

The Evening World.

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SAINT PATRICK'S FESTIVAL.

ANY generation has passed since the festival of Saint Patrick was celebrated with so much of unity and of hopefulness on the part of all Irish men and women as was the case yesterday.

In his message to the Irish of the United States, published yesterday, John Redmond forecast not only home rule for Ireland, but great democratic reforms for England, Scotland and Wales as well.

These are high sounding promises, yet not out of proportion to the hopes inspired by the spirit of the day.

WHEN OFFICIALS ARE GUILTY.

OBIN'S statements, or confessions, in connection with the investigation of the Carnegie Trust Company are clearly designed to benefit himself.

This is one of the ugliest features of the scandal. Swindling operations of unscrupulous promoters and rascalities of dishonest bankers are bad, though the public can be largely protected from them if good laws are enacted and honest officials enforce them.

CONSIDER THE BABY.

UT of the evidence given in the trial of Edith Melber at Albany for killing her five-year-old son there comes a conviction not only of the mother but of society itself.

But such arguments are valid only against the mother. The child was not to blame. A five-year-old boy, hardly more than a baby, should not be turned out of an asylum solely because his unnatural mother does not make the weekly payments required.

HARLEM BARBERS.

HARLEM barbers have adopted resolutions in favor of various movements of interest to the trade, but protesting against the passage of a bill introduced in the State Legislature providing for the appointment of a commission of five examiners at \$2,000 a year each to supervise the shops and the business of barbers.

The protest is valid. We have commissions enough. Better reasons could be given for abolishing some that we have than for the creation of others. Such laws as may be enacted with respect to cleanliness, sanitary regulations, working hours, &c., in barber shops can be enforced just as well by existing State or municipal authorities as by a board of commissioners or examiners.

As it is proposed that the salaries of the commission shall be paid from a license of \$5 imposed on barber shops, the Harlem resolutions denounce it as "sheer graft." Perhaps it is not quite that, but it will be just as well to shear it off on general principles.

Letters From the People

In the World Almanac, To the Editor of The Evening World. Where could I find a list that will tell me what three nations have the largest battlefields about?

"The Flowers That Bloom in the Spring, tra la!" By Maurice Ketten.



A Heartsick Stranger Graces the Jarrs' Table And Volunteers the Tragic Story of His Life.

By Roy L. McCardell.

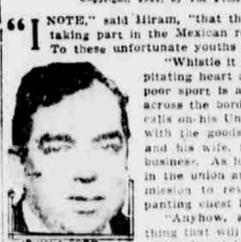


"Um—er, beg pardon! What did you say?" asked Mr. Dinkston, rousing up.

The guest, who had a large and extremely red nose, had been sitting at the table, from the time the children had entered the room till now in a bustling attitude with his thumb and finger to the swollen and scarlet nasal organ.

The Browe Brothers Hiram and Loerum

By Irvin S. Cobb.



"NOTE," said Hiram, "that the Americans who have been captured while taking part in the Mexican revolution are in grave danger of being shot. To these unfortunate youths my heart goes out in sympathy."

Confessions Of a Mere Man

By Helen Rowland

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AM in love again—for the first time! In fact, every time is "the first time" with me, because love, like lightning, never strikes me twice in the same place, nor in the same way.

Believe me, old chap, trying to dodge love is like taking a country out across Fifth avenue on a busy morning; while you are backing away from one automobile—or one girl—another runs you down. You can't be looking all ways at once.

Yes, I know it's exceedingly difficult to distinguish between "real love" and the imitation or "near" commodity. But—ah, well—all love is "real love" while it lasts. There are fifty-seven varieties of it, and each is a totally different sort of "pickles."

There's the kind that drives him to drink, and the kind that reclaims him from it; the kind that keeps him dragging at the office for a woman, and the kind that keeps him tagging at her heels while his business goes to ruin.

But the best of all kinds is the mixed kind, the chow-chow variety, composed of sugar and pepper and spice and romance and friendship combined, the kind which hits you all over! One man has called it "Love with a capital L," and another has called it "friendship set on fire."

I only know that it is different from all other kinds of love in the world. Believe me, until you can love a woman as a mother and a friend and a pal and an angel and a sweetheart all in one—you have never found the best brand of love.

Yet you never can tell what any sort of love is going to make you do. More crimes have been committed in the name of "love" than in the names of justice, war and religion all put together.

The Week's Wash.

By Martin Green.

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WHO says the Legislature is losing on the job?" asked the head polisher. "Here's the Assembly has put over a bill prohibiting the inhabitants of this fair city from getting their hair cut after three o'clock on Sunday afternoon."

"Some class legislation like that," commented the laundry man, "it gives the poor a chance to have a haircut after three o'clock on Sunday afternoon."

"Any legislator will tell you that. Some of them will even admit that working men and boys are entitled to some amusement on Sunday. These legislators proceed to hamstring a bill allowing amateurs to play baseball on Sundays after the members of the Gospel have performed their usual part in the observance of the day."

"Thus does a wise and noble Legislature protect the youth of New York City from evil. Perhaps in the course of time the Legislature will make Sunday ball playing a felony and class it with murder."

"The main features of Sunday baseball are apparent to the blindest observer. In the first place it takes boys and hooks on a cent."

"Along comes a large, breezy gentleman with a line of snave and a few letters from politicians and an invitation to dine at some swell hotel. And he borrows half the money in the bank on a hole in the Atlantic Ocean, putting up as security a suit-case full of wall paper. After making the loan the banker writes letters to other bankers stating that a certain rigo and bone-headed sucker has just made a tough and advising that he be skinned when he comes around. The whole secret in getting money from financiers is making them believe they are giving you the worst of it."

young away from the street corners and back rooms of saloons on Sundays. That would our street corners look like Sunday afternoon. Without young men and boys standing around smoking cigars and indulging in chaotic and refined conversation? What would our saloon keepers do without their thriving Sunday afternoon trade?

"Another thing about Sunday baseball is that it requires violent participation in the open air and impels excited therein to make loud noises and fill their lungs with ozone and indulge in profuse perspiration. Sunday is a day of rest, not exercise. Sunday baseball gives boys and young men coarse, glib voices and has a tendency to make them strong and rugged. And a young rugged youth is liable to hurt somebody if he gets his temper aroused."

"Craps, the favorite prevailing Sunday afternoon game of the young men and boys, is much more desirable than baseball. It is a game that can be played anywhere with a pair of dice. It requires no violent exertion and the players converse with each other in low, tense tones. Offentimes, too, a boy

The Likeness.



"Your work in the fourth act of Hamlet reminds me of Booth's."



whose mother needs the money for rent; cleans up his companions and runs home with his winnings. For Sunday recreation as between craps and baseball the Legislature gives three cheers for craps."

New Field for Con Men.

"THE way things are coming out in the Carnegie Trust Company investigation," remarked the head polisher, "it would appear that the honest goods and old con men are making a mistake working the rubes. They ought to shift to the financial district."

"Well," said the laundryman, "they'd feel at home at any rate. They should get the coin, too, for the banking business in this and every other city bristles with the softest marks that ever broke into money."

A man doing a legitimate business on a small capital and needing money is put through the third degree when he tries to touch a bank on his note. The lordly banker takes the money and the man is a panhandler. He is required to put up absolute security, turn his business and life insurance and household furniture over to the bank and mortgage the future of his family before he can get his hooks on a cent."

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"SEE," said the head polisher, "that although the Germans and the Irish have formed an offensive and defensive alliance against England, there were no Germans in the St. Patrick's Day parade."

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