The World.

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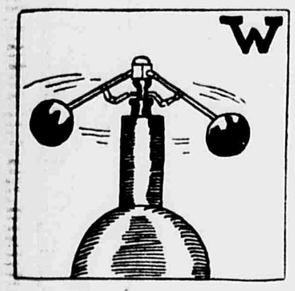
THE VALUE OF TALK.



WHEN a boiler gets up steam three things can be done with it. The best is to use the steam to do useful work. Second, the steam can blow off through the safety valve. Third, if the boiler keeps on making steam which neither goes into an engine cylinder nor wastes through the safety valve there will be an explosion and somebody is very likely to get hurt.

Man's brain is a sort of human boiler which is continually producing words and ideas. The best thing to do with its products is to apply the ideas to useful work, to high thought, to elevating and advancing the world. And to use words to express these thoughts and to aid in the progress of civilization.

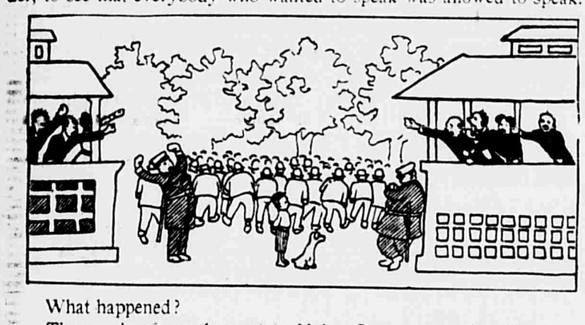
Some men have more ideas than words. Most men have more words than ideas. In either case talk tends to restore the balance of brain pressure and to maintain a mental equilibrium. If this cannot be done freely and in public the result is hidden agitation, secret conspiracy and every little while an explosion of some kind.

A few weeks ago the police prohibited a public meeting in Union Square. This was the duty of the police, since under the law public meetings in Union Square may be held only under a permit from the Park Department, and the Park Commissioner had refused to issue a permit for this meeting.

But all the police and Park Commissioner could do was to prevent orderly public speaking. They could not prevent a crowd gathering. They could not keep excited men from climbing on stoops and trucks, shouting defiance and proclaiming forcible agitation. One man whose brain was out of equilibrium exploded a bomb.

Public orderly speech-making was prevented, but at a cost of increased social disorder.

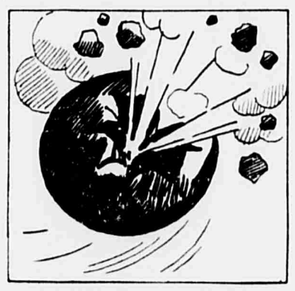
On May day there was another meeting at Union Square. The Park Commissioner had granted a permit to some of the same socialists to whom a permit for the prior meeting had been refused. This meeting was attended by police, not to prevent public speaking but to preserve order, to see that everybody who wanted to speak was allowed to speak.



What happened?

Thousands of people went to Union Square expecting there would be trouble. When they found out there would be no trouble and that those who remained would have to listen to the speeches most of the gathering went away.

The few who stayed orated until their throats were hoarse. The socialists objected to the anarchists speaking at the socialists' meeting. The police decided that everybody could speak and that no speaker should be interfered with.



Kindly note that the people at this meeting who wanted to interfere with anarchists' speeches were the socialists and that the most bitter attack on the socialists was made by Alexander Berkman, a professional anarchist.

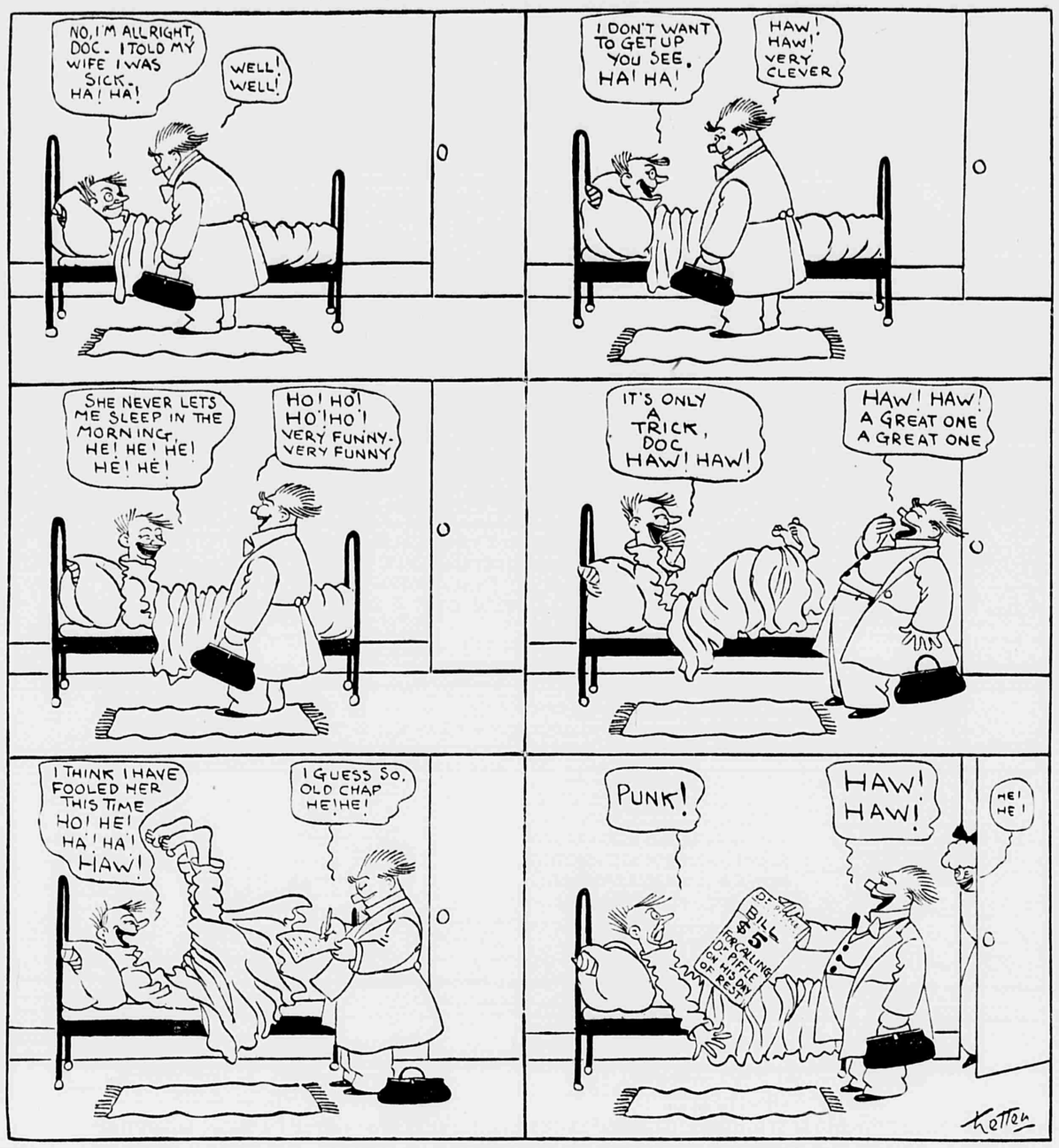
This kind of talk lost all interest in the public air of Union Square. The audience was bored. The police stood around and yawned. The speakers soon tired of hearing themselves talk.

There were no bombs, no trouble, no disorder.

How much better it is to lift the safety valve than to have the boiler burst!

The Day of Rest.

By Maurice Ketten.



The Story of The Presidents

By Albert Payson Terhune

No. 22—FRANKLIN PIERCE.

Fourteenth President (1804-1869). Slender, dark, handsome. Large, rather weak mouth, long, straight nose, high cheek bones, long chin, big, dark eyes.

BECAUSE he was sent to college when he wanted to be a soldier young Franklin Pierce, a New Hampshire lad, found himself, at eighteen, at the very foot of his class at Bowdoin. In those days such a position spelt disgrace. The only excuse Pierce had to offer was that he had spent too much time drilling a military company of fellow students and too little in study. It was a blow to his father, a shrewd old farmer, who had been a Revolutionary captain and later was to become Democratic Governor of New Hampshire. The boy himself had the grace to be ashamed of his idleness. So well did he retrieve his ill luck that in 1824 he was graduated third highest in a class that contained such future celebrities as Henry W. Longfellow and Nathaniel Hawthorne.

Though his father was well-to-do, Pierce had been obliged to teach school in order to pay his way through college. After graduation he studied law and was admitted to the New Hampshire bar in 1827. He lost his first case in a rather ludicrous fashion. To his joking friends he exclaimed:

"I'll live to argue cases in this court-house in a way that will mortify neither myself nor my friends."

The prophecy was soon to come true. Indeed, so quickly did he rise as a lawyer that in 1829 he was sent to the New Hampshire Legislature. There began his political career. From first to last he was an ardent Democrat, and started public life as a devoted follower of Andrew Jackson's doctrines. Four terms he served in the Legislature, being Speaker during the last two, and in 1833, when only twenty-nine, went to Congress. His work there was useful rather than brilliant. But in 1837 he

Rapid Rise and Battles.

was elected a United States Senator, being the youngest member of the Senate and barely of age to hold such a position. Among his associates there were Daniel Webster, Henry Clay, John C. Calhoun, Thomas Benton and James Buchanan. In such company so young a man could scarcely hope to shine. But he did good work and won the friendship of many great statesmen. Though he could probably have remained in the Senate as long as he chose, he resigned in 1842 and went back to law practice. President Polk offered him the Attorney-Generalship in 1845, and he was tendered the nomination for Governor of New Hampshire as well as another term as Senator. All these offices he declined, preferring, he said, to live henceforth as a private citizen.

The outbreak of the Mexican war called Pierce from his retirement, and woke again his ambitions to be a soldier. He enlisted as a private in a New Hampshire battalion; but Polk almost at once gave him a Brigadier-General's commission. His brigade joined Gen. Scott's march against the City of Mexico. At the battle of Contreras he did gallant service, and narrowly escaped death. Through the fall of his horse Pierce's knee was badly injured. He refused to leave the field, but, mounting a horse whose rider had been slain, pressed forward again to the attack.

In the battle of Cherubusco, just afterward, his horse could not cross a ravine and Pierce went ahead on foot. The pain from his wounded knee was so intense that he fell to earth in a dead faint. His men revived him with difficulty and were about to carry him from the field. But he refused to leave the battle, insisting on remaining where he was, under a galling fire, until the Mexicans retreated. Though displaying no vast military genius, Pierce won deserved laurels for personal courage and for his almost fatherly care of the troops under his command. He was one of many Americans who proved their valor in our war with Mexico, and who were yet to win a more widespread renown. Among these were Ulysses S. Grant, W. T. Sherman, Jefferson Davis and Robert E. Lee.

The war over, Pierce went back to his New Hampshire law practice. In 1852 he was nominated at the Democratic convention for President on the forty-ninth ballot. Gen. Scott was his Whig opponent. Pierce won the Presidency by 254 electoral votes to Scott's 42. This Democratic triumph was the death blow to the Whig party, which almost immediately went out of existence. Scarce had Pierce's term as President begun when the ever-smouldering slavery question burst forth with fresh flame. Although he was a New Englander, Pierce upheld the Fugitive Slave law, as had Fillmore, and declared slavery constitutional. He also frowned on anti-slavery agitation as a menace to prosperity.

In 1853 a boundary dispute between the United States and Mexico resulted in our acquiring Arizona. Trouble with England as to fishery questions was also successfully smoothed over and a "reciprocity" treaty made. Our diplomatic system was reorganized and a "retired list" provided for the navy. England privately enlisted men here for her Crimean war in 1855, and Pierce in consequence dismissed the British Minister as well as several consuls. The matter was patched up with no great difficulty. Border warfare between the slavery and anti-slavery factions ran

Border War in Kansas.

high in Kansas during this Administration, which Pierce's best efforts could only partly check. It was one of the countless clashes that led to the civil war.

At the close of his term Pierce came up again for renomination, but was beaten in convention, June, 1856, by James Buchanan, of Pennsylvania, who was nominated on the seventeenth ballot. Remaining in office nine months longer, Pierce, by his violent opposition to the plans for making Kansas a no-slave State, lost prestige still further among the strong anti-slavery faction. On leaving the Presidency he travelled in Europe for three years, then returned to private life in Concord, N. H. Except for a speech during the Civil War sympathizing with the Confederates, and a letter to Jefferson Davis condemning the abolition of slavery, the rest of Pierce's life was without special interest. His wife and three children were dead, and his final years were spent in loneliness and sorrow.

Missing numbers of this series may be obtained on application by sending a one-cent stamp for each article to "The Evening World Circulation Department."

The Best Jokes From the Papers Of the Day.

"I'M afraid there must be insanity in your family."

"Why so?"

"I hear that your daughter jilted the man who runs the elevator in your apartment-house to marry a poet."—Young's Magazine.

• • •

"WHAT, then," asked the professor, "is the exact difference between logic and sophistry?"

"Well," replied the bright student, "if you're engaged in a controversy, it's just the difference between your line of argument and the other fellow's."—Le Rire.

• • •

DUBLEY is married now," said Towne, "and he's got a reputation to live up to."

"I heard he was married to that young widow," replied Browne. "But what's the reputation you speak of?"

"His wife's first husband!"—Philadelphia Press.

• • •

"SO you tried to drive a sharp bargain and got cheated again," said Mrs. Corntossel.

"That's what happened," answered the farmer.

"Maybe you will learn after awhile that you can't get something for nothing."

"No, I can't. But it seems like the other fellows can."—Washington Star.

The "Fudge" Idiotorial.

Toot! Toot! Toot!

Copyrgt. 1908, by the Planet Pub. Co.

Whizzing through Greenwich, Conn., yesterday in our new $10,000 Cutta-Dasha Machine, our attention was arrested by a sign marking a tunnel and Mr. Mellen's railroad, reading:

"TOOT!"

What a world of thought is embraced in this single combination of but two letters of the alphabet. "t" and "o"! Little letters make a loud noise. This leads us up to our THOUGHT.

Make a LOUD NOISE and people will think you are doing something. Keep very still and they will think you are DOING SOMEBODY.

We LOVE a LOUD NOISE! We make all we can, and will continue to until our WIND GIVES OUT. We are pretty well supplied with WIND. We use the Wind to turn our Wheels. Stop in some day when you are not busy and see them go around.

The Longest Straight Track.

THE longest straight stretch of track in the world is to be found on the line of the Buenos Ayres and Pacific Railway, in the Argentine Republic. The length of this is 205½ miles and it is situated on the main line and commences at a point about 15 miles from the city named.

The Girl of 1908 Must Eat Pic les And Be Pale.

THIS spring if you would be fashionable you must acquire the correct pale complexion.

Like most fashions, this one has come from Paris, where for several years women have been producing the most wonderful complexions by rubbing powder well into creamed skins, producing a pasty surface that suggests the makeup of a Pierrot. Viennese women have this tone to their skin.

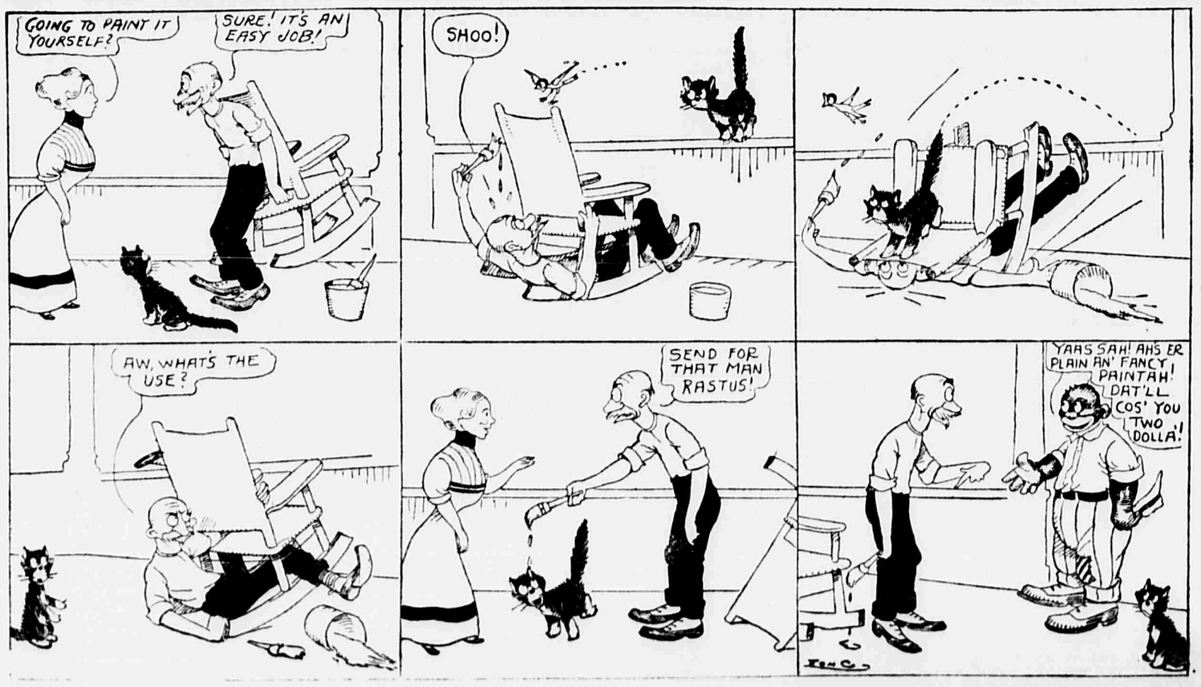
The girl who attains the new pallor must eat sour things and many really unpleasant dishes. Lemons and pickles and vinegary foods of all sorts are said to take the color from the face without emaciating it.

Merely eliminating red meats from the bill of fare will do much toward doing away with an objectionable glow. Macaroni and Italian pastes are included in the diet for the new tint. No other women in the world have the clear, white complexion that is so noticeable among the women of Italy.

Milk diets tend to make a lovely pallor, and broths, salads and green vegetables are better than starchy foods. Sweet wines, champagne, tea and coffee are also strictly tabooed.

Avoid cold water. There is nothing that will give the face such a rough, red surface as too frequent splashings with cold water.

Mr. Showemhow Paints a Porch Chair -:- -:- By F. G. Long



Letters from the People.

Two Razors.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

A correspondent complains of trouble in shaving. Let him have one razor for clearing off the rough beard on his face and a second razor for finishing off the shaving and he'll have no more trouble.

I. W.

Big and Little Thieves.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

In answer to the question, "Why do people often plead for clemency for a thief?" It is because if a thief should be sent to prison he will often become more of a thief when he gets out. And, in regards to thefts by a man out of work, it all depends on how much he steals. If he steals a loaf of bread he may land in jail; if he steals a few millions he may land in some high office. Do you see the difference, readers? MAT.

Fox and Hound Problem.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

This problem recently appeared: "A fox is 60 leaps ahead of a hound. The hound takes 4 leaps while the fox takes 3 leaps, but 3 of the hound's leaps are equal to 7 of the fox's leaps. How far will the fox go before he is overtaken, and how many leaps will the hound take?" Here is my solution: Let 3x = the number of the fox's leaps before he is overtaken by the hound. Let 7x = the number of the hound's leaps to catch the fox. Then we [illegible] equation: $7x + 60 \div 4 = 3x \div 6$. Then, transposing, we have $42x + 360 = 27x$. Then we find the value of x. We have $15x = 360$, therefore $x = 24$. 7x times 24 = 72 leaps, the number that the fox took before he was overtaken; and 7x times 24 = 168 leaps, or the number that the hound took to catch the fox.

JOSEPH.

Bathing Beaches.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

The bathing season is coming. Here are two improvements I want to suggest: One is that all beaches be so lighted and arranged that people can bathe in the evenings. What good do the beaches on week days do to a man who has to work till 6 o'clock? Another good thing would be to set aside beaches where people could get real sea bathing for five cents. Let the city do this. I think the investment would pay for itself the first season. Lots of people love sea bathing, but can't afford high rates. What do readers think of these ideas? S. K. FREMNA, JR.

Episcopalian.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

To what religious denomination did Washington belong? F. H. W.

Apply to Supreme Court.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I have an awfully long name and very difficult to pronounce. I am about to be married and would like to have it changed before that time. Where [illegible]

Nixola Greeley-Smith

ON TOPICS OF THE DAY

Mrs. Glyn on Divorce.

ELINOR GLYN was quoted recently in Chicago as having said that America must be the happiest country in the world because it has the greatest number of divorces, and Chicago the happiest city in it because its courts dissolve more matrimonial bonds than those of any other place in the United States.

Mrs. Glyn may have been serious in this assertion or she may have been gently satirical—I am inclined to the latter view, because from Mrs. Glyn's recent literature one is forced to conclude that she regards divorce as a relic of barbarism, it being so much easier for heroes or heroines to grab anything their affections light upon without tedious legal formalities of any kind.

Yet, undoubtedly, Mrs. Glyn is right in declaring us to be the happiest people on earth. We are at once the happiest and the most unhappy. For we live more on our emotions, and moreover take our emotions more seriously, than any other nation on earth.

To be sure, the Latin races regard us as cold blooded for the simple reason that they regard loving often as equivalent to loving much. But Americans are happy or unhappy according to their hearts. A Frenchman is not necessarily miserable because he doesn't get on with his wife. An Englishman need not despair because his fiancee has jilted him, for there are always sports—races, football, polo, hockey, prize fights even—and what is the love of woman compared with these?

The Frenchman's heart is quicksilver under glass, the Englishman's seems of similar consistency to the tepid, doughy, indigestible British delicacy served with their national roast beef—Yorkshire pudding. The American's, being in the right place, is not so susceptible of inspection and analysis. But this much we know of him: the American loves when he marries and as long as possible afterward. When he or the woman he has married ceases to care they want a divorce, because, to our simple, ingenuous minds, not loving your husband or wife seems a serious, even a dreadful thing. On the other side, where to love one's wife is regarded at least as a harmless though undoubtedly plebian eccentricity, there is no such need for divorce as there is here.

The American divorce is simply the state funeral of love.

Regarding Love as important, we are entitled to give him a state funeral and any other honors of mourning we can devise.

If Mrs. Glyn intended her remarks on our numerous divorces as a compliment, we deserve it. If as a criticism, she is only one of many placing faltering futile hands on the wheels of progress.