid indifference with which the peasants who tramped round the galleries looked at the representation of the horrible side of war which the artist loved to paint.

I can see now a group of three women and a man standing in front of that most gruesome of all the pictures, the corpses, row after row, lying half-buried in the light, sandy soil amidst the thorns, and a priest pronouncing the benediction over them. The peasants looked at this—a warning of what might be the fate of their sons—without emotion or comment, and then shuffled along to the next picture. Verestchagin saw most of the Russian fighters in Northern Asia and in Turkey with his own eyes, and though painters may find fault with his coloring, he conveyed to soldiers a feeling that what he put on canvas was an exact representation of the action and feelings of the men at the moment he described by his brush. There is one picture of the white-coated Russian soldiers crowding up under a great wall just before the assault begins, and the various emotions which tug at the soldier's heart, from the pride which keeps the officer erect and away from cover to the feeling of self-preservation which causes the recruit to shoulder close up to imaginary protection, are all on the painter's canvas. Verestchagin was for a time in the Russian marines, and he was with Admiral Makaroff during the fighting on the Danube.

## Fewer Clocks in Japan.

A Japanese newspaper says: "The home market for clocks is gradually becoming depressed, owing to the war, the high-priced article suffering most. On the other hand the exportation of clocks to South China is increasing. The exports amounted to 770,000 yen (\$155,000) in value last year, and will probably exceed that sum this year. These clocks are principally used by the Chinese for decorative purposes rather than for telling the time."

## A Burmese Sacred Bird.



THIS is a picture, illustrating the mythical "garuda," the Sanskrit eagle which was always at war with the snake. The picture was taken near Mandalay during the recent Buddhist Lent, which is a season of great rejoicing among the Burmese. On the top of a steep hill is a sacred pagoda. Figures of elephants—some carried on bamboo stands, some worked by two men inside—are a conspicuous feature of this carnival. Steps cut out of solid rock lead right to the summit of the hill, and the sides of the winding path are studded with pagodas and images of Buddha. The recent festival occurred on Oct. 5.