

The Evening World

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"Lest We Forget!"

By J. H. Cassel



The Stories Of Stories

Plots of Immortal Fiction Masterpieces By Albert Payson Terhune

NO. 27.—THE LEGEND OF SLEEPY HOLLOW; by Washington Irving.

ICHABOD CRANE was schoolmaster at Sleepy Hollow, the old Dutch settlement that nestled drowsily among the Hudson hills.

Brom Van Brunt, a young farmer of the neighborhood, was the local out-p.

Both Ichabod and Brom were in love with Katrina Van Tassel. Katrina was the only daughter of fat Baltus Van Tassel, the richest farmer for miles around.

She was a little beauty, and she was only eighteen. These two attributes helped to win Brom's heart.

Two Lovers and a Maid. She was a little beauty, and she was only eighteen. These two attributes helped to win Brom's heart.

So, for a time, the courtship lagged on; Ichabod's eloquence and education making him look like an easy winner.

Then, one moonlit autumn night, the whole neighborhood was invited to a quilting frolic at Baltus Van Tassel's great rambling farmhouse.

After the feast and the dancing, the guests fell to telling ghost-stories. The old settlement—(this was just a few years after the Revolution)—was alive with superstitions.

This horseman was supposed to be the ghost of a slain Hessian. He was said to gallop forth from the graveyard at midnight.

At last the party broke up, and the guests scattered. Ichabod Crane started homeward along the lonely moonwashed road.

All at once a rider on a big black horse jogged along at his side. In the moonlight he noticed the man was muffled in a black cloak.

With a terrified howl, Ichabod set spurs to his horse. The Headless Horseman gave chase.

Over his shoulder, just in time to see the Horseman lift his spectral head with both hands and hurl it at him.

In the morning the folk of Sleepy Hollow found Ichabod's borrowed horse quietly grazing. They also found near the bridge a shattered pumpkin.

A Mysterious Disappearance. Ichabod Crane himself was never again seen in the village.

Brom Van Brunt and Katrina were duly married. The bridegroom always went into roars of mysterious laughter when the tale of Ichabod's disappearance was told.

Cupid's Summer Correspondence

By Alma Woodward

The Moneyed Sport.

Dear Psyche—Rosemarie has been very touchy all this week, because last Saturday, when she was out in young Gilbrook's hydroplane, her parasol was blown from her hands.

Even a brunette is a sad sight when she's burned—bad a pale-gold blonde with rose-petal skin is a living tragedy.

So I let things drift until one night when Rosemarie and the Moneyed Sport were strolling on the boardwalk.

"I suppose you know I'm mad about you," he said, suddenly, much as if he were ordering spring lamb with mint sauce.

"I am not gifted with second-sight," she said coldly.

"You're one who knows it then," he laughed. "It's as good as second-sight."

"You'll never want for a thing. Mother and father will live in a mansion. I'll make you a queen of society. You'll swathe you in pearls. Think what I fore you answer. Don't throw a chance like this away, little girl."

He opened a white velvet case. A four-carat diamond in a delicate platinum setting flashed its rays across the moon's face.

Rosemarie stared into his face, her eyes burning hate. Then she said: "Disarm me, Rosemarie, please. Why, even YOU wear them."

He stood on that spot staring after her for fully ten minutes after she'd left. Then he went down to look for the diamond. Yours, CUPID.

P. S.—her next prey is a scream—Poet.

So Wags the World

By Clarence L. Cullen

A GIRL on a porch with nice white shoes and white silk stockings can't help but consider her feet terribly fascinating.

Just about the time a young girl looks her loveliest with her long hanging hair, she begins to tug at her ribbon bow she starts to nag her mother to be allowed to put her hair up.

If growing girls knew how much fun, comfort, protection and valuable companionship they can get out of making themselves a pair of their fathers more of them would play that system.

We've never tried either game, so maybe we're speaking randomly, but in our opinion the girl who rides on the rear side of a motorcycle with her legs has got it all over the boy in the trenches for dare-devilish heroism and endurance.

The trouble with some of us is that we make the inventory of ourselves with a carpenter's pencil and of other folks with a hair fine pen.

The large, good-looking man always will be a stuck-on-hisself stiff to the small, homely man, just as the latter will be to the former a sawed-off shrimp; even if the Theop-

Enigmas of Existence: Purple-legged little girl wearing stockinettes. Scattered eyelashes on a boy's face. Napkin provided at some bars with drink of booze. A woman's craftily restrained indignation upon paying another woman's carfare. Fiddled eggs.

A scientist of our acquaintance fixes the age of woman at eighty-three when she ceases to suddenly limp and to try to look melodramatically unconscious if it when a new and eligible-looking man glances at her.

THE CASE OF THE ORDUNA.

ALL surmise as to Germany's intentions, based upon her alleged change of practice in submarine attack, can be suspended.

Testimony as to the treatment of the Orduna leaves little weight to the argument that, because German torpedoes have not of late sent unarmed and innocent American travellers to the bottom of the sea, Germany is recognizing by her acts rights which she will not yet admit in words.

According to the best evidence obtainable, the Orduna, with seventy-one Americans among her passengers, was attacked without being halted or warned. Only because a torpedo was badly aimed did she escape being sent to the bottom with the same ruthless indifference as to the status or fate of those on board that attended the sinking of the Lusitania.

Obviously then, Germany's apologies for the Nebraskan incident do not indicate her submarine policy as it affects the safety of Americans on enemy merchantmen nor did she mean that they should. The Nebraskan flew the American flag—another matter altogether.

If a German submarine deliberately sought to sink the Orduna without warning it means that Germany is determined to do the same to any British merchantman she can catch, regardless of how many Americans are among the murdered.

It ceases entirely to be a question of what anybody thinks Germany is doing. The sole point at issue is what the German Government is ready to assure the United States that it will do.

We have made too many excuses for the Wilhelmstrasse. We have been too ready to interpret facts in its favor, to believe it better disposed toward us than it is. The case of the Orduna brings us sharply to our senses.

Nothing but chance is saving this country from another shock like the sinking of the Lusitania.

More than ever we must have from Germany a prompt declaration in plain words. Does she or does she not mean to observe the practices of search and seizure of merchant vessels such as have hitherto governed belligerents?

If the reply is no, we have nothing further to discuss with the German Government. We shall be too busy preparing to protect our citizens in their lawful comings and goings on sea.

A QUICK VETO IN ORDER.

THE attempt to get back the use of the public streets for private profit by means of an ordinance which permits sight-seeing autos to stand in front of buildings where the owners' consent is obtained, is rightly opposed by all who understand the measure.

If this ordinance, which was railroaded through the Board of Aldermen, ever becomes law it means the first step in a return to the old conditions under which private companies monopolized hack-and-stand privileges in the city streets. Out of such privileges grew the outrageous system of taxicab graft and extortion which The Evening World fought and finally routed.

The present public hack ordinance, secured by the efforts of this newspaper, was meant to give a fair and equal chance to all vehicles competing for public service under proper license, and to keep monopoly from ever again getting a hold on the public streets.

This ordinance has stood all tests. The more rigidly it has been understood the more successful it has proved.

New York does not wish to be forced into any new struggle to wrest street privileges from the grip of private interests that arrogantly usurp them.

The Mayor should promptly veto the sight-seeing car ordinance. With his veto should go a message to the Aldermen which will discourage further attempts of this sort to move the city backward as regards the free-for-all use of its thoroughfares.

THE HUMAN EQUATION.

THOUGH the murderous attack on Leo Frank at the Georgia State Farm appears to have been the act of a crazed fellow convict, it is only too natural to feel that the lawless passion which from the first clamored for Frank's life has somehow almost succeeded in "getting" him. Justice had a tough time to protect this man. Interfering hands are still reaching for him.

But it is not in Georgia alone that justice suffers from the human touch. When the foreman of the jury that pronounced Thaw guilty constitutes himself press agent for the once adjudged murderer, defends the killing of Stanford White on grounds of "natural law," and airs views of crime which should have kept him out of any jury box, what can justice in this State do but bluish?

We try to uphold the law. If only we could uphold it high enough to keep it out of reach of those who are unfit to touch it!

Hits From Sharp Wits.

A woman glances into a mirror to confirm her impression that she looks all right; a man stares into one in order to bluff himself into thinking he does.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

It's a mighty queer old language. "Punishment, when a fellow is down and out, he's all in."

One reason this country keeps the peace is that nobody else seems to want it.—Columbi, State.

Occasionally you meet a man who is so fond of arguing that you can't help him by agreeing with him.

A man has a haunting memory when he remembers that there was something that he meant to remember and can't remember what it was.—Albany Journal.

Woman wants the last word. Man is satisfied with the last laugh.

Trouble ahead looks bigger than trouble we have passed.—Toledo Blade.

Pick out the hardest way to do a thing and you'll know you are doing it according to etiquette.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Letters From the People

Please for Phone Veto. In the Editor of The Evening World. As a business man and telephone user, I beg to express my gratification over the veto of the ordinance that would have allowed sight-seeing autos to stand in front of buildings where the owners' consent is obtained. I am a subscriber to your magazine and I hope you will continue to publish it for ever.

One time to discontinue for the sake of the telephone user. I agree to the ordinance that would have allowed sight-seeing autos to stand in front of buildings where the owners' consent is obtained. I am a subscriber to your magazine and I hope you will continue to publish it for ever.

The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

"BELIEVE," remarked Mr. Jarr the other evening, "that nine widows out of ten, if they would tell the truth about it, are more pleased than pained at their lot."

"What do you mean?" asked Mrs. Jarr, sharply.

"Just what I said," replied Mr. Jarr. "All the widows I ever met, allowing them a little time to dry their tears, are suspiciously serene and satisfied."

"Poor widows!" asked Mrs. Jarr. "There!" cried Mr. Jarr. "Your very remark proves what I say. I see a lot of widows whose whole air implies, 'Well, he's gone, but, thank goodness, he couldn't take his money with him!'"

"That's the way all you men talk!" said Mrs. Jarr. "You are all so selfish that, while you wouldn't want us to marry again, you regret the fact that you must provide for us to keep us from marrying again. I'll admit that it is some consolation to a widow to know she need not worry about her income, but also to realize that she has some money of her own at last, and she can spend what she wants to spend and doesn't have to obtain money under false pretenses every time she needs a new dress or a new hat!"

"Widows wear mourning; that isn't it," said Mr. Jarr.

"But do you know that good mourning is very expensive? The houses that make a specialty of mourning goods charge terribly," she replied.

"Been investigating?"

"No, I haven't," said Mrs. Jarr, "but I went with Mrs. Kittingly to price things, the time her husband was so ill. She didn't intend to go into full mourning for him because he had been a brute to her, and even after she got her decree he always waited until the very last minute the law allowed to send her a check for her alimony."

"Go," continued Mrs. Jarr after a pause, "she was only going into half-mourning, and she saw some of the most beautiful effects in black and white; and black and white combinations are all the style now."

"Indeed!" remarked Mr. Jarr.

"Yes," Mrs. Jarr went on, "but although the prices were terrible for half-mourning it was so becoming to her light hair and blond complexion that when she heard he had entirely recovered she cried as if her heart would break."

"And all that bears out what I say," said Mr. Jarr. "Here was Mrs. Kittingly, only a grass widow, with an assured income, willing to risk the loss of that in case her divorced hus-

Reflections of A Bachelor Girl

By Helen Rowland

MARRIED man is merely a bachelor who has proposed once too often.

The hardest problem of the average girl's life is how to reform a young man with one hand, while she lets him hold the other.

Alas! it is so difficult to find just the happy medium between a man whose impatience to begin making love to you shocks you, and one whose patience gets on your nerves.

A fascinating man can win almost any woman he wants in this world; but the trouble is that that kind of man never knows just which woman he wants.

When a man goes about calling himself a fool he flatters that the admission not only atones for his folly, but gives him a license to go right on being as foolish as he likes.

No woman was ever kissed "against her will." There is a look of warning in a woman's eye that freezes the most audacious man's impertinence into stone, and makes his conscience strike through and hutton right up the back.

There is only enough material in every heart for one real love in a lifetime; all the rest are merely its warmed-over remnants served with a different sauce.

The time for repentance is between the temptation and the kiss—no man will believe you, afterward.

A woman may save a man from his enemies, from his sins, or from his temptations, but never from his foolishness.

Mr. Jarr Wonders Whether His Wife Would Be a Merry or Mournful Widow

By Roy L. McCardell

bet I'm right in what I say, that a widow's grief is in reverse ratio to the property left her. The smaller the property, the greater her grief; the greater the property, the quicker her tears dry."

"If she hasn't been left with a lot of children on her hands she may be better off without a husband who couldn't make a good living," ventured Mrs. Jarr.

"I'll bet there are more merry widows than mournful ones," said Mr. Jarr.

"And so you think most widows are rather glad of it?" asked Mrs. Jarr.

"Mr. Jarr nodded. "Then why do they almost invariably marry again?" asked Mrs. Jarr.

"I don't know why," said Mr. Jarr. "Unless it's the placid pleasure with which they anticipate wearing weeds again."

Then he got up and walked out to the dining room and she feared to make any reply. It was pinochle night and the gulls of men peepeth all understanding.

Maybe he was trying to pick a fuss just to get an excuse to rush out!

To Keep Baby Well.

By Marion Barton.

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"DON'T climb the bench back, Angel. Sit still—like a nice boy," exhorted a mother.

The instinct to climb is ancestral, inherited from our forebears, who scaled trees. No four-year-old worth his milk sits "still" while there's a bench, rail or polished shrub left in the park.

Why take a child outdoors for exercise and joy and then compel him to abnormal niceties?

Why encourage a child to outshine fourteen others for three hours, allow her to overload her tummy with ice-cream, cake, candy and lemonade, overstimulate combustible young nerves with romping games, prizes and the impact of fourteen other youngsters. Let the first law be to own—and then punish her when these poor nerves break in a street tantrum?

Why give a child a drum, horn or squawker and then thrash him for logical, prompt extraction of all the noisy joy that lies in the toy? Only a stupid child will fail to explore any newness.

At meals why set your hopeful in a high chair, face to face with foodstuffs that you know will harm him, strap him there, and then spat his hands when he strives to help himself or yell because you deny him some?

Why not feed baby half an hour before your own meal—cereals, milk and baby foods appropriate—thus saving him the refusal of everything he wants but must not have?

This constant repression of quite natural play instincts and personality, so supervised, dominated and nagged by adults in their stupid conviction that they are "caring" for a child, often ends in making a booby of a weak and a bully of a strong natured youngster. Let the first law be to put a child where he may fairly, safely express himself without danger or stint.

If he bumps his precious head climbing park benches, any boy not a dolt soon learns caution. If Tom scrapes the skin off his knee-caps by reckless roller skating he soon learns the logic of the punishment. If Patty sits on the damp grass and misses a dancing class because of sore throat, she has a better chance of learning by the time she is ten than if she were snapped onto her feet by superior force.

All of which swings around to the amazing indifference of parents to the acres of sunned, safe play spaces on our magnificent roof tops—schools, apartment houses, even tenements—where children might romp and thrive far above street filth, noise and dangers. Over-supervised play tends toward a nature robbed of initiative, subject to any bully who overrules it later on. Better a broken arm than a broken personality.