

The Evening World

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THE ELEPHANT'S PIPE.

One of the proofs claimed as evidence of the superiority of mankind over other animals is the possession of vices and bad habits. Men smoke tobacco, drink intoxicating liquors, inject morphine and willingly and wilfully do other things that they know are bad for them. The lower orders of animals never develop such vices and habits.

The elephant that smokes a pipe at the Hippodrome is offered in evidence to the contrary of the popular belief in the inherent good habits of animals other than man. It took some time and pains to teach this elephant to smoke. It is remarkable that the first attempts did not so disgust the elephant that he would refuse to try again. Every man recalls the disgust and nausea which followed his first boyhood cigar or pipe. The boy, however, knew that other boys had learned to enjoy smoking and that the preliminary discomfort and pain were like pulling out his baby teeth that big men's teeth might take their place.



What induced the elephant to persist, or are elephants exempt from the early penalties of all bad habits?

Monkeys, goats, dogs and tame bears have been taught to drink beer. Bees and flies will drink beer without being taught, especially if it is sticky beer made from glucose. Birds will drink wine whenever they have the opportunity. Cows go so far as to get drunk on apples, the cow's series of stomachs reproducing the chemical processes of the brewery.

Instead of vices being the monopoly of mankind, there is hardly a single vice which other animals will not acquire. Laziness, gluttony and the like are common to all animals in menageries and zoological gardens.

The argument in favor of the superiority of man should be based rather on the fact that of all animals man is the only one which voluntarily reforms. A monkey once a drunkard is always a drunkard. A cow which once has known the joys of intoxication on cider pulp will always thereafter make efforts to reach the cider mill. The organ-grinder's bear which has learned to like beer never unlearns.

This would indicate the negative of Prof. Haeckel's theory that a rudimentary conscience exists in the lower animals. The emotions of joy and grief do exist in almost all forms of animal life, but no clear case of remorse except among mankind has been noted.

Conscience cannot exist without occasional remorse. The working of conscience makes the difference between remorse and regret.

As to whether the existence of a conscience is in itself proof of the existence and immortality of the soul is a question in higher psychology which it is unnecessary to involve in a discussion of the primary mental differences between men and monkeys, elephants and cows.



No single step in the long series of evolution from protoplasm to the ape shows a gulf to be bridged only by a new creation. But from the ape to the man there must have been some other process than the development of lower rudiments for man to have become possessed of a conscience, a sense of remorse and the power and impulse voluntarily to cease the practice of a pleasing vice.

The elephant that smokes the pipe should be tested as to his power of reformation and his ability to understand the injury that follows the excessive absorption of nicotine.

Letters from the People.

Plea for the Office Boy.

The Editor of The Evening World: I liked that letter I read about the bad way office boys get treated by clerks and employers and other people in offices. Just because a boy only gets \$3 or \$4 a week that is no reason why people should have the right to call him names and not say please and to impose on him the way nobody would dare to do if he was older or got more pay. From office boys are lazy and worthless; so are some grown folks. But there are so many good and willing office boys as there are grown-up people. So why not treat the good ones just as politely and considerately as grown-up workers are treated? OFFICE BOY NO. 2

No Good Resolutions for Him!

To the Editor of The Evening World: New Year's resolutions are the foolishest as well as the most hurtful things on record. They are foolish, because if one means to give up a bad habit he can do it without framing a formal resolution about it. They are hurtful because it always damages one's self-respect, self-confidence and future moral stamina to break one's word to one's self. Let's "call in" the resolution habit. COLUMBIA SENIOR

What Country?

To the Editor of The Evening World: Here is a rather interesting poser for students of geography: "What country lies directly under New York City by direct line through centre of the earth?" C. R.

The New York Revolve.

To the Editor of The Evening World: If the Recording Angel ever soars over New York City what sights she must see. Teeming millions peened like cattle in the stockyards (only the cattle are killed quicker), while respectable corporate monopolistic values hover over them and gorge on their necessities. Mothers, some of whom cannot afford to buy warm underwear for themselves and their children, are lectured on the evils of race suicide. You will see some of these women in their old age scrubbing the halls of office buildings, while their sons are potting saucers in the Philippines. New York is a grand old city, a grand old life into which greed

Fathers are packing all the bees they can corner, so they can fatten fatted honey on quarantined homes. Some of the human bees will wake up, and some schemers will be badly stung. JOSEPH FITZPATRICK.

An Unfortunate Ratio.

To the Editor of The Evening World: During the past five years the standard of living has gone up to get cent. Not one-tenth of all the wage-earners in New York have had their pay similarly increased. In Richmond, Va., wages have gone up about 2 per cent while the cost of living has gone up 10 per cent. What were luxuries a short time ago are necessities in many homes to-day. The people's taste has been improved and demands more costly things. This makes a housewife figure more closely than ever. A. M.

Smoking in Public.

To the Editor of The Evening World: Why is it the managers of so many places of amusement allow men to smoke during the performances? The air becomes filled with smoke. Can't the managers realize that smoking is offensive perhaps to ladies? I noticed one near me the other evening who became faint and had to be taken out. Can't the men keep from smoking for once? Look, too, at the danger from fire. K.

Spare the Rod.

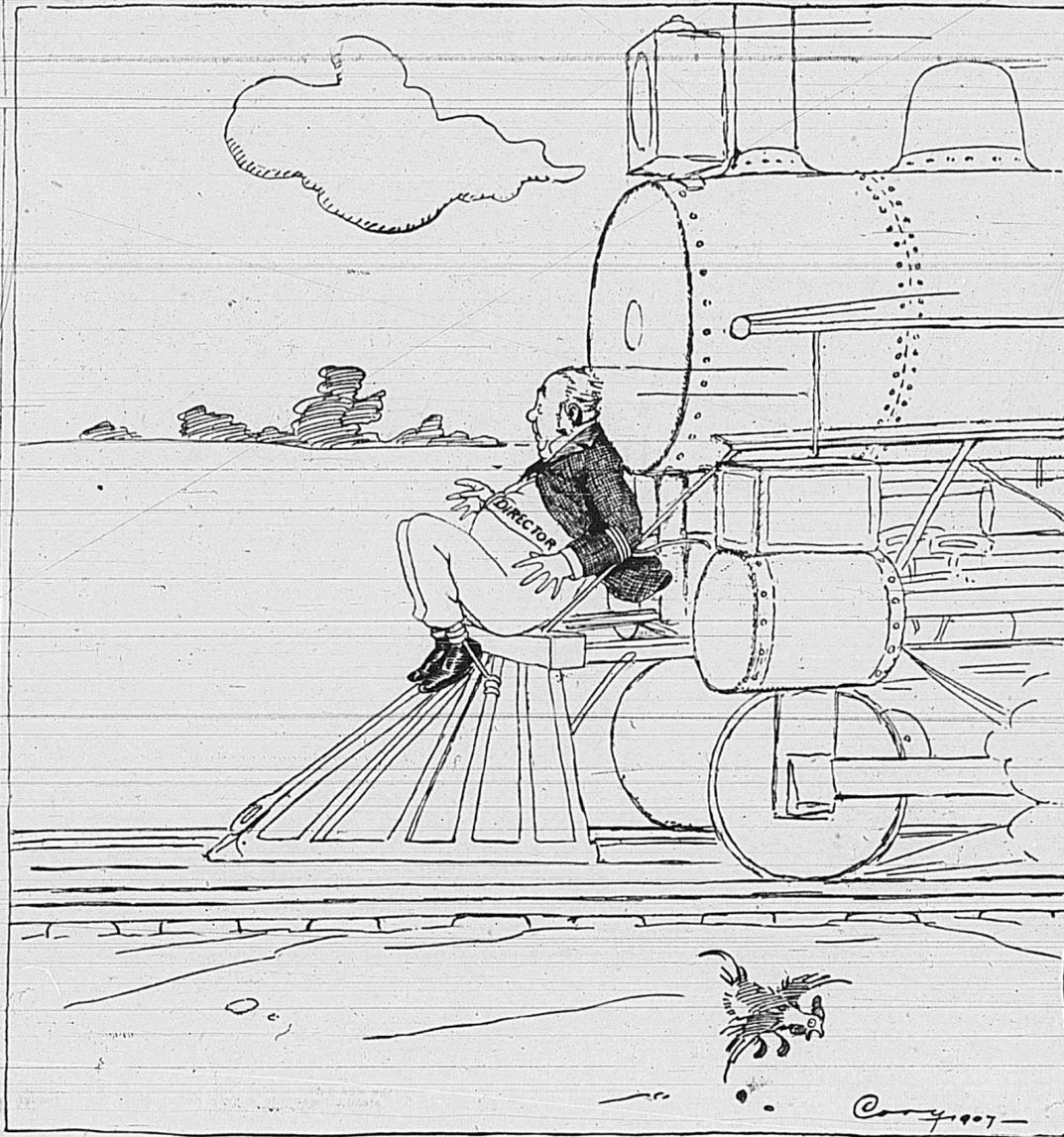
To the Editor of The Evening World: I have investigated many cases of runaway children, especially girls, and have found in almost every case that the rod or strap played an important part in the home life of the runaway. I believe that at times children have to be punished; but parents should use the rod moderately, especially on girls. Many a girl has left home simply because her parents have spanked or otherwise ill-treated her. Children, especially girls, derive no good results from flogging. S. E. B.

How Long Is It?

To the Editor of The Evening World: A flagstaff standing on the edge of a road was broken off 300 feet from the ground by the fractured end of its length from its base (the fractured end of its segment resting on the stump), and its top struck the level ground forty feet from the base of the wall. I wonder, what was the length of the staff? J. T. M.

To Avoid Wrecks

By J. Campbell Cory.



Cupid in the Phonograph

By Nixola Grecley-Smith.

ON Monday The World told the story of Grace Rover, a Brooklyn school teacher who lusted a peasant husband by recognizing his beautiful tenor voice in a slot-machine phonograph, and thereby tracking him to his lair. Yesterday it printed a more remarkable tale of a young man in Jersey City who purchased a phonographic record and fell in love with the unknown owner of the soprano voice recorded on it. Seeking out the dealer from whom he had made the purchase, he was introduced by him to the fair originator of the plaintive inquiry "Will You Love Me in December as You Do in May?" proposed and was married to her, his wedding gift to the bride being the priceless record which had been the means of bringing them together.

And yet people continue to ask, what's in a voice? As though love, beauty, tenderness, everything in life worth while were not better expressed by the cadence of a magic voice than by the perfection of a magic face. Ever since the telephone girl came into being and began her course of triumphant matrimony, we have needed no stale poetical quotations to remind us that the "ex-

cellent thing in woman" is indeed the most effective weapon in her whole armory of charms.

A woman's soft voice is charming even to other women. Putting a telephone receiver to our ears and expecting the usual quirk strident "What's your number?" it is one of the small joys of life to be reminded by the voice at the other end, as one often is, that

"There is great music here that softer falls Than petals of blown roses on the grass."

Henry James has written recently, and disparagingly, of the American woman's voice. He finds more music in the trained contralto utterance of the English girl. To me the American voice, if it is good at all, is far more pleasing. There is an ease and a carelessness about educated American speech that indicate a familiarity and good fellowship with the language that the more trained and studied British utterance does not exhibit. We use our excellent English as we do our good clothes, in a free and easy way that shows we are accustomed to it.

It is of course an outrage on established belief to say so, but the most charming voices I have ever heard belonged to American women. And the voice, as I have said before, and others have said before me, is Cupid's deadliest snare for the heart of man.

Hints from the House Horrible; or, How to

By Jean Mohr.



A Born Diplomat.

NOTHING can surpass in delicacy the reply made by an East Indian servant of the late Lord Dufferin, when he was Viceroy of India. "Well, what sort of sport has Lord Blank had?" said Lord Dufferin, one day to his servant, who had attended a young English lord on a shooting excursion. "Oh," replied the scrupulously polite Hindoo, "the young sahib shot divinely. But Providence was very merciful to the birds."

Wise Precaution.

IN a suburb the town officers put some fire-extinguishers in their big buildings. One day one of the buildings caught fire and the extinguishers failed to do their work. A few days later at the town meeting some citizens tried to learn the reason. After they had freely discussed the subject one of them said: "Mr. Chairman, I make a motion that the fire-extinguishers be examined ten days before the birds."

Itemized Bill.

MRS. LANGTRY said of the unpleasant and impertinent questions that, under the new customs rules, had been put to her on her landing in America: "They reminded me of that lawyer's bill which is sometimes quoted to show what a lawyer, at his worst, can be. I don't remember all the bill's items, but two of them were: 'To waking up in the night and thinking about your case. \$150. 'To dining with you after the case was over.'"

Grab It Quick!

OPPORTUNITY knocked, eye, hampered, at the Fool's door. "Glad to see you!" chortled the fool. "Now all I have to do is to embrace the opportunity in order to obtain fame and fortune." Then he paused, and began going through a business directory. "I'll have to go to a photograph gallery and get a good picture of myself for use in the newspapers when I become famous," he muttered. Opportunity passed on and never came back.

TWENTY-FIVE ROMANCES OF PROGRESS

By Albert Payson Terhune

No. 23.—ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL, the Man Who Made the Human Voice Travel 1,000 Miles.

A BIG, bearded, farmer-like youth of twenty-four found himself one day in 1871 the hero of Brantford County, Canada. He was Alexander Graham Bell, a Scot, who had moved from Edinburgh to the Dominion the previous year. He had invented a contrivance by which human speech could be carried across a single wire and transmitted with perfect distinctness for a considerable distance. This "telephone," as young Bell called his invention, was regarded as a wonderful and highly amusing toy. Nothing more. The country folk turned out by hundreds to witness the first experiment. A wire had been stretched from the house of Bell's father in the suburbs to the telegraph office in the city of Brantford, two and a half miles away. The test was successful. Bell was praised, though some of the graver Canadian Scots thought he might far better have spent the time on something really useful.

He went next year to Boston to accept a professorship in the University there. From boyhood he had devoted himself to a system, devised by his father, for teaching deaf mutes to communicate with each other and with the outer world. This was his intended life work, although as a boy he had longed to be a musical composer, and had with difficulty been persuaded by his father to give up that ambition. Bell when a mere lad conceived the idea of forming a system of harmonic telegraphy. He found that sounds could be carried over wires that were joined to a galvanic battery, and that by adjusting a set of reeds at one end of the line of vibration with another at the opposite end noises on one set could be reproduced by the other. Thus, each could be both a transmitter and receiver of musical notes. From this it was but a step to applying the same idea to spoken words, and the telephone, in crude form, was the result.

Soon after Prof. Bell moved to Boston a wealthy Cambridge man, Hubbard by name, sent his deaf daughter to him for vocal instruction. An engagement between pupil and teacher soon followed. Miss Hubbard and her father became deeply interested in the telephone, and Bell was induced early in 1876 to patent it.

Mr. Hubbard was in charge of the Massachusetts exhibit at the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia. He wanted Bell to place before the people in the Massachusetts Building his marvelous scientific toy.

But Bell did not care to do this, probably failing to realize the importance of such a step. Miss Hubbard added her plea to her father's. When all other means failed she asked the inventor to come to the station to see her off for Philadelphia. As she was about to board the train she burst into tears and again begged her sweetheart to come to the Quaker City with her. He yielded; and the telephone apparatus as well as his luggage was shipped to him by the next train.

But only half the battle was won. Before the telephone could be exhibited a committee must pass on its merits. It was late in the afternoon when the tired committeemen reached the Bell invention. They were on the point of deciding such a toy did not deserve a place in so dignified an Exposition when Dom Pedro, Emperor of Brazil, chanced to wander into the committee room. The Emperor rushed over to Bell, shook hands enthusiastically with him and asked a number of questions concerning the telephone, which he had seen tested during a recent visit to Boston. He went on to insist that Bell let him talk through it at once. Accordingly, potentials and inventor shouted lines of Shakespeare back and forth to each other across a limited stretch of wire until the former was tired of the playing.

The imperial approval had turned the tide of fortune for Alexander Bell. The committee promptly decided that a contrivance which could so delight a real live Emperor was worthy of putting before the public. The telephone was accepted and attracted multitudes of eager visitors throughout the course of the Centennial. But before Bell could put it to practical use a number of other men claimed credit for similar inventions, and for years the fight waged in the courts. At length Bell won. It was said at one time that he gave Miss Hubbard, as a wedding present when she married him, the royalty-rights on the telephone. These rights, of course, have accumulated to a fabulous sum.

Fortune's Turns

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Apert from this great device Bell invented the graphophone and in 1880 the photophone, an instrument for reproducing and recording speech by light vibrations instead of by wires. This apparatus has been made to carry sound 700 feet, but is not yet in practical use.

Despite the wealth his inventions have brought him Prof. Bell still devotes himself to the welfare, education and advancement of deaf mutes, whose former pitiable condition he has improved as vastly as his more famous device has enlarged the scope of the human voice.

To the efforts of a deaf girl who had sublime faith in her sweetheart's genius the world owes the Bell telephone.

Ten Famous Women in Make-Believe History

By Margaret Rohe.

No. 2—Cinderella.

"MY goodness!" said Cinderella, peevishly "will these girls never get enough to eat! This is the tenth job lot of hot cakes I've laid out and they're clamoring for more. They must be hollow down to their heels. If I lean over this gas stove much longer, I'll get the bends, the same as a turner-worker!"

Little Cinderella's half sister for her work. Being a school-child, she had to do the kitchen-mechanical work, when much rather would she have tried a measure with Danny Ryan at the hall of the Timothy J. Dooligan Association at Tammany Hall.

Poor little Cindy! Said is your lot!

But one day her half sisters had to breakfast a fairy prince—a prince of quick-lunch magnates. How he snatched his lips over Cinderella's nape! How he wrat after the county sausage! How he smeared that New Orleans spittoon over the cakes! Then he asked: "Which of you dames framed up the food?"

"I did," said both sisters in a breath, perceiving that the provender had pleased the Prince. And by this same answer he knew each had forgotten the Ninth Commandment, and he puzzled quite a lot as to the truth.

Cinderella, like the careful girl she was, had been listening herself.

"I fried them cakes," she said.

"So?" said the Prince. "They are just like mother used to make. Why do they call you Cinderella, my child?"

"Because that is my name," said Cinderella, who had a wit of her own.

"Just like the jokes father used to make," said the Prince, laughing heartily, and then added, "Cindy, what do you say to cooking flapjacks for me, and for me alone, for all time?"

"I listens like a proposal," breathed the fair girl, with downcast eyes.

"Better even than that," said the Prince. "I want you to look for me in the window of my principal restaurant. I'll give you a white cap and a big oak shovel, and advertise you on the elevated stations. It oughtn't to be long before you make Phoebe Snow look like a quitter!"

"You're on!" said Cinderella, softly, and the deal was made.

And if you pass the principal restaurant controlled by the Prince of Quick-Lunchers, you are sure to see little Cindy engaged in tossing the cakes that make the quick-lunch famous. She has a good job, money in the savings bank and the esteem of her customers.

As for the wicked sisters, they have to eat what a Swedish cook, with rudimentary ideas of cuisining, sets before them, and are rapidly succumbing to indigestion.

This beautiful romance teaches us that the way to success lies through the kitchen.

Wife's Bills and the Law.

By Walter A. Sinclair.

"ONE needn't pay his wife's bills," the French court has decreed. The old man gets his rights at last. 'Twas long in coming, still.

He's mighty glad to know that he won't have to foot that bill. The verdict came in timely, just as New Year's came around—That glad and festive season when those awful bills abound.

The scheme the Judge suggested ought to work out very slick; Just put it up to hubby when he tries to buy "on tick."

For instance, when the butcher has a pound of sausage weighed, He'll have to call up hubby dear, and have the bill "O. K'd."

She'll have to get pat's permit when she buys a spool of silk. The payer-now must sanction ere they "trust" a quart of milk.

The man behind the pocketbook no more will have the chills? No more will he be rudely shocked by unexpected bills?

He'll know about it from the start and suffer thrice as much, As from the time of purchasing he thinks about the touch.

Don't think the French judge changed the game. Nix! Not upon your life. It takes more than a mere mar-Judge to handicap a wife.