

The World

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BRAINS MORE THAN MONEY.

Most men who have amassed great riches recognize the right of the public to participate in their enjoyment. Whether called charity or philanthropy or public spirit, the claim of the public good upon great wealth is generally recognized.

Without the aid of the community no man can become rich. The more populous the State, the more wealth its inhabitants create, the more possible is it for colossal individual fortunes to arise. Were any man left to his own unaided efforts the amount of property he could accumulate would be very small.

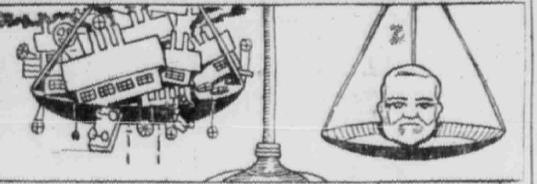
What makes some men so much richer than others is not that they have stronger muscles or more skilled hands, but that they have the money-accumulating kink in their brains. With this brain quality they have been enabled to appropriate to themselves part of the wealth produced by others. In which process they have had the protection of the law, the aid of the community and the sanction of effective public opinion.

That they owe corresponding duties all the multi-millionaires admit. Some, like Samuel J. Tilden, postpone their refund to the public until after their death. Some, like Robert Sage, shift the payment of the debt due the public to their widows or trustees. But the majority of very rich men are more and more recognizing their duty during their lifetimes.

Andrew Carnegie in his building universal public libraries, John D. Rockefeller in his universities and educational gifts, J. Pierpont Morgan in his hospital endowments, even Thomas F. Ryan in his religious contributions confess that their obligation to the public should be paid in part at least before death.

Doubtless these men are trying in a semi-conscientious way to do what they think they should do. But are they doing the best that they could and should?

Andrew Carnegie is the master of efficient and economical production. He knows how to organize. Under his guiding direction the cost of making iron and steel was cut down, the industry was many times enlarged and the benefit of concentrated co-operation in production was realized on a colossal scale. Mr. Carnegie often said that the brains of his partners and himself were worth more than all their furnaces and rolling mills.



What a paltry substitute it is for Mr. Carnegie to give away the millions instead of giving the public the benefit of his brains.

Should Mr. Carnegie devote his brains to making good things plentiful he would leave a substantial monument in the increased public welfare. Should he apply to the great industries of the United States—the coal, iron, cotton, wool, lumber and food business—the ability which he has and give the public the benefit of that ability he could demolish every trust which makes its profits by an artificial monopoly of production.

Mr. John D. Rockefeller is the ablest organizer of distribution in the United States. The way in which the Standard Oil Company eliminated middlemen's profits and itself directly handled petroleum from the wells to the kerosene in the farmer's lamp is a model of efficiency.

Why does not Mr. John D. Rockefeller devote his great mental powers to see that milk for which the farmer gets 2 cents reaches the consumer at a less price than 8 cents; that potatoes for which the producer gets 40 cents a bushel are sold to the consumer for less than 40 cents a peck; that eggs do not cost to buy double what the farmer's wife receives; that fruit does not rot on the vines or under the trees, but goes to the millions of people in the great cities who are eager for it; that ice does not melt on the Maine rivers in the spring that its price may be enhanced in New York in the summer?

Why does not J. Pierpont Morgan turn his energies to reducing and systematizing freight rates so that commodities may be cheaply exchanged between the different parts of the United States? Mr. Morgan has utilized his influence in the great railroad systems of the United States to amass wealth for himself and his associates. Why does he not spend his remaining years of vigor and activity in utilizing the same powerful influence for the common good?

Mr. August Belmont has highly developed interurban passenger transportation. He has reduced the cost of operation below what was ever known before. For this his financial reward has been more than ample. Why does he not now voluntarily enable the public to enjoy the results which they have made possible?

Mr. Thomas F. Ryan has reduced the cost of gas and electricity not to the public, but to his private trusts. He and his fellow-monopolists are rich enough. Why do they not seek during the remaining years of their life to make atonement by working for the public good?

The people of the United States want not charity, but justice; not philanthropy, but their rights. In return for what the public have done for the multi-millionaires the multi-millionaires should pay their debt to the public not by scattering the small change from their many millions, but by devoting their great abilities to the public welfare.

This they can best do by giving their talents as well as their money, by working as faithfully for the public good as they have worked for themselves. To let their brains be follow is more of a loss than to keep their money idle. By their brains, not by inherited wealth, have these men become powerful, and why should they now make repayment in kind?

A Voice from Oyster Bay.

By J. Campbell Cory.



THE MEN IN THE NEWS—Straight Talks to Them—By Nicola Greeley-Smith.

A Warning to the Nonsense Man Who Tried to Strip Gay Repartee of Its Bromide Trimmings.

DEAR MR. GILLET BURGESS: How many crimes are being committed in your name! The latest is a book on the sulphuric theory which you had the temerity to advance in a magazine article classifying shopworn phrases as bromides and more original efforts at conversation as sulphites. Since then the jokesmiths have set upon the carcass of your idea and poked every shred of originality or interest from its bones.

You've made a lot of linguistic pharisees, Mr. Burgess. Ever since your article appeared the very superior persons have hied themselves to their separate corners and given thanks that their speech was not as other men's. And the interest of these is Teddy, who thinks there's a whole dictionary full of bromides.

In the rush to be sulphites the routine humorists and the bearded old maids, who, perhaps, know how many beans made Henry James, are doing more weird and wonderful things to the English language than even James ever dreamed of.

James is the chief of sulphites, you know. And with him stands George Meredith and the other weavers of fantastical phrases that always suggest the

query, 'Heads or tails?' Did you ever stop to think that Shakespeare, Swift, Sterne and Thackeray were all rank bromides? Their brows didn't buckle, nor their sentences falter. They knew that the best English is the simplest English, and that the little two-by-four words of every day build the enduring books.

The people we like, the books we like are all bromides. Personally I never knew a sulphite.

"I never saw a sulphite broom. I never hope to see one. But this I'll tell you anyhow, I'd rather see than be one."

But even this humble paraphrase of your own phrase may offend your sensitivities, Mr. Burgess. For the purple cow herself has become a bromide.

Don't you think it takes gall for a humorist to write about bromides? The jokesmiths are the champion bromide sellers. With just thirteen original jokes to juggle, it's a wonder a patient populace has let any of you live to talk about bromides or anything else. Yet after selling a mother-in-law joke or a boarding-house monologue the champion bromide slinger will push back the hair from his forehead and discourse patronizingly to the public on its propensity to the bromides of every-day speech.

There's a song in Marie Cahill's new musical play about liking "to laugh for an hour and a half at old reliable jokes." And so we do, and you humorists hitherto have been wise enough to encourage our bromidian tendencies. But if you begin to call us names we'll insist on having sulphite jokes, and you know there aren't any. Only good old reliable bromides that furnish you and every other humorist your stock in trade.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

Meaning of "Mispah." To the Editor of The Evening World: What is the meaning of "Mispah"? Is it a Latin or Hebrew word?

INQUIRER. It is a Hebrew word used by Saba and Jacob (see Genesis) to signify "the Lord watch between me and thee while we are absent one from the other."

Taught Rudeness by Officers? To the Editor of The Evening World: I have noticed since the B. R. T. rose over double fares, the employees of the road seem to have taken the cue of rudeness and insolence and disregard for the public from their employers. They are more brutal and unkind—many of them—than ever before. I saw one try to strike an aged man on the Union Park branch the other morning. And officers speak coarsely and rudely to men and women passengers. And, by the way, most of them I hear speak with a foreign accent. Is it because native Americans don't care to work for such a company?

MADISON COUNTY MAN. Catches 'Em All Around. To the Editor of The Evening World: Once the horse would scare us. Then the trolley car. Then the public buggy. Now the alibi's coming. Barring round about. To frighten souls a-lying To the realms of love. And if (as reported) Some souls downward go, Downward trails will jar them On the way home.

Both Are Right. To the Editor of The Evening World: A note that two horses in harness carried a man, it says that they are a team. Who is right? M. H.

Roosevelting the Dictionary & A Bad-Lands Reformer



HEPPNER BLACKMAN

A New British Reform. WITH the purpose of influencing public opinion against the evils of the sweating system, an exhibition of the sweating home industries of the United Kingdom is to be opened in London, England, Dec.

Real and False Ivory. FOR every ton of genuine ivory imported into Great Britain there are imported three tons of vegetable ivory. The latter comes chiefly from the republic of Liberia, in South America. It is sold under the name of 'DENTON'.

NEW YORK THROUGH

FUNNY GLASSES By Irvin S. Cobb

A Free People, but Not Too Blamed Free.

WE are a free people. We prove it by letting every man in uniform slam us around in a free-handed manner. And all travelled foreigners agree that our police force is undoubtedly freer than any on earth, especially in its treatment of the populace.

It is customary for us, as a free people, to feel duly stirred up about once in so long over the wrongs of the down-trodden subjects of European potentates. It is a part of our life—like malaria symptoms—in the spring and moving to another flat in the fall.

The despatches will tell of some harrowing injustice done in the name of the law in Darkest Russia. It is a comparatively quiet day, says the cablegram, in St. Petersburg. A light fall of dedicated secret agents reported in the suburbs, and the pupils of the second grammar grade on their way to school, moved by the exuberance of innocent childhood, have playfully tossed a few chunks of gun-cotton at the mounted cop on the corner of Nevski Prospect and Czar Court. His Imperial Majesty, after holding family prayers in the second sub-cellar, issues a peace proclamation through the manhole, and then retires to his councilchamber, formerly a safety vault, and sets the time-lock for 4 o'clock.

At this juncture some believer in a detached or scattered ministry hands an explosive lemon in at the palace door. And just for that the brutal and heartless soldiery, pausing only to brush a few wisps of shredded premier off their uniforms, go charging forth and arrest and actually lock up in some forbidding fortress the lady reformer who promoted the little daily bombfest. Which is an outrage.

But nobody says a word in this town when a policeman clubs the wrong man at a street fight, drags him to a police station, stores him overnight in a cell about the size and color of an ink bottle and in the morning



hyphenates him with a steel bracelet to a fancy souse and rides him to a police court, where he stands in a pen quite a spell for the entertainment of a mixed audience. After which he is led before the Magistrate, who says he is a low-looking ruffian and asks him if he didn't formerly belong to the Red Leary O'Brien gang. He is finally released, after being called a few hard names and warned to be very careful not to let it happen again. But he doesn't call it an outrage; he calls it a blessing that he wasn't photographed for the Rogues' gallery and given the cheery third degree by a champion club-swinger.

In Germany if a pickled person audibly remarks that the Kaiser is foolish for wearing his mustache upside down, that's lese majeste, which in our estimation is a tyrannical and oppressive measure. In New York if a taxpayer so far forgets himself as to speak slightly to a plain-clothes man it's three weeks in the hospital, and everybody says it serves him right.

We marvel at the patience of the long-suffering Parisians who are sworn at and run down by vicious cabmen. But we endure and murmur not if a subway guard with an under jaw like the fender on a trolley car and biceps like bolsters flattens us out a la planked shad and then walks on our quivering frame.

Occasionally in this town the worm turns—but what he turns is the other cheek.

THE FUNNY PART: Yet we are forever spouting that free-country gag.

TWO-MINUTE TALKS WITH NEW YORKER

By T. O. McGill.

THE deadliness of the wrong kind of publicity has been demonstrated to me since the Westmen have been coming to town this week," said Col. J. P. Callaghan, of the Hoffman House, last night.

"What way has it come to your notice?" we asked.

"It's this way," said the Colonel.

"I've seen a lot of men on the last train. When we started to rebuild the old part of the hotel the newspapers made mention of it and one of them made it appear that the hotel was closed forever. The news was sent out from New York in that fashion and we heard of it in a dozen different ways, which went deep to my pocket."

"I sent out a letter to the various papers of the West asking them to correct the statement, and the more prominent ones replied that they'd be glad to do it, but the harm had been done. And I got letters from all over the country asking me where I was going to be located in the future. I had to get a couple of extra stenographers to handle the correspondence that became necessary, due to the wrong report."

"When the Bryan reception plans were maturing in the West many of the men who have always been identified with Democratic politics, and who have always stepped here when they were in town, began to write to me to find out where they ought to go to live while they were in New York this time."

"For the last three or four days men have been coming in here in squads and saying they thought the place had gone out of business. I had just had a telegram from a man in Mexico which read like this:

"If Hoffman House closed this morning for ten large main-aisled men who do not carry anything from two dollars to two hundred a day for rooms where we will be taken care of."

"You see, I addressed the message to me as a friend, thinking the old place was closed and trusting to my judgment to take care of him. We take care of them here, of course."

"And then, in a sorrowful anger, as we carried the Colonel away."

"Always be careful, sonny, when you're writing pieces for the paper, and only tell the truth because that's had enough most of the time."

ORDER OF THE LEMON.

By Martin Green.

"PASS the lemon," said the Animated Grouch. "President Roosevelt has elected himself the Big Seed of the Order of the Lemon. He has handed the people the largest and yellowest emblem of membership that has been passed out since Rinfelander Waldo went on the police force. The President has ordered us to spell like Chuck Connors."

"Everybody in the United States must chuck Connors now. All the newspapers will look like they were edited by Mr. Doolley. Some people think that President Roosevelt wouldn't be foolish enough to boost the short order spelling system, but they don't know the President. Besides, if he wants to draw back on himself later on he can put it up to Leob."

"This system of spelling with a hold-out that has been endorsed by President Roosevelt is not new. I used it when I first started to school, but the teacher switched me off and made me follow the dope of a man named McGuffey, who published the First and other Readers. Now I have to learn all over again what I was well-nigh into forgetting when I was about eight years old."

"Josh Billings started the paroxysm orthography movement. He thought it was funny and made a lot of money out of it. Andrew Carnegie took it seriously."

"Now that the President has made himself the ballboy for a new style of spelling, and has aided Upton Sinclair in editing the Chicago slaughter house, we may next be ordered to wear the Roosevelt pattern of hats. It's a good thing William Jennings Bryan is coming home. No shrunken spelling for him! The more letters there are in a word the better William Jennings Bryan likes it. Think what would have happened to Bryan if, in 1896, when he was laid out, he had sounded like this: 'Yu shal not pra upon the brow of labor this known of thorn; yu shal not krusart manking on a kros of gold!' They might have elected him."

"Al Adams is a new member of the Order of the Lemon. It seems that while he was engaged in thinking that he was handing the lemon to his customers the men who were working for him were handing the lemon to him. As Honest John Kelly said when he opened an office in the financial district and got dispossessed, 'Wall street is too strong for a gambler.'"

"I have heard considerable comment," considered the Animated Grouch, "over the reluctance of Sheriff Nick Ryan to join the Order of the Lemon."