

The Evening World

Published Daily Except Sunday by the Press Publishing Company, Nos. 53 to 63 Park Row, New York. J. ANGUS SHAW, Pres. and Treas., JOSEPH PULITZER, Junior, Sec'y.

The New Way in the White House.

By Maurice Ketten.

Less Moonshine More Matrimony

By Nixola Greeley-Smith

No. VI.—In Which the New Ice Box Produces a Chill.

It was altogether the most elaborate icebox the bride had ever seen—a shining porcelain affair that still stood in one corner of the little dining-room, because after much puffing and straining of unused muscles the bridegroom had discovered it was too big to go through the kitchen door.

Their apartment was in a made-over brown-stone house and contained no icebox. But it had been one of the bride's economies not to buy ice during the winter. Their housekeeping was so simple and intermittent because of the restaurant habit that still clung to them from the days of their courtship that she felt they really did not need it.

The bride's tone was sharp. But suddenly the memory of the little house of dreams drifted across her anger. The poor bridegroom! How sorry he looked, how hurt! The icebox was too big for the apartment, surely, but it would be perfect for the little house.

"I'm not cross," said the bridegroom, sulkily. "Well, then, don't be grieved," said the bride, quoting from a former quarrel. "We can send it back," said the bridegroom, somewhat mollified, and casting eyes of disillusionment at his purchase.

The bride was just getting this little girl ready for a walk. She had put on her real emerald coat and cap unhampered by the consideration that such garments cost more than the bridegroom's earnings for a month, when the bridegroom came in.

Don't Ridicule Your Boy.

Many a boy has gone to bed in tears because his father criticised or derided his effort at playing the violin; made fun of a simple little composition or story which he wrote; discouraged his attempt to make some little mechanical device, or threw a wet blanket on his dreams, laughing at his prediction of what he would do in the future.

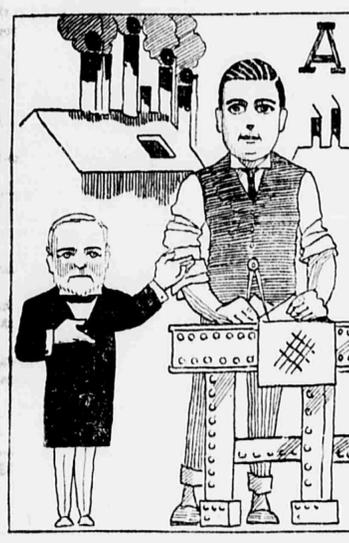
Notes of a Southern Journey—No. 3.

The dispensary still reigns in South Carolina—a disagreeable blot on the landscape where the State sells liquor in packages for consumption off the premises. This insures larger sales and more thorough intoxication than the ordinary bar. There is something forbidding about a dispensary. The room is bare but for a counter and the stock in trade. The agent is not an attractive personage, smartly kept like a good bartender, but is of morose aspect and chill manners, while the customers have a languid look quite out of place in a citizen with an honest thirst. They sink in and out as if doing something they are ashamed of and look the part of outcasts. Fancy drinks are not purveyed. While there is some variety of stock, corn liquor is the standard. Once in the Tyrant days of Tillman he took revenge on C. J. Davidson by cutting off the supply of champagne, so that on festive occasions Charleston had to mix apollinaris and ginger pop to produce a fizz. Now Charleston imports its fine wines by sea through the Custom-House and lets the dispensary do its mischief among the poor, with the liberal aid of the "blind tiger" outlaw saloons.

The Day's Good Stories

Particular. THE second course of the table "dote" was being served. "What is this scummy stuff?" demanded the corpulent diner. "That sir, is a fillet of sole," replied the waiter. "Take it away," said the corpulent diner, "and see if you can't get me a nice piece of the upper, with the buttons removed."

HIGH WAGES ARE CHEAPEST.



ACCORDING to Mr. Carnegie, the man who knows as much as any one else in the world about modern steel methods and production is Charles M. Schwab.

Mr. Schwab advanced the technical processes of the Carnegie Company and was one of the young men who brought about the great steel consolidation. He resigned as president of the United States Steel Corporation because he preferred to have a steel plant of his own with no banker to supervise him and no finance committee or board of directors to overrule him.

In the Bethlehem works now he is turning out as good steel products as the world produces.

It should be, therefore, that Mr. Schwab is an authority both on the tariff on steel and on the capacity of American workmen. He believes in a tariff reduction. With free ore, free coal and other materials free, he asserts that "American labor can make the best steel in the world, and with it we can compete with the world. American laborers can produce more steel in a given time than any other workmen. I know that they can put out better steel than any others."

American workmen can do this not only with steel but with everything else. Without a hampering tariff, without trust monopoly and with raw materials free, as they should be, the United States would surpass the rest of the world in everything.

Further on in his statement Mr. Schwab puts clearly a most important truth too often overlooked by employers and usually ignored by Congressmen.

"The highest paid labor is the cheapest to the employer," says Mr. Schwab. "The man who is employed at a cheap wage goes slowly and makes blunders. He cannot compete with the man that thoroughly understands his business. The skillful workman makes the most money for his employer. It is true that we pay our workmen more money than other nations, but you always have to pay the skillful workmen the highest wages."

Low paid or underpaid labor is the most costly. A New England mill girl can turn out one hundred times as much cloth in a day as a Chinaman at a hand loom. Getting ten times the wages, her labor costs only one-tenth as much. The skilled American workman, using the best labor-saving machinery, costs less for the results than a forty cent a day hand worker in Russia or a fifty cent a day unskilled operative in Austria.

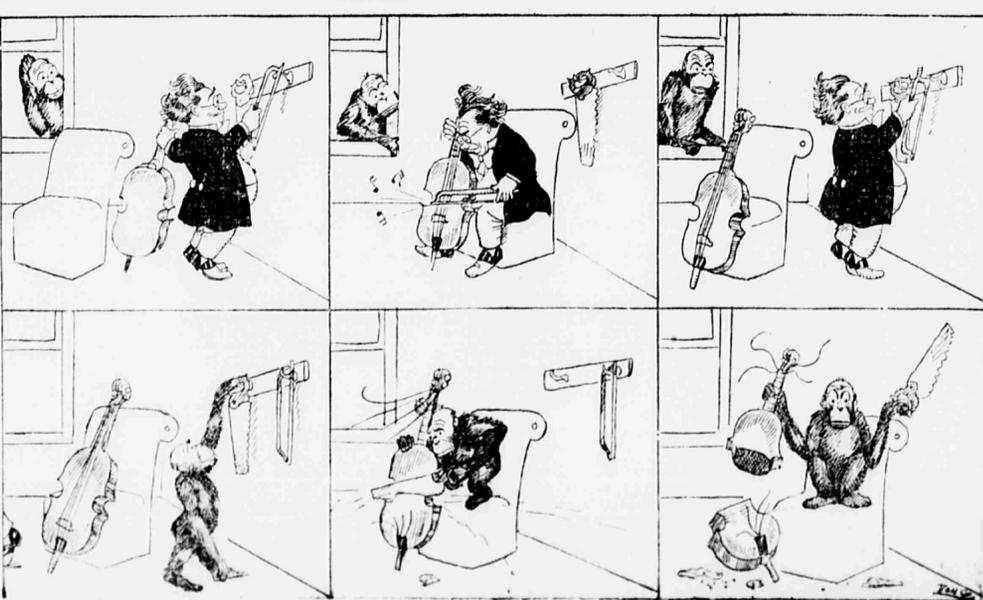
The cost of labor is not the single item of day's wages, but the ratio of wages to product. Measured by that ratio, skilled American labor, instead of being the dearest in the world, is the cheapest.



The Jarrs Go to the Circus and Now Willie Wants an Air Gun, For He and the Rangle Boy Are Going to Join the Big Show.

By Roy L. McCardell. JARR, "Talk about the children. I want to take them to the circus because I think they'll enjoy it. I used to when I was a boy. But circuses aren't what they used to be." "Why aren't they?" asked Mrs. Jarr. "Certainly we've got to take them," said Mrs. Jarr. "There isn't a child in this neighborhood but what has been taken to the circus, or is going to be taken, and I'm sure I don't want my children to feel that they are beggars, and can't go to see things that other children see."

A Flight of Fancy



Letters from the People

A Doctor's Verdict. To the Editor of The Evening World: A doctor informs me I have a heart lesion, a "valvular murmur." I am thirty-two. He states the disease is incurable. Is his statement correct, wise readers? Does any science pretend to cure such trouble? What reader who knows can tell me? B.