The Evening World.

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BECKER.

IN UPHOLDING the second conviction of Becker, the Court of Appeals implicitly reaffirms the sentence of death.

Public opinion justifies the severity of that sentence. This man was a Police Lieutenant of Police. He was under oath to protect the community against vice. He conspired. He instigated murder. He did worse. He outraged and ridiculed authority upon the integrity of which citizens depend for the safeguarding of themselves and their property.

Like every accused man, he was entitled to every chance the law allows to prove his innocence. Twice convicted of murder of the gambler and side-partner whose tongue he feared, his last appeal to the courts has failed. He has no further claim to mercy.

Becker stands for the rottenness that once threatened to ruin police efficiency in this city. He stands for the brutal manners, the low cunning, the connivance, the back-door graft, the fake raids, the shameful travesty of protection that made police methods stink in the nostrils of New Yorkers.

Rascality is sometimes mitigated. But not when a public servant swaggers by daylight in the uniform of a policeman, and in the dark strikes hands and divvies spoils with thugs and dive-keepers.

To the public mind Becker personifies police corruption at its worst. The community is thankful that it has been purged of him and the System of which he was a part.

THE WHITE WAY.

A GIRL of eighteen to whom revellers and riff-raff of the restaurants mean more than her own mother is a disagreeable spectacle. We are glad to see her brought to her senses.

But the tawdry circle to which she clung does not signify as much in the general life of the city as we are sometimes asked to believe. The much-talked-of night-life section happens to be better illuminated and more conspicuously located than surrounding portions of the city. But among 5,000,000 for the most part hard-working, soberly-living people, for how much does it really count?

Visitors from out of town contribute heavily to its support. Many of those who fill its cafes at any given moment are there for the first time—and maybe the last. For every New Yorker who frequents its favorite haunts ten thousand others never see it at all. Where one succumbs to its cheap allurements a hundred see its emptiness and pass on to things worth while. Why overrate it?

DEFECTIVE AUTOS TO BE SEIZED.

OWNERS and drivers of automobiles in this city should note a new police order issued by Commissioner Woods:

Hereafter, in case of accidents caused by motor vehicles,

If it is apparent that the accident was caused by some defect in the mechanism of the vehicle, the officer who makes the arrest may detain such vehicle and cause an examination to be made by a competent member of the force designated for that purpose.

Only thorough investigation forced by public opinion finally brought out the fact that the machine which killed Sculptor Karl Bitter in front of the Metropolitan Opera House was equipped with a deficient brake. The new order looks like a result of that discovery.

Strict observance of traffic rules is not the only safeguard against automobile accidents. Every motor vehicle in the city should keep its steering gear and brakes as dependable as care and precaution can make them.

To send into the streets of New York a motor car the brake of which is known to be faulty is criminally to endanger life. Those responsible for such neglect should be called to account.

The Syracuse motorman who held up the Roosevelt-Barnes jury for forty-two hours trying to split the costs fifty-fifty should have been upheld. He, at least, was striving to mete out "substantial justice."

Hits From Sharp Wits

Many of the good things to be said about men are held for release until they die.

* * *

If you want to take all the poetry out of the soul of a lazy man mention fishing as an industry.—Toledo Blade.

* * *

In the race of life no one knows the distance nor where the hurdles or turns are.—Emmet News.

* * *

Just let a man sit down to read and the women in the house can find a hundred things to do with the broom and the dusting brush right around the place that he occupies.—Macon News.

* * *

How many matches do you use up on one cigarette?

* * *

Is there any way to stand so a corn won't hurt so bad?—Macon Telegraph.

* * *

And the man who wants to tell the President just wherein he is making a mistake is allowed $1 a week by his wife for personal expenses and carries it in a little purse.—Boston Journal.

Letters From the People

City's Expenditures.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I read your recent editorial entitled "Must We Go Backward?" I would like to call your attention to the fact that the Board of Education has increased its expenditures from $35,126,040.36 in 1906 to $60,018,904.23 in 1914, notwithstanding the fact that the tremendous extension of the parochial school system of the Catholic Church has decreased the number of children applying for elementary education. I believe you believe that there should be no limit to the expenditures of the city for education the title of your editorial is wrong. Any prudent business man with executive ability could take the Board of Education and not only carry out a proper educational policy with the present appropriation, but could save many millions of dollars without injury to the children of the city. In view of the fact that the teachers work five days in the week from 9 to 3 and have all holidays, with extras at Christmas and Easter and nearly three months in the summer, you can scarcely call them overworked.

GEORGE S. STEOK.
President Society for Prevention of Municipal Waste and Protection of Property Owners.

A German-Born American.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I was born in Germany. I am a citizen of this, our glorious country, the United States. I am married to an American born woman. I never tire of telling my children that this is God's own country, the best country to live in. For this, our country, I'd shoulder a gun at the drop of the hat against any country, including Germany. The latter has my sympathy, but my love lies right here.

FRED S.

A Word of Congratulation.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Permit me to congratulate you most heartily upon the splendid campaign you are waging against direct taxation. So far as logic is concerned, you have won the day. I hope politics may not overthrow logic. If that should prove true, I think it will unquestionably write Hughes to many new holding official positions. Whatever the outcome, you certainly deserve to be complimented upon your courage and your conception of your duty to the public.

A. H.

London.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

What is the largest city in the world?

J. O. C.

Such Is Life!

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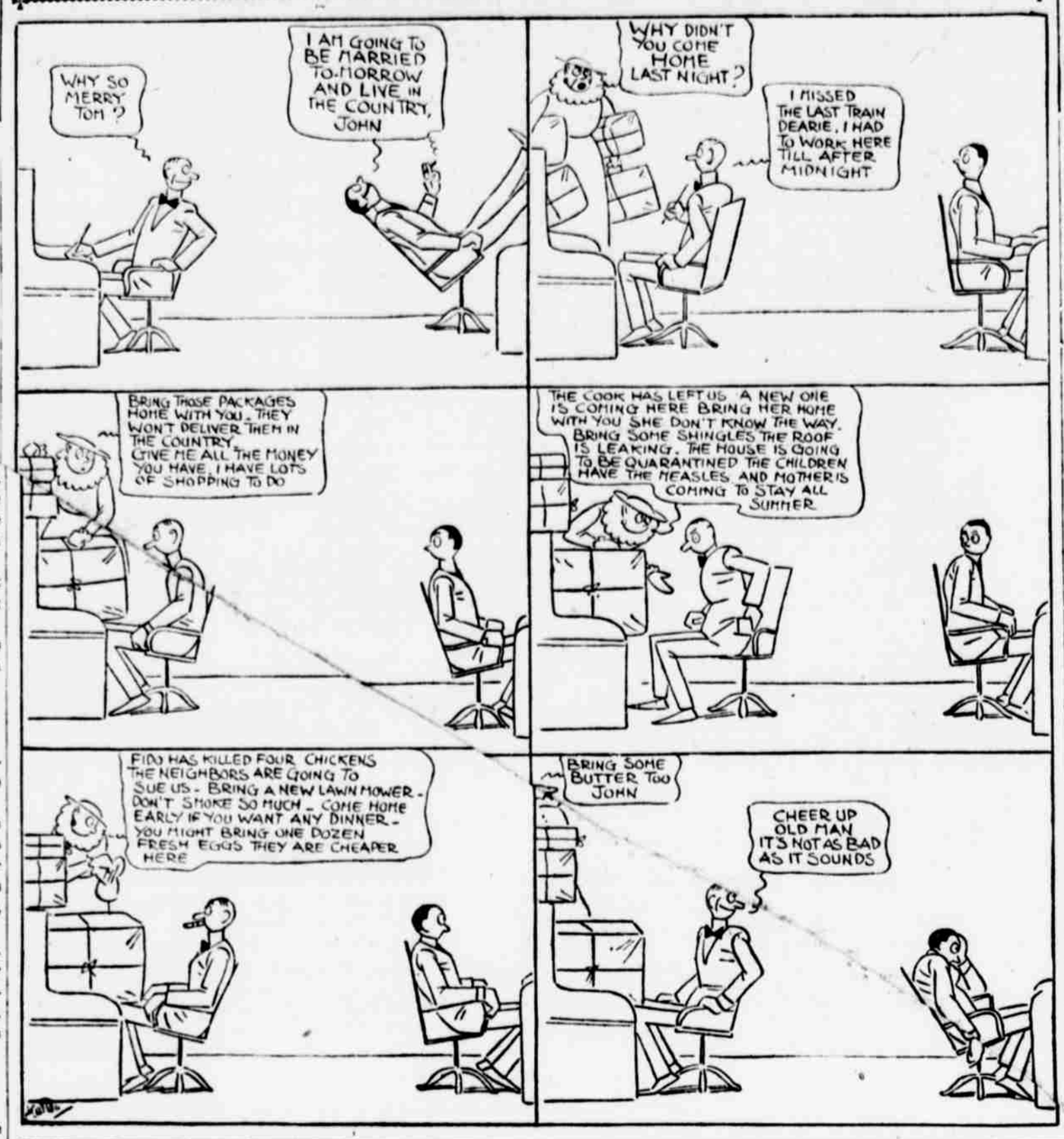
By Maurice Ketten



The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

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"WHAT are you keeping there?" asked Mrs. Jarr suspiciously, as Mr. Jarr, like a good husband and true, handed over his money.

"It's a five-dollar bill," said Mr. Jarr. "Gee, woman! I've got to have transportation up and down town and a little money for my frugal midday meals, haven't I?"

"I believe you are keeping something from me," said Mrs. Jarr. "It's more than $5. It looks like $10. I'm sure I can't be expected to save when you spend so much money."

"You know how much I get, don't you?" asked Mr. Jarr. "Well, I gave you all but $5, didn't I?"

"Maybe you've made some extra money or had your salary raised," suggested Mrs. Jarr; "you are acting very queerly about it, anyhow!"

"Suppose I did, and had a little extra money, what of it?" asked Mr. Jarr. "I see other men who don't make as much money as I do and they men always flash a roll."

"Yes, and that's all the most of them do," said Mrs. Jarr. "The kind of people who are always showing their money are the kind of people who seldom use it any other way. Mrs. Stryver always carries a big roll of money with her, but I notice that she never has the change for carfare or to pay the soda water checks when we are together. If you were a man that only showed your money I wouldn't care, but you are one of the selfish that must spend it. I know you are just a softy for that man Mangle and others like him when you are out, and you're the one to pay."

"I pay my shot," said Mr. Jarr, "but I don't shoot often since I've been married."

Then, to satisfy her, Mr. Jarr produced the disputed bill. It was a five-dollar note.

Now, with married ladies there is one constant plea when the family money has been divided and the husband has his money, and that is to see how much of his spending money can be cajoled from the man one way or another.

"I wish you'd leave a little change with me before you go downtown," said Mrs. Jarr, regarding the money in her hand.

"I haven't a cent but this $5," said Mr. Jarr.

"Well, you can get it changed," said Mrs. Jarr. "Willie can go out with you and bring back some change, and you can give him ten cents to buy a ball. I promised him a ball if he was good."

"I want some paper dolls! I want some paper dolls!" began the little girl, who was listening eagerly to the conversation as all girl children do when their parents discuss domestic finances.

"Yes, and give Emma ten cents too," said Mrs. Jarr, as she's your favorite."

"What do you want to take my money for?" asked Mr. Jarr. "Can't you send Willie out with a bill and change it?"

"And have him lose it all on his way back?" asked Mrs. Jarr in turn. "He's as careless with money as you are. No; you give them the change and if you see any fresh salad at the grocer's, buy some and send it in."

"Oh, all right," said Mr. Jarr.

"And I have a woman in by the day helping with the washing and ironing, because the children soil their clothes so it is too much to expect one girl to launder," added Mrs. Jarr. "So, while you are getting change, let Willie have a dollar and a half so I'll have the money to pay the woman when she's through."

"He might lose it."

A cold, hard light came into Mrs. Jarr's eye. "He better not!" she said with tense emphasis.

The little boy winced and said quickly: "Oh, no, I won't lose it. I'll hold it tight and run right back and then I can go out again and buy my ball."

"Such an unselfish little boy," said Mrs. Jarr, kissing him; "never thinks of himself first!"

So, followed by the youthful warders, Mr. Jarr went forth and changed his lone $5 bill, paying 60 cents for sundries, giving the children 10 cents apiece and sending back a dollar and a half to their mother for the woman in by the day.

The next day a dollar forty-cent package C. O. D. came while Mr. Jarr was present, and he had to produce.

Friday he asked for a quarter to get downtown.

"You had $10 this week!" said Mrs. Jarr severely. "No, five? Well, it's all the same; $5 is a lot of money with nothing to come out of it! Oh, don't talk to me about what you gave me! You didn't give me anything! Well, I don't remember it! If I did ask you for anything you should be glad of it! Please don't say another word; I've got a headache! Here's 10 cents; that's enough, the way you waste your money!"

Yes, Mr. Jarr Had Five Whole Dollars; But He Saved It Till It Was All Gone

Reflections of A Bachelor Girl

By Helen Rowland

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SUCCESS in a flirtation, as in gambling, consists in getting out of the game before your luck begins to turn.

There are just three varieties of men whom every woman detests: the man who tries to kiss her with his hat on, the man who tries to kiss her at the first opportunity and the man who doesn't try at all.

Introducing your "pet man" to a pretty girl is like handing the baby the scissors to play with.

Oh, yes, there IS such a thing as "honor among flirts;" of course, one doesn't carry one's heart to a summer resort, but we ought at least to carry our code and our principles along.

To blame a man for ceasing to love you is as foolish as to blame him for having red hair; it's for pretending to love you after he has ceased to that he should be held guilty.

At the awakening from love's young dream the woman's first thought is "How can I break his heart?" The man's, "How can I break away?"

A woman's argument affects a man as water does a cat; he merely waits for it to "dry up," and then goes cheerfully on in his own sweet way.

When a woman wants to renew her youth she tries a new hair tonic and a new brand of face powder; a man simply goes in for a new flirtation and gets twice the effect.

The difference between a sweetheart's kiss and a husband's kiss is merely the difference between an inclination and an obligation.

A man may be noble enough to love his enemy—but not if he happens to be married to her.

Me and Bill.

THE German Emperor and I
Within the self-same year were born,
Beneath the self-same sky,
Upon the self-same morn;
A Kaiser he, of high estate,
And I the usual chance of fate.
His father was a Prince; and mine—
Why, just a farmer—that is all.
Stars are stars, although some shine,
And some roll hid in midnight's pall;
But argue, cavil all you can,
My sire was just as good a man.

The German Emperor and I
Eat, drink and sleep the self-same way,
For bread is bread, and pie is pie,
And Kings can eat but thrice a day,
And sleep will only come to those
Whose mouths and stomachs are not foes.

I rise at six and go to work,
And he at five and does the same.
We both have cares we cannot shirk;
Mine are for bread alone, his for fame.
He may live (see), I cannot tell;
I'm sure I wish the Kaiser well.
I have a wife and so has he;
And yet, if pictures do not err,
As far as human sight can see,
Mine is by long odds fairer as fair,
Nay, would I trade these eyes dark brown?
Not for an Empress and her crown.

And so the Emperor and I
On this one point would never agree;
Moreover, we will never try.
His frau suits him and mine suits me.
And though his son one day may rule,
Mine stands AI in the public school.

So let the Kaiser have his way,
Bid Kings and nations tumble down;
I have my freedom and my say,
And four go rulers and his crown;
For I, unknown to fame or war,
Love where each man is Emperor.

—Clinton Scollard, 1914.

Editorials by Women

WAR AND WOMEN.

By Marguerite Mooers Marshall.

"IT WAS a great success," say the returning delegates from the Women's Peace Congress. "It proves that if women shared in the government of nations there would be no more war."

That women will clasp hands around the world and end war is a pretty theory, but the facts of the last ten months do not bear it out. There is obviously no sharp sex division on the question of the appeal to arms.

The acts of thousands of women in England, France and Germany speak louder than the words of the few hundred delegates who met in Holland. Wives, sweethearts and mothers have not attempted to hold back from the trenches their men, but have bidden them godspeed. As usual, women have tried to mitigate the suffering caused by war, but they have not organized even a passive pacifist movement of any size or importance in any one of the countries at strife.

Many women—and men—are convinced that war is illogical, barbaric, horrible. Some few women—and men—believe life is so dear, peace so sweet, that these good things must never be put in jeopardy. But most intelligent women—and men—still accept the counsel of old Polonius:

"Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel, but, being in,
Bear 't that the opposed may beware of thee."

Human beings may end war some day; women are not yet ready to do it.

The Stories Of Stories

Plots of Immortal Fiction Masterpieces

By Albert Payson Terhune

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NO. 5.—THE POSTMISTRESS OF LAUREL RUN; by Bret Harte.

JOHN BAKER was foreman of the Last Chance Mine, near the boom camp of Laurel Run, in California. This was a half century or more ago. Betsy, his wife, was pretty, flighty and given to flirting. One day there was a cave-in at the mine. Baker rushed to the rescue of his men. At the pit's edge he hesitated. But Betsy at his elbow, white faced and calm, said:

"Go, John. I will wait for you here."

He went. The men were saved. But John Baker was killed—buried under a half mile of dirt and rubble.

After that the Laurel Camp miners adopted Betsy as a sacred trust. The men who had flirted with her treated her now as reverently as though she were a saint. The camp combined to obtain a post office for Laurel Run and had Betsy appointed postmistress. To increase her salary the inhabitants used to buy ludicrous numbers of stamps

Betsy went calmly about her new duties. When there were departmental orders she could not understand she used to send them over to Stanton Green, postmaster at Hickory Ridge, an old and dear friend of John's. Green would translate the complicated orders for her and tell her how to answer them.

A "Decoy Package."

One day she received an official query about sums of money that had miscarried through the mails. She did not know how to reply. So she sent it across to Green. He did not send it back or tell her what to do about it.

A few days later, Harry Home, a post office inspector, dropped off the stage at Laurel Run and called on Betsy. He wanted to know why she had not answered the query about the missing money. She told him she had not known the correct form of reply and that she had accordingly sent it to Green at Hickory Ridge. Home was furious:

"You have given information to a man whom the Government suspects of peculation!" he exclaimed.

He went on to tell her that a "decoy package" of money had just been sent through the mails from the office the other side of Hickory Ridge and was due to reach Laurel Run that night. If the money or any part of it should be missing when it arrived at Laurel Run, the authorities would know Green had stolen it. Home was going to be on hand to open the mail bag.

As soon as the inspector's back was turned Betsy stuffed a bag of gold pieces into her pocket, mounted her horse, Blue Lightning, and galloped through the forests at top speed to Hickory Ridge. She drew rein at Green's post office just after the mail coach had halted there. She ran into the office and confronted Green, who was still fumbling with the mail bag before sending it on to Laurel Run.

In the man's weak face as he told the story of the decoy package she read his guilt. She demanded to see the package of money. Green had already taken $100 from it and had turned it over to a pressing creditor. From the money in her pocket, Betsy replaced the missing $100. Green thanked her tearfully, and then in his confusion and gratitude he blurted out an avowal of love. She rejected him in disgust. Stung by her refusal he asked why she had bothered to save him if she did not love him.

"I came here for John Baker's sake," she flashed, "as John Baker's living wife to carry on dead John Baker's work!"

Then she sprang to the saddle and at the same breakneck pace rode back to Laurel Run. Hiding her horse she strolled unconcernedly into her own post office just as the stage stopped at the door with the mailbag from Hickory Ridge.

Marked Coins.

The inspector himself opened the bag, snatched out the decoy package and counted the money. It was all there. Betsy had the best reasons for knowing that, and she watched him unconcernedly. At last he glanced up at her and said grimly:

"He's safe this time. Did he get quite away, Mrs. Baker?"

"I don't know what you're talking about," she stammered.

Home picked up the decoy package as he answered:

"THE COINS WERE MARKED. But Mrs. Baker," he added reassuringly, "YOU'RE all right, whatever happens. The Government stands by you!"

Warologues

By Alma Woodward

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Rose—A bowling score table.

It is one of those times in the War when ladies, gentle and gentlemen, have taken up the game. Rosen is half proud, half ashamed, but she has been practical about it, for she knows German English, English American and a few English.

MISS A (laughing)—The thing that makes me suspicious is the fact that all you Germans in this house seem to have so much money.

Mr Von B (indignantly)—Fraulein, You do not realize the gravity of that remark.

Miss A (refusing to be squelched)—Why, I don't see anything terrible in that. What if you are? Isn't it terribly mysterious, just like a war novel? I'm going to search your room some time when you're out and see if I can't discover a roll of drawings.

Mrs C (being the proprietress, is naturally nervous—don't let's talk about those things, even in a joke. Everybody's very touchy just now. Mrs D won't you continue what you were telling us last evening about your travels? It was SO interesting.

Mrs D (willingly)—I believe I was telling you about Florence. We met some Americans there who hadn't ever had many advantages—self-made and all that, you know—so of course they had no idea of the Italian language, and they ordered a flask of chianti for the two of them, and they were so proud they wouldn't let the waiter think they'd made a mistake, so they drank all of it. Well, if you could have seen them!

Mrs F (quiting in)—I'll bet it wasn't anything to what we experienced in Russia. You know Mr. F and I have been all through Russia. You see, we like to go to places that are out of the beaten track of the tourist. Well, in Moscow one night (and, by the way, do you know that Moscow is accounted the gayest city in the world now?) a Russian oil multimillionaire initiated us with vodka. That is a treacherous beverage if there ever was one!

Mrs G (not to be outdone)—Oh, you don't have to attack those weird drinks to get the same result. I can remember one night in a queer little place on the Strand in London where the good old brandy and soda did quite a little damage to a couple of near sports in our party from far-off Paterson, N. J.

Mr Von B (quietly)—That is true. The national drinks of all our honored enemies are strangely perfidious. In Germany our drink is beer, as you all know. Nutritious, low in alcohol, invigorating, slightly stimulating.

Dr Q—Yes. The average American woman and child do not drink cocktails. But every American woman and child and many American men guess something a lot deadlier—the cocktail code. Statistically discovered