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Letters From the People

PUBLIC CONSCIENCE. Men and women are collectively law abiding and in favor of high principles, though individually many of them may be guilty of the same practices which collectively they deprecate.

When people go along engrossed in their own affairs there is little foundation for any public uprising. Better conduct, higher standards, morals and ethics in general are left for the discussion of clergymen, philosophers and professors.

An arousing of the public conscience is not so much the quickening of a number of individual consciences as the awakening of the community to a better realization of common ills and the necessity of united action to remedy them.

The life insurance situation is in this respect typical of all public improvements caused by an awakened public conscience. The dual capacity of Mr. Schiff, Mr. Ryan, Mr. Harriman and other high financiers who spend one side of their life in philanthropy and the greater part of their time and efforts in taking from others by none too squeamish processes the many millions a fraction of which goes in charity, is repeated in the average citizen of less importance who individually makes his money as best he can and collectively resents the doing of the same thing by men more expert at it.

It is a natural tendency to see every one's faults except one's own and to seek to remedy the vices of every one else and to reprobate everybody's else misdeeds. When this feeling is concentrated, as it is in the life insurance case, it is a power which none can resist.

TO LABEL PLUTOCRATS.

Through the prosecution of the society canvassers and publishers there may be worked out some suitable scheme for a recognized classification of the plutocrats of the United States. Hereditary titles of nobility are prohibited by the Constitution. Titles of colonel, major, judge and the like are too readily assumed, and they do not imply the possession of superabundant wealth.

If there is to be a plutocracy it is well to have it labelled. Such labelling might be done officially. Chiropractors, tonsorial artists, osteopaths and other classes in the community have officials created by law to pass upon their qualifications and to give legal certificates of their standing.

FLYING MACHINES.

Another flying machine has failed to fly. The inventor brought it to New York and tried to give an exhibition on Riverside Drive, which resulted unsuccessfully.

This particular machine was designed on the plan of a series of kites, the theory being that the direction of flight could be changed with a steering apparatus and by shifting ballast. Even if this kite design should be found to work on a test it has obvious disadvantages which would prevent its common use for air navigation.

Any airship which will float through its own specific gravity must be of such enormous size as to be helpless against strong wind. Any kite airship is also dependent on the breeze to keep it afloat. To navigate the air successfully there must be a smaller and more compact design which will not afford so much surface to hostile winds and which will derive its own buoyancy from the principle of a bird's flight, rather than following the lines of balloons and kites.

Armour's charges for refrigerating fruit cars are based on the east side five-cent chunk of ice.

Why should a rich young man, successful in business and in good health, kill himself?

Is horse-racing straighter or more crooked this season?

Beauty's Single Hair. By Nixola Greeley-Smith.



In a suit for breach of promise now being tried it is alleged by the injured lady that the prospective bridegroom declined to marry her on the novel plea that his hair was falling out and that he was taking certain scalp treatments that the matrimonial festivities would necessarily interrupt.

Now, if the woman had set up his impending baldness as an excuse for non-fulfillment of the contract, we could stand for it, he could. It seems to me that the value of hair as an adjunct to beauty has always been overestimated, and that woman's crown of glory is after all but a tinsel crown.

Possibly in the times when wigs, pompadours and switches had not reduced us all to the same level of hire-sute perfection our crown of glory may have carried some royal privileges with it. But now who would place any more faith in the genuineness of a woman's hair than in the singleness of a man's devotion?

The possibility of the universal counterfeit has taken all value from the real, since the counterfeit is one impossible of detection. What poet would care to pour forth his soul in golden verse celebrating Amaryllis's golden hair with the possibility ever before him that it was culled from the head of some necessitous peasant girl in Sweden or Switzerland?

And if the power of beautiful hair in woman has departed, surely man need not worry about his tonsorial deficiencies. Woman can't afford to be fastidious on that score, for beauty has but a single hair left. She ought to be thankful instead that his vanity does not lead him to the hairdresser's as hers does, for two magnificent crops of hair of the sort now prevalent in the same family would bankrupt a millionaire.

The Futile Funny Man. By Robert Hichens.



HE effort to be funny is sometimes an exhaustive effort, and often a useless one. It is an effort that multitudes of persons are continually making. "We must try to brighten things up," they think to themselves. "We mustn't let ourselves be dull." Oh, the pathos of that last mental exclamation! Oh, the longing feebly to be dull—

smile, but one can scarcely commend the good feeling of such a pleasure. It is distinctly at the expense of the poor old grandfathers, who are probably updating in bed cursing and swearing in the normal manner of elderly males who are suffering under the chastisement of Providence, says Robert Hichens in the Chicago Tribune.

Few people, I suppose, who have "been about" have failed to meet the man who tries to hold up a laugh by quoting some well-known saying and putting it into the mouth of the last person who could, or would ever have said it. "We don't want to fight, but by Jingo, if we do"—as Herbert Spencer exclaimed when he foresaw that some day we should have to have a go at the Boers. Or, "What's the odds as long as we're happy?" as Matt Arnold was so fond of saying when people tried to restrain his exuberant love of roystering, "are instances of this type of humor. It seldom entertains the factitious. Indeed, I have known them to look upon it as 'distinctly offensive' and I am not sure that they were wrong.

We are all acquainted with the American effort to be funny. The American relies upon prodigious exaggeration to excite mirth. A man possesses a pedometer and is staying for the night at an inn, where he occupies a room four feet square by six feet. He is waked up by the scratching of a mouse—he sleeps, of course, with his pedometer—gets up, fails to find a match and endeavors to locate his persecutor in the dark. In the effort he crawls about the room till daylight, when he finds that his pedometer has registered 207 miles 13 yards 1 foot and 1-2 inch.

I think it may be said that the definite effort to be funny is rarely completely successful. Fun should be spontaneous. We kindness, to be really delightful.

To Read the Smile Language. Prof. George Dumas.



HE smile means "I am happy to see you, to speak with you a moment, to direct you on your way, to lend you a book." It is not only the voluntary expression of all the agreeable sentiments like love and affection, but also a great many social acts.

To the smiles of joy are bound by manifest parentage the smiles of love, of the tender sentiments and agreeable emotions, but the smiles of pleasure and the smiles of politeness are not the only smiles that are derived from them. There are smiles of mockery, there are smiles of disdain, there are smiles of defiance, there are smiles of bitterness, of resignation and of sadness.

No people has extended the meaning of the smile to so vast a degree and so generalized its expression as the Japanese. A Japanese can smile and smile into the jaws of death as in any other circumstance of his life. We can trace the way humanity has come from the primitive reflex action of the muscles in joy to this smile of high civilization. It still signifies "reflexion; and on my countenance only signs of pleasure." And does not this significance connect it with its distant origin?

The bitter smile corresponds physiologically to the association of the ordinary movements of the smile with the expression of the mouth and of the lips which provoke certain disagreeable tastes, particularly bitter tastes. The smile of resignation is a fugitive expression which passes in intervals over the sad countenance in order to break or modify the dejected position of the features of the visage.

This man has extended the smile, which nature has spontaneously produced as an indication of delight, into a mere expression of politeness, meaningless when it expresses nothing more, but of the utmost delicacy when it dissembles grief or confusion.

We thus have two distinct varieties of the smile, arising, the one from the simple expression of pleasure and the other from the laugh. The smile of pleasure can only express pleasure or a general state of joy and cannot be associated either naturally or artificially with any sentiments save those of sincere or simulated joy. On the contrary, the smile of the laugh is rich in multiple meanings.

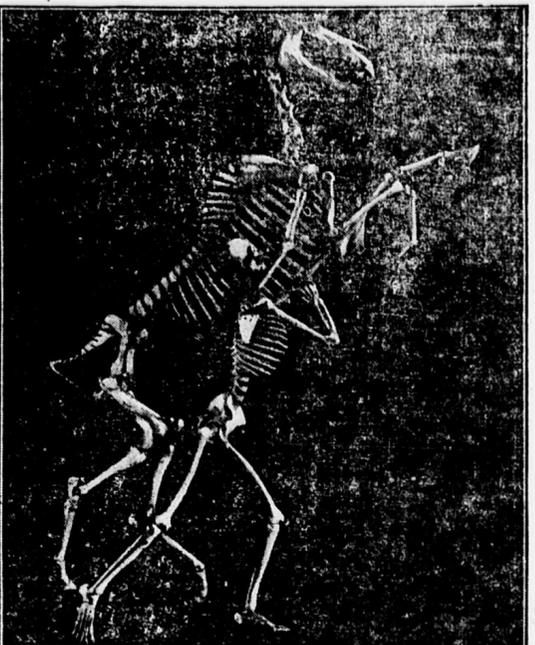
Keep the natural smile, the simple reflex action and the voluntary smile there is a series of smiles which may be termed automatic. The joys which bring to our lips spontaneous smiles are exceedingly rare and the will is rarely absent from the polite smiles which we distribute during a day; all our smiles have been conscious at a given moment of our existence, but habit early gains dominion over them. A man smiles in social life as he raises his hat; in by far the greatest majority of instances he is unaware that he smiled, says Prof. George Dumas, in the Chicago Tribune.

But the two sorts of smile are not so unlike, but that they may be reduced to unity at least along their physiological conditions and their profound mechanism. Under whatever form the smile may appear it is first and always a phenomenon of nervous excitation; it translates an augmentation of the excitation either in periphery of the sensitive nerves or in their centres and renders this augmentation under a motive form.

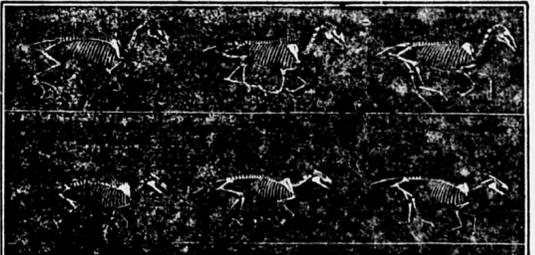
OUR DIPLOMATS' PAY. THE EMPEROR'S TEA. A FREAK WEDDING. Our Ambassadors of the first rank are those at London, Paris, Berlin and St. Petersburg. They get \$17,500 a year. The Ambassadors of the second rank are those at Vienna and Italy, who get \$12,000. The tea used in the immediate household of the Emperor of China is treated with the utmost care. It is raised in a garden surrounded by a wall, so that neither man nor beast can get anywhere near the plants. Three brothers were wedded to three sisters and a sister of the brothers to a brother of the three sisters at Durran, near Thoun, recently. Bride and bridegroom in each case were of the same age.

Evolution of the Horse from the Tiny Five-Toed Beast of Antiquity.

THE domestic horse retains as inherited adaptations many traits of the five and four and three-toed horse of antiquity. An abstract of the six lectures on "The Evolution of the Horse," by Prof. Henry Fairfield Osborn, presents interesting points. Thus the habit of carrying the head high is a remnant of the time when the wild stallion at the head of a herd had to be all ways on the watch for foes; the sudden shying is an instinctive memory of the



Skeleton of a man and of a horse mounted for comparison. Man has retained more of the primitive features common to all mammals, the horse being far more specialized in the structure of its limbs and of its grinding teeth.



Skeletons of the modern horse (above) and of the small four-toed horse (below), showing the superiority in length of limb of modern horse.

days when a quick jump to one side might save a horse from the sudden spring of a beast of prey, while backing is a device for shaking an enemy off the back. Again, the usefulness of the horse for cavalry exercise depends upon his having inherited an instinct for acting in concert with his fellows.

One of our photographs represents a beautifully mounted group consisting of the skeleton of a horse rearing and of a man, recently placed on exhibition in the American Museum. The picture shows that the bones of man and horse are strictly comparable, but man has retained more of the primitive or generalized features common to all mammals, the horse being more specialized in the structure of its limbs and of its grinding teeth. The rate of ossification of the upper arm and thigh bones when acting like a pendulum has been increased by the shortening of these bones, and they have become drawn up among the muscles. For purposes of locomotion the movements of the horse's limbs are principally fore and aft, the muscles for drawing the limbs across the body and for rotating the arms having been lost during the course of increasing specialization.

The famous proto-horse, the virtual founder of the horse dynasty, was a fascinating little creature, which was actually smaller than the head of one of its modern representatives. It had already lost by reduction the first and fifth toes of the hind foot and most of the first toe of the fore foot. The reason for this change is quite apparent. The horse family has made speed the keynote of its evolution; it has elected, as it were, to run instead of to hide, to seek for food over a wide area. One factor of speed is length of limb; wherefore the "horse" rose up on its toes, and the toes began to elongate. The first effect of this was to lift the shorter toes, Nos. 1 and 5, clear of the ground, and, being no longer useful in supporting weight, they speedily dwindled and vanished. Meanwhile the middle digit had to bear more and more the weight and hence it grew larger. The process of getting up on tiptoes being continued, Nos. 2 and 4 followed Nos. 1 and 5, until finally only No. 3, the middle toe, remained, with vestiges of 1 and 5.

The Detached Brain . . . A Wall Street Romance. By Arthur Rochefort.

CHAPTER I. A Strange Case.

"ARTHUR NOSTRAND, you must listen to me." "That's what I am here for." "And you must do as I say?" "Well, that's another matter. But let me hear you, Phil." "Philip Dolan, a well-built man of five and thirty, with fine gray eyes and a mustache that was distinctly red and the crisp hair that had a strong tendency to the same color, rose quickly, locked the door of the little bedroom in the Third Avenue Hotel, hired for the purpose of this interview, and then came quickly and quietly back and took a chair facing his companion, Arthur Nostrand.

"And it's meanness," broke in Arthur. "But uncle was dying before I went to the Philippines, and I had hopes that before my enlistment was over— But never mind. Blaze away, Phil. I won't interrupt you again." "He's been dying for years and piling up money all his life, and, excepting yourself, he hasn't a child nor a child to leave it to, and I have my own reasons for believing—for I witnessed his last will a year ago, and just before he lost the use of his hands—that out of the whole pile of millions you are to get just one dollar." Dolan slapped his hands on his knees to emphasize his statement.

"It must have stabbed his heart to remember me even to that extent," and Arthur Nostrand smiled bitterly. "But you can beat his game; we can beat it even before he dies." Dolan spoke with the emphasis of assurance. "I can't see how," sighed Arthur. "This is how," Dolan jerked his chair nearer and bent forward, his blue-gray eyes fastened intently on the handsome, bronzed face of his companion.

"The doctors say the old man's case is the most remarkable in all medical history. He has been turning into bone for years." "Turning into stone," laughed Arthur, "and the disease began with his heart. But I forgot, he was born without one." "Turning into bone," continued Phil Dolan, "classification the doctors call it. Already his legs, up to the body, are as hard and bloodless as flint. His arms to the shoulders are stiff and powerless, and the disease is moving up to his head; but so far that is as clear as ever it was clear, indeed, for it seems that with the loss of the other powers his brain becomes clearer. Why, and as his messenger I am in a position to know, some of Samuel Russell's biggest deals—deals that have set the street wild guessing—have been made since he had to take to his bed. It is his success that keeps him alive. The doctors revolted against his brutal tyranny. Then, mother being dead, I enlisted and felt free for the first time in my life. But let it go. I want never to see the monster again." And Arthur Nostrand took his feet down from the register, knocked the ashes from his cigar and contemplated the glowing end.



"Man! Do you propose to Kill Sam Russell?" "See him again?" echoed Phil Dolan. "Why, man; you must see him again." "But why?" "To use his head." "Use his head? Heaven forbid!" "Hear me out before you decide," said Phil. "Again he went to the door, listened, and satisfied that there were no steps in the hall outside, he came softly back, and speaking in even lower tones than before, he outlined a plan so audacious, so original, and seemingly so feasible

that the astonished young soldier let his extinguished cigar fall from his lips and sat in open-mouthed amazement. Briefly this was Phil Dolan's scheme: Among his long list of varied acquaintances was an old German doctor and professor, who had been banished from Germany because of his Social Democracy.

Dr. Hoffmeister, with his bent form and long gray hair and beard, looked more than his sixty-five years. The most skilful surgeon and the most learned man in the New World, or in the Old for that matter, Dr. Hoffmeister was at first courted by the scientists of New York, but he chose to live alone with his books and apparatus, never leaving his humble quarters on the east side except to help some afflicted family near by or to join in a consultation at the urging of some of the leading surgeons.

He had been called in this way to see Samuel Russell, and he at once declared the case to be the most unusual in the whole history of the profession. But as he could not manage it alone and he had his own way he refused to continue his visits. To Dolan, who from the first became strongly attached to the old philosopher, he said, in the sanctity of his own laboratory: "I don't care for the man's filthy money, but as a scientist I am profoundly interested in his case—in his head. These doctors—and they are doing their best—can keep the old miser alive for a few weeks at the furthest; now, if I were to perform an operation, I am sure by detaching all the body below the neck I could keep the head alive for many months. But how many—that is the thing that interests me; that is the thing that I want to make to science. Ach Gott! what an interesting case this is! But I am not in control. I am as helpless as the ossified man," and the Professor sighed and threw up his hands. Phil Dolan became profoundly inter-

(To Be Continued.)