

The World

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WHO CARES FOR PLATFORMS?

When Chairman Connors says that the average man who votes does not care for platforms he states a part of a truth. When he says that the New York Democratic platform was made "after everybody had had a chance to tell what he wanted," he explains in a way why voters do not care for party platforms.

Platforms did not appear in this country until 1832, when the Whigs put forth a brief statement of general principles. The Democrats let their leaders and their deeds speak for them until 1840, and for several years after that they merely reiterated the views then expressed. For a generation or more it was noticeable that minority parties paid more attention to platforms than the majority party did, but of late all parties have grown more verbose in their declarations, and while words have multiplied, ideas and sincerity have languished.

The fact that "everybody was able to put what he wanted" into and take what he wanted out of the New York Democratic platform explains the abominable character not only of that document but of many another. Committees on Resolutions are mere waste baskets into which are thrown all the jobbing schemes of the interested and the tricky. Usually not overburdened with intelligence or principle, they are likely to mutilate or suppress everything that is worthy, and in a wild rush for conviviality and low cunning to gather up the things that are dubious and embody them in a long and futile screed which "nobody cares for."

Mr. Connors is mistaken, however, in his intimation that voters are wholly indifferent to platforms. They are returning to first principles. They find their platforms in the records of men and parties. These are not made in a hurry, in reeking committee rooms. They are of slow and sure growth. They mean something and they are easily understood. The written and printed platforms of the day usually measure somebody's contempt of the people. If the candidates who are asked to stand upon them have neither records nor principles of their own they are in a bad way.

MOSSBACKISM OF THE MANDARIN.

A Chinese mandarin, seeing a motor car for the first time, said there was nothing extraordinary about it. To-day there was one new thing and to-morrow there would be another, but nobody was any happier. In other words, what is the use? This is true conservatism. We have it in this country. It is to be found in all countries. The things that be are forever in terror of the things that are to be. So discovery and progress must first beat down ignorance and prejudice before there can be any real advancement. All things are at stake, as Emerson says, when the Lord lets loose a thinker on this planet. There are spurious thinkers, just as there are useless inventions, but in the long run the true and the practicable must prevail.

If the conservatism of this world were not so stupid and stubborn the radicalism would not be so violent. A man with a message must make himself known; he must penetrate the dark places; he must make the dull ears hear; he must open the eyes that have been blind, even though all the mandarins of the earth beat their breasts and cry woe and havoc.

THE RETURN TO GUTHRIE.

Not as a victorious warrior with loud huzzas, nor yet as a vanquished hero dead upon his shield and destined to undying fame, did Haskell return to his capital. He came with sadness in his mien, not exactly grand, but gloomy and peculiar to a certainty. The Governor went forth aggressive, proud, festive. He reappeared worn, haggard, listless. The Oklahomans gathered about him and read a few chapters of their encyclopaedic Constitution to him, but to no purpose. He did not revive. From such broken sentences as fell from him we gather that he will devote the remainder of his life to vengeance. He will have the law on somebody. He will meet his enemies at Philippi. But, alas for Haskell. He met nothing. He met nobody. He simply quit and went home. From this time forward he is only a memory. He would do well to occupy his time hereafter in picking the splinters of the Roosevelt and Hearst javelins from his person and in inhaling the fragrance of the wreath of rose-mary which Mr. Bryan was kind enough to send to him. Peace to his oil tanks!

A BILLIONAIRE GAME.

The cost of living is increasing as rapidly in France as it is in America, and everything, from rents to horse meat, is included in the rise. As usual, capital and labor accuse each other, but one fact is of more importance than all of their conjectures. The National Government collects annually by taxation \$740,000,000. More than two-thirds of this sum, as is the case in the United States, is expended on account of wars past, present and prospective. War always has been a murderous game. It has come to be a billionaire game. Poor people, and most people are poor, cannot play it. They always have furnished a large percentage of its victims. How long will they consent to foot the bills?

HOW TO BREAK THE BANK.

During the week that Lord Rosslyn and Sir Hiram Maxim were playing a system experimentally with stage money to see if it were not possible to break the bank at Monte Carlo no less than seven persons who lost their all at that resort committed suicide. Some of them died on the premises. Others were found cold and stark at their hotels. Thus, in spite of the mathematical knowledge which Rosslyn and Maxim have brought to bear upon the subject theoretically, an old and simple truth is most impressively presented. There is only one way to break the bank at Monte Carlo, and that is to keep away from it.

Letters from the People.

It Means "Cowardly." To the Editor of The Evening World: What is the meaning of "courageous"? G. S. A Plea for Whiskers. To the Editor of The Evening World: The glory of a man is his beard. Yet never was glory more mutilated, cut up and annihilated, never were protruding lips, receding chin, projecting nose, hollow cheeks, effeminate mouth more conspicuous than now. The majority of men shave, not for the sake of cleanliness, but because it makes them look young and boyish, but because it is the fashion. Oh, slaves to fickle Fashion! A properly trimmed beard is not only an ornament, but it gives the countenance the masculine expression designed by Nature, greatest of all artists. F. DEERMAN. A Cigar Problem. To the Editor of The Evening World: Please submit this problem to your readers: A man went into a cigar store with \$5 and bought 100 cigars. He bought three grades—50 cents, 10 cents and 1 cent. How many cigars did he not because it makes them look young and boyish, but because it is the fashion? JACOB KELLER, Brock.

The "Ladylike" Campaign.

By Maurice Ketten



People Think Only of Themselves—It's the Way of the World; But Mrs. Jarr Has to Think of Her Hired Girl and Other Things

By Roy L. McCardell.

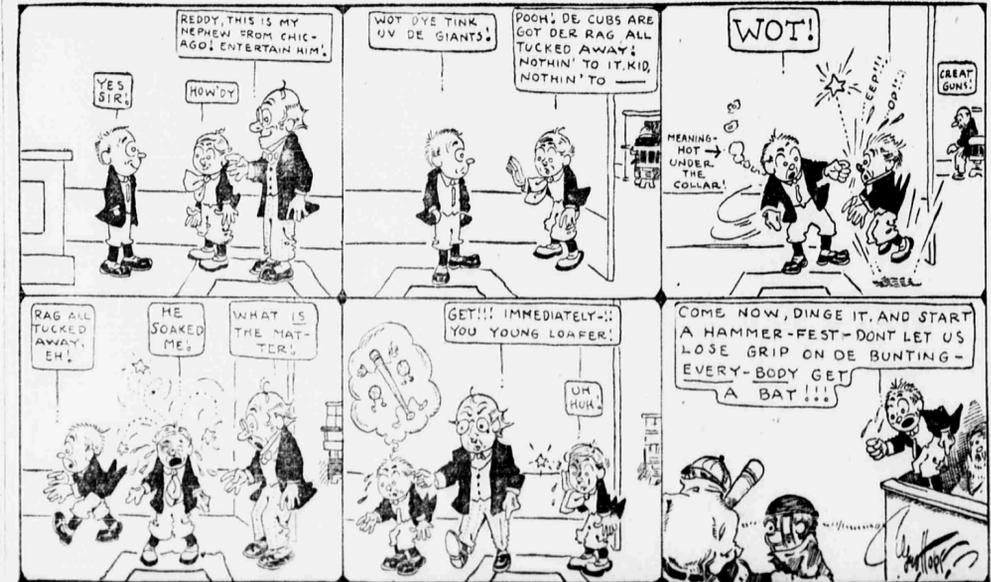


ROY L. MCCARDELL

"Tell her to look for another place. That's easy if you have a better girl," said Mr. Jarr. "How will I know she's better?" asked Mrs. Jarr. "They are all good when you first get them, then after that they are all alike." "Well, let her go, then, and take back Della when she comes," said Mr. Jarr. "And have her believe she's indispensable," said Mrs. Jarr. "I've a good mind not to take her back at all." "Well, don't then," said Mr. Jarr. "That's easy enough for you to say," said Mrs. Jarr. "And, besides, I don't know whether Della is coming back or not; it may be only a scheme on her part to take another place." "Wait until she comes back and see," said Mr. Jarr. "How do I know she's coming back?" asked Mrs. Jarr. "I never heard of such a thing, to leave me with hardly a minute's notice." "But if her sister is ill?" suggested Mr. Jarr. "Her sister might get well or send word that it's all a mistake and she is not ill, or that she's feeling better and Della need not come or something of that sort," declared Mrs. Jarr. "But if that sort of people think of it to suit their own convenience?" "Get another girl, then," said Mr. Jarr. "and if she is better than Della keep her and if she isn't let her go." "How can I get another girl?" asked Mrs. Jarr. "Mrs. Rangle can't get a girl. All girls want to do these days is to work out by the day and they want a dollar and a half and their car fare! That's why I want to keep Della if I can, and that's why I want her to come back." "Hire a woman by the day till Della does come back," said Mr. Jarr. "that will mean you have somebody to help you and it will please Della to find you have kept her place for her." "Yes, and make her more independent and harder to get along with than ever," said Mrs. Jarr. "if they think you can't get along without them there is no living with them!" "Well, I'm sure I don't know what to do to help you out," said Mr. Jarr. "Do you want me to stay home from the office a week and do the housework?" "I suppose you think you are funny!" snorted Mrs. Jarr. "But I'd like you to try it once and then you would see it isn't so easy as you think. If you had to work like I have to work around this house you'd pretty soon change your tune!" "I know it is hard," said Mr. Jarr. "but we'll get somebody to help you. When is Della going away?" "Oh, I don't know that she is going away," said Mrs. Jarr. "But her sister is ill, and if she gets worse, although the last Della heard she was improving, Della may go, although she says she doesn't want to, and, anyway, her married sister has somebody taking care of her." "The worst is yet to come, then?" said Mr. Jarr. "What are you borrowing trouble for?" "I haven't said anything, only that maybe she might go. I told her it was unwise not to," said Mrs. Jarr.

Reddy the Rooter

By George Hopf



Beauty Talks to Men

No. 1—The Hideous Hair Cut By Helen Vail Wallace

Lives there a lass with soul so dead Who never wants to see her hair cut, not do a sad lockstep retreat, but lurk around, patiently waiting for the shorn locks to replace themselves. It is, to say the least, a dangerous experiment for a man very much in love.

Give ear, oh my brothers! Lest ye think this but the indigenous ravings of ONE WOMAN, I desire to assure you that I am in the ideal-hair-cut-for-men "current" and am voicing the distress of all women.

Why, because you went and let your barber remove from your augustly noble cranium almost every vestige of what is to you no less than to your sister, a crowning glory.

Every daughter of Adam among us has many a time and oft felt her heart sinking down—down below zero—at the sight of a "dearly beloved" approaching radiantly, with a triumphant and conspicuous hair cut—or what might be more specifically described as an entire removal of cranial-hirsute-decoration.

Why do our men folk persist in permitting their barbers to disfigure them so? Ich cannicht verstaen.

I cannot presume, being a mere woman, to indicate JUST HOW men should have their hair cut; but I will venture to suggest on general principles that they omit to have it cut at all for just as long a time as possible; that is, simply to have it trimmed just a very little at the back and sides of the head, and not to let the barber encroach more than two or three inches upward, either.

A man with a curly head is quite unforgivable for having his hair clipped.



Straight Hair is Attractive

If you chance to have a large and well-proportioned head, quite equal to the Apollo Belvedere himself, then you are not in such dire danger of disgracing it in the hands of an unskilled barber; but a man with a small or irregularly-shaped head may be either made or marred by his barber. He should be especially careful to wear his hair rather long and cut so cleverly as to make his head appear as well proportioned as possible. Right here it may be as well to add that Apollo-like heads, though generally supposed to possess a superior grade of interior equipment, do not always "give the part." Some of our brightest geniuses have heads not above the average in size and frequently of an irregular form, as compared with Apollo.

"Then why not have the hair cut so as to display the genius?"

I did not think you would say that, for True Genius is ever modest and much prefers the obscurity of artistic candor.

Next to go back to your barber. Here's a maxim:

"Drive thy barber; let not thy barber drive thee"—away from the woman who fairly revels in your head—inside or outside of it. Besides, it's your general duty to humanity to ornament it for the public weal.

It's no wonder Mother Nature lets so many men go bald. She evidently thinks with the rest of her sex, "What's the use?"

Odd Facts About Your Eyes.

By Dr. E. A. Ayers. MAN'S eyes at rest are far focused—will make no effort when seeing the moon or earthly horizon. Birds' and fishes' eyes at rest are near focused—will make no effort when looking at nearby worms and minnows. Man's elastic lenses are under constant flattening compression. Imagine a rubber ball of flattened convex lenslike shape, laid in between two disks of canvas, and the uniting edges of these disks stretched to a ring. They would flatten the rubber, and if relaxed it would thicken by its own elasticity. The thicker the lens the shorter its focus. For reading or threading a needle we relax the tension on the lens by contracting a ring of muscle surrounding each lens, and then wait for the lenses to thicken through their elasticity. In fish the lens is set against the cornea (approximately), short focus, and when it wants to see whether the shadowy object some feet away is a shark or a log, it pulls the entire round lens toward the retina, and gets a clear vision as possible, says Dr. E. A. Ayers, in Harper's Magazine. Now we see why so many human beings need "spectacles" as they grow old—the elasticity of the lenses is gradually lost, just as it is in rubber. One more method of getting focus is employed by the eyemaker, which is dealt to some snakes. Their lenses, which are set near the retinas, are pushed forward, after the manner of a pump piston, by blood pressure. Cheap eyes for cheap creatures. Focus regulated by excitement. Some of the "eyes that can see in the dark" have no power of changing focus; so it makes no difference whether they get a "night edition" of the day's doings or not. There is a prevailing "they say" opinion that bird's sight is keener than man's. This is probably not true, as only man and the simian, which have "parallel vision," possess a highly concentrated sensitive area in the retina—the macula lutea. But birds aloft are in clearer air than man, and their eyes can change focus with remarkable speed, as necessitated by rapid flights. Birds of prey have voluntary (subject to the will) muscle as well as involuntary in their irides, and can increase the convexity of the cornea and its refractive power.

Some Fast-Day Superstitions

IN Armenia, fasts, both of necessity and of choice, are very general and strictly observed. The most common length of time for abstinence from food is seven days. Throughout this long period the Armenians, imbued with religious fervor, partake of no food. Only in the case of the young, unmarried men is any concession allowed. The young men, on the seventh day of their fast, are allowed, by old and sacred custom, to eat a little cake freely mixed with salt. By this means dreams of pure, sparkling, fresh water will be certain to visit the young man. A strange superstition is connected with these visions. The dreamer will see a maiden approach the stream, and she will carry him a jug filled to the brim with sparkling water. The dream maiden will be the girl whom Fate has decreed he shall marry. This strange superstition is found in Armenia wherever the habit of fasting is observed, and it is believed in with the utmost faith by the unmarried men.

Speculations on World-Making.

PROF. SVANTE ARRHENIUS evolves his world-building theory from the principle of the mechanical radiation pressure of light—that rays of light falling upon a surface tend to push that surface back. His book, "Worlds in the Making," says, for example, that this minute radiation pressure can balance and overcome the gravitation, which, hence, the dust particles are able to escape from the sun and enter our atmosphere, and by magnetic forces give rise to other planet or nebula, and therefore these are absorbing the heat of the sun, and themselves growing warmer, while our sun grows colder. Comets and fragments of former worlds drift into these masses and condense into new suns, old suns collide with one another, new "stars" flash up, and new star clusters—and the cycle repeats, so that there has not been, nor can ever be, beginning or end to the universe. It is suggested that such a process can explain why it is that the familiar elements of our little globe are identified in all the bodies of space, and that it refutes the possibility that the universe is driving toward a final end.

Frightening Off Rabbits.

A NOVEL plan is being experimented with in Australia with a view to ridding it of the rabbit plague. A newspaper is placed at the mouth of the burrow, and the hole is then stopped with earth. The rabbits are said to be so frightened by the rustling of the paper that they will not approach the spot again, preferring to die in the burrow.