

The Evening World

ESTABLISHED BY JOSEPH PULITZER... PUBLISHED DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY BY THE EVENING WORLD PUBLISHING COMPANY, INC.

AT LAST.

IT HAS TAKEN the city authorities about twenty years to get together in a crusade against persons who throw rubbish about the parks.

Announcement that the Mayor, police, magistrates and park authorities have at last decided to wage war as allies against park defacers is welcome and reasonable.

For three years The Evening World has insisted that the time-honored policy of "appealing" to park visitors to be decent and public-spirited accomplishes nothing.

This newspaper's efforts to persuade magistrates, police and park superintendents to adopt militant methods against the vandals have been at last successful.

HAD THE BOSS FORGOTTEN?

IN THE course of the Roosevelt-Platt correspondence we find the Colonel, then Vice President, recommending to the Boss "my old friend Joseph Murray, an exceptionally honest and faithful man in whom I have particular confidence."

To which Mr. Platt replied that Murray had been removed from office in the Public Buildings Department because of inefficiency, that "he never went to Albany except to draw his pay," and that, according to the testimony of his superiors, "he did not render any assistance whatever."

Mr. Platt seems to have been unaware that this was the Joe Murray who once wrested the Twenty-first Assembly District from Jake Hess and sent one Theodore Roosevelt, fresh from Harvard, straight to the State Legislature.

These things being so, why should Murray be called inefficient? Why should he be put to the trouble of going to Albany to draw his pay? Why expect such "an exceptionally honest and faithful man" to do anything that he felt it unnecessary to do?

A DRY SPRING.

THE longest spring drought in more than forty years has fallen upon the Eastern part of the country, according to reports of the national weather forecast and crop bulletin.

But while cotton, vegetables and fruit in the East are suffering from dry weather, the wheat and corn sections of the Middle West have enjoyed just the right mixture of rain and sunshine.

The West is always talked of as the great agricultural section. It is worth remembering that the figures in the thirteenth agricultural census give the State of New York first rank in the production of four of the eleven leading farm crops—hay and forage, potatoes, garden vegetables and apples.

Along the Atlantic Coast April has failed to supply the moisture expected of it. "A dry March and a dry May portend a wholesome summer if there be a showering April between," the old adage has it.

City dwellers worry little about the weather save as it affects their convenience and pleasure. But to the farmers of the State weather at this time of year is the "paramount issue."

A SUFFRAGE DAY PAGE.

THE EVENING WORLD takes pleasure in turning over an entire page of its Daily Magazine to-morrow, Suffrage Day, to the advocates of votes for women.

By years of hard work and fair fighting the movement has fully established its claim to be called nation-wide. This year finds it of special interest to the people of this city and State. Next fall the electors of New York must pronounce on the question whether the State shall extend the vote to women.

By this time suffragists are no novices in expressing themselves or in arguing for their cause. They have plenty to say. They say it forcefully and to the point. This newspaper is glad to offer its readers a chance to absorb the very latest aspects of the movement as presented by some of its best known leaders.

Hits From Sharp Wits

One of the hardest things for a man to do is to look unconcerned the first time he wears a silk hat, and the most difficult thing for a woman is not to look so when she wears a particularly swagger headpiece.—Pittsburgh Sun.

It is easy for a woman with a long tongue and sharp teeth to take the tongue of another woman's reputation.—Memphis Commercial Appeal.

How wise a man would be if he could ever know as much as he thought he knew when he graduated from college.—Albany Journal.

Letters From the People

A Brooklyn Protest. To the Editor of The Evening World: All hail to The Evening World for the recent splendid and true-to-the-heart editorial on day relative to the protest of the people of the Borough of Brooklyn before the Public Service Commission against the plan to rebuild the Fulton Street elevated railroad under the guise of "red-tracking" the present structure.

You Never Can Tell By Maurice Kettner

Comic strip 'You Never Can Tell' by Maurice Kettner. Panels show a woman at a photo play, a man asking if she opened her bag, and a man talking to a woman about blind men.

Ten Peace Treaties That Ended Great Wars By Albert Payson Terhune

NO. 3.—THE PEACE OF TILSIT. Ending the French-Russian War.

IT WAS during the years when the favorite pursuit of Europe's nations was to form alliances or "coalitions" against Napoleon.

While Napoleon had little trouble in defeating any or all his enemies, his genius prompted him to try to break up these alliances by turning some of his most powerful foes into friends.

Alexander was a young man, impetuous and forever forming ardent friendships that cooled off as quickly as they began.

Napoleon knew this trait of his bitter enemy Alexander and he resolved to make him his friend.

He had no special use for the Prussian King's friendship; and Prussia was at his mercy, anyway.

This done, he went on to dazzle the young man with the magnetic charm that he could call forth at will, and to flatter him by hinting that Alexander and Napoleon were the only two great rulers left on earth.

It is needless to say that Napoleon kept none of the glittering promises he made to the czar and that Alexander's eyes were soon afterward opened to the duplicity of the man he had so suddenly learned to worship as a demigod.

To make up for his kindly treatment of Russia, Napoleon forced upon Prussia, at the Peace of Tilsit, the most humiliating terms he could think of.

First—Prussia was to give up all her territory west of the Elbe.

Second—She was to surrender nearly all the territory she had seized in the various "partitions" of Poland.

Fourth—She was to submit to the occupying by French troops of such territory as remained to her.

Stricken, helpless, deserted, the conquered nation agreed to all these unbearably grievous terms.

By the Peace of Tilsit Prussia lost about half her possessions, and became practically the vassal of France.

Wit, Wisdom and Philosophy By Famous Authors

ON CATS AND DOGS—By Jerome K. Jerome.

LIKE cats and dogs very much indeed. What jolly chaps they are! They are much superior to human beings as companions.

They never quarrel or argue with you; they never talk about themselves, but listen to you while you talk about yourself.

They never say unkind things. They never tell us our faults.

They are always glad to see us; they are with us in all our humors.

They are merry when we are glad, sober when we feel solemn and sad when we are sorrowful.

When we are angry they are with us, and when we are sad they are with us.

They are very imprudent, a dog is, he never makes it his business to inquire whether you are in the right or in the wrong; never bothers as to whether you are right or wrong.

The Jarr Family By Roy L. McCardell

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WHEN Mr. Jack Silver did succeed in releasing his arm from behind the hysterical Miss Gladys Cackleberry, it would seem, for her broken, incoherent and disjointed remarks were to the effect that she would have never believed such things of him—not even if angels had told her.

"I have nobody to protect me but a stepfather, and he is in Philadelphia!" moaned Miss Cackleberry. "Oh, if my darling sweet sister Irene were only here, but she, too, is in Philadelphia!"

"I wish everybody were in—" grumbled Mr. Silver pathetically. But he did not say exactly where he wished everybody to be.

"Come, get in the car!" coaxed Mr. Silver. "Let us go home." He climbed out of the roadster and came around to plead with the obdurate Miss Cackleberry.

"What will Mrs. Jarr say to my being so late?" sobbed Miss Cackleberry, as Mr. Silver drew near her.

"Silver noticed his front tire was flat, and his heart sank as flat as the tire. Jack Silver would just as lief be shot in the trenches as to have to replace a punctured tire.

"Then I'll forgive you! Since I see you are so sorry!" exclaimed Miss Cackleberry. "But don't try to kiss me right in the headlights!"

Mr. Silver groaned, he realized all was lost. And by the time he had replaced the tire, aided by the fair, and it must be confessed, very strong hands of Gladys Cackleberry, they were engaged!

Mr. Jarr's Very Best Friend Is in Peril Of Losing His Beloved Bachelorhood

By Alma Woodward.

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IN A Friend's Automobile. FIRST—When you're invited to make one of a party that is going to take a long spin next Sunday, accept reluctantly, suggesting that you have many fascinating invitations for that day, but that if it will help your friend entertain the party he has to take out you will do that little thing for him gladly.

2. When one of the gushy ladies remarks, "Isn't it a LOVE of a car!" draw loudly enough for the owner to hear: "Oh, I dare say it's a satisfactory machine to people who aren't particular about the car they drive. They say it's as good as any AT THE PRICE."

3. As the host, who does his own driving, turns into a road that is profusely marked as leading to the party's objective point, raise your voice in protest: "You're not on earth do you take this bum road, Ed? If only you'd turn to the left you'd find it much prettier and easier going. When will motorists learn to be a flock of geese and waddle whichever way the sign points? Be original. Strike a new trail. Do something the fellow in front of you hasn't done."

4. Interfere further with the driving, this way: "Say, why do you go up a hill like this on third? Isn't your engine misfiring enough to suit you? You don't have to show us what your car will do—we're not going to buy it. And the way you jam on the brakes is enough to tear a fellow's gizzard loose. Have a heart, observe lightly: 'I don't care about a drink, Ed. I'll just sit out here in the car and smoke a cigarette, so you won't have to tip any of these guys for keeping their eyes on it, for you.' Then when he comes out, after having scurged up four-seventy for drinks, say, in a stage aside: 'The old man, I hope you didn't think I reneged on account of the price. I'm perfectly willing to split the check with you.'"

5. When you're deposited at your door, get out of the car as though you're crippled for life and, in stating your sincere appreciation of the treat, remark that you think a hot bath, an alcohol rub, perfect rest for a week and the aid of a skilful physician may help you to recover from the effects. Wind up with: "So good of you, old top, to have asked me to be one of the jolly party! Only next time I'd take an anchor along." This sounds complex, and in worrying about just what you meant, he may run over a couple of people on the way back to the garage!

The Dower of Beauty By Marie Montaigne

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RECENTLY I told women how to develop the lower arm, which is rarely well formed or plump and round as it should be. Next to the muscular development (indeed, coincident with it) is the process of the skin of the arm and rounding the wrist prettily.

Begin by scrubbing the arm with a flesh-brush, using pure soap and, if possible, rain water. Almond meal or cornmeal and oatmeal all serve to cleanse and whiten, as well as soften the skin.

Massage the arm gently, using an upward stroke, to give it a soft appearance which will also have the effect of a rose. If the elbow is not well developed, pinch and slap those parts, with a good supply of cream, olive oil or skin food in the fingers.

Warm emollients are absorbed more readily than cold ones and act more effectively. Mutton tallow makes an excellent emollient when melted with a little crushed camphor and a five cent cake of white wax, and strained through a bit of cloth. This may be worked into the wrists and elbows, where the skin needs special treatment to round them.

Double the arm and, with the thumb held firmly in the elbow to serve as a pivot, plaster the emollient on with rapid circular movements of the fingers over the elbow. Keep this up until the elbow shows a smooth surface. A daily treatment of this sort will make beautiful round elbows.



Editorials by Women

"ALL MY WORLDLY GOODS." By Marguerite Mooers Marshall.

A WOMAN playwright's proposal that wives be put on a salary emphasizes the fact that under the New York law a woman is not entitled to one penny in actual money from her husband during his lifetime.

He is legally obliged to provide food, clothes, lodging and medical attendance for her, but he need not give her so much as a nickel in cash.

However, the proceeds of any work which she performs under his roof are his if he chooses to lay claim to them. If she takes in washing he may collect and pocket the pay for it.

A Judge of the Supreme Court has ruled that a joint bank account representing the earnings of the husband and the savings of the wife is nevertheless the sole property of the husband.

These things are unjust, and their injustice is not affected by the fact that in practice the husband hereabouts often gives his wife all the money he can afford—sometimes more.

A number of thoughtful women have urged the passage in New York of a community property act, making all real or personal property acquired by either husband or wife after the wedding day the joint property of both.

Meanwhile, in present circumstances, it might be as well to leave out of the marriage service that little joker, "With ALL my worldly goods I thee endow!"