

The Evening World.
 ESTABLISHED BY JOSEPH PULITZER.
 Published Daily Except Sunday by the Press Publishing Company, No. 53 to 55 Park Row, New York.
 RALPH PULITZER, President, 53 Park Row.
 L. AUGER SHAW, Treasurer, 53 Park Row.
 JOSEPH PULITZER, Jr., Secretary, 53 Park Row.
 Entered at the Post-Office at New York as Second-Class Matter.
 Subscription Rates: The Evening World for England and the Continent and for the United States and Canada. All Countries in the International Postal Union. **\$9.75**
 One Year. **\$3.50** One Year. **\$9.75**
 One Month. **.30** One Month. **.85**
 VOLUME 52.....NO. 18,350

IMMUNITY BATHS FOR DIRECTORS?

RESPONSIBILITY is supposed to be the keystone of business, as it is of family and State. The whole scheme of society assumes that somebody must be held to account. That is curious doctrine, then, which comes in the form of obiterdictum—side talk—from the Appellate Division in an up-State department in a decision granting new trials to two directors of the Trust Company of the Republic on whom it was sought to fix financial responsibility for losses incurred. Since many New York business men are directors in several institutions the court says they could not safely serve if held responsible for losses in "small, everyday transactions," and it would be "calamitous" if the corporations were deprived of their "advice and assistance."

This language bears small relation to realities that would be notorious to any but an up-State court. The sufficient answer was given by Chauncey M. Depew when he handed a list of sixty-nine corporations in which he was a director to the head of a business directory and said, "I suppose I have forgotten fifteen or twenty, but these are all I can remember." The answer is repeated in the fact that a year ago J. P. Morgan and seven of his partners held 185 directorships. It is reiterated in Stuyvesant Fish's discovery five years ago that ninety-two directors in the three great life insurance companies held 1,439 directorships. At the present time W. C. Brown holds 96 directorships; W. H. Newman, 95; F. D. Underwood, 83; J. P. Morgan, 65; W. K. Vanderbilt, 62; E. T. Stotesbury, 62, and George F. Baker, 58—and every name is a marginal gloss on the words of the court.

The director in scores of corporations spreads himself out so thin that he cannot discharge his duties. He has no "advice" to offer and no "assistance" to proffer really worth having. He has his uses, but are these of the sort that it is the public's interest to foster? He is a decorative figure-head, a masterpiece of window-dressing, a notable advertisement, on occasion a decoy-duck. On the strength of his name people invest in a concern's securities or entrust it with deposits. His interlocking directorships are not only certificates of merit (unsuited, if the court has its way) but pledges of reciprocal favors and warrants of immunity from "unfair competition" among companies on whose boards he serves.

It is repugnant to common sense and good business practice that one man should purport to hold down so many jobs—a species of mania akin to the genealogical habit of annexing all the gods of mythology to the parent stem of a man's family tree. Capable men are not so scarce as this vicious custom would assume. There is no warrant for thus overloading the grand old man of Big Business. Why not give men of fewer distractions a chance? Daniel Guggenheim, Chairman of the American Smelters Exploration Company, said: "We believe that our stockholders want profit, and that the work of intelligent young men who are interested in the company will do more to produce profits than a mere list of names, however well known."

WITH various American grand circuit trotting records is bracketed the fact that they were made with wind shields. In like manner events are bracketing with the records of certain American public men the fact that they are graduates of the Chautauqua circuit. It is doubtless the fault of public opinion rather than of the men or the circuit that in any respect at all they are considered as less than the real thing.

THE TREES OF NEW YORK.

THE newspapers gave more attention to the fall of an eighty-year-old fifty-foot maple tree in City Hall Park and the injuries inflicted on three passersby than they might have given to the collapse of a house with injury to a greater number of persons. That was because trees are scarcer than houses in this town and people are less likely to be injured by an arboreal than an architectural disaster.

Events have conspired against the life of trees in this vicinity. Wherever the subway has gone it has decimated them. Its greatest devastation was along that part of Broadway formerly called the Boulevard. The "seventeen year locust" did some damage this year, but the biggest calamity has been the chestnut blight, which has all but destroyed this tree hereabout.

One tree is proof against hostile conditions—the Chinese ailanthus, which springs up in backyards and thrives on neglect. The Carolina poplar also does well, and new trees set out in streets are often of this family. Some of the noblest trees in and near the city are sweetgums. Long Island has monumental cherry trees and enough locust trees to sprinkle the map with "Locust Valleys."

Among orchard trees pears do notably well hereabout, the Stuyvesant pear tree lasting almost to our time. The census of 1900 showed 13,580 apple trees in the city, with a yield of 36,033 bushels; 868 plum trees, with a yield of 254 bushels; 907 cherry trees, with a yield of 1,399 bushels; 3,287 peach trees, with a yield of 3,433 bushels, and 4,647 pear trees, with a yield of 4,276 bushels. Fruit trees produce much better in Staten Island than elsewhere in the city.

Letters From the People

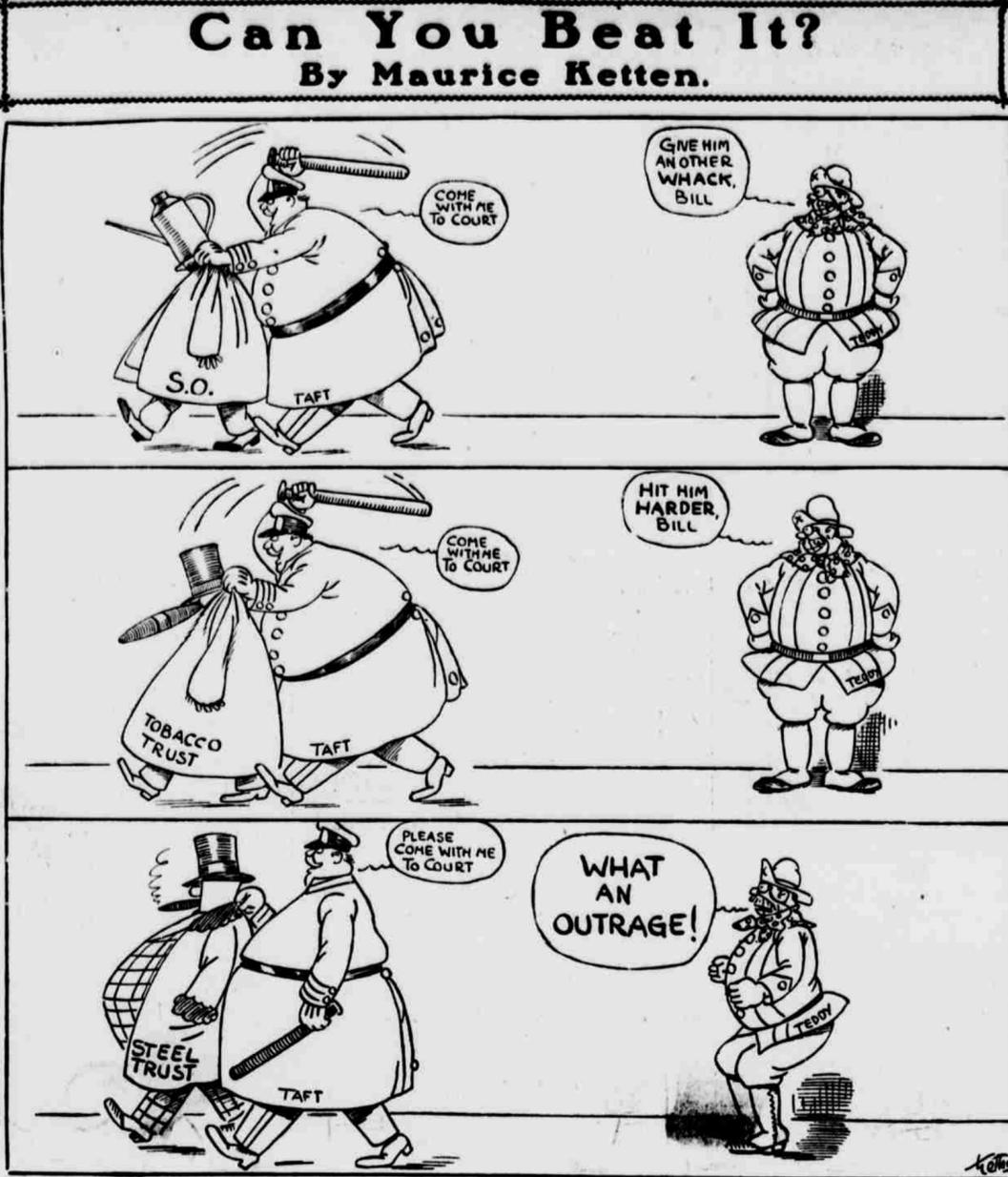
On \$200 a Month.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
 I venture to disagree with Mrs. De Rivera's statement that on a monthly income of \$200 the housewife should be able to feed a family of four on \$1 per day. Buy a small roast of beef and see what a hole it will make in a dollar bill. Mrs. De Rivera also seems to forget that in her plan the family keeps a domestic servant. Surely the servant must eat, too.

CLERK ON \$50 PER

"An Honest Stand."
 To the Editor of The Evening World:
 Have read several letters on the dog

question and am glad to hear of readers who take an honest stand in the matter and take the part of the poor dumb animal. I am sure there would not be one-quarter of the cases of dogs biting people if the animals were not teased and beaten unmercifully. My business takes me to all parts of New York, and in the last ten years I have had occasion many a time to interfere where cruel children and even grown folk bothered and teased around poor dogs for amusement. The first move to put an end to "mad dog" scares should be kindness on the part of those who are supposed to be human.



The Jarr Family
 Mr. Jarr Goes to a Party
 And Spoils All the Fun



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"We are going to have a grand time this night," said Mr. Jarr. "I can feel it in my bones."

While he spoke the elite of East Malaris were removing their rubber boots on the porch of the Jenkins bungalow. This being accomplished, the usual greeting pertinent to social affairs in the suburbs was exchanged, and Mr. Jarr was soon acquainted with social precedence and the manner in which it is maintained in all the fashionable (and they are ALL fashionable), residential communities within commuting distance of New York City.

First, the Mayor of East Malaris was led up to Mr. and Mrs. Jarr by their host and hostess. And after he had sounded the praises of real estate in the immediate vicinity, and had handed Mr. Jarr some pamphlets describing the advantages of buying and building at Hon. Wes Park, within easy walking distance of East Malaris depot, the President of the Board of Aldermen was introduced.

"The President of the Board of Aldermen believed in 'closing,' he said. 'You pay me a dollar and sign here,' said the President of the Board of Aldermen, producing a real estate

and a fountain pen, "and the whole thing's done. We can arrange for the mortgage at the East Malaris Trust Company to-morrow."
 Mr. Jarr accepted the contract form and the fountain pen and told the President of the Board of Aldermen he would see him later.
 "Allow me to present Mr. McPhut, the City Clerk of East Malaris," said Mr. Jenkins as a stout, perspiring man with a heavy crop of black curly hair elbowed in between the President of the Board of Aldermen and Mr. Jarr.
 "Don't buy unimproved real estate," cried Mr. McPhut. "Buy where others are buying and building. Buy a house already built! Our company has the opportunity for you, Mr. Home-seeker," continued the City Clerk, shaking a fat forefinger at Mr. Jarr and quoting extensively from a printed circular he

Memoirs of a Commuter

By Barton Wood Currie

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W HILE neighbors are essential to every civilized community, you do not feel their presence so vitally as you do when you move into the city-suburban or the most delightful terms of alcoholism from your neighbors. For the three years Hildegard and I lived across the hall from a chronic wife-beater and until he finally moved out, I lived in peace and quietude amid the chimney-pots of Harlem.

It was some time, this fond belief of another of the battery of jolts that rocked me as I got very far along in my solitaire in commutator.
 Young as my experience is, to date, I have discovered that there is an almost endless variety of neighbors and from time to time I propose to take them up in the order of their dreadful magnitude.

Gentle reader, when you move out across the Hackensack or some other gate, you will find, even before you have

dignantly call a halt to such unwarranted proceedings of the heads of the present administration. It was proceedings such as these, the Chairman of the Board of Public Works was heard to say, that had caused the Referendum and Recall in boom cities of the West.
 "If these people want to buy a house," said a tall, gaunt real estate operator, "let them buy a house that has been lived in, and where they can see the cracks in the walls and ceilings, and not buy a new one that might crack wide open in a dozen different places as soon as the furnace was lighted."
 But before the dissections among the East Malaris residents and Real Estate operators, professional and amateur, went further, Mrs. Jenkins came to the rescue of the unfortunate Jarrs.
 "We will have some songs from Miss Elvira Squilla," said Mrs. Jenkins. There was loud applause. And a stout brunette lady, who was also in the real estate business, stationed herself by the piano and sang to Mr. Wooden Hedd's accompaniment "The Land of the Leech," "The Sweet By and By," "The Fair Land of Promise," "Home, Sweet Home," and other real estate chansons.

When the singing had finished and the society of real estate dealers were forming in line for another attack, under pretense of having Mr. and Mrs. Jarr join them in a glass of punch, Mr. Jarr raised his hand for silence.
 "I think I shall locate in East Malaris," he said. "I am in the life insurance business and I have a new form of endowment policy that I would like to present to the consideration of all present. Kindly give me your ages on your last birthday."
 And, with a flourish, he drew out the Aldermen's fountain pen.
 With one accord the guests went out to the porch for their rubber boots and, as Mr. Jarr was afterward informed, never spoke to the Jenkinases again.

Rollin Jinks is the very worst specimen on my block and—O yes I club him to death I do not see how I am going to stop him from borrowing. I have instituted him in private and in public. I have loaned him sour milk and sanded sugar. I have had him summoned to court when he claimed that the ivory-handled umbrella he calmly helped himself to one rainy day while Hildegard and I were at breakfast was his own property and had been bequeathed to him by his grandmother.
 He had to return the umbrella and was fined \$5, but he kept right on borrowing as if nothing had happened. He is a psychologic marvel, that man Jinks. But more of him anon.
 (To Be Continued.)

The Story of Our Country
 By Albert Payson Terhune

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No. 21—The Last Blow. Who Won the War?

A TALL, lean, hard-faced man marshalled a horde of recruits, farmers, hunters, trappers, and a few trained soldiers, behind a mass of cotton bales. Marching against this motley throng of five thousand patriots advanced a British army eight thousand strong.

The lean, hard-faced man in charge of the American troops was Andrew Jackson. He was in command at New Orleans when Gen. Pakenham landed a British force to take that city. There was consternation at Pakenham's approach. Jackson snatched the reins of government out of the scared local authorities' hands and took entire control. He had no legal right to do this, but he was a sort of man who had a way of making his own laws and then of proving them to be right.

He was successful in one or two preliminary skirmishes. Then, on Jan. 8, 1815, when the British advanced in force, he massed his men to a great extent, behind cotton bales, which could be relied on to stop the enemy's fire quite as effectively as could regular breastworks. There he awaited the British attack. On came the redcoats in true military formation. They were veterans who had faced and overcome Napoleon's own legions. The men who waited them knew little enough about martial science, but they knew how to shoot. They were hunters and trappers, who could send a bullet through the head of a running squirrel at long range. The redcoats were to them a splendid target.

The English had come within 200 yards of the cotton-bale intrenchments when the backwoodsmen opened fire at the same time. The rest was slaughter. The British fought gallantly against these men who knew nothing of war, but who knew terribly well how to kill. But no power could stand against that merciless hail of sharpshooter bullets. Pakenham was slain and his veteran army was routed. The British loss was about 2,000. Eight Americans were killed and thirteen wounded. Almost never in all history has there been such a tremendous difference in rival armies' casualties.

The Battle of New Orleans occurred after the War of 1812 was really over, though no one in America knew the end had come. A peace treaty between America and England had been signed at Ghent, Dec. 24, 1814. News of this did not of course reach the United States until later.

The War of 1812 was past. Who won it?
 According to some American historians, the victory was ours. Some English historians claim it as a British triumph.

The present writer lacks the wisdom to offer an opinion where better men have failed to agree, but here are the facts and every reader may form his own conclusions:
 We had declared war because England refused to recognize our rights at sea, searched our ships, and seized our sailors. In the Peace Treaty not one man was made of these abuses, nor did Great Britain make any promise to redress or discontinue them. No pledge whatever of future good behavior was given by England in the matter which had caused the war. No such pledge was enforced by us. We had fought to bring about better treatment for our nation and to insist for ourselves certain reforms. And if one is to judge merely by the treaty we had failed to gain what we had fought for.

The treaty provided that each of the two nations should restore to the other all property and territory captured during the war. That was practically all. As to actual results the conflict had cost our ill-supplied little treasury about \$100,000,000. We had lost nearly 30,000 men out of a population of less than 9,000,000 (which, in proportion, would to-day be equal to a loss of nearly 300,000 men.) On both sides thousands of merchant vessels had been seized by privateers, &c. Our share of the war was less than England's.

But we could lose well afford it. The British had lost fifty-six warships with 800 cannon. We had lost twenty-five warships and 350 cannon, a proportion which meant a far greater loss to us than to Great Britain.
 Our capital had been captured, our President had been made a fugitive, our coasts had been pillaged, our whole seaboard blockaded. In return the best we had been able to do was to try to defend our own possession—and often unavailingly, at that.

As for the war's moral effects, that is quite another matter. We had shown all Europe that we still could and would fight. Despite the treaty's omissions we had proved to England and to all the world that it was unsafe for any nation to tamper with our rights or to lay hands on our citizens. The "impressment" of our sailors by Great Britain was stopped once and for all. The war and its trade blockades had taught us to rely on our own industries for commercial prosperity, and to depend on ourselves in many other ways. It had once more united us into a compact, interdependent federation. Thus the great loss we suffered was not without its compensating gains. But the question still seems to remain unanswered:
 "Who won the War of 1812?"

THEIR OWN FAULT. "One-half of the world doesn't know how the other half lives."
WHAT DID SHE MEAN? Billy—I'll bet you a kiss on the Athletica. Milly—I'll go you. We'll let Jack hold the stakes.—Philadelphia Record.

The May Manton Fashions



THE all-in-one dress that can be slipped on and blouse being attached in semi-princesses and princesses. This one is designed for young girls and small women and is trimmed with a tulle effect. In reality, however, the skirt is a plain one and the blouse made all in one piece. The princess provides becoming flounces and sleeves can be made with or without the neck round or the yoke and collar and omitted. In the illustration, crepe mitered in heavy lace, and the effect is as delicate and attractive as can be, but this one can be made from any of the fashionable thin and soft materials. Marquise is much in vogue and is beautiful. Bordered crepe de chine is one of the novelties. Chiffon is always charming, and if trimmings are wanted, it is adapted to a day time wear. For a light weight material, it can be used with equal success. The dress consists of a blouse and skirt. The blouse is made over a fitted lining, and this lining can be cut high or low, as liked. It is faced to form the round yoke and the stock collar is joined to the neck edge. The under-sleeves are inserted in the lining. The skirt is five gored and is gathered at the upper edge. The trimming on both blouse and skirt is applied on indicating lines.
 For the 18 year size will be required 5 1/4 yards of material, 27, 4 1/4 yards, 36, 3 3/4 yards of ruffling for the sleeves, 1 1/8 yards 18 inches wide for yoke and under-sleeves to make as shown in the back view; the width of the skirt at the lower edge is 1 1/4 yards.
 Pattern No. 7213 is cut in sizes for misses of 14, 16 and 18 years of age.

Call at THE EVENING WORLD MAY MANTON FASHION and Thirty-second Street, New York, or send by mail to MAY MANTON PATTERNS CO., at the above address. 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.