The World.

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A STREET-CAR CURFEW.

A BROOKLYN HUSBAND asks for an editorial appealing to Brooklyn women to keep out of the street cars during rush hours. He thinks that Brooklyn women should arrange their shopping, matinees and club meetings so that they will do their street-car riding between 9 o'clock and 5 o'clock in the day time or after 7 o'clock at night, and not during rush hours.

The reasons given by him for this appeal will be printed in the hope that Brooklyn women may heed them and that the daily life of Brooklyn men may thereby be made more bearable.

Brooklyn is a city of homes. It has few hotels and a small transient population. It is a most respectable place. For gambling and tenderloin resorts it depends upon Manhattan Island. Such things have had only an occasional brief, sporadic existence in the City of Churches.

Many if not the majority of Brooklyn homes are maintained by some man going six days a week to New York to work and bringing back his wages or salary to Brooklyn for the support of a family. It is not uncommon for the Brooklyn man who leads a moral life to be supporting seven or eight women, his wife, his or her sisters, his grown up children, a cook and chambermaid, washwoman and possibly a mother-in-law or a grandmother. He does the earning for the family and the women do most of the spending.

These women, by arranging the household duties, have their afternoons to themselves. While their husbands, having hastened through a dairy lunch, are working at their jobs, the wives, sisters, aunts and mothers-in-law, et cetera, come over to New York. They form a great part of the audiences at matinees. They are chronic attendants at women's lectures, luncheons and clubs.

Since the opening of the tea rooms in the neighborhood of the Waldorf and further up Fifth avenue at the Plaza many of them after the matinee or their shopping do not return home, but drop in for a festive cup of tea, like men in the old days, when wives stayed at home and men had time to spare, would drop in at a hotel, cafe or club for a 5 o'clock cocktail.

This delay means that Brooklyn women do not get to the Bridge until half-past 5 o'clock, or on towards 6 o'clock. Then they crowd the cars. Many of them are plump. Some of them, if they were not so carefully laced, might be called fat. The average of them takes up twice as much room on a street-car bench as the hard-working and oppressed Brooklyn man.

This is not right.

It is enough for a man to support the women of his family and their feminine relatives without having to hang on a car strap because they occupy the seats during the rush hours. It is a temptation to Brooklyn husbands not to come home promptly when their work is done, but to dissipate themselves even to the extent of a cocktail and a table d'hote dinner and staying out until 10 o'clock at night.

A modern curfew law is desired by this particular Brooklyn husband, who would like to have all Brooklyn women compelled to be home by 5 o'clock in the afternoon, in which case also they would not be so likely to provide a skimpy dinner on the ground that they themselves had a big luncheon and an elaborate tea and lack appetite for anything more substantial.

Here is a question which is of vital interest to more people than whether the Socialists should be allowed to make speeches from the Union Square band stand, for the down-trodden husbands of this neighborhood outnumber the Socialists ten to one.

Letters from the People.

In The World Almanac.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Where can I determine accurately which are the five leading nations according to size of navy?

JOHN H. SOHL.
Jersey City, N. J.

No.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Is there an Edison star? J. M.

239 Broadway.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Where is the Legal Aid Society?

M. M.
West New Brighton, Staten Island.

Employees' Side of the Story.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I read a letter complaining of rudeness and unnecessary remarks toward ladies, made by C. R. R. employees in her hearing. I wish to say in every railroad station and all such public places there are bound to be remarks made by the employees. Being in a position to notice and come in contact with all kinds of people, from the very lowest to the highest, it is only natural they should notice peculiarities. But I think women who dress in a neat fashion and conduct themselves as ladies should need have no fear of insulting remarks. This does not mean that I uphold such conduct on the part of the C. R. R. employees. They ought not to have spoken so loudly.

Jersey City. ELLIS NORTON.

Stormy.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

What kind of a day was March 11, 1888, clear or stormy?

JAMES ANDERSON,
City Island.

June 15.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

When does the straw hat season open—May 15 or June 15? P. J. B.

Praise for Editorial.

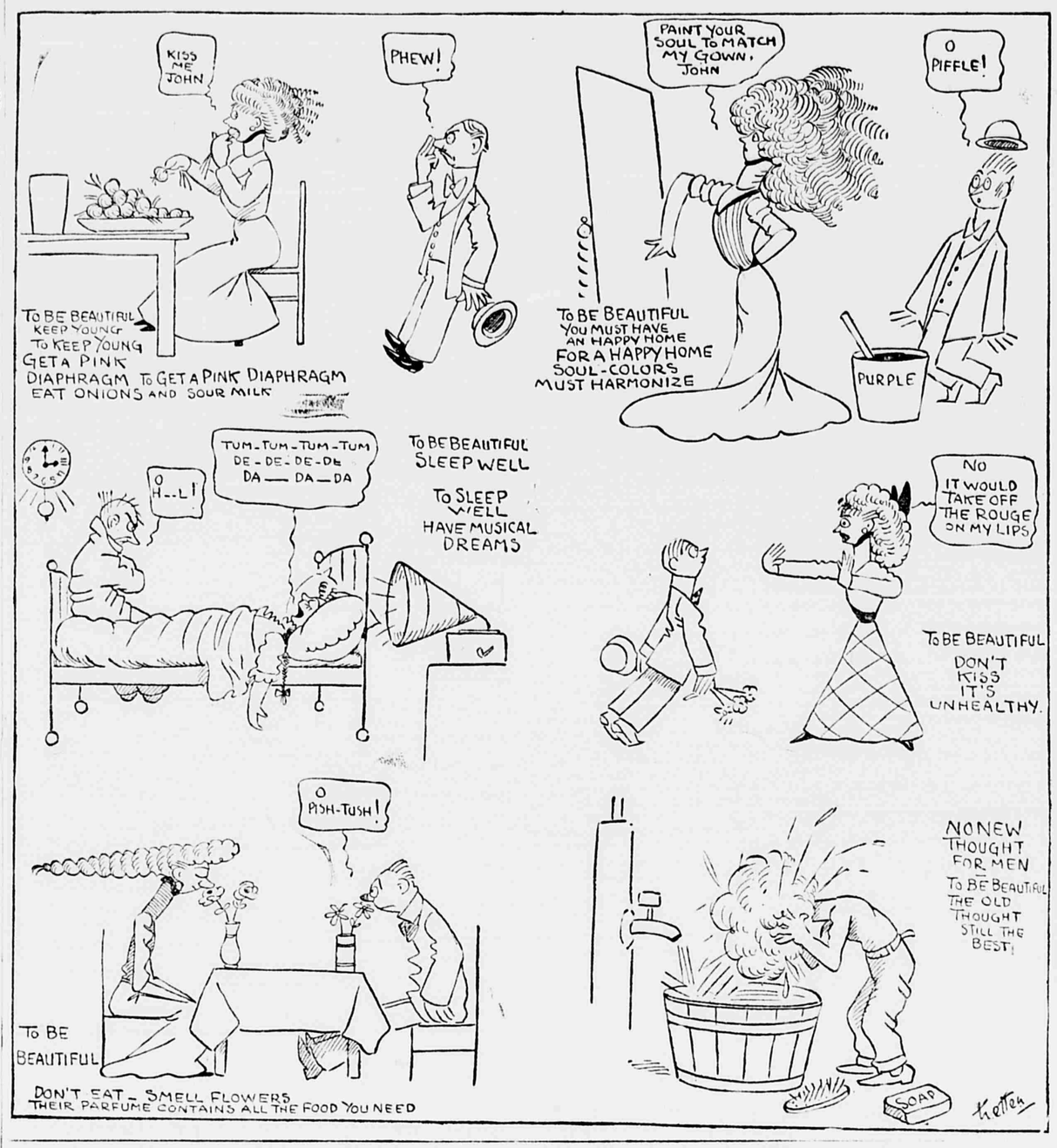
To the Editor of The Evening World:

Your recent editorial on "Socialism and Anarchism" is an excellent one. It defines the two theories completely. Many progressive readers of your newspaper will thank you for that editorial and heartily congratulate you for it. Every word in the editorial is true, written by one knowing the subject. It was very necessary at this moment to give to the people a clear definition of those terms, since many, in fact the majority, combine anarchism and socialism with bomb-throwing.

PHILIP BERMAN.

"The New Thought."

By Maurice Ketten.



Mr. Jarr Goes to Gus's Place for a Little Springtime Philosophy; Still, He Doesn't See Just Why a German Must Be Blue to Be Happy

By Roy L. McCardell.

Roy L. McCardell

"WELL, soon have the good weather, hey, Gus?" said Mr. Jarr, as he dropped into Gus's place on the corner. "The days are growing longer."

Gus wiped off the bar and sighed.

"What's the matter with you?" asked Mr. Jarr, for the concerns of one's host are of deep interest.

"It's the hard times," said Gus. "What's the matter with this country, anyway? I think it's them Prohibitionists that's put everything on the bum. Now, in Germany there ain't any Prohibitionists, and there ain't no hard times!"

"Oh, there's been plenty of hard times in Germany," said Mr. Jarr, as if to encourage the boniface. "Only you don't remember them."

"There wasn't none when I was a young feller in Berlin. Fool that I was to come to this country," said Gus.

"I never saw you like this," said Mr. Jarr, sympathetically.

"It's the springtime and the way a man's bothered in this country with so many laws," said Gus. "To-morrow comes Sunday, and what is it in this country? There is no enjoyment except to go to a funeral out by Greenwood or Steinway, and you ain't got a friend what dies every day."

"Now, what better time can you have in Germany on Sunday?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"You should see!" said Gus, his face lighting up. "Comes the first warm Sunday this time of year and the people all go to church in the morning and then 'Mit Kind und Kogel'—that means 'with the children and everything'—they go to the beer gardens like the Grunewald, near Berlin, and they have a good time. The old woman packs a basket with rye bread and schinken—that's ham, and sweitzer kase and wurst, and they get to the garden and sit at the tables and order their steins and seidels, and the women gets their coffee and gossips, and the mens look at the newspapers or talk politics and Socialism, and maybe there is your whole Singverein singing them student songs, and the good old Lutheran hymns and funny songs, so comical everybody laughs, and the kids is chased off to play together"—

"Ah, that's all very well," said Mr. Jarr, "but look how you are dominated by a supercilious military class in Germany."

"I never see that domination, whatever it is, but plenty of soldiers come to the beer gardens with their girls," replied Gus.

"But the officers," said Mr. Jarr. "They push you aside and if you bump into them they cut you down with their swords and nothing is done about it!" Mr. Jarr grew indignant at the thought of the wrongs endured by the German proletariat at the hands of the military oppressor.

"I never seen it," said Gus; "everybody in Germany minds his business. The only time I ever been pushed off the sidewalk was in Washington, and that was by them colored mens; after that I walked in the street like Washington peoples do. And you bet you don't get clubbed by the police or tramped on by their horses in Germany," he added.

Mr. Jarr hastily changed the subject. "So Germany is nice in springtime?" he asked.

"Germany is nice all the time," said Gus, "and I was telling you how about it at the beer gardens. Towards 9 o'clock, when it's getting time to go home and everybody is feeling jolly, they all sing:

'Verlossen, verlossen, verlossen, bin ich!'

"Which is in English, 'Forsaken, forsaken am I!' And then they'll sing:

'Ich weiss nich was soll es bedeuten
Das ich so trausug bin!'

"Which is 'don't know what it means that I am so unhappy;' oh, all them old sad songs."

"Sad songs, when you are feeling happy?" asked Mr. Jarr. "Why?"

"I don't know," said Gus, "but it's always the way with a Dutchman."

"Then," said Mr. Jarr, "now that you are feeling blue you are really very happy?"

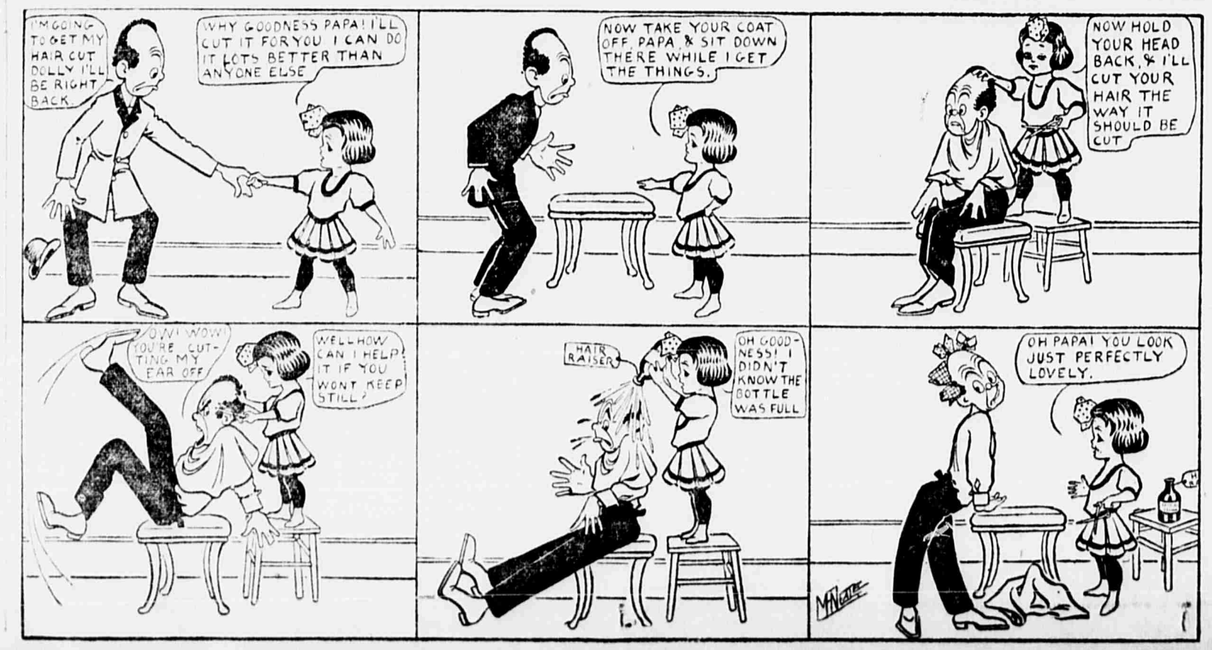
"Sure!" said Gus, smiling. "Let us have a drink! Some day you and I will go by Germany, and I'll show you what a good time is!"

"Why didn't you stay there?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"Ach, and go three years in the army, and always be a poor man!" replied Gus. "I guess not; this country is good enough for me!"

And then they took a drink to the health of this country.

Dolly Doo Does Her Dad ♣ ♣ ♣ By M. F. Neale



Nixola Greeley-Smith

ON TOPICS OF THE DAY.

Losing the World—and Love.

Nixola Greeley-Smith

PRINCESS MONICA PIA has been surrendered by her mother, formerly Crown Princess of Saxony, to the King, her father. This incident closes the last chapter in the amazing romance of a King's daughter who eloped with a tutor, and who after the birth of the little Princess separated from him and ultimately married the musician Toselli.

It furnishes the latest reply to the world-old query, embodied in a popular saying, as to whether or not the world is well lost for love.

To this question there could be but one answer were it established that it is possible to gain love by losing the world. But it is the general misfortune of those upon whom the choice between love and the world is forced that they lose both by electing to forfeit the world.

This is particularly true in the case of a woman who, like the Princess Louise, sacrifices a throne and a home for the love of a man. As a princess, there was about Louise a prestige that would have compelled any man beneath her in rank to love her from the sheer flattery of her preference. And about any woman protected by a home and the approval of society, there is a similar glamour that she forfeits whenever she reaches the decision that the world is well lost for love.

Princess Louise, shorn of her rank, lived with the tutor for whom she had sacrificed a throne a few months. Then they separated and in less than a year the man had married. She, too, has taken a second husband, but he is not the man she forfeited the world for.

A woman has to be very extraordinarily attractive to hold a man against the world she has sacrificed for him. Almost inevitably the ordinary woman learns that the very things she has given up are those which made her precious to him.

That is why any emotional association of men and women outside what may be termed the legal limits is, quite apart from any question of morals, disastrous to the woman.

To the man the world she has given up for him makes so much of the woman that without it she ceases gradually, and quite against his will, to be so precious.

Man is, when all things are told, the conventional sex, and the woman who forgets a man's inherent conventionality is sure to lose him.

SIX TALKS TO GIRLS ON

Speaking and Writing English

By Gertrude Barnum

No. 6—The Authoress.

Gertrude Barnum

"I AM a young neckwear-maker by trade," said a young girl the other day, "but I expect to take up literature and journalism soon."

It is, perhaps, the exceptional girl who has never dreamed of a literary career, as the weary editors and overflowing waste baskets prove, and it is the exceptional aspirant to authorship who takes the trouble to find out at the start what authorship means.

An author is one who creates, and the little neckwear-maker has several questions to ask herself preliminary to literary creation.

What does she wish to create?

How shall she create it?

How shall she exist during the creative period?

She should begin by framing very definite answers to these questions.

Perhaps she does not care what she creates, just so it will bring her money and fame; in which case by making a close study of what pays in newspapers, magazines and books, and diligently practising the technique of this popular literature, she may, after years of effort, succeed at last in adding to the mediocre scribblings which already choke the public mind and stultify the public soul.

Perhaps she imagines that writing literature is a trick easily acquired, in which case she will painfully learn that art is long and the editor short.

Perhaps she means to support herself on her pen earnings at once, in which case she will probably not live to tell the tale.

But let us think seriously of a girl burning with a desire to create literature which shall quicken us to see, hear and feel new beauties and truths, or inspire us to better deeds. Surely this aspirant should be encouraged, for "the reward of following truth is such that even those who blunder after it are immortal." She should be warned, however, that her chosen path is steep and stony; she must be prepared to subsist upon roots and water as she climbs.

The would-be literary artist must first familiarize herself with her materials, words, by studying the dictionary and such books as Roget's "Thesaurus of English Words," Swinton's "Rambles Among Words," Mathew's "Words, Their Use and Abuse." Next should come a course in grammar, for knowledge of the fundamental rules for combining words into phrases and sentences. Then comes rhetoric, for the elements of style, with the help of such a guide as Prof. John Nichol's "Primer of Composition." The study of the works of literary masters must follow, and a search through their letters and biographies for helpful hints—such as Collins's famous advice to story-teller's: "Make them laugh; make them weep; make them wait."

Models must be chosen carefully and then not imitated, except for training in the use of language. The student should become as fastidious as the New England critic who said: "In reading prose I am sensitive as soon as a sentence drags; but in poetry as soon as a word drags." She must appreciate how Shakespeare grapples at once with the main problem of the tragedy in "Lear" and "Macbeth." She must follow Shakespeare's example in omitting "all but the important passages."

Having listened and learned humbly at the feet of masters, the American writer should remind herself that her special province is not to imitate antique models, but to create modern American literature, which shall picture present day life and stimulate and immortalize the true American spirit.

Why hark back to the days of chivalry for romance and leave the heroes and heroines of our own land and day unwept, unhonored and unsung? Modern American authors will prove very practical teachers for the American writer, and she could hardly find better inspiration and help than that in Emerson's "Letters and Social Aims."

By the time the "author" graduates from the necessary course of training she will realize that one has to keep very wide awake to make one's dreams come true. And before the little neckwear-maker abandons her present useful trade she would better understand that there are few means of livelihood more difficult to "take up" than "literature and journalism."

The Leap Year Tradition Is a Jest.

By Helen Oldfield.

ST. PAUL wrote ages ago that all things were lawful for him, but all things were not expedient. There is no reason whatever, except that of expediency, why any woman, at any time, may not ask any man to marry her.

There is no law against it in any written code. Her own self-respect ought to suffer, if it does not, by an act which generally is regarded as an outrage to all the conventions of society. Moreover, almost without exception, the man to whom she made such an offer would be revolted thereby.

Anthropologists tell us that the primitive method of courtship practised by the cave man was to run with all his might after the woman who ran away fastest from him; and from that day unto this all save the newest of new women will agree that few experiences are so beneficial to the formation of a young man's character as the wooing of a woman who is hard to win.

In the first place, it is likely to lessen his self-conceit and teach him that humility which is so useful in the conduct of life that pride has been known to ape it.

In the second place, it teaches him to endeavor to please another instead of expecting all women to pay deference to him. It is not to be denied that many men are spoiled by the women, mothers, sisters, sweethearts and wives, who make it their chief object to please them instead of insisting upon reciprocity and going upon the principle that "turn about is fair play."

It is human nature, masculine human nature especially, since women so often must take what they can get, to value a thing in exact proportion to the degree of difficulty with which it is obtained. However much it may tickle a man's vanity to believe that a woman is in love with him, he thinks the less of her for showing her love too plainly. Still less can he tolerate that she shall make the advances which he has been taught to believe are his own especial prerogatives.

Moreover, every woman who knows anything ought to be aware that the tradition of leap year is merely a jest, and in no way whatever alters the actual relations between the sexes regarding love and marriage. It originated when it was considered a reproach to be an "old maid," when girl children were taught in the nursery, "Marry well if you can, but at all events marry;" an age when a criminal on his way to the gallows might be saved from death by any woman who would take him to husband.—Chicago Tribune.

The Strongest Timber Known.

THE yate tree of Western Australia, growing to a height of 100 feet and a diameter of two and one-half to three feet, yields the strongest timber known. Late tests showed an average tensile strength of 24,000 pounds to the square inch.