

The Evening World

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TOO UNJUST.

THE prospect of a tie-up on the new subways, whereby eighteen thousand alien workers—90 per cent. of all employed—may lose their jobs because of an antiquated State law excluding alien labor from city work, ought to produce two speedy and desirable results:

It ought to send thousands of foreign-born workers to the naturalization bureau, determined to become citizens of the U. S. A. as soon as ever they can qualify.

THE MANHATTAN TRADITION.

URING the improvement of Jamaica Bay as the best means of extending the city's harbor facilities, the Brooklyn League, in a pamphlet on "The Problem of Greater New York," pitches into what it calls the "Manhattan Tradition":

Why should it be necessary for one-sixth of all the city's population to live below Fourteenth street upon one-eighth-second of its area? Why must there be crowded into this space, also, the factories that employ one-half of all New York's factory workers? And why, in addition to these occupants, must there be piled upon this same small area a considerable proportion of the office buildings of the metropolis?

The dredging of Jamaica Bay, with its twenty-five miles of water front, and the reclaiming of adjoining marshes, would, it is pointed out, provide an attractive area for the overflow from more crowded sections of the greater city.

Of the total 197,046 acres of Greater New York, Manhattan has an area of 18,886 acres, the Bronx 26,600 acres, Richmond 36,600 acres, while Brooklyn and Queens have 120,897 acres.

Accessibility being easy, the population should go to the area nearest to Manhattan and to the largest. It is Brooklyn's strong argument.

The engaging broker of Beau-Arts fame who promised his customers 50 per cent. a year on their investments has been sentenced to serve eighteen months in the Federal Penitentiary at Atlanta.

Having convinced him, it usually manages to undo him. About the emptiest kind of assurance is assurance that you are betting the law.

NOT ALL THEIR FAULT. WHEN Dr. David Starr Jordan of Leland Stanford Jr. University says that "the Mexican trouble would have collapsed long ago if no guns had been sold by our manufacturers and taken across the frontier," he hits pretty close to the truth.

But when Dr. Jordan declares that all modern wars are forced on the world by the makers of armaments we are more cautious. To say that if you make bullets you can force your fellow countrymen to use them is going too far. Dr. Jordan hopes

to see this infernal business of the making of guns and ammunition taken away from these fiends, and, if it must be, turned over to the governments. We hope that armament will cease to be built for private profit or to be sold by the citizens of one nation to the government of another.

The real "fiends"—the men who nag at governments, inflame popular, turn national restlessness and ambition into war lust—are not bullet-makers. It takes more to move a country to war than merely to urge guns for sale. Does anybody believe that though the European governments had owned every gun factory in Europe the present struggle would have been delayed?

The will to make war finds the means. Don't put it all on the gunmakers.

You Never Can Tell

Comic strip by Maurice Ketten. Panels show a man talking to a woman about stockbrokers and pawnbrokers, and a woman talking to a man about stockbrokers and pawnbrokers. The man says: 'WE WOULD LIKE VERY MUCH TO MEET YOUR FRIENDS, THE STOCKBROKERS. IT WOULD HELP US TO GET INTO SOCIETY.' The woman says: 'MY FRIENDS, THE PAWN BROKERS, ARE CRAZY TO MEET YOU.' The man says: 'WE HAVE NO USE FOR THE PAWN BROKERS. THEY DON'T BELONG TO OUR SET.' The woman says: 'YOU DON'T BELONG TO THEIR SET - THEY CLAIM.' The man says: 'THE SNOBS!' The woman says: 'WIFE, WE ARE BROKE. PAWN YOUR JEWELS.' The man says: 'WE HAVE CHANGED OUR MIND.' The woman says: 'WE WOULD LIKE VERY MUCH TO MEET YOUR FRIENDS, THE PAWN BROKERS. IT WOULD HELP US TO PAWN OUR JEWELS.' The man says: 'MY FRIENDS, THE STOCKBROKERS, ARE CRAZY TO MEET YOU, NOW.' The woman says: 'WE HAVE NO USE FOR THE STOCKBROKERS. THEY DON'T BELONG TO OUR SET!'

The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell. Copyright, 1914, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World).

WHAT you doing coming in my liquor store, after not being here for weeks and days?" asked Gus, surlily.

"Well, I've been away, Gus," Mr. Jarr began to explain. "I've been away, and I couldn't drop in if I was away, could I? So the first chance I get I come around."

"You can't come around me!" Gus declared. "When a feller stays away from my place and never comes in it again, then I don't want him to come in. So, as I don't want you to come in now, and your wife never did want you to come here at all, get out! Never speak to me again, and let us be friends!"

"Why, Gus, old top, it's all right!" said Mr. Jarr. "My wife told me to come around to see you to-night."

Gus stared at him. "I guess I knew how impopular I am," he said sullenly. "So don't try any swank mit me, as Dinkston, the educational leader, says. Don't try any swanking!"

"Swank—swanking"—Mr. Jarr corrected. "It's English slang, the only thing being imported since the war began. But I'm not swanking you."

"That war's an awful thing," said Gus. "It's parting everybody but relations—they won't part from you as long as you've got a cent. Why, you remember my brother Meyer, who played a yellow clarinet in his orchestra in the Bronx? He was in to tell me what happened Herman Kraftmeyer, what was the strongest driver what Swanenstuegel's brewery had, and so he went out as a Hirkels mit a circus."

"A Hercules, you mean?" "Yes, that's what I said," replied Gus. "Well, now, my brother Meyer says they are going to exilkoot Herman Kraftmeyer in England on account he done an act called the Sandow Cannoner."

Mr. Jarr's Happy Harlem Home

Is Now in a State of Siege. Copyright, 1914, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World).

mit a show when comes it the war, and he chuggles mit a cannon and ten big cannon balls in a conform. The show busts up and Herman, the poor trottel—that you call a boob—he is found going to the steamer carrying his cannon and his cannon balls; and

"But, Gus," Mr. Jarr remonstrated, "didn't I tell you that I am here because it's the first chance I've had? I've been away! Also, it's a fact Mr. Jarr told me to drop in and spend the evening with you."

"Any lie I will believe from a friend," he said, "that is, if he will come out to me in the face, as man to man, and say, 'Gus, this is a lie. I want you to believe it!' But a thing like that about your wife sending you here I couldn't believe unless I was in a court for a friend and got paid for it!"

"But," Mr. Jarr explained, "we have got a household of company—Bernard Blodger and his wife and his step-daughters, the Cackberry girls, and Harold Dogstony, the press agent; and an old fellow named Jared Smunk, and a lady from Camden, N. J., and her little boy, who has bowlegs; and if we fix it up with Bepler, the butcher, and Muller, the grocer, not to give credit, we can starve them out."

"Oh, that's all right," said Gus. "Bepler and Muller ain't going to give you any more credit, anyhow, till something is paid on their bills. But if you really want to get rid of all them people—they ain't relations, and so they can be got out—sick that feller Dinkston on them. That feller can't do nothing for himself, but he can do anything for anybody else. He'll be here any minute."

"The English think he is Gen. Von Kluck landed inside England in a submarine!" Mr. Jarr began to laugh. "It ain't anything to laugh at!" cried Gus. "And, furthermore, it reminds me that I am sore at you, and want to say again to you that you can't go my way, which I will do also! So, never let ourselves speak to each other again unless it is our duty as friends at funerals and other times, where we don't want to fight as soon as we meet and spoil the enjoyment of other people!"

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The Dower of Beauty

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

LONG before the Christian era poets have sung the praises of pomegranate-tinted and beautifully curved lips, and yet, with centuries of reminders that men admire and women envy lovely lips, how many women seek to obtain or retain their charm?

Few know that the mouth is the most tell-tale feature in the face. Eyes may be trained to candor or deceit; the expression may deceive the most observant as to that person's character, but the mouth reveals its selfishness or kindness, its cruelty or tenderness, its weakness or firmness, its meanness or generosity, to every one with eyes to see. Only the utmost care will create and retain lips that are alluring and tell little of their owner's mind.

Perhaps no feature is at once so much neglected or as easily cared for as the mouth. It requires two primary exercises to keep, the lips mobile and kissable and help to create a charming outline; these are blowing in a trumpet, blowing in a dandelion puff or something as airy; whistling

—which is not quite as good as blowing—the corners firm so that those easily-acquired and most disfiguring lines which occur at the corners of the mouth will be set at bay.

One excellent rule is to keep the corners of the mouth upturned, and laugh frequently, even though the laughter be artificial. Then, too, lips require to be exercised in order to maintain their softness and variety of expressions. Never allow the mouth to become set in a fixed expression. It is so seldom that selfish persons realize how selfish they are, that the advice to try and keep up an underlip that rolls over and exhibits its owner's worst trait will be heeded by few. But it is worth while noting, nevertheless.

Civilized Man and Cooks

Copyright, 1914, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World). His arraignment is well taken. In the case of women with unlimited pocketbooks there is little to worry about. But the pathetic truth is apparent that there are hundreds of women of very limited means who are extravagant and wasteful ONLY because of ignorance.

Reflections of a Bachelor Girl

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

FTER a man has "told you all," dearie, you have only to discover what he has left out in order to know the real truth.

Once in her life the average woman walks through the Garden of Love; thereafter she is doomed to sweep cobwebs forever in the House of Memory.

It isn't the thought of getting married that appeals a bachelor, it's the thought of having to STAY that way for so many long, long years.

A good reputation may be a woman's "crown of glory," but, alas, like a diamond tiara, it requires the sacrifice of much real comfort in order to live up to it.

Most people are familiar with only three French verbs: "To be," "to have" and "to love"; but, after all, is there anything more in life than just to be, to have and to love?

There are just two kinds of New Yorkers: Those who live on their nerves and those who live on their "nerve."

It isn't the things a man knows about a woman which interest him, it's the things he thinks he doesn't know.

A "thoroughbred" is one who can write "Enis" at the end of a romance with a steady hand—and a smile.

Love: Man's eternal excuse for doing whatever he wants to do, from committing murder or robbing a bank to wearing white spats and a pompadour.

What Your Fingers Mean

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VERY little finger has a meaning all its own." No two hands are identical—either in shape, size or formation.

Each normal person has five fingers on each hand; and there the likeness ends, as to the hands, fingers or nails.

Many times these fingers show the diseases through which we have passed; also, by the shape of the nails, those we are liable to contract.

Starting with the first finger, we find that rheumatism tells more plainly with this one than with any other. When the sufferer has had this disease for years, this is the first finger that loses its shape. Even after a few months the disease turns this particular finger at the first joint.

Ordinary chronic rheumatism will turn this finger at the top so that the nail will appear to be bowing to the second finger.

Had circulation of the heart shown in the nail, making it white in the centre; a nail without a moon shows the subject has impaired digestion.

Nervousness also shows with this finger; for with nerves shattered, this finger will never stand still, but insists upon trembling continually from the socket in the hand. If a person cannot control this finger, holding it still without trouble, she should see to her nervous condition immediately.

The nails of this subject would be ridged or fluted. A first finger, perfectly straight and true, would denote

When of equal length with the first and with an ordinary second we have the cheerful optimist—one who walks without an umbrella upon a sunny day. Should this finger be longer or longer than the second we have here the gambler, the spendthrift and the unreliable acquaintance.

Chapters from a Woman's Life

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

CHAPTER XIX. MRS. FLAM was a dear old lady; she reminded me of my mother, although several years older. She called me "Susan," and seemed much interested in me and the children. Mr. Flam had told her that I was to be his private secretary as soon as I became capable, and she was much pleased.

We had a delightful dinner, and a quiet hour afterward in the library; then they ordered the car and took me for a long ride. How I enjoyed that ride with those two dear people; I shall never forget it. When they left me at my lodgings I felt almost rich.

All through the spring I worked early and late. My duties at the store were most unobtrusive, yet I felt I pleased my employers. My sales had gradually increased until they equaled those of the oldest employes. I told them I was leaving they offered me \$88 a week if I would stay with them. Of course I refused, although I was very pleased that they had recommended me to the office. He had recommended me, and would be glad that I had made good. He was to give me \$28 a week. I knew it was more than I was worth, but he insisted, and I determined to earn it in some way.

"Here is a ticket Mrs. Flam sent me," he said to me as he stopped a moment on his way to the office the day after I had left the store, "stay two weeks, then report for duty."

It was a round trip ticket home. How happy I was. Now I should see mother and my darling children. I sent Loraine \$50 more and gave up my room while I was away. It would be a saving, and every little helped at this time. I sent a trunk with some things I shouldn't need to Gertrude's and started for my babies.

How surprised they were—had telegraphed mother, but warned her not to tell them—how they had grown in the long, long time since I had seen them! Why, Emmie seemed quite a little woman. And Jack Jr. was such a mainly little chap, never putting on crying even when he hurt himself, but saying he was "a brave soldier," and that "soldiers never cried." They had so much to tell me, to show me that I begrudged the time I had to spend sleeping. The chickens, the dog and cat, two "bunnies" rabbits that one of the neighbors gave me, the baby, and a cage of white mice that

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Hits From Sharp Wits.

Who judges himself severely is most lenient with others.—Albany Journal. (And it's a rule that works both ways.) This would be a fine world if you could convert experience into cash as readily as you can convert cash into experience.—Cincinnati Enquirer. Charity may begin at home, but that's no reason why it should stick there.—Philadelphia Inquirer. Every person who has a good mother was born lucky.—Toledo Blade. Superstition finds support in every coincidence. It is character, and not what people say, that makes lasting reputation.—Albany Journal. There are some people in this world who have a wonderful faculty of doing things that are not worth doing.—Memphis Commercial Appeal.

Letters From the People

The Letter is Correct. "A Trip of Red Rover" by Chester. What is the title of the Evening World's "Complete Novel a Week" in which one Kluge asserts his tremendous political influence in the United States? P. N.