

The Evening World

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RECORDER GOFF'S TIMELY ACT.



RECORDER GOFF.

In instructing the Grand Jury to take-up the insurance cases Recorder Goff goes straight to the point.

He is not disturbed by misgivings as to the functions of that body. Like former Chief Justice Parker and Judge O'Sullivan he believes that "the way to convict is to convict" with the judicial machinery ready at hand.

In charging the April Grand Jury to proceed immediately with the investigation Judge Goff gives an example of that admirable simplicity and directness in the administration of the law which the city for many years has been accustomed to look for in its Recorders.

As a result of this brushing away of legal cobwebs, long before Mr. Jerome's Special Grand Jury can be impelled, long before the habeas corpus proceedings in the Perkins commitment can be disposed of, the

real work of investigation will be under way in the tribunal properly constituted to perform it. Instead of hypothetical questions the Grand Jury will have the evidence of the actual commission of crime before it for consideration. Instead of test cases in Magistrates' courts and roundabout methods there will be an orderly march to justice over the beaten track.

Recorder Goff's action means progress; it undoes the dilatory tactics of Mr. Jerome, which were fast becoming a scandal.

THE LAND OF DISCONTENT.

Rosie Collender tried to kill herself because she is poor and cannot afford pretty dresses. Evening World readers generally think the Magistrate did right in setting her free despite the law to punish suicidal attempts.

But as to the dresses, Alan J. O'Brien, schoolboy philosopher, well expresses average opinion:

This young woman had no right whatsoever to try to take her own life, for we all see many nice things that we would like to have, but cannot be obtained by people of our means. She should have worked and-worked until she had quite some money and was able to buy some beautiful things.

Peasant women of simple old-world communities do not kill themselves because they cannot have pretty clothes. Costly clothes are not common in their families, or in their friends' families, or among the people with whom they work. They dress plainly and go bare-headed.

In a free republic few kill themselves because of longing for finery. Most people "work and work" to "get quite some money" and buy beautiful things for themselves or their loved ones. That is how the work gets done. If the American people were more contented they would be less energetic and progressive.

THE BRIDGE JAM.

Because of a flaw in a car axle traffic on Brooklyn Bridge was tied up for two hours yesterday.

Forty thousand passengers, evicted from the stalled cars, congested the promenade and caused one of the worst jams in the history of the bridge. Because somebody was careless or incompetent 10,000 business days, more than thirty years of shop and office time, was lost to the city. It was the most forceful object lesson that can be recalled of the dependence of public comfort and convenience on the bruised reed of corporation inefficiency.

The interruption of traffic might be duplicated to-morrow from an accident equally insignificant. So long as this one bridge remains the main thoroughfare between the boroughs like conditions of congestion must continue to invite a like disturbance.

It is an imminent risk which makes the delay in opening Blackwell's Island Bridge, and in finishing Manhattan Bridge and in increasing Williamsburg Bridge facilities a grave disregard of the public welfare.

The Music Mystery by Arthur Morrison

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTER. Hecker Hoker, an American visiting London, secures a bit of manuscript music which, according to the notes, contains the secret to him, of some of the hidden treasure. Martin Hewitt, the famous private detective, is called to the house.

CHAPTER II. The Cipher.

THE talk went on and the drinks went on, and it all ended, at "checking-out time," in Robert H. Hoker bending over five ten-pound notes, with a grin, though slightly incoherent, assurance of his eternal friendship for Luker and Birks.

In the morning he awoke to the realization of a bad head, a bad tongue, and a bad opinion of his proceedings of the previous night. In his sober senses it seemed plain that he had been swindled. All day he carried his humbled foolishness, and at night he made for the bar that had been the scene of the transaction, with little hope of seeing either Luker or Birks, who had agreed to be there to meet him. There they were, however, and, rather to his surprise, they made no demand for more money.

They asked him if he understood music, and showed him the worn-out piece of paper containing the manuscript "Fitterat Lancers." The exact spot, they said, where the jewels were hidden was supposed to be indicated somehow and somewhere on the piece of paper. Hoker did not understand music, but could find nothing on the paper that looked in the least like a direction to a hiding-place for jewels or anything else.

Hoker, of course, was anxious to know where the house in question stood, but this Luker and Birks would on no account inform him. "You've done your part," they said, "and now you leave us to our care. There's a bit of a job about getting the tenants out. They won't go, and I'll take a bit of time before the landlord can make them. So you just hold your jaw and wait. When we're safe in the house, and there's no chance

of anybody else poking into the business, then you can come and help find the stuff if you like. But you ain't going to have a chance of putting in first for yourself this journey, you bet."

Hoker went home that night sober but in much perplexity.

Altogether it became clear to him that now he had parted with his money he was altogether at the mercy of these fellows. If he wished to get any share of the plunder, or even to see his money back again, and if he made any complaint, or if the matter became at all known, the affair would be "blown upon," as they expressed it, and his money would be gone. Measly, though, he resented their bullying talk, and he determined to get even in the matter of the music.

"And now," said Mr. Hoker, in conclusion of the narrative, "perhaps you'd like to see a bit of Christian charity, and I'll give you a few lines of the music I've written. An I'll pay a good price for them, after those fellows at 17, I. I wouldn't have told you what I have, of course, if it wasn't that you'd got hold of the name of the scheme somehow. Say, now, is it all a wonder?"

Hoker shrugged his shoulders. "It all depends," he said, "on your friends Luker and Birks, as you may easily see for yourself. They may want to swindle you of your money and of the proceeds of the speculation, as you call it,

or they may not. I'm afraid they'd do so, at any rate. But perhaps you've got some little security in this piece of music. One thing is plain: they certainly believe in the deposit of jewels themselves, else they wouldn't have taken so much trouble to get the paper back on the chance of seeing some way of using it after they had got into the house they speak of."

"Then I guess I'll go on with the thing, if that's it."

"What depends, of course, on whether you care to take trouble to get possession of what, after all, is somebody else's property."

Hoker looked a little uneasy. "Well," he said, "there's that, of course, but I don't know nothing about that at first, and when I did I parted with my money and felt entitled to get something back for it. Anyway, the stuff ain't found yet. When it is, why then, you know, I might make a deal with the owner. But say how did you find out my name, and about this here affair being lined up with the Wedlake jewels?"

Hewitt smiled. "As to the name and address, you just think it over a little



LETTERS from the PEOPLE ANSWERS to QUESTIONS. New York Dental College. To the Editor of The Evening World: Is there anywhere in the city a place where I could have my teeth fixed at a small outlay? I am very poor and cannot afford much, neither do I want charity. A Judicial View. To the Editor of The Evening World: A correspondent writes that her sixteen-year-old stepson treats her with abuse and impertinence and that his

father abets him in his brutal behavior. In answer, I wish to say there are always two sides to a story. Both sides may be heard before any decision can be given. Usually both elements in such a household wish to be supreme. W. S. D. Six Months for Straw Hat. To the Editor of The Evening World: Warm weather is about to begin. Let's get together and have the sand to wear straw hats before June 15. It's the prettiest, becomingest sort of hat and ought to be stood for for at least six months a year instead of only three May 1 for my money. COLUMBIA JUNIOR.

Illustration of a man in a hat and coat, likely Martin Hewitt, in a scene from the story. He is standing in a room, looking towards the right. The illustration is detailed, showing his clothing and the room's interior.

Why the United States Is What It Is To-Day. FOOTSTEPS OF OUR ANCESTORS IN A SERIES OF THUMBNAILED SKETCHES. What They Did: Why They Did It: What Came of It.

By Albert Payson Terhune. G.—HENDRIK HUDSON, the North Pole Seeker Who Found New York.

THE Muscovy Company, a trading organization of the early seventeenth century, was bitterly disappointed in the failure of a certain English mariner in its employ—one Henry Hodgson. This doughty mariner had persuaded the company of the complete efficacy of a plan to reach China and Japan from England by merely taking a short cut across the North Pole.

It was an apparently simple and feasible idea. The only drawback to its success was that, after two successive voyages in 1607 and 1608 (during which the explorer passed Spitzbergen and made the "furthest north" record of his day), Hodgson found that no ships of that period could break through the northern ice-pack.

The Muscovy Company was disgusted, and the mariner found himself out of employment; to which misfortune is due the discovery of Manhattan Island and the Hudson River.

For the Dutch East India Company took the man into its employ and started him out in a little 80-ton ship, the Half Moon, with a mixed crew of sixteen men to seek a similar passage to the Far East. From now on his English name is known by its Dutch adaptation—Hendrik Hudson. Indeed, so completely are Hudson's discoveries associated with Holland that he is usually referred to as a Dutch explorer.

Hudson temporarily abandoned his North Pole scheme. From his brilliant, if somewhat unreliable, friend, Capt. John Smith, he had heard that along the Atlantic coast of America "there is a sea leading into the Western Ocean by the north of the English colony in Virginia." This sea he sought, finding only Delaware Bay. Thinking the "sea" must be further north he sailed on along the New Jersey coast to Sandy Hook. Entering the lower bay, he started to explore the harbor and the river that ran into it, in search of the fabulous passage to China.

On Sept. 3, 1609, Hudson cast anchor inside the Hook. A skirmish with hostile Indians resulted in the killing of one of his men—John Colman by name. The victim was buried on Sandy Hook, his burial spot taking the name of Colman's Point.

Hudson first landed at what is now known as Coney Island; then pushed northward to Manhattan Island. In his report he describes the latter place as: "A very good land to fall in with and a pleasant land to see."

Indians flocked about and welcomed the newcomers. Hudson treated them with kindness and, incidentally, is credited with bestowing on his savage guests the first intoxicating liquors ever drunk in New York. The result, according to one historian, was a native orgy. Among the various probable origins advanced for the name "Manhattan" is one which traces it back to the Delaware Indian word "Manna-hata-nink," meaning "place of universal intoxication."

Leaving Manhattan Island, Hudson sailed up the river that now bears his name to a point beyond Albany. There he became convinced that the river did not afford the desired passage to China, so turned back. To his later reports of the surrounding country's fertility and the kindness of the savages is due the initial impulse of colonizing New York State.

Hudson returned to Holland, chagrined at his failure to find the route to the Far East. But he spread the news of the new land's rich possibilities for settlers.

In April, 1610, he again sought out the "passage" to China and Japan, this time sailing north and reverting to his old North Pole plan. He penetrated the straits and broke into a mighty body of water, which he doubtless believed to be the Polar Sea he so long and vainly had sought. Instead, it was Hudson Bay he had discovered. On learning his error he was for continuing the quick-odds cruise. But his men, frightened by the rigor of the weather and the lack of supplies, mutinied.

Hudson, together with his young son John and five sailors sick and blind with scurvy, were inhumanly cast adrift in a small boat. Nothing further is known of their fate. They perished, either from starvation and exposure or at the hands of hostile Indians.

Hendrik Hudson, throwing away his life for an insane idea, as did many of his predecessors, had unwillingly stumbled upon a new land that was destined to rise to greater wealth and power than the whole of the Orient he had so vainly sought to reach.

Hudson, discoverer of New York and first North Pole seeker, reaped failure and death as a reward of his grand "idea." But he had, unconsciously and in the mere routine of that failure, pointed out the path that was to lead to the full glory of the Empire State.

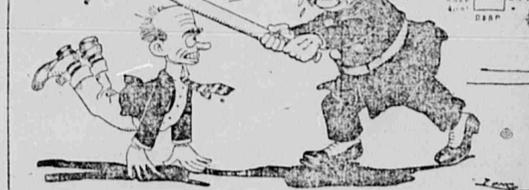
Anybody Who Reads This Column Will in a Short Time Know All That's Worth Knowing About the History of This Country.

NEW YORK THRO' FUNNY GLASSES

By Irvin S. Cobb.

EVEN those confirmed pessimists who can't see anything in a doughnut except the hole are willing to concede that the many art of wearing clothes has made one or two forward strides in the last few centuries. A gentleman no longer fares forth to the wars soldered up like a can of mustard sardines, with a castron cuspidor for a hat and several slabs of a burglar-proof shutter riveted down around his features to protect them. Nowadays he masses his person in a pair of khaki trousers sufficiently roomy to accommodate quantities of heathen loot, and carries a portable machine-gun by the use of which the blessings of civilization may be conveyed to Moro ladies and children at comparatively small expense. When our grandfathers, who was beset with false modesty, lost a crucial button at a psychological moment and employed in lieu thereof a brass safety pin he kept it out of sight. We moderns, knowing better, will flaunt a similar gewgaw openly this summer in an effort to keep the flannel tonsillitis bandage that we are going to wear instead of a collar from working free of the shirt and climbing up and gagging us.

But for some reason best known to ourselves we still dress up policemen in a fashion that went out of style for pathfinders about 20 years ago. In hot weather, when the asphalt turns to chewing gum, there are 5,000 men in this town who have to wear felt helmets somewhat resembling coal scuttles, only not so comfortable, and snazzy, cozy, high collars, and shoes that make the feet to burn like the Christian Martyrs. If one of them peels off his white gloves



to wring the water out of his fingers, or unbutton his air-proof, extra-upholstered uniform coat to see how much fresh he's got since going on post. Gen. Dingum will think up a new name to call him.

So then, when Patrolman Prickly Heat is going along a melted sidewalk, reminding himself of a Turkish bath, and meets an illuminated citizen trying to reconcile flat feet to a round earth, and eludes the cornices of old of the citizen's mansard, everybody says the policeman is a heartless brute.

In the winter he is strapped into a navy blue relic of the Middle Ages, with skirts on it like a riding habit, and a broad leather surcingle hitched about him at just the right angle to prevent him from drawing his revolver when he needs it. He undertakes to pursue a felonious person, and while he is tangling himself up in his medallion policemen's, the friends of the fugitive fall upon him and, having their guns where they can get them without undressing, they make him look like the far end of a shooting tery in a railroad town. He pay-car night. And everybody says deceased was a clumsy idiot, who couldn't take care of himself anyhow.

THE FUNNY PART Nobody thinks to blame it on the clothes.