

The Evening World

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ROGERS'S AFTERMATH.

Mills Whittlesey shot himself in his office in the First National Bank building at Trenton because he was unable to provide properly for his sick wife.

This news summary gives the facts of one of the many tragedies which a few high financiers in New York City have caused.

It would be thought that when exposure came, when their iniquities became public, they would have slunk into hiding and effaced themselves.

The Mutual Life has for many years had Henry H. Rogers as chairman of its Agency Committee.

Many of these agents like Mr. Whittlesey have wives and children of their own.

The Armstrong laws provide an official election for trustees of these companies.

A PIKE'S PEAK CENTENNIAL.

It is the centennial of Pike's Peak. All who care to go to the mountain may help in the celebration, which begins to-day and will continue through the week.

Although Pike's Peak was discovered in 1806 by Lieut. Zebulon Pike, its fame dates from the middle of the nineteenth century.

Pike's Peak is not the highest of the Colorado hills, its 14,108 feet being surpassed by Mount Harvard's 14,325, Gray's Peak's 14,341, Mount Lincoln's 14,297 and the elevations of Long's Peak, Mount Princeton, Mount Yale and Uncompahgre.

Composite Photo of the Saratoga Convention

By J. Campbell Cory



The FIFTY GREATEST EVENTS in HISTORY

By Albert Payson Terhune

No. 31—RICHELIEU, the Man Who Was Greater than the King.

TRANT and patriot, conspirator and foe to conspirators, priest and man of blood, soldier and Cardinal, great statesman and greater oppressor, generous patron of literature and personally literary talents.

Henry IV. had quieted the quarrels between Catholics and Huguenots, had built up the nation so severely battered by long civil war, and had paved the way for modern progress.

When Louis XIII. grew to manhood there seemed scant chance for betterment. He was weak, dissolute, lazy, stupid, with little thought or care for his country's best interests.

Richelieu had been educated for the army, but on his elder brother's death, in 1606, had become Bishop of Lucon.

He set to work at once tearing to pieces France's flimsy political fabric and remodeling it on a new basis.

By thus adding to the power of the throne and cutting away all forces that threatened to rival or weaken it, Richelieu was really strengthening himself.

Meantime, Louis XIII. feared and hated Richelieu and would gladly have rid the earth of him had he been able to govern France without the Cardinal's aid.

Richelieu was present when Louis allowed himself to be ruled and bullied by the grim old minister, who ruled and bullied France.

The nobles whose privileges the Cardinal had curtailed, the soldiers and gallants whose duels he had forbidden on pain of death, the priests and the King's courtiers all detested Richelieu.

With iron hand, relentlessly, arrogantly, yet ever wisely, this strange man swayed the destinies of France, making her powerful and terrible, and crushing out feudalism, building up a centralized royal power, conducting an incredibly brilliant foreign policy.

In December, 1642, he died, having placed France on a pinnacle of greatness that was the envy of the world.

PERCY, THE FLIRT. HE TELLS ABOUT IT.

By Ruth Earle.

I DON'T think it's any fun proposing to a girl, unless you intend to give her a ring and she accepts you—

"Millicent Jones has had my carat and a half brilliant for three months. She accepted me at her college graduation prom.

"Well, she kept my ring all summer—just to jolly some co-ed, chap that was raising hell. I thought it rather dinky of her, for she might know a fellow can always use a ring like that in the summer time.

"I was calling on a new girl—very striking brunette—that night, and the ring felt sort of heavy in my pocket. I sized up her third left index and decided it would take a six—that's what the carat and a half is set in—so I suggested we go up on the roof and look at the stars.

"The brunette lives in an apartment—too small and soul-cramping in which to speak of love. But these roofs are just the thing for proposing.

"So when we were sitting in the shadow of the big water tank I begged her not to be shocked and surprised if I told her something I had been struggling in vain to keep secret.

"She promised not to show her emotion, no matter how great the blow. So I spoke.

"It is deprecation to tell of it, I said, but I love you with my whole soul, and until you return my love I must live in wretchedness. Oh, tell me I may hope! Tell me you are beginning to care!

"The stone is engraved: To My Beloved. And I'm perfectly sure mine said: To My Betrothed.

"It looks to me as if she were beating me at my own game.

"But that doesn't worry me. I'm just wondering whom I shall give it to next."

The Seven-in-Six Puzzles.

Second Series—Charles Dickens.



Hidden Picture No. 1—Find Oliver Twist Grows Up.

THE EVENING WORLD here prints a hidden-picture puzzle. It will print one every day. Each picture is complete in itself, but if you will cut out and save the six pictures of each series and put them together properly at the end of the week you will be surprised to find that they make one big seventh picture that not only belongs to the group, but without which the series would be incomplete.

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

By Way of Prologue to Hall Caine's Thriller, Which Revolves Around a Cow Instead of a Stork.



DEAR MR. HALL CAINE, cables from London arrive with the success of your latest play, "The Bondman." It is a long time since you have written a successful play, and those of us who witnessed "The Prodigal Son" and then waited to mob him for coming back are glad to find the reason for your triumph was entirely apart from your text.

With the horrors of race suicide preached from the White House and the latent fear that the household bird would soon supplant the American eagle on our national shield and, worse yet, on our coins, we could not be expected to give up \$2 to see it flap its wings, as it did most alarmingly all through "The Prodigal Son."

I hope "The Bondman," with all its realism, does not contain a real baby. Babies are nice in their homes, where they belong. But I don't like them on the stage.

You said once that American audiences simply feed on love. In its sentimental and romantic aspects we do—but for its pathology we haven't the remotest use. And that is what heretofore you have insisted we should take from you.

We have come to identify the name of Hall Caine with a literary shriek second only in intensity and shrillness to that of the caterwauling Correll genius, whose first manuscript you are said to have spared the public for some time when you were a reader for a publishing house.

I am glad of your success, Mr. Caine. I hope it will be repeated over here. But if it is, it must be without the mawkish sentimentality you have unfortunately led us to expect from the real Hall Caine.

The Diary of a Bad Boy.

By "Pop."



LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE

Those Small Postals.

To the Editor of The Evening World: I claim the privilege of asking the public how it is that the Post-Office clerks sell us a postal-card diminished or decreased or reduced by about one inch on the length and by about one-third of an inch on the width?

The Liberty Light.

To the Editor of The Evening World: Has the Statue of Liberty been lighted ever since it was built? If not, when was it not lit and for how long a period of time?

What Career?

To the Editor of The Evening World: I am a bright, ambitious young man of seventeen and am undecided as to the employment I should seek.

Conductor Refused Money.

To the Editor of The Evening World: Readers, by what right or under what law, if any, has a conductor to refuse money that has become somewhat smooth, but on which the date and the number of a 10-cent piece are our fare?

Laws, Written and Unwritten.

To the Editor of The Evening World: I once heard Joseph Chamberlain say at a trial when the opposing counsel had quoted an "unwritten law."