

The World.

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STANDARDIZING THE HONK.



The National Highways Protective Society reports that in the past month of July accidents due to vehicular traffic in New York City resulted in 53 persons killed and 215 injured.

suffering from shock or insomnia, the numbers would assume the proportions of legion. Of course the machine has to scare people, for their own good, on the principle that the nervous shock is not so bad as the physical one of being run over.

This confusion and multiplicity of sounds, and all for our good, becomes a wearing and racking hardship. Leading doctors rate it as a crying menace to health.

That's the right sort of talk. Now that medical testimony has pronounced against the lusty auto horn, ordinance could and should be forthcoming to ameliorate present conditions by standardizing the honk.

BANZAI!

THE world is full of heroes, but some are only bluff. Others are modern Neros. Here comes, at last, a fighter who only fights for peace.

HOW TO BE A KIPLING.

IN any morning's mailbag of typewritten stories and poems," writes a hustling magazine editor, "may be the first manuscript of the next Kipling or What's-his-name or Thingummy, and there is nothing an editor so prides himself upon as discovering unknown merit, especially that which has escaped his competitors."

and inspiring, especially as the magazine impresario goes on to tell what a simple thing it is for the new writer to beat the work of the veteran contributor.

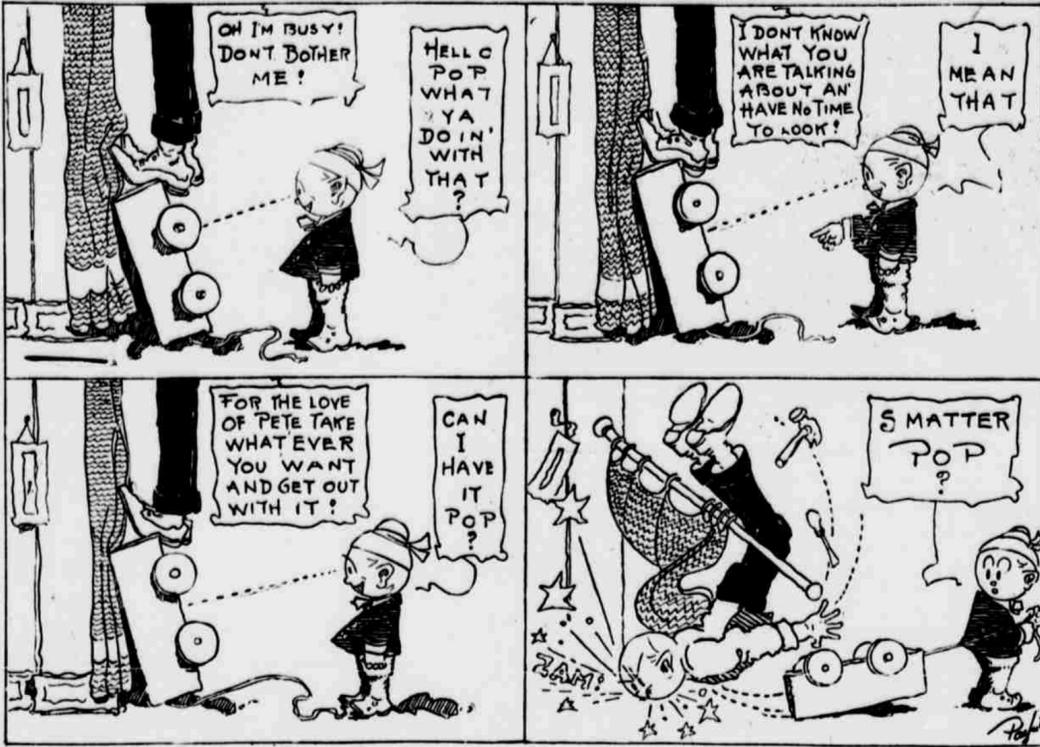
Who would ever have thought it was so easy?

Letters From the People

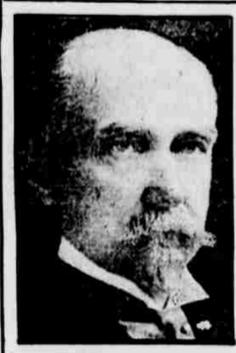
A Son's Duties. To the Editor of The Evening World: I want the advice of wise readers. What can we do to make a son of twenty-two (unmarried and employed) support his paralyzed mother? Her husband has abandoned her and she is practically helpless.

of chickens. First—let y=number of ducks. Then x+y=total number—100. Second—x chickens at 75 cents each + y ducks at 125 cents each=10,400 cents. Then 75x+125y=10,400 and x+y=100. Therefore 75x+75y=7,500 and 75x+125y=10,400 and 50y=2,900 and y=58. And since x+y=100, then x=42-100 and x=42. Answer, 42 ducks, 58 chickens. P. W.

S'Matter, Pop? By C. M. Payne



HOW TO START A FORTUNE



"Extreme Patience Is the First Requisite for Founding a Fortune," Says A. BARTON HEPBURN, Financier and President of the Chase National Bank.

"A Luxury-Loving Wife Is the Menace That Keeps Man From Making a Fortune." "Rome was not built in a day. Neither are the great fortunes that have been made. Extreme patience is the one requisite necessary to that end—then economy. It is not so much what a man spends as how he spends it that makes a fortune. A man who sacrifices all for making a fortune never makes it. Wives who love luxuries and dress more than sound monetary safety are a hindrance in a man's progress. A man's slovenly appearance creates a disbelief in himself and inspires others likewise. Wives of to-day want to start with all the blessings that their grandmothers achieved in a lifetime."



MISS SOPHIE IRENE LOEB.

By Sophie Irene Loeb. FORTUNES are not made easily," said Mr. A. Barton Hepburn when I put the question to him as to how to start a fortune at his office, No. 22 Cedar street, the Chase National Bank, of which he is President. "Patience has always been recorded as a virtue in all things. But in the founding of a fortune I would accord it first place. For the man who has accumulated a fortune exemplifies patience personified. THE GREAT TROUBLE IS THAT OUR YOUNG MEN OF TO-DAY BEGIN ON THE ROAD TO SUCCESS GET SIDE-TRACKED FOR LACK OF THIS ONE ATTRIBUTE—PATIENCE. AND WITHOUT IT THEY RUN TOO FAST OR GET RUN DOWN. THE GET-RICH-QUICK IDEA SEEMS TO BE IN THE AIR, AND YET THE PERCENTAGE OF THESE FORTUNE HUNTERS WHO 'ARRIVE' IS OVERWHELMINGLY SMALL. AND THE HISTORY OF THE FINANCIAL WORLD CONTINUALLY RECORDS THE PLUNGER AND THE INEVITABLE DIVE THAT DROWNS HIM. But at the same time the same chronicles set forth the slower patience method in the line of persistence. 'Rome was not built in a day'—neither were the great fortunes of the hour. And steady, cool, calm effort have been the rocks upon which fortunes have been built. Yet seemingly we to-day have preserved less of the perseverance of our forefathers. We do everything in a hurry. Every minute is regulated by a pendulum of rush, and the man of the hour rushes in where his father would have feared to tread. There is the great reason for the making and unmaking of big fortunes that we hear of in the every day. For the impatient decision to go ahead, that in occasional cases brings success, is by nature just as quickly and ready to decide on the disaster. So that most catastrophes, I might say, may be attributed to lack of deliberation. Spending That Spells Saving. "Now, of course," continued Mr. Hepburn, "you will expect me to say that extreme economy is the prime feature in the money-making field. Yes, it has its great value. But no one has made a great fortune without spending. And many a time spending has been an asset—a saving. What would you regard as saving along this line?" I asked. "WELL, FOR INSTANCE, THE SMALL MATTER OF INVESTING IN PROPER CLOTHES I CONSIDER AN ASSET. IT IS A PSYCHOLOGICAL FACT THAT THE MAN WITH A SLOVENLY APPEARANCE CREATES A DISBELIEF IN HIMSELF AND IN THE MINDS OF OTHER PEOPLE, AND CERTAINLY IN ANY ACHIEVEMENT THERE MUST BE BELIEF IN THE MAN WHO ACHIEVES. THUS A MAN SHOULD BE WELL DRESSED, HE MUST LOOK WELL. APPEARANCES GO A LONG WAY NOWADAYS IN HELPING A MAN. ECONOMY IN THE DIRECTION OF PERSONALITY OF THIS NATURE IS A FALLACY—A LOSS RATHER THAN A GAIN. Clothes do not make the man, that is true; but they go a long way toward creating a self-respect and self-confidence that is far-reaching and inspiring. So that the man who sacrifices in these little ways is not the fortune-making individual. Thus money judiciously spent along these and more important lines has proven the requisite in the realm of return—perhaps more than in the saving. And it is a fact that a miser never keeps a fortune. Woman Often a Misfortune Rather Than a Fortune. "Would you advise a man to marry early in the hope of economy and the promulgating of plans for a fortune?" I asked. "No, I would not," answered Mr. Hepburn. "It is the most natural thing in the world for a man to indulge his wife and family in the many little fancies and follies that seem necessary rudiments in the domestic condition to-day. And I must admit that I believe somewhat perhaps to the old school where my mother's sex is concerned. For instance, I think that if we would extend the screen of suffrage that seems to be dominating the woman's world to-day and substitute the cry of conservation of the home, many people would not be continuously travelling on the ragged edge of nothing. IN MY EMPLOYMENT OF MEN IN SEVERAL ENTERPRISES I FIND THAT THE WIVES OF THESE INDIVIDUALS, TIMES WITHOUT NUMBER, ARE DRAWBACKS IN THE PATH OF THE MAN WHO MIGHT RISE TO BIG THINGS. To what would you attribute this condition?" "To the training they get and the experience continually before them. The women, even in moderate circumstances, have gone to good schools perhaps and imbibed the longings for luxuries of their associates who may be daughters of rich parents. They come out of school, and the natural inclination is to marry the man in line of progress. They look to him for the satisfying of their whims. And they are many. They want the best of everything that is going. They want to dress well,



Some Sweethearts of Mine By R. Cornelius Reby. Copyright, 1911, by the Press Publishing Co. (The New York World). This Volume is Affectionately Inscribed to My Dearest Sweetheart of Them All, the Only One Who Has Not Jilted Me, MY FUTURE WIFE (God Only Knows Who She Is). NO. 4—A. SIE. NEVER had the opportunity before coming to New York of learning to dance. After a course of lessons at the H— Dancing Academy I felt that I was proficient enough in the art to acquit myself creditably at a ball. The opportunity to try my skill came when my friend Walsh invited me to the grand entertainment and reception at the Democratic Club, to be held at Terrace Garden. There I met Tessie. When she learned that this was the first time I danced with a break—she all this on \$15 a week. Two dollars for my hall bedroom and a special diet for me while the fun lasted. When I figured that I had spent something like \$100 on Tessie I began to wake up to the practical side of the affair. I first planned to do my proposing by mail, but later decided to attend to it in person for the sake of cultivating my nerve. "There's one thing I like about you, Tessie," I began. Tessie asked me shyly what it was. "My arm like this," and promptly I suited the action to the word. Tessie made not the slightest objection; no doubt, she quite forgot the question of propriety in her admiration for my artfulness. "Dear me," I sighed, "it is over ninety-three hours ago that we last saw each other," and I captured a little hand that had strayed near the skirting line. "Humph!" sniffed Tessie, not in the least impressed. "How long did it take you to figure that out?" "Tessie, dear," and I drew her very close indeed, "I wish you would be courteous for just one minute. I want to tell you how dearly I love you, and I want you to say that you will be my own dear little wife." "Oh, you mustn't talk like that," remonstrated Tessie, and with every appearance of real consternation she endeavored to disengage herself from my arm. "And why not? Why mustn't I talk like that, my sweet, pretty little chick?" "Why, I thought you knew I was already engaged to be married." "Then I took my arm away. "Tessie—Miss B— is this a joke or do you mean it?" The sudden sternness of my manner seemed to frighten her a trifle, for her lips trembled slightly as she assured me with downcast eyes that it was the truth. "May I ask you your fiance is and what he has been doing during the past three months while I have been courting you?" "The Other Fellow" and the Loeb. She explained that he lived in Cincinnati and that he expected to come to New York for their wedding the next fall. "And what ever put it into your innocent little head that I knew about that?" In the books of the recording angel it is set down, "She thought some one must have told me." "And if you really thought that I was aware of such a thing," I demanded, "what motive do you suppose I had in spending so much of my meagre salary, to say nothing of my valuable time, to provide for your entertainment and pleasure?" "I thought you only did it for friendship's sake," she returned gratefully. I asked her what she thought her intended would say to it if he knew of this. "Oh, George wouldn't mind as long as I didn't carry it too far." I could not help wondering how far she would be willing to carry it consistently with her notions of propriety. But I had no more to say. I had no wish to mar the beautiful aspect of nature by giving utterance to my thoughts, and, besides, my limited vocabulary made such a thing impossible. I led the way out of the park to the nearest car line, and the sight of the loving couples we passed filled me with disgust. During the ride I diligently studied an interesting display of street car "ads." I saw Tessie to her door and bade her good night. "I'm sorry," she ventured, "if I have hurt your feelings." "That's all right," I answered politely. "Good night." When I told Walsh about it he lifted his hand in earnest deprecation. "Expunge it from your mind," was all he said. Walsh knows a thing or two about women.

A \$100 Courtship on \$15 a Week.

Well, I was a sport when I wooed Tessie. Showers, candy, theatre tickets, suppers and dances without a break—such all this on \$15 a week. Two dollars for my hall bedroom and a special diet for me while the fun lasted. When I figured that I had spent something like \$100 on Tessie I began to wake up to the practical side of the affair.

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The Day's Good Stories

No Lottering. A hospital ambulance dashed up to the curb and its surgeon sprang off into the curious crowd the patient on the stretcher partially recovered from her fainting fit. "I don't want to go to a hospital," she declared, when she observed the arrival of the uniformed doctor, "I'll just stay in a few moments; I'm not going in the ambulance." "I don't want to go to a hospital," she declared, when she observed the arrival of the uniformed doctor, "I'll just stay in a few moments; I'm not going in the ambulance." "I don't want to go to a hospital," she declared, when she observed the arrival of the uniformed doctor, "I'll just stay in a few moments; I'm not going in the ambulance."

More Evidence Needed.

"SIDES," said the head polisher, "that a crazy man who tried to borrow \$10,000 from J. Pierpont Morgan said he needed the money to ventilating systems. The cells are seven feet long, five feet wide and eight feet high. They are equipped with beds and running water. The walls, doors and ceilings are of steel, painted and enamelled, on which it would take an agile individual vermin to get a foothold. "Penal authorities agree that the Wilmington Workhouse is well managed. Upton Sinclair appears to think that when a man is brought to the law and is sent to jail he ought to be furnished with a hammock under a couple of trees, an electric fan and a bartender to mix mint juleps for him."

The Week's Wash By Martin Green

It looks like that bellboy who murdered an old man in the Inequity Hotel is going to get swift justice," remarked the head polisher. "Not if the lawyers can help it," said the laundry man. "The case is now in the hands of the lawyers, and they have started a campaign to make it appear that if the victim of the ferocious bellboy really was murdered— which they dispute— he deserved all he got and then some. "Before he got lawyers on his staff the boy confessed that he sneaked into the hotel—from which he had been discharged—and murdered the old man for his money. He left behind a bottle that had contained chloroform, and in killing his victim he stuffed a washrag down his throat. "The sleuths nailed him and made out a case. It is now up to the District Attorney to put the young murderer on trial and convict him. But District Attorneys don't seem to be putting across convictions that stick nowadays. Take the case of the young murderer,

Walter, who enticed an innocent little girl to his room by putting a fake ad in a newspaper, murdered her and tried to burn up her body. The police turned over to the District Attorney as clean a record of evidence as has ever been gathered against the perpetrator of a crime. "Walter was tried and convicted. But Walter's lawyer was able to dig up errors and omissions in the trial sufficient to carry the case up through the courts. It is on its way now, Walter is still alive, and doubtless some mushy folk are preparing to get his sentence set aside. "A contractor who builds a house, a tailor who builds a suit of clothes, an engineer who builds a bridge, a mason who builds a wall, a jeweller who makes a watch—all these are supposed to know their trades and accomplish their tasks without error. In every line of endeavor men are paid for knowing how to do things right. It is different with District Attorneys.

Actually Didn't Like Jail. "SPEAKING of trials," said the head polisher, "Upton Sinclair certainly handed a hard lot to that jail down in Delaware where he spent eighteen hours." "Upton Sinclair," replied the laundry man, "must be getting ready to launch another book. He is handing joints all over the place." "Walter was tried and convicted. But Walter's lawyer was able to dig up errors and omissions in the trial sufficient to carry the case up through the courts. It is on its way now, Walter is still alive, and doubtless some mushy folk are preparing to get his sentence set aside. "A contractor who builds a house, a tailor who builds a suit of clothes, an engineer who builds a bridge, a mason who builds a wall, a jeweller who makes a watch—all these are supposed to know their trades and accomplish their tasks without error. In every line of endeavor men are paid for knowing how to do things right. It is different with District Attorneys.

pay for a Long Island bungalow. "Well," said the laundry man, "may be he let's on crazy of that."