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While They Talk. By Maurice Ketten.

Great Men I Have Been. Written exclusively for The Evening World By Sarah Bernhardt. Translated by Nixola Greeley-Smith.

UNDER THE SUBWAY.

WITHIN the secret recesses of the history of the subway in this city there are things as well worth bringing into the light of publicity as any that are hidden in subterranean caves or the abysses of the sea.

There are marvels and mysteries and monstrosities. There are ingenious involutions and convolutions of intrigue; there are combinations and conglomerations of discordant elements as strangely united as the tail of a fish to the body of a woman; there are organisms as ugly as that of the octopus and as capable of concealing themselves in the blackness of their own effluvia.

The people of New York are continually preyed upon by all these creatures of the subway. They pay for the intrigues, support the combinations and yield themselves up to the greed of the octopus.

By WHAT COMPULSION? HIS EXCELLENCY ERNST VON REICHMAN, a retired general of the Prussian army, now visiting this country, will doubtless be banqueting by the jingoes. He deserves it. He is not only an advocate of war himself, but insists that other folks shall advocate it as well.

The General says that war is a necessity. He declares: "Great Britain must come to universal conscription and America must follow." The phrase is a fine one, but "must" is too strong a word.

Before America reaches the point where universal conscription will be necessary the heavily armed nations of Europe will have gone into bankruptcy. The one is already a menace; the other isn't even in sight.

COMPROMISE OR REFERENDUM.

ACCORDING to present prospects the general election in Great Britain will prove futile. The gain either way will be too slight to be decisive on any issue.

The cause of the futility is plain. All efforts to confine the contest to the single issue between the Commons and the Lords have been unavailing. The Irish question, the labor question, the tariff question and the army question, as well as strictly local questions, affect the minds of many voters more potently than that of mending or ending the House of Lords.

It seems evident that if a solution of the question cannot be speedily found by compromise among the leaders of the rival parties there will have to be a special referendum to the people on that issue alone—a thing unknown to British politics.

A DEAF BOSS CAN HEAR.

SAYS Gov. Marshall of Indiana: "If the people as a whole should manifest a determination to be rid of the fraud and the robbery of high protection, then it is likely the stand-patters will see a great light and reform will be brought about."

The saying is strictly true. Despite all the misgovernment and the bad government in cities and in States and in the nation, this is a government of the people, by the people, for the people. What the people are willing to vote for and demand they can have.

Letters From the People

"The Man in the Iron Mask." To the Editor of The Evening World: Who was the iron masked man that a certain king imprisoned for life long ago? The identity of "The Man in the Iron Mask" (imprisoned by King Louis XIV. of France) is still a mystery.



Mr. and Mrs. Jarr Abroad. They Learn a Batch of Amazing Facts About "The Good People"

Copyright, 1910, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York World). By Roy L. McCardell. JACK from Barney Castle, the Barney Stone, the Groves of Blarney, but still within the radius of the blarney of Mr. John Haley, driver of the jaunting car from Cork, rode the Jarrs and their friends, Mr. and Mrs. White of New York.

Dumbwaiter Dialogues. By Alma Woodward.

Copyright, 1910, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York World). An Epidemic in Bankruptcy. Scene: The Harbor Apartments. Characters: Mrs. Jarr, Mrs. Norton, Mrs. Haines and Mrs. Whitney. Mrs. J. (in subdued accents)—Marion, come here a minute, will you? Mrs. N. (after a few seconds)—Did any one call me? Mrs. J. (still subdued)—Yes, I did. I want to ask you to do me a favor. When the grocer comes for your order, will you order something for me? Mrs. N.—From my grocer? Mrs. J.—Yes, I'm really ashamed to tell it, but I owe my grocer such a big bill that I haven't the nerve to get anything more there till I pay something on account.

Jacasse—Brains Versus Beauty

It was in 1907 that I undertook my first great comic role—that of Jacasse in "Les Bouffons," of Miguel Zamacois. The theme, though carried to the extreme of fantastic comedy, is not unlike that of the better known Cyrano de Bergerac. For the play turns on a contest between intelligence and beauty for a woman's love. But in "Les Bouffons" intelligence wins, and Jacasse has the pleasure of realizing that even with the humped-back, which he has simulated to prove his point, the beautiful Solange chooses him, the man of intelligence and force, for her husband, rather than the graceful and elegant Narcisse.

Solange's choice is really a much more popular one than that of Roxane, who preferred the handsome Christian to Cyrano, the man of tragedy with the comely nose. For the practical nature of the most sentimental woman inclines her to choose, perhaps unconsciously, the man who can fight the best battle with life for her and for himself.

In the days of primitive man the victory was seldom to the handsomer. For the fighting qualities—pugnacity, endurance, ruthlessness—do not tend to the development of smoothness or beauty. Adam was a very handsome man, if we are to believe your English Milton. But our Mother Eve, the only woman who never had to make a choice between intelligence and beauty, supplied the brains of the family.

Two young men, Rene and Robert, make a wager, Rene maintaining that a woman's soul is influenced less by good works than by intelligence. To decide the bet they disguise themselves as buffoons and offer their services to the Baron de Maupre, who has advertised for buffoons; one that is sympathetic and at the same time quite respectable, can furnish a satisfactory reference and will not object to a month's trial.

Rene and Robert respond to the proclamation; Rene disguised as Jacasse, Robert as Narcisse. The next two acts are occupied with trials of wit between all the buffoons who have answered the proclamation. Solange falls in love with Jacasse, despite the hump he has assumed. And in the end he throws aside the deformity and wins both the wager and the girl. Solange's choice is as true to life as the instinct of self-preservation. As I have said, nearly every woman is likely to encounter the same problem. Once in a while, perhaps, we find beauty and brains united in the same person, but more frequently in woman than in man.

"Cheer Up, Cuthbert!" What's the Use of Being Blue? There Is a Lot of Luck Left. By Clarence I. Cullen. Copyright, 1910, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York World). Use trying to softsoap Santa Claus! He knows! Your "percentage" in a "brace" game is in not trying to buck it!

There are just exactly 1,400 "Psychological Moments" every day! The Bogie Man is the original Bunco Artist! The Lady Fortune is a sad coquette, but she has a shrewd eye for live ones! It's right to consult the customer's whims—but what you want is orders! The Boss has another kink. He advises us not to read the President's Message through until after office hours!

If your bridges are burnt behind you you can always build pontoons! The pursuit of happiness was never meant to be a breakneck race! It takes a man who's been "over the jumps" to know how fine the "straight" is! To stave off punishment when Destiny's drubbing you, don't forget to clinch! Look how white the snow is that falls from the blackest sky! Banish those Daylight Rabbit Dreams! The man who has cirrhosis of the liver generally knows how he got it! There are no Stationary Clouds!

The Bell sounds good when you're hanging on the ropes! They can't kid us about our belief in Old Doc Cook. The gumdrop part of his yarn was true, anyhow! The trouble about posing as a Pessimist is that you're wearing a self-imposed muzzle when you really want to sing! Laughter is contagious, and all hands like the spreader! It doesn't cost a sou-marquee to buy an Optimistic Option!

Women may be growing like men, but they're going to remain womanly enough while we're here! Mr. Good Resolutions isn't rated in Bradstreet's! "Twinkle, twinkle, little star"—but, wheel! we like THIS planet! Some day they'll make a Pepsin for Dyspepsia of the Dome! Our idea of somebody who has hit the Tobog is the Hermit Crab, who don't believe in all o' this fool Santa Claus stuff, nohow!