

The Evening World

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WHAT'S THE SERVICE WORTH?

THAT the Interborough Rapid Transit Company is scheming to have the \$11,000,000 contract for advertising, newsstand and other privileges on its enlarged subway and elevated systems assigned to a favored bidder, has long been plain.

The city shares in the receipts from this source. The Interborough sees a way to get the big end of the bargain. So far nobody is surprised. The Interborough seldom varies its spots.

The public, however, maintains at considerable cost a Public Service Commission to protect its interests on such occasions.

Chairman McCall and his fellow Commissioners have handled the Interborough advertising contract in a singular manner. At various moments when the public didn't seem to be looking they tried to sneak the contract through as the Interborough planned. When public opinion woke up and asked for fair public bidding the Commission endeavored to look innocent by "reconsidering" or letting the matter drop. Last Friday it postponed action indefinitely.

Meanwhile it appears the Interborough has been asked to state the terms upon which it will permit the public letting of the contract.

In other words, the Public Service Commission cannot do anything for the public in a matter which deeply concerns the city until the Interborough has dictated exactly how much it thinks the public is entitled to have done for it.

Meantime the public may ask itself a question: Mightn't it be quicker and cheaper to be held up by a corporation, so to speak, in person? Why interpose an expensive commission with a confusing name?

The complete story of the New York's mishap, which The Evening World furnished the country Saturday, saved thousands the anxiety that is so often anguish. It told it first—it told it all.

GIVE BACK THE BEACHES TO THE PUBLIC.

PEOPLE who go to Coney Island for a look at the sea and a walk on the open beach will find they are still expected to pay dimes and nickels for these privileges at every turn.

Jetties, palings and barbed wire continue to fence off the people's foreshore. Upon various pretexts private owners still maintain barriers along the sands to keep out the "undesirable public"—until it makes itself desirable by giving up fifteen cents per head.

Last year The Evening World made strong and repeated protest that the beach which belongs by every right of charter to the public must be reclaimed from the hands of private exploiters and money grabbers.

The Attorney-General brought suit against the proprietors of Steeplechase Park to recover a large amount of foreshore which belongs to the State. Last November the Supreme Court decided that the beach in question should be restored to the people, but the case was promptly appealed.

Is there no way to hasten a final decision which means much to millions of people? The city should do all in its power to speed the day when it can sweep away all fences, reclaim every inch of the sands at Coney for the free use of the public.

Three polo games are none too much—and we have our rackets the longer.

Who wished it on Tarrytown?

Cos Cob Nature Notes.

THE Italian Signor with the wheelbarrow, who is building our new gas works at the ship yard, has got the sound place people at first thought was a circus ring all smothered off and the dirt piled up in another place. The round spot is where the tank is to stand, which is to hold the gas when the gasman makes some. The tank in its outward appearance will be like the big circular building that once stood near the depot in New York called a coliseum, in which panoramas of battles were shown. Of course, if the tank is to be full of gas it cannot contain a panorama at the same time, but one could go on the outside. We should like to see Elmer MacIntas paint a pageant of our local history on the tank in pretty colors, beginning with the arrival of the first Dutch and ending with Jim, R. Jay, Bill and John getting off the map.

The Justices of the Supreme Court have named Edward D. Robbins as a member of the board to examine young men to see if they are fit to represent the railroad in Connecticut, which is what is called practicing law elsewhere. Mr. Robbins is still chief counsel for the railroad, besides possessing other qualifications for the delicate task. He is also Commissioner of Education in charge of teaching young ideas how to shoot, but not at his client. He is a little, timid man who does not dare to go alone to Washington now without taking Homer Cumber-

ings along, H. C. being bigger and not expecting an indictment.

Every morning the T.S. explodes two torpedoes like this: "Bang!! Bang!!" on entering Port Chester, presumably to wake the place up. Although it happens every day some of our commuters jump every time the noise goes off, which indicates nervousness or lack of sleep. Looking out of the car windows they can see the dirtiest back yards in America, which the editor of the Item has not cleaned yet, though spoken to about it a year or so ago.

Farmer Cobb from up Weston way reports that the tent caterpillars are laying that neighborhood desolate because no one got busy and burned the tents soon enough. The tent caterpillar is a fuzzy varmint about two inches long, with an appetite for green stuff that is much longer. The birds do not care for tent caterpillars, they being too woolly to swallow easily. So it is up to man to attend to them.

Maurice Wertheim has imported 500 small bullfrogs from Putnam County to use for bait in catching black bass, which it seems are finicky and require small frogs to bite. We are glad to know that frogs have been imported for that purpose rather than to use our own. It is very pleasant on the stinky night to hear the bullfrog lift up his voice in song, signifying spring is here and that he is glad of it. It is a much more inspiring concert than that given late in the fall by the crickets and katydids, indicating that fall is coming and that we shall soon have to pay \$7.50 a ton for coal.

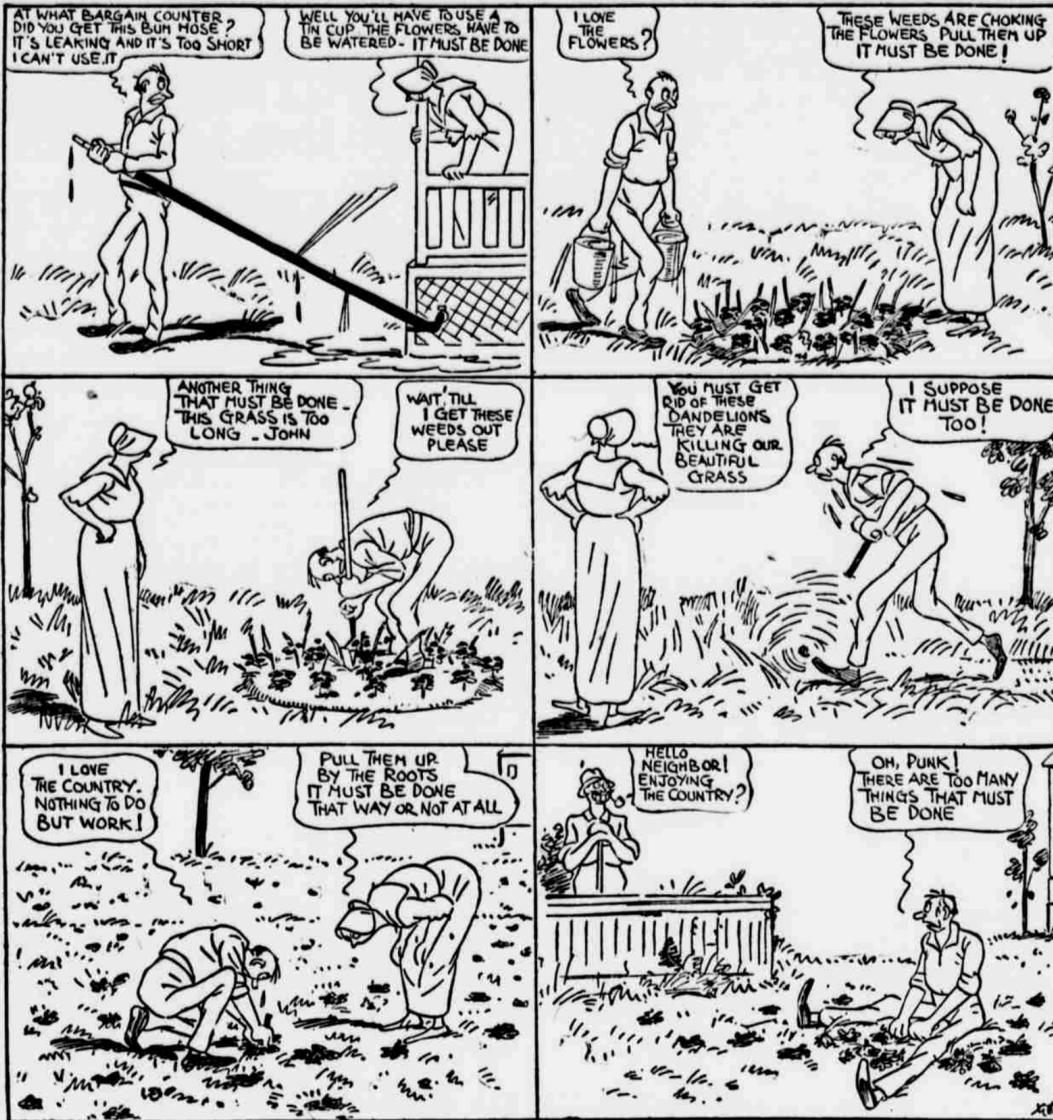
Letters From the People

Car Seat Philosophy. In reply to the "Charles" who complains that a woman failed to thank him for offering her a seat in a car and who says "never again" I wish to say I think a man who abandons a good resolution is less praiseworthy than a man with back-bone enough to stick to a resolution through thick and thin, and never becomes discouraged. Tiredness is a rather lame excuse to offer for remaining seated, and allowing women to stand. It shows lack of some of the finer qualities which go to make a man. It shows lack of respect for women; lack of moral courage. Difficultly makes a good resolution more noble; and self-sacrifice is an indication of strength which is essential to success. Think it over readers.

The Day of Rest

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

By Maurice Ketten



The Love Stories Of Great Americans

By Albert Payson Terhune

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NO. 7—AARON BURR AND THEODOSIA PREVOST.

YOUTH of twenty fell madly in love with a widow of thirty. This was in 1777. The young lover was Aaron Burr, a gallant officer in the Revolutionary Army. The woman was Theodosia Prevost, widow of a British colonel.

Burr was on duty at one of the Westchester County camps. Mrs. Prevost was living on the other side of the river and sixteen miles further up stream. To Burr—who had met her by chance at a friend's home and who had fallen in love with her at sight—this distance offered no obstacle. He could not secure permission to leave camp and visit her. There was apparently no means of getting from his regiment's quarters to her house. But these drawbacks could not check him.

Every night, as soon as darkness came on, Burr used to ride secretly to a spot on the river bank, where he kept hidden a huge scow. He would lead his horse aboard, "throw" the animal onto a heap of buffalo skins in the bottom of the boat, and then laboriously row across the river.

On the far side he would moor the boat, lead his horse ashore, mount and ride sixteen miles to the home of Mrs. Prevost's cottage. There he would be able to remain, perhaps, only for a minute or two; for a word with the adored widow. After which, he would return to camp in the same way he had come; arriving at his quarters before any one suspected his absence.

In his long—and often wicked—life, Burr had many love affairs. Most of them discredit him. He was apparently the type of man whom no woman was able to resist. Incredibly handsome and graceful, gifted with brilliancy and almost superhuman magnetism, and without either morals or scruples, he counted his conquests by the scores.

In spite of all this, he was wholly and absorbingly devoted to Theodosia from the hour he met her. And he was faithful to her to the day of her death.

The widow was not pretty and she was not rich. She was the daughter of a Shrewsbury, N. J., merchant named Bartow, and was married to Col. Mark Prevost at Trinity Church, New York City, in 1767. Soon after Prevost's death she met Burr.

Burr was almost as poor as she, and apparently with no prospects. To earn enough money to marry Theodosia, the youthful lover left the army and, after a single year of night-and-day study, passed all the law examinations needful to admit him to the bar. He could have married any one of a dozen girls of wealth and family who would have advanced his prospects. But for once this most selfish and ambitious of Americans threw away everything for love.

He and Theodosia were married. For the first year or two they underwent sharp privations; for the young attorney had few clients. Then his genius asserted itself, and swiftly he rose in fame and fortune, until he was one of the foremost lawyers and political leaders in the country. To the last he and his wife remained devoted to each other. Their family life was perfect. A letter written to Theodosia by Burr during an absence from home, after they had been married nine years, began:

"Continue to multiply your letters to me. They are all my solace. The last six are continually within my reach. I read them once a day at least. Write me all that I have asked, and a hundred things which I have not."

In her answer to this letter, she wrote: "Tell me, why do I daily grow more tenacious of you, love? Is it because every revolving day proves you more deserving?"

Mrs. Burr died in 1794, leaving one daughter, her namesake, Theodosia. From the time of his wife's death Burr seemed to have thrown away all high ideals. His life, thereafter, was one of fame, followed by infamy. It was a life, too, strewn with many loves; but not marked by one pure and abiding affection. The best of him had died with Theodosia.

First "Speaker."

THE first Speaker of the House of Representatives of the United States was Frederick A. Muhlenberg of Pennsylvania, who was born in Trappe, Pa., in 1750 and died in Lancaster, Pa., in 1801. Muhlenberg was succeeded by Jonathan Trumbull of Connecticut, but was returned to the Speaker's chair in the Third Congress. Among his famous successors were Henry Clay, who was Speaker of six Congresses; James K. Polk, Robert C. Winthrop, Schuyler Colfax, John G. Carlisle, Thomas B. Reed, David B. Henderson, Joseph G. Cannon and Champ Clark. Only one Speaker of the House, James K. Polk, has ever reached the White House, defeating Henry Clay, an ex-Speaker.

The May Manton Fashions



THE coat that ripples below the waist line is the newest and smartest and this one gives the prettiest, most graceful lines possible. It is excellent for small women as well as for young girls and it makes a really ideal summer wrap. It can be developed in gossamer or some similar material to be just a useful little slip-on coat or it can be made of moiré silk and the like to wear a little more dressy in effect. Since it is cut in the Japanese style, the sleeves make one with it, it is very simple and easy to make. The coat, however, is cut in two sections, the lower being full to give the ripple effect and the belt covers the seam.

For the 12 year size the coat will require 4 1/2 yds. of material, 27, 3 1/2 yds. 36, 2 1/2 yds. 44 in. wide, with 3/4 yd. 27 in. wide for trimming.

Patterns No. 8300—Kimono Coat for Misses and Small Women, 16 and 18 Years.

Call at THE EVENING WORLD MAY MANTON FASHION BUREAU, Donald Building, 10 West Thirty-second street opposite (Marble Hall), corner 11th avenue and Thirty-third street, New York, or send by mail on receipt of ten cents in coin or stamps for pattern ordered.

These PATTERN IMPORTANT—Write your address plainly and always specify size wanted. Add two cents for letter postage if in a hurry.

When, oh when! will we learn that written words, like bullets, CANNOT be recalled? There they are in black and white; or blue and pale pink. Many a perfumed note (penned after a walk under the lady moon in her most mellow mood, afterward to be brought out and sniffed over by lawyers on the opposite side), has made the heart flutter with a different sort of reason. My dear girl, or woman, when will you learn that an endearing word on paper is worth two by word of mouth, and many a time costs infinitely more in pain and suffering and misunderstanding, and sometimes worse. Nothing is permanent but change. And, contrary to the general belief, I want to whisper that a man changes his mind quite as often as do members of Eve's sex. He may "pour out his soul" in love phrases; and in a few months be so "otherwise occupied" in the form of divorce.

you just wonder how COULD you have written such "illy stuff." That is because you do not take it SERIOUSLY as you did the first time. It is the glamour that the little god throws over you in an endeavor to prove whether he has sent the RIGHT arrow. His revenge at his own hand is to leave you cold and to fight it out yourself. How much better it is to do your fighting BEFORE the AFTER taking your medicine—the potion that may kill or cure—and to recognize the TRUE love from the transient. Of course, it is natural to want to pour out your thoughts on paper in answer to a similar letter received. But you'd better refrain and avert it's got to tell your heart's desire. And how many are there in the world, aside from those who reach the courts, that just wish they had "those letters back." When you prove unkind, and you chase your mind about being "mad" over him, TELL it rather than WRITE it.

REFLECTIONS OF A BACHELOR GIRL. By HELEN ROWLAND.

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THE surest sign of an "all-wool" husband is an all-silk wife.

Some bachelors look almost as startled, when a girl happens to mention the word "matrimony" as if she had said the word "d—n!"

So long as there are fool women who will pay a beauty specialist \$20 to achieve an "effect," and then pay a doctor \$20 to cure it, one-half the world needn't worry about how the other half gets its automobiles.

"A man should find all women in his wife," say Balzac. Perhaps, that's

A Charter's Centenary

JUST a century ago this month, Louis XVIII, the Bourbon monarch who had been restored to the throne of France after the downfall of Napoleon, signed with reluctant pen the new constitution of the country which he claimed to rule by "divine right." The weak and fatuous Louis, great in nothing but a silly vanity, accepted the constitution because he was forced to do so, but in every way possible he immediately proceeded to ignore it. He acted as if the tremendous events of the revolution and the empire had never happened. Within a short time he had succeeded in alienating even the most devout royalists save the fawning few who were forced to pick crumbs from under the royal table.

It was at the time when Louis XVIII was so reluctantly granting a constitution to "his people" that the saying arose: "The Bourbons have forgotten nothing and they have learned nothing." Among men, however, there are far more seekers for ways and means to put "meat on their bones" than there are fat men striving to get thin. Owing to the rush and worry incident to modern business and professional life, faulty nutrition and consequent thinness are becoming more and more prevalent. Plump women, in their quest for slenderness, have adopted many methods, most of which are futile, and some of which are positively harmful and dangerous, says a physical culture expert. "One of the absurd practices adopted by fleshy women is to stand twenty or thirty minutes after each meal. This is not only useless but harmful, and the only result it may have is to hinder the processes of digestion. Why should a sane human being take food into the stomach and then seek to prevent its digestion and assimilation? Relaxation in a reclining position," says a philosopher; "tell him a funny story." But is any story funny to a sick man?—Toledo Blade.

Hits From Sharp Wits.

The best way to get happiness is to give it to some one.

The best summer fiction is that which advertises a quiet resort where the prices are moderate and mosquitoes are unknown.—Macon Telegraph.

Some things seem desirable only because they are hard to get.

A wise man saves himself from much annoyance by being not minutely observant of unimportant things.—Albany Journal.

A doctor announces that he has weighed a human soul and it tips the beam at just three-quarters of an ounce, which at that is better than some men can show in the way of heart.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Never unchain your temper in the face of danger. That's the time for wits, not anger.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

"Do not ask a sick man how he feels," says a philosopher; "tell him a funny story." But is any story funny to a sick man?—Toledo Blade.

The Sure Sign of an "All-Wool" Husband Is an "All-Silk" Wife

why so many of them are disappointed when they don't get a whole harem for the price of one wedding ring.

A man will insist on pulling the love-knot tight before the wedding and yet strain like mad at the marriage-tie afterward.

A man's notion of being true to a woman "in spirit" is always to hold her in mind, even when he is holding another girl in his arms.

Perhaps if a man would spend less time before marriage trying to persuade a girl that the only thing on earth he wants is her own sweet self she might spend more time after marriage in giving him the home comforts, trained-nursing and valet service he really expects.

At this time of the year it is not a bad idea to go away for a few weeks and leave your husband alone with his conscience, so that they may become slightly acquainted.

And Now Science Destroys A Few Anti-Fat Theories

AMONG those who seek the advice and services of the physical trainer the types most frequently met are fat people who want to get thin and thin people who want to get fat.

The great majority of the obese people who wish to reduce are women. Men are more tolerant of fat, unless it reaches a stage where the surplus flesh involves great personal discomfort and becomes a serious menace to health. In these days very few obese women are content to remain so, a condition for which the prevailing fashions are doubtless responsible.

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In contemplating what we do for others too many of us entirely forget what others are doing for us.—Commercial Appeal.

Love Letters

By Sophie Irene Loeb

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"D O right and fear no man; don't write and fear no woman." is a timely slogan from a wise pen.

Propos of this, the courts lately seem to have been working overtime in the perusal of love letters, on which hinge decisions of dollars to heal hearts that were once aflame and also to usher in new leases on life in the form of divorce.

When, oh when! will we learn that written words, like bullets, CANNOT be recalled? There they are in black and white; or blue and pale pink.

Many a perfumed note (penned after a walk under the lady moon in her most mellow mood, afterward to be brought out and sniffed over by lawyers on the opposite side), has made the heart flutter with a different sort of reason.

My dear girl, or woman, when will you learn that an endearing word on paper is worth two by word of mouth, and many a time costs infinitely more in pain and suffering and misunderstanding, and sometimes worse.

Nothing is permanent but change. And, contrary to the general belief, I want to whisper that a man changes his mind quite as often as do members of Eve's sex. He may "pour out his soul" in love phrases; and in a few months be so "otherwise occupied"

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