

The Evening World. ESTABLISHED BY JOSEPH PULITZER. Published Daily Except Sunday by the Press Publishing Company, No. 22 1/2 Park Row, New York.

THE PRICE. IT IS NATURAL to feel horror and revolt at a terrible disaster that has cost fourteen hundred lives.

But is it just, is it wise, to cast about too soon, too hysterically, for fellow beings upon whom to cast the blame?

Let blame fall stern and merciless in due time where blame is deserved. While we wait, however, for the full facts of the catastrophes let us ask ourselves certain questions.

With our craze for speed, with our insatiable demand for luxury, with our continual clutching at immediate comfort and gratification, do we not snap our fingers a thousand times a day in the face of Nature and her laws?

Who is it that delights in these gorgeous five-day rushes across the Atlantic in palaces where the one cry is for more luxury and more speed?

Who is it that insists upon traveling seventy miles an hour on land; who fumes and fuses when trains are late?

Who is it that demands that he be daily shot up and down in elevators and rushed beneath streets and rivers in the pursuit of his profit and happiness?

Each and every one of us! And by millions and tens of millions every day and every year we get away with it!

But in this mad rush can we wonder that when we do trip on one of Nature's rocky rules the fall is a terrible one? We are vastly clever in avoiding and escaping, but with all we can do we must meet now and then a heavy reckoning.

As man complicates his life he multiplies its dangers. And though he go live on a desert island in a hut, with a goatskin across his shoulders, yet may the lightning still find him out!

THE ODDS.

SOME IDEA of the fearful odds against the Titanic may be had from authentic records of great icebergs. As every one knows, these monsters of menace are formed from huge pieces broken from the glaciers of the north which the Arctic currents carry southward until they melt away in the warmer waters of the Gulf Stream.

Each year brings its regular reports of thrilling sights and collisions and losses in the ice fields from the incoming steamers during the spring and summer months. Certain years stand out as unusually bad ice years, but the general story is much the same.

The year 1909 was the most recent to be noteworthy for ice. Not since 1863 had so many icebergs been seen in the steamship lanes. On March 27 of that year we find Capt. E. J. Smith, then of the Adriatic, the same who became commander of the ill-fated Titanic, reporting the largest iceberg seen near the North Atlantic steamship course so far that year.

In the space of the next few weeks of 1909 four hundred and fifty bergs had been seen, including some three hundred feet high and an eighth of a mile long. In the World of May 17 the captain of an incoming vessel reported sighting one hundred and forty-three bergs in a single day off Cape Race.

One of the largest icebergs on record towered eight hundred and thirty feet above the surface of the sea. As hardly more than one-tenth of the berg is out of water, this would mean a mass of ice seven thousand feet (one and one-third miles) from top to bottom. Its volume was calculated to be about 580,000,000 cubic feet and its weight some 16,000,000 tons!

Icebergs need not be extraordinarily high to be stupendous. Lieut. Peary reported a berg 18,500 feet long (over two and one-half miles), 11,600 feet wide and 186 feet high. It was estimated to weigh 1,292,398,000 tons. Another measured further north contained 27,000,000,000 cubic feet of ice and weighed no less than 2,000,000,000 tons!

Ice in bulk is about as yielding as granite. Will any ship that man can ever build dash itself against such a continental mass and steam on "unsinkable"?

BLACK MONDAY.

THE TITANIC met her fate the night of April 14, going down in the cold and dark of an early Monday morning.

"It is to be noted that the 14th Day of April, and the morrow after (1860), King Edward (III.) with his host lay before the City of Paris; which day was full day of mist and hail, and so bitter cold that many men died on their horsebacks with the cold; wherefore unto this day it hath been called the Black Monday."

-Stow's Chronicles.

Letters from the People

Presidents and the Oath. To the Editor of the Evening World: I have copied these lines from Hickey's Constitution of the United States. Dated 1853: "James Madison elected President for a second term. (There is no record on the Journals of Congress of his having taken the oath.) Ellbridge Gerry took the oath, but Madison did not. This was Gerry's first term, with Madison's second term. James Monroe, second term, did not take the oath. Daniel Tompkins, second term as Vice-President, did not take the oath. Andrew Jackson took the oath and oath. After Jackson, to Lincoln, every President was elected for four years." Can any one inform me whether the four-year term was merely an extension on the New Jersey and...

Such Is Life! (Maurice Kettner) By Maurice Kettner



Reflections of a Bachelor Girl

By Helen Rowland. THE modern bachelor is so afraid of falling into matrimony that he sprinkles the path of love with ashes instead of with roses.

The sweetest memory in a woman's life is that of the first kiss of her first love; in a man's, the first kiss of his last love.

A bachelor post resents the idea of being "tazed because some other fellow got his girl," but, after the first pangs have worn off, most bachelors would consider it worth the money.

A man has not really fallen in love until he has ceased to regard some particular girl's kisses as a luxury, and has discovered that they are a necessity.

Funny how a man who is telling a girl the same old fairy tales with which he has repaid forty or fifty others always believes in his child-like credulity that the look and the blush with which she receives them are brand new.

When a man's coat lapel begins to acquire that grayish look which comes from the constant contact with face-powder it is a sign that he is either engaged or just back from a summer resort.

Love is the sun that dispels the mist of all a man's theories and illumines the light of his philosophy.

Never fear that you have broken a man's heart; at the worst it can only be denied, and a few weeks of this spring weather will put it in perfect working condition again.

Love used to whisper to a man's heart; but nowadays he has to see a megaphone if he wants to be heard.

How to Add Ten Years to Your Life

By J. A. Hask, M. D. Copyright, 1912, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York World).

1-DIGESTION. To obtain one's health and prolong one's life the simple facts concerning the very important function of digestion must be understood, and the simple rules regarding the hygiene of the digestive organs must be observed.

The first fact to be considered in the process of digestion is the appetite. Appetite or the sensation of hunger is nature's call for food. Physiologists have shown that when the appetite is strong the digestive processes are active, and that in the absence of appetite little or no digestion takes place.

The third step in the digestive function takes place in the stomach. It is here that the food is broken up into small particles and the nutrients are absorbed. Here digestion is accomplished by the aid of two agents, the digestive juices flowing from the pancreas into the intestine and the secretions from the glands of the intestine themselves.

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Tabloid Tales OF OLD NEW YORK

VIII.—The City Declines a Few Cups of Tea. COFFEE HOUSE which stood at Wall and Water streets. There was much about it of heads, wigs and other things; much delivery of definite opinion. Finally a quarter of an hour after 9 o'clock had struck there was decisive action.

On the evening of April 30 the bells of New York were tolled solemnly. A mass of citizens gathered at the old Coffee House which stood at Wall and Water streets. There was much about it of heads, wigs and other things; much delivery of definite opinion. Finally a quarter of an hour after 9 o'clock had struck there was decisive action.

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The Day's Good Stories

A Superior Waiter. RICHARD HARDING DAVIS at a dinner table of guests: "I must meet the guest somewhere. Don't you mind my leaving you?"

Breaking the Monotony. It was a small town in central Indiana. The village storekeeper was Frank Green. He was a master and telegrapher of the little Red Star line, and which two jobs he held on the same day. At last, growing tired of the monotony of life, he went out and pulled up the flag. The town folk and came to a halt in front of the store.

HOW TO BE PROMINENT. "Why aren't you a millionaire?" "I think I can get more publicity by opposing the movement," replied the speaker.

The Jarr Family



Mr. Jarr Beholds an Unloved Old Friend in Strange Surroundings.

"Invariably," replied Mr. Dinkston, rubbing down the last of the sauterne. "It is in honor of William Tell. He would not, as tradition records, gently fling the hat of Gessler, the tyrant. Hence, all free born Swiss burgers dine in their festival headgear."

"Then he turned to Mr. Jarr on his left and whispered: "There is to be no more liquid refreshments!" Mr. Jarr gave him a murderous look and replied in a low tone. "The wine card is a carte. If you want anything else order it, but you'll pay for it yourself. Mind that!"

"He's the only buyer I observe at this so-called banquet," remarked Mr. Dinkston. "Here I am dying of arid tenia, my wife incommunicado, because bereft of her apparel, at the hotel where I left her. Fittingly, indeed, is this an affair of dry goods men!"

"What would Mr. Jarr do? What could anybody do but hold on and hope for the best?" "In Switzerland you have many occasions like this!" asked Mr. Jarr's adopted son.

Where was the calm, far-seeing, wise planning mistress of the house? For an hour the neighbors caught her in vain. Then they found her, she was standing tranquilly behind a big trunk in the attic, the lady dressed in a blue gown, she had the children in crazy poses at the feet of the trunk.

Why did you fire that ballboy from the National Guard? "Every time the Captain said 'Front!' he jumped from the ranks and held up his hand for a gun."

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Intimate Chats WITH WOMEN

By Mme. Legrande. Copyright, 1912, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York World).

"WHAT WOULD YOU DO?" SHE was prepared for any emergency. It was her pride that she always carefully mapped out in advance each possible move in each possible contingency. Fire was her bugbear. And in preparation for a possible blaze in her own home she had laid down a course of action that would have done credit to a program of Fire Commissioners.

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Ruling Instinct.



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