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"Why So Hot, Little Man?" By Robert Minor



FUSION BEGINS TO BE FUSION.

THE DECISION of the County Republican organization to stand by the Fusion ticket brings order into the "far-flung battle line" of the anti-Tammany forces at the point where it had begun to look most ragged.

The examples of unselfishness set by Mr. McAneny and Mr. Whitman have not been lost. Their conduct has given Fusion new pride in itself and a new power of attraction.

Must there come a day when this State would be reminded of anything rather than its "people's Governor"?

THE RUPP DECISION.

WE HAVE BEEN expecting it and here it is. It was only a question of time when the theory of woman's rights would have to get down to plain cases and begin to make precedents.

The case was simple: After eighteen years of married life one Rupp returned to his home one night and, finding nobody at home and nothing to eat, sallied forth to look for his wife.

The Rupp decision is recorded and the Emancipation Proclamation might as well follow. On with the march of precedent. We live in historic times.

Theoretically the forts have sunk a big fleet that was trying to enter Long Island Sound. So theoretically New York City is saved, in view of which service we cannot find honors and rewards too great for our preservers—theoretically.

Conquests of Constance By Alma Woodward

never did have a hankerin' to pour out my soul on a bunch uv autumn leaves or a golden sunset. Gee, I did meet a quince once down in one uv them cozy retreats on Long Island. He was a champion swimmer. Tried to put over a lot uv dream stuff 'bout bein' summoned to appear before th' kink over in England an' all that. But he could swim an' dive too. Th' only trouble was he was always itchin' to show off. He used to stay in th' water fer hours an' wait fer each new batch uv bathers to come in.

The Day's Good Stories

The Law of Chance. JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER (according to a story that may or may not be true) called two little boys over to him. He said to one: "Well, if I give you a dollar what will you do with it?" Johnnie said: "I'll put it in the bank and let it draw interest until it gets to be a hundred, then a thousand, and so on, until I get as much as you get."

JEWEL THEFTS.

NOBODY need turn to fiction this season to find the thrill and mystery of a great jewel robbery. With the recent disappearance of a \$750,000 pearl necklace in transit from Paris to London and the theft of jewelry worth a quarter of a million from society folk at Narragansett, interest in this fascinating branch of crime is amply fed by facts from real life.

The growing belief of the police here and in Europe that most of the biggest robberies are the work of a very few highly expert international jewel thieves is explained in an article in The Sunday World Magazine for to-morrow which analyzes the risks to which possessors of valuable gems are constantly exposed.

Letters From the People

A Warning to Swimmers. To the Editor of The Evening World: I have occasion to be around Fort Washington Point, at One Hundred and Seventy-seventh street, Hudson River, almost every day. I think it is dangerous (and I think others will agree with me) that children from five to fifteen years of age are allowed to swim off this point.



She Explains Why Men Flirt.

WHY does a man flirt? Everybody knows why a woman flirts. First, it is her nature; second, it is her business; third, it is her favorite sport. She may flirt with a man in order to attract his attention, or she may flirt with him in order to attract another man's attention.

But a MAN! No man ever starts out at any time in life with the deliberate intention of flirting. Flirtation is too profitless and tame an occupation for him. He would as soon think of doing a yard of tanning or playing a game of tit-tat-to for excitement.

No man ever can understand a woman's delight in hovering around a love affair without ever falling into it. He can't see her object in leading him miles and miles to the edge of a precipice and then deliberately turning round and running back again.

But you never could persuade him that a woman would angle for HIM and "play" him with the same lack of motive and the same results. If a woman is "nice and pleasant" to him it is for one of two reasons—either she wants to annex him or she is in love with him.

To take a bachelor, for instance. He knows that the one danger on earth for him is flirtation. He knows that by that sin fell the Benedicts and that some day, sooner or later, he will be cornered, sheared and led to the altar that way. Yet he can no more resist a pretty woman's smile than a fish can fly. He has made "a hit," the dear little thing has been overcome by his masculine charms. He must dangle this captive, this emblem of prowess and trophy of victory, at his chariot wheels.

As for a MARRIED MAN—you would fancy from the way in which we talk and write about the summer widower that all husbands were wolves in sheep's clothing seeking whom they may devour. Pah! No normal, natural married man is LOOKING for trouble. Most of them love their wives and all of them love peace.

They have been hearing the brutal truth about themselves for so long and are so starved for a little flattery that the most careless compliment flung at them goes to their heads like wine and makes them act foolish. With a bachelor your flattery may have to be laid on skilfully and delicately, but you can just fling it at a married man with a trowel, and no matter where it hits some of it is bound to stick.

The fact that they will hang around a girl who is kind enough to feed them a little soft soap occasionally does not indicate that they are in love with her, nor, on the other hand, that they have ceased to love their wives. It is merely the same instinct which keeps a starved cat hanging around the kitchen window while dinner is cooking.

As a writer has said somewhere: "Fill a man with self-love and what stops over will be yours." And the same is true of filling him with self-admiration. For a long, full summer afternoon it's the most fascinating little sport in which a girl can indulge.

The Week's Wash By Martin Green

"Even in England, where racing is an institution, the turf is torn apart by a terrific scandal. In France, where betting is under Government supervision and partnership, a determined effort is being made to strangle the sport. In this connection it is worthy of notice that the English and French race-tracks in the vicinity of London and Paris are overrun with tourists and steeplechasers and fixers who were prominent on the New York tracks when Suburban Day and Futurity Day were held events. The time is approaching when local followers of racing will have to kiss the sport a long, lingering farewell."



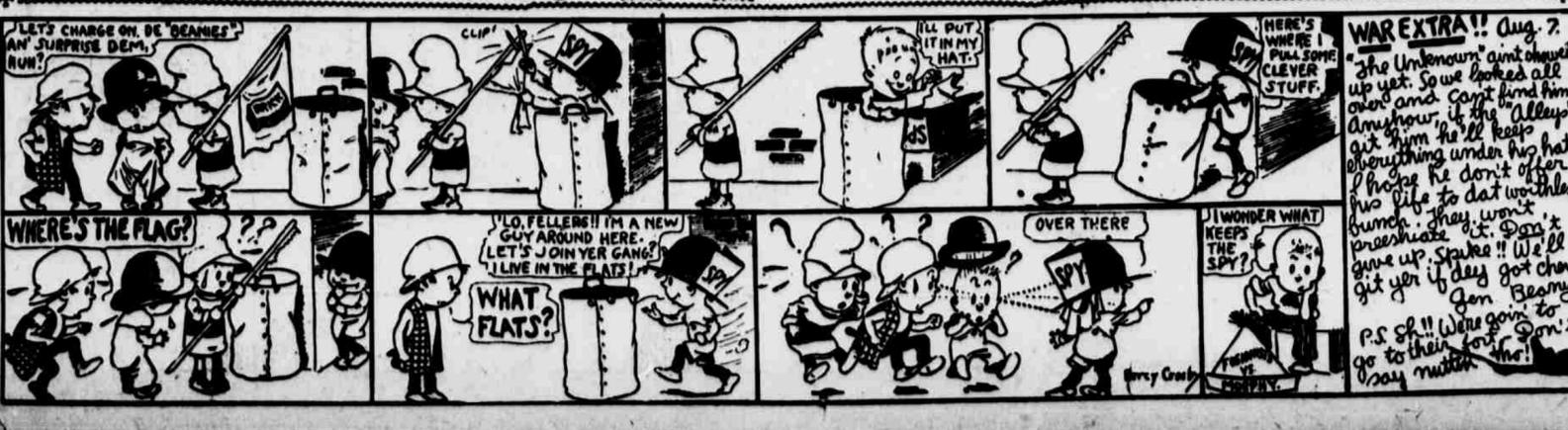
has worked around into the hands of men who don't know any more about the breeding, conformation and fine points of a horse than they do about an eclipse or the English language.

"No matter how high the ideals of the Jockey Club may be it is a rule of the game that racing cannot survive without betting. When betting was open and under legal restraint, as in the days of the Percy-Gray law, there was a check on bookmakers. But even then the crooks horned their way in and the betting ring was dominated by sure-thing men."

"The Saratoga scandal shows that despite the law there was organized bookmaking at the track. The book-making appears to have been conducted by the same sort of big men that killed the racing game from the Pacific Coast to Belmont Park.

"The alleged revival of racing will prove to be a bloomer."

Beany and the Gang By P. L. Crosby



man or girl grudge working like a slave for his or her dear ones, but it's a little beyond the contract to have to be smug to the boss in order to make one's job worth keeping. T. R. STENOGRAPHER.

"An Even Swap." "SHE," said the head number, "that a German aviator, on a trip in his aeroplane, passed through a shower of writhing hissing, smoking, fiery meteors. 'I'll bet Gov. Sulzer would trade places with that German aviator,' said the laundry man."