The World.

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"THE WRONG CAPTAIN."

"YE'VE GOT the wrong captain," shouted Police Captain Stephen McDermott, the burly, to Counsel Buckner before the Curran Investigating Committee. And the Captain proved it to the complete satisfaction of—himself.

Inmates of disorderly houses always behaved like lambs when he was around. If he overlooked anything wrong it must have been put there while he was at supper. Whoever said he paid for promotion was a degenerate, and anybody who tried to pry into how much money he might be worth was ridiculous, out of order, and not worth answering. "It's no business of the committee what I own. It's a hippodrome you're making," burst out the angry witness. For the committee's counsel he had six brief words, but he put them in tones that rattled the windows: "I'm Captain McDermott. You're a amachoor!"

As an example of open, straightforward witness willing to help the investigation McDermott was, as he said, "the wrong captain." As a help toward restoring the city's faith in the department which has disgraced it, he was again "the wrong captain." As a sample of the kind of man whom the people of New York would willingly make a responsible public servant, he was eminently "the wrong captain." In all things tending to inspire confidence and trust he was not even what he called the counsel—an amateur.

SLAVES OF THE STRAP.

THE BROOKLYN RESIDENT with the sardonic streak who sent the B. R. T. Company a dollar because he found a seat in a Putnam avenue trolley car for the first time in twenty years has twanged a mighty chord of suffering. For he voices the righteous plaint of the patient and upstanding when even the Public Service Commission has hardened its heart against the people.

To the opinion of the commission that eight minutes of strap-hanging is nothing much, this Brooklyn man retorts: "I hang to a strap forty minutes each way every day of my life. From Reid avenue to the Bridge on the Putnam line, the one I use, nobody can get a seat. Conditions are still worse at night. I have seen nothing like it in any other city in the country."

Assuming that this citizen goes to his office on an average three hundred days in the year, The World figures that he has hung to a B. R. T. strap 8,000 hours in the past twenty years, which would make 333 1-3 days of twenty-four hours each. Supposing his time to be worth $5 a day for an eight-hour day, strap-hanging has got away with $5,000 worth of that precious article. If he were to pay $1 a trip for a seat it would have cost him $12,000 to buy himself out of strap bondage.

During the hush that follows this bold man's statement of his wrongs, while Brooklyn strap-hangers sit them grimly down at home to figure out the total annual cost of strap servitude, we recommend the B. R. T. to pry open an eye and lower its long, thick ear to the earth.

NOT MANY OF HIS KIND.

THE MAN who beats and kicks a hotel waiter because of a bit of salad dressing spilled on his shirt front deserves worse than being turned out of the hotel. Even in a big, free and easy town like this, such a cowardly exhibition as that offered by "Curly" Brown at the Waldorf the other night is luckily rare. We have all kinds of guests. We can't discriminate much. Our waiters have their faults and give us more trouble than we wish they did. But the man who strikes a servant for a trifling slip is a cad, whoever he is, and even this not over-squeamish city will not stand for him. The fact that he can stay at an expensive hotel and lounge in the grill room till the early hours of the morning in his evening clothes makes no difference.

The proprietor of the hotel where Mr. Brown was staying ordered him never to set foot therein again. Any satisfaction the waiter can extract from his assailant by lawful means will be heartily approved. Mr. Brown is said to be one of the prominent racing men in this country and Mexico. We wish him a speedy jaunt over the border.

THE ECSTATIC EDITOR of the Los Angeles Times, in a very handsome mid-winter number issued on Jan. 1, predicts that Los Angeles will have a population of 2,500,000 in 1938. The inhabitants of the unprogressive East are advised to come early and avoid the rush. It appears that there are but 44,000 square miles of paradise in California. The high cost of living is unknown. Every prospect pleases and not even man is vile!

Letters From the People

Grocers and the Apple Barrel.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

The statement made in the daily press, emanating from the Housewives' League that the retail grocers of this city bought apples at $2.75 a barrel and charged fifteen cents a quart, along with the statement that a barrel of apples yielded 96 quarts, is not true, and is doing the retail grocers a great injustice, as is the inference made that the grocers are the cause of the high cost of living. The following are the facts as demonstrated in a grocery store on Monday. The grocer does charge fifteen cents a quart for one grade of apples, but instead of getting 96 quarts out of a barrel he gets only 50 quarts (and not always that), giving three pounds to a quart. But he gets only fifteen cents per quart for the choice apples, about 40 quarts, selling 10 quarts at 10 cents a quart, the whole barrel yielding $7 for which he pays $5.50, not $2.75 as in the statement made, thus leaving him $1.50 from which to pay the expense of running his store, which is 20 to 25 per cent. Another test was made of Baldwin apples, which had cost $3.50 and which sold 10 quarts at 10 cents ($1) and 10 quarts at 5 cents, total $1.50 for an outlay of $3.50. Before trying to prove that the retail grocer is the cause of the high cost of living by unfair competition, let these reformers hire a store, pay rent, employ help and meet the actual expenses, the loss by waste, and pleasing the housewife (who invariably will not accept anything but the best, the speckled apple or the bruised one she will not have at any price) and these reformers would have a different story to tell from that of saying the grocer is making 300 per cent. on a barrel of apples.

CHARLES THORPE.
Secretary New York State Retail Grocers' Association.

The Subway's Future.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

In answer to a writer who wants to know how the overcrowding of the subway will be relieved when the Lexington avenue subway is completed and that gets overcrowded, I wish to say that there is a whole line of avenues yet in which they can dig subways. When the Lexington avenue subway gets so crowded that one is afraid to take the chance of losing a scalp, they'll have to make one under Third avenue. Next Second avenue; then First avenue; then Avenue B; then Avenue A and then—well, there's the river. What next, reader? Eventually there'll be so many people wanting to ride at the same time that I think a lot will have to hoof it.

CANADIAN.

Can You Beat It?

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By Maurice Ketten

The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

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Mrs. Jarr Flatly Refuses To Set Housework to Music

"YOU'VE heard of Madame Pilkington?" gushed Clara Mudridge-Smith. "Why, as 'The Mowbray' her name was in everybody's mouth!"

Mrs. Jarr was on the verge of a faux pas. She nearly said, "Yes, the famous mutton pies of that name!" But, fortunately, she waited a moment.

"She wrote the famous book 'The Romance of Housework.' You know? One sang the Villon's 'Ballad of Fishes' when one fried fish and she had appropriate recitations for sweeping, bed-making, scrubbing and washing. Don't you remember the book was published only in subscription editions de luxe and sold for $100 a copy?

"So many people were interested in the work because they felt that such a volume would bring cheer, literature and dignity in the homes of the poor. As Mildred Mowbray, as she was then, used to say: 'Done with a song, no work is drudgery!'

"And so all the ballads of housework were set to music in solo, duet and even trio, quartet, quintet and sextet arrangement. The Skinner Foundation was so interested that they paid for grand opera singers to demonstrate from her works how song lightens labor. It was wonderful to hear singers, who ...se paid $2,000 each, render 'The Scrubbing Sextet.'"

"I think I remember it," said Mrs. Jarr, settling back in the ten-inch upholstery of the opera motor.

"Of course you remember it," said Mrs. Stryver, who was also of the party. "I have one of the books and showed it to you, and I invited you to go with me to the Mildred Mowbray Lycee of Lyrical Light Housekeeping. The tickets were ten dollars each. But they were worth it."

"Think how much good these uplift movements do the poor! Mildred Mowbray invited contributions to have competent singers go around the tenement districts and sing 'The Bed Making Motif' and 'The Scrubbing Sextet.'"

"Oh, yes, I remember now," said Mrs. Jarr. "But I had no girl at the time and couldn't go to the affair."

"Since then Mildred Mowbray married Percival Pilkington, who is also a noted Parlor Socialist," explained Mrs. Mudridge-Smith. "He never speaks on behalf of suffering humanity for less than $500."

"Ah, there are a lot of people who devote themselves to causes like these who do a lot of good in the world!" said Mrs. Stryver.

"That's why we are taking you with us, Mrs. Jarr," gushed Mrs. Mudridge-Smith. "I can speak openly to you, I am sure. We have often noticed you permit your household cares to disturb your savoir faire. Inspired with these 'Harmonies of Housework,' your domestic duties would be pleasures and not tasks. For one who has young children as well as cooking and housework to do Mildred Mowbray Pilkington advises an accompaniment of muted strings and woodwind. Brass or percussion instruments might wake the babies."

"Oh, piffle!" cried Mrs. Jarr with some exasperation. "You have got a lot of money and no children! Mrs. Stryver has a lot of money and no children! And this woman, the mutton pie person—Mowbray, or Pilkington, or whatever her name is—she makes a lot of money talking and printing such stuff to a lot of well-to-do geese. And for what? To benefit the poor, to uplift overworked mothers and housekeepers?

"I'll bet she hasn't a chick or child either! I'll wager she knows nothing about housework, but lives in a studio and eats out at restaurants or at home from truck from the delicatessen stores! How in the name of goodness could I afford to have a string quartet follow me around from bedroom and kitchen, playing muted symphonies while I swept and scrubbed and cooked and made beds?"

"Ah!" said Clara Mudridge-Smith with a superior smile, "that bears Mme. Mowbray Pilkington out in what she says—that it is the very ones we seek to uplift who are so impatient of our good offices! Besides, the Pilkingtons are endeavoring to collect funds to sell phonographs at cost with records to play their 'Melodies de Menage' to the poor and middle classes.

"But wait till you hear her speak. She'll convince you. And she advises simple Grecian costumes of pure white linen with a classic coiffure to do housework in. This tends to attune one's mind to higher planes. The first thing she'll advise you to do is to cease fretting—to believe that work is Service, and Service is Love.

"It was Mildred Mowbray Pilkington who first conceived the idea of washing dishes to an arrangement of Mendelssohn's 'Spring Song,' and dusting to Nevin's 'Narcissus.' Nothing Wagnerian! One breaks too many dishes and vases."

"I guess my girl, Gertrude, is inspired with Wagnerian motifs," sniffed Mrs. Jarr. "Well, here we are at the Stickelback Studios!"

CAUGHT.

"John! John! Wake up, there is a man in the house!"

"Nonsense, Susan! Nothing of the sort"——

"Humph! I guess you are right. I was referring to you!"—Harper's Weekly.

Housekeepers and the Parcels Post

By Sophie Irene Loeb.

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AND now that Uncle Sam has come into the business of carrying our packages, up to eleven pounds, it is estimated that this will be a means of eliminating the middleman and alleviating the high cost of living.

SOPHIE IRENE LOEB

Already the mails are flooded with all kinds of produce direct from the farmer and bid fair to increase this method of delivering goods at DIRECT cost from the farm.

Uncle Sam is not in business particularly to make money, but rather to serve us. This new innovation, if taken advantage of, and if studied in the direction of ECONOMY by the housewife, will be a source of saving that at present is unrealized. I had occasion to see some of the system in Europe this summer.

Joy? Why bless you, the folk on the other side of the Atlantic could not get along at all without parcels post. They have it down to such a system that they can even send live babies through the mail. Yes, one was sent from London and was promptly delivered to its destination. Several kinds of live animals, including bees, are sent if "properly packed."

The big retail stores in London avail themselves of the parcels post for delivery of goods. The rates are as small as they will be here later on. In Germany, where the rates are even cheaper, the college boys send their soiled linen home to be washed and it is returned to them in the same way.

Over there it is daily assuming more growth. They now have an agricultural parcels post, too. Flower growers can send full length orchids and long stemmed roses by parcels post.

In Germany the farmers ship to the cities their butter and eggs, vegetables and flowers, to actual consumers, thus competing directly with the retail provisioning establishments of the city. Thousands of families in Hamburg receive daily their pat of fresh butter from the parcel postman. (In the smaller cities the regular postman acts in that capacity.)

The farmer visits the city about once a year, finds his customers, and returns home feeling that his trade will be served just as regularly as though he were living right in the city. Think what pure food we might get direct from the farm right here! It would certainly alleviate the high cost of living; for in this case the commission of the middleman would be saved.

Would you believe it? One billion dollars' worth of produce goes to waste yearly in the United States for the want of proper transportation from the farms. The great Commoner, William E. Gladstone, near the close of his life, said:

"The post office savings bank and parcels post are the most important institutions which have been created in the last fifty years for the welfare of the people. I consider the act which called the institution into existence is the most useful and fruitful of my long career."

During the summer, as you travel in the rural districts, thousands of apples are seen strewn about on the ground going to waste. Think of the cost of apples in the city of New York and what a box of these apples would mean EVERY WEEK coming by post to a family of children on the east side!

It would behoove every housekeeper to become acquainted with the parcels post in this direction. And, in the growing season, if she finds a farm nearby she may have her box of berries and her bunch of string beans for dinner in the evening picked that very morning, which is hardly possible with city produce. And she may even get things at a lower cost to the resulting pleasure and health of her family. It is a new innovation in America, but certainly has proved a most economical First Aid to the Housekeepers in other countries.

The Only Solution.

"What's become of January's usual zero spell?"

"Postponed on account of the weather."

The STORY of the STATES

BY ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE

No. 43—Vermont
Motto: "Freedom and Unity."

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INTO the blue waters of Lake Champlain (known then as Iroquois Lake) on July 4, 1609, swept a canoe bearing a band of French soldiers of fortune. On the gaze of the expedition's leader burst a panorama of wondrously beautiful mountains. To his companions he cried in admiration:

"*Voila les monts verts!*" ("See the green mountains!")

And "Monts verts," or "Vermont" the region was called. There are other versions of the name's origin, but this is perhaps the most generally accepted.

The French leader—first white man to view Vermont—was Samuel de Champlain. He was leading a raid against hostile Indians and confined his services toward the future State of Vermont, to admiring its mountains and including it as part of New France (Canada).

The territory remained practically a wilderness until 1724, when a few families of frontier folk moved to the present site of Brattleboro. Later French Canadians from the north and Englishmen from the south settled various parts of Vermont.

When the French lost Canada they lost Vermont with it and the Green Mountains became a part of Massachusetts. Then they were claimed by New Hampshire and by New York. And after a legal squabble that resulted in bloodshed, Vermont became a New York possession.

The State of "New Connecticut."

Vermont hated the idea of belonging to New York and applied for admission to the Union in 1777 as a separate State, under the name of New Connecticut. The petition was refused by Congress and Vermont continued to "play a lone hand," loyal to the United States, which denied Statehood.

"It organized as an independent State and issued a declaration of independence" on its own account.

Two years earlier the Vermonters had sprung to national fame when old Ethan Allen and his wild band of "Green Mountain Boys" swept like a scourge through the north, seizing British forts, attacking and harrying British forces. Allen and his volunteers swooped down upon Fort Ticonderoga, demanding and securing its surrender—

"In the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress!"

And it was the Green Mountain boys who bore off much of the glory in the great battle of Bennington, which smashed Burgoyne's plans of invasion. From first to last, in the war for independence, the Vermonters did gallant work. And after the revolution they found their State still unrecognized. So they maintained their aloof independence until 1791, when Vermont became the first State admitted to the Union under the Federal Constitution.

Warriors and Pioneers.

In every war of our country Vermont has made a splendid showing. It sent nearly 26,000 troops to the Union's defence in the Civil war. And in this conflict more Vermonters were killed in proportion to population than any other State's volunteers.

Vermont's population has grown more slowly than that of almost any other State. Yet its pioneers have gone forth by thousands to help settle every other part of America. The population in 1910 was under 366,000 as against 314,120 in 1850; an average increase of less than 700 inhabitants a year.

The Day's Good Stories

He Was a Gentleman.

A EUCLID HEIGHTS car—one of those horrible ones where you have to sit with your feet in the aisle—was lumbering along Euclid avenue yesterday afternoon, says the Cleveland Plain Dealer. A very handsome and polite young man entered at East Thirtieth street. The only possible place to sit down was at the side of a broad lady who was trying to occupy a whole section.

"I beg your pardon," smiled the young man; "is this seat occupied?"

"Yes, sir," answered the wide lady, with a baby stare. "I am keeping it for a gentleman."

"That's me," grinned the young man, sliding into the seat. "How did you know what I was?"

Forgot.

THE children had been reminded that they must not appear at school the following week without their application blanks properly filled out as to names of parents, addresses, date and place of birth. On Monday morning Katie Barnes arrived, the tears streaming down her cheeks. "What is the trouble?" Miss Green inquired, seeking to comfort her. "Oh," sobbed the little girl, "I forgot my excuse for being born."—The Delineator.

Light Amid Darkness.

MOLLIE, a light mulatto housemaid who has been in the employ of a South Side family for a number of years, recently gave up her position to get married. A few days ago she returned and asked to have her old place back. The woman of the house was glad to have her return, but was surprised that she came so soon after being married, and questioned her as to her reason for wanting to return. In reply the maid said:

"My husband's folks is all jealous of me because I'm so light colored. You know, my husband is very dark and all his folks is dark, too, and was mad because he married me. Why, one of his sisters told me, 'You's so bright you make a spot in our family.'"—Tacoma Tribune.

Not Very.

A SMALL girl of five was walking recently with her mother through the Public Garden in Boston. The Washington Monument attracted her attention, and she inquired what it was.

"That," replied her mother, "is a statue of George Washington."

The little lady regarded it critically for some moments, and then she said: "Washington didn't take a very good statue, did he, mother?"—Everybody's.

Why He Wanted to Know

THE man in the upper berth leaned over the edge and, jamming his frowsy firmly down on his brow, called in a hoarse, coarse voice that was audible above the rattle and rumble of the engine:

"Hi there, down there! Are you rich?"

"Her?" ejaculated the man in the lower berth, almost swallowing his Adam's apple. "Whatsser matter?"

"I say, are you rich?"

"What's that, sir? Rich? What do you mean by waking me up in the middle of the night to ask me such a question as that?"

"I want to know—that's why."

"Well, then, confound you, I am rich. Now I hope your curiosity is satisfied and you will let me go to sleep."

"Very rich?"

"Millionaire, confound you! Now, shut up, and"——

"Well, that's why in torment don't you charter a whole train to do your snoring in?"—Search-light.

The May Manton Fashions

Pattern 7721—Semi-Princess Dress for Misses and Small Women, 16 and 18 Years.

HERE is a charming little frock that includes many of the season's smartest features and yet is exceedingly simple to make. The sleeves are cut with the blouse, but there are shoulder seams upon which both blouse and sleeves are shirred. These sleeves are short and the V-shaped neck is finished with an exceedingly pretty bertha. The skirt is cut in only two pieces. The right side is draped at both front and back, and the left side is plain and is lapped upon the right. At the lower edge the skirt can be finished with either curved or straight edges. In the illustration charmeuse is trimmed with lace, but all the soft, pretty materials of the kind are appropriate. Crepe de chine, crepe meteor, messaline or the pretty mulls and tissues would be lovely made in this way.

For the 16 year size the dress will require 5 yards of material 27, 3½ yards 36 or 3 yards 44 inches wide, with 9⅝ yards of lace 6½ inches wide for the Bertha.

Pattern No. 7721 is cut in sizes for girls of 16 and 18 years.

How to Obtain These Patterns.

Call at THE EVENING WORLD MAY MANTON FASHION BUREAU, Donald Building, 160 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 size wanted. Add two cents for letter postage if in a hurry.