

The Evening World. ESTABLISHED BY JOSEPH PULITZER. Published Daily Except Sundays by The Evening World Publishing Company, No. 210 West 43rd Street, New York.

Such Is Life! By Maurice Kettner

Comic strip panels with dialogue: 'HERE'S A VERY CHEAP HAT, ONLY \$5', 'PHEW I CHEAP LOOKING TOO', 'A REAL BARGAIN ONLY \$4', 'AWFUL! NO STYLE TO IT', 'WE'LL LET IT GO FOR \$3.50 IT HAS BEEN SLIGHTLY DAMAGED BY THE SUN IN THE SHOW WINDOW', 'I DON'T WANT IT! NO DAMAGED GOODS ON MY HEAD FOR ME', 'WE'LL GIVE IT TO YOU FREE, MAM, DELIVERED TO YOUR DOOR', 'TAKE IT AWAY - SOMETHING MUST BE WRONG WITH THAT HAT', 'YOU ARE ON THE WRONG TRACK CHANGE YOUR TACTICS', 'YES, BOSS', 'HERE IS A VERY VERY CHIC HAT - JUST CAME FROM PARIS - ONLY \$59.60', 'HOW LOVELY! I'LL TAKE IT'

SO MUCH TO CONCEAL?

TIMOTHY BYRNES, assistant to former President Mellen when the latter was running the New Haven to its ruin, testifies that he spent large, vague sums hiring lecturers and literary agents to "create favorable sentiment in behalf of the railroad."

It does not appear that the road derived permanently gratifying returns for the thousands of dollars thus spent. But assuming that Mr. Byrnes did his best, why the expensive campaign to capture public opinion?

What for? Was it to cover the operations of Morgan-Rockefeller finance? Was it to divert attention from the fact that the road was declaring \$60,000,000 of dividends that had not been earned? Was it to obscure methods which added \$174,000,000 to capital stock by taking over properties whose only function was to pile fresh loads of debt upon the road?

The New Haven wreckers had great faith in public opinion—the sort that is made to order. Every new witness supplies fresh evidence to support The World's demand:

If Howard Elliott is the true restorer of the New Haven and really represents the interests of its wronged stockholders, let him prove it by fighting for their rights and starting suits for the restitution of the millions that have been stolen from them.

FAIR PHONE RATES.

FAIR phone rates win. The long fight waged by The Evening World to free New Yorkers from the unjust tax of extortionate telephone charges has broken down opposition and triumphed over delay.

This week finds various forces which this newspaper has tirelessly striven to bend to the single purpose of regulating telephone rates in New York City at last convinced and united:

(1) At Albany yesterday Lieut.-Gov. Wagner, leader of the Senate Democrats, and Speaker Sweet, leader of the Assembly Republicans, announced that both houses favor inserting in the Appropriation bills an item to provide for the expenses of the up-State Public Service Commission in valuing the New York Telephone Company's property in New York City as a basis for fixing new and equitable telephone charges.

(2) Gov. Glynn has put himself emphatically on record as in favor of giving the Public Service Commission means to proceed with such an appraisal.

(3) Chairman Van Santvoord, of the up-State Public Service Commission, says that the Commission only awaits the appropriation to get to work immediately, and declares: "We have been arranging for it in advance and there will be no delay as soon as the Legislature provides the funds."

(4) Senator Foley, Chairman of the Legislative Joint Committee on Telephones, assures the public that his committee "has not been idle" and hopes "that before the year is out New York will have a rate schedule satisfactory to all telephone users."

(5) Officers of the New York Telephone Company bow to the inevitable. They declare that they now desire a revision of rates and will co-operate with the State in securing a valuation.

Indifference, hostility, evasion, delay, the machinations of lobbyists and agents have one and all been overcome by the determination of The Evening World to assert the rights of overburdened telephone users in New York City.

Opposition has given up the fight. Toll gates between boroughs must go. A five-cent phone charge throughout Greater New York must surely come.

Thieves are having happy times in the city's new fifteen million dollar municipal building. Several weeks ago brass fittings and plumbing fixtures began to disappear. Fire hose nozzles have been torn from their wall fastenings and expensive lavatory equipment carried away piecemeal.

Night before last the gang, encouraged by past successes, entered Borough President Marks's offices, pried open desks and ransacked their contents.

The completion of the city's costly hotel de ville, already delayed far beyond the time fixed by contract, seems likely to be further postponed. If thieves haul away material as fast as the contractors install it the date of the housewarming is still remote.

Owners of private structures are interested in their own property and guard it against theft. Everybody's building seems to be nobody's building. This is the second time Borough President Marks has asked the Police Commissioner for aid in behalf of the Municipal Building. Is city property supposed to protect itself?

Cos Cob Nature Notes.

WE do not seem to recall a spring when the dandelions figured so extensively in the landscape. They border the walks and glitter in the lawns. Little Miss Frances Adams calls them "sun-shines," which strikes us as a pretty nice name for dandelions, as it means something, which the latter does not, being merely a name.

The apple blossoms are ten days behind schedule, so the peach, cherry and pear trees have the scenery in charge just at present. The peaches are not all frozen, as the man said they were in March. They have just as many lovely pink blossoms on as ever. This does not mean that the peach crop is not in danger, when you consider that we had a frost on the 23rd day of May, 1913. As a matter of fact, everything in the vegetable line is late. Lettuce did not get his haircut until last Friday.

Some Miss Husted, who came in the spring, even when the latter is early, which it is not this time.

Straight From The Shoulder

Success Talks to Young Men. Copyright, 1914, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World).

"Safety First." FROM the railroads we get a new slogan: "SAFETY FIRST." In railroading, which caters to the travelling public, "Safety First" means that the safety of the public must always be considered before any other matter of convenience or operation.

The slogan, however, fits into the daily life of every young man with equal pertinence. Health, happiness, reputation, honor. These are things to be given precedence over everything that places them in jeopardy or even leaves their safeguarding a toss-up.

And "Safety First" is a good rule of procedure to govern affairs that fall without the pale of ethical significance—every-day matters of business, of "career building," of "success seeking."

It's simply insuring, so far as you reasonably can, against accident. It's employing prudence and carefulness. It's knowing when to slow down (for even in career building there are times when high speed is dangerous) and when to speed up. It's knowing the signals which mean "danger" and which mean "clear track ahead."

Nature, in establishing her laws, made no provision for excusing those who break them in ignorance. But ignorance quite often is merely carelessness. Often a young man caught with an "I didn't know" on his lips COULD HAVE known and COULD HAVE averted or avoided getting into trouble if he'd taken pains to practice a little "Safety First."

Every man who marries is like the Doge who weds the Adriatic sea; he knows not what he may find therein—treasure, pearls, monsters, unknown stories.

Hits From Sharp Wits.

The more criticized a book the quicker it comes dramatized.

You can convince a woman of almost anything by agreeing with her.

One of the funny sights of the season is that of a man endowed with a pair of globe-trotting feet flitting around in a pair of dancing pumps.—Moon Telegraph.

Time and tide are two things that won't wait when women stop to kiss one another good-by.

Men used to go to a barber shop to have their hair cut or get a shave. Now they go there to recline in a chair while the barber goes through a course of physical exercises.—Toledo Blade.

Too often a warm heart is attended by an empty pocketbook.

A man who brags of how hard he works usually doesn't.—Albany Journal.

Wit, Wisdom and Philosophy

(By Famous Authors)

NO. 10.—MAXIMS. By Heinrich Heine.

WHILE I was standing before the cathedral at Amiens with a friend who, with mingled fear and pity, was regarding that monument—built with the strength of Titans and decorated with the patience of dwarfs—he turned to me at last and inquired: "How does it happen that we do not erect such edifices in our day?" And my answer was: "My dear Alphonse, the men of that day had convictions, while we moderns have only opinions; and something more than opinions is required to build a cathedral."

The Horatian rule, "Nonum prematur in annum," may, like many others, be very good in theory, but in practice it is worthless. When Horace offered the author the celebrated rule he ought at the same time to have furnished him with directions how to live nine years without food. While Horace was meditating on this maxim he was probably at the table of Macceras eating turkey with truffles and pheasant pudding with game sauce.

If all Europe were to become a prison America would still present a loophole of Europe. And, God be praised, that loophole is larger than the dungeon itself.

It is not generally known why our sovereigns live to so old an age. They are afraid to die, lest they meet Napoleon in the next world.

God has given us speech in order that we may say pleasant things to our friends and tell bitter truths to our enemies.

Psychical pain is more easily borne than physical, and if I had my choice between a bad conscience and a bad tooth I should choose the former.

There is something peculiar in patriotism or real love of country. One can become eighty years old and, without knowing it, have loved his fatherland during all that time—that is, if one has remained at home. The true nature of spring is not appreciated until winter is upon us, and the best May songs are written or avoided getting into trouble if he'd taken pains to practice a little "Safety First."

Every man who marries is like the Doge who weds the Adriatic sea; he knows not what he may find therein—treasure, pearls, monsters, unknown stories.

Betty Vincent's Advice to Lovers.

WARM days are nearly here, which means that the parks, beaches and open trolley cars will be filled with young men and women on pleasure bent.

I hope all my readers will remember that they can have a good time without dropping their good manners. Boisterous behavior in public places is utterly bad taste. Loud talk and laughter, effusive demonstrations of affection, all the conduct that comes under the colloquialism "training and carrying on," should be strictly avoided. Nothing of this nature is essential to pleasant recreation.

"J. L." writes: "I have been in love with a girl for the past six months. Now she won't speak to me when I meet her. Will you kindly tell me what makes her that way?"

You'd better ask her that question, and apologize if you have in any way offended her.

"T. E." writes: "I love a girl and she loves me, but I do not think we are suited to marry, as we are too nearly alike in temperament. The girl knows how I feel and that my intentions are proper. She is willing for me to call on her regularly and I do so. Is this selfish of me?"

I think not, since you have revealed yourself to the girl. Perhaps your feeling about marriage will change later on.

Everyday Perplexities

A Simple Manual of Etiquette

Copyright, 1914, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World).

Who Pays the Carfare? IT is always the little points that are most perplexing. Most of us can manage more or less creditably the larger affairs of life but there are certain small matters that are as annoying as pin-pricks if one doesn't understand them; and are the simplest thing possible when one knows the rules of the game. Take for instance the little business of paying carfare. Many a man is puzzled in regard to this. He does not know when or when not to pay a woman's carfare.

Nobody likes to appear stingy in such a small matter and yet he does not want to offend the ladies of his acquaintance by being officious about it and offering a courtesy that perhaps will be resented. The best usage prescribes only one occasion when it is absolutely obligatory for a man to pay a woman's carfare and that is when he is acting as her escort.

If he meets her accidentally in the street when they are both just about to enter the subway or elevated station or gets on board a street car with her it is not necessary to pay her fare, although it is often done when the woman is an old friend.

According to the strict rules of etiquette it is not essential if the man has but a slight acquaintance with the woman he should not presume to pay her fare on a chance meeting although he would of course be expected to do so if he was escorting her anywhere.

There is no law compelling a man to resign his seat to a woman in a street car, even if she is old or has a child in her arms. But very few men who are really well bred can sit at ease while women are standing before them. Of course if they are tired from a hard day's work there is some excuse for them. One cannot blame an exhausted man if he displays some hesitation about giving up his seat, night after night. But I can find no excuse for him in the morning for occupying a seat—often sprawling over enough room for two—when women are standing in front of him. For he cannot possibly be tired at that time of day, though he often makes other people feel extremely so.

When a gentleman has given his seat to a lady in any public conveyance he should not stand directly in front of her unless the crowd is so dense that it is absolutely necessary. He should move off to a short distance as this delicately signifies that he wishes to take no advantage of the slight obligation she is under. It goes without saying that no woman should ever forget to thank any man for this courtesy.

Pattern No. 8267—Fancy Blouse, 34 to 42 Bust.

and smartest features. Made from simple material and simply treated, it is adapted to wear with the tailored suit or odd skirt, yet it is exceedingly handsome made with skirt to match, forming a whole gown.

For the medium size the blouse will require 3 1/2 yards of material 37, 3 yards 34, 2 yards 44 inches wide.

Pattern No. 8267 is cut in sizes from 34 to 42 inches bust measure.

Call at THE EVENING WORLD MAY MANTON FASHION BUREAU, Donald Building, 100 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.

Sayings of MRS. SOLOMON BEING THE CONFESSIONS OF THE SEVEN HUNDRETH WIFE

TRANSLATED BY HELEN ROWLAND.

Copyright, 1914, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World).

MY DAUGHTER, consider the ways of a man and a maid at the photographer's; for by their "likenesses" ye shall NOT know them.

Behold, a man saith: "If he will make me to look as the Lord hath made me, I shall be satisfied."

For he can think of nothing more beautiful.

But a woman is more difficult to please than the I. W. W. Now I knew a damsel of Babylon, who was called "So-so."

And upon a day when she found ONE space upon the walls of her house where there hung no picture of herself, she cried: "Lo! to-morrow will I seek the photographer, that I may be 'taken.' For it is so hard for me to get a GOOD likeness."

And when the morrow had arrived she covered her face with chalk, and curled her hair tightly, and stained her lips with pomegranate and lip-rouge, and her eyebrows with charcoal, so that no one knew her.

And when the photographer had draped her shoulders with tulle, so that the bones were hidden, and had powdered her side-hair, he admonished her, saying:

"Behold the birdie! Yes, I beseech thee, cast not thine eyes toward Heaven and discard the 'set smile,' I prithee, if thou wouldst have thy picture to resemble thee."

But the maiden was wroth, and turned upon him, saying: "Who hath told thee that I wish my photograph to look like ME? Nay, verily, if thou canst not make it look like unto Maxine Elliott and Lillian Russell and Anna Held, then I will seek another photographer."

And behold when the portrait was finished it was a thing of beauty, whereof not a single lineament resembled the damsel.

But the maiden rejoiced exceedingly, crying: "Is it not a PERFECT likeness?"

And her friends, who were wise, winked privily, and answered: "Yes, yes, but it doth not do thee JUSTICE!"

My daughter, the fool hath said, "The camera cannot lie."

But I say unto thee, Ananias was but an amateur beside it.

For the photographer is a wizard, who transformeth a snub-nosed brunette into a classic blonde, and turneth a fat blonde into a sylph-like brunette.

Wrinkles vanish at his touch, dimples appear at his summons; and with a papier mache thara and two yards of tulle, he converteth a queen of the chorus into a society debutante.

As a frank husband on the "morning after," so is a photograph BEFORE the retouching—stranger and more terrible than fiction.

But AFTER the retouching it is sweeter and more flattering than an old man who hath just met a debutante.

Behold, while the photographer worketh silently, I shall be content.

But when he saith: "Alas, we cannot photograph 'PERSONALITY'!" then shall I hasten in to the Beauty Specialist for repairs.

For I shall know that I am passee.

Lo! an actress may wax fat and acquire three chins, but her photograph groweth younger every season withal.

Verily, verily, Ponce de Leon was a dreamer, and Cagliostro a myth; but the PHOTOGRAPHER hath discovered the secret of Eternal Youth!

Selah.

The "Emperor of Elba."

AN "emperor," eighteen miles in length and twelve miles in extreme width, such is the Mediterranean lake of Elba, to which Napoleon was consigned by the victorious allies when he arrived one hundred years ago to-day and received the homage of his new subjects. Elba, long a place of pious pilgrimage for tourists from all nations, will celebrate the centenary to-day with great eclat, for Elba lives chiefly in the memories of that ten months of comic opera, when the man who had all but mastered Europe aped his vanished royalty, and, like a child with a new toy, issued foolish decrees which began: "Napoleon, Emperor, Sovereign of Elba, to His People." Utterly devoid of a sense of humor the Emperor must have been to take his new position so seriously. It was a huge joke that the Powers played upon the Corsican by permitting him to retain the title of Emperor and awarding him a "kingdom" that placed him on the same footing with the Sultan of Sulu and the King of the Sannal Isles.

If Napoleon had remained there he would, doubtless, have become what his enemies intended he should become—an object of derision, the butt of the world's sneers and jeers. But he did not stay, and the glory of the "Hundred Days," the brave carnage of Waterloo, the culminating tragedy of St. Helena, restored Napoleon to a place among the world's heroes.

St. Helena was grim and terrible. There—humanity pictures Napoleon with his hands cuffed behind him, gazing out upon the sad and solemn sea—a caged lion feared by all the world. Elba was trifling, pitiful, petty, insignificant, and there Napoleon was a caged monkey to be laughed at.

The May Manton Fashions

THE blouse of crepe and brocade by hand made one of the daintiest possible for summer wear. This one shows a most effective design in chrysanthemums and can be utilized either for washable materials or for silk, made with the embroidery of the plain silk without it and from one material or two. Treaties after the manner shown here is an exceedingly attractive separate blouse; but if made of plain silk with fancy silk for the portion that shows embroidery in the illustration, it would become adapted to a handsome afternoon gown. The separate blouse, too, can be varied in a great many ways. Colored material with white and colored material throughout are being much used in place of the embroidered or gaudy design. It could be used with and colored crepe or cotton voile, or the entire blouse could be made of one of these materials in bright color with the chemise and collar of white. However it is treated, it includes the newest and smartest features. Made from simple material and simply treated, it is adapted to wear with the tailored suit or odd skirt, yet it is exceedingly handsome made with skirt to match, forming a whole gown.

For the medium size the blouse will require 3 1/2 yards of material 37, 3 yards 34, 2 yards 44 inches wide.

Pattern No. 8267 is cut in sizes from 34 to 42 inches bust measure.

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