

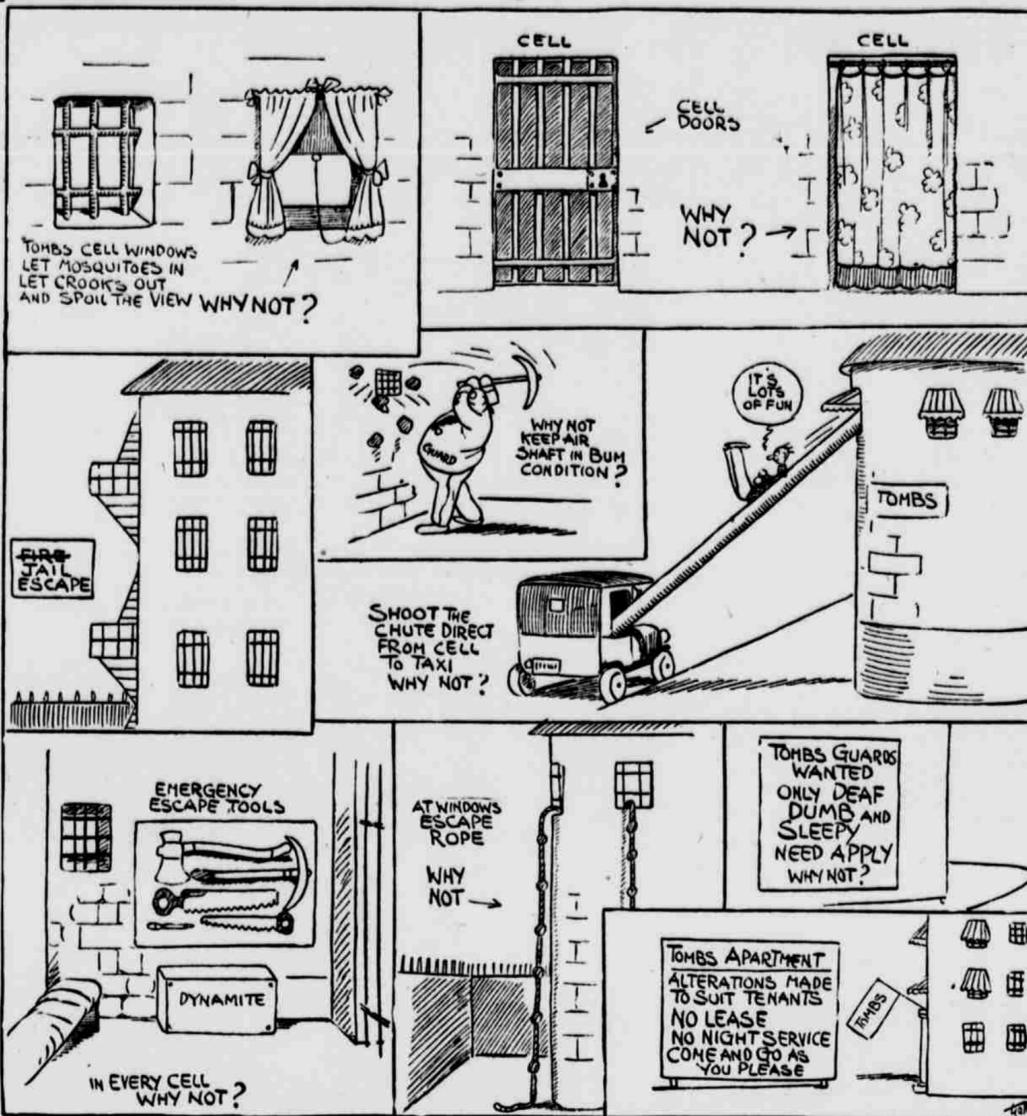
The Evening World

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Why Not?

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By Maurice Ketten



TALKING SENSE.

WHAT Gov. Woodrow Wilson has to say about Theodore Roosevelt's minimum wage plank will go straight to the mark with every workman whose common sense hasn't been wholly mossiered.

We are justified in assuming that the third party looks forward to the general establishment by law of a minimum wage. It is very likely, I take it for granted, that if a minimum wage were established by law the great majority of employers would take occasion to bring their wage scale as nearly as might be down to the level of that minimum.

There stands the minimum wage stripped of its blandishments. Gov. Wilson shows it for what it would really be—a minimum wage turned maximum. How quickly the shrewd employer would see his chance and take advantage of it!

Long experience with labor unions has shown many a thinking man the drawbacks of a fixed scale of wages. Even as things are now, let a union secure a cast-iron wage scale and what happens? The scale strikes an average which becomes at once lowest and highest. It may be a godsend to slow, indifferent workmen. But how about the man who can and will do more than the average work and who expects to earn therefor more than the average wage?

Suppose now the working man were suddenly to see this dead level of wages fixed by his employers, backed in turn by all the power of the Government. His outlook would narrow to nothing. As Gov. Wilson puts it:

The chief employers will have the tremendous authority of the Government behind them. What they do, they will have the license of the Federal Government to do, including the right to pay the wages approved by the Government.

There's the rub. Does the workman want to see his minimum wage eagerly seized upon and clamped down hard and fast as his maximum wage, with all the stamps and seals of Government sanction to make it final?

Gov. Wilson has put his finger on a very loose bolt in the minimum wage joy-wagon.

ON MISCHIEF BENT.

WITH the official announcement of the British Government that formal demand will be made to have the Panama Tolls dispute taken to The Hague for arbitration, Congress and the President may rejoice that their snowball is well started down the hill. Just how much injury and mischief it will roll up remains to be seen. One thing is certain. The biggest chunk will smash down fair and square on our own roof.

To make us completely ridiculous it only remains for the foremost advocate of universal arbitration to proclaim that it doesn't feel like arbitrating this case!

The United States Government in the Panama Tolls matter is acting like a bumptious small boy who, having promised faithfully not to walk on the cucumber frames, can't rest until he feels the glass crunching under his feet.

THE PARIS MATIN is printing lots of the "affaire Rosenthal," telling all about "Gyp le Sanguinaire" and the celebrated "trust du vice" which clears 12,000,000 francs a year for the "police newyorkaise." The Matin is under the singular impression that Webber and Rose are police inspectors, but that only strengthens its conclusion that "New York, so proud of its wealth, its Four Hundred, its millionaires, its stupendous buildings and its last word in up-to-date-ness, can boast to-day of possessing into the bargain the biggest scandale in the world." Paris is some judge.

Full 18,000 martial words. The busy Colonel found; He marched 'em round and round and round, And 'round and 'round and 'round!

IT DOES seem as if perhaps somebody ought to be awake in the Tombs if they are going to leave all the doors open. As things are anybody might walk in!

Letters from the People

Locomotive Names.

To the Editor of The Evening World: I have read letters on the subject of names on locomotives. I am an old locomotive engineer, though not in active service for many years. I came to Philadelphia in the summer of 1852 at the age of six and one-half years. We lived not far from the Philadelphia, Germantown, and Norristown railroad station at Ninth and Green streets, and with other youngsters I went to see the "steam engines." They all had names on, but the only name I can now recall was "Old Ironsides" (built by M. W. Baldwin). The P. & R. got nine locomotives from Balthus & Co., Manchester, England. They were named "Spiffire," "Engineer," "Dragon," "Firefly," "Comet," "Rocket," "Planet," "Hekla" and "Pioneer." In 1851 or 1852 this happened. In 1851 I took the "Spiffire" to Scranton and handled the major portion of the iron for the first section of the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad, between Scranton and Great Bend. I have seen many locomotives on many railroads, but never saw one that was distinguished by a number instead of a name prior to 1870. This was memory. E. J. R.

"Bohemian."

To the Editor of The Evening World: Permit me to correct the usual idea of the meaning of the word "Bohemian." To begin with, what is the original meaning? This is an extremely difficult question to answer by the public, who understand a Bohemian to be a Czech. Especially is this true when they are misinformed and confused by such phrases as "The Bohemian Girl" (meaning the gypsy girl), and also "Bohemian Life" (meaning a wild, reckless, uncivilized life), etc. What chances has a Bohemian or Czech (please do not misconceive my meaning, readers, as I do not imply a gypsy), to attain credit from a name with such falsely represented meanings? It is true, however, that when roaming gypsies entered France in the early eighteenth century and were later driven out of the country by the French authorities for their disgraceful conduct they were falsely supposed to come from Bohemia. But it has been proved that such was not the case. For they were Tartars. I sympathize with the Bohemians, and protest against the use of this word other than its real meaning. E. G. POBUDO.

Promising Career.



"How is your boy getting on in business?" "Fine! The boss says he has only two faults: it's almost impossible to get him to work and when he does get busy the work has to be done over again by some one else."

A Pocket Encyclopedia

Copyright, 1912, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York World.) 321. Why does money feel hot when we stand in front of a fire? 322. How does the oxygen of the air make any fuel burn? 323. Why does a crowded room produce a headache? 324. Why does the flame of a candle point upward? 325. What substances go to make up common glass?

The above questions will be answered Friday. Here are replies to Monday's questions: 316. (Why does a thunder storm so seldom follow a spell of wet weather?) Moist air or falling rain, being a conductor, carries down the electric fluid gradually and silently to the earth. 317. (Why does a balloon rise after it is inflated?) The same quantity of air has been expanded to three or four times its original volume and made so much lighter. 318. (Why does a stove sometimes crackle when its fire is very hot?) It expands from the heat, and the parts of the stove rubbing against each other produce a crackling noise. 319. (Why is the earth a bad conductor of heat?) Its particles are not continuous, and the power of conducting heat depends upon the continuity of matter. 320. (What is the cause of mineral springs?) When water trickles through the ground it dissolves some of the minerals with which it comes in contact.

Domestic Dialogues.

By Alma Woodward

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RE-PAPERING THE FLAT.

Characters: Mr. and Mrs. Jones. Time: 7:30 A. M. Mr. J. (awakening)—Oh, say, John! Come on, get up—it's late! Mr. J. (one eye open)—The alarm ain't gone off yet. What's the matter with you? Mrs. J. (anxiously springing from bed)—I know. But I want you to decide on something before you go downtown. Mr. J. (in disgust)—Say, don't be so lively and er—blithesome—in the morning! You make me feel worse'n I DO feel! Mrs. J. (coaxingly)—Now John, dear, don't be a bear. You ought to be blithe and happy in the morning. That's the way to start the day. Mr. J. (darkly)—Well, if I started the day the way I felt we'd all be pinched for murder! Mrs. J. (gladly)—I'll bet you don't know what I want you to decide! Mr. J. (raising himself on one elbow)—Say, who would you up? Great guns! You sound like a suffragette meeting! How do you do it so early in the morning? You don't LOOK so all-fired gingerly—but you SOUND it! Mrs. J. (beginning to get peeved)—Well, maybe it's because I don't stay out till all hours that I have some animation in the morning. Mr. J. (seeing that it's hopeless)—Oh, gee! I suppose I got to get up! All the discomferts of home! (Mr. Jones ignores the meditations of his lord, Mr. Jones begins the process of arising. With nervous slight lurching in verve, he dons his bathrobe and slippers.) Mrs. J. (appearing at the door)—Now come along, honey, into the dining room. It won't take a minute. (She sees Mr. Jones affectionately, by an unmeaning feeling, and snatches him along the hall.) Mr. J. (with aversion)—Say, do you know how old you are? You're twenty-eight! For the love of Mike stop straining yourself to look like sixteen. You couldn't even put it over on an amateur night! Mrs. J. (sweetly)—It's because his little head hurts from last night that he's so cranky with his wife. I know!

Picked Up From Here and There.

Palermo, Italy, produces quantities of outfits for brides, principally in muslin. The girls who do the work get from 12 to 30 cents and the skilled workers from 20 to 60 cents a day. The crude oil engine is now looming up as a rival of steam propulsion for the larger Great Lakes boats. Experiments have shown that it is as dependable as steam, takes up considerably less space, and is much cheaper once the initial cost of installation has been met. The phenomena supposed to be exhibited by the divining rod (Wunschehrut) has now been seriously tested in German Southwest Africa, where something like eight hundred experiments were made with it in search of water, about 90 per cent. of these being successful. It has also been used with success in Hanover to indicate the presence or otherwise of veins of salts of potash in the soil. The Minister of Agriculture in France has appointed a Departmental Committee to make similar experiments. In a recent number of the Daily Consular Reports are collected memoranda from cities and towns in various distant parts of the world showing the universal quality of the popular interest which the moving picture shows. England, Japan, Turkey, Mexico, India, Australia and the islands of the sea all have the same story to tell; wherever the cinematograph goes it finds an instant and sustained welcome.

Cheer Up, Cuthbert!

By Clarence L. Cullen

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NO NEED TO CHANGE THE COMBINATION MERELY BECAUSE "THEY SAY" THEY'VE GOT YOUR NUMBER!

There's nothing in this thing of Worrying About the Price of Coal before you've Squared the Ice-Man! The Difference between Competence and Perfection is that the Former is Admired, whereas the Latter is Positively Disliked! Some Zigz become so Discouraged when they Get into a Little Hole that they Imagine they Might as Well Dig Right Through to China! It's not what the World "has on" us that Hurts—it's what we "have on" Ourselves! Most of us can be Fed Pretty Fat on Flattery—until it Becomes Fulsome! There isn't Much Chance for a Man who Considers it a Compliment to be Called "A Slick Article!" When Some Fellows say "I Got Mine," We Never Know whether they've been Trimmed or whether they've Succeeded in Nicking Somebody Else!

The Mere Fact that a Man sets himself a Standard shows that he is Going to Come Pretty Near to Living Up to It!

When we Begin to Blubber Around that we're "Overworked," a Sibilant Little Voice in the Back of the Brain informs us that we're Using that Old Comedy as an Excuse for Soltering!

It's a Queer Circumstance that the "I Can Take a Drink or Let It Alone" Man always gets that Out of his System when he's in the Very Act of Taking One!

It took us a Long Time to Discover that when we Eat Down to Wait for Things to Get to their Worst they Always Got There!

The Devil Enjoys a Lot of Quiet Snickers over the Zigz who at About this Time of the Year are Beginning to Consider Swearing-Off Next New Year!

Some of the Most Accomplished Procrastinators on our List of Acquaintances are Ducks who've got those "DO IT NOW" cards tacked over their Desks!

Reflections of A Bachelor Girl.

Copyright, 1912, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York World.) WHEN a woman is abstracted and silent a man always feels guilty; his only doubt is as to what particular thing she has found out.

True love is an emotion of the heart, the mind and the senses; a man may lose the first a number of times, but he never marries until he loses the other two.

Sometimes a woman prefers an admirer to a lover, and yearns for attentions in which there are no intentions—but you can't make any man believe this.

It seems so unreasonable of man to expect woman to think straight, walk straight or talk straight, considering that she was made from his rib—the crookedest bone in his body.

Beware of long engagements! When two people insist on monopolizing each other for several years without marrying love just naturally dies of old age.

A woman may forgive a man for his sins, but he needn't expect her to let him forget them. That is asking more than lies within human power.

Spinsters are always self-opinionated; it takes a few years of married life for a woman to discover that her opinions are of no importance whatever.

No man ever lived who didn't firmly believe in offering a woman a kiss in place of an apology, a pose in place of repentance, and a box of roses in place of an explanation.

It is hard for a man to hear the "call of duty" above the clink of a wineglass, the jingle of coin or the whisper of love.

The Day's Good Stories

Illustrating the Difference.

"WHAT is your profession or trade?" asked the lawyer of the witness, according to the Cleveland Plain Dealer. "Well, I'm a kind of a carpenter." "Kind of a carpenter, eh? What kind of a carpenter?" "They call me a jack-leg." "They do? Well, if they call you that you probably are one. Will you please explain to the jury the difference between a jack-leg carpenter and a real carpenter?" "I—I can't tell the difference, but I can give you an example." "Well, go ahead." "It's the same difference as between you and a real lawyer."

Lack of Tact.

"WHY did you hit Perry?" "He is lacking in tact." "Why, I thought he always said nice things!" "He does—but not always the right things. He was protesting his love yesterday when we passed an old woman. I saw my eye and said, 'Will you love me when I get old and look like that woman?' 'Of course I will, darling!' he cried. 'So I dismissed him.' The idea of his consenting to think that I could ever get to look like that horrid old thing!" Women are so particular.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Self-Restraint.

IT was a very hot day and the fat drummer who wanted the twenty-two train got through the gate at just twenty-two-one, was the Saturday Evening Post. The evening band was watched with absorbed interest both from the train and the station platform. At its conclusion the brasses and preceding knight of the gold eagerly took the back trail and a vacant "red cap" came out to relieve him of his grime. "Master," he inquired, "was you tryin' to catch that Pennsylvania train?" "No, no, no," replied the railroad man. "No, I was merely trying to cheer it out of the yard."

Hard to Satisfy.

LIFE guards at a Jersey seaside resort tell with great glee of an incident that happened there last summer. A German, with

The Wrong One.

JONES was just putting on his overcoat when he was casually remarked to Mrs. Jones that he would be working overtime that night, says the Chicago Journal. "Don't wait for me, dear," he remarked. "I may be rather later than usual. But, there, it cannot be helped." At breakfast next morning he was awfully absent and the stiffness of the room was not even broken by the tick-tick of the clock on the mantelpiece. "Sorry, dear," remarked Jones presently, "there is something the matter with the clock. I would like to see you to see it." "Oh, no, you didn't!" said Mrs. Jones, fully. "What you did wind up was Teddy's musical box, and when you came to bed at 8 o'clock that morning it was playing 'Home, Sweet Home.'"

The Penalty of Politeness.

WHEN James J. Hill is in the humor he will tell you of a particularly polite policeman in the West, who used kind of answering the innumerable questions put to him concerning the various features about his line. Usually the brakeman formed a crew that composed a conductor who was something of a grocer. On one occasion when the police brakeman had been for some time expatiating upon the business of nature as seen from the car window, a passenger whispered to the conductor to get out of the car. "Can you tell me how the brakeman lost his furniture?" he seemed to be a nice fellow. "Sure, he's a nice fellow," answered the grocer conductor. "That's the trouble. Why, that fellow is so obliging that he's won his finger off pointing out the scenery along the line."—Judge.

The May Manton Fashions

ALL variations of the middie color for girls and are fashionable as well. This one is intended for the younger girls and combines a number of attractive features. The front of the blouse is faced to form a yoke and panel and the panel is faced together. The blouse is made in a style which is fastened to the neck edges by means of buttons and button-holes. The sleeves are fitted at their lower edges where they are finished with straight cuffs that extend to the wrist. The blouse is joined to the straight, plain skirt by means of a belt. The skirt may be cut low or it may be made high and finished with a row of buttons. The illustration, while lined, is trimmed with blue and white with a row of buttons, but a number of material would be equally good for the model.



7558

Pattern No. 7558—Girl's Dress in Middy Style, 8 to 12 years.

Call at THE EVENING WORLD, MAY MANTON PATTERNS BUREAU, Donald Building, 10 West Thirty-second street (opposite Gimbel Bros.), corner Sixth Avenue and Thirty-second street, New York, or sent by mail on receipt of ten cents in coin or stamps for each pattern ordered. IMPORTANT—Write your address plainly and always specify Patterns also wanted. Add two cents for letter postage if in a hurry.