

The Evening World

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MARRIAGE.

COMPLAINT is made in the East that college girls do not marry. In the West, where men are in the majority, the unmarried women are appealing for legislative action against bachelors. In South Dakota towns the spinsters have gone so far as to advocate the chloroforming of bachelors over the age of forty and to pass resolutions that "all unmarried men are good for is to act as pall-bearers."

Simultaneously come the statistical reports from various States that the percentage of births is diminishing and that the ratio of divorces to marriages is increasing. The pursuit of alimony has become a well-recognized occupation. The shifting of wives by rich husbands with established percentages of compensation is so frequent that the sanction of the divorce courts is obtained as a perfunctory form.

The news comes from Springfield of a further novelty in the matrimonial line. Not all husbands who desire to shift wives are rich enough to provide alimony sufficient to make the wife agree to a legal separation. A Springfield woman wanted another woman's husband for her own, and overcame the obstacle of lack of means on the man's part by herself furnishing the money necessary to buy off the wife.

No other country has such unfettered matrimonial customs as the United States. The girl and the man arrange matters by themselves, the parents' consent being taken for granted. There is no requirement of the publication of banns or delay to give the parties time to think it over. There is no restriction on the hours during which a marriage ceremony may be performed. Clergymen sit up nights with a telephone connection to make marriage speedy and easy.

In France the consent of the parents has to be obtained before minors can marry. This insures that the business and social standing of the parties shall approximate and leads to the building up of more congenial households. In England the performance of the marriage ceremony is restricted to the daytime. Midnight marriages are prohibited. To marry persons in a state of semi-intoxication is illegal.



Sentiment is necessary to make married life successful, but it is a poor reliance as the sole foundation stone. An excess of sentiment before marriage almost always results in a reaction afterward. Passion or desire is the worst of all reasons for getting married. Under the free-unhampered American system a pretty face, a becoming dress or a sentimental evening results in matrimony without proper consideration, which such an important act should always involve.

Paradoxical as it may seem, to make marriage more difficult would probably make it more popular. It certainly would make matrimony more successful and diminish the number of divorces. Things which come easy go easy. Burdens lightly assumed are most irksome in the carrying.

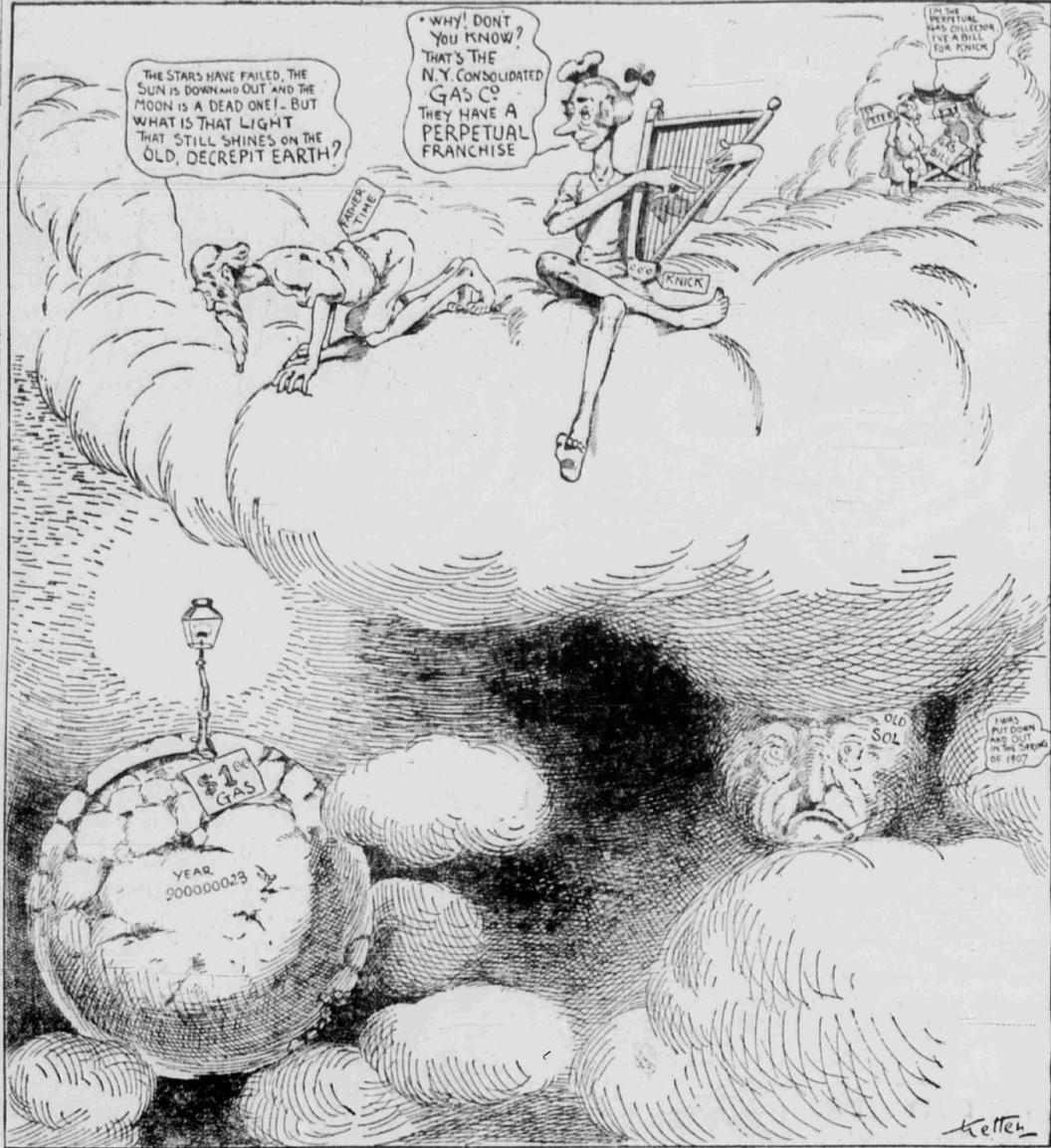
There are several things worse than being married. Worst of all is to be mismarried. There are also worse things than childless couples. A bickering family is worse. Sickly children are worse. A house divided against itself is worse.

Letters from the People.

Bright side of Cold Spring. To the Editor of The Evening World: The cold weather of spring may have cost tradesmen much money and spoiled many plans for summer, but I predict it will prove to have been the best thing that ever happened for the public health. For, even though the majority of the summer days should be hot, yet we have had cool weather so long that we are all better braced, physically, to endure heat. We will go through the summer in better shape for the bracing, cool weather of May and early June. BROOKLYN PHYSICIAN.

The Light That Never Fails at \$1 Per.

By Maurice Ketten.



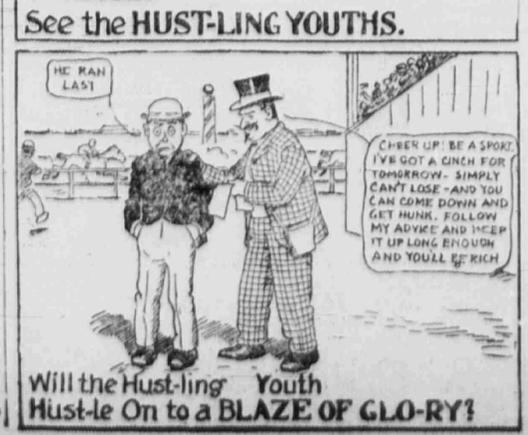
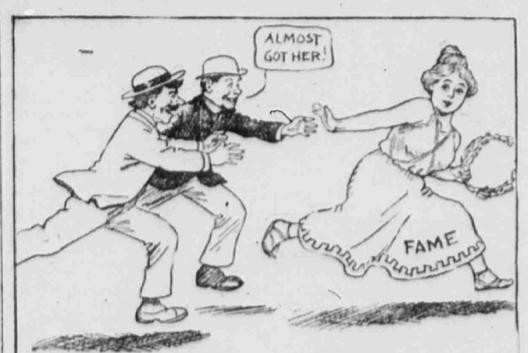
The "Worrying Habit"

By Nixola Greeley-Smith

If you have a guaranteed remedy for "worry" caused by weak inability to enjoy much of anything or accomplish customary tasks and pleasures and a rebellious resentment of the "clipping" of powers formerly possessed you will confer a great favor by passing it along, for being good is such a lonesome job. This inquiry has resolved me from a woman greatly discouraged by prolonged ill-health. If I or any man or woman in the world had a guaranteed remedy for "worry" the secret of perpetual youth, could it be discovered, were valueless compared with it.

The Cheerful Primer.

By C. W. Kables.



SIXTY HEROES WHO MADE HISTORY

By Albert Payson Terhune.

No. 56—H. M. STANLEY, Hero of the Dark Continent. TO the St. Asaph Poorhouse, near Denbigh, Wales, in 1844, came a mother and her three-year-old son. No boy ever started life at worse advantage than did this little pauper, John Rowlands. Few men have accomplished more.

When he was thirteen Rowlands was set to teaching the younger children of the place their lessons, and for three years continued this thankless task. Then, in 1857, when he was only sixteen, he found he could stand the miserable, ineventful life no longer. His spirit craved adventure, and there is scant adventure in teaching the alphabet to poorhouse waifs. Rowlands had heard stories of America, the land of promise, beyond the seas, and resolved to try his luck in the newer country. He shipped as cabin boy, and landed in New Orleans, penniless, but with enough ambition to make up for lack of cash. He looked for work, and attracted the notice of a rich merchant named Stanley. The merchant adopted the lad and gave him his own name—Henry Morton Stanley—by which Rowlands was ever afterward known. The youngster's future seemed assured. But fate ordered it otherwise.

His benefactor died, leaving no will. The adopted son was thus left as badly off as when he first landed in America. All he had to show for his once bright prospects was the name Stanley, which he continued to use. He wandered to California, visited various Indian tribes, and, in 1861, at the outbreak of the Civil War, enlisted in the Confederate army. He was soon taken prisoner. On his release he joined the United States navy, did gallant service and was promoted to the rank of ensign. But the ending of the war (in which he had had the unusual experience of fighting on both sides) again threw him out of employment. He drifted to the Levant as a newspaper correspondent, went to Abyssinia with Lord Napier in 1867, and won fame by sending back the news of the latter's brilliant victory ahead of the official reports.

In 1869 his real career began. Some years earlier a great and good Englishman, Dr. David Livingstone, had gone to Africa as a missionary. His task of penetrating unknown regions and establishing mission posts there gave Livingstone the taste for exploration. Africa in those days was indeed the "Dark" Continent. Much of its interior was wholly unexplored. Maps bore blank spaces representing thousands of miles of unknown African territory. Now and then some daring American or European would plunge into the jungle, never again to be heard of. The geography of most of the "back country" was incorrectly charted. Dr. Livingstone had opened up many districts, and at last embarked upon a far more extensive march than ever before. From time to time news of his progress reached the coast. Then all tidings ceased. In 1869 no word had been received concerning him for more than two years. No one knew whether or not he still lived. Public anxiety as to his fate grew more and more tense.

The proprietor of a New York newspaper sent Stanley the following curt command: "Find Livingstone!" The young war correspondent prepared to set out at once on his perilous quest. In other words, he made ready to brave the unknown horrors of a mighty continent into whose recesses no white man had penetrated, and to search that vast, trackless territory for one man who was supposed to be somewhere within its area. The proverbial hunt for a needle in a haystack was as child's play compared to such a venture. Stanley landed at Zambesi, on the east coast of Africa in January, 1871, organized a band of 192 men, split it into five parties, arranged for means of communication between the scattered groups and began his dangerous journey. Through jungle and trackless wilderness he forced his way, encountering hostile tribes, wild beasts, disease and countless hardships. Many of his men deserted, others fell ill and died. Stanley himself was so sick he had to be carried part of the distance in a hammock. But his iron will, his stern, unchangeable purpose could not be weakened by illness. He drove the party onward, past almost impassable difficulties. If he did not spare his men he surely did not spare himself. And, in November, after long months of ceaseless marching, he came upon Dr. Livingstone at Ujiji, on Lake Tanganyika. Another man, winning so great a triumph, would probably have made some melodramatic speech of greeting to the object of his search. But Stanley calmly walked up to the missionary, bowed and said with polite indifference: "Dr. Livingstone, I presume?" "Dr. Livingstone, I presume?" He and Livingstone made explorations together of Tanganyika Lake, and made other important discoveries. In 1874 Stanley went again to Africa, where he explored the equatorial lake region, was the first man to sail clear around Nyanza (Lake) Victoria, and to prove it the largest fresh water body on earth; to trace the Congo River from source to mouth, to chart Lakes Victoria and Albert, and to prove the latter to be a tributary of the Nile. In various other ways he opened up the Dark Continent and corrected innumerable geographical errors. A third time, in 1879, he took a similar trip through Africa, making discoveries that resulted in the opening of the Congo Free State; and once more, in 1887, when he went to find the missing Emin Pasha, he found Emin, and incidentally his trip resulted in Great Britain acquiring over 90,000 square miles of African territory.

Among the Nature Fakes.

By Irvin S. Cobb.

No. 1—Ding Bat, the Wampus. DING BAT, the Wampus, crept forth from his lair. (Note to Printer.—Be careful not to spell that last word last.) "Twas the hunting hour in the Pittsburg jungle. Through the dense and well-nigh impenetrable foliage of carbonated hydrogen roamed the beasts of prey. The man-eating Co-respondent lurked behind the tall trunks of the smelting chimneys seeking whom she might devour that had money. The merciless and bloodthirsty Beagle, which kills its victims by getting up their nostrils and obnoxious them to death, dragged its slender, slinky form through the underbrush. The cruel Ear-Wig went wiggling hither and yon. The awe-inspiring Ballet Bug, which has two rows of legs, and fifty legs to a row, leaped nimbly from crag to crag, sending its voice afar. Most fearsome of all, the hideous Red Ant crouched at the mouth of its cave, sounding its terrifying roar of hate and defiance.

The sun was going down in the west, but could not be observed to do so owing to the air being full of Pittsburg climate. Noon might well fall and it would be just as dark elsewhere in the world as it is in Pittsburg all the time. Along the woodland path tripped the belle of the anthracite forest, Bertha, the Beautiful Coke-Model. Anon she paused to pluck a cluster of ripe brown clinkers from the slender vine; anon she culled the fragrant scallion from the wayside Bermuda bush. Little did she wot that ferocious brutes were upon her trail; she was not such a wutter anyhow. Little did she wot that the Red Ant wasn't so awfully perlor either—that the cunning Red Ant crept close behind her. Its greedy jaws perior came and its eyes were aflame, burning crimson and green, like a drug store window in Shamokin. The sinuous and devastating Ear-Wig silently wormed its way to the topmost bough of a Schwab tree which overhung the path and prepared to fall in her ear. The murderous Garter Snake put its bukkie in its mouth and rolled toward her. The hungry Mother Monogoose, with thoughts of the hungry brood of mongrooling in the old den beneath the shivering tank, drew nearer and nearer. All unconscious of impending doom the maiden tripped along through the gloaming, her innocent, mind busied with girlish thoughts and her busy hands flashing from her cheeks the soot that ever descended upon her in a refreshing shower, pretty much as cherry blossoms fall elsewhere. "Gracious!" she mused to herself. "They say Mabelle Gilman got two millions for quitting the circus and marrying into the Steel Trust. Ah, me! 'Tis but a step from corpythes to Corey-fey these days."

Maddened by the remark, the ravishing creature throw themselves upon her. In another moment she will be rent limb from limb; although why anybody would want to rent one limb instead of leasing the whole property gets past me. But no, help is at hand. Ding Bat, the Wampus, dashes the frenzied creatures aside with one sweep of his right and stands between them and their shrieking quarry. If you don't believe quarries can shrink buy stock in one. "Hail!" shouts Ding Bat, the Wampus, in ringing accents. "This nature faking must cease!" He strips off his fur features, revealing a set of prominent teeth, a Rough Rider hat and a pair of Oyster Bay eyeglasses. "It shall cease," he hisses in the faces of the baffled beasts. "For I am"— (To Be Continued in Our Next.)

It Is Death to Make Love to Her. QUEEN ALEXANDRIA of England is strict on such points of etiquette as make it a breach of decorum, for instance, to hand anything but new and unused coin, fresh from the mint, to the consort of the British sovereign. To make love to Her Majesty is punishable by the law of Great Britain with death, unless, of course, one happens to be the King. "Bee-Paralysis." AMONG men in the Isle of Wight a singular disease has been spreading. It assumes the form of a kind of paralysis and up to the present all efforts to combat the malady have been useless. It is believed that the bees will be extinct in the island within another year unless a remedy be quickly found.