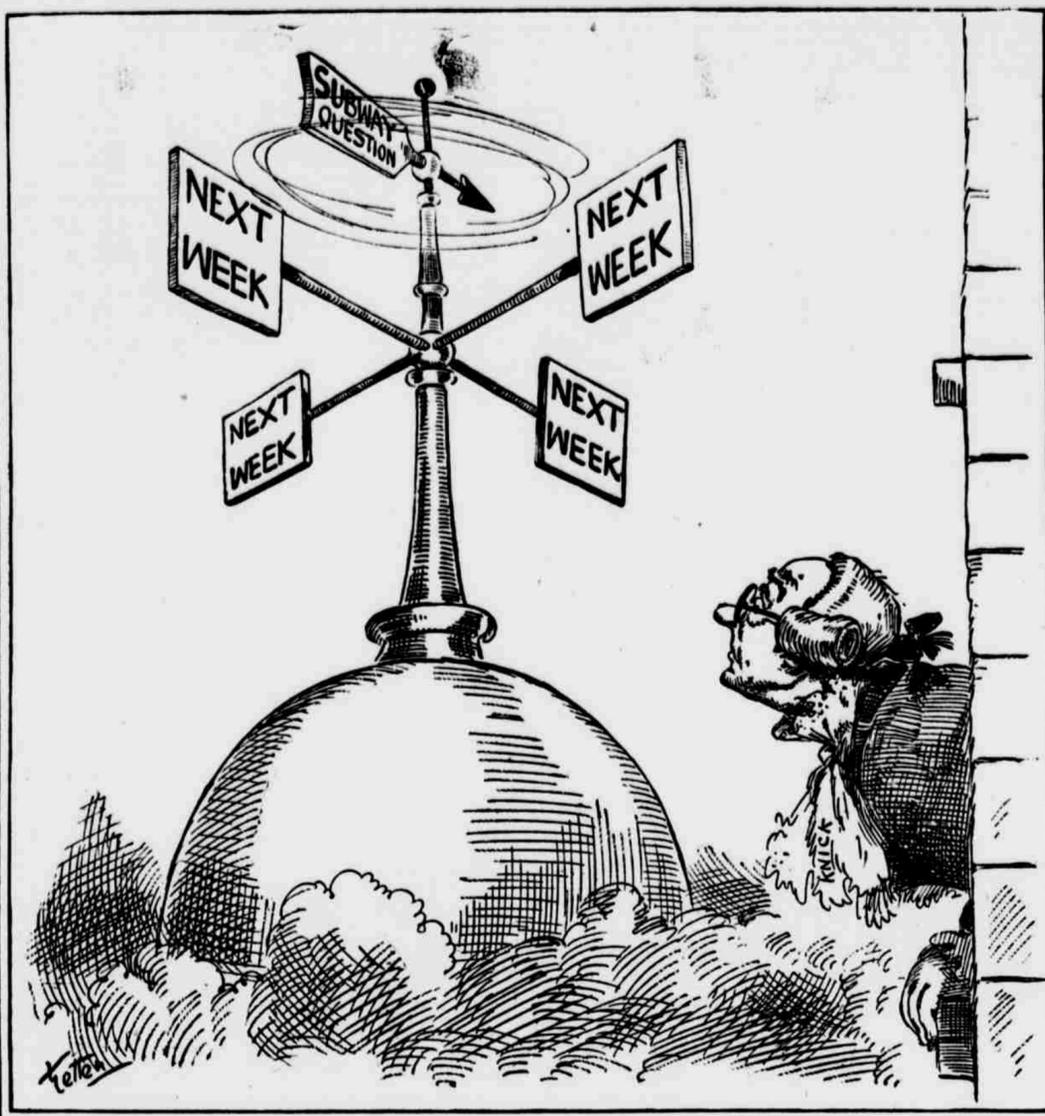


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The Subway Vane. By Maurice Ketten.



GARY ON MORGAN.

JUDGE GARY ought to hire a hall. He could have a large audience. Before the investigating committee he has been talking more sound sense about the excessive financial powers of J. P. Morgan than can be found in forty ordinary discourses, whether sermons, stump speeches or academic addresses.

Many other people have said the same things, but the Judge has said them best, because he knows them best. It was declared of old there is eloquence when "out of the fullness of the heart the mouth speaketh." But in Judge Gary's case the purse is as full as the heart, and money talks as well as the tongue. The compliments paid in his testimony to the excellence of Mr. Morgan's disposition, to his strength of character and his courage, may be part of the courtesies of high finance or an expression of friendship, but the declaration "he could do a great deal of harm if he had the disposition to do so," is straight talk.

We should not give much heed to dispositions in matters of this kind. We ought to provide a banking system not subject to the disposition of any combination of private financiers, no matter how excellent their morals and their methods. And this Congress ought to attend to the duty.

DOCTORS AND DEMAGOGUES.

R. NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER, addressing the graduates of Columbia, spoke of the time as "The Age of Irrationalism." He warned his ingenious bachelors to beware of the torrent of words that flows incessantly from demagogues, religious, political and literary, that "din our ears with hungry cries."

It was an excellent discourse, pertinent to the pressure of the time, and if taken by itself would impress us with the advantage of having doctors to advise us in all matters of high concern. Unfortunately, on the same day the University of New York conferred the degree of Doctor of Letters on Robert Underwood Johnson, and the new dignitary proceeded to pronounce an oration upon American poets, giving foremost place to Emerson and ranking Longfellow, Bryant, Whittier, Lowell, Holmes and Thomas William Parsons next in their order.

Such estimates proceeding from the haunts of culture cause a pale cast of thought to overcome any rosy hue of resolution to accept the teaching of Columbia that doctors know more than demagogues. So long as culture persists in ranking Emerson as a poet above Longfellow and Lowell, and includes Thomas William Parsons in a roll of fame from which Poe and Whitman and Joaquin Miller are shut out, it will be just as well for the crowd to follow their own judgments. Still, Dr. Butler is right—it surely is an age of irrationalism.

FIRE LAWS AT CONEY.

UPON the motion before the Aldermen to extend the fire limits to Coney Island, the vote affirmative should be unanimous. The pleasure city by the sea is just as permanent as any other part of the city. The welfare of its property and of its patrons should be as carefully guarded.

The Dreamland fire would have been an inferno had it occurred while thronged with a usual holiday crowd. And other fires in a city of shacks and inflammable structures are likely to break out on some crowded day. We have had the warning. Let us profit by it.

PROTESTING THE AEROPLANE.

AT Annapolis those in charge of the farm belonging to the Naval Academy object to the use of it as a ground for aeroplane experiments. The argument is that the machines frighten the animals and lessen both the quality and the quantity of milk given by the cows. In Waltham, Mass., a number of florists have asked the courts to forbid aviators from flying over their grounds and greenhouses lest damage be done that will be irreparable for years.

These are the beginnings of a protest that is bound to come against the new invention. It will be easy for most people to recall the prolonged and widespread fight made against automobiles in the early days of their use. Many protested against permitting them to enter public parks. On country roads the farmers almost rose in insurrection.

So it was in a former age with the locomotive, and doubtless in a more remote time it was equally so with the introduction of the stage coach. But the argument about milk is the outcome of a scientific age. Our ancestors knew nothing of college dairying. It is up to the Navy Department to decide whether the embryo commanders shall go without aeroplanes or cream.

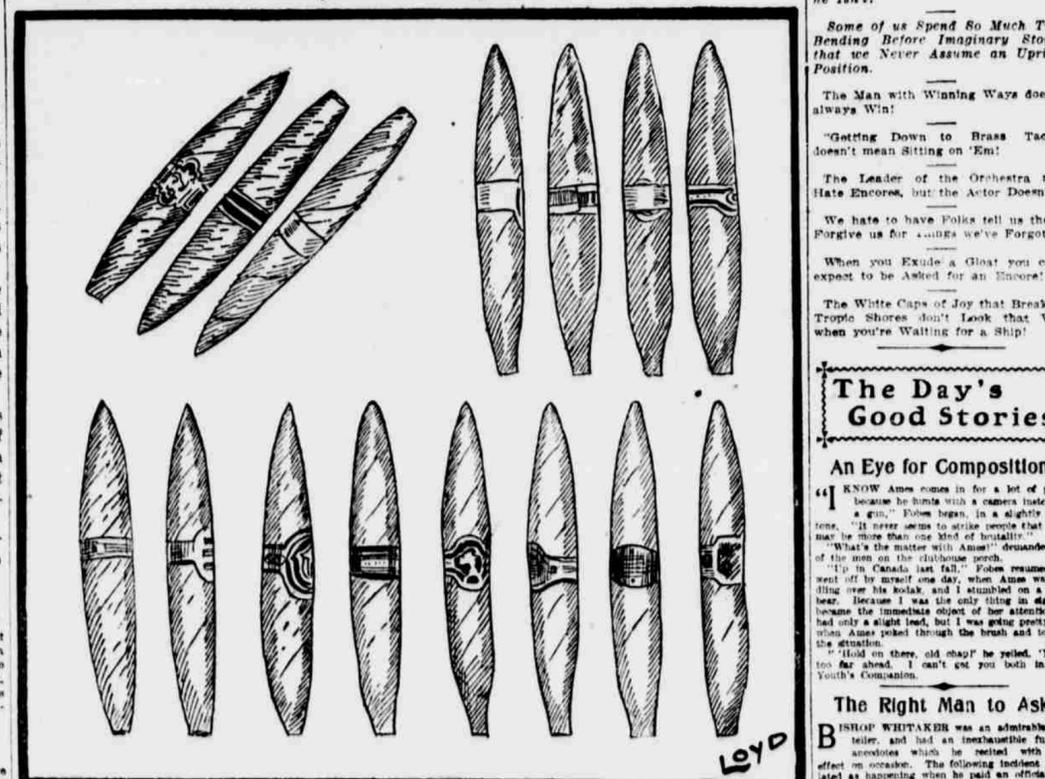
Letters From the People

Yes. To the Editor of The Evening World: Is it considered proper for a young man in mourning for his father (dead about six months), to wear a straw hat with a black band during the summer months? MONTNER.

"Cheer Up, Cuthbert!" By Clarence L. Cullen

"HEAVY" is a spear with a broken barb! 'Tween the ease with which we depart from the normal and the difficulty with which we get to it! It takes a long time for some of us to learn how to take a licking! The man who sandwiches his way to success never is much of a sleeper! There is a dreary disproportion between the ease with which we depart from the normal and the difficulty with which we get to it!

Tobacco Trust Puzzle By Sam Loyd



THE fifteen combined companies takes away as many cigars as he wishes from any one pile. Then the opponent removes as many as he wishes from one pile and so on until the latter player loses. For example: A takes entire pile of 5; B takes 4 from pile of 5; A takes 1 and B takes 4 which leaves him 4 left.

GREAT CONSPIRACIES IN HISTORY

BY ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE

No. XII.—The Plot to Make a Little Girl a Queen.

A LITTLE girl (sixteen years old, but far more a child than a woman) stood trembling and weeping as she looked down upon a group of English nobles—her own parents among them—who were kneeling at her feet.

It was the first scene in one of the cruelest, most pathetic tragedies of history. The kneeling nobles were conspirators, and the innocent little girl was a helpless pawn in the great game they were playing.

Henry VIII, King of England, had left one son and two daughters. The son came to the throne as King Edward VI. He was a sickly child, and the Duke of Somerset was chosen to manage—or rather to mismanage—the kingdom in his name during the boy's minority. Somerset's crimes against the state and against religion at length led to his execution, and another scoundrel, the Duke of Northumberland, became the boy King's representative.

Northumberland wanted to hold the reins of power forever. He knew the King was a hopeless invalid and that on Edward's death the latter's half-sister, Mary, would inherit the crown. Mary had no use for Northumberland. And Northumberland knew it. So, with a band of conspirators who were hangers-on of his own, he formed a plot to make Lady Jane Grey, the King's cousin, succeed Edward as ruler of England.

He even brought so much pressure to bear on the sick young King that Edward was induced to proclaim Lady Jane as his successor instead of his own half-sister, Mary. Edward had absolutely no right to do this. But in these days might made right, Northumberland thought himself powerful enough to carry the affair through and to remain always the "power behind the throne." He had already taken the precaution to arrange a marriage between his own young son, Guilford Dudley, and Lady Jane. The whole plot was well planned and cleverly enforced.

Then Edward died—some stated that he met his death through poison administered by the conspirators—and Northumberland proclaimed Lady Jane Queen of England.

Lady Jane was a shy, gentle girl, whose life had been spent in seclusion in the country. She had been brought up simply and with great severity, having almost no pleasures and being forced to study hard. At sixteen she knew practically nothing of the world.

Northumberland and his fellow plotters, including the girl's own father and mother, came solemnly into Lady Jane's presence one day and knelt before her, hailing her as Queen. Ignorant of politics as Jane was, she realized that she had no right to the crown. She wept bitterly and entreated her parents not to force her to accept. But they were too wildly ambitious in behalf of their own advancement to heed her tears or prayers. They had always taught her to obey them in everything. And they thrust this new rank upon her in spite of her entreaties.

Jane was taken to London and crowned. After the coronation she rode in state through the streets. The people stared at her in astonishment. In her innocence she wondered why, and tried to think how she could have offended them. For Northumberland had told her that the whole nation rejoiced at having her for Queen. There was no one honest enough to explain to her that the people realized she was the conspirators' poor dupe and that, as long as she should reign, Northumberland would continue to misgovern the land to his heart's content.

Mean time, the bulk of the kingdom had rushed to Mary's standard. Mary was crowned at Norwich and she marched upon London with a large army. Northumberland's forces melted away like summer snow at Mary's approach. The conspiracy collapsed like a burst balloon.

Mary entered London and mounted the throne. Almost her first official act was to punish with terrible severity the chiefs of the conspiracy. Northumberland and others were put to death at once. Lady Jane Grey, after a reign of just ten days, was dethroned and cast into a dungeon. Then on Feb. 12, 1554, she was beheaded as a traitor. Her boy husband was also executed.

Thus perished a mere child who had harmed nobody, whose only sin was that, against her will, she had been used and then crushed, in the iron game of statecraft. She was the first victim of a conspiracy whose simplest details she could not understand. And, "for the good of the state," the harmless, helpless little girl was killed.

The Jarr Family

Mrs. Jarr Can't Interest Her Husband At All in the Topic of Matrimony

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you do and talk as you do to exaggerate me!" she cried. "And yet people say to me, 'I do think Mr. Jarr is so jolly! How nice it must be to have a husband who is so good natured!' And Mrs. Jarr was so mad that she threw down the paper and ominously began to tap the floor with both feet. Mr. Jarr heaved at once. "I was only joking," he faltered. "You mustn't fly up so, dearie. If I AM good natured you must be good natured too. I was only teasing you a little. What does our friend the Canadian minister say about marriage—something about reciprocity in it?"

"Yes, reciprocally after people are married," replied Mrs. Jarr, who had no wish to quarrel until she had driven home upon her husband the great truths expounded by the Canadian divine. "If you'll have the common courtesy to listen to what I have to say without interrupting me rudely with all sorts of frivolous remarks and still thinking that some one in this house tries to buy to the best advantage. Don't you say a word. I've seen you shopping. You go right in a store and say, 'Give me six collars this style,' and mention the size. 'And one of these dark lavender neckties and half a dozen pairs of socks, strong and medium weight, three pair brown and three pair black. How much?'"

"What other way is there to do it?" asked Mr. Jarr. "When I am buying anything I know what I am buying, I know the quality of the goods and I know whether I am spending my money to the best advantage or not. However, I was not calling your attention to a bargain sale, which it would seem to you as a red rag to a bull, but, as I said, if I didn't keep my eyes open for them and make two dollars do the work of four—"

"Yes, yes!" interrupted Mr. Jarr. "I think I have heard those few remarks on your astounding domestic economy a few times before. But what is this new starter that arrests your attention? Is it the case of the young women acting impulsively with firearms despite all the agitation over Senator Sullivan's anti-pistol-buying bill and a safe and sane Fourth?"

"No, it isn't," snapped Mrs. Jarr. "It's the very excellent remarks of a Canadian minister on marriage." "I've no doubt they are excellent remarks," said Mr. Jarr. "I never heard a minister anywhere encourage divorce. The lawyers do that. Sure, the preachers encourage marriage. It's like the undertakers who advertise 'Have you a dear friend or relative who is in the army?' Call and see us and arrange all the details that will be so gratifying to friends and family when the sad event occurs."

Mrs. Jarr fixed him with a stony stare. "Sometimes I think you are not as good as you seem."

"THE MAN HUNT. My wife and the girls are planning the summer campaign early this year." "So?" "Yes, and they think they ought to go to Palm Beach for some preliminary."

The Day's Good Stories

An Eye for Composition.

I KNOW Ames comes in for a lot of praise because he hints with a camera instead of a gun. "Edwin began, in a slightly acid tone, 'It never seems to strike people that there may be more than one kind of beauty.'"

The Right Man to Ask.

BISHOP WHITAKER was an admirable story teller, and had an inexhaustible fund of anecdotes which he related with good effect on occasions. The following incident he related as happening when he said an official visit to a rural parish up the State.

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