The World.

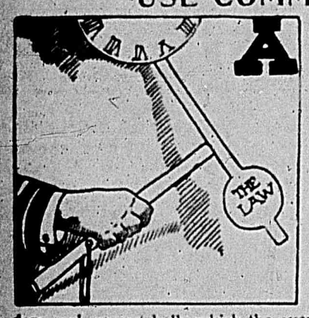
Published Daily Except Sunday by the Press Publishing Company, Nos. 53 to 63 Park Row, New York.
JOSEPH PULITZER, Pres., 7 East 75d Street. J. ANGUS SHAW, Sec.-Treas., 501 West 115th Street.

Entered at the Post-Office at New York as Second-Class Mail Matter.

Subscription Rates to the Evening World for the United States.	Canada.	For England and the Continent and All Countries in the International Postal Union.
One year.....$3.50	One year.....$6.75	One year.....$9.75
One month..... .30	One month..... .60	One month..... .85

VOLUME 48.....NO. 16,916.

USE COMMON SENSE.



AS is usual, the ordinary law-abiding, peaceable, industrious citizens of New York are the sufferers in the Sunday law matter. That is what commonly happens to the average citizen.

When it is a question of taxes the average citizen cannot borrow tax-exempt bonds or employ an attorney to look after his assessments. When the Sunday Liquor law is enforced it is the beer gardens and concert halls which the average citizen frequents that are closed tight, although disorderly resorts and dives may sell liquor behind closed doors. When the ordinance against street obstructions is enforced the little shopkeeper or the struggling peddler is the first to be yanked to the station-house.

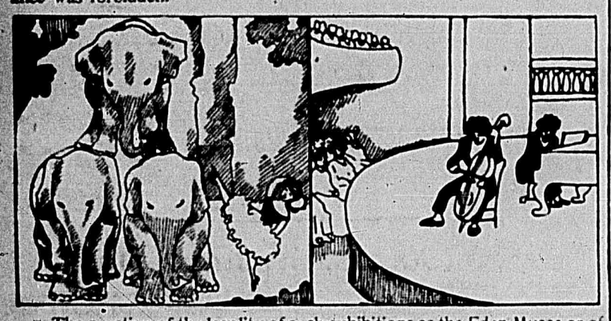
Now that the Sunday law is handled with that spasmodic activity which the police sometimes display in the performance of their duties the average citizen again is the one who suffers.

Such laws as these are enforced in New York in pendulum fashion. There is either an extreme of zeal in their enforcement or an extreme of negligence in their non-enforcement.

The history of this spasm of police activity should be recalled.

The vaudeville shows were running on Sunday nights as on week days. A test suit was made and a referee was appointed, who decided that pyramids of elephants or trick dogs and the like were circus performances, and that such exhibitions were forbidden.

When the referee's report came before Justice O'Gorman for confirmation or rejection the Justice decided that vaudeville, also, was a violation of the Penal Code, and that any theatrical or operatic performance was forbidden.



The question of the legality of such exhibitions as the Eden Musee or of the Carnegie Hall Sunday night concerts or of social dancing or of music and singing other than operas was not before Justice O'Gorman.

Thereupon the Police Department had a rabid fit. It closed up everything. It shut down upon wedding dances and social festivities. It prohibited Sunday singing and music.

It might as well have put a padlock on church organs and arrested the church choirs.

The Penal Code no more prohibits Sunday singing in Carnegie Hall than in a cathedral. It no more makes it illegal for an orchestra to play in a room where people are not eating than in a hotel or restaurant where they are eating. Yet the hotel orchestras and restaurants were not interfered with.

Everybody with common sense knows the difference between "performances of the stage" and a platform lecture, or an exhibition of pictures or a symphony concert.

The police should use common sense, with which there is no necessity that they should wholly part either when orders are issued from No. 300 Mulberry street or behind a desk in a station-house.

Enforce the law sensibly. Leave the concerts, orchestras, choirs, wedding dances, lectures and the like alone.

If Sunday is to be a day of unusual police activity let the surplus energy be worked off on the evasions of the liquor statutes by the low Raines law hotels and dives.

Letters from the People.

The Bridge Crush.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Recently I saw a suggestion about limiting the numbers of people in the cars at the bridge. If such a rule were to be enforced the women would never get home. Men in a hurry would jostle the women so that they would have no chance to board the car. I would like to hear other readers on this subject. C. T. R.

The Inner Wheels.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

When an automobile rounds a curve at full speed which wheels leave the ground, the ones inside near the curb, or the ones outside? C. T.

President Roosevelt's Offices.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

What offices did President Roosevelt hold from the time he was Police Commissioner of New York City until he became Vice-President? E. G. C.

Assistant Secretary of the Navy, Colonel of Rough Riders and Governor of New York.

Truancy.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Some time ago I read about a meeting to discuss truancy. No one can convince a parent that a child's character and brain change with every class. If the teacher is a crank the pupil is also, but if the teacher is patient, kind and gentle the scholar is likewise. Remember that "a tardy teacher makes a tardy scholar." The same applies to temper. If the teacher in whose class there are many bad boys was fined a day's pay like the police of New York on "slight offenses" the Board of Education would economize and meantime solve the truancy question, there then being no need of truant schools and officers. Why should there not be a Greater New York Parents' Association and get the pull those principals have? Reform the teachers, the principal, the superintendent and the man higher up and the truancy question is solved. Until we have the pull, political or otherwise, the number of truants will increase. The children are punished at home as well as in school, and if I had been hounded like some when I was a boy I would have been a truant, too. A. C. R.

One More Pedestrian.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I walked from Sixty-sixth street and Eleventh avenue, Brooklyn, to New York, in 48 3-4 minutes. Is this the record, readers? I would like to hear from others. C. MONRAD.

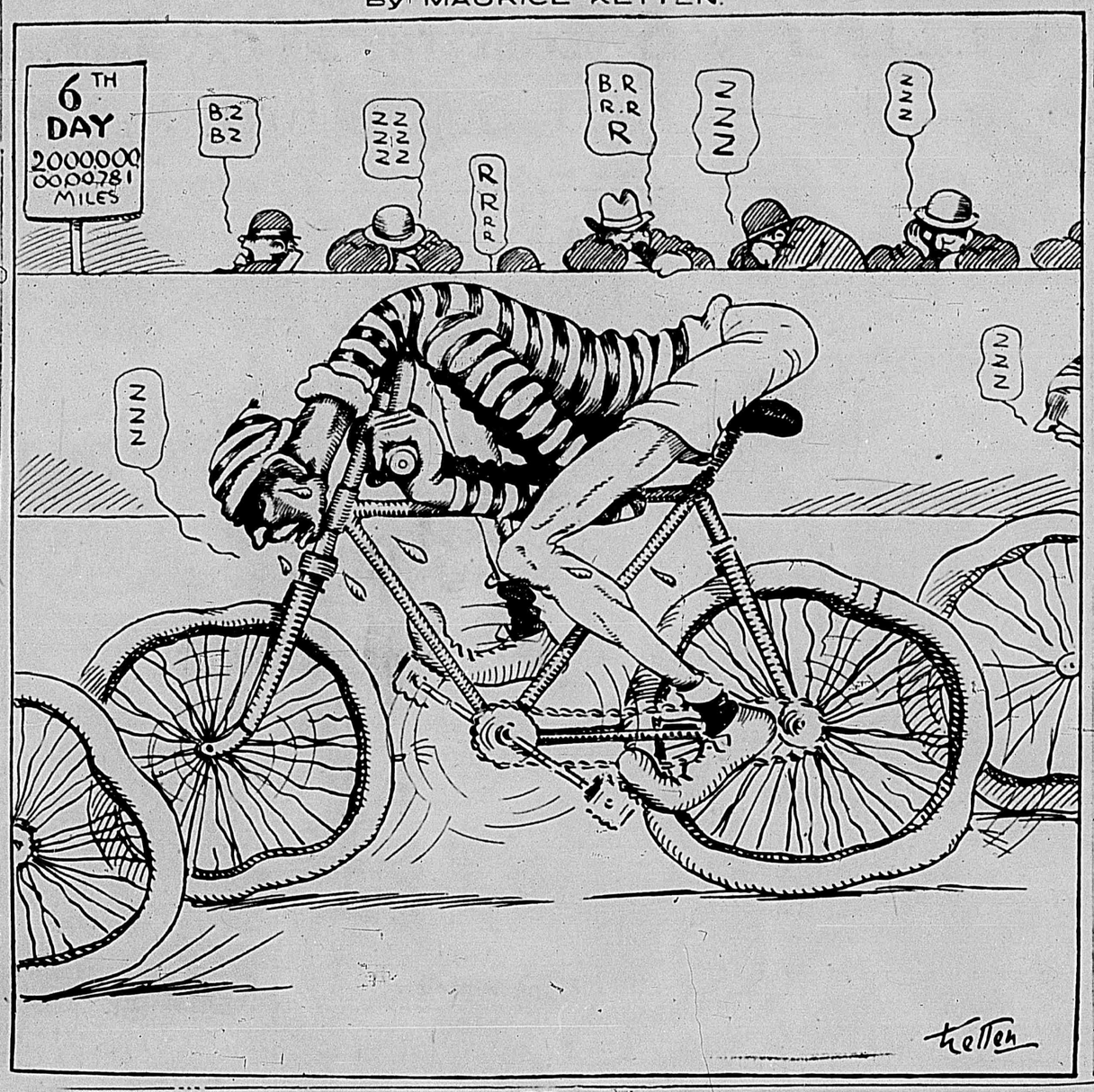
Another "Brain Twister."

To the Editor of The Evening World:

If it takes six months of denials, counter-denials and admissions to get one fleet started for the Pacific, how long would it take to get it back again in case it were found that it was needed on this side of the world? Would our grandchildren live to see its return, readers? Some wise person might enjoy solving this pretty brain twister. WASHINGTON.

Sport!

By MAURICE KETTEN.



The Story of the Operas

By Albert Payson Terhune.

NO. 3—WAGNER'S "LOHENGRIN."

ELSA and her young brother Godfrey were the children of the Duke of Brabant. During Godfrey's minority his kinsman, Frederick von Telramund, managed affairs of state. Frederick was betrothed to Elsa, but fell under the spell of Ortrud, a sorceress. Ortrud cast a spell on Godfrey, changing the boy to a swan and causing him to vanish. She told Frederick she had seen Elsa murder Godfrey. Frederick, in horror, repudiated Elsa and married Ortrud. Spurred on by his ambitious wife he denounced Elsa as a murderess and claimed for himself the rulership of Brabant.

King Henry of Germany, arriving at Antwerp, found the province in an uproar. Erecting a judgment seat on the bank of the River Schaldt he called on Frederick to make his formal charge and on Elsa to answer it. Von Telramund repeated his accusation, and offered to uphold it in mortal combat against any champion Elsa might select. The King turned to Elsa and asked whom she named as her champion. The girl, dazed and crushed by her unmerited danger, faltered but the tidings that in her dreams she had seen a gloriously beautiful knight, who had vowed to rescue her. As she spoke a shout of amazement rose from the river bank. Down the stream in a little boat drawn by a white swan sailed a knight in silver armor. Landing, he declared himself Elsa's champion, and begged her, should he overcome her accuser in battle, to bestow on him her hand. The Swan Knight accompanied this proposal with a plea that the girl should never seek to learn his name.

Elsa rapturously consented, both to the proposal and the condition. The heralds meantime were busy preparing a place for the combat. The Swan Knight and Frederick entered the lists. Their swords crossed. Almost at once Frederick was struck to earth. The Swan Knight scornfully spared his life. Branded as traitors and outlaws the defeated man and Ortrud slunk away, leaving the Brabant nobles busy with plans for next day's wedding of Elsa and the Swan Knight and festivities of welcome for the mysterious hero. * * *

Late that night Ortrud sought out Elsa, and by hypocritical tears won the young girl's pity and promise of protection. Ortrud proceeded artfully to instil in Elsa's mind a lively curiosity as to the Swan Knight's identity, and a suspicion that if she remained ignorant of his name he might some day be taken from her by the same mysterious magic that brought him to her aid.

On the following morning as the bridal party was on its way to church Ortrud and Frederick threw themselves in Elsa's way and publicly denounced the Swan Knight as a sorcerer and impostor, calling on him to declare his true name. The Knight scorned to reply, and the outcasts were thrust aside. But the memory of their words rankled, despite herself, in Elsa's mind. * * *

Accordingly as soon as the newly-married pair were alone together in the palace apartments set apart for them Elsa broke in on the Swan Knight's ardent love words by voicing her fear lest he be taken from her.

"Tell me who you are!" she pleaded.

"Elsa," groaned the Swan Knight, heartbroken, "what have you done? Our happiness is gone forever!"

Before he could explain the cause of his grief Frederick and four of his followers burst into the room, bent on assassinating the bridegroom and thus avenging Von Telramund's disgrace. With one blow of his sword the Knight laid Frederick dead at his feet. * * *

The King and his nobles on the river bank sat waiting the Swan Knight's coming. Elsa, surrounded by her handmaids, stood nearby. The body of Frederick was brought in and the tale of his death told. At last the Swan Knight arrived. Addressing the King he said that since his name must be revealed he could no longer remain in Brabant, but must leave both the country and his bride. He went on to tell of his home, the wonder-city of Monsalvat, in whose temple rested the Holy Grail (a sacred cup of heavenly origin). A body of knights, supernaturally protected, guarded the Grail. They went forth into the world at times to redress wrongs, but if on such expeditions they made known their identity they must at once return to Monsalvat.

"My father, Parsifal, is their King," he ended. "I am his Knight—Lohengrin!"

Scarce had Lohengrin finished speaking, when the swan, drawing the boat in which he had come to Brabant, appeared beside the bank. Lohengrin took a gold chain from the swan's neck. The bird vanished. In its place stood young Godfrey, Elsa's lost brother. Lohengrin leaped into the boat. A white dove descended from the skies, caught up the golden chain and flew on, the boat following. In amazement the crowd watched the mystic hero depart, until a turn in the river hid him from their view. Then Elsa, with a cry of despair, sank lifeless in her brother's arms.

"The Chorus Girl" and Her Gay Friends Carefully Size Up Christmas Graft

By Roy L. McCardell.

"AIN'T the men mean?" said the Chorus Girl. "Just when it gets close to Christmas they do everything in the world they can think of to pick fusses with fond and trusting hearts.

"But Mamma De Branscombe bids us beware, and she says that the merry Yuletide is the closed season for quarrels, so far as a lady that's at all skilly in the ways of the world is concerned.

"'Make 'em come across, my dears,' says she. 'Don't let them get away with the plea that one of the new gold ten-meg pieces isn't a suitable Christmas trinket, because it won't stack. The reason they won't stack is because nobody's got more than one at a time.'

"But, be that as it may, Mamma De Branscombe says, now is the time to be tactful. Why, she says, when she was married and Christmas time came along she wouldn't allow herself to lose her temper for nothing, and even if any of her husbands, be it whom it may at the time, came in and beat her, she'd put cold-water compress on any purple present she might receive on the eye, and say, with a roguish smile, 'I never seen such a man to romp.'

"'Give 'em no excuse on our part to play the hyena,' Mamma De Branscombe says, 'for Christmas comes but once a year, and when it comes everybody's got to produce!'

"I can't see how any of our gentlemen friends can duck their social obligations, because we certainly have standing room only at the flat on Sunday nights, now that the theatres is closed and there's no place else to go.

"There's true Southern hospitality at the flat on Sunday nights now, Mamma De Branscombe says everybody is welcome, and she tells them to come right up and dine with us any time they find it convenient. All she asks is that they bring somthing to eat and drink with them and tip Violet, the colored maid. For, with a houseful of company and so much bottle beer to open, Violet gets sore hands and peeved emotions, unless they see the gypsy with her and cross her palm with silver.

"Every time Violet threatens to leave unless she gets paid Mamma De Branscombe has to invite more company who don't forget to remember the maid.

"Harry Trimmers, the topline tightwad, tries to duck on the tip proposition, and he thinks because he made a rubber pocket for his overcoat out of an old hot-water bag and brings soup from somewhere that he has a look in. But has he? Oh, ask me!

"And Harry Trimmers had the impudence to bring his uncle over with him from Brooklyn. It is an uncle he admires very much because he only spends half as much as most people on account of having lost an arm during the Spannish war by putting his arm across the street-car tracks. But them was the days before the Metropolitan Street Railway went into the hands of a receiver, and to lose an arm that-a-way was a good business proposition.

"That one-wing relative made Dopey McKnight so mad by telling him that he could play better duets than Dopey could that Dopey threatened to make an armless wonder of him right then and there.

"Of course, we couldn't permit of any scene in our flat between two non-producers, but as we needed Dopey to play the piano we just told Harry Trimmers and his one-armed uncle we was so sorry they had to run off like that.

"Gently but firmly Mamma De Branscombe insists that what makes hard times is talking about them, and she begs Louie Zinsheimer and Abie Wogglebaum, when they start to discuss fires and failures, not to talk shop.

"Mike, the Strike-Breaker, has gone to Goldfield, but he blew Puss Montgomery before he went for a caracul coat and a solitaire engagement ring, which, of course, she can't wear on the engagement finger till she gets her divorce.

"Poor Puss cried away four complexions the day he left. She didn't like him personally, but purchasing agents like him was few and far between, and even George, Amy's fiance, who represents a wine house, you know, said that Mike, the Strike-Breaker, never looked good to him, his deportment being that of a hick on a holiday; but that he would say one thing, and that was that Mike, the Strike-Breaker, was sure the bottle king, although he had to be coached from the side lines constantly, as he was just as likely to call for any brand as he was for George's; and George said he has seen cases where, unless he protested, Mike would let the waiter bring American wine, and Mike wouldn't know the difference either in price or label.

"I sure do hope that all our holiday amiability to a lot of male persons will not go unrewarded, Kid; because we certainly have pushed out our money freely buying presents for them.

"Why, we haven't done a thing but spend our time and money in the ten-cent stores.

"Say, Dopey McKnight says that all the trouble up at the Hippodrome is that they need a good piano-player!"

The Newlyweds & Their Baby

By George McManus

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

Mark Twain on Painters.

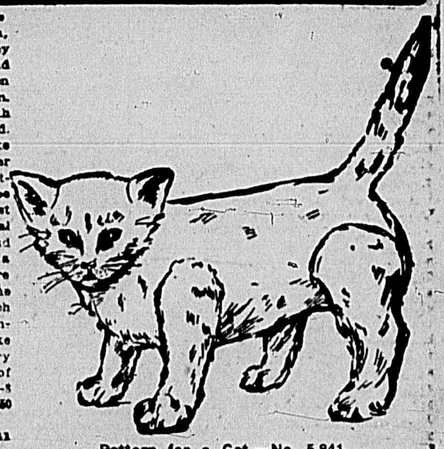
MARK TWAIN at a dinner recently given in this city talked about the drawbacks of housekeeping. Referring to the painting season he said:

"If you are a housekeeper I don't need to tell you that when a painter has taken up the parlor carpet, removed the furniture from the dining-room, leaned two ladders against the hall mantel and stacked a half-dozen variegated cans of paint on the sideboard, it means he is now ready to paint the outside shutters and the back fence."

May Manton's Daily Fashions.

ALL children love soft, warm, woolly cats. They can be hugged and caressed, and even slept on without harm. This one is made with jointed legs and head. As illustrated, white fur plush makes her coat but a really attractive pussy can be made from almost every pretty material that is woolly, and gray, black and a variety of colors are quite realistic. For the little children such simple fabrics as canton flannel will make an entirely satisfactory toy. The quantity of material required is 5-8 yard 27, or 1-2 yard 50 inches wide.

Pattern No. 5,841 is cut in one size only.



Pattern for a Cat.—No. 5,841.

How to Obtain These Patterns: Call or send by mail to THE EVENING WORLD MAY MANTON FASHION BUREAU, No. 2 West Twenty-third street, New York. Send ten cents in coin or stamps for each pattern ordered. IMPORTANT—Write your name and address plainly, and always specify size wanted.