The World

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RACE SUICIDE.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT again publicly rebukes "the average American family" because it does not have "a larger number of healthy children."

The vital statistics of all the older settled Northern States prove that the births in families with American grandparents do not equal the deaths. In New York City the people descended from American-born grandparents are only one-fifteenth of the population. Not only does the proportion diminish annually, but were it not for immigration from other parts of the United States the pure American families here would soon become extinct.

It is this which President Roosevelt terms "race suicide." By that he means that a distinct race is voluntarily ceasing to exist. He charges that this is due to "unnatural prevention of child-bearing;" that this is a manifestation of "gross and shallow selfishness," and that it is a "discredit to American social life."

Mr. Roosevelt is correct in his statement that the average American family with social pretensions has few children, but his blame is superficially distributed.

The reasons are economic and social, not moral.

The man whose wife washes, cooks, mends and tends to her own babies is economically better off when he marries. All matrimony costs him in dollars is the additional food and clothing. His own board and laundry would cost him as much. His children are an asset. They go to work at an early age, and their wages support the family when he is sick or out of work. They insure him a comfortable old age. His medical attendance is free. His children are educated free. The more children he has the better off he is.

But the girl of American grandparents will not wash, cook and scrub for her husband or any one else. She will neither make her own clothes nor cook her own meals. Every child is a care and an expense. A costly doctor and a $25-a-week nurse attend its coming. Its baby clothes cost more than its father's Sunday suit. Neither will the fashionable American mother nurse and rear her own child. Some other woman must be hired to do that.

Any single man can live luxuriously in New York on $20 a week. A comfortable room and joint use of a bath in a bachelor apartment-house, breakfast there and dinner at one of the many college or other swell clubs and his laundry need not cost over $2 a day. He can buy two good suits of clothes, two hats and pairs of shoes, underwear and linen for $50 easily. That leaves $5 a week for cigars, drinks and dissipations.

When he marries what happens?

His rent at once more than quadruples. His cook and chambermaid's wages are more than his former rent and meals. His butcher and grocer bills will be as much more, and household incidentals will double that. Then his wife's clothes. He could clothe himself for a year on what one Easter dress costs.

Talk about his having children! The entrance of the child into the world would cost $300 to $500 for doctor and nurse alone. Then would come the baby's clothes, its nursemaid and its education as it grew up. If the baby was a girl she would not earn anything, but would be an increasing expense. If it was a boy he might begin to earn his own spending money in twenty-five years or so.

SPECIMEN OF AMERICAN BABY WHICH WAS PLENTIFUL ONCE ON A TIME

The average American family is becoming extinct because it does not fit present conditions. There is no servant class in the United States. There is no hereditary middle class. There is no fixed social status. Instead there are vain strivings and fruitless social ambitions. This must be paid for. The life which thousands of men and women live in the apartment-houses, hotels and fashionable boarding-houses of this city is unnatural.

Therefore, being against nature, the breed of such people tends to extinction.

Letters from the People.

Where Does He Stand?

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Will the readers of this interesting column decide for me the question of what occupation outside of a trade or a profession would be most remunerative for me?

I am an American youth of twenty-one, have failed as a bookkeeper and clerk and want something in a like capacity with a definite future, but have to support myself meanwhile. As this is a live issue with more than fifty thousand bank clerks, head office boys and the like, it is worthy of some discussion, and you readers, many, and of sufficient ability to enlighten me, can confer a very great favor by so doing. Where do I stand? CONSTANT.

The Rainy Season.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I think our climate is changing, and that instead of summer we will in time have the "rainy season" of the tropics. Last summer it seemed to rain nearly every day from June to August. A year or two ago it rained nearly every day in June and July. Also our winters are undoubtedly milder.

COLUMBIA SENIOR.

A Subway Express Experience.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Car No. 3583 in the Subway express leaving One Hundred and Tenth street at 8.45 A. M. last Friday, Guard No. 663, had the forward ventilators completely closed, and as the forward end door was kept closed between stations we had absolutely no "fresh air" in a human sardine packed car. Perhaps I should not object to that on this occasion, because I was fortunate enough to obtain a seat at Seventy-second street—for the first time in about three months—but the stench from the foul breaths that prevailed in that car sickened me so that I was not fit for duty that day, and why I dislike to go after a poor devil of a guard in this manner. I figure that my health is worth more to me than a good fining up for him and his associates for their, I should say, criminal negligence. A. V. S.

Complain to the Postmaster.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Has a letter-carrier a right to keep a registered letter for five days for the simple reason that the person (a foreigner) did not fill out his name in all the proper spaces on the notification card? L. FAUST.

The Rubber-Collar Neck.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I have been wearing rubber collars for the last three years, and they have made a dark ring around my neck which seems impossible to get off. Will somebody please let me know what to do?

R. C.

It Is Legal but Not a Catholic Marriage.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Is a marriage performed by the Justice of the Peace legal according to the Catholic religion? F. HOPE.

Likes Miss Morosini to Spend.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Having read your account of Miss Morosini's expensive wardrobe, I wish there were more people like her. As I know from personal experience she has kept a whole work room busy where it would have been dull and that gave those people and their folks also a chance to have clothes. I hope she will spend three times that amount next year, with the best of health. Give me more Miss Morosinis and fewer Mrs. Stokeses and the world will be better.

I. V. GOAS.

How Much Sleep?

To the Editor of The Evening World:

How much sleep does a grown person need? I wish my local readers and others with experience would tell. I've had many disputes about it. I hear all sorts of hours suggested—from six hours clear up to 10. Who can give a rule and reason? S. P. MASSETT.

The "Where Do I Stand?" Brigade.

By Maurice Ketten.

Lovers Who Are Handicapped by the Dragon of "Custom."

MANY difficulties confront the Cuban lover on wooing bent. He deserves the sympathy of mankind. In the first place, he can never see the object of his affections alone, and love-making under the cold, observant eye of a third party is not conducive to an overflow of warm sentiment.

Even before he is permitted to call upon her he must submit his intentions to a rigid family examination and come to an understanding with the girl's parents.

He may be entirely acceptable, and regarded as a man of most exemplary character, but all his courting must be done under the eye of the girl's mother or some other member of the family.

After marriage the bridal pair must be invisible for a period—he for five days, the bride for a week.

Very exacting are the regulations of Cupid. The accepted lover must visit his lady daily, otherwise the hot Latin jealousy would make things unpleasant, says the Philadelphia North American.

This condition of affairs is apt to go on for some time, as Cuban courtships are usually of long duration. Wealth is not common among the young men of the island, and there is generally the chance that the happy bridegroom will find himself compelled to support a number of his wife's relatives.

In Cuba the old Roman idea of a home prevails; the husband is undisputed lord and master, and, unless she has had forethought enough to provide legally against it, he coolly appropriates whatever property the wife may have.

Especial tribulations assail the widow or widower who may wish to marry again. It is essential that a doctor's certificate telling of the death of the former partner be filed.

Not long ago a widower was unable to marry again because he had failed to obtain the necessary certificate from his deceased wife's physician, and the doctor himself had passed to another world.

As a consequence of all this, many couples are now being married by the civil authorities, who do not require much formality.

Others slip away to the nearest American city—Key West, six hours from Havana—and are married there.

For Food, $90,000 a Week.

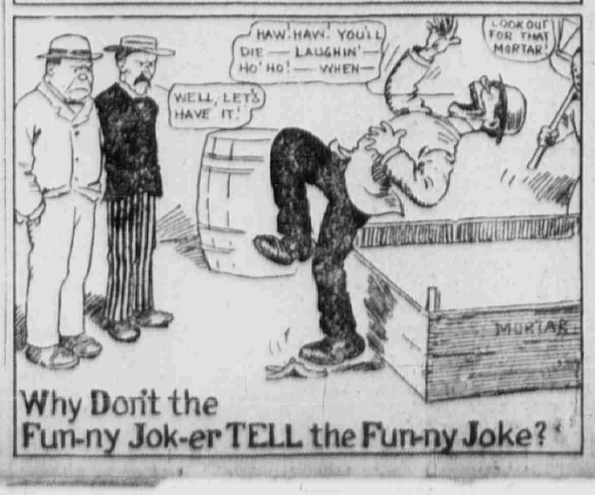
THE cost of the Sultan of Turkey's food does not exceed $5,000 a year, as he lives mostly on entrees and boiled eggs. But to feed the numerous members of his household and pay all domestic expenses lessens his annual income of $10,000,000 by $90,000 a week.

The Cheerful Primer.

By C. W. Kahles.

See the FUN-NY JOK-ER.

The Fun-ny Jok-er Has a FUN-NY JOKE.



Why Don't the Fun-ny Jok-er TELL the Fun-ny Joke?

A-LAS! Dear Chil-dren, He is too MOR-TAR-FIED to SPEAK.

SIXTY HEROES WHO MADE HISTORY

By Albert Payson Terhune.

No. 45.—ROBERT EMMET, the Hero Who Led a Forlorn Hope.

ROBERT EMMET—bravest and purest of patriots, most unselfish and unfortunate of heroes—had the rare distinction of winning world-wide fame and losing his life when barely twenty-five years old.

Ireland for centuries had struggled in vain to cast off the British yoke and to win national independence. In early days only a portion of the island was subdued, but, by Queen Elizabeth's orders, England conquered the whole country in 1603. The British Government in olden times took scant pains to conciliate its territorial possessions. Ireland and Scotland were guided with a rod of iron, and official oppression was the rule rather than the exception. The same treatment, in a measure, was later extended to the American colonists.

Various rebellions in Ireland were stamped out with greater or lesser degree of cruelty, the climax coming when, in 1649, Oliver Cromwell was sent to punish that unlucky country for its allegiance to Charles I. In a bloody nine months' campaign, Cromwell crushed out all open opposition. 20,000 Irishmen were sold as slaves for the American colonies, fully double that number were driven for refuge to the Continent of Europe, the city of Drogheda was taken by storm and its garrison massacred. Though Ireland's rebellion was quelled, yet an undying hatred for her conqueror was instilled. In 1688, when James II. was driven from the English throne by William of Orange, the Catholics in Ireland took up the deposed monarch's cause. They inflicted several severe defeats on William's followers, but at last were beaten by sheer force of numbers and superior military discipline, the climax of the war being their defeat at the battle of the Boyne, July 1, 1688. The city of Limerick held out for James. William's representative, unable to capture it, persuaded the garrison to yield by making a treaty allowing the Irish religious liberty. This treaty was almost instantly broken. Unjust laws were made against local Catholics, the priesthood were restricted, and a million acres of land confiscated from James's adherents. In after years, warned by the example of America's colonies, England greatly mitigated these stringencies.

Cromwell and William III. in Ireland.

The American and French revolutions stirred up the Irish to new efforts at independence. A society known as the United Irishmen was formed. Help was promised from France. But informers betrayed the movement, forcing the leaders to rise prematurely in May, 1798. The British Government was prepared, and put down the revolt after a desperate struggle. A French fleet, carrying 25,000 men, under Gen. Hoche, was prevented by storm from landing on the Irish coast, and subsequent expeditions of the sort were turned back from one cause or another. Luck from the first was against the revolutionists.

This rebellion led England to desire a union of the Irish and British Parliaments. The Irish rejected the offer with scorn. Then England's Government tried bribery, spending $8,000,000 to accomplish their end. As a result, the union was accomplished in January, 1801. The United Irishmen raged at this step, and in the general discontent that followed one figure stands out pre-eminent.

Robert Emmet, a young law student at Trinity College, Dublin, was heart and soul with the malcontents. His physical beauty, charm of manner and fiery eloquence won many to the cause. But this same zeal caused his expulsion from college in 1798, when he was but twenty, and made him so marked a man that he was obliged to go to the Continent. There he remained until 1802, working always for the freedom that was his life-aim. At last the time for action seemed ripe.

He came back to Ireland, and by a brilliantly daring manoeuvre tried to seize the arsenal and castle of Dublin. A fierce fight ensued, July, 1803, in which his untrained followers were hopelessly defeated by the disciplined English troops. His band was scattered, and Emmet himself fled to the mountains of Wicklow pending an opportunity to cross to the Continent. At last the way was clear and by prompt action he could elude the authorities and safely take ship for France. But he refused to go until he had revisited Dublin to say a last good-by to his sweetheart, Miss Sarah Curran. Though warned that a visit to Dublin at such a time amounted to putting his head in the lion's mouth, love conquered caution.

A Love That Was Stronger than Life.

Emmet entered Dublin, and was almost at once captured. When brought to trial he asked no mercy for himself, but made an impassioned, defiant plea for his country's lost freedom. He was condemned to death on a charge of high treason, and executed in September, 1803, being barely twenty-five at the time of his death. Miss Curran soon after pined away and died of grief for her lover. Emmet's last command was that his grave be marked with no epitaph until such time as Ireland should be free. His college friend and warm admirer, Thomas Moore, has, however, immortalized the hapless young Irishman's heroism and love in two poems that remain as deathless epitaphs of a man who, however radical or premature his methods, represented all that was highest and most disinterested in patriotism.

Ten Ways
To Make a Woman Care for a Man

By Margaret Rohe.

No. 6—After Marriage.—Criticise Her Taste in Dress.

CRITICISE her taste in dress. This will prove to her that you are interested in her appearance. Nothing so peeves a lady as to imagine that her husband's kindly critical observation has been withdrawn with the waning of the honeymoon.

If she wears blue, tell her pink is her color, and ask her why she doesn't affect that roseate hue in the matter of ribbons and such like fixings, instead of going around with a color scheme that makes her face look like a meat pie as to complexion.

If she is inclined to plumpness and has expressed a desire for a sealskin, explain to her that stout persons look shapeless in that sort of toggery. In addition to showing you off in the light of a sartorial superman, this utterance will establish your standing as a person of praiseworthy economical ideas.

Economy, by the way, is a quality you should do your utmost to encourage in her. Nothing so weakens a woman's character as an opportunity for foolish indulgence in luxuries. Teach her to avoid this fault. A good way to bring this about is to do her shopping for her at the very outset. Buy her the materials for shirtwaists and gowns. You can get them at a very low figure if you go downtown—say, as far down as the Bay. Allow her to fashion this raw material into garments. If she pleads that she does not know the sharp end of a needle from the eye, laugh merrily and say, "Oh, well, you'll never learn younger." She will be pleased at this humor.

In case the product she turns out from the goods you have brought for her shows the appearance of having been made by convict labor and she is unable to leave the house so garbed, do not repine. She may improve in time, and meanwhile, if circumstances compel her presence at her own hearthstone, a considerable sum of money will be saved you. If she cannot leave the house she cannot accompany you to theatres and restaurants, and thus you will be able to lay up quite a tidy piece of change, for as all the world knows, it is more expensive for two to do these things than one, and if she is, through her own inability, unable to enjoy these outings, surely the fault is not yours, as you should take care to remind her as you bid her good-by for the evening.

A Moving Lay of Moving Day.

By Walter A. Sinclair.

THE furniture's upon the walk, the van is at the door,
For it is May, and now to-day we're out to move once more.
The breakables packed underneath, the heavy stuff on top,
The bric-a-brac thrown loosely on, along the route to drop.
All breakfastless, neglected, too, our kids of every age
Are gathered in the entry way to guard the parrot's cage.

Then rip hurray! 'tis moving day!
We'll trip to-day. We're moving 'way.
With bric-a-brac we'll make a track,
Forgotten stuff will bring us back,
To-night we'll step upon a tack.
Hurray for May and good old moving day!

The fam'ly coming after us is waiting at the dawn.
They've started taking out their goods and put 'em on the lawn.
They ring the bell as daybreak breaks and loudly want to know
Why in the name of common sense we are not packed to go?
And so in haste we carry out each table, dish and pan
And pile them out so recklessly it takes another van.

And so we say, Away! away!
'Tis the gay, glad moving day.
We have enough of fragile stuff
For men to buff in manner rough.
So, once again, although it's tough,
Hurray! Away! on good old moving day!