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WHERE ARE THE RESULTS TO DATE?

FIVE YEARS ago last month Police Commissioner Bingham sent an order from Headquarters to every precinct in the city directing the police to do their utmost to suppress unnecessary noises.

Five years ago last month First Deputy Police Commissioner Baker declared:

Our men have been instructed to strictly enforce the general order dealing with unnecessary noises. This is to be no temporary campaign; we intend to smother the needless racket permanently. This is no "play" crusade, but a serious matter.

Five years ago last month another Deputy Police Commissioner said:

The crusade against needless noises is here to stay. That general order was no plaything; it meant just what it said.

We are glad to see that the Public Service Commission has taken action toward allaying the needless racket created by defective equipment of the street railway companies.

Five years ago last month William R. Willcox, then Chairman of the Public Service Commission, announced:

We intend to do everything in our power to obviate the needless noises of city transportation lines. Carelessness as to condition of equipment and trackage has been a prime cause of much needless noise. We intend to follow this problem until we obtain permanent results.

Three months later a woman resident of the city reported to the New York Legislative League:

Every time a car strikes the turn at the corner where my home stands it screeches "Whee-ee!" in a way that goes through you like a jagged knife. We complained to the company and a man was sent to grease the rails. He greased them for two weeks, then gave it up, and the cars are screeching worse than ever.

We've complained in every quarter and it does no good.

How many thousand New Yorkers could tell the same story about the same intolerable noise and a hundred others equally needless that stab and tear at their nerves to-day?

What happened to the "serious crusade" and its "permanent results"?

Did the police grow deaf? Has the Public Service Commission gone out of business?

I will not resume the production of the play "The Lure" in the form in which it was performed, but will ask the author to rewrite it so that there will be no substantial objection from any quarter.—Lee Shubert.

The Evening World made no mistake when it called upon public decency and good sense to come to the rescue of the stage. The Drama in New York has taken down the "Red Light."

THEY STILL THINK US MONSTERS.

GREISH as this country has already been made to appear to South American eyes, the Argentine anti-American agitator Ugarte can always find fresh crimes to lay at our door.

Besides raising the old cry that the Monroe Doctrine really means "South America for the North Americans," Ugarte is now, according to a Sun despatch, throwing out sinister hints that all the Central American presidents, who hated the United States even as he does, were put out of the way either by the assassin's knife or by violent and mysterious attacks of indigestion, aha!

With desperate haste must Brazil, Chile, Uruguay and the Argentine get together a big navy. For as soon as the United States has swallowed Central America it means to continue the meal to the Straits of Magellan.

The immediate cause of this particular outburst seems to have been the arrival of a railroad magnate whose coming is taken to herald a North American invasion. But Senator Ugarte and his ravings are but one sign among many. Not long ago when a party of members of the Boston Chamber of Commerce reached Buenos Ayres they found an editorial in an English newspaper of that city proclaiming that in all probability the ultimate purpose of this tour was to lead the way to the eventual annexation of South America by the United States. Thrifty Germans with an eye to business are naturally not exerting themselves to suppress horrible tales of the Monroe Doctrine and the colossal grabbing instincts of Uncle Sam.

Every intelligent observer who returns from South America brings fresh evidence of the astounding degree to which every act of this country is misread and misunderstood. We have sent down far too many swaggering business representatives and slipshod Consuls who have only added to the misunderstanding.

Other nations that are seeking the South American trade—and getting it, too—have not deemed it beneath their dignity to take pains, learn the language and squander a little politeness on these lively young republics. There is no reason why this country should not lay aside its rough and ready airs and do likewise. Surely we can be something more to South America than the big neighbor with the greedy manners who stole Panama.

Letters From the People

Citizenship. To the Editor of The Evening World: Can a young man born in the United States vote without taking out his citizen papers whose father is not a citizen? E. C. L.

Nightworkers' Mass. To the Editor of The Evening World: In what Roman Catholic church is the mass celebrated for newspaper men and at what time? D. D.

Getting a Start. To the Editor of The Evening World: We have heard of the Carnegie benefactions to intellectually, the Morgan art treasures, this society and that, ad infinitum, but it yet remains to be read that some one has organized an institution whereby a deserving person out-

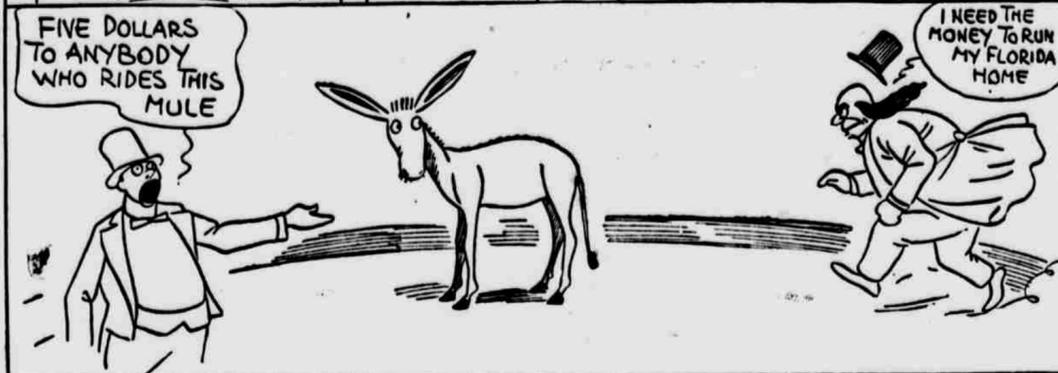
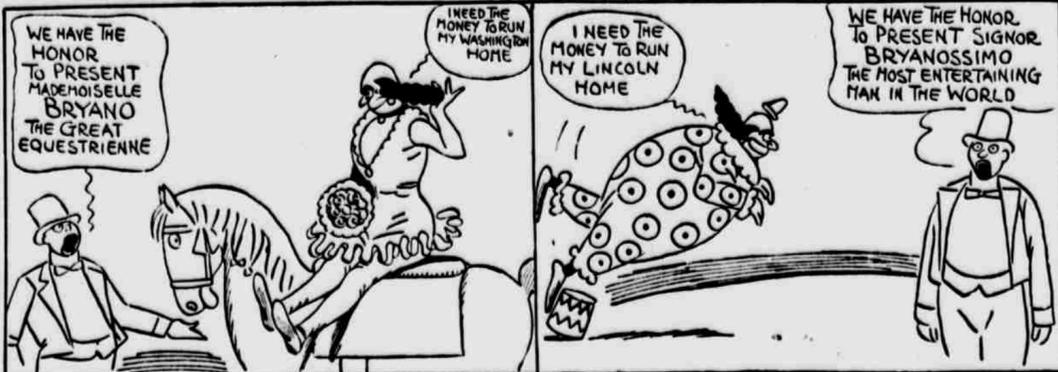
ing work in New York can find the road way to a job. I write this with the knowledge that there are supposed institutions of this sort extant, but experience teaches they are of little value, as the inquisitors in charge are rarely men of experience, but generally vapid, whose greatest interest in an applicant is to file his application and get rid of him.

Such an institution should be presided over by persons of the male persuasion who have been through the hard and rough-hewn road of experience, and whose interest in the applicant would be stimulated by their own boast of "having been in the same boat."

What say the readers of The Evening World? PETER WISHARD.

Why Not?

By Maurice Ketten



Parents, Do You Quarrel Before Your Children?

By Sophie Irene Loeb.

LITTLE sister and brother were at play on the street. Sharp, loud words were heard between them. One little child with a closed fist was gounding on a piece of board, emphasizing his words.

I wondered what it was all about. When I asked them what their game was they said they were playing "house." One was "father" and the other was "mother," and they were having a quarrel.

I had watched them at play for a little while, and seemingly they were going over a scene they had witnessed in their very home. I could not help but reflect what a pathetic example it was to set before these children. Evidently the picture had remained and they were now ENACTING that which they had WITNESSED.

That impressions gleaned by the youthful mind are lasting no one may gainsay; and who can tell what evil has been wrought by just such mind pictures? Also, it is NATURAL for us to mimic their ideas and pattern after them. How careful and studied, then, should these precepts be! Times without number we are sur-

prised by the wisdom of words that little ones lip and we wonder where the child "gets it." "Swear words" are often used at an unexpected moment and we shrink at the influence that has seeped into them.

Discussions of weighty matters that may lead to arguments or questions of moment that might burden the child-mind should certainly be AVOIDED in their presence. Soon enough they will have to decide such questions.

The old-fashioned notion that a general "be-sh" should surround when a child comes among grownups has indeed been modified. Also that "children should be seen and not heard," with its consequent stifling of initiative and self-expression that is ever dominant in children, is not NOW re-niced in the welfare of growth of children.

Children should be seen and heard often. The Froebel idea of letting the child inclination follow its natural bent with but a little guidance is wisely ADVOCATED to-day, with its resulting development of individuality and originality.

But since example is NECESSARY, the child that which will impress him with the BEST things. Quarrelling before grownups there is no reason why RE-MAINING with him, and very often to great detriment.

The wise parents are those who, at such times, carry their impregnation beyond the continuous impressionistic senses of those that are dependent upon them for all that makes good influence in the growing time.

Hits From Sharp Wits.

Men are judged by the company they keep, and candidates ought to be judged by the discordant base bands they hire.—Pittsburgh Post.

A New York man with an estate of \$2,000,000 made his will in fifty words. But they were to the point. Maybe that is why he was a millionaire.—Milwaukee Daily News.

Uncle Sam may not be as well prepared for war as one might wish, but he is well enough prepared that there are few that are in a hurry to try how well he may be prepared.—Knoxville Journal and Tribune.

Half the men employed by the New Haven Railroad belong to wrecking crews.

The fellow who knows it all has enough ignorance for a regiment.—Macon Telegraph.

Rear-Admiral Osterhaus, U. S. N., retired, is to have a bird farm and raise canaries. One might think a rear-admiral would raise nothing but eagles.—Chicago News.

Great Men as I Knew Them

By Mrs. Gen. Pickett. ROSCOE CONKLING

SENATOR CONKLING was a leader of men, by reason of his dominant intellect aided by the impressive-ness of his massive form and magnificent height. As a schoolboy he was easily master in classroom and on the playground without giving the impression of domineering.

At fifteen his reading was extensive and his mind well stored with quotations from the best authors, which he retentive memory never lost and to which he constantly added until, as a man, he never lacked a choice bit of literature or philosophy with which to illustrate his idea or strengthen his argument.

Before his majority he was admitted to the bar, and his first case was tried to the bar, and his first case was tried before his father, Judge Conkling. He won the case, a triumph which speaks well for his legal ability, as the Judge was rigid as a Roman senator in his restraint of paternal partiality. Six months before his twenty-first birthday Roscoe was appointed District-Attorney.

Conkling was aggressive by nature, and when asked why he had first consented to come to Congress he replied: "Because some one objected to my nomination. As long as one man opposed me I would run."

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But the Adonis of the Senate was, like Casius, "awary of the world" and in a sublime moment of transcendent indignation he threw away all that he had won in the political realm. He would gladly have retired un molested to the seclusion of a small office in an obscure building on Nassau street, with no visible assets except the load of debts which he had accumulated by years of honesty in politics, perhaps not the least valuable of ethical assets.

In that fatal meeting at the house of Vice-President Arthur on Lexington avenue, New York, he yielded to the representations of misguided friends whom he had undertaken obligations to head, he went to Albany, and the anti-climax followed to dim the lustre of the great climacteric event in the life of Roscoe Conkling.

A SPECIALIST. "Officer," said the New York citizen, "there's a burglar in my house."

"I ain't got nothing to do with burglars," responded the policeman. "I'm on the railroad track."—Chicago Journal.

Laughs of the Links



She—I believe the Colonel is a man of few words. He—Then that proves you have never seen him playing golf.

Reflections of a Bachelor Girl

SOMETIMES the woman who runs away with another woman's husband is not so much a "vampire" as a "delivering angel."

"Bluffing" at poker or the love game isn't cheating; it is merely looking sweetly mysterious and allowing your opponent's imagination to run riot.

No woman is capable of judging men until she has been married at least once. It is necessary to have owned a man or an automobile in order to find out just how little (or how much) either of them amounts to.

Why is it that when a man tells a girl she is looking particularly pretty she can never repress an irresistible impulse to open her vanity case and powder her nose?

It's a wise wife who can't see, won't see and couldn't be made to see a blond hair on her husband's coat lapel or a flaw in his whole cosmos if you showed it to her under a microscope.

The woman who "doesn't understand" has been a man's pet excuse for slipping from the path of virtue ever since Eve didn't "understand" that Adam didn't want the apple when she forced it on him.

The most fascinating woman in these days appears to be neither the widow nor the divorcee, but the "near-widow"—standing with reluctant feet where divorce and matrimony meet.

A man, like a cat, hates to be "fussed over;" give him plenty to eat, a nice, comfortable cozy corner to curl up in, and then let him ALONE, and he'll hang around until he has to be PUT out.

In modern society most of us are so apt to mistake varnish for "polish."

September in the Park.

By Eugene Geary.

Brightly the tree-tops blaze, Mildly the autumn haze, While branches drooping, Here in this calm retreat, Lovers of nature meet, Hark to the scurrying feet, Merrily trooping!

Bilthely the squirrels hop From each tree top to top And the big-walled cop Sauntering scowls, That life is but a span As he observes the wan, Kindly old gentleman Feeding the sparrows.

Children, with nurses gay, Romping in merry play, Or to the fountain's spray Making a dash for it, While, 'neath the tangled brush, Waiting the fateful rush, Ready to pounce and crush, Crouches the felina.

Often, they say, at dawn, Dryad and trickery faun Sport on the velvet lawn, Plan, too, the impish cun—Some Bronx Theocritus Says, makes a lively fuss 'Mong the trees nightly.

The New Fall Fashions.

NOW that all sleeves are large and the ultra-fashionable Parisian has well-nigh adopted a different mode, it is the very short, tight sleeve, but in the acceptance of this vogue it is of paramount importance that the gloves reach well up to the sleeves. It requires a 20-button length to do this neatly.

An accompaniment to these sleeves is the corset with the belt measurement in the back. The opening is quite delicate and bordered with an upstanding frill. In Paris a single row of pearls is worn with these waists.

The fashionably gowned woman shows a narrow foot line in her skirt, the fullness being confined between the waist and knees and the belt measurement is about the same as that of the hips. The bodice is very loose and gives a broad effect across the back and shoulders.

Many of the new garments, both dresses and coats, show a peculiar feature being the middle of the middle of the back. This style can be successfully worn by women of slender figure.

Taupe continues to be prominent among the fall colorings, but the brown taupe is now preferred to the steel tones which have held sway for several seasons.

The shops are showing butterfies made up of wired lace to represent the wings and jet is used to simulate

the body. These are popular as the sole trimming for the close-fitting vest or satin toques that are quite modern in mode. It is the very short, tight sleeve, but in the acceptance of this vogue it is of paramount importance that the gloves reach well up to the sleeves. It requires a 20-button length to do this neatly.

French women have adopted the white stocking, and though it appears a bit bizarre to the conservative dresser, it is already quite in evidence in New York wherever fashionable women congregate. To be perfectly modern the stockings should be a dead white and worn with the popular ribbon-laced shoes known as cothurnes, which should be of black kid.

Sport coats are much in evidence during these early fall days. The new models are in three-quarter lengths and out quite full, those showing a deep yoke effect being favored. The sleeves may be either the kimono, rascian or regulation coat style. Of course there must be patch pockets, but the belt is a matter of choice. In plain colors those of chinchilla, velour and wool plushes are fashionable. Checks are prominent and the plaid vogue, naturally, has brought forth sport coats in a large variety of rich plaids.

The Day's Good Stories

A Mighty Good Reason.

THE benevolent citizen while walking along Park Place smiled a little and said: "I've walked up to the little old building. 'Tis a fine old building and very cozy."

"The child replied, 'I can't see your eyes.' 'But why can't you?' 'Well, here's a story. Tell me why you can't see a good boy and stop crying.' 'Cause I'm a girl.'—Newark Star.

Poor Father!

THE other day the Duke of Westminster sent Governor House for a meeting of the Inland Children's Aid Association, and during the meeting one very good story was told.

One speaker mentioned that one child who had been helped by the society was asked for her father's name.

"Smith," she said. "And what is his Christian name?" was the next question.

"I ain't got one," answered the child, obviously not having a shot of an idea what sort of a thing "Christian name" might be.

"Oh, he must have one!" persisted the questioner. "Let me see; what does your mother call him?"

"Rock-a-dell" was the staggering reply.

Everybody Has a Day.

THE Plain Dealer was surrounded the following conversation between two little girls.

"When I get to be a big lady," said one of them, "I'm going to have a day."

"What kind of a day?" asked the second. "Why, I shall have my own money today, my day, it's when you have money, or do something nice. Mamma's day is Wednesday, my day is Sunday, and the Lord's day is Sunday."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

How the Term Originated.

DAM was out one night after Eve thought he should have got home, and she cried. He went to work without knowing by next morning, and she cried. She put on a new fig leaf one day, and when she didn't notice it, she cried. He told her once that her cooking wasn't so good as his mother's would have been if he had a mother, and she cried. He let her first wedding anniversary slide by without noticing it, and she cried. He gave her one that her cooking wasn't so good as his mother's would have been if he had a mother, and she cried. He let her first wedding anniversary slide by without noticing it, and she cried. He gave her one that her cooking wasn't so good as his mother's would have been if he had a mother, and she cried. He let her first wedding anniversary slide by without noticing it, and she cried. He gave her one that her cooking wasn't so good as his mother's would have been if he had a mother, and she cried.