The World.
ESTABLISHED BY JOSEPH PULITZER.
Published Daily Except Sunday by the Press Publishing Company, Nos. 63 to 69 Park Row, New York.
RALPH PULITZER, President, 63 Park Row.
J. ANGUS SHAW, Treasurer, 63 Park Row.
JOSEPH PULITZER, Jr., Secretary, 63 Park Row.

Entered at the Post-Office at New York as Second-Class Matter.

Subscription Rates to The Evening World for the United States and Canada.		For England and the Continent and All Countries in the International Postal Union.	
One Year	$2.50	One Year	$9.78
One Month	.20	One Month	.85

VOLUME 54.....NO. 19,053

WHY SHOULD THEY?

THE EVENING WORLD does not believe that the small business men in this city wants to see Tammany in power again.

How can he?

Does the storekeeper want a return to the old system of sidewalk assessments and immunity fees?

Does he want the street in front of his shop blocked with contractor's material; does he want his rubbish left on the sidewalk, his repairs delayed and bungled unless he comes down regularly with something for the organization?

Does the small newsdealer want to be forever under the necessity of squaring it with somebody in order to carry on his business unmolested?

Does the pushcart peddler want to live in continual dread of the collector, who must find lining for the pockets of the District Leader?

Does the small manufacturer, who is already a substantial taxpayer, want to suffer an endless drain of petty graft merely to have his refuse removed, his water and light service uninterrupted, to keep his name and his premises in good repute?

Do any of these men who run their own businesses want to find themselves caught in the old toils of give, give, give to the organization?

Do they want to pay in petty ways a dozen times over for rights and privileges that their taxes entitle them to?

Why should they?

When the lecture agents quote high rates for a badly damaged ex-Governor of the Empire State, do they flatter the former or the latter?

OUR PROJECTILE MAIL TRUCKS.

THE EVENING WORLD recently predicted that if auto mail wagons continue to hurl themselves through the streets in the present fashion dire consequences will result. It also raised the question: By whose direction do the drivers of these huge motor vans dash to and fro regardless of traffic and crossings?

The following letter is pertinent:

To the Editor of The Evening World:

In reference to your editorial "By Whose Orders?" the reason why the mail buses race through the city is this:

We chauffeurs who drive them have to clean up the mail every day before we can go home. The longer we take the longer we have to work. As it is, we never work less than twelve hours, and I have worked fifteen and one-half hours. I thought that all employees on a Government contract were only allowed to work eight hours. I believe there was a law to that effect.

We got together and there was some talk of a strike, but cooler heads prevailed, as it would only be a question of a few days when our places would be filled and we had no chance against the United States mail.

What we do need, and what we would appreciate, is to have some one take up our cause to the powers that be, and find out why we are compelled to work more than eight hours as per law. Then there would be no need of "By Whose Orders?"

A MAIL CHAUFFEUR.

P. S.—After an accident such as you predict occurs, perhaps there will be an investigation.

Why not before?

The United States Mail is a great and important service. But is there any reason why it should organize its transfer system or treat its employees in New York in such wise as to become a terror and menace to people in the streets?

So trailers and repeaters startle Murphy into speech. Must be the horror of the unfamiliar.

ADAPT IT TO THEIR INTELLIGENCE.

IF WE COULD only believe that the case of Mrs. Pankhurst would result in driving some sense into the thick skulls of the men who administer our immigration laws, we might not view the whole proceeding with such unalloyed disgust.

The "moral turpitude" clause under which this and similar absurd cases occur was designed to exclude foreigners seeking permanent residence in this country who seemed likely to prove public dangers or public charges. Mrs. Pankhurst may be a puzzle-headed woman with unsound and extravagant convictions. But nobody believes that while in this country Mrs. Pankhurst will find her way into an asylum, jail or poorhouse.

As it stands, the "moral turpitude" provision in our exclusion laws causes nothing but a succession of silly instances of over-zeal and conflict of authority. The Federal courts and the Department of Labor are constantly called upon to reverse the action of immigration officials.

If the latter were blessed with ordinary intelligence and common sense the "moral turpitude" clause might be left as it is. Since they are not, the clause needs to be made thoroughly specific if the country is to escape fresh ridicule.

New and welcome discourse from the Executive Chamber.

Letters From the People

"Rampant Mail Wagons."

To the Editor of The Evening World:

A few hours ago I read your timely editorial about the dangerously rampant mail trucks.

Just a few minutes ago (9.45 P. M.) one of the new trucks complained of demolished a taxicab at the corner of Seventh avenue and Thirty-first street.

West Thirty-first street, since the opening of the Pennsylvania station post-office, is fast becoming a race course for these terrors, to the danger of all other vehicles and pedestrians.

C. BENKENDORFER.

Great-Uncle.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

What relation is my uncle to my child?

Elmhurst, L. I. J. M. B.

The Latter Is Correct.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Which is correct, "Kindly excuse the briefness of this note" or "Kindly excuse the brevity of this note?" R. M.

No.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Need a person have held a former public office to run for President of the United States? W. A. S.

Livingston Manor, N. Y.

The Day of Rest

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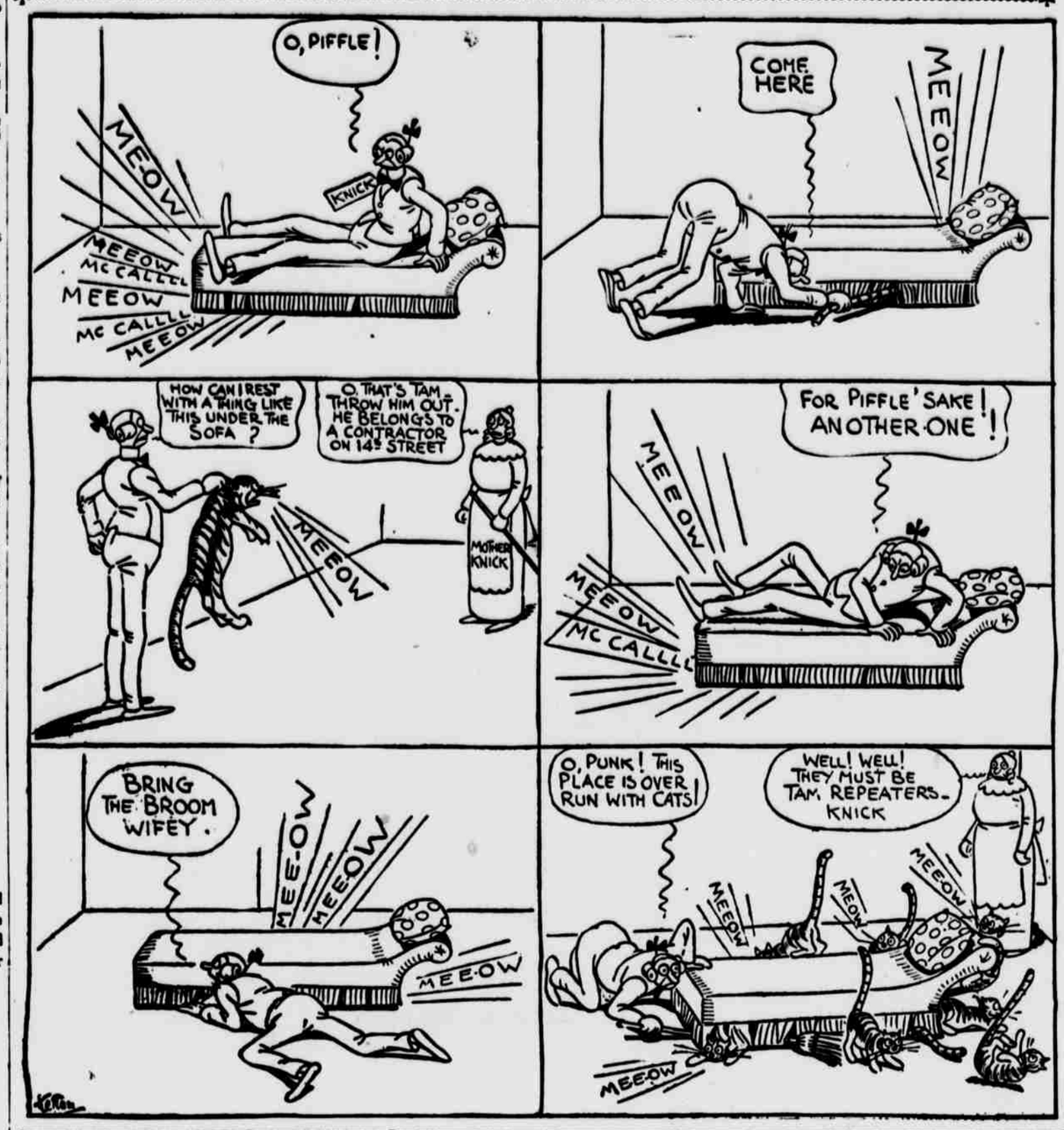
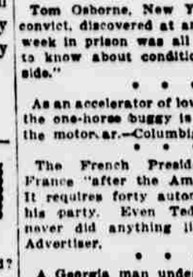
By Maurice Ketten



The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell



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Mr. Jarr Again Acts as a Magnet For All the Trouble in Sight

LITTLE Izzy Slavinsky came along, pulling his small express wagon after him.

Mr. Jarr stood on the corner, hoping a street car might stop just for spite. The fish that had been given him by his friends to stuff and mount as a trophy still had Mr. Jarr in custody.

A policeman idling along on the other side of the street kept eyeing Mr. Jarr furtively. He was a new policeman to Mr. Jarr, evidently one of Waldo's model cops. For it could be seen by his watchful manner that he was making up his mind there was something suspicious about Mr. Jarr and the fish that Elmer, Gus's bartender, had wrapped up so carefully.

"Would you like to make a piece of change, Izzy?" asked Mr. Jarr of Mr. Slavinsky's brightest little boy, for Mr. Jarr was getting nervous at the actions of the new policeman and did not desire to be walked to the station house and probably be held on suspicion because of being found in the company of a fish of bad character.

Little Izzy Slavinsky had halted so quickly at the words "a piece of change" that his small wagon, under its own impetus, ran up the boy's back and turned over, ejecting from its interior two tattered old automobile inner tubes and several cast-off horseshoes. For, when junk hunting, Master Slavinsky played no favorites.

"Sure, I wantta earn a piece of change. How much will you gimme?" asked the boy.

Observe, he never inquired what was to be done. He wanted only to know the terms.

"Well," said Mr. Jarr, "I've got a fish here I want to give to a man to stuff. The cars won't stop for me. They wouldn't let me in the subway with it, either. And as the place is on Third avenue, really not so very far away, I'll give you a quarter if you'll come along and haul the fish in your little wagon."

"Well, I lose no money by it, but if you give me 60 cents I will," said the boy. "And, besides, your boy Willie is to give me his roller skates!"

A bargain was struck between Mr. Jarr and the boy, but on a compromise basis of 75 cents, Mr. Jarr not caring to mix up in the roller skate transaction.

They crossed over to Third avenue and walked for miles and miles, scoffed at by sundry other persons they met on the way, especially by one very shallow woman, who shrieked she would report Mr. Jarr to the Board of Health, the Civic Club and the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals and Children—BOTH societies.

Finally, with a sigh of relief, Mr. Jarr beheld a dingy sign reading "Taxidermist." And in the dirty window of a very dirty shop, where a very gory-mouthed stuffed fox was bearing off an unnaturally yellow gosling, and where a small alligator, very dusty, in an erect position, held a card tray, Mr. Jarr beheld a placard reading:

ALL GAME FISHES MOUNTED
IN LIFELIKE POSITION
FOR $4 EACH.

Mr. Jarr pushed open the door and entered a dark little shop of vile odors. Master Slavinsky bumped in after him with the wagon and the fish.

"Here's a fish I want stuffed and mounted," said Mr. Jarr, working fast.

And he picked up the wrapped fish from the little wagon and deposited it on the counter.

"Oh, it's a ling!" said a stoop-shouldered yellow man, who glared ghastly at Mr. Jarr through iron-rimmed spectacles from the most completely crossed eyes Mr. Jarr had ever seen.

"How did you know," retorted Mr. Jarr. "When it wrapped up?"

But the taxidermists refused to reveal the secrets of his calling. "It will be eight dollars. IN ADVANCE!" he evaded.

"But your sign says game fishes are stuffed and mounted for half that much," snarled Mr. Jarr, for his patience was at an end.

"Game fishes $4, yes," said the man. "Gamey fishes $8. Cash in advance."

Mr. Jarr had one lone five-dollar bill, but he wished to get rid of the fish.

"I'll pay you half in advance"—— he began.

"Nothing doing!" said the taxidermist. "People who bring ling to be stuffed never come back. Talk turkey! In ten minutes I'll charge you ten dollars!"

"Izzy, you can have the fine big fish, my boy!" cried Mr. Jarr.

And, rushing from the shop, he jumped a Third avenue car going at top speed and left Mr. Slavinsky's little boy alone with a lachadaisical ling and far from his Harlem home.

Hits From Sharp Wits.

Not even practice makes a Mexican perfect as a fighting man.

* * *

Thaw also gives evidence of being thrown into the discard.

* * *

Has old Dr. Cook lost his cunning? We had counted on him to come across with an interview in defense of Sulzer, at least.

* * *

Tom Osborne, New York's voluntary convict, discovered at any rate that one week in prison was all that he wanted to know about conditions "on the inside."

* * *

As an accelerator of love's young dream the one-horse buggy is still superior to the motor car.—Columbia State.

* * *

The French President is touring France "after the American fashion." It requires forty automobiles to carry his party. Even Teddy the terrible never did anything like this.—Boston Advertiser.

* * *

A Georgia man under sentence to be hanged next month has been re-elected president of his lodge. Perhaps the real contest was for the vice-presidency.

* * *

A Colorado man has had his stomach removed. He ought to be able to get a job as a theatrical manager in New York now.—Salt Lake Herald.

* * *

How to prevent fire loss—exercise caution and common sense.—Knoxville Journal and Tribune.

Broadway Ballads—(II.)

When your cheeks have lost their roses red
And crow-tracks then appear,
When your false teeth lie beside your hair,
Upon the chiffonier;
Though "FORTY" be your corsets, dear,
You'll be the same to me
When FATHER TIME ploughs furrows
On your brow, my sweet Marie.

LITTLE CAUSES of BIG WARS

By ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE

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I.—A Quarrel Over the Size of a Window, That Led to a Nine-Year War.

TWO men, in 1688, stood looking at the still unfinished Palace of Versailles. One of the two was short, pompous and gorgeously dressed. Absurdly high heels adorned his red shoes and his hooked nose jutted out from under an enormous periwig. He was Louis XIV., King of France. At that moment he was at the zenith of his power. Within the next few minutes a trivial cause was to lead to the downfall of much of his greatness.

The man who accompanied the King on his inspection of the new palace was the Marquis de Louvois, Minister of War and of Public Buildings. He had manoeuvred his way into both positions, since the King's two chief hobbies were war and building. And on the Minister's success in each line of work depended the royal favor.

The King suddenly paused in his talk and pointed at two windows in the palace wall, declaring that they were not of an equal size, although the plans had called for two windows of precisely the same dimensions. Louvois, knowing how severe the King could be when a flaw in architecture was detected, hurriedly assured His Majesty that the windows were precisely of a size. The dispute waxed as warm as a quarrel between a bully and a toady can hope to. Finally the King ordered the windows measured. One of them was decidedly larger than the other.

A Politician's Costly Ruse.

Louvois was in despair. King Louis could forgive anything sooner than a bungle in the construction of one of his beloved palaces. The error might readily cause Louvois to fall from favor; to be stripped of his offices and honors; to end his days perhaps in prison, whither better men had been sent for lesser faults. There was but one thing to do. His blunder as Minister of Public Buildings must be blotted out by his prowess as Minister of War. To a friend he said:

"I must find a war to give him a new idea and to make me necessary to him."

He had not far to look. The Elector of Cologne had just died. Two candidates were named to fill his place. France's candidate was beaten. Louvois persuaded the King of France to declare war; to avenge the so-called affront.

The war lasted nine years. It grew until it involved nearly all Europe. Before peace was at last declared there was fighting not only in Germany, but in Italy, Spain, the Netherlands and Ireland as well. (In Ireland—a ramification of the original conflict—the French troops fought to reinstate James II. on the English throne. And at the Battle of the Boyne they and James's other adherents were beaten by King William III. of England—almost the only genuine victory won by King William in all his many years of warfare.)

At Louvois's instigation, King Louis marched a big army into Germany. The French seized the Cologne lands, devastated the whole Palatinate, burned and sacked Heidelberg and Philipsburg-on-the-Rhine, and many another fair city. Rich territory was ravaged; towns and villages were wiped off the map; more than 100,000 peaceful, defenseless people in one region alone were driven forth, homeless and penniless, to starve.

The Cost of a Silly Dispute.

Into Holland swirled the red tide of war. Pillage, murder and the torch followed in its wake. It was an era of merciless slaughter and unspeakable suffering. France suffered no less than did the countries its troops invaded. The French kingdom was crippled by debt, and its inhabitants staggered under unbelievable taxes. Ten per cent. of the population became beggars.

"France is one vast hospital," wrote Fenelon.

At the end of nine years King Louis was eager enough for peace. And a shameful peace he was forced to accept, through the Treaty of Ryswick, a peace that stripped France of nearly all the possessions it had gained during Louis's earlier and more prosperous reign. Louvois, the instigator of it all, had died six years before the war was ended.

So he did not live to see full payment made for the privilege of distracting a king's mind from the fact that two palace windows did not happen to be of equal size.

The Day's Good Stories

Teeth and Wisdom.

"I SHALL be dreadfully stupid now," said the wife, who had just returned from the dentist's.

"Why so, my dear?" asked her husband.

"I have had all my wisdom teeth pulled out," she replied.

"Of course, my love," said her husband, with the best intention in the world, "you know it is nothing but a superstitious idea that wisdom teeth have anything to do with wisdom. If you were to have every tooth in your head drawn it couldn't make you any more stupid, you know."

He succeeded after a while in smoothing matters out, but it was a narrow escape.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Hence Its Origin.

EVERY superstition, or nearly every superstition, can be traced back to something sensible and rational. Take the Friday one, for example.

The speaker was Mayor Reutter of Lansing, says the Chicago Record-Herald.

"Take the Friday superstition," he resumed. "One Lansing clerk said to another:

"'Would you start off on your vacation on a Friday, Bob?'

"'You bet your life I wouldn't,' Bob replied.

"'What a superstitious ass you are, Bob!'

"'Superstition be hanged!' said Bob. 'I wouldn't start off on Friday because Saturday's pay day.'"

His Little Slip.

A WELL-KNOWN business man who lives in the suburbs and usually goes home by the 5.30 train, met a friend the other day, and was persuaded to remain in town for the evening and attend a smoker. He was at a loss for a moment how to square himself with his wife, but finally, going to the telegraph office, he wired:

"Missed the 5.30 train. Do not keep dinner waiting. Will be home late." It was a good deal later when he reached home, and his wife met him at the door.

"Did you get my message, dearest?" he asked quickly, hoping to forestall the trouble.

"Yes," she replied in chilly accents, "and I would like you to explain why you sent a wire at 4.28 telling me you had missed the 5.30 train.—Pearson's Weekly.

The May Manton Fashions

Pattern No. 8043—Child's One-Piece Night Gown, 2, 4 and 6 years.

THE one-piece night gown made in kimono style is a delightful one to wear and an easy one to make. This one is drawn up at the neck edge, and it can be made high or cut to form a round neck, just as liked, and made with longer or shorter sleeves. Some girls will like the opening at the front, others will like to slip the gown over the head, and it can be finished in either way. All sorts of pretty materials are used in these days for sleeping garments, silk and cotton muslins as well as nainsook, batiste and the like. Cross-barred muslins are liked by some girls, too. When the gown is made without the opening and with the round neck, it is pretty to finish the edges with scallops and perhaps with a little embroidered design on the front.

For the 4 year size the gown will require 2¼ yards of material 27, 2 yards 36 or 44 inches wide, with 2½ yards of insertion, 1¾ yards of edging to trim as illustrated.

Pattern 8043 is cut in sizes for children of 2, 4 and 6 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.