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Wait for the Tide to Go Out By J. H. Cassel

Editorials by Women THE NEW CHILDREN'S COURT

WHEN DO WE GET IT?

GERMANY'S request that the United States suspend its final judgment on the sinking of the Arabic—news which The Evening World gave New York two hours ahead of any other newspaper—is strong evidence that the Imperial German Government does not wish a break with this country.

So far it is encouraging. But what Germany may wish and what her strange diplomacy or her reckless and contradictory acts may precipitate are different things.

Overtures from Berlin are to be met with courtesy. But they cannot modify or postpone the demand which in the view of this nation is paramount:

What does Germany mean to do to insure American travellers on the seas the safety that is their right?

That question looms large, insistent as ever. No "circumstances" surrounding the destruction of the Arabic can put it aside. Until it is answered plainly and under official seal we can have no real understanding with the Imperial Government, no profitable discussion of any sort.

That Germany would rather parley than answer was long since plain. That she would rather argue the case of the Arabic point by point than make any direct statement of her intentions as they affect the safety of our citizens, we have only too good reason to suspect.

It is the more to be urged, therefore, that no new interchange of views shall delay us in getting straight to the heart of the matter. Why should we go on groping for meanings in German messages or guessing at motives behind German acts?

What we await from the Imperial Government is not a series of disavowals but one prompt avowal of purpose, straightforward, to the point.

When do we get it?

LET THE WORK GO FORWARD.

SUPREME COURT JUSTICE SHEARN rules that the Board of Estimate has no right to change a subway contract approved by the Public Service Commission and already let to the contractors. The disputed clause which provides how payment shall be made for extra work therefore stands and the Court's order directs the Board of Estimate to convene at once, approve the contract and provide means to pay for the work involved.

That any such eleventh-hour obstructive tactics on the part of the Board should be permitted to put off indefinitely the completion of the new subways would be an outrage. The public so expressed itself and the Court takes the same view.

If the Board of Estimate wants to haggle over its point let it prepare a test case and take it to the Appellate Division. But let work on the subways go forward without interruption until the new system is ready to supply its sorely needed service.

A FEW IN EVERY AGE.

AT A RECENT FIRE in the Standard Oil Works at Long Island City it took fifty policemen to hold back the women who wanted to rush into the burning building and rescue their husbands. Rumor had it that European agents fired the works and meant to carry off the employees. All the husbands turned up intact, but it is reassuring to find that wifely spirit can rise to deeds not unworthy of the past.

Every one remembers what happened at a Dutch city which, after a terrific siege, fell before the armies of the cruel Alva. The one mercy granted the conquered burghers was that the women might bring out such of their most prized possessions as they could carry on their shoulders. When the gates were opened a line of ladies staggered forth, each bearing a husband, booted and armed, upon her back.

May there always be a few wives of this mind.

Hits From Sharp Wits.

Those who are most fond of display usually have the least to show.—Philadelphia Telegraph. The poor are often rich in memories.—Deseret News. Misery loves company, not society.—Deseret News. To the bootblack, men are only more or less vague things occupying a pair of tans or blacks.—Toledo Blade. The respect which many wives think they have for their husbands is simply a mild term for charity.—Toledo Blade. When everything else has failed to take the conceit out of a man, marriage may do it.—Albany Journal. You can never tell from the architectural beauty of a home how much happiness it holds.—Albany Journal.

Letters From the People

Jobs for Pensioned Men. To the Editor of The Evening World: In your recent editorial "Why Pension Funds Go Bankrupt" you certainly strike the nail on the head as to the system of too early an age for retirement. For instance, in the results of the recent court attendant examination (State) we find several retired policemen on the list. I have heard of a policeman who is endeavoring to retire on a pension because he wishes to take up the duties of a court attendant at \$1,000 per year. It seems to me, as well as to others, that any man receiving a pension from the city or State should not be eligible to take another position under either city or State Government. There are many good men who have toiled hard at other work all their lives who would be well satisfied to be either a policeman or fireman or court attendant without any other job. JAMES Mc. To the Editor of The Evening World: I read a news dispatch from West Point recently in which reference is made to enlisted United States Army men as "common soldiers." I consider this a gross insult to our dear American boys, who are always willing to lend a helping hand to Uncle Sam. I side,



The Jarr Family By Roy L. McCardell

SOMETHING was on Mr. Jarr's mind, that was plain. Once or twice he had started to sing that he had not raised his auto to be a jitney—he specifically named the make of the auto—but he broke down and did not finish the recently popular parody of the day. The plain truth was that Mr. Jarr had the blues. He did not know why he had them, but he had. Mrs. Jarr did not know why she should have the blues either. She said nothing, but watched him very closely. Finally she came to the conclusion that his depression was due to the spurring of the grim monitor, Conscience. So Mrs. Jarr said no word, expecting every minute that he would break down and confess.

As for himself, Mr. Jarr began wondering whether his low spirits were caused by nervousness or from smoking too much. He finally concluded that a little walk in the open air would do him good. Mrs. Jarr permitted him to depart without objecting. Just previously she had borrowed all the money Mr. Jarr had, and she knew that without money he could come to no harm out alone in a great city.

As Mr. Jarr passed from the hallway to the street entrance of the flat the sound of joyous laughter fell on his ears. This sound was emitted by Mr. Wilkins, a tenant on one of the lower floors. At the present moment brass rail of the street steps and was mocking the janitor, who was standing aloof growing threats to the effect that he was going for the police. At this Mr. Jarr ceased laughing and burst into song. The song was a tuneful repetition of the words "I Can't Forget Your Eyes." Mr. Wilkins had not finished the first line concerning his remembrance of the eyes when the janitor trudged sulkily away. The janitor had a pair of swollen black eyes, evidently but recently imparted.

"What's the matter with you?" asked Mr. Jarr. "What's the matter with YOU?" inquired the merry Wilkins in turn. "You look like a pickle. Cheer up and let's sing 'When I Leave the World Behind.'" "You must be feeling good," said Mr. Jarr. "What reason have you for feeling good?" "Why is a laughing hyena?" asked Mr. Wilkins. "Answer me that. Why is a laughing hyena? He generally has the mange, he never gets enough to eat and what he does get to eat

Mr. Jarr Discovers the Secret Of Being Happy Though Grouchy

I was going to pawn, out in the street and it smashed and a junkman swiped it, and I ain't got a cent, and I ain't had nothing to eat and I'm so thirsty that I don't know where to sleep to-night. But why should I worry? I am as happy as a king."

"Quite so," remarked Mr. Jarr, "but, Wilkins, my optimistic friend, let me ask you one thing. If we consider the present rulers of England, Italy, Germany, Russia and Belgium, do you think we would care to be as happy as those kings?" Mr. Wilkins looked at Mr. Jarr a moment, and then burst into tears and fell over into the roadway.

Mr. Jarr ran down the steps and picked him up. Mr. Wilkins had recovered his optimism. "Don't be worried, old man," he said, "everything will come out all right. I feel it in my bones."

"It's a wonder your bones aren't broken," growled Mr. Jarr. "But the optimist was right. A special good fairy watches over the utterly worthless. A taxi drove up with Mrs. Wilkins and her wealthy father; and the optimist was taken away to be fed, clothed, petted and furnished with more pocket money than Mr. Jarr's salary came to.

Wit, Wisdom and Philosophy ERRORS OF LEARNING. By Lord Bacon. THERE are vanities in studies whereby learning hath been most misadvised. For those things we do esteem vain which are either false or frivolous, those which either have no truth or no use, and those persons we esteem vain which are either credulous or curious, and curiosity is either in matter or words, so that in reason as well as in experience there fall out to be these distempers, as I may term them, of learning—the first fantastical learning, the second contentious learning, the last delicate learning, vain imagination, vain altercation and vain affectation.

The first of all the errors in learning is the extreme affecting of two extremities, the one antiquity, the other novelty, wherein it seemeth the children of time do take after the nature and malice of the father. Another error is a distrust that anything should be now found out which the world should have missed and passed even so long a time. We see commonly the levity and inconsistency of men's judgments, which, till a matter be done, wonder what it can be done, and, as soon as it is done, wonder again that it was no sooner done, as we see in the expedition of Alexander into Asia, which at first was prejudged as a vast and impossible enterprise. The same happened to Columbus in the western navigation.

Another error is a conceit that of former opinions or sects, after variety and examination, the best hath still prevailed and suppressed the rest, so that a man should begin the labor of a new search he were out like to light upon somewhat formerly rejected and by rejection brought into oblivion, as if the multitude or the wisest for the multitude's sake cover error.

But the greatest error of all is the mistaking or misplacing of the last or furthest end of learning and knowledge, for men have entered into a desire of learning and knowledge sometimes upon a natural curiosity and inquisitive appetite; sometimes to entertain their minds with variety and delight, sometimes for ornament and reputation; sometimes to add them to the benefit and use of men, as if there were sought in knowledge a couch whereon to rest a searching and restless spirit or a terrace for a wandering and variable mind to walk up and down with a fair prospect, or a tower of state for a proud mind to raise itself upon, and not a rich storehouse for the glory of the Creator and the relief of man's estate.

The trouble is due to three causes: too much clothing, too vigorous exercise and tenderness of skin in those who are debilitated or ill-cared for. Unfortunately very few persons know how simple the remedy is. A solution of bi-carbonate of soda in the bath will cure prickly heat in a mild form. If the case is severe the solution should be mopped over the affected areas as frequently as their state of irritation seems to demand. In the mean time it is necessary to keep as quiet and cool as possible and to eat no heating foods. If these rules are carried out a case may be cured in a day or two. External use of bismuth mixed with talcum powder also relieves the itching.

THE NEW CHILDREN'S COURT

NEW YORK is giving a squarer deal to its naughty children. In the new Children's Court Building, which has just been opened on Twenty-second Street, between Third and Lexington Avenues, juvenile offenders will not be compelled to repeat their faltering confessions before an audience of hysterical women or of grimly approving gangsters. From airy and sanitary detention rooms the little culprits will be brought separately before the presiding Judge, and the only audience will be the parents and the witnesses on either side. Thus the public shaming of the child will be in large measure avoided.

This is as it should be. A maxim generally accepted by wise and loving parents is, "Never scold or punish in the presence of company." There is no reason why Father Knickerbocker should not adopt the principle while dealing with his unruly youngsters.

Justitia fiat. But one needn't be a sentimentalist to desire a large leavening of mercy in the justice tendered New York's "child criminals." One finds it difficult to forget that 80 per cent. of the juvenile crimes for which children are brought to court here consist of base ball, marbles, skipping rope or some other form of rational play.

The Stories Of Stories Plots of Immortal Fiction Masterpieces By Albert Payson Terhune

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NO. 43—THE CLOSED ROOM; by Bernhard Ingemann.

IN a rambling old house (in a Kiel side street) occupied by Frau Wolff and her pretty daughter was a room which had not been entered for two hundred years.

This room led off from the mansion's disguised dancing hall. Its door had been sealed by Ambrosius Wolff in 1693, and above the doorway was a stone slab bearing an inscription which called down the curse of heaven upon whomsoever should dare to break the seal and open the door.

The house had remained in the Wolff family ever since the days of Ambrosius, and no one had braved the curse by venturing into the Closed Room. In fact, a generation earlier a strip of wall paper had been pasted over the door and over the inscription above it. Even the adjoining ballroom was kept shut.

Then, during old Frau Wolff's widowhood, her daughter Elizabeth engaged herself to a young lawyer named Winther, and in honor of the wedding it was decided to open the ballroom and let the guests dance there.

The dancing lasted until long after midnight. Then some one chanced to notice that the jarring of so many feet had shaken loose the strip of wall paper that covered the inscription stone and the door of the Closed Room.

At once people crowded to the door to read the terrible inscription. No one present had seen it before. Most of them had never even heard of it, so long ago had the door been papered over.

The gruesome story now flew from mouth to mouth. Some of the guests shuddered. Others, of a more inquisitive sort, fell to wondering what fearful mystery might be concealed in the Closed Room. One man alone was reckless enough to suggest that they break the seal and go into the room to investigate.

This rash person was Lieut. Flemming Wolff, a cousin of the bride. He was a dissolute fellow, crooked in business dealings, a spendthrift and a notorious duelist. He had been in love with Elizabeth and he hated her for rejecting him and marrying Winther. For the same cause he hated Winther. Lieut. Wolff had been drinking heavily at the wedding supper, and the wine and his jealousy had made him reckless. Hence his suggestion that they break the seal and expose the Closed Room—a suggestion that Frau Wolff sharply vetoed.

The drunken man next asked Winther if he were afraid to enter the room. Winther's contemptuous answer angered him, and he challenged the lieutenant to mortal combat. Winther replied that he would fight Wolff in the ballroom, sleeping beside the door of the Closed Room. Wolff angrily agreed. When the other guests went home he hid himself behind a couch in the ballroom.

Next morning Winther went thither in search of the lieutenant. The door of the Closed Room was wide open. Across the threshold lay Wolff—dead.

He had forced open the door of the Closed Room. The impact had loosened the crumbling old inscription stone. It had crashed down upon his head, killing him.

The Closed Room was now entered by the police. In a far corner was an iron safe, full of gold coins and jewels. Along with the treasure was a yellow document, signed by Ambrosius Wolff, who had sought to guard his wealth from the thieves by sealing the room and placing the warning inscription above it.

Oddly enough, Lieut. Wolff had been the nearest direct descendant of Ambrosius. Had he not been killed by the fall of the inscription stone he would have been legal heir to all this hidden fortune. As he was dead, the treasure was awarded to Elizabeth as next of kin.

Cupid's Summer Correspondence By Alma Woodward

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The Foreign Nobleman. PSYCHE, Dearest: I am so glad this campaign is nearly over that I could send all my remaining arrows winging into space, fold my wings and fade away. There is nothing on earth harder to steer than a spirited American girl.

By virtue of centuries of docile and crestfallen, a girl of any other nationality is a cinch to direct. But our own little Miss U. S. A. has a balky political candidate beat three ways on the starting post for mullah obduracy. And Rosemarie is a shining example of the species.

I could spread an epidemic of matrimony among a bunch of women who hate more quickly than I could in politics. Rosemarie to smile on a victory for whom she has lost her taste, but construct floral arches and cheer.

She was to come to breakfast in negligees of royal ermine—and there would be no more of much in the ball gown line, because her family jewels were profuse enough to form a proper covering. Every article she used would be embellished with his ancient crest and her servants would address her as "Madame la Duchesse" at the beginning and ending of every sentence—and on holidays in the middle also.

Rosemarie listened as long as she could contain herself, then she answered: "Dream on! When you go back to collect your assets there will be a sad awakening. But, remember, when you come to hock your little gold-plated toy, notify me. I will purchase the lid, my curio cabinet in lieu of a scalp. Good night!" Yours, CUPID. P. S.—Next and last: "Her True Name! But Rosemarie, although Lover."

The Dower of Beauty By Marie Montaigne

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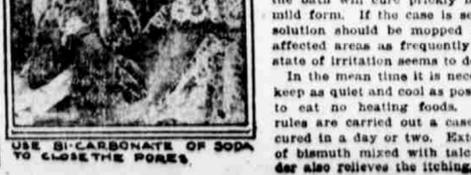
To Keep the Skin Free From Prickly Heat.

AT this season many persons are afflicted with "miliaria" or prickly heat, never a dangerous, but always a painful, very irritating and disgusting complaint. It especially attacks the neck and shoulders of adults and prevents the wearing of anything except high-necked garments, and those not of the tulle or illusion order.

People with bad complexions and with thin skins are most susceptible to prickly heat. The disease is a congestion of the skin which shows itself in groups of very red elevations. It is usually accompanied by profuse perspiration, which only aggravates the eruption by stinging and irritating it.

The trouble is due to three causes: too much clothing, too vigorous exercise and tenderness of skin in those who are debilitated or ill-cared for. Unfortunately very few persons know how simple the remedy is. A solution of bi-carbonate of soda in the bath will cure prickly heat in a mild form. If the case is severe the solution should be mopped over the affected areas as frequently as their state of irritation seems to demand.

In the mean time it is necessary to keep as quiet and cool as possible and to eat no heating foods. If these rules are carried out a case may be cured in a day or two. External use of bismuth mixed with talcum powder also relieves the itching.



USE BI-CARBONATE OF SODA TO CLOSE THE PORES.