

The Evening World

ESTABLISHED BY JOSEPH PULITZER. Published Daily Except Sunday by the Press Publishing Company, Nos. 55 26

THE B. R. T. SUNDAY SCHOOL.

EVERY Sunday in the summer time the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company gives a public but not free lesson concerning what befalls a people who either do not know their rights or do not dare maintain them.

Back of all the abominations of the inadequate service is the B. R. T. management, back of the management is the Public Service Commission, back of the Commission is the Legislature, back of the Legislature is the people with power to elect Legislators pledged to investigate the conduct of public utilities.

THE COMING OF SHAMROCK IV.

SHAMROCK IV. is crossing the ocean under her own sails, in accord with the rules upon which the America's Cup is to be competed for. She is not coming, however, in the shape in which she is going to make the race.

These facts illustrate the changes that steam and mechanism and ingenuity have wrought in sea craft since the first America crossed the seas to compete in a match for genuine ocean going sailing yachts.

THE REFRESHMENT OF GRASS.

THE sweltering heats of July give a double warmth to the welcome accorded by nearly all classes of people to the action of Park Commissioner Ward in opening new areas of lawn and park to the use of those that wish to repose on the grass in the shade of the trees.

With all its amplitude of riverside and ocean beach and wooded parks New York has not enough to meet the needs of its growing population when summer time does its worst in swift alternations of humidity and aridity.

It may be the grass is injured to some extent, but grass is not human. It recovers with the first rainfall. Like truth, if crushed to earth, it will rise again.

NO CURE FOR BRIDGE.

ACCORDING to a consensus of alienists and neurologists in conference at Chicago all psychic aberrations are due to physical causes manifested physiologically by an excess of red corpuscles in the blood.

Being of physical origin, they are subject to physical remedy. Farm labor will cure alcoholism. Improved prisons will cure criminality. Exciting occupation will cure vagabondage.

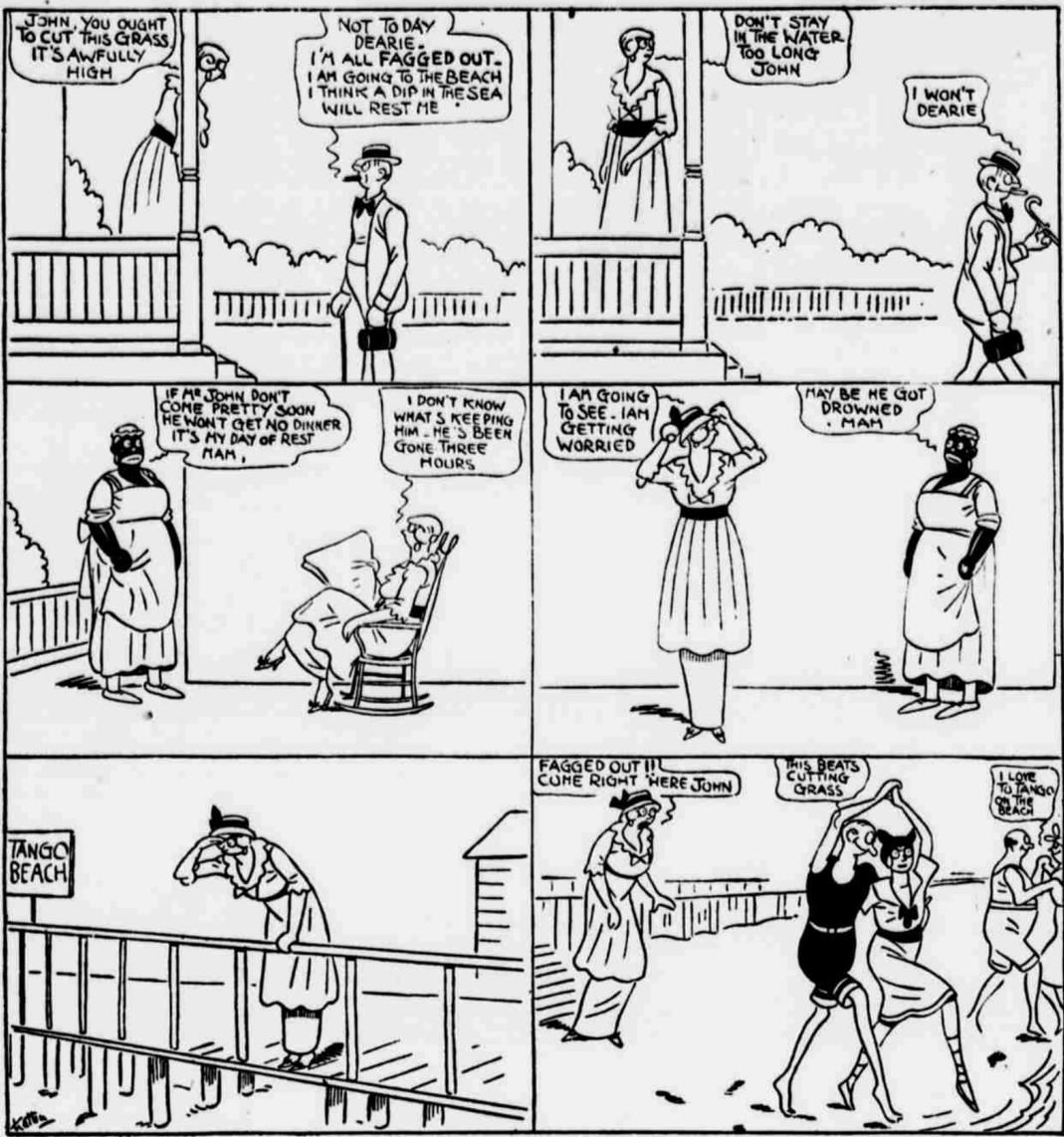
Here is a call for governmental experts, or for those of some highly endowed institution for original research, to apply to high society the investigations so often tried upon denizens of the slums.

Letters from the People

Ferry Rates. To the Editor of The Evening World: Some days ago I saw an article about the Weehawken ferry authorities saying that the decision of the court about the Fort Lee ferry did not concern ferries connecting with railroad terminals.

The Day of Rest

By Maurice Ketten



REFLECTIONS OF A BACHELOR GIRL. By HELEN ROWLAND.

Copyright, 1914, by the Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World). ARRANGE is like a book by Bernard Shaw; the preface is often the most interesting and delightful thing about it.

A Freak Meteor. METEORITE which fell in Zululand on Aug. 1, 1912, has been examined by Prof. Stanley and was found to consist almost entirely of nickel-iron alloy, and is therefore classed as a siderite; it is coated with a skin of magnetic oxide exhibiting flow lines and shows numerous "thumb marks."

Hits From Sharp Wits. A lot of the "milk of human kindness" has been pretty closely skimmed.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Wit, Wisdom and Philosophy. (By Famous Authors) NO. 32.—THE EMIGRATION OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS. By Edward Everett. M E THINKS I see it now, that one solitary, adventurous vessel, the Mayflower of a forlorn hope, freighted with the prospects of a future state and bound across the unknown sea.

"Heart-to-Heart" Talks Are Apt to Lead to "Lip-to-Lip" Silences.

to give it up," but she never does until the last drop in the cup of youth is drained and Time has turned out the love-light. It's a poor wife who can't trust her husband better than her own eyes. A woman seldom has time to join a "Don't Worry" club unless she has a hard-working husband somewhere downtown to do the worrying for her.

Porch Patter. By Alma Woodward.

Copyright, 1914, by the Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World). The Traitors. Some: Love Island Inn porch. Mrs. A. (bouncing back)—Well, I guess nobody could be on the go more than I am in the winter. There's hardly a night goes by at home. If it isn't the opera, or a theatre party, it's a dinner, or a dance. Why, I danced through—literally THROUGH—seven pairs of slippers last winter.

The Love Stories Of Great Americans

By Albert Payson Terhune

XVII.—ALEXANDER HAMILTON'S COURTSHIP.

YOU have no conception of how sweet a girl she is. She has a lovely form and a still more lovely mind. She is all goodness, the gentlest, the dearest, the tenderest of her sex. Ah, Betsy, how I love her!

The man who wrote this quaint love letter in 1779 was a twenty-two-year-old soldier of fortune, private secretary to Gen. Washington and a Lieutenant-Colonel in the revolutionary army. He was Alexander Hamilton.

Hamilton was not only writing about Elizabeth, but also to Elizabeth. He delighted, in his letters to his sweetheart, to speak of her as though she were some third person.

He attracted Washington's notice and soon became his secretary. In 1778 he was sent to Albany on a diplomatic mission to Gen. Gates. There, like hundreds of other strangers who chanced to visit the old Dutch city, he was invited to call on Gen. Schuyler.

The Schuylers were enormously rich and influential. They had a palace of a home and countless slaves. Gruff old Gen. Schuyler "kept open house," throughout the Revolution; and he made welcome the dapper little colonel-secretary who bore letters of introduction to him from Washington.

It was on his first visit to the Schuyler home that Hamilton met Elizabeth, who was just his own age. He fell in love with her, but he found her hard to win. For one reason, she had an army of suitors. For another, Hamilton was penniless, nameless and without prospects, while she was one of the richest girls in America. Tishman thus described her:

"She is a brunette with the most good-natured, dark, lovely eyes I ever saw. . . . The finest tempered girl in the world."

But poor as he was, Hamilton was handsome and fascinating—as more than one woman had already learned, and as many another in years to come was to learn. And at last he won the day. After two years of strenuous wartime courtship he gained Elizabeth's consent to marry him. And what spoke far more eloquently for his powers of fascination—he was his father's reluctant consent to the match.

Elizabeth and Hamilton were married on Dec. 14, 1780, and moved to New York, where they set up housekeeping in a cottage on Wall street, later changing their abode to the Hamilton Grange house. Hamilton left the army and studied law. His father-in-law's wealth and influence made the young man's path smooth and kept the wolf from the door. Hamilton's own genius did the rest.

His rise was swift, Elizabeth's tact and cleverness helping him along at every step. He became the first Secretary of the Treasury and he established on a firm rock our wabbling national credit.

He and Elizabeth had seven children. Their eldest son, a lad of nineteen, was killed in a duel on Westchester Heights, in 1801, on exactly the same spot where his father, three years later, was to fall before Aaron Burr's pistol shot.

Elizabeth outlived her statesman-husband by half a century, devoting the remainder of her days to charity. She established the first orphan asylum in New York, by the way, and as a very old woman, she attended the asylum's semi-centennial.

The May Manton Fashions



Pattern 8,350—Kimono Under Waist or Corset Cover, Small 34 or 35, Medium 38 or 40, Large 42 or 44 Bust.

My dear. The summer before that we tried Maine. I was so disappointed in Maine. The summer before— Mrs. C. (with cruel insinuation)—Isn't it funny you're so hard to suit? Mrs. A. (hot off the bat)—Perhaps I'm a trifle more particular than some people. (She rises and stalks from the scene.) Mrs. B. (griggling)—That got her goat all right. Mrs. C. (stage whisper)—You know the secret of it, don't you? Mrs. B. (moving very much closer)—No! Tell me. Mrs. C.—Why, you know, her husband's a regular organizer of squads at summer resorts. The sort of man who gets every young girl in the place to call him "Daddy." And the Board of Censorship passes all his high-flying under the guise of "grandfatherly interest."