The World.

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GOV. HUGHES'S VETO.

GOV. HUGHES'S veto of the Coney Island Five-Cent Fare bill is an accusation of specific neglect of duty against the Public Service Commission of this district. As the Governor truly says "whether a five-cent fare is a fair one depends upon facts," and a just result can "be reached only after the facts have been ascertained and considered."

That is the very thing the Public Service Commission was created for—to ascertain and consider the facts, and, again using the Governor's language, "to provide for an investigation in which the whole subject can be considered and a result just both to the corporations and the public arrived at."

Last year when the Governor vetoed the two-cent a mile fare bill the public generally concurred with his reason that the public service bill would provide a like result in a fairer and more scientific manner.

Therefore the Public Service Commissions bill was passed, and the Governor appointed the Public Service Commissions, one dealing with up the State matters and the other with its jurisdiction in New York City.

The up-State Commission is doing quite well. Several of its members have brains, all of them have ordinary intelligence, and none of them has so far shown any fear of Wall street or of predatory capital.

The New York Commission has undertaken to do several things and stopped. Take the way the Public Service Commission has been handling the B. R. T. It recently ordered the B. R. T. to increase the trains on the Fifth Avenue "L" line to six cars during morning and evening rush hours. The B. R. T. first off did increase the number of cars, but increased the headway so that there were no more accommodations for passengers. Then the B. R. T. tired of running six-car trains and the trains shrank to three or four cars, running one six-car train a few times a day as an exhibit to the Public Service Commission's inspectors.

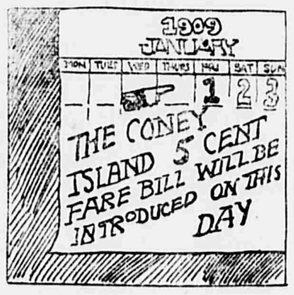
Following the Public Service Commission's order there has actually been a diminution of the number of cars run during the rush hours. The increased headway is maintained while the size of the trains continues to shrink.

Also the Public Service Commission told the B. R. T. to run two-car trains at night and when necessary three or four car trains. How the B. R. T. does this any night passenger can testify.

The Governor says in his veto "the proper way to deal with these matters is to provide for investigation."

Investigation was provided for in passing the Public Service Commissions bill.

If these Commissioners are to do anything except draw $15,000 a year, send out voluminous notices of their future intentions and approve Interborough bond issues, Gov. Hughes might well recall to their attention that he has the power of removal.



The Coney Island Five-Cent Fare bill was first introduced in 1907, passed the Assembly and was defeated in the Senate. The Senators that defeated it heard from their constituents and this year it passed both the Senate and Assembly. Gov. Hughes will likewise hear from his constituents, because the Public Service Commission is of his appointment and subject to removal by him, and when he says that the facts should have been investigated he is accusing his own appointees.

Letters from the People.

The Brain.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

The human brain is probably the most intricate mechanism, the most wonderful structure in all existence. It is the governor of our physical being, without whose consent, without whose message despatched by telegraph (the nervous system) our five senses would be useless, our tongue speechless, our body helpless, motionless. According to our choice the brain remains either a crude bulb, or through cultivation it becomes a most beautiful, delicate and fragrant flower; an insignificant acorn root or through constant application a mighty oak whose branches overspread the confines of the universe; a smothered spark, or kindled by the ardor of study a blazing light. Yet few among us avail ourselves of the grand opportunity offered, few are conscious of the great value of the treasure inclosed within the cranium. F. DEEKMAN.

"I Am a Business Girl."

To the Editor of The Evening World.

I am a business girl who works mighty hard, and I never thought myself equivalent to a man. I'm not working for fun, but because I have to, and I'd quit to-morrow if I could. As a commuter on one of the large suburban railroads, I travel for three-quarters of an hour twice daily and often have to stand. However, I don't mind, as I think the men are as tired as I. But when I see a man get up and with a grand flourish give his seat to a stylishly gowned woman, who has evidently been shopping, or to a theatre, it does get me "angry eyed." We're all women, and they don't need a seat a bit more than we workers do. One correspondent states that after business hours a man forgets business and becomes a gentleman. It seems to me it would be gentlemanly to give a seat to any woman, be she scrubwoman or queen, because she's a weaker creature than himself and less able to stand for three-quarters of an hour.

ANNA S.

What Would You Do?

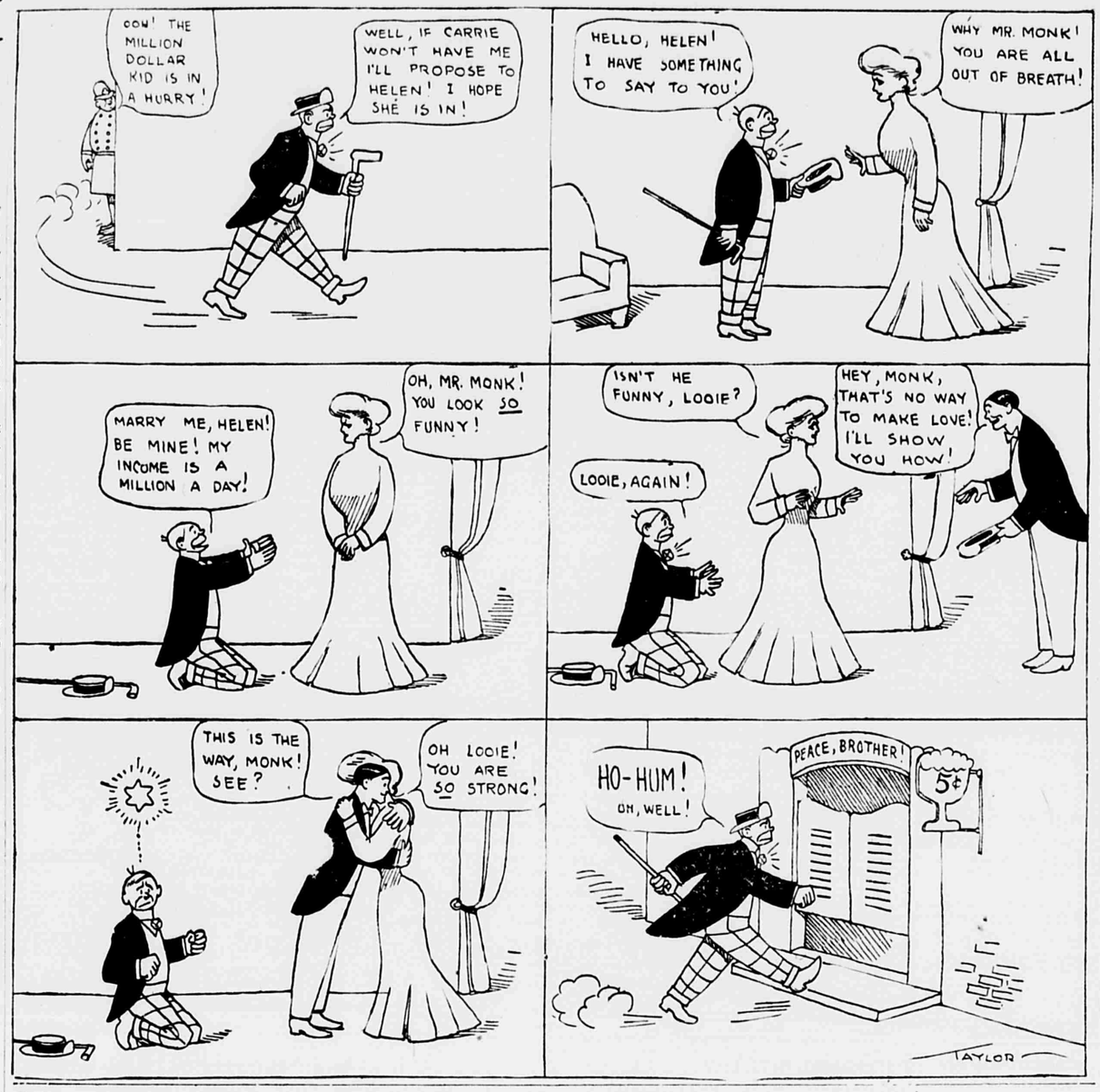
To the Editor of The Evening World:

Will some wise reader please answer this: If you were a woman thirty-five years old, supporting yourself and one other, and obliged to continue doing so, as far as you could see ahead now, and you craved a college course of one or two years, for which you were fitted, but for which you had no money, what would you do?

A WOMAN OF THIRTY-FIVE.

The Million-Dollar Kid.

By Robert W. Taylor.



Mr. Jarr's Idea of What Is Cute in Children Is Strange—He Lets Them Do as They Like, Much to Mrs. Jarr's Disgust

By Roy L. McCardell.

ROY L. McCARDELL

"WHAT'S little Emma crying for?" asked Mr. Jarr uneasily, as the sound of an occasional sob came through from the next room.

"Now you leave the child be!" said Mrs. Jarr. "I can't have any comfort with her the way you spoil her, and I have forbidden her to come out of the room for ten minutes."

"What's the matter with her, I never have any trouble with her?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"Of course you do not," said Mrs. Jarr. "You let her have her own way in everything."

"Why, certainly," said Mr. Jarr. "You just let little Emma do what she wants to do; don't bother her at all, and she's the best child I ever saw."

"You are too partial to her," said Mrs. Jarr. "She's very naughty to-day because I gave Willie five cents to go see the moving picture show around the corner, and she wanted to go along."

"Why didn't you let her go?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"She had been to see it last week. You took her out for a walk and bought candy for her and took her to see the moving pictures, and Willie wasn't along."

"Willie wouldn't come," said Mr. Jarr. "He was playing 'Robbers and Policeman' with some other little boys and he wouldn't come with me."

"Well, the principle is the same," said Mrs. Jarr. "We musn't show one child any partiality."

"Willie is getting quite a big boy," said Mr. Jarr, "and little Emma is only a baby, besides, when I took her to see the pictures Willie didn't want to go, but to-day little Emma did want to go, so I think you might have let her go."

"Now there you go again! Finding fault and criticising me!" said Mrs. Jarr. "Little Emma is very smart for her age, and she hears everything you say and when I threaten to punish her when she's been naughty she tells me that you won't let her be punished. Now you let me attend to the children without interference, and, besides, Willie didn't know you were going to take little Emma to see the moving pictures; he thought you were just going around the corner for a stroll."

"That's what I thought," said Mr. Jarr, "but little Emma never let on where she wanted to go and never said a word till we got to the moving picture place, and, when I didn't want to take her in, she commenced to cry and kick."

"And you gave in to her!" said Mrs. Jarr. "I just wish I had been there! Where does she get her disposition? She's so sly, she never lets on what she is after till right at a time when you have to let her have a thing or you'll be embarrassed dreadfully. She does just the same with me when company comes, or she knows then that I must let her have her way or else whip her, and one doesn't want to whip a child when there's company in the house."

Mr. Jarr grinned. "Pretty cute, what?" he said.

"Your ideas of what is cute are very strange," said Mrs. Jarr. "And we certainly must take her in hand."

Mr. Jarr stirred nervously. "I'll tell her to be a good girl," he said.

Mrs. Jarr sniffed. "Talk to her!" she exclaimed. "Why, she isn't afraid of you one bit."

"I hope not," said Mr. Jarr. "I don't want her to ever be afraid of me. I want her to always know I'll stick by her whether she's a little girl, as she is now, or a big girl like I hope she grows to be."

"Well, I can't say that you are unkind to Willie, but you just don't seem to give in to him like you do to little Emma," said Mrs. Jarr. "You can be firm with Willie, and of course a boy does need a little stricter discipline, but I've noticed that you never cross little Emma in anything, and if she even starts to cry she can do anything with you she likes."

"There's a reason," said Mr. Jarr.

"I want to know what it is," said Mrs. Jarr quickly.

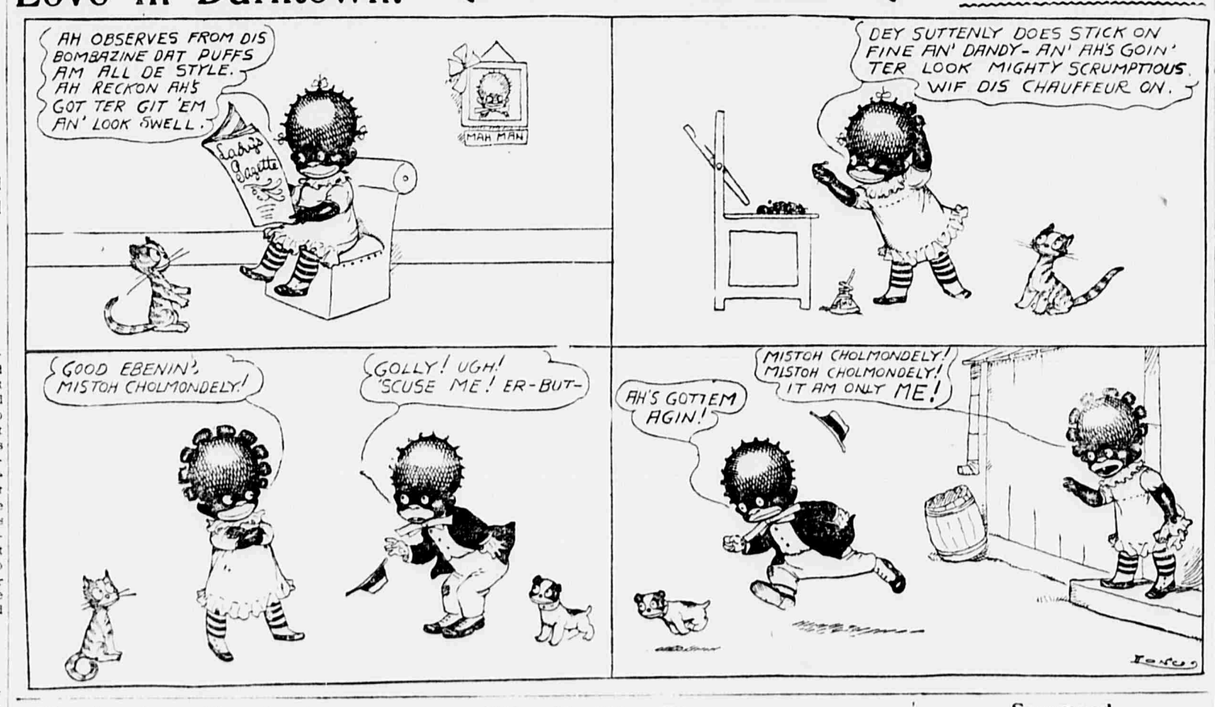
Mr. Jarr hesitated. "I think," he said softly, "it's because, especially when there is a tear in her little eye, she looks so much like you."

"Oh, you are an old softy!" said Mrs. Jarr, but she smiled and called to the little girl to come in and see her papa and promise him she wouldn't be naughty any more.

Love In Darktown.

The Courtship of Cholmondeley Jones and Beautiful Araminta Montressor.

By F. G. Long.



The American Abroad.

YANKEE—I'll have you know, stranger, that I belong to Chicago.

Sandy—'Deed an' whaid hae thocht it? Frae the way ye've been speaking I thocht Chicago belonged to you.—Home Magazine.

Why He Was There.

"WHAT brought you here, my poor fellow?" the Chicago settlement worker asked.

"I married a new woman, sir," the prisoner groaned.

"Aha, and she was so domineering and extravagant that it drove you to desperate courses, eh?"

"No; the old woman turned up."

Swamped.

STUBB—I see your family are back from Europe. Are they well.

Penn—I don't know. Haven't had time to ask them. I've been too busy trying to get over the flood of souvenir postals they sent me from the other side.

Nixola Greeley-Smith

ON TOPICS OF THE DAY.

A Poor Archduchess.

NIXOLA GREELEY-SMITH

THE police of Europe are said to be looking for an Austrian Archduchess who has had the audacity to leave home with the intention of being married in London to a young man of whom her family does not approve.

The full extent of this Archduchess's presumption may be gauged by the fact that she is twenty-five years old. The next time it occurs to an American girl, with perhaps too much love for the historical novel, to wish herself in the usually generous shoes of the titled heroine, she had better reflect on the disadvantages of rank entailed by the possibility of being arrested for venturing to choose a husband at twenty-five.

As American women we are so accustomed to exercising an unquestioned right of choice in the most absolutely personal matter in life that we are not apt to realize that queens may with justice envy us our state, but that we have not the faintest excuse for coveting theirs.

What does it profit a woman to be an archduchess if she must forfeit thereby the right to decide into what shade of masculine eye she will have to gaze every morning over the coffee cups forever? Women care so little for power which doesn't mean dominion over the masculine heart that no woman ruler is ever compensated by it for the sacrifice of her personal inclinations it entails.

No queen, indeed no woman of any rank sufficiently exalted to make her marriage a matter of state, has half the chance of happiness that any $10 a week stenographer possesses in New York.

Every year rank loses some of its privileges while retaining its ancient handicaps. And more and more we may pity the poor archduchesses sold into loveless marriages as only the daughters of our multi-millionaires may be.

Gertrude Barnum's

Talks to Girls

The Chorus.

GERTRUDE BARNUM

IT was the first rehearsal of the chorus from the Hello Girls' Improvement Association, and the members were very sceptical of the success of the public performance, for which they were preparing.

"Honestly, I can't sing," protested a self-conscious belle, shrinking under the ample cover of her "cart-wheel" hat.

"Forget it," insisted Nellie, the determined directress. "Take off your hat, so you can sit closer to the others. Get down to business and do as they do. You'll soon catch on."

"This song is too high," complained a stout brunette.

"You belong over here, in the alto group," replied Nellie, beckoning reassuringly.

"Two of our best sopranos aren't here yet," cried some one from the extreme left.

"That's good. The rest of you will have to sing up, instead of leaving it to the star performers. Ready? Take a deep breath. 'Summer Is Here. All together—sing!'"

"Summer Is He-re!"

It proved but a quavering solo by a thin-voiced blonde, who blushed hotly when the back row tittered.

"Well!" laughed Nellie, "one swallow can't make a summer! That was something of a frost." And she added, more seriously: "It's up to you girls. Do you want a chorus?"

"Now, that's better. Ready? 'Summer is here!' All together, SING!"

The second start was better. A few contraltos made a desperate but unsuccessful effort to strike in at the proper point:

"'O'er hill and dale. O'er hill and'—oh, ha! ha! ha!"

What with nonsense, reproaches and recriminations, insinuations and innuendoes, the patient directress had her hands full. But by sheer force of her will and good nature, at the end of the evening, thirty flushed and earnest singers were painstakingly announcing in proper rhythm and pitch that summer had come o'er hill and dale.

"It's a dandy song. I'm crazy about it," remarked the back row girl, who had led the tittering. "I never thought we could do it."

"It's going finely," said the girl with the "cart-wheel" hat, as she struggled with her hatpins. "We'll bring down the house on the night."

"I never knew I could sing alto," remarked the stout brunette.

As I rode homeward with the exhausted directress she signed:

"The girls are never with you till a thing succeeds. It's easy after that."

"How do you ever have the patience?" I inquired.

"Oh, it isn't just for the chorus I'm working," was the reply. "You know I am president of the Improvement Club. I want the girls to learn that you can never amount to much all by yourself, but if you just have faith and sing your own particular note the best you can, with the rest of the crowd, it counts. Girls can do most anything, if they'll only work together, in tune, like a well-trained chorus."

Reflections of a Bachelor Girl.

By Helen Rowland

HELEN ROWLAND

THE original fox was a man; the original grapes were the girls he couldn't kiss.

Being a wife often means being a servant with the wages left out and the privilege of eating with the family thrown in.

A man's desire for a son is usually nothing but the wish to duplicate himself in order that such a remarkable pattern may not be lost to the world.

It isn't the girls whom he has loved and lost that a man sighs for; it's those whom he has loved and never won.

It is difficult to tell who is the most grateful to Fate for his sex—the woman who watches her husband while he is in the throes of shaving, or the man who sees his wife getting into a tight corset and a dress that buttons up the back.

When a wife induces her husband to get on the "water wagon" against his will he is likely to fall off with a fearful splash.

Lazy men fancy that the wheel of life is a roulette wheel, on which fortunes are won only by chance.

Notes of a Southern Journey.

THE embankments on either side of the Southern Railway track are red with wild strawberries in Virginia and the Carolinas. The dining car management, however, roost four bad tame strawberries on an inch and a half square of bilious sponge cake, with a dab of whitewash on the side, and call it shortcake. It is—short of every element that should go with that delightful compound.

There is an irrepressible conflict on in the South between the sunbonnet and the pompadour. The sunbonnet preserves the complexion, and the pompadour is the style. Bets are on the survival of the bonnet, but the trouble is to make it fit over the rat's nest on the female head.

Richmond has a bad case of Ryanitis. The latest rumor is that, wearied of New York, Thomas F. is coming down to build a fourteen-story office building from which to lord it over the town. The cathedral he built is an ornament to the city, but many folks think some acknowledgment should be made to John Skelton Williams, the chief contributor to its building fund. A brass sign on one of the hitching-posts something like this might do:

JOHN SKELTON WILLIAMS,
His Pelt.
T. F. R.

Farm hands are so scarce in the busy sections below Virginia that it is growing difficult to secure enough colored persons for the chain gangs in the various counties. Formerly it was hard for a sporty black to keep out. Now the farmers will almost lie in petty court cases to keep the "hands" for themselves. Economics accomplish the destruction of prejudice quicker than politics.

Meals are bad away from tide-water regions.

Cotton is up in its first two-leaved sprout. Tenderfeet from the North are expected to mistake the plants for beans and to marvel at the size of the crop.

Mecklenburg County, North Carolina, which invented the Declaration of Independence, has 180 miles of macadam roads and no saloons. There is considerable thirst, but the walking is good.

The Thickness of Our Skin.

THE skin of the men and women of some nations is much thicker than that of others, particularly in hot countries. The Central African negro has a skin about half as thick again as that of a European. That of a negro is thickest over the head and back, evidently to form a protection from the sun.