The Evening World.

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NEW INSTRUCTIONS?

DESPATCHES so far indicate that the Armenian was not an "unresisting merchantman"; that the commander of the German submarine megaphoned the steamer to surrender—showing his intention to visit and search her; that the Armenian tried hard to escape; and that only then did the submarine open fire on her.

If these facts are established, whatever proves to have been the exact status of the Armenian we may at least deduce something from the behavior of the submarine. There are signs that German submarine commanders have been instructed to act precisely as the United States has contended they should act.

If the circumstances of the attack on the Armenian prove to have been as outlined it will be a good thing for Americans to study them carefully. Since the Armenian was admittedly "engaged in the service of the British Admiralty" her character was no doubt known to the German commander. Yet he meant to visit and search her even though sure she was an enemy ship.

Is not this exactly the line of conduct which this Government has urged for submarines as conforming with the best precedents of international law?

Even the regrettable loss of American lives because of the Armenian's resistance need not blind us to the fact that the German naval authorities seem to be heeding our protests in the most satisfactory of all ways—by changing their practices.

ONE DAY—THREE VICTORIES.

IT WAS yesterday the privilege of The Evening World to see go into effect on the same day three public benefits, for each of which it fought until it won.

(1) Telephone charges were readjusted to a level which will save the people of this city $5,000,000 a year. Toll barriers between boroughs came down, bringing all Greater New York into closer unity.

(2) The law by which the State gives to widowed mothers means to keep their children out of institutions and bring them up at home became operative. For this statute, against strong legislative opposition, The Evening World made a winning campaign.

(3) Penny Lunch Rooms in the public schools—The Evening World's plan—were made certain by the resolution of the Board of Estimate providing a bond issue of $26,500 to equip and maintain penny lunch plans in one hundred public schools in Manhattan, Brooklyn and the Bronx.

Of these three victories the first helps all classes. The two latter make for health and character in children—than which there is no better investment. The benefits of all three are now assured. Neither doubt, litigation nor delay impedes them. Each begins straightway its work for the welfare of city and State.

MORE DEPARTURES FROM SING SING.

IT IS unfortunate for the credit of Warden Osborne's regime at Sing Sing that another "trusty" and member of the Mutual Welfare League should take advantage of his privileges to make a getaway.

It is far more unfortunate that differences of opinion between the State Superintendent of Prisons and Sing Sing's progressive Warden can be instanced as unsettling prisoners' minds and making them uncertain whether to stay in Sing Sing or walk out.

We wonder if the public is past recognizing the preposterousness of the situation.

Are criminals shut up for the protection of the community to be consulted as to the conduct of the prisons? Are convicts to sulk and leave jail because they don't like the way the State Superintendent is treating their particular institution? Are the prisons to play politics?

Warden Osborne's humane theory of prison has much to command it. The quickest way to discredit it is to let administrative disputes become debating material for the jails.

Income tax returns in this city show an increase of $6,000,000 over last year. One million dollars of the gain came from the Manhattan district below Fourteenth Street, where, nevertheless, fewer persons than last year paid the tax.

Since the law allows payment in the district of residence it is reasonable to suppose that many downtown business men paid in their home districts. Yet more than $8,000,000 was collected in lower Manhattan.

What about hard times? What about those lean months when Wall Street gazed forlornly upon a closed Stock Exchange and the brokers were supposed to be hoarding nickels?

Somehow or other the downtown toilers appear to have worried through the year with incomes steadier than they seemed. Judging from income tax receipts one can still pick up a pretty fair living on this island.

Hits From Sharp Wits.

Besides telling a lie that is made out of the whole cloth, the man who says he never had words with his wife "ain't human."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

* * *

What is called overwork is largely failure to make proper use of the time available for rest.—Albany Journal.

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The average woman doesn't care to boss the job so long as she can boss the boss.—Memphis Commercial Appeal.

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A whole lot of grievances are nursed on a bottle.—Columbia State.

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A boy who expects to get up in the world must form the habit of getting up in the morning.—Albany Journal.

* * *

The single man thinks that marriages are made in Heaven and the married man lets him keep right on thinking.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

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In these days of freak gowns you can't tell just by looking at her back how old a young thing of sixty-five is.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

* * *

There may be something in the theory that stomachs are growing smaller. Every man can remember the great, all-absorbing capacity of his boyhood stomach.—Toledo Blade.

Letters From the People

Another B. R. T. Grievance.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I wish to call attention to the crowding obtaining nightly at the B. R.T. terminal in the Municipal Building. The installation of guard rails and the services of several good platform men to form the waiting passengers in line as is done in the Bridge Terminal would, I think, entirely obviate the discomforts. T. H. S.

No.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Does any man's religion legally prevent him holding any public office in the United States? JOSEPH L.

The Declaration of Independence, 1915

By J. H. Cassel

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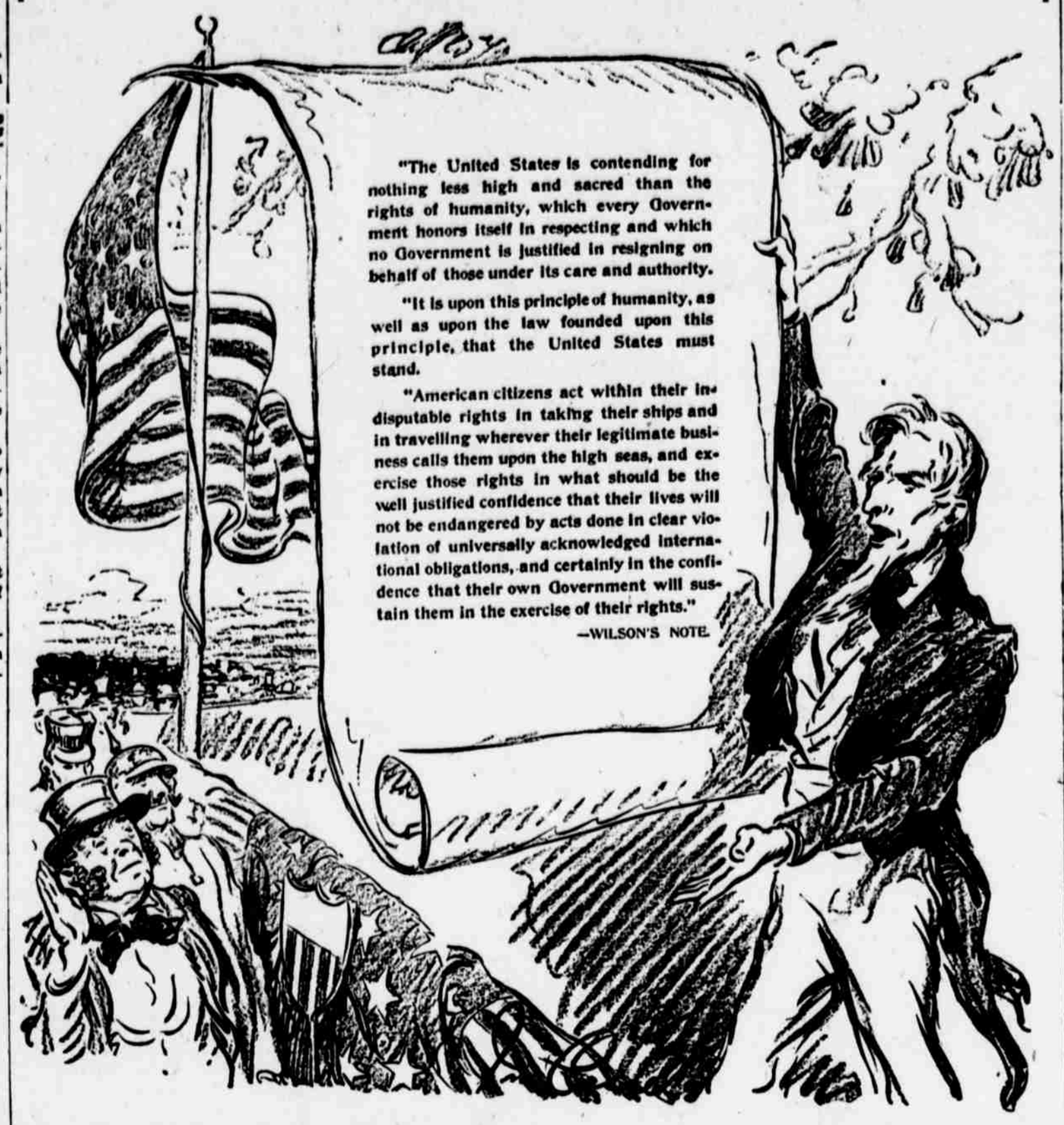

"The United States is contending for nothing less high and sacred than the rights of humanity, which every Government honors itself in respecting and which no Government is justified in resigning on behalf of those under its care and authority.

"It is upon this principle of humanity, as well as upon the law founded upon this principle, that the United States must stand.

"American citizens act within their indisputable rights in taking their ships and in travelling wherever their legitimate business calls them upon the high seas, and exercise those rights in what should be the well justified confidence that their lives will not be endangered by acts done in clear violation of universally acknowledged international obligations, and certainly in the confidence that their own Government will sustain them in the exercise of their rights."

—WILSON'S NOTE.

The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

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"I DON'T know what's gotten into Willie," said Mrs. Jarr, plaintively. "I can't do a thing with him. I think it's that Johnny Rangle he's going with, for that Johnny is an awful boy."

"Oh, prithee, say not so!" exclaimed Mr. Jarr.

"There, now!" cried Mrs. Jarr, "what can I do with the child when his father encourages him to be naughty?" Further discussion was cut short by the entrance of the children and their taking their places at the table.

"Willie, did you wash your hands?" asked the mother.

"Yes, maw," replied the boy, unblushingly. "Say, maw, are we going to have pie?"

"If I had an ocean of pie you shouldn't have any," said his mother severely. "You have NOT washed your hands! Go and wash them this instant!"

The boy sniffed and crept slowly away to wash his hands. A prodigious splashing was heard, as if hippopotami were sporting in a water hole, and Willie finally returned with the palms of his hands of lily whiteness, but the backs and wrists exactly as they had been before. How a boy can wash himself, cleansing only a spot here and there, only a boy knows.

Mrs. Jarr pounced upon him, gave him a resounding smack or two, and led him off to the bathroom.

"I don't want any potatoes!" said the boy as soon as he was again seated at the table.

"You eat your potatoes and eat them before you get a single thing else!" remarked his father.

"I wish you'd let me attend to the children," said Mrs. Jarr. "There are no potatoes; Gertrude forgot to order them, and, anyway, the children will not eat them!"

"I want potatoes!" bawled the boy. "I want potatoes! Fried potatoes!"

"Mamma said there were no potatoes," said Mr. Jarr. "Now, tuck your napkin in and watch out for the table cloth; it's a clean one.

"I want boiled potatoes, then," cried the boy.

"I ate all the boiled potatoes while you were getting washed," said the little girl mockingly.

This was not true; there had been no boiled potatoes, but dear little Willie immediately threw his bread at his sister.

"I do declare!" cried Mr. Jarr. "I never saw such children in my life! Slap his hands!"

"I'll do nothing of the kind!" answered Mrs. Jarr. "Emma teases him all the time. Besides, such conduct should be pleasant to you. You do not want him to be refined; you said so."

"Do I have to eat the crust, maw? It makes me thirsty and I have bad dreams when I eat crusts. Johnny Rangle knowed a boy what choked on a crust and killed himself."

"You eat your crusts; look how your little sister is eating hers," said Mr. Jarr severely. "And you walk a chalk or I'll know what you'll get!"

"Now, you mustn't show so much partiality for Emma," said Mrs. Jarr. "Willie would be a good boy if that little imp wouldn't tease him so. What makes her such a tease?"

"She inherits it," said Mr. Jarr.

"I don't want no pudding! I don't like pudding!" cried the boy.

"You'll get no pudding till you take those crusts of bread out of your pockets!" said Mr. Jarr, severely. "Take them out and eat them!"

The boy commenced to cry, the little girl to laugh, and both were sent from the table.

"There, now! How did you know he had those crusts? That little Emma is always tattling on him!" cried Mrs. Jarr.

"No," replied Mr. Jarr calmly. "I used to hide them that way myself. And, now that the children are gone, don't give me any pudding!"

The Two Jarr Children's Manners Get a Course of Housecleaning

The Dower of Beauty

By Marie Montaigne

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Care of the Arms in Summer.

IN this season, when girls play outdoor games with sleeves rolled up, or in short sleeves, it is well to remember that sunburn, freckles, discomfort and blemishes in the skin of the arms may be prevented by a very little care. It is, of course, wise to wear a sleeve that will protect from hot sunshine and winds, but few do this in warm weather.

PREVENTING FRECKLES AND SUN-BURN.

After coming in from a game of golf or tennis, bathe the arms in warm water, then in cold, and then dab them softly over with diluted vinegar, lemon juice, or some astringent antiseptic. This will prevent discomfort from sunburn, and, usually, also prevent freckles. Upon retiring, bathe the arms with sour milk and let the milk dry upon them. Then, if the skin is dry, anoint them with a good cold cream, skin food, or with pure olive oil in which a few drops of benzoin have been stirred. If the oil is warm, so much the better. Rub this into the arms with a gentle, circular motion from wrist to elbow, and then downward from shoulder to elbow. The same treatment of the neck and chest will prove of advantage.

An oily skin demands a different treatment. For this sort of skin the first part of the treatment is the same, but the skin food should be prepared for an oily skin, and oils should be abjured. Milk is an excellent whitener and softener for the skin of the arms, and this does not mean that the sour milk treatment should be omitted. Sour milk is splendid to relieve sunburn and prevent and remove freckles. When mixed with almond meal, or Indian (corn) meal, it is wonderful for use upon the hands and arms. It whitens, softens and cleanses them at the same time. This preparation can be used in place of soap on the neck, hands and arms, except in cases where soap is necessary.

Another excellent thing for use upon the arms is a mixture of oatmeal, almond meal and sour or sweet milk. The preparation can stand upon the washstand until all has been used up, as an increase in sourness is of advantage rather than otherwise.

So Wags the World

By Clarence L. Cullen

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"A BREWER who died a while back, leaving twenty millions, is going to have a hundred thousand dollar monument over his remains," we heard a wistful-eyed, red-nosed man say recently. "I figure that, through purchases of his brew extending over a period of twenty years I've contributed about five thousand dollars toward that monument. And when I cash in they'll have a helluva time scrambling around to dig up the coin for a $4.85 zinc tombstone to mark my spot."

"I know a doll," we heard a young fellow say, "who patterns her manner, style, conversation, general conduct upon the heroines she likes best in the best sellers she reads. Every time I take her out she's somebody else again. I like the scheme. It saves time fussing around with a whole string of 'em."

As to the "surprise finish" or "snapper" at the end of a short story, there are some readers who resent it as an affront to their conservatism and continuity of thought. But most readers, when they come upon the "snapper," refuse to admit that they have been fooled. "Never teched me!" is their stand. "I knowed it all the time!"

We still confess our complete mystification over the fact (which you can prove for yourself at some stores) that a pair of silk stockings for a woman, with about nine times the material of a man's pair of socks, costs only seventeen cents, whereas the man's silk socks set him back two bits. Show us the justice of this!

"Gosh," we heard a dismal-looking man break out yesterday, "it's taken me eighteen years to snag the kale to build a $600 bungalow down on Staten Island, and now there's going to be war and the shack'll be blown all to blazes and back!"

Irreconcilables: Cerise stockings worn by a girl with bronze shoes and bovine ankles.

This man, returning from the race track, had been pushed and hauled around and jammed and elbow-gouged and walked upon by most of the 20,000 people at the track. He'd sweated over the racing card, losing five bets and winning one. After winning the one he couldn't find the bookmaker with whom he'd made that lonesome copping bet. He was $47 out on the hard afternoon, and was returning to town a rag. "And they call this PLAYING the ponies!" he muttered hoarsely to himself, mopping his wet brow.

The Stories Of Stories

Plots of Immortal Fiction Masterpieces

By Albert Payson Terhune

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NO. 21. THE HOUSE OF MYSTERY.
By Honore de Balzac.

THE ancient gray mansion, known as "la Grande Breteche," stands deserted and ramshackle on the very edge of the good city of Vendome. You shall hear why it is tenantless and why folk cast such scared looks at the crumbling walls and the blind windows as they pass by.

Once, the Comte de Merret and his lovely wife, Josephine, lived at la Grande Breteche. He was handsome, high-spirited, adoringly devoted. She was gentle and spiritual and seemed to radiate an almost unearthly purity of soul. They were happy, the Comte and Comtesse de Merret, in their married life. They were very happy indeed, until a dashing young Spanish nobleman, the Count Feredis, came to Vendome.

The Spaniard was much impressed by the pure charm of Josephine de Merret, whom he met by chance. Then, one day he disappeared. No one knew what became of him. It was supposed that he went for a swim in the Loire and was drowned. But the body was never recovered. Here is the story, gleaned long afterward from Josephine de Merret's evesdropping maid.

The Comte de Merret had gone to his club for the evening, as he did regularly once or twice a week. But this evening he found little to interest him there. So he came home two or three hours earlier than usual. On his way up to his bedroom he stopped at his wife's boudoir to say good night to Josephine.

Suspicion and a Test.

As his step sounded in the hallway just outside the boudoir, he was certain he heard a door hurriedly closed somewhere inside the room. Now, the only door in there was one belonging to a clothes closet set deep in the stonework of the wall. The Comte supposed that his wife's maid had just shut it after putting away one of Josephine's dresses. But the maid was not in the room when he entered. The only person in sight was Josephine, who sat in front of the fireplace.

"There is some one in that closet," said the Comte, looking keenly at his wife.

"No one is in there," she replied as though mildly surprised at so odd an assertion.

Without another word, the Comte strode toward the closet door and laid his hand on the knob.

"If you find nobody there," said his wife, as though cruelly hurt by his suspicions, "remember everything will be at an end between you and me."

"Yes," answered the Comte, his hand falling from the unturned door-knob. "Whether I find anyone there or not—in either case everything would be at end between us. Listen, Josephine, I know you are too holy to commit the mortal sin of perjury—even to save your life. Take this crucifix. Swear upon it, before God, that no one is in that closet. I will believe you; and the door shall not be opened."

"I swear before God there is no one in that closet," she repeated, calmly, her hand on the crucifix.

"Good!" assented the Comte.

He rang the bell and whispered an order to the servant who answered the summons. Then he sat down and waited; chatting with his wife as carelessly as though nothing were on his mind. In half an hour or so, Gorenflot, a nearby stone mason, was ushered in.

"Gorenflot," said the Comte, "you will find bricks and plaster in one of the outhouses. Bring them here and wall up the door of this closet."

It was a strange command, especially at such a time of night. But the Comte backed his word with the promise of so big a price that the mason set to work with a will. The Comte did not once leave the room, but stood overseeing the job.

When the entire closet door was bricked up and the mason had gone away, the Comte mentioned an errand he wished to attend to at once at the far end of town. He went out.

Less than a minute later he stepped quietly back into the boudoir—just in time to see Josephine attacking the new-built wall with a trowel. At sight of her husabnd she fell to the floor in a faint.

A New Form of Torture.

For the next three weeks (before leaving the house forever) the Comte de Merret did not stir from that room. And he forced his wife to stay there, too. Once, during the first few days they heard faint sounds from behind the wall of brick. Josephine fell on her knees and implored her husband to have the wall torn down. But he answered, indifferently:

"Why should I? You have sworn on the crucifix that no one is in there."

How to Keep Baby Well

(Copyright, 1915, Marion T. D. Barton.)

By Marion Barton

To Bathe and Dress Baby.

NOT constant but intelligent care raises babies.

Nature equips tender baby skin with thousands of tiny pores through which wastes pour. Heat clogs these pores with fats and salts and evaporated sweat. So daily, before mid-morning meal, cleanse baby with a warm, soapy tub bath, keeping your fingers out of his mouth (saliva is a natural cleanser), poking "nothing smaller than your elbow" in his ears. Pat him dry before powdering—powder and dampness clog skin pores, parting in heat which should be allowed to escape.

All life came out of the sea; but certain children have an unnatural fear of water. In such a case conceal the tub-top with a towel and sink baby in it gradually. Make his bath attractive by floating a celluloid toy in it. Let him play and splash around before you duck him.

A handful of seasalt dissolved in cool water invigorates as a shower after cleansing baths. Parents who forcibly immerse young children in the surf, exciting them to hysterical fright, commit an offense against sensitive nerves, injurious and wicked.

In torrid, muggy weather you can spare baby discomfort, fever and even convulsions if you will sponge bath him three or four times daily with cool water. Unfailingly sponge him at bedtime all summer—this soothes to sleep.

On hot, muggy nights, instead of paregoric and floor walking with a yelling baby, jiggling, tossing his poor nerve and brain cells into nigh imbecility, how much wiser to soothe these mad nights of infantile orgies by a sponge bath at 2 A. M.

On hot days don't stew baby in a swaddle of frills, bunchy petticoats and tight bands, but always keep his abdomen covered with a light wool garment to prevent sudden chilling. Children feel the heat more than we do.

Too loose garments wad and bunch. Too tight bands constrict muscles expanding with all the might of growth-force. Hang petticoats from the shoulders—pressure on stomach nerves often causes nausea. In summer, if you keep the feet and abdomen of any child under two years warm, the rest of his body will usually take care of itself.

Don't dress a young baby sitting bolt-upright on your lap, thrusting clothes over his head, tickling his nose and scratching his ears. Lay baby down on your lap or on a table, and whenever possible slip one garment inside another, drawing them on over his feet.

Making a Hit

By Alma Woodward

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At a Summer Hotel.

(If some of these hints sound a bit radical don't be timid about carrying them out—for, at the summer hotel, anything goes. The metamorphosis of all creatures is accomplished on this environment at this season. He who in the winter is content to be the staid father of a family, hatches Bacchic-Lotharian tendencies. She, who ordinarily does-up-her-own preserves, poses herself in the blandishments of a Circe and dreams that all the world's other sirens were pikers. Truly the summer hotel is the incubator of inanity.)

FIRST—When you arrive don't have your trunks brought from the station until the hour when most guests are on the piazzas. Discount baggage rates and bring as much luggage as you've got down in the store room, even if you have to fill trunks with sofa cushions and blankets. Luggage goes a long way toward establishing a status with the veranda vampires.

2. Keep to your room for at least the first meal. This will get them guessing as to whether you're one of the "exclusive" kind or a royal refugee travelling incog. There's nothing like fostering suspended interest. And before you make your appearance the old dowagers will have your horoscope forecast and the portraits of all your ancestors painted.

3. When you do pass the reviewing stand, wear something unobtrusive, though neat. The men will say: "She seems a nice little thing." The women, catching the indifferent note, will become magnanimous and murmur, "I think maybe she's a very decent person." Gradually increase the flosciness of your get-up, until the men says 'Gosh! She's some pippin!" and the women: "Well, she MAY be all right, but"— About this time the barometer will register "storms."

4. Have your breakfast in bed every morning. Because to the average male, there is something fascinating about every woman who says she breakfasts in bed—except his own wife.

5. Bathe in a dream of a suit—but really go into the water. This is always disarming to the bunch of knockers. The worst they can say is, "Oh, well, with all the modern contrivances you can fool people even in bathing suits nowadays. I wouldn't doll myself up in the water for the best man that ever lived!"

6. Always appear diaphanous in the evening. Where others wear silk and satins you must stick to gauzy nets and chiffons. Swathe yourself in utterly useless but fascinating wisps of malines. There is nothing more ravishing than moonlight on clouds of tulle.

7. Just when the husbands in the house are ready to fly at each other's throats for your smile, and the wives are mixing the tar and feathers, beat it for pastures new. Just vanish in the night. To the hens you will always be "a dangerous woman." But to the roosters you'll be a star of memory, radiant, captivating, unattainable—therefore, always to be mourned.