

The Evening World

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A GREAT OPPORTUNITY.

CHEERS for the Assembly's graft-hunting expedition are not loud enough to turn the heads of its future members.

Critics point out that the investigating committee will have but three weeks for its work, that it has no appropriation for its expenses, that it means to touch nothing but State highways.

If this committee wants the public to believe that it means business it will hasten to put up proofs of its zeal.

A committee which subordinates politics to a determined effort to get to the bottom of the rottenness that has crept into the handling of the State's business will have the enthusiastic support of every good citizen from the St. Lawrence to the Battery.

Quite right. Make 'em move into the new Municipal Building. With a \$15,000,000 marble home, there is no reason why this city should go on forever paying board bills for members of the municipal family who think they would rather "room out."

MAKE A START, ANYWAY.

WELL-MEANT PLANS to end theatre ticket speculation in this city are already taking the form of legislative bills and municipal ordinances.

When determination to put a stop to this long-standing abuse at last shapes itself into definite action it is up to everybody to fall in and support the most popular plan—even though its defects mark it as only an experiment.

Assistant District-Attorney Train, after studying the matter, thought the public would be satisfied to have ten rows of the best seats at each theatre sold through a central agency at an advance of twenty-five cents on the present price.

Although the idea of one agency does not suggest increased convenience, the scheme might be worth trying. But whatever the price he pays for his seat, and wherever and however he obtains it, the average theatregoer would like to feel that when he buys his ticket he has as good a chance as any one else of getting the best seat or group of seats actually unsold at that moment.

If the seats are all in the box office rack, subject to order only through the box office window or by telephone from accredited agents, then he has that certainty and convenience into the bargain.

It is to be hoped that our experiments will keep us moving in the right direction.

The country will gladly knock off paying its taxes long enough to watch Mr. Rockefeller come across with his.

SILVERY SMOKESTACKS.

A TYPICAL request of residents on University Heights the Union Electric Light and Power Company agrees to repaint the four towering smokestacks of its new Harlem generating plant a retiring gray calculated to "melt into the sky."

Gasoline in certain sections of the city have adopted gray paint with excellent results. Everybody admits that huge brick-colored chimneys rising dark and dour into the air give a dismal, sordid tone to any prospect. And the same applies not only to gashouses, but also to warehouses of formless, blank-wall type.

The United States Navy spent a lot of time and money to find a "tattiship gray" that should render ships as nearly as might be invisible. Maybe something even better can be devised for painting chimneys and gas tanks in the city.

A pale, silver gray, with a faint luster, is, for example, almost indistinguishable in misty weather, while in the bright, clear sunlight with which this city is happily blessed to a greater degree than other capitals such a tint might help an unsightly stack to take on a semblance of almost ethereal lightness and grace.

How long did you say, Mr. Murphy?

Letters from the People

"Unclaimed Treasures." To the Editor of The Evening World: The only distinction between the terms "Old Maid" and "Bachelor Lady" or "Bachelor Girl" is this: The former is an old saying, the latter a little more up to date. But the most recent one is "Unclaimed Treasures." Why should any one object to being called an "Old Maid"? There are so few old maids these days I consider the term an honor. I am not yet an old maid myself, but expect to be an "unclaimed treasure."

Their Old Master's Voice



REFLECTIONS OF A BACHELOR GIRL.

By HELEN ROWLAND. MARRIAGE is the acid-test that brings out all the gold or the dross in a man's composition. Not all the henpecked men are married; nobody but a bachelor with a dotting mother and a watchful sister knows the true meaning of "home rule" and petticoat tyranny.

Many a man who is too tender-hearted to pour salt on an oyster will pour sarcasm all over his wife's vanity and then wonder why she always shrivels up inside her shell at sight of him.

If you want to interest a man tell him that he should have been an actor; if you want to flatter him, tell him that he should have been an accident.

The yoke of matrimony is so heavy that a man sometimes has to find an affinity to help him bear it.

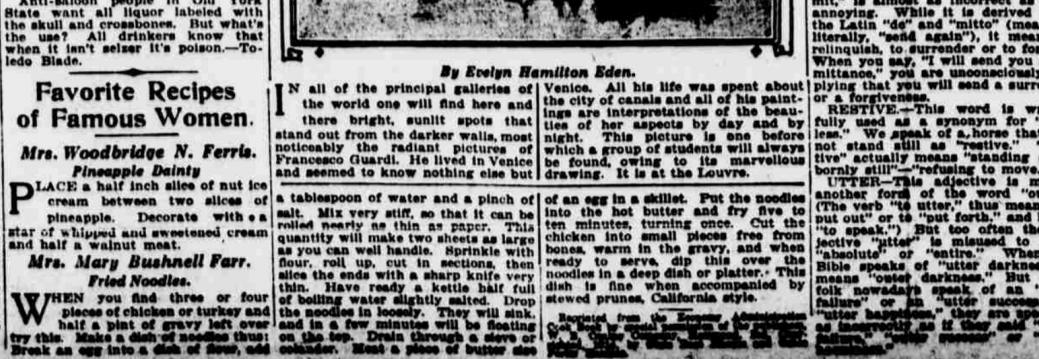
When you tell a girl that a man has "ideals," somehow she sort of dreads to meet him for fear his collar will be too low and his brow too high.

When a man sighs "No woman loves me!" you may be sure that a lot of them do. Only an amateur acts as his own press agent in advertising his prowess with the fair sex.

It is awfully hard for a woman to go on being a hero-worshipper after she has married her particular "hero" and seen him standing before the mirror "de-collared" and swearing at his razor through a cloud-burst of soap-lather.

A widower sometimes marries on purpose; a bachelor always by sheer accident.

Great Masterpieces of Art



By Evelyn Hamilton Eden. Venice. All his life was spent about the city of canals and all of his paintings are interpretations of the beauties of her aspects by day and by night. This picture is one before which a group of students will always be found, owing to its marvellous drawing. It is at the Louvre.

Favorite Recipes of Famous Women. Mrs. Woodbridge N. Ferris. Pineapple Dairy. PLACE a half inch slice of nut ice cream between two slices of pineapple. Decorate with a star of whipped and sweetened cream and half a walnut meat.

Little Causes Of Big Wars

By Albert Payson Terhune.

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No. 50—A Practical Joke That Cost Two Million Lives.

GENGHIS KHAN sent a peace embassy into Turkestan. The Governor of a province there, by way of showing his contempt for the barbarian chief, seized the ambassadors, had their luxurious black beards shaved off and sent them back to their master. The cost of this practical joke swelled to more than two million lives and the conquest of a vast region. It also for the first time turned the Mongol hordes loose into Europe.

Genghis Khan began life as a petty Mongol chieftain. His true name was Temudjin. In a few years he seized all Mongolia.

Then an obliging soothsayer prophesied that Temudjin should conquer the whole earth, and the young warrior set out to make the prophecy come true. Dropping the name Temudjin, he gave himself the title "Genghis Khan" (meaning "Greatest Chief").

Among the Mongols a beard was not only a mark of true manhood but of rank as well. There was something half sacred about it. Men (as nowadays in the East) swore by their beards as by some holy relic. To lay hands on a man's beard (whence we get our expression "to beard" a foe) was a dire affront. To cut off his beard was mortal insult. Genghis Khan hastened to punish the slight put on his ambassadors.

With an army 700,000 strong he marched into Turkestan. The inhabitants rallied to drive back the Mongol invader. In the very first battle the Mongols were victorious, leaving behind the shaven beards.

On swept the Mongols, conquering every army or city that opposed them. Meantime all over Europe panic terror reigned. In churches throughout France, Germany and in far off England trembling priests and people prayed:

"From the fury of the Mongol hordes, good Lord, deliver us!" Everywhere wholesale murder followed on the heels of Mongol victory. Pillage, flames and murder were avenging the shaven beards.

At last the mighty city of Bokhara was besieged. This was the "centre of science" and one of the foremost capitals of the earth. Genghis Khan entered Bokhara at the head of his yelling army—and rode his horse up the steps of the city's principal mosque. There, turning to his followers, he shouted:

"The hay is out! Feed your horses!" Even the duttiest soldier recognized this strange speech as a permission to plunder at will. And in a moment the work of looting began.

Bokhara was sacked. Its inhabitants were murdered with horrible tortures. At last only a heap of smoking ruins marked the site of the "centre of science."

One city after another was treated in like fashion. Here and there a few skilled artisans were spared—and were shipped to Mongolia as slaves. But, except for these, all captives were slain. In and around Bokhara alone 1,600,000 persons are said to have been massacred. Russia was invaded during this campaign and its strongest armies routed and slain.

At last Genghis Khan tired of the bloody sport and turned his attention again to China. The debt was paid. The shaving of the envoys was avenged.

Mother Monologues

By Alma Woodward

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On Diplomacy.

EGGIE, look at the clock, darling, and tell mamma the time. Oh, yes, you can, dear. Now, look hard and you'll be sure to get it.

What? What are we doing? Papa is smoking his pipe and playing canfield and I am reading the evening news in the newspaper. No, you didn't hear any one eating. There is nothing here to eat. You heard papa breathing. Yes, that's what you heard, dear.

What? A drink? No, you don't need a drink. You had a glass of milk and two glasses of water just before you went to bed. You are thirsty, Reggie.

What? You think your throat hurts you? Where? Oh, Reggie, darling, really? You say you're cold? Baby! Mamma's darling! You think your tonsils are swollen? Oh, oh!

What? Just a second, sweetheart! Mamma's running as fast as she can. Yes, I'll turn on the light right away. Darling, why didn't you tell mamma before that you're really hurt? I wait! I'll give you a teaspoonful of honey; that'll ease it, love. And a glass of water, of course. As many slices as you want.

Of course, angel; of course, mamma'll lie down beside you and hold your hand. There, there, pet, never mind about the bad, or throat; mamma'll tell you a story as you forget all about it. Once upon a time—

Words You Use

Incorrectly

QUITE—Don't use "quite" to mean "partly" or "almost." Quite means "wholly, entirely, completely." To say "I am quite well" is to say "I am entirely well," not "I am partly, or almost, well."

RECOLLECT—Recollect is wrongly used as a synonym for "remember." It means the mental re-collecting of what we cannot at first remember. If, for example, we cannot remember a name we try to recollect it.

RELIGION and PIETY—These words are incorrectly used to mean the same thing. Religion is one's creed. Piety is one's goodness. There are many creeds. There is only one goodness. There are dozens of Religions. There is but one Piety.

REMIT—The request, "Please remit," is almost as incorrect as it is annoying. While it is derived from the Latin "re" and "mittere" (meaning, literally, "send again"), it means to relinquish, to surrender or to forgive. When you say, "I will send you a remittance," you are unconsciously implying that you will send a surrender or a forgiveness.

RESTIVE—This word is wrongly used as a synonym for "restless." We speak of a horse that will not stand still as "restive." "Restive" actually means "standing stubbornly still"—"refusing to move."

UTTER—This adjective is merely another form of the word "outer." (The verb "to utter," thus means "to put out" or "put forth" and hence "to speak.") But too often the adjective "utter" is misused to mean "absolute" or "entire." When the Bible speaks of "utter darkness" it means "outer darkness." But when folk nowadays speak of an "utter failure" or an "utter success" or "utter happiness" as if they said "total failure," "total success" or "total happiness," they are speaking of "total failure," "total success" or "total happiness."



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