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COAL AS FOOD.

According to G. L. Flanders, Assistant State Commissioner of Agriculture, "the State of New York is the dumping-ground for all sorts of food products that are barred from other States. The Pure-Food law has been practically a dead letter in New York."

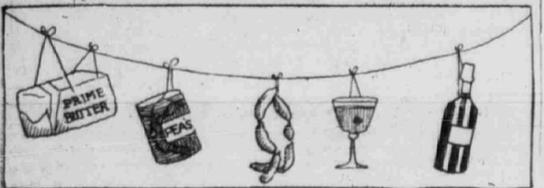
The statements and arguments addressed to the commission which has been sitting in the Federal Building for the last week contain a mass of startling information. How many people know that they regularly eat coal? The cherry in the cocktail, the strawberry syrup in soda water, the pink of the frankfurter sausage, contain coal. The New York household table in the course of a few meals has had on it almost as many varieties of drugs as a small pharmacy keeps.

Coal furnishes most of the coloring matter. The coal tar which is one of the residual products in the manufacture of gas has been converted by expert chemists into over two hundred flavoring extracts and several score of colors. Since coal is a mineral and not a food, its use is prohibited by the Pure-Food law.

Also, how many housewives know that many smoked meats are not smoked at all, but only painted with a chemical combination called "smoke extract." As its advocate said, "It is just as good as genuine smoke and much easier to apply."

The manufacturers who are pleading with the Pure-Food Commission to mitigate the stringency of the law claim that canned green peas would not be a bright green if a little copper were not dissolved with them, that preserved strawberries would not be red but a pale brown without the addition of coal tar, that butter would vary with color according to the season of the year and the diet of the cows were it not judiciously colored.

But what of all this? Any canner can offer for sale a mixture of peas and copper if he only states in large type on the outside of every can the nature of the contents. He can paint frankfurter sausages green if he does not try to deceive the public thereby. The law does not prohibit a man from eating red butter or drinking wood alcohol, or eating veal and calling it boned chicken, but the law does provide that the consumer shall not be deceived, and that if there is coal or copper or sulphur or anything else in the bottle or can or package than what purports to be there the consumer shall be unmistakably notified.



No wonder the American people are sufferers from dyspepsia, when they have been taking all kinds of drugs and colors to interfere with the working of their internal apparatus. No man wants a drug store and a paint shop to be unwittingly established in his midst.

The arguments against the Pure-Food law, that it restricts trade and interferes with legitimate business, have no possible foundation. The honest manufacturers, wholesalers and retailers, whose sales have been cut down and whose business has been interfered with by unfair competition will profit equally with the American public in having this law enforced.

FLATTERY AND THE LION.

A book of the week is "The Russian Grandmother's Wonder Tales." It is a volume of very old folk-tales put into English by Louise Seymour Houghton. The stories are simple, unless one shall choose to read between the lines. One of them, which is very short and is called "The Sick Lion," is reprinted here:

Once upon a time a Lion lay sick in his den. Master Petz, the Bear, called to pay his respects; whereupon the Lion thus spoke: "Dear Bruin, tell me the honest truth—is it or is it not very close in this den?"

"Yes, indeed!" replied Petz, "it does smell horribly here." Upon this the Lion flew into a rage and tore the bear into a thousand pieces.

Lampe, the Hare, was standing near the door of the den and observed this mishap. Tremblingly he approached the Lion, who asked him: "Tell me, dear Lampe, is it not close in my den?"

"Oh, dear, no!" replied the Hare. "Why should it be close? On the contrary, the air seems to me delightfully fresh."

"You liar!" retorted the Lion, in high dudgeon. "It is not delightfully fresh. On the contrary, it is disgustingly close," and he tore the Hare limb from limb.

Isegrim, the Wolf, saw and heard all this, for he was standing near the door of the den. He stepped in and bowed low before the Lion, who immediately put the same question to him: "See here, Isegrim, tell me truly and honestly, is it close in my den or not?"

"Neither, sire," replied the obsequious Wolf.

"Oh, you good-for-nothing liar!" roared the Lion. "It must be either one or the other; either it is close or it is not," and he seized him and tore him to pieces.

Reinecke, the Fox, was looking in from outside, and now he drew near to pay his respects. So the Lion asked him: "See here, Master Reinecke, do you tell me now, is it close in my den or not?"

"Pardon me, august monarch," replied Reinecke very humbly, "but by all I hold blessed I am not able to tell you, for I have taken such a cold that, upon honor, I cannot smell. But I do hate a lie from the bottom of my heart."

And the Lion spared Reinecke's life because he had such a clever wit.

There is not room in this column for the editorial which would write itself from this short story. All those who are invited to think it out who seek safety in flattery, in trimming sails to all winds and in dodging the issues. Together with many who think they are called into a third party for their own opinions' sake.

Increasing opposition to the Delancey street "L" bridge loop is noted. When it is true that even the facts and theories of public accommodation are against the scheme, how can anything or anybody be for it?

Between next November and next spring 500 British teachers will come over to groups to study the schools of America. They will get a new idea of what can be covered by the term public education. If, however, our teachers and school authorities suffer all the learning to be on the side of the visitors they will miss a large opportunity.

Pacification?

By J. Campbell Cory.



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

A Prayer to the Pure Food Man to Put His Label Not Only on the Can, but on the Cook Who Opens It.



DEAR DR. H. W. WILEY—After "The Jungle," the Pure Food Commission and you for its Chairman. From each we have learned much against our will and more against our palate that nothing is fit to eat. In the opinion of your commission cod is eaten that is not cod, baked beans that never saw Boston are absorbed, prune juice glides down the throat of the beguiled male, taking the name of whiskey not in vain. Also the candy nibbled by the feminine sweet-tooth is a compound of dangerous chemicals which would do less harm to our hair than to our stomachs.

At \$15 a pound is sold—for, of course, the salaries of all the investigators must be added to the original cost—what will become of our hard-bought purification? The cook will get it, and between her careless hands and calloused conscience, Dr. Wiley, will the result of all your labors rest. How will the Commission's label on the can benefit us unless we have it likewise on the cook? What shall it profit us to know that the tomato soup has been thrice investigated and thrice best, if she brings it to the table with her thumb in it, perhaps with the praiseworthy desire of showing us that it is not too hot? And on Thursday night, Dr. Wiley, when she curls her hair over the same gas jet that broils our chops so as not to keep her young man waiting on the corner too long, what shall it avail us to know that the chops came from the costliest and most investigated abattoir in the world? You mean well, Dr. Wiley. But if you are, or ever have been, a householder, you must realize that we are as clay in the hands of the goddess of pots and pans, that she is the court of last resort on the food question and that she can undo in a minute the labor of all the food commissions on earth. Leave us to our fate, Dr. Wiley. We can't escape her. You can't investigate her. We'll take all the acids that are forced upon us, provided she doesn't hand us the lemon extract. Don't—please don't—get her roused!

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

Robberies on East Side. To the Editor of The Evening World: Lately there have occurred robberies in the East Side downtown section, especially along Division street. It seems very queer that in a large city like New York something can't be done to check the work of these thieves. It is a shame that special detectives are not assigned to duty on Division street, from Jefferson to Gouverneur. A. O.

A Matter of Intelligence. To the Editor of The Evening World: The intelligence of a people who fix their homes to run the city and allow the increase in land values that would run the city to go to land speculators? My opinion is that collectively we have far less intelligence than the so-called lower animals. Try to fancy, for instance, the birds allowing a few of their number to claim ownership in the best trees for nest-building and best feeding grounds, compelling the great majority to so crowd themselves that their young would die for want of room and nourishment. Methinks if such a thing was attempted in the feathered kingdom some feathers would fly in the row that would ensue. J. M.

How Much Coal? To the Editor of The Evening World: Can some reader figure out this problem: How much stove coal will go in a box 2x8 long, 8x8 wide and 2x8 high? A. D.

An Unruly Sister. To the Editor of The Evening World: I have a sister nineteen years of age, who absolutely refuses to work, tyrannizes and scolds at the younger children at such times as she is at home and punishes every available article to sight, even to her brother's coat and mother's skirt. In fact, her presence in the house has become intolerable, whereas when away from home she is a constant source of worry to my mother. We have talked to her again and again, trying to make her see the folly of her ways, but such talks seem fruitless. Can any wise reader advise us? STENOGRAPHER.

Unlucky Looie.



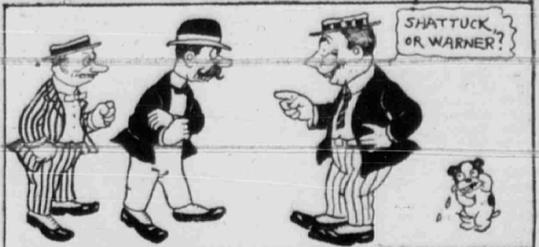
Fate Still Pursues Him. By R. W. Taylor



NEW YORK THROUGH FUNNY GLASSES

By Irvin S. Cobb. The Vendor of Mental Hot Waffles.

GAIN referring to the various branches of the insect family to be found on our island we readily discover one of our worst pests to be the dealer in ready-to-serve repartee. Wherever as many as six kindred souls get together for the purpose of testing the respective merits of the best products of St. Louis and Milwaukee this ear-wig is bound to rise over the immediate horizon. He dawns upon you in a great burst of comic supplement brilliancy, piercing you with his curdling rays of pilfered wit and instantly turning all the milk of human kindness in your being to the steely-blue, pale-green clabber of hopeless hate. Alack! that you cannot strike him down where he stands a-spouting! But the law says No, which is undoubtedly a great mistake; and, besides, he's usually the sort of person who would be a mussy, messy remains if suddenly slain, and hard to clean off the carpet. So you are compelled to grind your biceps in helpless rage while he churns out of his system a lot of moth-eaten humor. It's worse than mere humor. Call it vocal eczema. He is particularly numerous in that part of town where the bright lights shine like the gold teeth in a coryphe's smile—where Broadway makes an acute double turn, which by some has been likened to the crook of a lobster's claw and by others to the expiring flap of a sucker's tail. It's a good stamping ground for him because he can grab off his original flashes of wit just as soon as they come over the footlights. Any time the courts



pre-empted people for stealing ideas, the same as stealing overcoats, he'd go up for grand larceny in the first degree. But by the way he slaps 'em off the griddle, so crisp and sizzling, you think, if you didn't know any better, that he was full of intellectual batter cakes. Often some one in a careless moment has told him that he looks like Frank Daniels, and after that he always tries to force his eyebrows over the top of his head when he's flipping the hot waffles of wit. Something bright that was a time exposure job with the creator this pirate slams out as his own instantaneous snapshot. He's so modest, too, and retiring! He's as shrinking in public as the bass tubas in a Wagnerian orchestra and as unostentatious as a wine agent opening a few quarts of his own brand for a queen dowager of the chorus. Distinguished company and gave subjects don't faze him. He'd stop a funeral and tell it to the driver of the hearse any time something snappy regarding the deceased came into his mind. And he'd interrupt a serious conference on the ethics of statesmanship between the President and Prof. Mike Donovan to relate some purely spontaneous and impromptu bonnet that he got from Lew Fields when Lew wasn't watching. "Truly," you say, "truly I think the season is opening up nice on Broadway." "Which Truly," he chortles gladly—"Warner or Shattuck? They're both on Broadway this season!" And you have to stand for it. THE FUNNY PART. We all go on standing for it when we might be forming a few vigilance committees.

My Mother's Song. By James Conner Roach.

I'll sing the song my mother sang so many years ago. She sang it at my cradle's side, it told of Ireland's woe. And time has taught me why she sang in only and minor key. Of all we owe to our land, the Emerald of the sea. CHORUS. Love her, my son, as your father did, wear her in your heart. The Saxon strove to steal her life, he only stole her part. Her faith, her brain, he could not chain, her cause outlived his might. Through all the years of blood and tears she battled for the right. She stands unchanged by fire and sword, undaunted as of yore; Her foe's decry now marks the way of freedom to her shore. A nation we will stand again, her sunburst flag in place. The standard of the matchless fight made by the Irish race.

TWO-MINUTE TALKS WITH NEW YORKERS.

PEOPLE don't think of your end of the game in the city's work. Every man is roving and granting for his own sausage covers without any thought of what relation he may bear to his fellow-guard yesterday. "There's that fellow who woke up just after the train was reloaded at Grand Central and my doors shut and the bell rung. I called 'Grand Central' very plain because we get a lot of complaints about not calling that particular station plain so that the people who go dreaming over their newspapers may not lose their trains, and a lot of people seem to think that we ought to be call-boys and go in and wake them up. "Well, as I was saying about that tall fellow, he woke up and came dashing out and asked me to open the door for him. He looked like a good fellow, and he asked me so nicely that I was ready to fall for him, but I heard No. 6 rung. That's the bell in the motor car, and I told him I couldn't do it. He looked at me just as much as to say, 'I'd like to punch you in the jaw' and I suppose he felt that way; but he forgot to figure what I stand for and was only thinking of his own discomfort. "The company's rule about opening the doors after the bell has been rung is very strict. It isn't meant to make it uncomfortable for passengers. It is intended for their safety and to keep down the number of recruits to the

The Empire Girl. By Margaret Roche.

put his arm around her waist. He yearns, this ardent lover. But just quite where her waist would be. He really can't discover.