The World.

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"PUGS" WIN WHERE PONIES LOSE.

THE boxing men "had the punch" and got their winning decision at Albany, where the racing bill finished so badly and had to take the count. The signing of the Frawley bill by Gov. Dix legalizes slugging matches limited to ten rounds, and the State holds the kitty, in fixing a tax of 5 per cent. on the gross receipts. Of course, with such a practical interest in the game it behooves the State to keep a firm grip on its regulation. To this end, the Governor has appointed three boxing commissioners of unimpeachable reputation, who under the new law can punish or terrorize any "fake or sham contest or exhibition" by the awful threat of taking away the license of the club that engineered it.

Probably this plan will sober the great fistic sport as effectually as anything can short of a pronounced and discriminating public opinion. There is really nothing to prevent a ten-round repetition here of the Johnson-Jeffries affair which last year helped to give Reno an undesirable reputation—except the lesson taught by the notorious Corbett-McCoy frame-up a few years ago, when even this easy, sport-loving community of ours sickened at the scandals incident to public ring contests and demanded the repeal of the Horton law.

Government regulation of this and all other professional sports tainted with gambling is the safe and sane thing, theoretically. It is so practically in some European countries, notably in France. There, both horse-racing and boxing flourish, are in good repute and pay their charity tribute as well as the expenses of clean and efficient administration. The same principle ought to work here.

If it did not work here in the case of horse-racing—or, rather, if existing race-track conditions were such as to prevent its being tried in that interest—the real reason is that gambling has hopelessly degraded and unclassed what was once a noble and to some extent a genuinely popular sport.

But there is not and probably never was in this country the widespread popular interest in the "ponies" that there is in pugilism, boxing and sparring—a pure sporting interest, in the wholesome sense of the word. Even in the days of the Horton law, before the demoralization through greed became flagrant in "fixed" fights, there used to be grand gatherings in the Madison Square Garden, and these were repeated on a smaller scale throughout the city and the entire State. Every live village had—and still has, for that matter—its local athletic club, where the manly art is practised for art's sake, so to speak.

The Governor showed the courage of his convictions, and doubtless expressed that of a predominating portion of the public, when he signed the bill giving boxing another chance. If a decent horse-racing bill had been sent to him from the Legislature, it is a safe oral bet that he would have signed that, too.

THE OCEAN DACHSHUND.

THE ocean steamship records grow shorter all the while. The ships themselves keep lengthening, to almost half a mile. To-day the great Olympic is giant of the fleet, to-morrow Aquitania will stretch 900 feet. This makes the Mauretania class already seem old-fashioned, and henceforth "ocean greyhound" must give place to ocean dachshund.

Letters From the People

"No Definite Object."

To the Editor of The Evening World:

A girl writes, asking readers how she can cure herself of "that I-don't-care-feeling." She says she is unpleasant at home because she is not interested. I don't know if I am qualified to give the advice she asks for, but it seems to me she has no definite object in life, and I am sure that is what she needs. If she were fond enough of other people and less fond of herself she might find success. One gets to hate oneself when one loves oneself too much. I am sure both she and her family would be happier if she thought less about herself, and lost herself in other people's interests. I hope she will accept this advice in good faith. EIGHTEEN-YEAR-OLD GIRL.

No; On April 9.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

In the year 1840 Good Friday fell on April 17. In the next year did it fall on that date? SUBSCRIBER.

"Eleventh-Hour Shoppers."

To the Editor of The Evening World:

A reader speaks of "Eleventh-Hour Shoppers." I can write of this from experience, having been a saleswoman. It is quite true, many shoppers are very inconsiderate and have not the least sympathy for a poor salesgirl. These women of leisure who have nothing else to do but go about shopping day after day ought to learn common sense and do their shopping early. It would be well for them to have some kind womanly feeling toward members of their own sex who are often on their feet constantly for nine hours and at the end of the day are absolutely tired, nervous and in some cases completely exhausted. The aggravation produced by late shoppers is beyond description and there ought to be a line drawn in this respect. (Mrs.) MARIE B. HOWSMAN.

No.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Can a couple get married in any part of Connecticut without a license? R. R.

"Squirrel and Tree" Again.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I notice a letter from C. H. B. regarding the squirrel problem in which he states that he wants to call my attention to the fact that "the man might still easily accomplish his object by standing perfectly still and letting the squirrel dance his jig on top of the pole until he had turned entirely about, when it would become a fact that the man had been before, behind and on all sides of him, and so unquestionably had walked around the squirrel." How could the man stand perfectly still while he was walking around the squirrel? The man, in walking around the pole, left an imaginary circle around the squirrel, but I still claim that he could not possibly have walked around the squirrel without passing the squirrel on all sides. While the man was walking in a circle he was walking, all the time, in front of the squirrel. What does C. H. B. claim? He doesn't say in his letter whether the man walked around the squirrel or not. R. B.,
Mount Vernon, N. Y.

The Latter Is Correct.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

What is the pronunciation of "suite?" A says it is pronounced "sute" and B says it is pronounced "sweet." R. H. P.

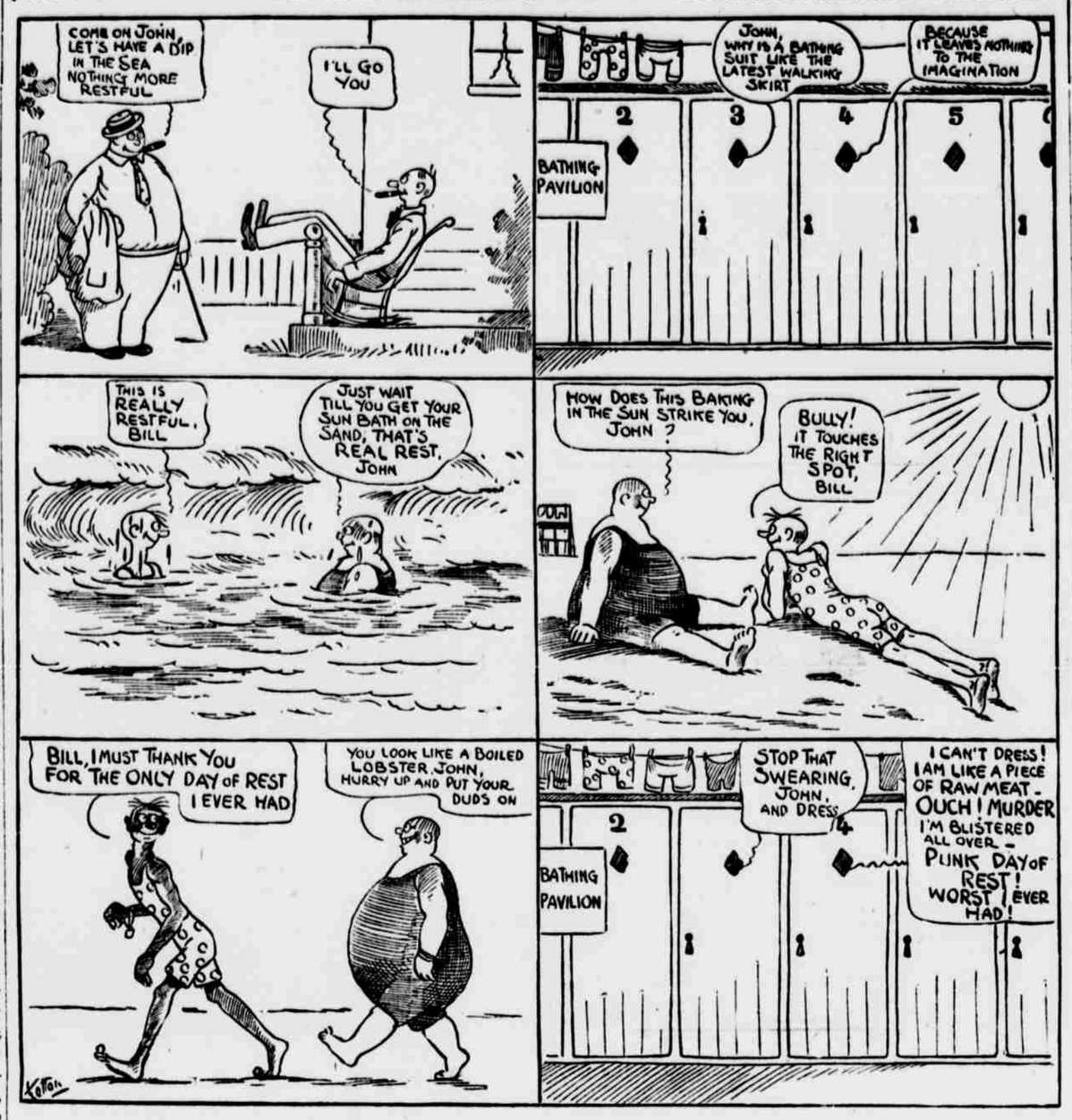
To Board of Education.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Where can I apply for full particulars as to what law schools are in New York that teach only in the evening; also are there any that have free tuition? NEW HAVEN MAN.

The Day of Rest.

By Maurice Ketten.



Mrs. Jarr Leads a Feminine Battalion Pledged Solemnly to Render "First Aid to the Engaged"

By Roy L. McCardell.

MRS. JARR, Mrs. Rangle, Mrs. Terwilliger and Mrs. Dusenberry all drew up chairs around the centre of interest, Miss Mudridge, in the parlor of Mrs. Jarr's flat.

ROY L. McCARDELL

All the married ladies present would and did declare that any young girl who "threw herself away upon any man these days" was a very foolish girl indeed. Evidently the men of other days were more worth the having. Yet it was apparent that the getting of one of the worthless modern kind was an event of importance.

"And your wedding dress," said Mrs. Rangle, raising her voice above those of her clattering friends, "you'll have to wear:

Something old and something new,
Something borrowed and something blue!"

"An' git married with the new moon," said Mrs. Dusenberry of Indiana. "I knowed a gal in Taylor Township what got married at the wane of the moon; and what was the consikence? What do you think WAS the consikence, hey?"

Seeing that nobody was interested in the consequence, Mrs. Dusenberry raised her voice and screamed:

"She wasn't married a year when she ketched her dress on fire taking bread out of the oven in the yard and got burned to death! An' she wasn't cold before her husband married agin!"

"I thank you for your warning," said Miss Mudridge, coldly, "but it isn't likely that I will bake bread. Or, if I do, it will not be in an out-of-doors oven."

"Highty tighty! Don't put on airs with ME!" snapped Mrs. Dusenberry. "I had eighteen children and"——

"You were married during the wane of the moon, I assume," said Miss Mudridge.

"Now don't fret the poor lamb," said Mrs. Jarr sympathetically. "She'll have trouble enough after she marries, whether the moon is new or old or full."

"Or the husband," added Mrs. Terwilliger.

"I expect Mr. Silver is different from Mr. Terwilliger," replied Miss Mudridge bitingly.

She was but a simple maiden in her teens (or a little over), but she was ENGAGED! And if any of that bunch of matrons thought they could put over anything on her they were very much mistaken.

They realized this, too, and a great respect for her overcame them. They realized that she would know how to tame the husband she was to have—thoroughly subjugate him. And they ceased to cackle at her and began to cackle TO her.

"Now you must tell us all about it, Clara, dear!" said Mrs. Rangle sweetly. "You mustn't mind us old married women, my dear, and we will advise you all we can."

"I'm sure Clara doesn't need any advice from any of us," said Mrs. Jarr quickly.

Her manner implied the question: "Isn't she my pupil?" As Mrs. Jarr afterward said:

"They were very cheeky to come hectoring the poor child that way!"

And if Mrs. Jarr was not anxious to hear, then and there, how the wooing sped, she would have found some means to disperse the intruding flock.

"Tell us how he acts?" said Mrs. Rangle coaxingly.

She might as well have said plainly: "Does he squirm and get away?" for that was what she meant.

"He's like a man in a dream!" said Miss Mudridge, languishing. "Dear, dear Jack!"

Old Mrs. Dusenberry was going to say "But he'll wake up, they allers do," but caught herself in time.

"When I was first engaged to Will," said Mrs. Rangle, sentimentally, "he went and bought himself a pair of patent leather shoes and nearly choked to death."

"From patent leather shoes?" asked all the ladies.

"Certainly not! From the high, tight collars he wore as well!" answered Mrs. Rangle. "Mr. Rangle was so neat those days, but to look how careless he is in his appearance now one would scarcely believe it."

"Why hain't the men as peart after they're married as they was before, hey?" asked old Mrs. Dusenberry. "I'm sure I allus wore a good black silk dress and a good bunnit after I married."

The women shook their heads as though to say the ways of man after marriage were inexplicable. Did not conscience tell them that after wives' clothes are paid for there's nothing left for husbands?

"But go on and tell us about Mr. Silver. How does he take it?" asked Mrs. Jarr.

"He's so forgetful," replied Miss Mudridge, who was burning to give the details to married or single. "I called him two days on the telephone and got no answer. So I just had to call around to see if he were ill, that I might nurse him."

"Nursing 'em allus gits 'em," said Mrs. Dusenberry. "They're too weak ginerally to get out of it."

"And I found he'd left the telephone receiver off the hook constantly," Miss Mudridge went on.

"Why, how strange! Mr. Jarr did that when WE were engaged," said Mrs. Jarr.

"My Gabe used to hide in the hay mow," said the lady from Indiana.

Then they all cackled at male promiscuity generally, together.

The One Thing Endless.

"Everything must come to an end, sooner or later."

"It must, hey? I guess you've never had a woman talk to you over the phone."

Silent Partners in the Bread-Winning Business

By Sophie Irene Loeb.

"PARASITE—A HANGER ON," SAYS THE DOCTIONARY.

SOPHIE IRENE LOEB

Is the stay-at-home woman a parasite? And now the question is being propounded and the answer given by a noted writer, saying:

"The woman who does not earn her own living is a parasite, except for that small portion of her time when she is engaged in propagating the species. But for that time she should be paid.

"Whenever in the history of a nation great numbers of its women become parasitic the nation is on the road to downfall and decay. America is, therefore, on the road to degeneration unless its women of leisure can be allowed or induced to exchange their vanities for hard labor."

The social scientist has taken up the cry in the same key and there is no telling where it will end.

To begin with, the percentage of leisure women is comparatively small when it is all sifted down. They belong MOSTLY to the ultra wealthy and many of these are entering all the walks of the philanthropy field. The ultra poor CERTAINLY have no leisure. A little visit down to the east side will convince any one of that. There remains, then, for consideration the middle-class woman (reckoning, of course, from a monetary view.) Mob. of these are mothers and housekeepers.

No doubt THESE are the women referred to as not earning their living—parasite, dependent, "hangers-on."

That some of these women answer this description in a large sense is true. They are the women who "hang on" eternally. Despite the fact that there are six million women wage owners in the land, in which this class is not included, yet these stay-at-homes surely belong to the wage-earning class.

They not only earn THEIR living for themselves, but for several others that come within their circle. Strange that SO LITTLE is said of this woman—this stay-at-home creature—the "hanger on," if you please!

The social scientist may call them parasites because they are not engaged in a GAINFUL occupation.

But mark you, their labor, which may consist chiefly of DISTRIBUTING and CONSERVING the wage-earner's wages, is certainly hard labor indeed. To be able times without number TO MAKE ENDS MEET and to stretch those ends to lap over a little for a ray of good cheer and a bit of pleasure—these are no LITTLE means of earning her bread; and very often to her is left the dry crust.

And as to the "small portion of her time when she is not engaged in propagating the species"—the writer evidentally has not taken into consideration that one or two children is apt to take up a woman's WHOLE LIFE and that there is no time limit to the self-appointed obligations of motherhood.

Very often they hang on and KEEP THINGS TOGETHER that might have been scattered to the four winds. They may not make any real money, but that they EARN it perhaps in as marked a degree as the sister of the shop, office or factory is surely evident.

As long as man must have a home—as long as he craves his own hearthstone and to sit at the head of his own board, so long must we reckon with the stay-at-home woman and accord her the wages of recognized endeavor at least.

And generally:

The present parasite is the "hanger-on" that keeps the domestic spider threads together.

STORIES OF FAMOUS PLAYS

BY ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE

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No. 12—"RIP VAN WINKLE."

RIP VAN WINKLE was the official sot, loafer and general ne'er-do-weel of an eighteenth century Catskill village. His drinking and his laziness were a curse to Gretchen, his busy, shrewish wife. But his lovable good nature and his quaint wit were a delight to the idlers and children of the neighborhood.

The local "richest man," Derrick Von Beekman, wanted some valuable property that by rights belonged to Rip. Knowing that the poor vagabond could not read, he tried to induce him to sign away his title to the property. Rip put the paper in his pocket, meaning to sign it later. And he proceeded to forget all about it.

One evening when a thunderstorm was roaring over the Catskill Mountains the sorely tried patience of Gretchen utterly gave way under fresh proofs of Rip's worthlessness. She ordered him out of the house. Cowed, miserable, too timid to stay and assert his rights, Rip slunk out into the storm, his gun over his shoulder, his dog Schneider at his heels.

Unhappy, smarting from his wife's harsh reproaches, Rip clambered on through the rain and darkness, scarce noting where he went. Instinctively he chose the rough path that wound upward toward the mountain summit. As he neared the top he caught sight of two dwarfs carrying a liquor keg. Following them, Rip found himself in a forest glade where a throng of oddly dressed little men were carousing.

The Dumb Revelers.

They were the spirits of Hendrik Hudson's crew, come back to revel amid their old haunts. The racket of the bowling balls they rolled sounded like far-off thunder; and when one of them made a "strike" it was as though the thunder were upliftung the very mountains. Tired of their game, the queer little men gathered about the keg and began to drink.

Rip instantly felt at home. Where there was a chance for a good drinking bout he was in his element. He drew near and questioned the revelers. They replied only by nods or shakes of the head. He asked if they were drunk. They nodded. He asked if their women also were drunk. Again they nodded.

"Ah, what wives they must make!" signed Rip, enviously, his ears still tingling at Gretchen's loud abuse.

In dumb-show the little men offered him a mug of liquor. He had never refused a drink, and he certainly had no intention of doing it now. Seizing the mug he cried: "To your good health and your families', and may you live long and prosper!" and promptly fell back in a heavy sleep.

* * * * * * * * * *

Twenty years went by and still Rip Van Winkle slept. The Hudson crew's liquor had been too potent for a mere mortal. Great changes had gone on in the outer world. Many of Rip's old friends had passed away. Gretchen, mourning him as dead, saved herself from poverty by marrying Derrick Von Beekman, who had bullied and ill-treated her until all her former high temper was crushed. She was miserable with Derrick and bitterly did she repent her ill-treatment of poor, lovable Rip.

A Twenty-Year Sleep.

One morning, just twenty years after he had sunk into that spirit-drugged slumber, Rip Van Winkle awoke. Slowly and painfully he got to his feet, aching in every joint. He looked down at his clothes and then cried out in wonder. He was in rags. A long white beard fell nearly to his waist. He picked up his gun. It tumbled to pieces, rusted through. Amazed, dizzy, and strangely weak, Rip hobbled down the mountain to the old village. There a throng of inquisitive strangers flocked about him, deeming him some madman hermit. He saw at first no familiar face. Then, when he tried to make himself known to those whom he recognized, he found himself a stranger to them all.

"If my dog Schneider was here," he whimpered, "he would know me!"

In the bitterness of his loneliness and grief as one former acquaintance after another passed him by, he cried aloud:

"Are we so soon forgot when we are gone!"

At last he made his way to Gretchen. She knew him, and all her old love for him surged back. He clasped his daughter, now a grown woman, in his arms. Derrick Von Beekman was in no mind to lose his wife in that way. He ordered Rip out of the house.

But the mildewed, crumpled old paper in Rip's pocket proved that the house and all in it were his own and not Derrick's. Rip had gone to sleep a penniless vagrant, kicked out of house and home by his own wife. He had awakened to find himself well to do, surrounded by loving friends and blessed by a wife who (perhaps?) had lost her old faculty of making his life a burden.

The Day's Good Stories

Ticker and Tick-Tick.

THE German saloon proprietor was bemoaning the fact that an Irish rival was getting most of the business of the neighborhood.

"You're not progressive enough, Hans," a customer told him. "Himself's got you beat a mile. That sign in his window, 'Ticker Inside,' alone draws a lot of business."

The next day the Dutchman's window blossomed out with a big sign, "Ticker Inside." The same customer soon came in and expressed his approval that Hans was thus "getting wise" to the requirements of the business.

"But where is the ticker?" he asked, looking around expecting to see a stock tape.

"Dere iss it," said the Dutchman solemnly, and he pointed to the clock.—Exchange.

Their Language.

TWO Scotsmen staying at a third-rate hotel in London discovered that the washstand in their bedroom was minus soap. After ringing the bell, an attendant appeared and asked their wishes. "Send up soap, lad—a wee bit sape, quick!" exclaimed one of the Caledonians. The attendant gazed open-mouthed at the two men, muttering: "They ain't French, nor German, nor yet Spanish. What can they want?" The Scot became angry. "Man," he thundered, "can ye no' understan' plain Scotch?" The attendant promptly withdrew, and returned with a bottle and two glasses.—Tid-Bits.

The May Manton Fashions

Square Yoke Nightgown—Pattern No. 7080.

THE square yoke nightgown is always pretty. It can be made from one material throughout, or the yoke can be cut from all-over embroidery or from lace, or can be embroidered by hand. This one is made from fine nainsook, with the edges of yoke and sleeves scalloped and embroidered with dots. In the back view it is shown simply seamed to the yoke. The short, loose sleeves are pretty, but the gown can be made with long ones, gathered into cuffs. When it is made with a high neck it can be finished with a band or with a collar.

The nightgown is made with front and back portions that are gathered and joined to the yoke. Whether the sleeves are short or long, they are cut in one piece each.

For the medium size will be required 5¼ yards of material 36 or 4 yards 44 inches wide.

Pattern No. 7080 is cut in sizes for misses of 14, 16 and 18 years of age.

How to Obtain These Patterns

Call at THE EVENING WORLD MAY MANTON FASHION BUREAU, Lexington avenue and Twenty-third street, or send by mail to MAY MANTON PATTERN CO., 138 E. Twenty-third street, N. Y. Send ten cents in coin or stamps for each pattern ordered.

IMPORTANT—Write your address plainly and always specify size wanted. Add two cents for letter postage if in a hurry.