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SELF-GOVERNMENT IN NEW YORK.

The Saturday luncheon of the Republican Club Senator Owen of Oklahoma made a plea for the popular election of Senators and for the initiative, referendum and recall. In the course of it he said: "You haven't got self-government in New York."

WAR IN THE CARIBBEAN SEA.

SEN. NELSON A. MILES, in an after-dinner address to the Economic Club, said: "The next war will be in the Caribbean Sea. We will invite disaster if we do not fortify the Panama Canal."

INNOCUOUS INSIGNIFICANCE.

SENATOR ROOT, in opposing the proposed election of United States Senators by popular vote, made light of the Legislative scandals recently arising from Senatorial contests and said: "If bad men are sent to the Senate, as some claim they are, they find their level here—they find it in innocuous insignificance."

DOGS AT THE GARDEN.

DOGS are the guests of honor of the city this week. Madison Square Garden is theirs; and theirs also will be the devotion and the adulation of women. "Going to the dogs" is always an alluring pace, and this week it will be fashionable as well.

Letters From the People

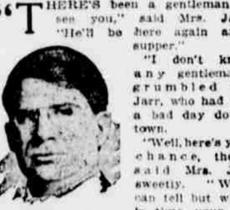
The "itching Palm" Again. Mr. Brown's letter. "The Sign of the Itching Palm," appearing the tipping system, is a masterpiece, and I think it should express the sentiments of every honest man making an honest living.

The Day of Rest. By Maurice Ketten.



A Mysterious but Distinguished Stranger Haunts the Jarr Flat. What Can It Mean?

By Roy L. McCardell.



"Who told you—I mean, he didn't say anything of the kind," cried Mrs. Jarr, flaring up. "And if he did, I'm sure it is a natural mistake. I look every bit as young as Clara Mudridge does. Yes, or Cora Hockett. And they're not married!"

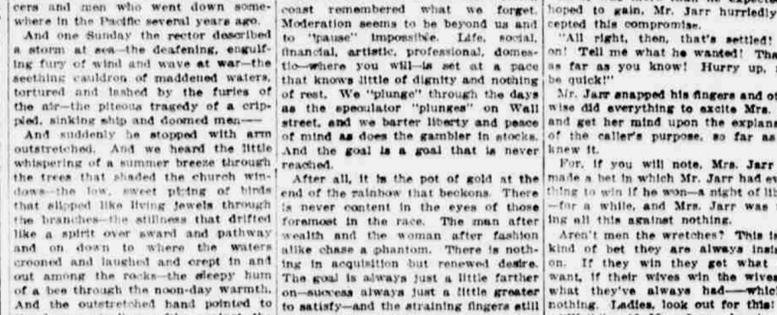
"I suppose so," growled Mr. Jarr. "I wished you had told that fellow who was to see me that it was in Albany breaking the Senatorial deadlock by (in deference to the instance of numerous friends) permitting my name to be offered as a compromise candidate. I'll bet he's got something to sell me. If he isn't a book agent, he's got a Florida land scheme. Well, you can tell him I don't come home of nights."

Give and Take By Ethelyn Huston

"Resting" Is an Art. Why Not Learn It?

"I HERE is music in a rest if one but knew it," said Caryle. And the Great Man touched the key-note of the world's confusion. We have forgotten how to pause. We do not know how to be still. We are deaf to the harmonies pulsing through silence.

In the Tall Timbers



HODGE HUFF, OUR POPULAR STATION AGENT IS PUTTING A NEW PORCH ON HIS HOUSE BETWEEN TRAINS. "It is in the same wind," he said gently. "And who listened? We had seen with him the tempest. And our throats had ached as we turned to the mute witness on the wall, and the terror and the pity of it had clutched our hearts—hopelessness and despair came to us from the storm. And then the word-painting paused and the hand pointed to the swaying leaves. And in the silence of that pause something came to our hearts that was different from and beyond all speech and all reason—something that explained and comforted. It was not

"IFS" That Changed History By Albert Payson Terhune

Copyright, 1911, by The News Publishing Co. (The New York World). No. 34—A Fog That Altered Europe's Map.

TWO little ships (carrying on their decks a handful of passengers and the whole future of Europe) butted their way through a bank of sea-fog one autumn night in 1799.

The sudden arrival of the fog and the fact that it clung to the two small vessels until they had moved past a certain danger-point is part of a dramatic historical "if." The time was one when history was busy in the making. The next few years were to show a state of affairs never before dreamed of, and were to change Europe's map. But for the timely appearance of the fog that night in 1799 there would have been another and far less stirring tale to tell.

France, rising out of the Reign of Terror, had found itself at war with most of its neighbors. The government was in the hands of a corrupt, incompetent group of politicians known as "the Directory." Out of the general confusion sprang into sudden fame a young Corsican officer, Napoleon Bonaparte. He led a ragged, ill-equipped horde of soldiers into Italy, transformed them into a mighty fighting machine, conquered (and looted) the Italian provinces, thrashed the armies of Austria and returned to France a popular hero.

Napoleon saw in his country's confusion a chance for one great man to strike a blow that would make him master of all France. He prepared to strike that blow. But he soon found the hour for it had not come. The Directory was still too strong, and its members feared and distrusted him. His hold on the people and on the army was not yet secure enough.

"I have tested the situation," he said to a friend. "The pear is not yet ripe. I must dazzle the crowd awhile longer." By way of "dazzling" his fellow-countrymen he planned the conquest of Egypt. He sailed for the Nile May 19, 1798. Stopping on the way he captured Malta, then invaded Egypt, winning one brilliant victory after another until he had conquered the whole Nile Valley.

Napoleon's dreams of greatness were inflamed by these triumphs. He intended to seize the entire East, overthrow Mohammedanism, found a new religion on his own account and turn the Orient (from Constantinople to India) into one vast empire, with himself as its possible ruler. But his golden visions were soon shattered. He invaded Syria and met one disaster after another. The British under Nelson wiped out his fleet. He was forced to fall back into Egypt. He lost fully a third of his army. Altogether the Eastern triumph was quickly turning into a fiasco.

Then it was that Napoleon read in an English newspaper that had fallen into his hands of a change in French politics. The Directory was tottering to a collapse; the people were dissatisfied with the government. Foreign nations were again threatening France. Napoleon saw at a glance that "the pear was ripe." The moment had arrived. France was ready for the right man to seize the reins of power. And that "right man" was thousands of miles away, cooped up in Egypt!

Napoleon decided to desert his army and to return with all haste to France. He had no more right to do this than has a locomotive engineer to desert his engine between two stations. But right never stood in Napoleon's way. Turning over his army to Gen. Kleber, he set sail for France with a few followers in two small ships. The English fleet, watching closely, lay right in his path, waiting for some move. So tight a blockade did the British maintain that it was considered an act of madness to try to "run" it. But Napoleon ever had a way of doing what others condemned as impossible, and of succeeding. This time was no exception.

Had the English captured him he would have been held as prisoner of war. France's crisis would have shaped itself in some different way. And another man or group of men would have forced their way to the head of the government. It is very doubtful if Napoleon would have found a later chance so favorable for making himself master of France.

As his two little ships—the Mulron and the Carrere—neared the blockading fleet, a fog rolled over the water, blotting everything from sight. Slowly the fugitives made their way through the enemy's flotilla, passing so close to some of the English warships as to be able to hear distinctly the British officers' conversation. A single false move, a sound, the lifting of the fog, would have betrayed the refugees' presence. Fate hung in the balance.

But luck once more stood by Napoleon. He passed the blockade, landed at Fréjus on Oct. 9, 1799, hurried to Paris and flung himself into the whirlpool of French politics. A few months later he emerged virtual ruler of France. Nor for fifteen years did he once loosen his grip on the destinies of Europe.

The Day's Good Stories

A Wonderful Clock. Missed Them Well. An Inducement.

A CHURCH house in a certain rural district was sadly in need of repairs. The official board had called a meeting of the parishioners to see what could be done toward raising the necessary funds. A middle-aged man, known to be one of the wealthiest and at the same time one of the stingiest of the adherents of that church, arose and said that he would give five dollars, and see down.

May Manton Fashions



Blouse with Straight Tunic, Seven Gored Skirt—Patterns Nos. 6859-6770.