The World

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ICE AND MONOPOLY.

PRESIDENT OLER, of the American Ice Company, is quoted as saying "An ice concern dealing in natural ice cannot be a trust. It would be impossible. The Lord makes ice, and no one man or set of men can control the output."

If the word "monopoly" had been used instead of the word "trust" the statement would be correct.

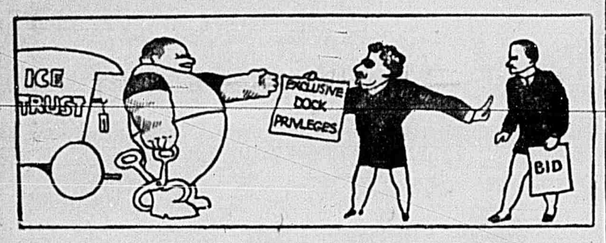
Nothing can be a monopoly without the exercise of the powers of government so to create it. A patent is a monopoly, because the Government, for the encouragement of inventors and with a view to the general benefits which result from labor-saving devices, grants a seventeen-year monopoly to the inventor. A copyright is a monopoly created by government for the encouragement and reward of authors.

A railroad is a monopoly because the Government permits the railroad company to exercise the sovereign right of eminent domain and to take to itself an exclusive right of way which no one else can use for transportation purposes.

The Standard Oil is a monopoly, not because oil wells are not plentiful or because it has a monopoly of crude petroleum, but because it has been able to deprive competitors of equal facilities for transportation by its railroad alliances and through its governmental given right to construct pipe lines.

A trust is not necessarily a monopoly. Such trade combinations as the Leather Trust, the Rubber Trust, the Thread Trust and the like, while oppressive and injurious, are not monopolies, because unless the Government allows them the exclusive use of some governmental function they are not able to prevent competition. The failure of the Cordage Trust resulted simply because it was not a monopoly.

The Anthracite Coal Trust is a monopoly because the railroads, through their control of transporting coal from the mines, compelled independent coal owners to sell out and thus combined the ownership of the coal mines and the transportation of the coal. The monopolistic ownership of the mines would not have been profitably possible without a combination with the railroad monopoly.



What gave the Ice Trust the monopoly in this city is not its control over the sources of natural ice, but the alliance it made with the city government at the time of the Van Wyck administration, by which it obtained control of the piers at which ice was handled and of other governmental functions which enabled it to exclude its competitors.

Anybody with a pond can cut ice. Anybody whose property borders on a lake or fresh water stream can cut ice. They can sell all they can transport, which in most cases means that their consumers are limited to the territory within the radius that a team and a truck can deliver to. To sell their ice in this city they must have either wharfage facilities here or railroad yard arrangements. If they can find no way economically to deliver their ice to the consumers they might as well be situated at the North Pole as at Saugerties or Kingston or Maine.

Mr. Oler is in error in saying that ice cannot be a trust. The proof to the contrary is found in his own letters that it is a trust, and that he is the head of it, and that Mr. Jerome, after a friendly conference with Mr. Oler, failed to prosecute it.

Letters from the People.

The Face on the Coin.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Reading that the United States Government is about to change the head on coins, I think it is a shame to cast the American girls aside and take a European girl for model. There are enough pretty American-born girls here without taking a foreign maid's face for model. I think if Europe was choosing a girl's face to put on coins they would not take one of our girls. They would bestow the honor on one of their own.

MISS AMERICA.

People's Chorus, Cooper Union.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Where can I take singing lessons at low rates? I cannot afford to pay much.

S. L.

Hints on Shaving.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

A reader complains of the tortures of shaving. Here are a few points on the gentle art: In stropping, take only three or four strokes on the canvas and the same number on the leather, holding the strop out stiff and the blade perfectly flat. Don't press hard. Put the lather on very thick. If bristles are stiff rub in the lather and put on another coat. Take as few strokes with the razor as possible. Make them long, steady strokes, except on the point of the chin, where short strokes are necessary. Don't go over a place where you have once scraped the lather off until you have put another coat on or you will spoil the edge of your razor. Always use the left hand to draw the skin tight and smooth over the part you are scraping. Use warm water. I shave in from five to six minutes, including everything.

J. E. F.

Pronounced "Sho-fur."

To the Editor of The Evening World:

What is the correct pronunciation of the word "chauffeur?"

G. M. GORDON.

A Wins, B Quibbles.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

A bets B that a steamer would make her passage in 5 days and 7 hours. The steamer made the passage in 5 days 6 hours and 23 minutes. B claims he has won the bet, as the voyage was not made in exactly 5 days and 7 hours.

T. W. C.

He Has Not.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Has an alien the right to change his name upon his arrival in the United States without permission of the courts?

C. P. L.

Wants a Business Suggestion.

To the Editor of the Evening World:

I have lost my position on account of my firm going out of business. I have one thousand dollars with which I would like to start business in the fancy goods line. I am very handy with the needle and could make a good many things myself in the line of children's clothes. I do not understand how to buy or whom to buy of. Would you kindly advise me how to start?

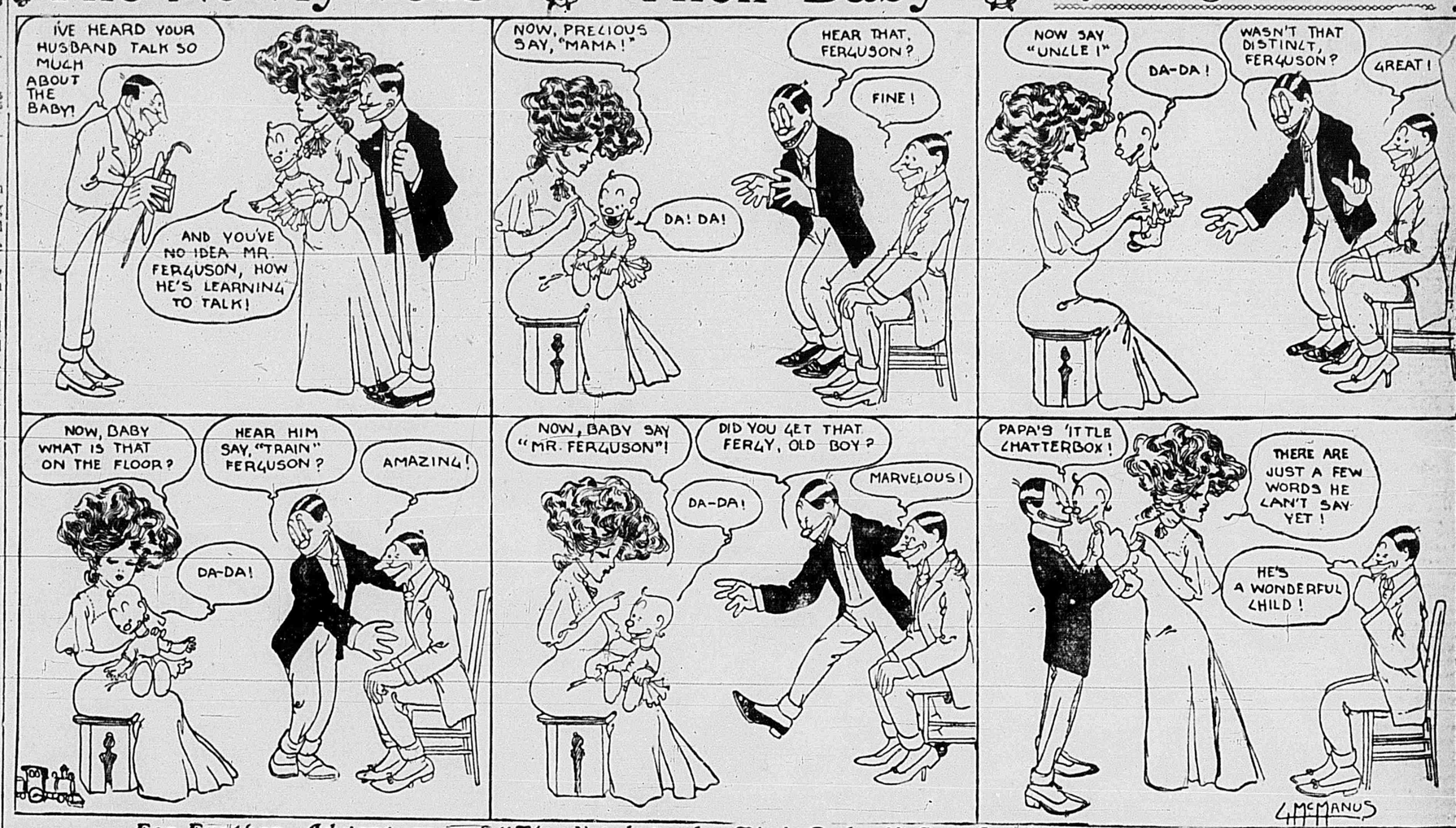
M. E. G.

Here Is a Poser.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Would you kindly tell me where and how to get a divorce and the cheapest way out of it?

The Newlyweds Their Baby By George McManus



For Further Adventures of "The Newlyweds, Their Baby," See Sunday World, Comic Section.

What Is Manly Beauty?

By Nixola Greeley-Smith

THE young women of St. Paul's Episcopal Church at Waterbury, Conn., are conducting what they call a "manly beauty" contest, to name the boys whose good looks entitle them to walk in the front ranks of the church organization of cadets. The pastor says a soldier should be as proud of his appearance as of his uniform, so he is not afraid the winners of the beauty contest will be made vain.

Even if they are, their vanity must needs be of short duration, for a brief experience of life and women will teach them that the victories of love are not always, nor indeed generally, to the handsomest.

In no subject is there such difference of opinion among women as to what constitutes beauty in man. When I meet a man with languishing dark eyes, pink cheeks, rosebud mouth and a carefully curled moustache I have scarcely made up my mind that his type is, on the whole, more objectionable than any other than I hear the voice of some other woman saying in tones of unmeasured admiration: "Have you met Mr. Jones? I think he's perfectly handsome, don't you?"

And I suppose if I were to point out to her my wholly different ideal of manly beauty—providing, of course, I had one—she would feel similarly a sense of incredulous dismay at my lack of taste.

I have a colored maid whose only conception of masculine good looks is what she terms a "nice fat face." I know many women who consider any man of gigantic dimensions and florid countenance handsome. If I were to formulate my own ideal I would say it was Jack Spratt, provided he was really as thin as his pictures make him out. For I quite sympathize with the Boston blue-stocking who said she would rather a person would be "lean to the last degree of attenuation than the least iota too corpulent." This is said without detriment to the fat man, whose admirers are legion.

"Manly beauty" whatever it consists in does not win any save very young women. There is a very general feminine belief—which, of course, may be altogether an error—that handsome men are vain and fickle. I can see no particular reason why they should be, for the pretty woman's vanity is fed by its effect on man and the smoothness it lends to her life, but the handsome man soon learns that sterner qualities are required of him if he would win any save a silly woman's permanent regard.

The New Mississippi Pilot.

By F. G. Long.

New York Thro' Funny Glasses

By Irvin S. Cobb.

From Hi Glasses to Green Glasses.

NEW YORK, Sept. 14.

DEAR GREEN—What a joy it is to all of us that we have a safe and sane, not to say sterilized, antiseptic and non-irritating District-Attorney—a regular violet sachet District-Attorney, if I may use the word.

Suppose now two years ago we had fallen into the grievous error of electing as District-Attorney one of those impetuous human angoras who would have gone pirouetting and butting around, smashing things and making our most prominent trust magnates lie awake at nights! But, no, our better wisdom prevailed. We got the right one, and now we have the word of Mr. Wesley M. Oler that in him we have a man who is safe, sane and broad-gauged.

It seems to me the people of this section have been overlooking the fact that Mr. Oler is one of our best modern humorists. We have been willing to give it to him for his abilities as ice man—in fact, we did give it to him at 60 cents a hundred whenever he felt like he needed it; but until his letters became public, how few among us realized what a fountain of real humor had been allowed, as it were, to sparkle and scintillate in the dry and musty recesses of a lot of office safes and desk cabinets. Mr. Oler is happily gifted with a sense of humor which enables him to find laughter where others could only find tears. Indeed, he is blessed with so acute a perception of the mirth which lies in little things that—I understand he can take one look at a tenement dweller paying his last nickel for a two-carat lump of ice and go off into such convulsions of merriment that he almost rolls out of his touring car. And how his merry guffaw does ring out every time a small independent dealer hits the wall hard enough to dent it.

We have had other humorists in the business world from time to time. H. H. Rogers on the witness stand passed out some things that made Lew Dockstader look like a smoked lamp chimney with the light blown out in the lamp. E. W. Harriman killed 'em dead the time he gave James Hazen Hyde the retort courteous by saying "Bow wow" to him at the Equitable Building. John D. Rockefeller's lecture to young men on "How to Succeed in Life" abounds in side-splitting comicalities and amusing conceits, especially that passage where the dear old joker says one should never let the right hand know whom the left hand is doing.

I can hardly recall a funnier thing than T. F. Ryan's latest and best joke in allowing August Belmont to be the official goat of the traction merger investigation. True, I concede that Mr. Belmont lacks many of the qualifications necessary for a real limelight goat, but look what a lovely time Mr. Ryan is having back in the wings.

Yet, after all, I would hand the palm to Mr. Wesley M. Oler. Of course, there are some who would rather hand him the hickory or the blackjack, but I would designate the palm for him, mingled perhaps with a few of the emblematic leaves of the slippery elm. I regard his bonmot on ice as the best thing I ever heard on the stage or off. Others have claimed credit for it, but I am in position to say that Mr. Oler is really the author of that immortal quip: "We are the instruments of Providence, and Providence makes all things equal—the rich have all the ice they want in the summer and the poor all they want in the winter."

I saw the front part of the new Cunarder come up the river yesterday. I only had about an hour to spare, and so I had to go away before she got through going by, but I am reliably informed that it took her longer to pass a given point than it takes a marching club to pass a corner where there are three saloons. She is a five-story English basement ship, to use the nautical term, and some of these times when she expects to be in port all day I think I'll take a trip on her. It's quite a long walk, they say. Yours,

HI.

Vivid "Drug Dreams."

GORGEOUS colors, glowing visions—these are the effects of mescal, to which many natives of Mexico and New Mexico are addicted. Mescal is a brown, brittle drug, concocted from the dried leaves of a small cactus which grows along the Rio Grande. Its properties were first discovered by the Kiowa Indians, who became so enslaved to it that its use was prohibited by law. As usual, though, the prohibition was ineffective. The Indians used it in their religious rites.

Havelock Ellis, experimenting with it in London, says iridescent butterfly forms of the most glowing colors flitted before him after drinking it. Myriads of them formed living arabesques of superhuman design and hues beyond description. Then he seemed to see a hollow, revolving vessel, upon whose mother-of-pearl surface played the most strange and brilliant colorings.

How Prisoners Read.

"IT IS rather pathetic," said a prison chaplain, "the way our inmates read their surreptitious newspapers. It is bad for the poor fellows' eyes, too.

"The prisoner who simply must read pastes with a bit of porridge his journal up against his cell door, beneath the peephole. He sits down on the floor a yard or two away, and holds his dust pan in one hand and his brush in the other. In this awkward and wearisome position, his eyes nearly popping out of his head from strain, he reads away for dear life. He is in paradise. He forgets his doom."

What They're Made Of.

PEPSIN is made of the dried inner lining of the stomach of a calf.

Glycerine is a byproduct of the soap factory.

Magnesia is extracted from a stone called dolomite.

Anti-pyrine, the famous fever cure, comes from coal.

Syrup of squills is made from a seaweed.