

The Evening World

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HOW DO THEY DO IT?

EVEN while the German Empire is battling with terrific circum-
stances, the municipal administration of Berlin states no jot
of its well-known efficiency.
The Berlin municipal council keeps an eye calmly on its business.
It has just appropriated sums amounting to \$37,500,000 to enable the
city to buy the Berlin electrical works and furnish cheap electricity
to its citizens.
At the same time new underground railway lines are projected.
Others are hurried to completion.
Amid the blessings of perfect peace the City of New York cannot
even lay out a plan for handling its own garbage without encountering
reversal and rebuke from a doubting State Executive.
No Prussian authority would dream of interfering with Berlin's
methods of keeping itself the best run city in the world.
What a wonderful thing that makes for administrative
smoothness and precision even in the midst of strain and stress!
How is it obtainable? Is the cost prohibitive?

STREET PLAYGROUNDS.

THE Evening World's plan to give New York children sorely
needed play space and protection by closing certain blocks at
certain hours to wheel traffic is again urged upon the city.
Gen. George W. Wingate, President of the Brooklyn Institution
for Safety, makes the recommendation at the request of the Mayor's
central committee on street traffic and safety:
"The roller-skating craze and the imitation of automobiles by
self-propelling coasters and gliders have increased enormously
the number of accidents to children in New York streets."
"There has been agitation for some time to restrict vehicu-
lar traffic at certain hours to certain streets. It is as pertinent
to suggest that certain streets be kept free for the children's
traffic, too—for their play motors and roller-skating joys."
From now on pavements in many sections of the city will swarm
with youngsters eager for such out-of-door joys as the crowded city
can give. To provide playgrounds for all is a goal toward which
we are working. Meanwhile to provide streets where the children
can be safe from the ruthless wheels of trucks and speeding motor
cars is a simple proposition and perfectly practicable.
This season should see the play-block plan in wide operation.

THE CASE OF CAPT. HERAIL.

ACOURT-MARTIAL acquitted the French cavalry captain who
killed his wife because she persisted in following him to the
front, contrary to the strict orders of the military authorities.
Paris wept with the officer and applauded the verdict—the same
Paris that in quieter times asks vengeance for any woman hurt, how-
ever she may have taken the law into her own hands.
To cool judgment three thousand miles away the Compiegne
tragedy appeared utterly unnecessary. If the wife had to be removed,
was there no other force to remove her? Was a bullet the only way?
We must remember, however, that war is war and that the man-
ners thereof encourage a Roman austerity. The iron of discipline
enters into the soul. Exalted patriotism often glories in the very
cruelty of its triumph over softness and sentiment.
Warfare has never civilized itself to the point of even discussing
the possible equality of the sexes. When men war, women must not
only weep—they must obey.

Hits From Sharp Wits

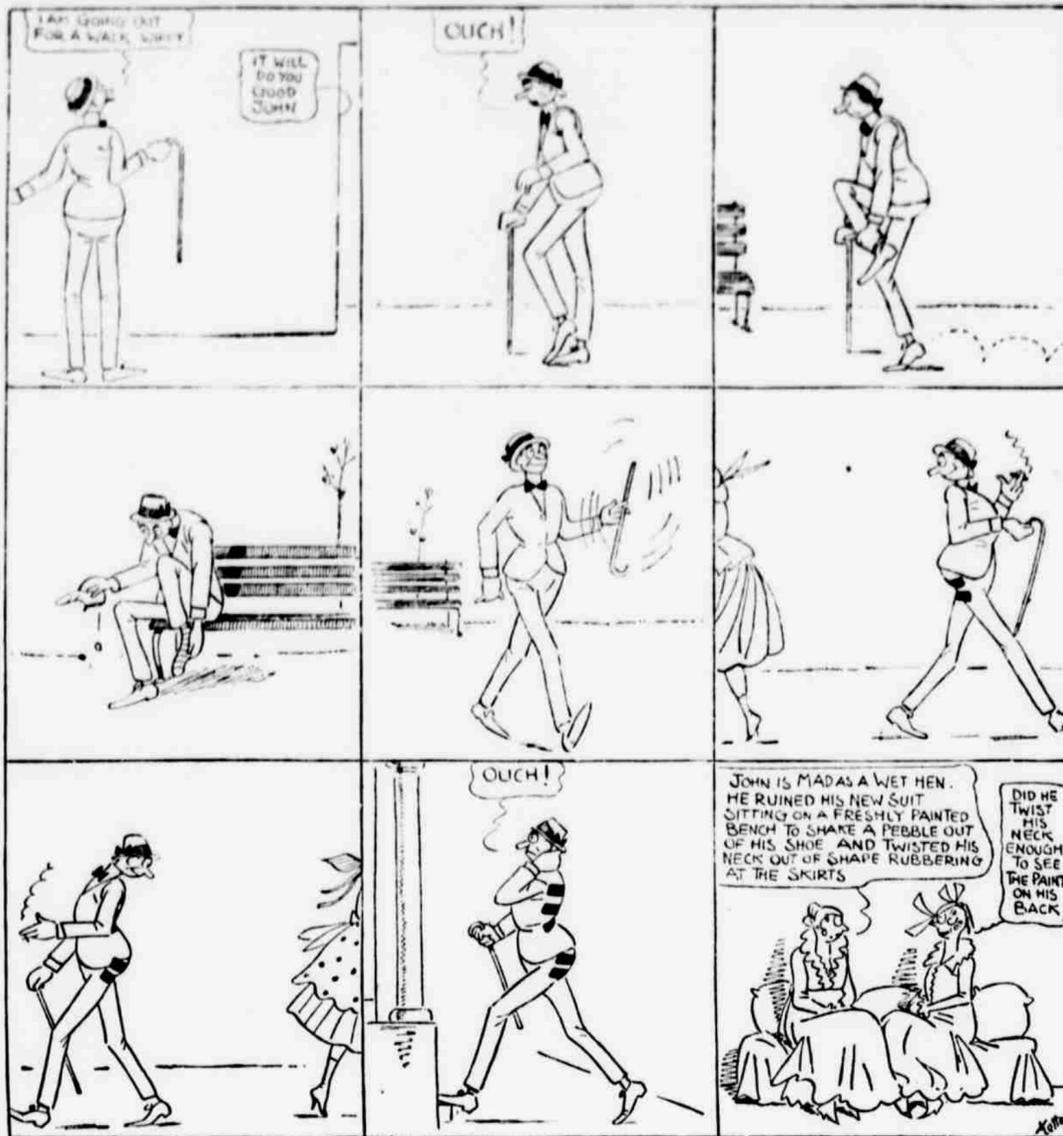
Don't advise a man how to invest his money. If his venture goes wrong he will never forget it. If it succeeds he will never remember your aid.
To be content with what you have, imagine how you would feel if you had lost it.—Albany Journal.
Many a brainstorm is the result of a fostered grievance.
There are always more bystanders than marchers when a reform movement goes by.—Toledo Blade.
Speaking of "not crossing the bridge, etc." some of the worst worried men of our acquaintance are those who worry about things that never will happen.—Philadelphia Inquirer.
Some people manage to see their duty just in time to dodge it.—Memphis Commercial Appeal.
Some folks would make good as parasites if they only had the sticking quality.
The average fellow who demands justice only wants it, as a rule, for the other fellow.—Nashville Banner.

Letters From the People

100-Centimetre Guns.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
One of your readers asks a question in regard to army big guns of the 42 centimetre type. The German army 42 centimetre guns are by no means the largest ever made. Guns of 70 centimetre, 90 centimetre and 100 centimetre have been made; but they lacked the practical values of the German gun. The size of the bore in a gun has absolutely no connection with its range; as this depends wholly upon the powder charge, length of projectile, etc. The smaller calibre bullets have far the longer range in rifles. Large calibre rifles have been discarded for army use as the smaller bullets are more accurate and (owing largely to the lighter wind resistance) have a much longer range. I doubt whether a gun larger than the German 42 centimetre is practicable except for coast defence; and even if it were there would be little use for it. From a scientific viewpoint, a gun of much larger bore could be constructed and if an equivalently greater charge of powder was used and the gun itself was proportionately larger it could be constructed.
S. S.
Hartford, Conn.
"The Preacher is Right."
To the Editor of The Evening World:
For a decade, yes for a century, distinguished physicians, judges and Christian ministers have been calling attention to evils of intemperance. The ministry, as a class, has, for a long time and to-day more than ever before, advocated the claims of temperance. Temperance advocates have been denounced as fanatics, as visionaries, and men without good sense.
Judges have called attention to the fact that in our great cities one-half of all the crimes they have put in the penitentiary are of the nature of crime, has been directly or indirectly traceable to evils of strong drink. The tidal temperance movement of the last few years reaches almost a crest to-day. When the King of England, his Counsellors and leading people, are ready both to abstain personally from, or to prohibit entirely, the use of intoxicating liquor. This, following so rapidly upon the heels of the wonderful action of the Czar, in making Russia a prohibition country, and the great advanced movements in France and other European countries, gives no little comfort to the faithful ministers who have been fighting on the right side against heavy odds, and not the honest men of the world admit that once again the preacher is right?
CLEGGYMAN.
Eighteenth Century English Papers.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Speaking of old newspapers, I would like to say that I have two copies of Heron's Worcester Journal, dated Thursday, Dec. 21, 1769, and Thursday, Nov. 5, 1772. These papers have been in my family since the date of their issue, my father and his ancestors being natives of Worcester, England. W. F. H. Gladstone, N. J.
"Przemysl" Once More.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Przemysl is not French but Polish, and every letter is pronounced as follows, "Prash-em-lah-el."
O. W. K.
Howard Fitzalan.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Who was the author of "Broadway Buccaneers," The Evening World's recent complete novel?
M. W.

The Day of Rest

By Maurice Kettner



The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

MR. JARR regarded the beating rain outside with some misgivings, but he turned down his hat brim and turned up his coat collar and prepared to face it resolutely.
"Aren't you going to wear your raincoat?" asked Mrs. Jarr.
"It all went to pieces, so you sent it to the poor on Huddle Day, don't you remember?" replied Mr. Jarr.
"Yes, I remember now. But still it was a mistake. You might have gotten a turn or two out of it yet," sighed Mrs. Jarr. "I thought it was no good at all. But that's the way with impulsive people when their hearts are touched. It was such cold weather when Huddle Day collections were made, so I also gave them that linen coat of yours. The sleeves were all torn, but really it was too good to give away. Why don't you buy a raincoat?"
"When it rains I duck to the office and back home and don't get a chance to shop; and when it isn't raining I don't need a raincoat," Mr. Jarr explained.
"Well take this umbrella then," said Mrs. Jarr. "But I know you'll lose it. If you do you'll have to buy me a nice silk one. It belongs to Gertrude."
"Me unprotected for the downpour rather than tote an emblem like that!" he cried disdainfully. "Where are all the umbrellas that I er-er bring home?"
"I don't know, I'm sure," said Mrs. Jarr. "People seem to make it a point to call on us only on evenings when it looks like rain, so that if it does rain they can borrow our umbrellas and never return them."
"Rangle took the big one with the crooked handle," Mr. Jarr remarked. Then he remembered he got the crooked handle one by crooked handling, and grew silent.
"That man Rangle's got a nerve walking away with other people's property," cried Mrs. Jarr. "Now just for that I'm glad I kept Mrs. Rangle's."
"It was Jenkins's umbrella. I swiped it when he wasn't looking. He had it hidden behind his desk. It belonged to Johnson, the cashier. Johnson had been bragging he lifted it off a bar—I mean a soda fountain," Mr. Jarr explained, concerning the lost crooked handle umbrella.
"You'll have to buy Jenkins another one in place of it, then, if he suspects you took it," suggested Mrs. Jarr. "It won't do to make an enemy of him down at that office."
"Aw, never mind the secret service system at the office. Lead me a

Mr. Jarr Qualifies as April's Most Daring Umbrella Pirate.

run out and pounce into Gus's and demand MY umbrella. Just like that, Gus always has a closet full of umbrellas. He takes them away from dazed customers on rainy nights."
Before Mrs. Jarr could object to his going into Gus's for any reason whatever he had kissed her and fled.
Gus blinked and let Mr. Jarr take his pick of the cached paraphernalia. The one Mr. Jarr got looked good. But as he came out of the subway a gust of wind turned it inside out and broke every rib in its body.
Mr. Jarr stood in the sheltering door of the nearest store. A shabby fellow dressed man passed carrying a handsome silk umbrella, stout and strong, with a silver handle.
"Ho! there!" shouted Mr. Jarr, running out and seizing it. "That's mine. My name is on the handle, too!"
"What-er-er—what is your name?" stammered the shabby man.
"Sterling!" replied Mr. Jarr. "See there!"
And he pointed to the word on the silver handle and walked off with the fine umbrella.

How to Make a Hit!

By Alma Woodward
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With the Butcher.
FIRST. Enter the store holding a slip of paper that looks as though it might be an order to feed the allied armies. Push your way in between two customers who have been waiting twenty minutes, rap on the chopping block and say, pathetically: "Jake, will you wait on me? I'm in a terrible hurry; I won't keep you a minute. I know just what I want."
2. When Jake has pacified the waiting ones, for the moment, and is about to serve you, poke your finger into a sirloin of beef and sniff: "My! That's poor looking meat, Jake. I wanted a steak, but I wouldn't have one cut off that piece. Can't you get me another one?"
3. As Jake staggers from the ice chest under the weight of half a cow, gurgie: "Oh, Jake, I'm so sorry! I forgot. We had steak night before last and I can't give my husband the same meat twice in one week. He's so particular about his food. He likes variety. Can't you think of something else nice, Jake?"
4. Veal, lamb, chicken, duck, squab, guinea, hen chickens, are suggested. At mention of chicken, exclaim: "Oh, that reminds me, Jake. Those roast-ers you sent me yesterday were awful. I really didn't think you'd treat an old customer that way! Roasters! They weren't even fricassees! My husband said he thought it was about time to eat the butcher. Honestly, I think you ought to take them off the bill. Bring 'em back? Why, we ate them. We didn't have anything else to eat. Well, I like that! I guess you can take my word for it, when I say they were tough, Jake!"
5. After the waiting ones cough, glare, make staccato remarks and get sarcastic to Jake (meaning you) ob- serve coolly: "Well, we'll let the matter drop for a moment; but I DO want some soup meat, Jake. Now, see that you give me as nice a chunk as Peter does. A quarter's worth? Say, don't joke so early in the morning. Ten cents' worth is what I get. And, listen, Jake, Peter always throws in a nice veal bone and some extra scraps. I certainly make lovely soup, even though I do say it myself."
6. When the first half hour is up, decide that now that the warm weather's coming, maybe it isn't so healthful to eat such a lot of meat, and order two pork chops, cut thin, six cents apiece. And just as Jake's best customer, who orders four dollars' worth every day, gets disgusted and walks out of the store with an "I'm through!" snort, whisper to the butcher, coquettishly: "If you want to be REAL nice you can give me a bit of liver for the cat. You know the cat's name is Jake, too!"

Reflections of a Bachelor Girl

By Helen Rowland

WOMAN is born with a naturally curly imagination just as often as she is born with naturally curly hair, and she is just as willing to change the color of the one as of the other in order to please a man.
Somehow a man never wants to marry the woman he finds easiest to get along with, but the one he finds it hardest to get along without.
Most men expect to "reform" between drinks, lead "the simple life" between flirtations and "get religion" between the last dose of medicine and the last breath.
At twenty a girl waits for her ship to come in; at thirty she is glad to annex herself to a stray barge and tow it up the stream of life.
No man believe in miracles nowadays, but every blessed one of them still clings to the sweet hallucination that he will some day find a woman with all the virtues of an angel and all the fascinations of a devil.
It is always a shock to a girl who has returned a man's love just out of pity to observe how quickly the response has cured him.
Next to not laughing at the point of a man's joke the greatest crime a woman can commit is to laugh before he reaches it.
Never judge a man's love by his pleasure in being near you, but by the difficulty with which he stays away from you.
Most girls marry just in order to prove that they can.

The Story of Lincoln's Death

A National Tragedy Whose Semi-Centenary is Observed This Week

By Winfield M. Thompson



JOHN WILKES BOOTH
No. 1.—BOOTH'S PLOT TO KIDNAP THE PRESIDENT.

WHILE the National capital was retreating over the surrender of Lee and the end of the war, and while President Lincoln, newly come from captured Petersburg and Richmond, was receiving the joyous congratulations of many callers at the White House, there passed in and out among the happy crowds in Washington, on the streets, in hotels, theatres and other public places, a young man whose mind was centered on killing the President.
This was John Wilkes Booth. He was not like the traditional assassin, skulking with lowering brow and furtive eye, but bright and gay.
At first he had planned to kidnap the President, take him South, and offer him in exchange for all the Confederate prisoners held in the North. This plan failing, he had embraced the dark purpose of assassination.
IN OCTOBER Booth had visited Montreal and had deposited funds in a bank there, apparently for use in the event of failure and flight. He may also have communicated his plan to the Confederate commissioners there, though there is no evidence on this point.
Returning from Canada, Booth went into Maryland to make arrangements for transporting his captive and crossing the Potomac. He carried a letter from a Confederate sympathizer in Montreal to a citizen of Charles County, Dr. Queen.
With his host, Booth attended Sunday service at St. Mary's Catholic Church, near Bryantown, and there was introduced to a local physician, Dr. Samuel A. Mudd.
Dr. Mudd's second meeting with Booth was an accidental one in Washington a month later. Booth then requested Dr. Mudd to introduce him to John H. Surratt.
BOOTH secured in Surratt his most valued recruit. Surratt knew every road to the Potomac, every creek and crossing place on the river and every house along the way to Virginia. He entered enthusiastically into Booth's kidnaping plan and by so doing embroiled his mother in Booth's fatal net. Eight months after meeting Booth she died on the scaffold.
Through his acquaintance with John Surratt, Booth met another young man suited to his purpose. This was David E. Herold, a drug clerk, twenty years old, of Washington.
Making his headquarters at the National Hotel in Washington, Booth employed Surratt as his field agent.
An acceptable recruit was secured in the person of a German named George A. Atzerodt, a carriage painter by trade, who was acquainted with "running the blockade."
BOOTH'S last recruit, and one of the most important to him in the end, was brought into the circle by the merest chance. Booth, on a brief visit to Baltimore, was standing on the steps of Barnum's Hotel, one day early in March, when a hulking young man, of athletic build, badly clothed and evidently dejected, slouched past him.
Booth recognized him as a Confederate soldier, whose name was Lewis Thornton Powell, but who called himself Lewis Payne.
Booth gave young Payne money and sent him to Washington to see Surratt.

IN DEVELOPING a plan for kidnaping the President, Booth had canvassed and rejected two modes of procedure before fixing on one that seemed to promise best.
The plan finally adopted was to lie in wait for the President's carriage as he drove on some unfrequented road, for it was known he rarely had a large guard.
On March 16 Booth learned that a special performance of the play "St. Ives Run Deep" was to be given next day at the Campbell Military Hospital, by J. W. Wallace, E. L. Davenport and Rose Eytzinger, and that the President was expected to attend. The hospital was out Seventh Street, beyond the city limits, near the Soldiers' Home.
AT a meeting of the plotters that night, in a hotel, John Surratt declared the plot was already known and that it would fail. Some of the others urged withdrawal, when Booth arose, struck the table in a dramatic manner, and exclaimed:
"Well, gentlemen, if worst comes to worst, I shall know what to do." Four of the men rose to go. One of them said: "If I understand you to intimate anything more than the capture of Mr. Lincoln, I for one will bid you goodby."
The others assented to this statement. Booth at once, in his most winning manner, quitted their fears and when, at 8 o'clock in the morning, the meeting broke up, he had won them back to allegiance to his kidnaping plan.
That afternoon Booth and his hand mounted and rode out of Washington, two by two, to the rendezvous, to wait for the President's carriage. If Booth failed they returned and dispersed, baffled and disappointed. Lincoln had not gone to the theatrical performance.

Editorials by Women

FARMS AND THE UNEMPLOYED.

By Sophie Irene Loeb.
THE belief that any one seeking work gets it can no longer hold good in a congested city like this. It is not to be had. There are more workers than work.
There is one remedy that has been all talk and little action. Every year this country consumes more and produces less foodstuffs than Germany, Austria, France and the United Kingdom. We even produce less bushels per acre of potatoes than these countries, and with the exception of Russia we produce the smallest yield of wheat. Little Belgium produces three times as many bushels of potatoes as the United States.
The farm is Uncle Sam's untapped reservoir.
The only way to get people to the farm is for the Government to facilitate it. The farmer at present has been forced to pay as high as 8 and 10 per cent. for money, and the mortgage on the farm has been the sword which has killed the incentive for farm development.
We may well profit from the wiser examples of the old countries. The Government there gets behind the farmer and finances him at 4 and 5 per cent. for long term periods. He can then safely develop his farm.
But who wants to pioneer through lonesome territory with little cash and poor prospect in this day of life near the moving picture show? If those interested in unemployment and its solution would look into the Credit Foncier of Paris and the Prussian Central Land Credit Bank of Berlin, which has foreclosed on one farm in ten years, they would find not only this civic relief but a source of revenue.