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Be Artistic By Maurice Ketten

Comic strip 'Be Artistic' by Maurice Ketten. Panels show a woman's face being painted in various styles: 'DON'T PAINT YOUR FACE INARTISTICALLY', 'BE ARTISTIC IF YOU MUST PAINT', 'CUBIST PAINTING', 'FUTURIST PAINTING', 'CHANGE THE DESIGN OF YOUR EYEBROWS, EYELIDS AND LIPS - MEN LIKE VARIETY', 'ART FOR ART'S SAKE', 'IF YOU EXHIBIT YOUR PAINTING BY DAY LIGHT USE LESS COLOR - BY ELECTRIC LIGHT USE MORE', 'I AM STUDYING A SUN LIGHT EFFECT', 'I CAN'T PAINT TO DAY (I HAVE NO INSPIRATION)', 'ARTISTIC TEMPERAMENT', 'WHY NOT?', 'A MASTERPIECE', 'BEFORE', 'AFTER', 'FRESH PAINT', 'FRAME YOUR OWN PAINTING - WHY NOT?', 'FOR OLD PAINTING'.

COMMITTED.

FORMALLY announcing its surrender to the public demand for lower telephone rates, following the long and victorious campaign led by The Evening World, the New York Telephone Company lays stress upon its conciliatory attitude, its desire to gain the good will of telephone users in this city.

Public opinion, voiced by this newspaper, has convinced one of the most powerful public utilities corporations in the country that the biggest of its assets, the soundest of its investments, the foundation upon which its prosperity and even its existence rest, is the confidence and support of the patrons who have built up its enormous business.

Other great corporations have tried the costly experiment of fighting popular demand, only to bring upon themselves in the end not alone defeat but odium—the enmity and distrust of the public they defied. The Consolidated Gas Company paid vast sums for that lesson.

The New York Telephone Company is wiser. It submits its new rate schedule to the Public Service Commission with a very special word to those most interested—the great body of metropolitan telephone users.

Details of the new schedule must be worked out with the Commission. But the telephone company has definitely committed itself toward the public. Upon the real with which it bears out its protestations and the completeness with which it fulfils its promises depends its future.

The Sick Man of the East is sitting up for his last dose.

SPRY DETECTING.

ANOTHER clean cut piece of detective work caught five men yesterday in the act of holding up and trying to rob a Bleecker Street jeweller. The police declare that detectives shadowed the gang for three weeks and learned every detail of the plot.

Clever detection of the criminal after he has committed his crime is no doubt discouraging to wrongdoers. But the discovery that the police so frequently participate in the careful planning of a robbery or murder must wring the soul of even the nerviest thug.

Following the capture of the bomb throwers at the Cathedral, the Bleecker Street job makes a neat record for the Detective Bureau so far this week. Long promised roundups of gunmen, gangsters and anarchists begin to seem not impossible future items in the police program. The public is waiting.

The Health Department has ordered the B. R. T. to stop overcrowding passengers on its Graham Avenue line. The B. R. T. is used to the Public Service Commission brand of orders. Will the new kind fuster it?

WHY BE ASHAMED TO BE PRUDENT?

A LITTLE overhaste and lack of caution in a party out for an evening's pleasure caused the death of a young married woman—crushed in an apartment house elevator which, in the absence of the elevator boy, somebody tried to start.

A sad tragedy might have been averted if only these people had had patience to wait, or had shown less temerity in tampering with machinery they didn't understand. How much of the same brand of momentary overcares constantly endangers life and limb in this swiftly moving city! At the steering wheel of the automobile, on sidewalks and trolley cars, in elevators and amid speeding traffic, lack of self-control is forever plunging somebody into needless risks.

New Yorkers are scornful of prudence. Rather than be called slow they rush to the other extreme. They abandon caution for recklessness. We set up marvelously efficient and diversified gear to help us hurry about business and amusement. But too few of us have poise and self-discipline enough to make sure the wheels are always under proper control. Too many of us take chances.

Thanks to the court, the fitney bus rolls on. Maybe some day the public will be permitted to climb aboard.

Hits From Sharp Wits.

Some persons are under the delusion that money is for all possible purposes except the payment of debts.

Overwork is usually the product of neglect in the past and impatience for the future.—Albany Journal.

However, even if no one does love a fat man, he never seems quite so lonely as a skinny chap.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Miladi says eating a square meal at a round table never seems like squaring the circle.—Memphis Commercial Appeal.

Two souls with but a single thought, Two hearts that beat the same tender toll; Soon as a gladsome glimpse is caught Of that almighty dollar.

Some men constantly strive to do something; others are satisfied to do somebody.—Florida Times-Union.

The chances are that if you are having a particularly good time you won't make much money.

Up to the time a man is fifty he knows two or three stories. After he is sixty he knows only one.—Topska Capital.

Letters From the People

War and Women. To the Editor of the Evening World: Your editorial "War and Women" is very significant. That in the past women have encouraged and incited men to war is historically true. "Ever woman leads," even when she is "more deadly than the male." But a woman to counsel over the spirit of the drama, and the mother heart—another love—is concerning the spirit of war in women. Already the women of the world are calling to each other out of the depths of its desolation. "War in Europe." The "new phase" is beginning. Its cry in indignation and a long, the whole world of war will be committed to them, for it is the voice of the mother heart.

The Jarr Family By Roy L. McCardell

"I'm not feeling so very well this evening," said Mr. Jarr. "I wonder what would make me feel better?" "Are you really feeling bad or are you encouraging yourself to take a short walk in the direction of the corner, to your friend Gus's place?" asked Mrs. Jarr. "If this last is the case, I can assure you that your friend Gus has nothing to sell or give you that will do you any good. You have tried it often enough without success to know it by this time."

"No ulterior motive actuates me," replied Mr. Jarr. "I don't feel very good, that's all." "It's your stomach," said Mrs. Jarr. "You would stay out late last night; you were playing pinocle and you drank more beer than was good for you."

Mr. Jarr only sighed and said nothing. What's the use of saying anything? "Maybe if you take a little cooling soda—a teaspoonful in half a glass of water—you'll feel better," suggested Mrs. Jarr. "You'll find some in the kitchen."

Mr. Jarr went out to look for it. He found washing soda, but none of the edible variety. He returned and reported the fact. "Look in the medicine closet in the bathroom," said Mrs. Jarr.

So Mr. Jarr looked and beheld an amazing collection of half-filled, stinky bottles; small packages in white and blue paper, folded, but not tied, from which all sorts of white, gray and yellow powders were sifting out. There were also round wooden boxes and round milk-colored glass screw-top receptacles, holding salves, ointments and lotions of all kinds.

There were paper pill boxes, empty and half full; little square pink boxes with folded papers, containing powders, and marked "Take One Every Two Hours," and many other odd-looking and queer-smelling holders of pills, potions and compounds, nameless and mysterious, such as every good wife and mother hoards up throughout the years, to the great astonishment of the male mind.

"Darn it! I can't find any soda!" shouted Mr. Jarr, as he knooked over and out on the floor a little avalanche of bottles, boxes and powders.

"My goodness! Why are you so careless?" cried Mrs. Jarr, coming in, "and I just straightened up that medicine closet last Saturday."

"What's this?" asked Mr. Jarr, opening a folded little paper packet. "Maybe this is it!"

"You put that right up! There's blismuth. I think—or, it's powdered alum."

"Maybe if I took some of this headache powder I'd feel all right," suggested Mr. Jarr. "This is one of the few things that has any mark on it, saying what it is, and he opened one of the pasteboard boxes."

"Don't touch that!" said Mrs. Jarr. "That's foot powder to shake in your shoes. I remember I put it in there when Willis wanted the foot powder box because it was a pretty red color."

"What are these?" asked Mr. Jarr, rattling a box of pills. "The box says 'External Use Only!' How can pills be taken externally?"

Mr. Jarr Discovers, in His Own Home, A Veritable Cabinet of Mysteries

"You leave those things alone!" said Mrs. Jarr sharply. "They are three grain quinine pills and I put them in that box for safekeeping. They were in a bottle, a hundred for twenty cents, and I needed the bottle to get paragonic in, because the druggist charges you five cents for a bottle when you want ten cents worth of anything."

"What's the use keeping all this unknown dope, these odds and ends unnamed and unlabelled?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"Because any of them may come in handy when needed suddenly," replied Mrs. Jarr. "You see, if I had any cooking soda in here I wouldn't have to send out and buy some for you."

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Fifty Dates You Should Remember By Albert Payson Terhune

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HEREFORE be it resolved that all who shall advise or attempt the further prosecution of offensive war upon the Continent of America shall be considered as enemies to His Majesty and to the country."

This resolution passed the British House of Commons without opposition 133 years ago to-day. And it ended the Revolutionary War. It is a date as memorable as that of the Yorktown victory itself and it is one that no American can afford to forget. Says Trevelyan:

"No more important decision was ever deliberately and unanimously made by the House of Commons."

For nearly eight years our new-born nation had been at death-grips with England. Many Americans have a false idea of the Revolution. They think of it only as a struggle in which the under dog won by superior fighting. It was much more than that. George Washington was not only fighting British soldiers. He was fighting British pocketbooks. And by his onslaught upon the pocketbooks, even more than by his valor and strategy against the opposing redcoat troops, he made us free.

He reasoned that our handful of ill-equipped men and our empty treasury had no chance against the mighty armies and bottomless war chest of Great Britain. So he hit upon the only possible way whereby so tremendous a handicap could be overcome. It took him eight years to bring his wonderful plan to perfection.

Instead of letting our militiamen batter themselves to pieces against the British hosts, he avoided pitched battles whenever he could, unless he had manoeuvred the enemy into some position where the patriots had a strong chance of success. He wore down the British by keeping them ever harassed, ever on the march, ever forced to maintain a goodly army here at heavy expense. For years the Revolution seemed all but stamped out. Yet, thanks to Washington, it would never wholly die. Always there was need for more and more English soldiers and more and more English money.

War is not a question of shot and shell. It is a question of dollars and cents. The dollars and cents to keep the armies in the field are supplied by the people. And when the people, or their representatives, refuse to supply any more money the war must stop. That is just what Washington figured on.

In England the public at large began to wonder why their troops did not put down the Revolution. There was no glory, there was no conquest in the war. And there was terrible expense. The British Nation grew tired of paying the bills.

Crazy old George III. and his Prime Minister, Lord North, vowed piteously to fight on until the Colonies should be subdued if it took every soldier and every gold piece England could raise. But the people, through their representatives in Parliament, grew more and more weary of the war. They realized the war was lost. But the King and Lord North obstinately kept on. Then at last came the rebellion of the bill-payers.

Lord North introduced a budget in which he demanded further large loans to continue the war. Charles James Fox had long led the opposition in the House of Commons against King George and his Prime Minister. He saw the time had come to strike a decisive blow. His opportunity arrived when the budget was presented. For taxes and loans were pressed upon the people. The opposition attacked the budget and succeeded in defeating Lord North's proposition for a new loan.

Then, on March 5, 1783, Gen. Conway (a bluff soldier-politician, who never had favored the American war) offered the resolution that stopped all hostilities. Lord North and his Ministry were forced out of office. And the war was at an end.

The People Who Paid the Bills. In England the public at large began to wonder why their troops did not put down the Revolution. There was no glory, there was no conquest in the war. And there was terrible expense. The British Nation grew tired of paying the bills.

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The May Manton Fashions

I would be difficult to find a more graceful skirt than this. The plaits are laid to give the most becoming lines. There is the fashionable yoke, yet the long slender effect is preserved at the back. The model is a good one for the coat suit and for the gown and for the separate skirt and can be utilized for the wool suitings and for the fashionable poplins and heavier silks, and also for the cotton and linen stuffs. The length of the yoke is attractive, there is no fullness just at the waist line while there is abundant flare and freedom in the skirt itself. In the illustration, the material is gingham and the color is the navy blue known as "Rocky Mountain."

For the medium size will be required 3 1/2 yds. of material; 37 in. wide, 5 yds. or 4 1/2 in. wide and 3 1/2 yds. 4 1/2 in. wide; width of skirt at lower edge, 3 yds. and 4 in. before plaits are laid.

Pattern No. 5555 is cut in sizes from 34 to 52 waist measure.

One of THE EVENING WORLD MAY MANTON FASHIONS. SUREAU, Donald Building, 100 West Thirty-second Street (corner Grand St.), 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.

Pattern No. 5555—Plaited Skirt with Yoke, 34 to 52 waist.

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