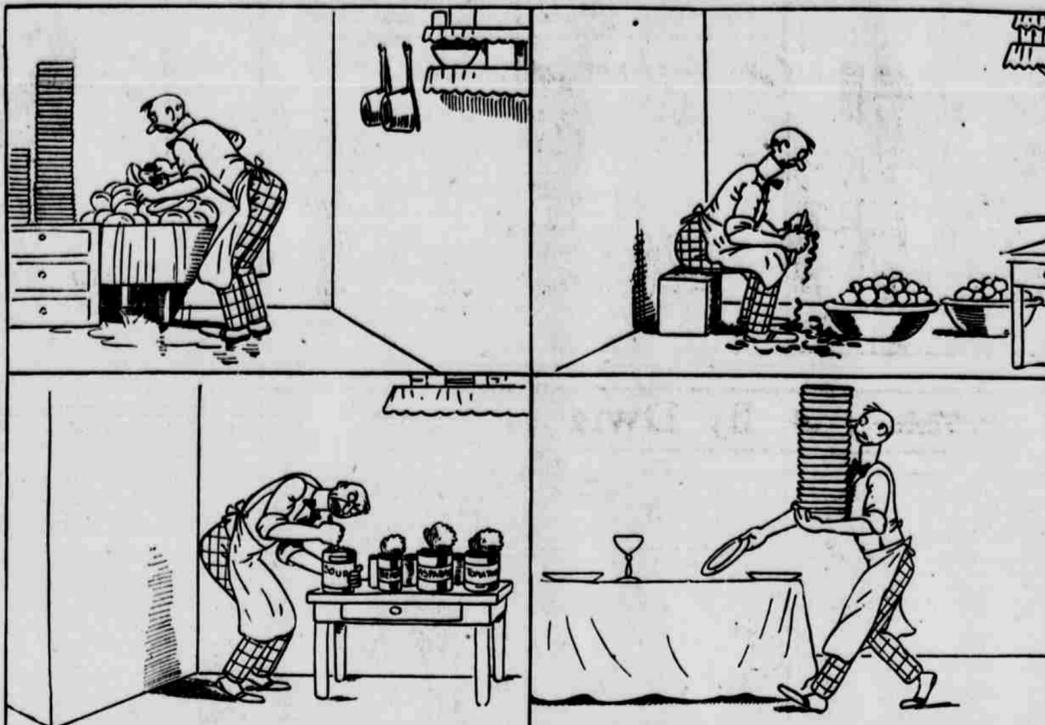


The Evening World

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The Day of Rest (A FAVORITE) By Maurice Kettner



Historic Heartbreakers By Albert Payson Terhune

Copyright, 1912, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York World). No. 27—AARON BURR, Foremost of American Heartbreakers. He married his first wife at twenty-six and his second at seventy-eight. And he had love affairs with dozens of other women between those two ages.

"TOO LATE!"

SAD and significant are the words with which Borough President McAneny's Commission for Improving Fifth Avenue introduces its report.

It is already TOO LATE, say the commissioners, to make the city's most famous street the equal in beauty and dignity of any of the splendid avenues of Paris or other great cities abroad!

TOO LATE! Is it not appalling that this great city, with the finest metropolitan site in the world, with its stupendous buildings commercial and public, with its superb library and art museum, with its incalculable wealth, has to admit that it has left its prize street, whose name the whole world knows, the approach to a public park unsurpassed in any city of Europe, to the mercy of greed or chance until—TOO LATE?

Those two words should at least set every citizen of New York to thinking hard about a host of improvements for which it is NOT too late.

IT IS NOT TOO LATE TO HAVE DECENT PAVEMENTS.

Some of the downtown streets and most of the cross streets between Fourteenth and Fifty-ninth show stretches of pavement that any fourth-class city in Germany would deem disgraceful.

Why are streets only recently laid down so soon in ripples and waves and holes again? Is it possible the city does not have the best work, the most expert advice? Shall we admit once and for all that WE can NEVER have streets as smooth and clean as those of Paris or Berlin? What reasons shall we give? For whose advantage do we pay high prices for work that turns out faulty?

IT IS NOT TOO LATE FOR CHEAP TAXICABS.

We are glad to see the commissioners lay extra stress on the utterly "INDEFENSIBLE" PRESENT TAXICAB RATES. They think these high tariffs are due in part to the fact that the taxicab companies now pay large prices to hotels for stand privileges.

IT IS ABSOLUTELY ABSURD that a man of small income should not be able, here in New York, to give himself and his wife from time to time the simple comfort of going from train to train or from home to the theatre in a cheap, safe, noiseless taxicab.

IT IS NOT TOO LATE TO MAKE CROSSING THE STREET SAFER. The idea of safety and the low street lamps suggested by the Commission would add much to the comfort and convenience of getting about our automobile ruled streets.

IT IS NOT TOO LATE TO PLANT TREES.

Trees and flowers are disappearing from the streets to find their only refuge in the parks and squares. What would the average resident of New York think of a great city where trees are everywhere; where, through endless ranks of modest apartment houses—corresponding to our uptown and Harlem quarters—architects have contrived that every apartment shall have its window balcony, and where on each balcony from May to November bloom geraniums, heliotrope, corn flowers and nasturtiums? These are well known features of Berlin.

IT IS NOT TOO LATE TO MAKE FIFTH AVENUE WHAT IT DESERVED TO BE.

Let the fact be a sharp reminder that it is NOT TOO LATE to have smooth, well kept streets in which thousands of easy running cheap taxicabs shall offer their comfort to many who cannot now afford them.

IT IS NOT TOO LATE TO MAKE THE FINEST STREETS OF THE CITY SAFE, PLEASANT AVENUES AND PROMENADES FOR THE CITIZENS INSTEAD OF MERE TRADESMEN'S ALLEYS OF MARBLE AND PLATE GLASS.

The Jarr Family By Ray M. Gardell

with you, I was almost as greatly worried about it as you were, and thought many a time that you would have to give up the chase and go to work in a store or something—well, even then, you were wiser in the ways of the world than even I, the other of two children, was!

Mrs. Jarr Listens to the Woes of a Very Poor Millionaire

up vocal lessons. I have paid out hundreds of dollars and I have been taught everything but singing. I know how to build brick piles on my stomach by the diaphragmatic method of singing; I can put paper pellets to the ceiling under another system; I can toss bean bags by the bean-bag method of vocal instruction; I have practiced the Diana, or archery, pose-on-one-foot method—I've been taught everything except to SING. And I'm discouraged. So I have thought it all over, and have decided that I will be practical. Oh, Mrs. Jarr, the dearest wish of my heart is to be self-supporting!

Reflections of a Bachelor Girl By Helen Rowland

Some men are born dyspeptic, some achieve dyspepsia, and some marry cooking-school graduates.

If you really want your husband to take an interest in the suffrage question, Dearly, don't argue it with him; just kiss him in the cleft of his chin and tell him not to bother his precious little head about such things—and watch him get excited.

Love-sickness is one malady that can be cured by suggestion. Merely suggest to the man that the girl is trying to marry him.

It may sound paradoxical, but somehow as a man grows older he is always glad to remember that he did a lot of things for which he is sorry.

The Love-Routs is becoming a rapid transit affair, on which every man demands unlimited transfers with stop-over privileges.

A little girl's mind is always more precocious than a little boy's; but by the time he gets big enough to bully her, he soon manages to convince her that she is his "mental inferior."

When Woman Votes

His lady jury had been out for hours. The Judge looked tired, the clerk yawning and the lawyers asleep.

Changed His Mind

A SOUTHERN Senator was alone in his office one morning when a sudden knock was man entered, bringing with her a wild gleam in her eye.

Spendthrift Wives

A CHICAGO woman brought suit against her husband for failure to support her. It was testified that his income was \$20 a month, but even with that he declared she spent money so lavishly that he could not pay her bills.

The Day's Good Stories

Changed His Mind. A SOUTHERN Senator was alone in his office one morning when a sudden knock was man entered, bringing with her a wild gleam in her eye.

The May Manton Fashions



Blouse of Lace and Tulle—Pattern No. 7357. 1 1/4 yards 18 in. size for the chemise and under sleeve, 1 1/2 yards of banding.

Letters from the People

To Abolish Tipping. To the Editor of The Evening World: I for one quite agree with the effort now being made to do away with the tipping of waiters and to secure for them a living wage, the same as is paid in any other trade.

