

The Evening World

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Covering It Up

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By J. H. Cassel

Editorials by Women

A FAIR FIELD AND NO FAVOR.

By Marguerite Mooers Marshall.

It was a shrewd, sane forecast which City Magistrate Joseph Fitch made the other day when he said: "Woman Suffrage will emancipate man. As woman receives more rights she will retain fewer privileges."

That is the inescapable logic of the situation. It may surprise men to know that many an intelligent Suffragist, when it is allowed her, will co-operate gladly with them in revising the alimony laws that are now so unjust to the male residents of this State.

When women vote, and, as a necessary corollary, sit on juries, there will be less sentimentalism in judging women, and the man arrayed against a woman will have a fairer show in the courts.

The Anti-Suffragist waits that when women win the franchise they will lose their "privileges." But who really desires privileges? The self-respecting woman, like the self-respecting man, wants rights—a fair field and no favor. Nor can the field be fair unless it is also fair to men—which it isn't at present.

The Stories Of Stories

Plots of Immortal Fiction Masterpieces

By Albert Payson Terhune

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NO. 39.—THE CONFESSION; by Guy de Maupassant.

MARGUERITE DE THERELLES lay dying. She was fifty-six and she looked seventy-five. Since childhood she had been more or less an invalid. Beside her bed wept her sister Suzanne, six years her senior. For more than forty years the two had been inseparable.

Long ago—when Marguerite was twelve and Suzanne was eighteen—Suzanne had been in love for the first and last and only time in her long life. She had been in love with Henri de Lamperre and she had lavished on him all the adoration of her intense nature.

They had been engaged. The date had been set for their wedding. Then, after a few hours of agonizing illness, Henri had died. While Suzanne was still prostrated by heartbreak, little Marguerite had come to her and had promised, weeping:

"I will never, never leave you. I shall never marry. I shall stay with you all my life."

And, strangely enough, the child had kept her word. Though her health was always fragile, yet she had grown to attractive womanhood and had had many suitors. She had rejected them all, devoting her entire life to her elder sister. You remember? I was insane with rage. I held you close to his arm, my moonlit chateau garden, I saw him kiss you. He could have killed you both! I began to hate him terribly.

"I had seen the gardener poison stray dogs. I knew how it was done. I hammered a thin medicine bottle into a heap of shining glass powder. I split ten little cakes you had made for Henri and I put the powdered glass into them. I threw six of the cakes into the chateau pond. Our swans died soon after. Henri ate three of the cakes—because you had made them—and I also ate one.

"Henri died. I could not die; but I have always been ill. All my life I have suffered horrible remorse—torments. I said to myself: 'I will never leave Suzanne, and at the end I will confess to her what I did. Some time I must tell her.' What agony it has been!

"And now it is done. I have told you. Soon I shall see Henri. When I am dead, I cannot meet him without your forgiveness, Suzanne. I cannot even see him, not die without that. Forgive me!" Her voice trailed away and she lay panting.

Suzanne sat in wordless horror, her memory busy with the dead past. How happy she and Henri would have been! But for her sister's crime—

"Mile, Suzanne!" the priest interrupted her bitter musings. "Your sister is dying!"

Suzanne threw herself on her knees beside Marguerite, kissing her frantically and exclaiming over and over again:

"Oh, little sister, little sister, I forgive you!"

So Wags the World

By Clarence L. Cullen

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WE reluctantly proclaim the belief that the girl who wears a diaphanous bathing suit into the surf always knows just exactly what she is wearing.

Signs that you Hain't so Young as you Was: When young fellows, casually met, address you as "Judge."

When you hesitate over wearing the collar of your "sport" shirt outside your coat collar, and finally decide not to do it.

Deists never Doped Out any Demureness equal to that of the Married Woman at the Summer Resorts who Dolled Up to Meet their Spouses at the Saturday Evening Trains.

Echoes of the Eons: "I don't mind cooking at all, but gob! I do hate to wash dishes!"

Our idea of a man whose bump of masculinity is so high that he can't see his forehead transformed the cave man into a howling milkop.

You see, Psyche, in the days of cave-mania there were no hatpins. Talk about that little bromide concerning the might of pen and sword—why, the hatpin's deadlier than the howitzer any time!—Yours, CUPID.

P. S.—There follows "Mother's Boy," of its acquaintance.



UNCOVERED.

THE WORLD'S exposure of the underground system through which high German authority has sought secretly to gain possession of newspapers, magazines, press services, theatres and even industries in this independent, neutral nation, reveals conspiracy organized on a colossal scale to deceive and influence American opinion.

Against frank, honest pleas for any cause; against open bids for goods to supply the needs of any belligerent, there can be no cavil. Speech and industry in this country are free.

But the subvention of newspapers and news-distributing organizations which, pretending neutrality, are to become sly agents of a foreign government, the acquisition of factories which shall parade sham contracts in order the better to negotiate secret ones—these things are abhorrent to American habits and ideas. Anything approaching espionage as nations of Europe practice it, this country has never been able to stomach. Secret agents and paid propagandists are no more digestible.

The notion that emissaries of a foreign sovereign can surreptitiously tamper with sources of news and even with labor in these United States is one that must be removed from the official German mind. It has already done the German cause incalculable harm. The conspiracy which The World has uncovered will put all good Americans more than ever on their guard. Only a desperate government could so misread our national temper as to believe it worth while to spend its money on such methods.

SOFT PLEADINGS.

THE joint note to the Mexican faction leaders takes the form of a mild appeal to their better natures. The A B C and B U G signatures give the document a certain pan-American impressiveness, but its tone is as fraternal as an invitation to a clambake. The only touch of severity is the suggestion that a reply had better be forthcoming within ten days.

The message contains no threats nor even a hint of unpleasant consequences if the chiefs fail to "gather in some quiet spot far from the sound of cannon" and patch up their differences. The signers are careful to disclaim any shadow of doubt that "the patriotism of the men who lead or aid in any way the bloody strife will not remain unmoved." There is even the tactful suggestion that

"In the heat of the frightful struggle which for so long has steeped in blood the Mexican soil doubtless all may well have lost sight of the dissolving effects of the strife upon the most vital conditions of the national existence."

The whole sounds as if it had been composed first in Spanish. A gentle epistle—even poetic—perhaps the better therefor. It cannot hurt the pride of the most stiff-necked hidalgos and it may tickle their sensibilities to new and better impulses. It was worth trying.

"A FAULTY INDICTMENT."

THREE weeks ago Edward M. Grout, Brooklyn bank president and former Comptroller, convicted of perjury in the Union Bank case, was sentenced to a minimum term of one year in Sing Sing. A jury found him guilty, a county judge imposed sentence. It is reckoned the trial cost the State not less than \$30,000.

A Supreme Court Justice now rules in effect that there were no lawful proceedings at all, and that the indictment against Mr. Grout should have been dismissed at the very outset of a supposedly legal trial which continued for nine weeks. Mr. Grout is therefore free to go about his business under bail until the Appellate Division gets around to considering the case.

All this is strictly according to law. To a simple-minded public accustomed to see the law lengthen its course when a convicted man has money a preliminary expenditure of \$30,000 and nine weeks' work on the part of the State seems by no means immoderate. Interest in the case may be said to have just begun.

THE END OF THE WALSH INQUIRY.

AFTER sessions extending over two years the Federal Industrial Relations Commission has ended its labors at Chicago. What it has found out about American industry will be turned over to Congress in ten distinct reports representing, it is said, only the conflicting views and recommendations of the various individuals composing the commission.

It is to be hoped that Congress may turn up some nuggets in the mass. The proceedings of Chairman Walsh and his associates have seldom edified the country during the time they have been at work. Yet the public is willing to hope that, despite unseemly wrangles and the reported absence of any conclusions upon which they can agree, the members of this body may nevertheless have discovered something worth while, something which may help us to a better understanding of what industry can look for from legislation. The nation has a touching faith in investigating commissions. It has spent \$500,000 on this one. Its optimism deserves some reward.

Hits From Sharp Wits.

"More people would observe the Golden Rule," remarked the Man on the Car, "if they were not afraid of being labelled easy marks."
If a man got all he wished he'd have more than he knew what to do with.
Calling the wife of a mean man "his better half" is not very complimentary.
Trying to read faces is interesting. But nothing is gained by studying the back of a neck in the street car—Toledo Blade.
Incidentally the thought that is recommended as a preliminary to speech may cause truth to be crushed so earth.
It is an easy thing for a man to resist temptation if he has something better in sight.
The success of the self-made man is due to self-made opportunities.—Memphis Commercial Appeal.
The way of practice is littered with the debris of theory.—Albany Journal.
Those who suffer in silence, if they so suffer, have plenty of ways of making their suffering known.—Deseret News.
A woman will take up with a new fad but not with a new wrinkle.
Those who live a charmed life do not always live a charming life.—Deseret News.
When I say I'll do a thing I'll do it.

The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

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"Oh, dear!" said Mrs. Jarr. "I get so disgusted! It seems there's nothing in this world but just bills, bills, bills! I wonder if other people are bothered with bills the way we are?"

"If they buy things and don't pay for them they are," was Mr. Jarr's sagacious reply.

"I don't believe it," said Mrs. Jarr. "It looks just like everybody was picking on me. The tradesmen tell me how much is due them that they can't collect, so I don't see why they expect me to pay, and everything's so dear!"

"Oh, I know things are dear, all right," said Mr. Jarr unasily, for he did not care to be taken on shopping trips. Manlike, he had an objection to having things sent home collect, and when he went along with Mrs. Jarr he generally paid for the things she selected out of his own pocket.

"I wish you'd come shopping with me and see," said Mrs. Jarr plaintively. "Other men go with their wives and are some company for them, but when I ask you to go along with me you always have some excuse!"

"What are you going downtown to buy more things for when we can't pay for what we've got?" growled Mr. Jarr.

"Because I need them!" snapped Mrs. Jarr. "I haven't a single dish left out of that new set I just got, and if I should have any company for dinner I don't know what I'd do. The children all need shoes. I've had Willie's mended and mended till they can't be mended any more. Oh, you needn't think I have any hopes of getting anything for myself! I've given up that idea long ago. But I do need things for the house and I have got to get some new kitchenware—all things we can't possibly do without."

"Oh, we can't get along without the necessities of life, of course," said Mr. Jarr, ironically. "Go and get them."

"Can't you meet me at 5 o'clock," asked Mrs. Jarr, "and come home with me?"

"Oh, yes, I can do that if you don't ask me to go through the stores with you," said Mr. Jarr.

"You are sure you won't forget or disappoint me?" asked Mrs. Jarr. And she named the stores and the particular entrance to it where she would be at the time appointed.

"When I say I'll do a thing I'll do it."

Mr. and Mrs. Jarr Solve the Problem Of Getting On Without a Quarrel

By Alma Woodward

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an automobile party, but she didn't want Mrs. Jarr to know about said automobile party. The manoeuvres of the two ladies had kept Mrs. Jarr from getting what she had come for and had caused Mrs. Kittingly to order home three hats on approval. Six o'clock saw the shoppers homeward bound. Suddenly Mrs. Jarr gave a little start.

"Oh," she cried, "I was to meet Mr. Jarr at 5. Won't he be mad!"

Meanwhile Mr. Jarr, the man without a memory, was heading for home by the subway, vigorously chewing peppermint gum. They met at the door of the flat.

"Why, you're home early!" they both exclaimed. And each wondered the rest of the evening why the other was so good natured after waiting so long.

Cupid's Summer Correspondence

By Alma Woodward

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The Case Man.

PSYCHE, Dear: Long ago, in my book of rules and observations on "Heart Happenings" (the one that was turned down by all publishers), I stated that there are seven ways to a woman's heart.

1. ATTENTION: Arranging her chair; picking up her kerchief; playing her with 'phone calls; remembering all anniversaries, such as the first kiss, first quarrel, first making-up, &c.

2. COMPARISON: Comparing her with your friends' wives—much to her advantage; comparing her housekeeping methods with others—finding others wanting; above all comparing her face and figure with every other woman's—crowning her queen.

3. ELOQUENCE: By spouting eloquent and impassioned statements, finishing with: "You're the only woman who has ever understood me!"

4. SYMPATHY: Sympathizing if she has a headache, toothache, indigestion or a grouch. Displaying great fondness for music, flowers, dogs and children.

5. INDIFFERENCE: Not only indifference to her, but to all her sex. So that when you say she'll think she's conquered a woman hater!

6. GIFTS: Needs no explanation.

7. MASTERY (which means "cave man").

I've had different swains try all these methods on Rosemarie this summer. The Cave Man has just gone to swell the discard.

"This guy had evidently just finished a Gorky spring nocturne—one of those dainty tales where the hero throws the heroine from a hundred-foot cliff because he's so crazy about her."

Piction of that sort plays the duce with Romeo, especially in the summer time—and this chap really thought he was a ringer for a master-brute. He was taking her back to the hotel in his roadster. They had been to the Casino for tea. Rosemarie was a radiant vision in palest green—all chiffon and tulle.

Suddenly, after a tragic silence, he threw on the emergency, although there wasn't even a bump on the road. You see, he was doing everything in the approved cave-man way.

He gripped her shoulders, but that wasn't violent enough to suit his fancy. His crunching fingers found her throat. He hissed continually, "I love you! I'll kill you! A man kills the things he—&c." ad lib.

Rosemarie made one decisive move. A jewelled hatpin driven to the hills

Reflections of A Bachelor Girl

By Helen Rowland

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Summer Girl, 1915 Model.

NOTHING to do but bant— And curl her fluffy hair; Nothing to think about all day But what or "which" to wear!

Nothing to play but golf— Oh, what a life is here! Nothing to wear but hats and pumps And frocks and "summer FURS."

Nothing to love but men— To sigh while woovers tarry, Nothing to "dangle" but college boys, And nothing AT ALL to marry!

Many a man who fancies he is "laying up treasure in heaven" may never get in to claim it after his wife has had a little confidential conference with St. Peter.

Just now the horrors of war fade into insignificance beside the pathetic sight of the summer widower rinsing the dishes under the shower bath and trying to get the corks and cigarette stumps off the floor with the carpet sweeper in preparation for his wife's return from the country.

Punny, but as long as a man really loves you he never can detect the slightest resemblance in you to your mother.

Nothing makes a man so indignant as to tell him that he is strong enough to resist a temptation for which he has been waiting around all afternoon.

A husband is like a motor car. Most of the fun consists in picking him out, and after you have made your selection you always wish you had chosen the other kind.

The average man is always sighing because women have "no sense of justice" when he ought to be crying for "mercy."