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The Evening World First

Number of columns of advertising in
The Evening World during first six
months, 1904..... 7,700

Number of columns of advertising in
The Evening World during first six
months, 1903..... 6,019

INCREASE..... 1,681

No other six-day paper, morning or evening, in New
York EVER carried in regular editions in six consecutive
months such a volume of display advertising as The Evening
World carried during the first six months, 1904.

THE QUESTION OF THE POLICE.

The Evening World has charged and proved, con-
cerning the police force, that—

- Discipline is lacking;
- Patrol duty is neglected;
- Men talk too much on post;
- Roundsmen are inactive;
- Patrol standards are low.

Magistrate Crane, reading on Monday The Evening
World's story of police dereliction, went out and found
details confirmed by his own experience. Any citizen
can do the same.

Through the work of the reporter-roundsmen in
automobiles, an improvement was effected of 100 per
cent. In the midnight-to-morning patrol service begin-
ning Monday night over that of Saturday-Sunday. So
it is demonstrated that there is required to keep the
men on post up to what they know to be a proper
diligence only a vigilance equal to that expected of them.

This overlooking vigilance is lacking. In the
organization of the force officers are provided to ex-
ercise it. Somehow, the provision fails at this time.
The failure means a lax line, loss of all sense of force
responsibility—in a word, demoralization.

"What is the matter?"
"Politics is not out of the police, nor the police out
of politics," said The Evening World, beginning the
present period of criticism.

"I believe that politics in the department will ex-
plain much that is lacking," says Capt. F. Norton
Goddard, keen and experienced observer, echoing at
the same time The Evening World's belief in Com-
missioner McAdoo's personal faithfulness and good
intent.

The incident of the left-over Murphy detective
sergeants points to politics malingering in the force.

It is chiefly politics—of the department and out of
it—that patrolmen find to talk about on corners.

It is politics that turns police minds from condi-
tions on post to speculations on "what next."

It is politics that convinces even a well-meaning
policeman of the existence somewhere of a favor
stronger for promotion than any record of duty well
done.

What is to be done?

"In my opinion," says Magistrate Crane, to quote
one man of a mind which many share, "the depart-
ment should be revolutionized from top to bottom,
and only a graduated policeman can do the work."

Which recalls The Evening World's description of
what the strong man "highest up" should be:

Enough of a policeman to understand police-
men; enough of a leader to carry a personal
prestige; enough of an iron hand to smash the
links of outlaws.

But what the Magistrate says, what Capt. Goddard
says, what is said in this column, what is said wherever
The Evening World's exposures are discussed—these
things do not settle the matter.

The question presents itself to Mayor McClellan:
What is to be done?

The problem is not of his creation. It is an in-
heritance from Van Wyck days. But public recogni-
tion and the sense of a great municipal duty well done
will be his if he shall find the solution.

To this end, it will be a sign not of weakness, but
of common sense and strength in a high place if the
Mayor shall call to his aid other minds of practical
wisdom and experience.

An unofficial commission made up of men of
standing and of understanding—a commission which
should go carefully over all the grounds of police
organization and look to all suggested springs of dis-
affection and demoralization; which should consider
and report an intelligent scheme of reformation based
both on its own findings at home and on the workings
of police departments in others of the world's cities—
Should not such a body go far and accomplish
much?

Is it not likely that this commission would find for
you and through you, Mr. Mayor, the way not only to
make the police respected by the "gangs" and by the
public, but, which is most important, thoroughly
satisfied of themselves?

ROOM AT THE TOP.

There's lots of room up at the top,
And half way up you need not stop.
The common sense and advertise,
And World Wants will aid your rise.

The Queen of Love and Pinochle.

By
Nixola Greeley-Smith.



In the good
old days of
chivalry
when knights
contended in
hard-fought
battles for
the favor of
fair ladies, the
victor chose
among all wom-
en she whom
he esteemed
most lovingly,
and she became
the Queen of
Love and Beau-
ty. But soon
the spirit of a
more prosaic
age abolished
the knightly jousts, and in modern times
the battles for supremacy in the affec-
tions of fair Emmeline or Geraldine or
whatever her name may be are usually
fought out in the stock market.

Yet Romance still survives, though it
has been driven by the prevalent spirit
of commercialism to abandon the cities
and seek the more favoring soil of rus-
tic hearts.

Only the other day there arose in Gut-
tenburg, N. J., two sturdy German
knights worthy of the mouldering Ottos
or Hildebrands from whom they doubt-
less descended who, having the misfor-
tune to love the same buxom widow,
agreed to play a great champion-
ship game of pinochle to decide the lady's
favor and so establish her as Queen of
Love and Pinochle.

Pure skill in their great national game
—not mere idle advantages of person or
pocketbook, such as decide the lesser
loves of to-day—is to be the test. And
like any damsel of yore, the widow
owner of Guttenburg's best
saloon stands ready to abide by the re-
sult of the joust.

Yet even this golden romance of old
days has not been without its corrupt-
ing modern alloy. For only yesterday
The World's columns contained a chal-
lenge to the winner from a third
pinochle player—not for the Widow
Arkland's hand, for that would have
been fair enough, but for "the cham-
pionship of New Jersey and Brooklyn
and a side bet."

It will be seen that the author of this
ingenious proposition is not altogether
without a tendency to "winking," so
rare in American sports. For he wants
all the honor and glory and emolument
of winning the games without paying
for them by taking the widow.

It is to be hoped the sturdy knights
of Guttenburg will decline his proposal
and that their unique contest will be
fought out by themselves alone in the
sequestered rear of the widow's saloon,
encouraged and only her fair hands
to pour a libation to Hymen in foam-
ing Wurmburger.

What sort of sport would be given
the world over if the plan of these
simple Germans were adopted in golf
and tennis and billiard matches, in
every variety of athletic contest, in-
deed! The threatening spirit of pro-
fessionalism that overshadows so many
of our sports would be crushed, and
romance, pure and undefiled, would
reign once more as in the days of chiv-
alry. The sturdy exponents of the manly
art need fight no longer for belts,
purse and gate receipts, but could
"slug" and "upper-cut" each other for
a bow of cherry-colored ribbon or a gilt
shoe buckle. Sport for love's sake
would be their motto, and the idea that
any former champion displayed his skill
and muscle for mere money would
bring a blush to the most hardened
cheek.

If love still makes the world go
round—and who but a base unbelieving
astronomer can doubt it?—it ought to
be the mainspring of everything, even
pinochle, and the deciding motive of
everybody, even the pinochle player,
and the widow. May the New Jersey
knights have many imitators and
pinochle, henceforth the lovers' game,
thrive in every home upon which ro-
mance has placed her magic finger-
tips.

LETTERS, QUESTIONS, ANSWERS.

No.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Is Gen. Nelson A. Miles a West Point
graduate? GUARDSMAN.

Tweed Died in Ludlow Street Jail.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Did "Boss" Tweed die in prison or at
home? R. M. M.

Tweed escaped to Spain, was recap-
tured and brought back to Ludlow
Street Jail, where he died April 12, 1918.

People's Chorus, Cooper Union.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Where can I take singing lessons and
voice culture free or at low price? MAX L.

There is No Edison Star.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Are there any Edison stars, and if so
how are they put up into the clouds? E. J.

In 1872.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
In what year was Maude Adams
born? ELIZA S.

A Friend of the "Best Chief."
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Referring to the query: "Does crime
own New York?" I would venture to
ask readers if it is not true that at no
time during the regime of the much-
abused William S. Devery did crime
run as rampant as now? And further,
if results have not to a considerable
extent justified Mayor Van Wyck's
statement that Devery was "the best
Chief of Police New York ever had?" CHAS. H. S.

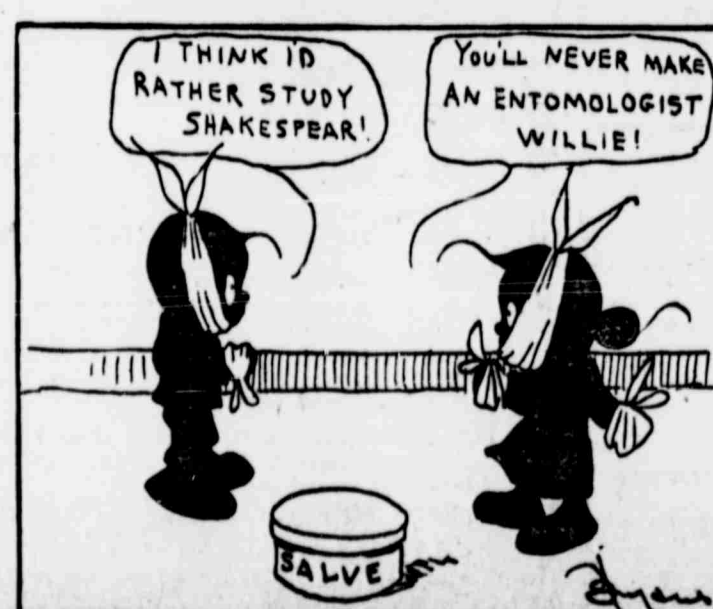
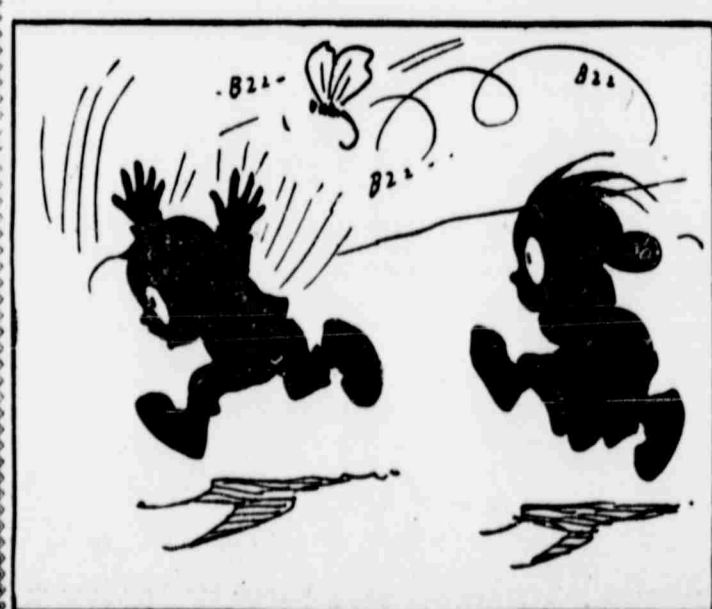
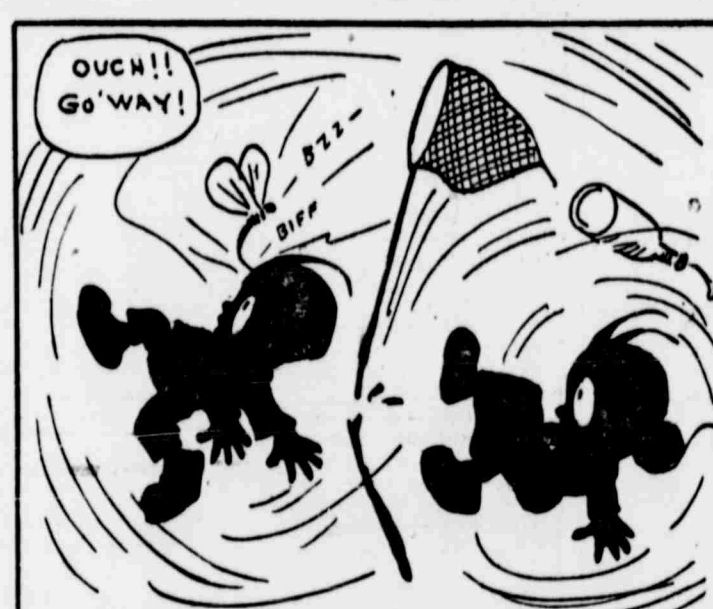
Apply to Police Commissioner.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
I loaned a police officer money at in-
terest. He refuses to pay the interest
though he signed a written agreement.
How can I force him to make payment? ANNIE Q.

Mary Jane, Kickums and Their Dads' Pipes.

The Two Youngsters Demonstrate that Meerschaums Won't Do for Bubble-Blowers



Two Young Naturalists Catch a Bee



By Martin Green.

Another Man Backs His Racetrack Judgment with the Boss's Mazuma.

"I SEE," said the Cigar Store Man, "that they have
sloughed another Wall street clerk who
thought he could be a second edition of Pitts-
burg Phil on a salary of seven per."

"Oh, very well," replied The Man Higher
Up. "Here is one that tried to beat it and he got his.
We never hear anything about the thousands who go
against the game, get trimmed to a fret, and spend the
rest of their lives telling how they escaped having
money to burn by a whisker. This kid in Wall street
had a chance to steal and he did what every fender against
the races will do if there is anything around that can
be passed or hooked—he stole. The reason that there is
no more swiping of coin for the purpose of playing the
races is because such a small percentage of the players
has a chance at anything that isn't nailed down.

"When it becomes generally known that a man is play-
ing the races everybody who is wise to it gets a Yale
lock complaint of the bankroll against him. If he has
a job and is in line for promotion to a point where he
can sift the boss's mazuma through his fingers they re-
move him to a corner in the shop where there is nothing
to do but make out bills.

"It doesn't take a lineal descendant of Euclid to dope
out the percentage against a man who plays the races.
It is the hardest game to beat in the list of gambling di-
versions. Alongside of it faro bank and roulette are like
betting 5 to 1 that a brick will drop when it is tossed
over the edge of the roof."

"Still," reminded the Cigar Store Man, "there are hun-
dreds who make a good living out of the race tracks."

"Yes," agreed The Man Higher Up, "and there are
hundreds who make a good living selling painted money."

The Cross-Eyed Man * —And the Man with Whiskers.

They Decide that a Queer Thing
They Have Read About Is Not
Nearly as Queer as if—

"I READ a queer thing this morning," announced the
Cross-Eyed Man as he and the Man with the Whis-
kers sank into their usual seats on opposite sides of
the "L" car aisle; "I read a queer thing."

"Did the Queer Thing have letters on it?" asked the Man
with the Whiskers; "did?"

"Of course it didn't. It!"

"Then how did you read it?" shrieked the Man with the
Whiskers. "Did you use mind-reading or decipher it hiero-
glyphically or how? Can you honestly say you saw a queer
thing coming your way, and that you remarked, 'Here comes
a Queer Thing; I'll put my glasses on and read a section of
him? Did you?"

"Well, maybe I didn't," ruefully admitted the Cross-Eyed
Man, "but I read ABOUT it, and that was almost as good.
I read about it in a newspaper. The paper said: 'A Pompton
(N. J.) cow has learned to pick the padlock of her stable
door with the end of her horn.' Queer, wasn't it?"

"Not very," grudgingly growled the Man with the Whis-
kers; "not near so queer as if the newspaper had said that
a Pompton (N. J.) cow had learned to pick the end of her
horn with the padlock of her stable door, or—"

"Or if the cow had learned to stable the horn of a pad-
lock with the end of a Pompton (N. J.) door, or—"

"Or if the stable horn had learned to caw its Pompton,
N. J., with the door of a padlock end, or—"

"Or if Pompton, N. J., had learned to horn-and its cow
with the stable pick of a door padlock, or—"

"Or if a door end had padlocked its Pompton (N. J.) horn
by cawing its learned stable pick, or if—"

"Or if the end of a picked stable door had learned to horn
its padlock with a Pompton (N. J.) cow, or—"

"Or if a padlocked cow had learned to end its stable by
picking the door of a Pompton (N. J.) horn, or—"

"Or if a stable pick had learned to horn her cow with the
Pompton (N. J.) end of a doored padlock!"

"Yes," gasped the Cross-Eyed Man, sinking back ex-
hausted, "there are a thousand and three things the news-
paper might have said that would have been a whole lot
more grotesquely unusual than—"

"Than if they'd only been half as unusually grotesque as
where near as unusually grotesque as?"

"As you wall-brained anthropoids are!" snorted the Cho-
leric Old Gentleman in the corner, staggering dazedly to his
feet and shaking his fist in their faces. "If!"

"Blr!" purred the Cross-Eyed Man, "are you aware that
that gesture constitutes technical assault and—"

"BATTERY!" bellowed the guard.

"I didn't know this train stopped at the Battery," grum-
bled the Man with the Whiskers.

"If it didn't," snapped the guard, "the company'd have a
whole trainful of watered rolling stock."

A. P. TIERHUNE.

Too Easy Success.

Success in literature early in a writer's career is often a
serious misfortune, writes Julius Chambers in the Pittsburg
Despatch. I distinctly recall a conversation with Frank R.
Stockton regarding "The Lady or the Tiger" that illus-
trates this point. "Never was I so near starvation since I
began to write as after the publication of 'The Lady or the
Tiger,'" said Mr. Stockton. "For nearly two years every-
thing I offered for sale was sent back with the curt ex-
planation that it did not compare with that story. 'The
Lady or the Tiger' was made a standard by which every-
thing was judged. Prior to its publication I had trouble in
selling my matter, and that very story had been offered to
every publisher in New York before it was accepted."

Scrub Ostrich Feathers.

Hundreds of men and women stop in front of a wholesale
millinery supply house on Broadway, only to see workmen
scrubbing ostrich feathers. The laundry work is done on a
board that rests on an old-fashioned tub in the cellar. An
unobstructed view is obtained when the iron doors beneath
the store display windows are opened to light and ventilate
the cellar. The uninitiated would think the value of huge
ostrich feathers would be impaired by such vigorous applica-
tion of elbow grease and soap, but this is not the case.
The suds are said to improve the lustre.

Froze His Indigestion.

Scientific investigation has discovered that that trouble-
some disease dyspepsia can be cured by short intervals of
exposure to intense cold, followed by hearty eating. M.
Roulet, a Swiss scientist, produced an artificial tem-
perature of between 140 and 150 degrees below zero in a pit.
He then exposed himself for a brief interval to this tem-
perature by lowering himself into the pit. On emerging he says
he found himself intensely hungry. The process was re-
peated several times, and as a result he declares he was
cured of chronic indigestion, from which he had suffered
for years.