

The World

ESTABLISHED BY JOSEPH PULITZER. Published Daily Except Sunday by the Press Publishing Company, Inc. 63 65 Park Row, New York.

VOLUME 53. NO. 18,876

FOR WHOM WERE STREETS MADE?

THE BOARD OF ESTIMATE has passed a resolution asking Gov. Sulzer to send to the Legislature at Albany a special emergency message urging the passage of the bill to permit free competition of stage lines in this city.

The city needs more bus service. The development of the up-to-date, smooth-running, almost noiseless motor omnibus has opened up new transit facilities in parts of New York, notably the upper west side, where the street railways can handle at best only the heavier part of the traffic.

The jobs about getting a square deal in a round courthouse can look forward to a long and busy life.

FLOWERS AND FURNACES.

TO SURROUND WORK with health and happiness is one of the highest duties and privileges of widening knowledge. From the first numbers of the Monthly Bulletin of the American Iron and Steel Institute, a little magazine which came into existence only last January, one gets a glimpse of how it may be done even in the grimy workings of a huge industrial trust.

The man who is doing most of it for the steel industry is our former Health Commissioner, Dr. Thomas N. Darlington, now Secretary of the Welfare Committee of the Iron and Steel Institute and one of the editors of the Bulletin. "It is a common saying that labor is something," remarks Dr. Darlington. "It is not so common to say that it is healthful."

With a corps of nurses the Doctor teaches the workmen's wives how to take care of themselves and their babies. During a single year the United States Steel Corporation spent under his direction \$1,350,000 for improved sanitation. According to Dr. Darlington: "A study of the causes of death shows that in general but 4 per cent. die from old age, 4 per cent. more from violence, while 92 per cent. die from disease. Of this last great group, nearly one-half are due to diseases of environment; that is, to diseases which by proper supervision could be wholly eliminated."

It is a hopeful sign that even the great co-operations accounted "socialists" are learning that such elimination pays.

The Rev. John Haynes Holmes proclaims that "all the things that are worth while in material existence" he taught himself after he left Harvard. Including, perhaps, the practical and highly applied science of self-advertising!

A TREAT FOR TO-MORROW.

IF YOU WOULD KNOW why Cass Gilbert, architect of New York's tallest skyscraper, thinks a 100-story building is possible; if you like to laugh with Marie Dressler at the way the world is run, or hear a vivid account of how the suffragettes are conquering England, with a graphic description of the "forbible" process; if you would hear the thrilling story of how Gen. Gertrude went into battle in the Balkans accompanied by her father and brothers, or learn from Enrico Toselli, the pianist, how he won and won the Princess Louise of Saxony; if you would like to have a clear picture of just how New York's proposed Civic Centre will look, and learn how New York schoolboys have built their houses to be given rent free to certain residents of the Bronx; if you would hear all this and more for a morning's pleasure and instruction, buy The Sunday World, with its illustrated Magazine Section, for to-morrow. Don't forget to order it to-night.

Our wise and watchful Solons up the river are debating a bill to bar horse cars from New York streets lest these awful menaces to life and limb multiply and work further destruction.

Such Is Life! By Maurice Ketten

A 4x4 grid of comic panels. Panel 1: A man asks for a handkerchief. Panel 2: A man is late. Panel 3: A man looks for opera glasses. Panel 4: A man asks if he is ready yet. Panel 5: A man can't find a veil. Panel 6: A man asks if he saw his hand bag. Panel 7: A man can't beat it. Panel 8: A man hurries up. Panel 9: A man can't find a clean pair of gloves. Panel 10: A man rings the bell to put gloves on the elevator. Panel 11: A man is at last. Panel 12: A man has to go back for another pair of gloves. Panel 13: A man says 'Piffle!'. Panel 14: A man hurries up, please, the elevator is waiting. Panel 15: A man says 'Ding bust it! I forgot the tickets'. Panel 16: A man says 'O, you bonehead!'.

Chats With Great Men of the Civil War By Mrs. Gen. Pickett

Interview with Gen. Irvin McDowell. Text: "I have all I want—peace, content, work and leisure, my home on the James and the old steamers passing by. I came with my wife on both pleasure and business. Come, won't you sit at my table? There is plenty of room." McDowell: "You are the fourth old Confederate I have met since I got here. I forgot the convention is being held in Baltimore, and when I met the old boys I thought they must have come together to make another fight. Fitz Lee and the rest of us almost lost our dinner fighting the war over." Pickett: "Yes, I saw Fitz just after he had registered and been politely told that there wasn't a spot in the hotel in which they could put him. I wish you could have witnessed that scene. Old Fitz looked up with his Fitz expression and said: 'Well, this is almost as cold as the reception you all gave my illustrious uncle, Gen. Robert E. Lee, in '61, when he came to Maryland, my Maryland, and issued his great proclamation that his army had come to help them throw off the yoke which deprived them of their rights.' 'I don't believe the poor old General ever had a greater hurt, a heavier disappointment, than he had when 'Maryland, my Maryland,' gave him that glass-eye, cold-shoulder welcome and he realized how few there were of 'Maryland, my Maryland,' who hearkened to a wandering son's appeal. For life and death, for we and weal. 'It was all right to sing, 'The despot's heel is on thy shore,' but it was a different proposition when it came to removing said heel by making that shore a part of the theatre of war. 'She is not dead nor deaf, nor dumb. Huzza! She spurns the Northern Scum! She breathes! She burns! She'll come; she'll come! Maryland, my Maryland.' 'But she didn't come! She didn't come!' finished Fitz Lee with a tragic expression on his face, and turned pathetically to his auditors. The hospitable proprietor, a retired United States officer who had been an old West Point man, extended his hand across the desk and said: 'You'll stay—you'll stay—whatever 'Maryland' does. I'll fix up my own sitting room for you.' 'Well, Pickett, Fitz is all right, in war or politics. But you fellows lost your greatest cavalry General when Gen. Turner Ashby, Jackson's cavalry commander, was killed. Ashby was a great soldier, fearless and tireless, and, as Jackson said, one of the best officers he ever knew. 'Are you attending the convention here, Pickett?' 'No, heaven forbid! I don't know, never did know and never want to know a blessed thing about politics. And there is no gift under the Government I would accept. I have all I want—peace, content, work and leisure, my home on the James and the old steamers passing by. I came with my wife on both pleasure and business. Come, won't you sit at my table? There is plenty of room.' 'Fitz is delighted, for I want to ask you about some things. By the way, where were you at the time of the first battle of Bull Run, which I lost and for which (as nothing succeeds like success and nothing fails like failure) I was relieved from the command of the Army of the Potomac?' 'While you were making haste to get out of Virginia I was riding with all possible speed to get back into it that I might take a hand in helping you on your way out. But the difficulties were so great that I did not arrive in Richmond till more than a month after the first battle of Manassas had been fought. And the first news I had of the battle was that in it two of my best friends had been killed—Bee and Barton. 'One trouble with us was that our armies were divided, while yours were united. Another was that we didn't have a Jackson, as you had. Then, again, out of my army of 30,000 there were only about 1,000 regulars. The others were three-months volunteers whose term was almost out. But why do you Southerners call the battle of Bull Run 'Manassas?' 'Because the battle was not fought on the Bull Run, a little stream tributary to the Potomac, but in the field of Manassas.' 'After Gen. McDowell was gone Fitz Lee came to us and said: 'If I had remembered that McDowell was the one who put old Ames into Mississippi I should have cursed him out. But his cordiality made me forget about it, and I cordially had to have a drink.' 'I try always to forget things like that,' said my Soldier. 'Gen. McDowell was a Major in the old army and was appointed to the command of the Army of the Potomac through the influence of Secretary Chase, an old friend from the General's own State. The appointment had occasioned some adverse feeling, being much sought for, as it was thought that one big battle would end the war. The second battle of Manassas was fought the next year on the old field and McDowell was again a loser, after which he held no command.

THE RIB BY HELEN ROWLAND

Copyright, 1913, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World). She Tells the Secret of Perpetual Youth. "KEEP on falling in love, and you will keep eternally young!" This is the prescription of an eminent English scientist, and it is about the pleasantest spring tonic that I have heard recommended. Of all the "cures" that are being offered us, from the serum of Dr. Friedmann to the "cheer 'em" of Lovely Lillian, nothing is more convincing than this magic "cure-all." Better still, it is 99 per cent. pure, and 99 per cent. SURE!

The Week's Wash By Martin Green

Copyright, 1913, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World). "LOOKS like friend Secretary of State Bryan had some job on his hands out there in California," observed the head polisher. "California," said the laundryman, "is a long way from the Bowery. Few of us in this part of the country have been in California, know anything about California or care much about California. We read in the papers at intervals that the Japanese are overrunning that grand young commonwealth, but we are kept so busy watching the flood of aliens cascaded into our fair city by every steamship from Southern Europe that we may be excused if we fail to throw a fit about the yellow peril on the Pacific Coast. 'California is unfortunate in having as her advocate with the country at large in her effort to put the kibosh on the Jap such a mild and retiring person as Gov. Hiram Johnson. Down this way we all recall what a striking violet he was in the last national campaign. He was so timid and self-effacing that he absolutely refused to make more than slight or ten speeches a day. And his voice was so low you couldn't hear it more than a mile. 'As for judgment and dignity and fairness in debate, we all remember that he carefully confined himself to calling all who didn't agree with him liars, thieves, crooks, snakes and oppressors of the poor. We don't know much about California and her problems down here, but we know a whole lot about the temperance and judgment of Johnson in speech and judgment. 'Without discussing the merits of the situation on the coast to-day, and admitting that Japan has bluffed us often enough, we recall that so long as the Japanese in California worked for a few cents a day and confined their endeavors to competition with white labor they were considered fine, inoffensive little fellows. When they combined and got into competition with the planters and capitalists they became a menace. And, as a wind-up, you can safely bet your family jewels against Brooklyn's chances of winning the pennant that when President Wilson sent William Jennings Bryan as the representative of the United States he had some mighty good and sufficient reason for same. 'The Cop's Outlook. 'WHAT do you think of the suggestion, made by an investigator who has studied the Police Department, that a policeman should be dropped if he fails of promotion or hasn't established himself as entitled to promotion in five years?' 'It's the kind of a suggestion you might expect from the kind of an investigation that prompted it," replied the laundryman. "There are thousands of good patrolmen who never expect to get any higher, are satisfied to be patrolmen, are living comfortably on their little old \$1,400 a year and are looking forward to retirement with pay. This last being the consideration that keeps ordinary policemen and firemen at the game. 'The police are underpaid, especially the first, second and third year men. They ought to get more money. The question of promotion doesn't bother those who know they are doing as well on the cops as they could in any other line of work to which they might be condemned by lack of education or shortness in mental equipment. 'It is not necessary to have a police force of intellectual giants, however strongly that sort of a department may be favored by the skilled stenographers, trained bookkeepers and certified engineers of filing systems who are employed nowadays to look into and settle such a little thing as the police problem. 'The Agency Was Brief. 'SEE," said the head polisher, "that Secretary Bryan served nothing but unfermented grape juice at his state dinner to the Diplomatic Corps. 'Well," said the laundryman, "the dinner lasted only a couple of hours."

The Day's Good Stories

Brevity. The Difference. "I understand it, Doctor, if I believe Fitz Lee, it'll be well, is that the idea?" "If you believe me you are said, I suppose you'll believe me."

Beany and the Gang By P. L. Crosby

Comic strip panels. Panel 1: Beany asks if Oswald can come out. Panel 2: Beany says it would displease mother very much if neglected studies. Panel 3: A splash of water. Panel 4: Beany says 'Tum on out Oswald! I wanna bid oo some pim.' Panel 5: Beany asks if Oswald can converse with him.