



Published by the Press Publishing Company, No. 13 to 15 Park Row, New York. Entered at the Post-Office at New York as Second-Class Mail Matter.

VOLUME 47 NO. 10,717.

KNOCKING AND KNOCKERS.

KNOCKING is an American bad habit. The Englishman is a chronic grumbler and faultfinder, but he restricts his complaints to matters which personally touch him, and he is little inclined to gossip about others. The German confines his grumbling more to his personal and family affairs. The Frenchman is prone to criticize abstract propositions, but pays little attention to concrete happenings unless they directly affect his comfort or his purse.

The American—and especially the New Yorker—is given to criticism of everything that he sees or hears. The bigger the American community the larger the percentage of knockers. In the small village where everybody knows everybody else gossip is more in secret than in the streets or in a crowd. But as the village grows into a town and the town into a city people become less restrained in their public speech and everything becomes an object of invidious comment.

A gang of men cannot be putting in a safe or a window dresser begin at his work or a truckman undertake to start a stalled team or an ambulance come to the scene of an accident without a goodly faction of the crowd which gathers at once proceeding to tell how much better the job could be done and how manifest are the shortcomings of the man who is trying to do it. The crowd that comes out of a theatre lifts its voice knocking the play and the actresses and actors. The people in a restaurant complain of the service, the prices, the bad manners of the waiters and the incompetence of the cooks.

This habit is feminine as well as masculine. A good part of feminine conversation is made up of knocking their own or other women's dressmakers, milliners and household arrangements. In a flat the arrangement of the rooms, of the elevator service, the hall decorations, are hammered at in a sort of an anvil chorus.



Away from New York these very men and women are the most boastful of its luxuries and comforts, the splendor of its restaurants and hotels, the excellence of its plays, the good taste of its people, the fashionable output of its milliners, tailors and dressmakers. On their summer vacations, or away on business trips, the habitual knockers at home are most given to praise of "little old New York."

So indiscriminate has the knocking habit become that it does no good and a good deal of harm. Perinent, effective criticism is valuable to any community. If when a waiter was insolent the guest went to the manager and complained and then kept away from that restaurant unless the complaint was remedied, such action would be effective in reforming bad service and careless manners. But the knocker always comes back. He seems to prefer to hammer away on a familiar spot. The proprietor knows that his knocking is only a habit of talk.

"Battery Dan" Finn expressed a sound view of knocking and knockers on the police bench when a clergyman appeared as complainant against a drunken man who had insulted two Salvation Army girls. He thanked the clergyman for coming to court to see that justice was done instead of getting up in the pulpit and denouncing conditions which he as a private citizen had failed to do his best to remedy.

"I have no use for the man who has his hammer out all the time and keeps knocking away at everything in sight," said Battery Dan, J.

Knocking is the opposite to acting. The man who acts takes another method than using his tongue as a hammer. The way to remedy bad conditions and to cure grievances is to act, not talk.

Letters from the People.

"B" Has Best of Argument.

To the Editor of The Evening World: "A" argues that a person can grow taller as long as he is fit to do exercises which help to make you grow, taught by an instructor in any good gymnasium. "B" says you can grow until about twenty-four years of age. Kindly settle this question by an answer in your paper as to who is correct or are they both wrong? If so, at what age do we stop growing? A. M. H.

It is a Question.

To the Editor of The Evening World: Kindly solve the following puzzle for the undersigned, for which we thank you very much beforehand. We have sold to one of our customers a lot of mantels, which we would like to take back, the buyer being near bankruptcy. We have written the lawyer to this effect, and at the bottom wrote the following: "There is a great demand for mantels at present, and would it be easy for us to dispose of them at once?" Now, do you consider the last part of this a question? Trusting to see the answer in the above in your next evening paper, we beg to remain, F. WILLIAM AND C. WILLIAM.

Steam Heated Apartments.

To the Editor of The Evening World: An article appearing recently in The Evening World, headed "Steam Heated Apartments," with the approval of about a million readers of your paper, has led to the following correspondence:

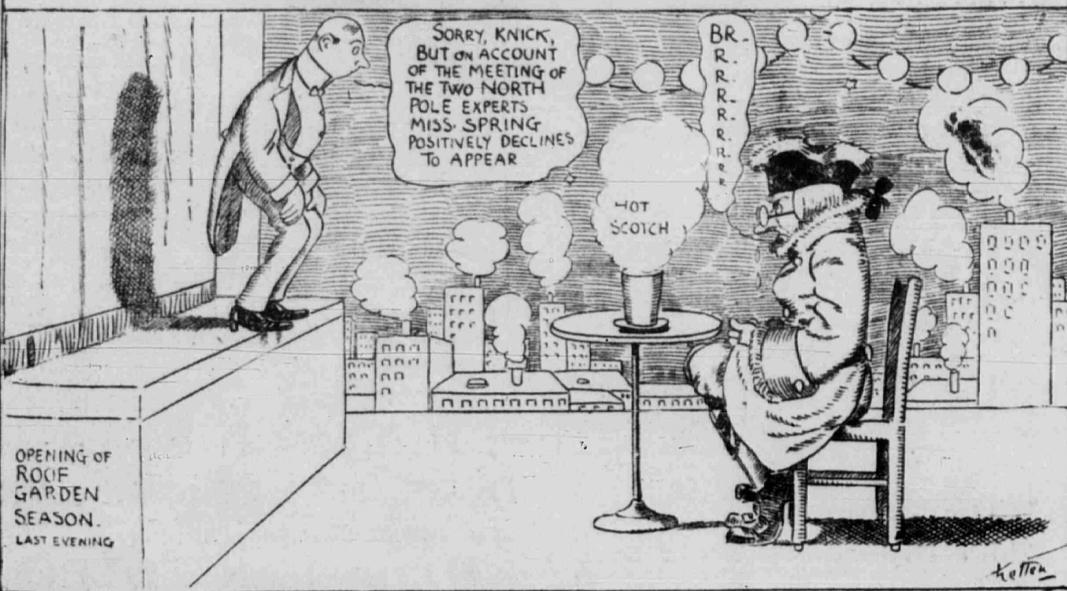
of May. When a house advertises that it supplies steam heat to its tenants does not that house contract with the renter to furnish steam heat when the weather calls for artificial warmth? Is there any difference between such a contract and one sworn to, sealed and otherwise red-taped? Of course where it is distinctly stated in the lease or other paper that steam heat shall be furnished on such a date and off at another date, the lease enters upon the contract with his eyes open. But when the date is not thus specified, then, when a landlord or agent orders his janitor to turn off the heat, say April 15, regardless of the low temperature of the atmosphere, a law should be passed requiring such landlords or agents to give at least sufficient heat during the morning and evening hours to take the chill from the rooms. There are about 5,000 owners of apartment houses heated by steam in Greater New York; there are over a million occupants in such apartments. To enrich these comparatively few greed persons hundreds of thousands must suffer because there is no adequate law to compel the enforcement of their rights. If The Evening World will take this matter up we know what the result will be. J. G. H.

The Railway Problem.

To the Editor of The Evening World: In reply to the railway problem in Saturday's Evening World: If a train leaves Buffalo for New York at the rate of sixty miles an hour and a train of the same railroad leaves New York for Buffalo at the rate of forty miles an hour, which train will be nearer New York when they meet? When the two trains meet they would be exactly the same distance from New York. AN ANSWER.

No Wonder It's Cold.

By Maurice Ketten.



Extravagance Is Love's Deadly Foe.

By Helen Oldfield.

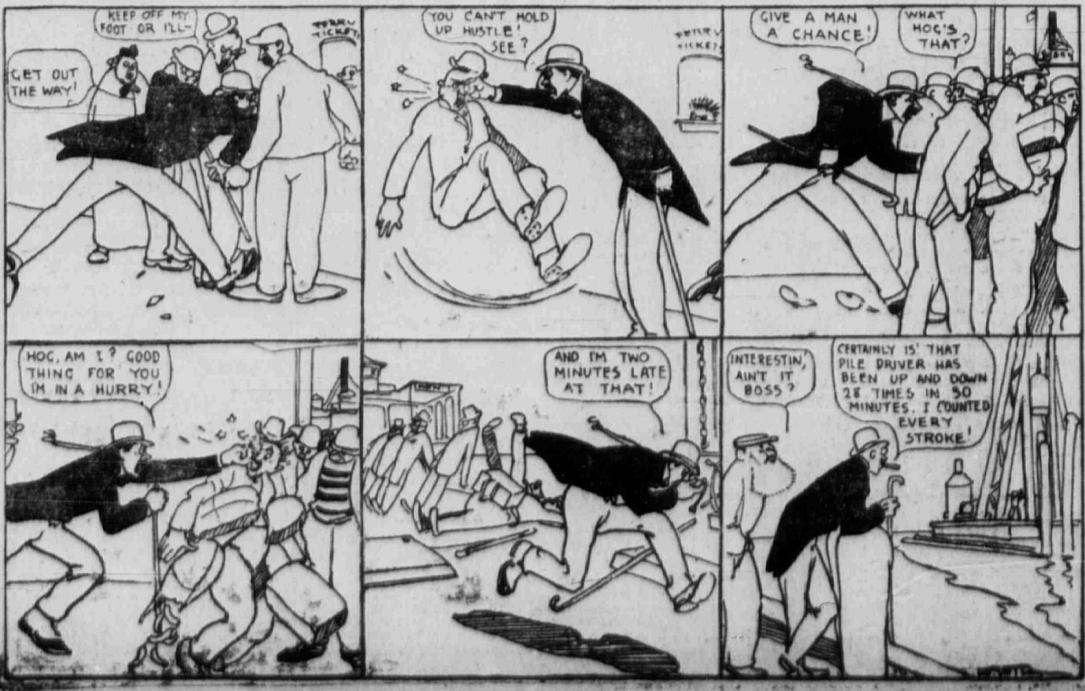


WE seem just now to be proving the truth of the saying that "The more we have the more we want," forgetting that the only true profit is health and happiness and that these depend not so much upon our possessions as upon the use which we make of them. The realization of this last truth is not a part of the strenuousness of the modern philosophy of life. To do one's best with what one has, instead of fretting because it is not more, is the surest pathway to a "better beat." Life has its full measure of happiness—or of blessedness, which is better for all men and women who earnestly make the utmost of every opportunity for good which comes their way. Instead of longing for the things which go their neighbors' way. Not infrequently the joys which easily might be theirs are missed because of keeping their eyes fixed upon the joys of other people. No one can truly enjoy his own opportunities for happiness while he is harassed by envy of another's. If scarcely can be told how much of the joy of living is lost by not cheerfully accepting and making the most of the small pleasures which come to one every day, instead of waiting and wishing for that which comes to others. The edge is taken off the enjoyment of one's own comfortable little home because one is envying the palatial residence of one's neighbor, who, perhaps, if the truth were known, is none the happier for his great possessions. The dollar which purchases content is at so high a premium among the nations of the earth that it never can be made the standard of value, nor is it always to be found among many millions. It is the women who sin most in this respect. There is much truth in the saying that when a man wants the earth it is because he desires to give it to some woman. It is almost always the case that men take their first risk of soul

or body for the sake of a woman, and if she encourages it for the sake of gain, greed and ambition are apt to take possession of the souls of both and drive out truth, integrity, honor—all these old-fashioned virtues which lay the foundation of the good name which Solomon declared to be better than riches; which add the highest lustre to individual reputation. Instead of demanding more from men than they honestly can give them, instead of stimulating and encouraging fond husbands to speculation and mischief by their demands and exactions, by nagging and discontent, it is the duty of wives to stand fast for goodness, for purity and truth, to exercise a restraining influence and to prevent them, if possible, from becoming whelmed in the madrastrum of speculation, which wrecks so many noble but unstable spirits and shuts them out of the possibility of reinstatement forever. It also is the bounden duty of a wife to accept the social position in which marriage has placed her and fulfil its obligations to the best of her ability. She may, and ought to, improve it in so far as she can without departing from the ways of rectitude or tempting her husband to do so, but she falls short of her duty when she spends time and strength in repining and complaints because she is dissatisfied. She had her choice whether or no to marry, and, having elected to marry, she is in honor bound to do her utmost to help her husband to maintain his place as man and citizen, to aid him in every good endeavor, to use her influence against temptation and to secure for her children the best dower they can receive, an honorable name—a name untarnished by falsehood, corruption or delinquency to man or woman. So much of this power lies in the hands of women that it is their duty to guard and exercise it as a sacred trust. "O, women, be true in your lives! Ye mold the future as mothers." Ye govern the present as wives. —Chicago Tribune.

Bill Hustle, of Harlem.

By H. Methfessel.



THE JARR FAMILY BY ROY L. M'CARDELL

"DID YOU ever see such weather?" said Mr. Jarr. "I'm glad you have something else to find fault with," said Mrs. Jarr. "Instead of beginning at me as usual." "I never begin at you. If you waited for me to start fussing, we'd never have any. As it is, I think we are getting more sensible as we grow older, we seldom have a word any more," said Mr. Jarr. "I don't think that is a very good sign," said Mrs. Jarr. "It's only when you care for a person that what they do or what they say exasperates you." "That isn't so," said Mr. Jarr. "When people are really fond of each other they have trust and confidence and they are not trying to hurt each other's feelings." "Which just proves what I say," said Mrs. Jarr. "You certainly go out of your way to say unkind things to me!" "I do not!" said Mr. Jarr emphatically. "Yes, you do!" said Mrs. Jarr. "Now, look here," said Mr. Jarr. "Here's a fair sample. I just happened to make a remark about the weather and you started to fuss with me because I did." "I saw you were only making an excuse about the weather to say something disagreeable to me." "Never you mind again!" said Mr. Jarr. "You are always finding fault with me if I am not home, and when I am home you make it so unpleasant for me that I wish I hadn't come here at all." "I'm glad you admit that you wish you hadn't come home," said Mrs. Jarr. "I'm sure I'd prefer you not to come if you are going to find fault." "All right, then, I'll go out," said Mr. Jarr. "You could have gone out without being mean to me," said Mrs. Jarr. "I'm sure I don't want you to stay home with me if you find it so unpleasant to spend even one evening with your family." "I only find it unpleasant because you make it so!" flared Mr. Jarr. "You make it so yourself," said Mrs. Jarr. "I wasn't saying a word to you when you began at me!" "What did I say?" asked Mr. Jarr. "I can see what's in your thoughts." "If you tried to think good of me and my thoughts instead of bad we'd get along better," said Mr. Jarr. "I wish you wouldn't keep quarrelling at me," said Mrs. Jarr, pettishly. "I'm not feeling well. If you want to go out with your friends anywhere, don't pick a fuss and then make it an excuse that I drive you out!" "I don't want to go out anywhere. I'd rather stay home." "You'd rather stay home and make me unhappy," said Mrs. Jarr. "Gee whiz! What's the matter with you?" asked Mr. Jarr in an exasperated tone. "Well, I'm not to blame for the weather," said Mrs. Jarr. "Who said you were?" asked her husband. "You started to, I saw through that right away!" said Mrs. Jarr. "Now, come," said Mr. Jarr. "Let us have a pleasant evening at home; honest, I wasn't finding any fault." "A person would think that I was nothing but a scold to hear you talk!" said Mrs. Jarr, plaintively. "Oh, well, let it go at that," said Mr. Jarr. "What?" said Mrs. Jarr in astonishment. "Do you mean to say that I am?" "No, I didn't; I meant 'let the matter drop!'" growled Mr. Jarr. "I won't let the matter drop," said Mrs. Jarr. "You can't abuse me, and say the awfullest things to me like you do, and when I told you I wasn't feeling well, too, and then let the matter drop!" "Do you want me to stay in the house this evening, or do you want to drive me out?" demanded Mr. Jarr, rising to his feet. "You can do as you please," said Mrs. Jarr, coldly. "All right, then. Don't go. I'll go out!" said Mr. Jarr. "There, I know that's what you were up to all along," said Mrs. Jarr, egotically. "Why couldn't you be frank about it?" "All right, then, I won't go out," said Mr. Jarr. "No, you'll stay home and make life miserable for me!" said Mrs. Jarr. "Can't I please you or satisfy you any way at all?" asked Mr. Jarr, with forced calmness. "Certainly!" said Mrs. Jarr. "If you'll only behave yourself and not be cross!" "Cross?" asked Mr. Jarr in astonishment. "Certainly!" said Mrs. Jarr. "And you ought to be ashamed of yourself. The children have been fearful all day and have worried me dreadfully, and then you come home and start to fuss with me. Don't you think I have troubles enough?" Mr. Jarr looked at her in astonishment. "Oh, very well," he said. "I'm sorry. I've been worried myself at the office to-day, and maybe it's the weather." "Now, that's more like it," said Mrs. Jarr, with a smile. "I don't like to see you cross about nothing. I don't know what you'd do if you had a wife like some women I know that are peevish and exasperating."

Six Ways to Make a Man Care for a Woman

By Margaret Rohe.

NO. 3—Take Him Shopping. INDULGE him in frequent visits through the shopping districts and get him mixed up in as many bargain rushes as you can. He will enjoy this. If he happens to be in a particular hurry to get to a certain place, delay this as much as possible by steering him against millinery windows and asking his opinion on the various fascinating specimens of headgear displayed therein. Or, better still, insist on his accompanying you inside the shop and concentrating all his brain power for the little matter of an hour or two on the important problem as to whether a Gainsborough or a mushroom shape is more becoming to your style of beauty, whether flowers or plumes would be more effective, should the bandeau he raised a trifle over the left ear, and a few vital questions like that. It is also a splendid idea to carry along a silk sample of a difficult shade to match. This will necessitate the journeying from store to store, and, in addition to the delightful exercise, the bewildering display of shades and colors at the different silk counters will appeal strongly to his artistic sense. When you wish to be especially entertaining always shift the conversation to the discussion of your clothes. A minute description of how your new coral marquette is made with Japanese sleeves and three bias folds around the bottom of the skirt and the ostrich feather on your new black hat is thirty-seven inches long will interest him so intensely that he will probably ask for a return date the next evening to get the latest bulletins on your new spring outfit.

Railroading a Railroader.

By Walter A. Sinclair.

(Commissioner Clement wants to see a prominent railroader in jail.—Item.) IF they put a railroad man in jail—a great, big railroad man—do you think that we'd reform our jails on a modern railroad plan? Oh, think of all the changes this imprisonment would cause: They'd railroad railroad men to jail and thus enforce the laws. When railroad men begin to think they're greater than the earth Perhaps 'tis time to tuck one in his little lower berth. The judges as dispatchers at the telegraphic keys. Would send them to the siding with the easiest of ease. Conductors should watch over them, at feed-stops they'd be fed; We wouldn't call them prisoners, but passengers, instead. The horrors of the punishment would surely not exceed. The horrors put on travellers by magnets filed with greed. Then all aboard for Sing Sing stop and all up-river points. You'll have to work your passage, so you will not rust your joints. The signals set by Clements show all clear to Pile of Rock. And do not fear, you can't slide back, the signals show a block. To make it fit the railroad crime, the punishment they'd load should be—harsh thought!—just like a trip upon the Erie road.

Millionaires Who Like Work.

THREE of the younger generation of the Vanderbilt family are serving the New York Central. Alfred G. Vanderbilt has his desk in the financial department, Cornelius finds his greatest interest in the shop and construction department, and is said to know a railroad from the roadbed up. His cousin, William K. Vanderbilt, Jr., has combined both the financial and practical training.

The Army of the Aeronauts.

AN ARMY signal officer, Capt. Charles de F. Chandler, will make balloon ascensions whenever the opportunity is presented. This is a part of the plan of Gen. Allen, the chief signal officer of the army, to obtain all possible information in regard to ballooning, with the idea of possessing at first hand data which would be of service in aerial observations. Capt. Chandler is an enthusiast on military ballooning. Whenever it is possible to accompany an ascension on his trips Capt. Chandler will be pleased to attend.