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IF WASHINGTON LIVED HERE.



George Washington lived in New York to-day what would he be doing? Would he be President or Governor or Mayor or Alderman? Or would he be in a profession or business and out of politics?

Gen. Washington did live in New York for some time at No. 1 Broadway, facing Bowling Green, which was then the most fashionable part of the Island of Manhattan. The brick

houses torn down for the new Custom House were regarded as mansions in their early days, although not as fine as No. 1 Broadway, which had gardens around it and was occupied by the British commanders-in-chief during the years of the Revolution when they held New York.

Where would George Washington be living now? Not at No. 1 Broadway unless he was the janitor of the big office building which fills that space now. He might still have a home on Washington Heights, where there are relics of the Jumel estate and Hamilton Grange, where Washington visited his Secretary of State.

It is hardly likely that George Washington would through choice inhabit one of the big houses on Fifth avenue, which are nothing more than private palatial hotels. Maybe he would prefer to live on a country estate on Long Island, as he did at Mount Vernon.

If George Washington were President to-day would he conduct himself as President Roosevelt has done and is doing?

If he were Mayor or Comptroller would the city's finances be in their present shape? And would there have been no additional subways built during his administration?

If he were an Alderman even, might not that lead to a return of the early days when to be an Alderman of New York was an office of distinction sought by the best citizens and regarded as a place of honor, not of profit?

The probability is that George Washington would be none of these things. He would be regarded as an old fogy, a man of antiquated notions, obsolete ideas and impossible standards.

Read his farewell address, which The World annually reprints, and reflect how far its counsels have been departed from. "Observe good faith and justice. 'Can't bet that Providence has not connected the permanent felicity of a nation with its virtue? 'Citizens by birth or choice of a common country, that country has a right to concentrate your affections.

"The spirit of encroachment tends to consolidate the powers of all the departments in one, and thus to create, whatever the form of government, a real despotism. 'Let there be no change by usurpation. 'Cultivate peace and harmony with all.'

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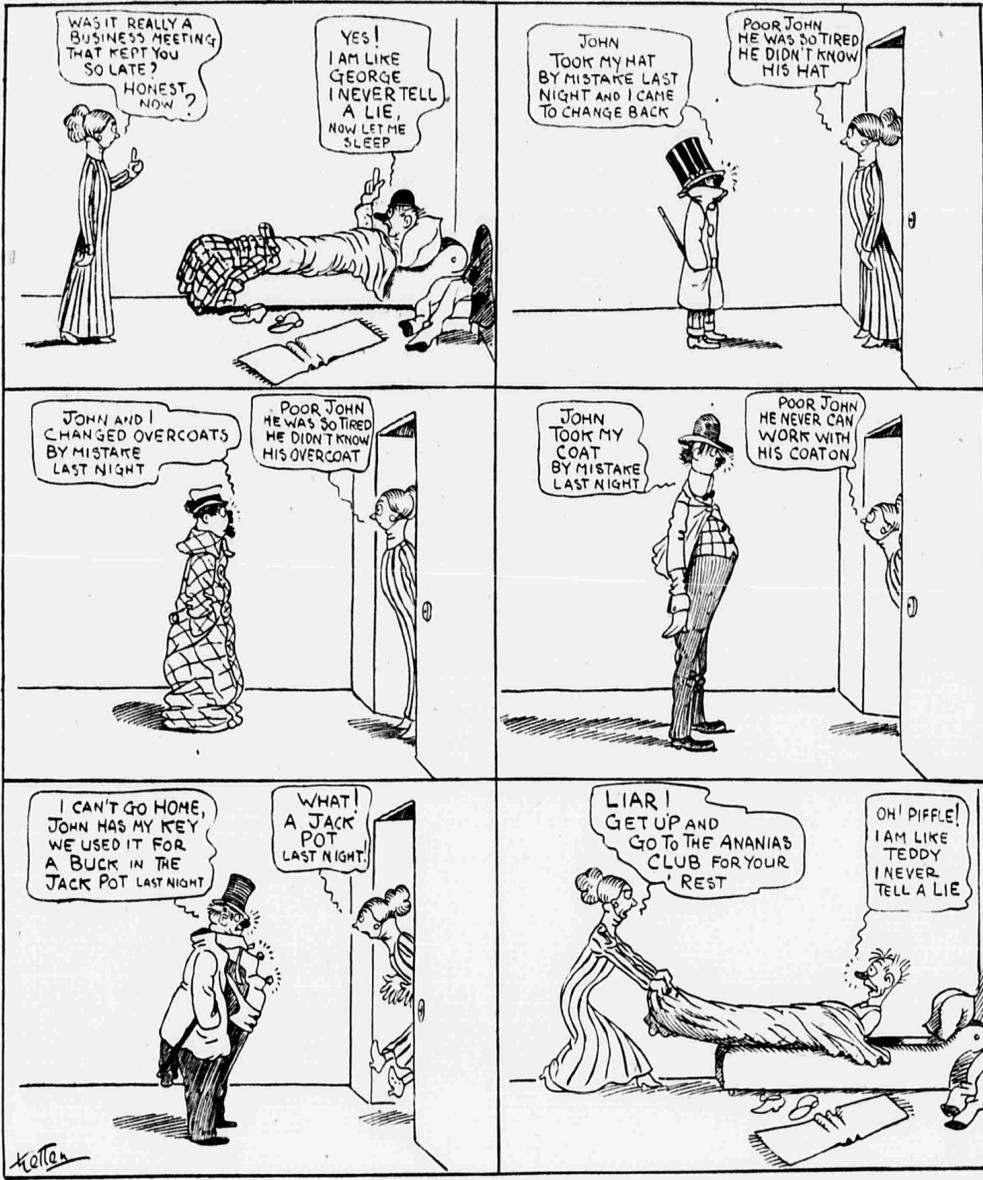
Letters From the People

Hall to the Nutmeg State! To the Editor of the Evening World: 'J. O. B.' says, 'The French are the best inventors, Italians lead in music and England has the finest navy. He wants readers to give their opinions. I'll venture the opinion that the one State of Connecticut has produced more inventors than all of France, as shown by registered patents. Our navy, ship for ship, and man for man, I believe is the best in the world. We are behind in music, of course, because we are young yet in all the fine arts. When our friend says 'Americans are getting very scarce in New York,' he forgets that the second generation of foreigners are American through and through. I.V.N.H.E.

New 'Name' Records. A reader named 'Minschehmer' has twelve letters in his name and asks if any are larger. Here are two names

The Day of Rest

By Maurice Kettner.



Fifty Historical Mysteries

By Albert Payson Terhune

No. 1 - THE MAN IN THE IRON MASK.

In a barred tower window of the French prison-castle of Pignerol one day in 1679 stood a stately, magnificently dressed man. His hands were slender and white, like those of a courtier. His costume carried out the same idea. His cell was furnished luxuriously, in marked contrast to those of the prison's other victims. Few captive princes were so comfortably lodged and obsequiously treated. Yet his very name was unknown. This fact alone was enough to draw attention to the man. But another feature added a thousandfold to his mystery. From brow to chin the prisoner's face was completely covered by a huge, shapeless black mask. This mask was a wonder of mechanism. It was of velvet, supported by steel springs and so constructed that its wearer could eat and drink without removing it. From its lustrous blackness the whole mask was supposed by onlookers to be of iron. The prisoner had become nicknamed "The Man in the Iron Mask."

Mrs. Jarr Was So Badly in Need of a New Dress—a Bargain— That the Boy Was at the Door With It, Waiting for the Money

By Roy L. McCardell. "I do want it and most certainly I need it," said Mrs. Jarr. The topic was a new dress of course. "Well, my dear," said Mr. Jarr, smilingly, "if you want it and you need it, why don't you get it?" "It was so cheap too," continued Mrs. Jarr, not heeding his remark, for a woman likes to brag under a taut lease. "It was so cheap too," Mrs. Jarr continued, "and I can get my black dress dyed. No," here she sighed, "I forgot, you can't dye a black dress any color but black, and of course, if it is black what is the use of dyeing it black?" "How much is it?" asked Mr. Jarr. "All very true," said Mrs. Jarr, "and get the dress if you want it." "I don't want it so much," said Mrs. Jarr, "but I NEED it. I simply haven't a thing to wear. Every body has seen me in the black dress that I simply am ashamed to go anywhere!" "Go and get it then, if you have to have it," said Mr. Jarr. "Of course it does seem a lot of money, but when I tell you that it has been reduced over one-half and it couldn't be duplicated for twice the money, and it's such a bargain at the price, it seems a sin and a shame to lose it," said Mrs. Jarr. "But if it is such a bargain, other women will recognize the fact. It's probably gone by now," said Mr. Jarr, and his tone implied deep resignation as if it were too bad, but Mrs. Jarr must make the most of her disappointment. "Oh, it's being held for me," said Mrs. Jarr quickly. "I know the saleslady and she's always nice to me that way, and so I paid a deposit on it and she put it away for me." "Oh, that will be all right, then," said Mr. Jarr. "I'll have some extra money in a week or two and you can pay the rest then." "In a week or two?" echoed Mrs. Jarr. "I simply have to have a new dress now. I'm not hard on my clothes, and as you well know, I have some things that I got when I was married and they are almost as good as new." (Mr. Jarr

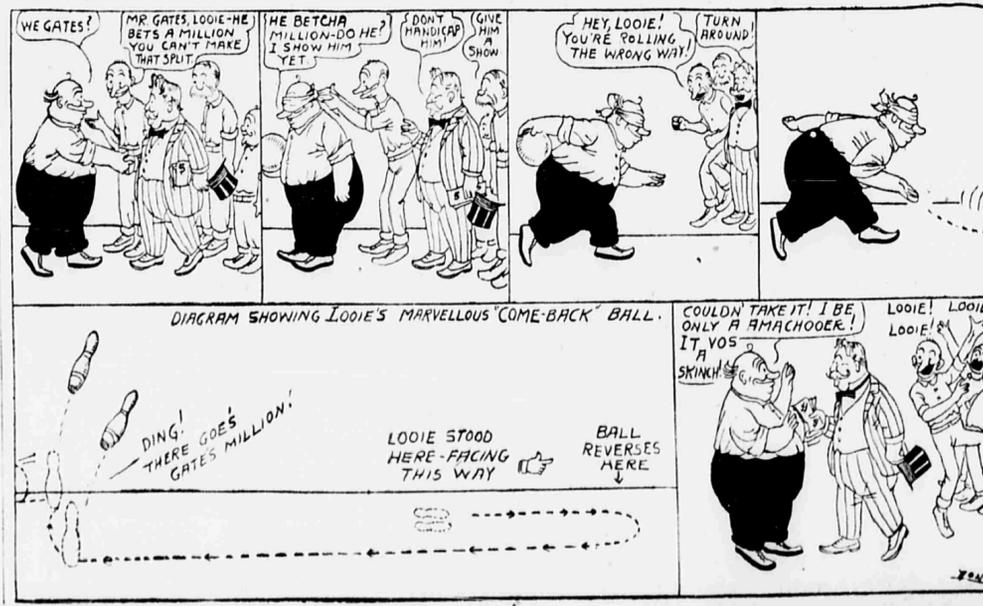
Sayings of Mrs. Solomon

Being the Confessions of the Seven Hundredth Wife. Translated By Helen Rowland.

HAST thou dreamed of love, my Daughter, as it is in novels? Then I charge thee, it is time to "wake up!" In novels, a lover cometh like the storm out of the cloud, but in real life he cometh as casually as meal times. In novels he speaketh a halo and talketh like Byron, but in real life he speaketh a halo and talketh shop or slang. In novels he prostrateth himself upon his knees in an attitude of adoration, but in real life he smoketh a cigarette and prostrateth himself upon thy best sofa pillows in an attitude of comfort. In novels he desperately professeth a willingness to die, but in real life he reacheth the climax of desperation when he professeth a willingness to shave off his mustache. For a man who hath decided to propose unto a woman is as one about to take a morning plunge; he clingeth to the comforts of bachelor existence even as the other to the comforts of the bed. The "DON'T" lump ariseth in his throat, and when he attempteth to say "I love thee!" he finisheth by muttering "I love animals, or flowers, or whiskeys straight!"

Yes, when he yearneth to say "Will you marry me?" he murmureth lamely, "Will you—pass the olives!" For, verily, verily, it hath come to pass that love is no longer like some which goeth to the head and maketh the world to spin round, but like weak tea, which is pleasant but not exciting. And peradventure she that looketh for a proposal shall not recognize it when she getteth it; for love-making is one of the dead languages and proposing is one of the lost arts! Selah!

Looie, the Bowler Watch Him Roll! He's a Wonder! By Ferd G. Long



The Day's Good Stories

Hungry Thesians. They looked like actors, or rather they looked as if they would have been actors if some manager with more than the usual discernment would recognize their ability and give them a job, says 'The Stroller' in the Portland (Me.) Express. Just now they were staring through the window of a popular priced restaurant in Congress street, absorbed in the unerring accuracy of the chef as the griddle cakes were flipped into the air by him, only to fall gracefully back into the grease mark they had just quitted. The tall man jingled some keys in his pocket and the little one pulled his belt another notch. "Lord!" said the big one; "I'm hungry enough to eat my own words." "I'm in just as bad," complained the little one. "I feel as though I could bolt a front door!" Only an Excuse. "The late Claus Spreckels," said a San Franciscoan, "had one weakness of which he was a little ashamed. He could not resist the appeal of a beggar. 'Have the moral courage of your convictions,' I said one day as I saw him give a beggar a quarter. 'Send these fellows to the charity specialists for investigation.' 'Moral courage!' Mr. Spreckels murmured. 'That is what we call on when we contemplate a mean action.' 'A school teacher once told her class that the courage which makes us do what we think right, regardless of the sneers of others, was moral courage, the best kind. 'Then if a boy has a box of candy, like me yesterday,' said a lad, 'and if he eats it all himself, without giving any to people that have no right to it, no matter how much they call him mean and stingy—that, there's moral courage, ain't it, teacher?'