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WALDO AND HIS WORK.

R. CROPSEY retired from the office of Police Commissioner "without regret" on his part, and with the public in much the same content.

But it was said of old: "Let not him that putteth on his armor boast himself as he that putteth it off." The command of a police force is at all times a difficult business, and the difficulty is not lessened when promotions are dependent not upon efficiency displayed in police work, but upon cleverness in passing civil service examinations conducted by a board alien to the police office.

Shortly after his retirement from the office of Fire Chief, Mr. Croker stated in a public address that the efficiency of the Fire Department has been diminished of late by the civil service rule of promotion. The new Police Commissioner has, therefore, a difficult task ahead of him. But he has youth, courage and ambition. And the public that has every desire for his success will, of course, strengthen his hands where it can. The rest is with the Mayor.

COURTS AND LITIGATION.

FOR the purpose of facilitating the trial of appeals from the Interstate Commerce Commission there was created a Court of Commerce and the people settled down in expectation of seeing things move. But the Court has issued an injunction to stop the Commission from enforcing its decrees, and the Commission is expected to appeal to the Supreme Court of the United States against the aggression.

The creation of a new tribunal is virtually the creation of new litigation. There seems no possible escape from it. Every official seeks to justify his appointment by magnifying his office. Where there was but one appeal before, two spring up as if by magic. And the more the judges the slower the judgment, may be accepted as a fact in legal history.

The new court starts out badly. It has hindered what it was designed to hasten. It threatens to nullify instead of strengthen the commission. But it may at least serve a good purpose as a warning against the creation of that Court of Business that some folks have been advocating as a means of facilitating decisions in trust cases.

A SUPPRESSED STORY.

HAT a multimillionaire could crush to death under his automobile a child in a thickly settled locality, and have the whole affair hushed up with such secrecy that the facts are made known only by a suit for damages brought three years after the event, is a pretty fair proof that this country is still a long way from having that excess of publicity some folks complain of.

In this case the automobile was being driven without a license. The crushed child was taken to a hospital, where she died within four days. The hospital authorities seem to have regarded the matter as a secret, and if there was any inquest or inquiry into the affair there is as yet no public record of it. In fact, were it not for the institution of a suit for damages it appears nothing would ever have been known to the authorities about the case.

Yet the affair happened not in the wilderness nor in Russia, but in Massachusetts. Evidently the suppression of news in that State is not yet a lost art, nor can the press yet boast itself of publishing all the news that is fit to print. Some things escape notice, and some other things are not permitted to escape into notice.

THE ROCHESTER PLATFORM.

WHEN Mr. Bryan reminded the Democrats of the State Legislature that they are pledged by the Rochester platform to support the Federal income tax resolution, one of the members called out: "We are pledged to support 'an amendment,' not the amendment." Thereupon a cry of approval went up from various parts of the chamber.

This was but a new manifestation of the trick by which some members of the Legislature hope to evade their pledge and shame their party. During the campaign there was no statement to the voters of any difference of opinion as to what the platform pledge meant. It was everywhere understood that the pledge was the simple one of supporting the income tax resolution that had been submitted by Congress to the States and was then under discussion.

Democracy on trial before the nation has been put to a severe strain at Albany. Very little of the record will be helpful to the party in the nation at large. But nothing that has been done or undone so far will be so hurtful to the candidates of the party in the next campaign as would be a declaration by Democratic Legislators that the campaign pledge of their party last year was an intentional trick to deceive.

Letters From the People

As to Earthquakes. What scientific reader can tell me briefly and simply what causes earthquakes and why New York is supposed to be immune from them? J. B. A Stammerer's Plight. Perhaps some wise reader can advise or help me. I stammer and my stammering has me very much handicapped everywhere I turn. I cannot secure a decent position, as my stammering makes a bad impression. I cannot go into company, as there are

Can You Beat It? By Maurice Ketten.

Comic strip panels. Panel 1: A man says "DON'T BUY A NEW HAT, I'VE FOUND YOUR LAST YEAR'S STRAW". Panel 2: A man says "GOOD BYE" while a hat flies through the air. Panel 3: A man says "STRAW HATS". Panel 4: A man says "ONE DOLLAR PLEASE". Panel 5: A man says "THE OLD ONE!".

Mr. Jarr Refuses to Become a "Knight of the Bath"—Unless the Bath Happens to Be Hot.

By Roy L. McCardell. MR. JARR stepped into the bathroom and turned on the water with a firm, final turn. "Hold on there!" cried Mr. Jarr. "I am I to be bored, polished and drilled, even when I go to take a bath?"

As to Heart Strings and Apron Strings

By Sophie Irene Loeb. MAN WANTS BUT LITTLE LIBERTY, BUT WANTS THAT LITTLE LONG. Some worthy one has said, "The love you liberate is the only love you keep."

Beyond Mere Words.

Oh, yes, there may be the bit of sacrifice to overcome. Certainly, there are times without number when he has to see a man and she WISHES him quite by her side and—the heart of her cries "I want you!" Don't go—that he sacrifices—and stays.

The Customs Man—Have you got anything to declare?

The Customs Man—Nothing fit for innocent ears to hear!

The American Woman.

What Are Her Aims, Her Characteristics, Her Future? To What Is She Drifting? "We are too much absorbed in living a life of pleasure. It is a waste with a danger," says Kate Douglas Wiggin, concerning the American woman.

This is the latest of many thousand slaps at the woman who lives on the western side of the Atlantic. Few of the critics agree. Representative women have given The Evening World their ideas on the query: "WHAT IS THE REAL AMERICAN WOMAN?"

No. VII.—"She Is the Most 'Chumable' Woman in the World!" Says Mrs. Wilson Woodrow.

THE American woman is the most chumable woman in the world. She has mastered the art of friendship. She knows how to be friends with her husband, friends with her children, friends with the man she never dreams of marrying—even friends with another woman! As the good comrade, she admits no peer.



From this angle, Mrs. Wilson Woodrow, author of "The New Missioner," "The Beauty" and other popular novels, approached the theme of the American woman, which has been so widely discussed for Evening World readers.

"It seems to me that most of the mistakes about the American woman have been made because most of her critics have been men," began Mrs. Woodrow. "What is it that I know, who said 'Men are not angels, neither are they brutes'? Yet, I fancy even that great poet, being a man, might have demurred over the equally truthful assertion that women are not angels, neither are they demons. Everyman will always insist on putting every woman into the superlative category."

"How would you define the American woman?" asked Marguerite Moore Marshall.

"She's a human sort of a person," said Mrs. Woodrow, simply. "If she ever was on a pedestal, she's got tired and walked off. She is born with a love for work, a womanly desire for a husband and babies, a rather clean mind and a sense of humor."

"Her environment occasionally causes abnormal changes in the chrysalis of her childhood, and when the chrysalis opens, a butterfly, a snob or a too free-and-independent young person emerges. But such products are so rare that they are extremely noticeable."

"Once upon a time a woman was a cat. She was frequently a very soft, pretty, affectionate, purry cat, and her claws were drawn in so far that you hardly ever saw or felt them. But the range of her interests was almost literally feline. She liked cream and warm rooms and soft cushions and smooth fur and babies, small ones."

"As the babies grew older they rather puzzled her, but there was generally one younger to whom she could devote herself. She differed from kitty chiefly in disliking mice."

"Now she is so gloriously different. The modern American woman is a born chum. She has a marvellous number and variety of interests in common with her husband."

"The American wife is even capable of understanding her husband's business problems, and he recognizes it by freely discussing them with her. Many times they may be doing the same work. Very likely it is their community of work interests which first brought them together. And after marriage they keep on working together."

"But the American woman is frequently criticized for not giving up her business position when she marries in order to attend to her domestic duties," suggested Miss Marshall.

"I KNOW, and it is an extremely unfair criticism," declared Mrs. Woodrow. "The American wife goes to business and hires a cook simply because she follows the dictates of economy and common sense. Far from being extravagant, she is really one of the best managers in the world. When comparing her household expenses with those of her French or English sister they forget that she is maintaining a much higher standard of living—and that her husband would be the first one to protest if she lowered it."

"The American woman is not a doormat, and let us hope she never will be. She is vain enough to prefer to stand rather than to be stood upon. She has self-respect. Here, more than in any other country, she meets men on the plane of equality and proves daily that she can match her brains, her ability with theirs."

"Is she to blame for recognizing the fact that she is 'as good as a man' from a worker's point of view?"

"Incidentally, it's rather interesting to notice that this new type of purposeful woman is interested in a special type of man," added Mrs. Woodrow. "Not being a shrinking flower or a piece of Dresden china, but a busy, sophisticated, successful woman, she demands that just those adjectives shall apply to the man she marries. Her head is not filled with a lot of sentimental tommy-rot. She has the faculty of 'sizing up' her men friends. Indeed, that's why she is so good a friend to them. For one may worship blindly, but one can't be friends unless one's eyes are open."

"The American woman demands at least potential success in her husband. He must be energetic, he must have a real knowledge of business affairs and he must make a real and serious thing of whatever he undertakes, whether it is proposing to her or growing turnips."

"If there is one thing in all the world which the American woman is NOT it is lazy!"

"Just because we have to work so hard and have so many cares on our shoulders, we think more of the gentler things of life in a moment than the women of times past did in a month. We value our affections more highly and give them away less readily, which is, perhaps, the reason why we seem less romantic."

"But we are all hero worshippers at heart, even though we are grown more particular in the choice of heroes."

Jungle Tales For Children.

"JIMMY, come here," said Mr. Monkey one day. "What do you want, Pop?" asked Jimmy. "Don't you call me 'Pop' because I am going to whip you for your mother, and when I get done I will give you some more just on my own hook," said Mr. Monkey. "Are you really going to fan me, father?" asked Jimmy, peering in at the kitchen door. "Well, your mother left a note, saying for me to whip you, and I have to do it," said Jimmy's father. "What are you going to whip me for?" asked Jimmy. "I don't know. I am just going to

The Day's Good Stories

Her Dearest Pets. I HAVE a heart-rending scene in my new story. "How now?" "The heroine is in such reduced circumstances that she has to cook the cats." "But the worst is yet to come. She has to build the fire with the rubber plant."—Washington Herald. The Only Reason. "A H. well," said Wilbur Wright, "there's a plausible answer, you know, to every charge." Mr. Wright at a dinner in Washington was discussing the defense put up by an instructor of his military patrol. "The most defensible charge," he said, "has its defense. Take the case of Roosevelt. A gentleman visited Roosevelt, setting off the train he found he had to drive four miles from the station to the house. This naturally angered him, and he reprimanded the poor conductor. You see how he was provoked so far away from the city?" "Because," said the other man, "he thought it would be more convenient to have it down here near the railroad."