

The World

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The Retreat

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By Robert Edgren



TO THE RESCUE!

MR. FRICK has withdrawn his offer to re-erect the Lenox Library on the site of the Arsenal in Central Park. Some people are pleased, others, including the Mayor, are not.

What is to be done next? Are we to see Mr. Hunt's masterpiece carted away to the dust heap or trowelled into foundation walls for apartment hotels? Perish the thought!

Why doesn't the Academy of Arts and Letters come forward at this point and furnish a solution for the problem? The building would seem admirably fitted for the Academy's use and a suitable site might be found.

Can this city allow one of its finest monuments to be "wrecked" like a worn out tenement house?

The ideal plan would be to transport to a happier and lasting place of rest both the Library and the memorial to Mr. Hunt which faces it from the opposite side of Fifth avenue.

GOOD SCHOOLING.

THAT forty-nine cent graduation dress made by a little girl all her own self after two-months' sewing lessons in a public school may be set down as one of the brightest marks to the credit of public school education in the City of New York.

That these contests in cheapness are a thousand times better than the old struggles and sacrifices and heartaches for a commencement dress to out-value everybody else's is too plain to need comment.

But there is more in it than economy. The child who made the forty-nine cent frock put together her muslin and lace and "fixings" herself. What better training in the true essence of dressmaking—the tasteful arrangement of simple materials?

Forty-nine cents at the service of gunnition and trained fingers might produce as fine a piece of sheer dressmaking as ever came from the Rue de la Paix.

ALREADY the days are getting shorter! The sun rose later this morning. No more days this year like yesterday! The climax is come—and gone!

BALTIMORE has been snoring soundly all this week, hardly rousing for meals. The other gang will need sitting up with pretty soon.

DELEGATES at Chicago are reported tired and short of funds. Chicago itself is only tired.

Letters From the People

A Willing Enter To the Editor of The Evening World: This letter isn't meant to be funny, but is written to get advice from wise readers. I keep a boarding house, I pride myself on everybody having enough to eat. A young man came to board with me a few days ago at \$1.50 a week. The first meal he ate is a sample of all the rest. So I will tell of it. He ate three plates of soup, four good helpings of roast beef, six boiled potatoes, a half pound of butter, three apples dumplings (large), and took four cups of coffee. Besides this he must have eaten at least nine slices of bread. As he finished he said: "You set a good table. If I didn't believe in being moderate I would be tempted to overeat at such a good table." He is eating out of house and home at this rate. I am not at all stingy. I love to see my boarders eat heartily. I hate to order a man from my house just because he eats too much. Readers, advise me, will you not? MRS. W.

Train's Speed. To the Editor of The Evening World: In answer to Mrs. K. S.'s letter asking for a method of telling the speed of a railroad train by timing the click of the wheels, I wish to say that possibly forty-five years ago, with the light cars and the poor rail joints of that time, the click of the wheels passing over the joints might have given reasonably accurate data, but in these days of perfect roadbeds and heavy cars mounted on six-wheel trucks, what click there is is so slight and confusing that I question if any count could be kept. There is a method, however, which is fairly accurate, provided the road is double tracked. Let Mrs. K. S. take a seat on the left hand side of the train, and in the track alongside of her car especially the rail farther from her she will see as the train moves along the shadows of the splice plates at the rail joints, which are particularly noticeable if the sun is shining on the rails. These shadows she can count and from the

The Jarr Family

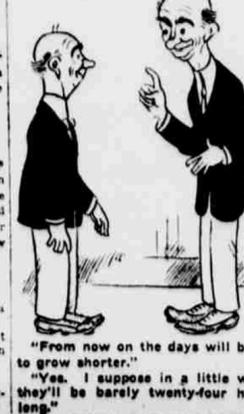


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"A look at them!" cried Mrs. Jarr in a bitter tone. The "them" in question was a rather well behaved automobile party, the passing of whose car at a Broadway crossing had halted the progress of Mr. and Mrs. Jarr, who were abroad on the town's main street this golden afternoon.

"Who were they?" asked Mr. Jarr, thinking it might be some of Mrs. Jarr's society friends. "How do I know?" retorted his good lady. "A lot of vulgarians and chorus girls, most likely." "They seemed all right," said Mr. Jarr. "Just because some people have an automobile (and it may be a stolen automobile, or an automobile not paid for, or somebody else's car, or one being demonstrated to people who have no more money than we have) is that any reason why they should think themselves better than we are?" asked Mrs. Jarr.

"Why, no, I shouldn't think so," ventured Mr. Jarr. "It makes me sick, the cheap sort of people putting on airs riding in their automobiles instead of paying their honest debts," sneered Mrs. Jarr bitterly. "I wouldn't ride in one of those things if you were to give it to me!" As Mr. Jarr wasn't going to give her



"From now on the days will begin to grow shorter."

Mr. Jarr Has Lost \$20. Now He Sees a Chance to Lose It Again.

back to town wouldn't take Stryver's check. I'll take his check, all right. But it's four days ago and he hasn't sent it to me yet." "What did you pay the money for, like a big softy?" asked Mrs. Jarr. "It was no affair of ours!" "It was one affair in that we were stuck away out in the wilds, as well as the Stryvers." "But if you had listened to me, if only you had listened to me," remarked Mrs. Jarr, "it wouldn't have happened. But I might as well keep silent, for all the attention you pay to what I say. You'll listen to everybody else, though!"

Domestic Dialogues. By Alma Woodward

A HUMID IDYL. Copyright, 1912, by The Press Publishing Co., The New York World. I want to—[I'll have the bath tub filled with ice and lie in it, if I want to—] "Mr. B. (coolly)—Of course, you'll do anything you want to do. You wouldn't think twice of leaving behind a young widow and a little child?" "Mrs. B. (shillily)—Then you could marry a rich one, couldn't you, Ma?" "Mr. B. (fastly)—Oh, probably none of your kind." "Mrs. B. (shillily)—What are you going to do? You don't suppose for a minute that child knew what he was saying?" "Mr. B. (at white heat)—No, what I want to find out is, where he heard those sentiments expressed."

A Wild Prophecy. Mr. B. (with cold calm)—Yes, William, leave the room before you tell the truth. (William leaves and Mr. B. utters Mrs. B. (with scorn)—Prostrated nothing! (William (anxiously)—Do you want the bunk of it, Pa? Mrs. B. (quickly)—No, he doesn't! He'll get apoplexy, putting ice on his arteries when he's overheated! Mr. B. (laughing mirthlessly)—Now, when he's telling you all those fairy tales? Sure, I'll put ice on my neck if

THE JAPANESE GIRL Her Daily Life, Amusements, Work and Ambitions By Mock Joya Copyright, 1912, by The Press Publishing Co., The New York World. Mock Joya is a Japanese university man and writer who is taking a practical course in American journalism. In these articles for The Evening World he tells the story of the Japanese girl and points out the startling differences between herself and her American sister. 1.—The Japanese Wedding. MOST of the Japanese marriages are still planned by parents. But the wishes of the young people are considered by father and mother before they take any decided step. It is not necessary to obey the wish of parents in the matter of matrimony, but it is a disloyalty to marry without their consent or against their wishes. A young man picks out his mate, who may not be known to his parents; but if the girl is of good character and is approved by them, the rest goes as smoothly as can be. In case his parents object to the girl on some ground or other, and there is no way of persuading them to consent to the marriage, either the marriage is stopped or the son disinherited. In Japan, both young men and girls can propose, and the number of proposals by each sex is about the same. The marrying age of the Japanese girls is from eighteen to twenty-five. Those who are not married when they reach twenty-five years of age are not regarded as eligible, and would probably have no chance of marrying. But old maids are almost unknown in Japan. Every young man of moderate means is supposed to marry before he is thirty. The same is true of the marrying of men over thirty is very rare. Just as there is no old maid in Japan, there are very few old bachelors, and there is absolutely no woman-hater. The marriage ceremony is solemn, but very simple, and is held in the bridegroom's house or that of his father. Only the relatives and few close friends of the bride and bridegroom attend the ceremony. It consists in the drinking of wine nine times by the bride and bridegroom. They drink three times, out of three different cups, and then they use the same cups. Other people at the ceremony do not drink at all. In all marriages the parents of the young couple select a man or a couple whom they know and trust as the "Middleman," although he has no actual hand in the arrangement of the marriage. The same custom is observed in difficulties and differences that might arise between the young couple are brought, and his advice and decision are final. This man or couple presides at the wedding. There is no religious ceremony in a



THE RIBS CLOTHES—THE WOMAN! Copyright, 1912, by The Press Publishing Co., The New York World. I do not mean, simply, do you put on garments, change them for dinner, and take them off at night. That is merely a habit. Wearing "CLOTHES" is an ART. It is the most exacting, absorbing, soul-racking obsession on earth. It is the one thing that has retarded woman's progress, stunted her development, and prevented her from accomplishing anything worth while, for ages and ages. Nobody can wear "clothes," in the truest, highest, "foolish" sense, and do anything else, in this short life. Mothers—good, successful mothers—have never "worn clothes," from Mother Eve down. Great actresses have nearly always been great frumps off the stage. They don't "wear clothes," they merely "huddle into clothing." And, as for the successful women artists and writers, they are fatal to the eye. You can always tell a good mother by the way in which her bodice wrinkles in the back, and a successful professional woman by the way her skirt ages and her belt quarrels with her safety pins. Their clothes seem to have taken a personal offense and to have assumed a sort of aloofness, a detached appearance, an unrelated air, as though they belonged to somebody else. It is only the "lightweights" who know how to "dress." On yes, it's all very well to say that "woman's first duty is to make herself attractive to men." What, with the "rib" she born far more attractive than man in the first place? And wouldn't she still continue to be more attractive than man, even though her only garment were a ring in the nose? Does HE put in his ribs, pray, until they ache, and weigh his brain down with a mountain of near-hair, and torture himself with collar-bones, that cleave his clavicle and threaten to cut off his jugular vein, in order to fascinate HER? Far from it! He thinks himself a martyr; if he concedes to smooth his top hair and make one bold dash for her sake, he has vanity enough to believe that she will love him just as Nature made him—and even a little worse. Yet, fancy any man loving one of us if he looks like that! Oh, yes, I do, once. I wonder he goes about with that serene, self-confident, superior air! Corsetless, cool, loose, clean, powderless, curlless—how he must LOVE himself! Did you ever stop to consider that the fine art of "wearing clothes" includes seven or eight sub-arts and minor professions? In order to "dress" properly and effectively, a woman must have a genius for line and color, a talent for designing an outfit for buying, a knowledge of fitting, dressmaking, tailoring, hair-dressing and man-uring, and a knack of looking like a saint, when she is feeling like Satan. It is nonsense to fancy that you can put yourself in the hands of expert dressmakers and milliners and come out a thing of beauty. You are much more likely to come out looking like the wrath of Heaven—unless you know how to follow them. For, after all, the art of dressing consists not so much in having clothes as in knowing how to put them ON, and to carry them OFF. You may have all the clothes in the world, but if you don't get them on right you will look as though somebody had flung them at you and they had hung wherever they happened to stick. Your tout ensemble will be nothing but a "foot and stumble." And, after you have gotten all your clothes together; shoes to match your hair, and hair to match your hat, and hat to match your side-combs, then—THEN comes the supreme agony of getting into them! How you have to persecute the flesh, to wriggle yourself into that insupportable instrument of torture—which makes clothes "look right." How you sigh and groan, and moan and pray, during the sacred rite! And then, perchance, just as you have hooked the last hook, and are drawing your first breath, you discover that you will have to take it off again, because you forgot to put your shoes on first, or have dropped your back hair on the floor and can't reach over to get it. Your back hair! Your front hair! Your side hair! Oh, your hair! On damp days, or sticky days, or warm days, it is more difficult to tame than a wild animal, more obstinate than a man, harder to convince than an anti-suffragette. Of course, it's of no use to wear "clothes" unless you wear hair with them; but did you ever wish you were a convict? Ah, well! What's the use of protesting? It is nearly 3 o'clock, and if I don't cut this pathetic wail about my hair curled and a Number Three-and-a-half foot wormed into a Number, and a Number Eighteen girls fastened 'round a Number Twenty-two waist, I'm sure to go to dinner with a man I know. I can hear him now, murmuring carelessly: "How sweet, and cool and comfy you look!" Such is our reward! No! there's no use fighting against it! It is born in every daughter of Eve—this sartorial madness; this slavish devotion to clothes! We may deny it, we may struggle against it, we may shout, "Give us liberty or give us death!" But even when we contemplate death itself, one thought strikes terror to our hearts, one thought alone fills, throbs, dominates every woman—the soul-freezing, terrifying thought: "Will they do my HAIR right when they lay me in my coffin?"

The Japanese Girl Her Daily Life, Amusements, Work and Ambitions By Mock Joya

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