

The Evening World

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Such Is Life!

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By Maurice Ketten

Editorials by Women

THE FAR-SEEING BLIND.

By Sophie Irene Loeb.

THIS week the Blind Association of the East Side reopened its roof garden which was presented to them by Joseph Marcus.

One man who never left his home for twenty years became a daily visitor on the roof garden, where he reads with his hands, hears music and takes part in all the exercises and pastimes of the blind.

Their only paid official is their stenographer, the daughter of a blind man. They have a surplus in the treasury. The President's appeal before the large audience was stirring:

"We ask for no charity. We want to educate you to our place in the world's work. We wish to break down the reluctance to walk, by a blind man, in the street, for fear of the unseeing gaze of the passerby."

"We do not want to be any burden on the community, if the community will but give us the opportunity to help ourselves."

These blind are far-seeing. The community should not be found wanting.

The Stories Of Stories

Plots of Immortal Fiction Masterpieces

By Albert Payson Terhune

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No. 12—THE PURLOINED LETTER, by Edgar Allan Poe.

IT was the first half of the nineteenth century and while France was still a kingdom. A secret lover wrote a burning letter to the Queen.

The Queen had no time to hide the incriminating letter. So she put it behind her on a table. Presently one of the King's chief Ministers entered, and while he was talking to the King and Queen caught a glimpse of the letter on the table.

From that moment he forced the Queen to sway the nation's politics to suit his own whim and his own pocketbook. She dared not refuse, lest he show the letter to the King.

The police did their best. Policemen disguised as footpads held up the Minister on a dark street and searched him to the skin. The letter was not on him.

In despair the Chief of Police told the whole story to Dupin, a young man-about-town, who loved to dabble in detective work and who had lately won no little fame by solving the mystery of the murders in the Rue Morgue.

A month later the Chief happened to drop in at Dupin's room and mentioned that the Queen had now offered a reward of \$10,000 for the recovery of the purloined letter.

"Fill me up a check for the amount mentioned. When you have signed it I will hand you the letter."

Wondering, incredulous, a man the Minister was, the amateur detective thought it strange that an unimportant note should be left in such a place.

He went home and prepared from memory a fac-simile of the torn and dirty letter. Next day he went back to the Minister's on another pretext.

During the chat that followed a musket shot sounded in the street outside. A confederate detective had fired it. The Minister ran to the window to see who was in the matter.

The Queen's honor was saved, the Minister's blackmail schemes were wrecked, Dupin was richer by \$10,000, and—the Chief of Police took the credit for the letter's recovery.

Pop's Mutual Motor

By Alma Woodward

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M had always a feeling that John Jinks, one of Pop's oldest friends, wasn't that desirable quantity, a "model man."

That is why she found a melancholy satisfaction in the situation when he walked in on Saturday afternoon and said:

"Well, Mitt, I've got a dandy little party mapped out for to-morrow. I intend sitting in the tonneau with Pop's Mutual Motor."

Pop's Mutual Motor never reached the surface. It was a joy, of course, to have a chicken as seat mate. But he knew that the latest improvement in X-rays had nothing on Ma's gimlet lamps, so his joy was tempered—blame tempered!

Billie proved to be all the kinds of a doll that her sponsor had claimed. She wore a brilliant green silk sweater coat, a rakish tam of the same material, a white corduroy skirt that disclosed much of her white legs and the latest in sport shoes. She also wore Mary Pickford curls. In fact, she was the essence of chickenhood!

Pop took one look and remembered that he had seen her in a picture. "That's a good one," he said, "that's a good one!"

"Pop! Pop! Pop!" she called, "Pop! Pop! Pop!"

THE NEW NOTE TO GERMANY.

THE President withholds until the end the question which in the nation's mind stands first. Only after 1,800 words comes the looked-for demand for

assurances that this (the safeguarding of American lives and American ships) will be done.

The note is far this side of an ultimatum. It is only another effort—even a patient effort to lift the German Government to a higher plane of discussion, to persuade it to admit that "the sinking of passenger ships involves principles of humanity which throw into the background any special circumstances of detail."

The message bears signs of much deliberation, perhaps collaboration. Why Mr. Bryan should have felt unable to sign it passes understanding. The paragraph inviting Germany to produce evidence as to the character and cargo of the Lusitania, even at the risk of opening the way to further controversy over facts which impugn the honor and good faith of this nation, might have been penned by the co-Secretary of State himself.

Only after patient, painstaking affirmation and re-affirmation of rules of international law upon which this nation bases its contentions, does the message move to its main declaration:

The Government of the United States cannot admit that the proclamation of a war zone from which neutral ships have been warned to keep away may be made to operate as in any degree an abbreviation of the rights either of American shipmasters or of American citizens bound on lawful errands as passengers on merchant ships of belligerent nationality.

Is the open sea to be free? Does Germany recognize the right of Americans to travel thereon? Will she give assurances to that effect?

To this country that is still the question of questions. It is the one question which, it is to be hoped, the President's latest note will leave echoing in the Wilhelmstrasse.

WHERE'S THE WEAK SPOT?

PRISONER under life sentence for instigating murder escaped from Sing Sing just after one of Warden Osborne's movie and vaudeville shows. The man was allowed to work as a stage carpenter with the tools of the trade. He used them on the window bars.

According to Mr. Osborne's view, everything that could be done for this man was done. Pleasant surroundings, entertainment, uplift, trust, even the means of escape. Only the latter appeared worth while to the prisoner.

The community must again protect itself from an enemy at large who once hired a man to kill another, furnished a revolver for the purpose and, when caught and convicted, swore to get even some day with those who testified against him.

Somebody's system shows a weak spot in this case. The criminal's is consistent enough. Is the Warden's?

TAKING THE CENSUS.

DIRECTORY compilers express their scorn for the hit or miss methods by which New York takes its State Census. The June issue of the Directory Journal, official organ of the Association of American Directory Publishers, charges that the 1,150 census takers in Manhattan and the Bronx have been practically left to work out the job for themselves.

"The idea of turning 1,150 men loose for ten days to see what they will do," declares the Directory Journal, "is like learning to run an automobile by turning on ninety horse-power to see what it will do."

Needless to say the New York census will be neither complete nor reliable. The appropriation of \$425,000 which has already been made by the State Legislature for taking the census and another \$300,000 which it is estimated will be required will be wanton waste.

The R. L. Polk Company, which got out the admirable New York City Directory this year round under expert supervision could take the State census at a great saving of time and expense.

It seems highly probable. This much we know! In at least one household in this city, where no member of the family happened to be in when the official census taker called last week, the latter was content to get all his information from a maid servant. Her amused guesses as to the age, parentage, etc., of her employers went down in his book as near enough for the use of the State.

What sort of accuracy can be expected from such methods?

SAVE THE IMMIGRANT SCHOOLS.

THE city's evening schools for immigrants are now threatened by the sort of economy that strives to save municipal money in directions where there will be least outcry from some who spend it.

In a letter of protest to the Board of Education, Borough President Marks says:

In the City of New York more than in any other city in the world, the absorption of immigrants into our population makes it very poor economy to take from these men and women the slightest opportunity to secure instruction in our language, history, institutions and customs. Immigrants will thus quickly assimilate with the rest of the community, and in that way American patriotism, prosperity and peace are forwarded.

Manifestly this is no moment to let the assimilation process fall off. We need Americans, sure-enough Americans, Americans whose Americanism will bear scratching. Don't touch a single immigrant school. The fire under the melting pot needs more fuel—not less.

Hits From Sharp Wits

What is meant by "one man top"? It is a difficult thing for a woman to decide whether she has forgiven her husband once too often or not enough, putting it up.—Pittsburgh Sun.

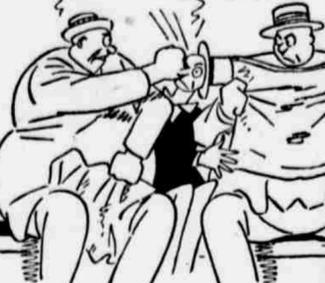
A dietitian is a learned person who understands when she gets an over-draw notice, why it isn't perfectly all right to write the bank a check for the amount.—Columbia Star.

THE PUBLIC IS TOO EASY—WE DON'T INSIST ON OUR RIGHTS. THAT'S WHERE THE TROUBLE IS



YOU ARE DARN RIGHT! I WILL ENFORCE MINE HEREAFTER.

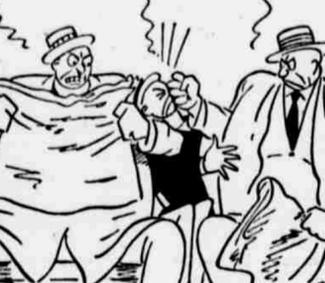
I TOLD YOU NOT TO TOUCH ME



I INSIST ON MY RIGHTS

STOP PUSHING THERE

DON'T PUSH ME!



I INSIST ON MY RIGHTS

HOW DARE YOU TALK TO ME!

WILL YOU BE KIND ENOUGH TO MOVE A LITTLE—THE TRANSIT LAW SAYS I AM ENTITLED TO 17.78 INCHES OF SEATING SPACE



WOULD YOU MIND MOVING OVER A LITTLE—I AM ENTITLED TO 17.78 INCHES OF SEATING SPACE



WHO ARE YOU TALKING TO?

INSIST ON YOUR RIGHTS, SIR—A RECENT COURT DECISION SAYS YOU DON'T HAVE TO PAY FOR THE FOOD IF IT'S BAD



THANK YOU KIND SIR, BUT I'D RATHER PAY AND WAIVE MY RIGHTS

The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

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MRS. JARR brought in her caller in silent sympathy. Mrs. Kittingly had been crying for her nose and eyes were red. She could powder the former and hide the traces of grief in that locality—but the latter was unpowderable, and therefore betrayed the fact that pretty Mrs. Kittingly had some sorrow.

"What is it, my dear? Do tell me," said Mrs. Jarr. "What is the matter?"

"Don't ask! I can't bear to think of it!" said Mrs. Kittingly in a broken voice.

Thereby Mrs. Jarr knew Mrs. Kittingly was to be questioned and was dying to tell the cause of her woe.

"Wait till you are calm," comforted Mrs. Jarr with deep interest. "Wait till you are calm, my dear, and hurry up and tell me what's the matter!"

Mrs. Kittingly opened her handbag, took out a lace handkerchief and dabbed the size of a postal card and dabbed at her eyes. Then she regarded the powdered nose in a small, silver-backed mirror, taken from the handbag, and followed this up by producing a small powder applicator that resembled a shaggy mushroom, powdered her nose again and sighed.

Mrs. Jarr leaned back in pleased expectancy. For sweet to a woman are the sorrows of another.

"My dear Clara, I know you will think I am a big fool, and I know I am too, but I've just cried all night about it!" sobbed Mrs. Kittingly.

"About what?" asked Mrs. Jarr. "My husband, the villain, the wretch!" snapped Mrs. Kittingly, squeezing out another tear.

"Which one?" asked Mrs. Jarr. "The last one? Why, you don't care for him. He's passed out of your life. You've always said you hated him."

"And I do hate him! I despise him!" said Mrs. Kittingly, spitefully. "But would you want to see a man you hated enjoying himself without you any more than you would want to see a man you loved having a good time with some one else?"

Mrs. Jarr demurred at this. She shook her head as if to imply that the bitterness of seeing a man one loved happy without one was a bitterness that far surpassed the other.

"He was at a cabaret last night!" Mrs. Kittingly went on. "Actually flaunting himself at a cabaret where I was. And with a woman—I won't

call her a lady! At a cabaret enjoying himself, spending his money on taxis and suppers. He always was a spender, even when he took ME anywhere. I could have killed him!"

"It was his money," said Mrs. Jarr. "As I understand it, he sends you your alimony—a stated sum every week; and you can do what you like with that and he can do what he likes with the balance of his income."

"How could I enjoy myself when I saw him enjoying himself?" asked Mrs. Kittingly. "Put yourself in my place!"

Mrs. Jarr Learns, to Her Amazement, That It Is a Hard World on Women

"He didn't see me!" cried Mrs. Kittingly. "He had eyes for nothing but the creature he was with. Haven't I always told you he was a wretch?"

"What do you care, then?" asked Mrs. Jarr.

"He has no right to be happy, to be with a woman. He should suffer. I suffer; my whole life has been blighted. How would YOU have liked it?"

Mrs. Jarr had to admit that she wouldn't have liked it, but suggested that it was "just like a man. But," she added, "it made you feel so terrible to see him there with a woman, why did you come home and cry about it? Why didn't you confront him and tell him what you thought of his actions?"

"My dear, how could I do that? I was there with a gentleman and would not have let him know it for anything!" said Mrs. Kittingly, weeping afresh.

"That's true, dear," said Mrs. Jarr, in a comforting tone. "This is a hard world on women!"

So Wags the World

By Clarence L. Cullen

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IF John Keats could have seen a snapshot of a bunch of modern college girls, barefooted (and mostly flatfooted), in their cheesecloth Grecian frocks, we think he'd have modified the raptures of his "Ode to a Grecian Vase."

It may be a little late—but a man in Alaska has written to ask us if Miss Kelly was a Eugenic baby.

It's queer how a girl who looks all right in a bathing suit can look so ghastly when she's snaphotted in it.

There are a lot of entirely liberal, right-minded folks in this country who believe that photographs of dead persons drowned in ocean accidents should not be printed in the newspapers.

However keenly we may be interested in other people's business, we are not so devilishly hip in that direction that we'll read eight newspaper columns of a dead millionaire's will to find out who gets the money.

The unfathomable: Why anybody should laugh at a "funny" rooster at a ball game.

There is no fanaticism to equal that of the man who thinks he's stopped drinking and wants to make all of his friends and acquaintances think they ought to think of doing the same kind of thing.

By the time a nervous man becomes reconciled to the ordeal of having his hair cut he hasn't got any.

The Don't-Belongs: Manicure girls in barber shops.

A lot of so-called drug-habit fiction is now being written by persons who know the difference between a hypodermic syringe and a pneumatic riveter if they saw both tools spread out on a tidy.

Then, again, we wonder if the children in the New York schools couldn't have been taught how to use a toothbrush without having their pictures taken (and published) in the act of scrubbing their molars?

A man in Chicago sees his wife for divorce on the ground that she insists upon reading to him each morning, BEFORE BREAKFAST, her before her marriage. After dinner would be horrible enough, but BEFORE BREAKFAST—Gosh!

When you're walking a lot in the sun on a hot day and your feet hurt, some people in automobiles can look and do look too devilishly, awfully good.

Your Hat Is 511 Years Old!

YOUR hat is 511 years old this month. No, not the hat you are wearing, perhaps a (though if it is behind the style it may look as old as that). But the hat in general—the custom of wearing hats—celebrates its 511th birthday. Here is the main idea concerning that modern sartorial embellishment of the human dome of thought, the hat:

It was in the late spring of 1404, according to old chroniclers, that the people of the French capital were astounded by the appearance on the streets of a number of Parisian dandies wearing an entirely new and strange variety of head-covering. These first modern hats were the product of an inventive Swiss who had settled in Paris. At first Paris scoffed at the innovation, but the hat soon caught the popular masculine fancy, and within a century hats and caps had pretty well supplanted "chaparrons" and hoods in France.

The ladies were at first reluctant to adopt the new style of head-dress, but eventually they succumbed to the allure of the hat, and since then it has been a poor year that did not produce a new type of hat for feminine adornment.

The hat, considered as a roomy-brimmed head covering, is the direct descendant of the "petasos," which was worn by the ancient Greeks. In the northern parts of Europe the original head-covering was a hood made of fur. In Southern Europe, Egypt and Asia the masses of the people went about their business with bare heads until the Phrygians began to wear a small, cone-tipped

cap to distinguish themselves from the conquered peoples of Asia Minor. This style of head-dress was adopted by the first citizens of ancient Rome. Felted head-coverings somewhat similar to the modern hats were worn in France and England as early as the sixteenth century, having been introduced into the latter country at the time of the Norman conquest. Strictly speaking, however, the modern masculine "lid" dates from the Swiss-Parisian hatter of 1404. About half a century later Charles VII. helped to popularize the new style of headwear by making his triumphal entry into Rouen wearing upon his head a hat lined with red velvet and surmounted with a rich plume.

The hat industry in England had its real beginning about four centuries ago, a company of Spaniards establishing the first English hat factory in 1510. Hats became popular in England in the Elizabethan reign, when the Queen's courtiers wore hats with very high crowns. A beaver hat, such as were worn by our ancestors and often lasted a lifetime and were bequeathed by will to heirs, is no longer procurable. Real beaver hats may now be seen only in museums. In old England the style of head covering for different classes was defined by law, and at one time dealers were not allowed to sell a hat for more than 40 cents, nor a cap for more than 20 cents.