

The Evening World

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EYEING THE LOAN.

THE gingerly manner in which portions of the American public tip-toe around the \$500,000,000 Anglo-French loan begins to be amusing.

Here is a gilt-edged offer, with the guarantee of the Governments of England and France behind it, which insures to lenders, even of amounts as small as \$100, a net interest yield of more than five and one-half per cent., with payment of the principal at the end of five years.

The two nations offering the guarantee are always, and particularly just now, good customers of ours. They are sure to spend most of the money with us—so sure that the whole transaction assumes the character of a credit arrangement which serves their convenience now but which will serve ours later when we begin to buy of them again.

Yet many Americans look at the loan askance and are amazed that London should think it a generous proposition.

It can't be that anybody believes England or France will go broke and repudiate its debts as a result of the war. That is about as likely to happen as that the soil of France will turn to salt or the British Isles become encumbered with barnacles.

Undoubtedly many turn their backs on it because it comes from abroad. They would rather take their money into Wall Street, where the gettalls, though deep, are dug mostly by fellow countrymen.

LONG-DISTANCE WIRELESS.

HAVING BEEN demonstrated that a man in New York can talk over a wire to Arlington, Va., up a 650-foot radio tower and across 4,600 miles of thin air into the ear of a man in Honolulu, Hawaii, why need any spot on earth remain lonely?

Chatting with a World reporter over the wire from San Francisco the wireless expert of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company declared that deserts, jungles and mountain tops could be brought without wire within speaking distance of everybody, and with an apparatus much smaller than that required for wireless telegraphy.

The accomplished feat of sending the human voice from the Atlantic Coast across the continent and 2,100 miles of the Pacific without wires should stir enthusiasm even in this wonder-surfeited age. Who would have believed a decade ago that we should telephone to London and Paris through the air before the voice ever travelled the distance over a wire? Yet the success of this week's experiments assures a transatlantic telephone in the near future.

Wireless telephony, however, has many tests to undergo before it becomes a commercial success. It took wireless telegraphy years to establish itself. And even now nobody talks of abandoning the cables. On the contrary, they are busier than ever.

WHAT THEY ARE DOING.

AT THE same time that English troops are giving the best possible account of themselves at Lens, the old question, "What have the British been doing?" is further answered by news from other quarters.

Near Salonica, in Greece, British forces have been landed to be ready for service in case Bulgaria attacks Serbia—a move which the presence of German officers in Sofia and warlike counsels urged upon Prince Ferdinand are said to have made probable within fifteen days.

In Mesopotamia British Indian troops and territorial forces defeated a Turkish army under German officers and are now pursuing it toward Bagdad.

With uphill work to do on the Gallipoli peninsula, the responsibility of guarding the Suez Canal and the comparatively trifling matter of keeping Gibraltar and Malta ready for emergencies, everybody has realized that the British were busy at tasks other than the main jobs in France and at Kiel.

Still, it is something of a surprise to learn that English troops are already massed in Northern Greece, while others, yet further afield, chase the Turks along the Tigris. The Mesopotamian expedition is directed by the Indian Office and its reports are not given our through the War Office. The British Empire is fighting as a whole and in more directions than has perhaps yet appeared.

Hits From Sharp Wits.

Familiarity breeds contempt of advice. Nearly every one prefers to accept it from strangers. A person who could really read human minds would be privileged to raise on some correct imitations of chaff.—Albany Journal.

Letters From the People

"Doctor's Orders." To the Editor of The Evening World: I am a doctor, and by this letter I am robbing myself and other doctors of possible patients, because I am giving, free, the greatest health prescription on earth. Here it is: WALK! Doctor's orders—WALK! This is the most perfect and most needful time of year for long and brisk outdoor walks.

Next!



By J. H. Cassel

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

NO. 55.—IN THE PRIDE OF HIS YOUTH, by Rudyard Kipling

DICKY HATT was twenty-one and engaged to a girl of sixteen. Also, he had just been appointed to an eighteen hundred dollar a year job in a commercial house in India.

He celebrated his good luck by getting married. The marriage was secret, since his firm in India did not permit its best employees to marry. But Dicky and the girl arranged that he was to work very hard and with big promotions and that she was to come out to join him at the end of the year.

A month after the wedding Dicky called away, leaving his girl-bridge sobbing piteously in their \$7.50 a week London lodgings.

The salary that had looked so princely in England was by no means so ample in India. There were a thousand unforeseen expenses. And every month Dicky sent home more than half his pay to his waiting wife. Moreover, he began to lay money aside for his journey to India and for other needful outlays. As a result he spent less cash on himself than did many an office boy.

He went without the comforts that other men regarded as necessities. He shunned society, because he could not afford to return any hospitality. Every one knew he was making a good salary—for a single man. No one knew he was married. So every one looked on him as a miser and despised him. In silence Dicky endured the loneliness, the heat, the penury, his associates' contempt.

Then came work that a baby son had been born. This meant more saving, more self-denial. Dicky took to lying awake all night wondering what would happen to his wife and to the little son he had never seen in case of his own death—which is a grown man's worry, and one to which a boy of twenty-one has no right.

Dicky worked twice as hard as before in the wild hope of a promotion that would enable him to bring his wife and child out to India and to recognize them publicly. But "may in India be a matter of age, not of merit," and the promotion did not come. Dicky received pain on the back from his superiors, who thought him a splendid worker. But he got no extra salary.

His wife's letters had gradually been less loving and more critical. She was forever asking for more money and scolding Dicky for not providing better for her. At last came a letter from her telling him that the baby was dead and need not have died if there had been enough money for the medical care, etc., that he needed.

Dicky could not tell any one of his bitter loss. He went on as before in dogged silence, heartbroken, working day and night, sending his wife every penny he could spare.

Next she wrote him a hysterical letter, whose burden was that he was a heartless brute and that she had just slept with a better man. Dicky Hatt writhed in the black grief and searing shame of a dishonored husband—another luxury to which a mere boy is not entitled.

There was nothing left to live for: nothing left to work for. He resigned his position. But he had become so valuable that the head of the firm would not accept the resignation and offered Dicky a job at double his former pay. Earlier this would have meant the saving of his son's life; the money needful to bring the wife and child out to India and to acknowledge the marriage and to live in ease. But now the good news was as dead as fruit to the desolate youth.

"I'm tired of work," he said daily in reply to the glittering offer. "I'm an old man. It's about time I retired, and I will."

"The boy's mad!" gasped the head of the firm.

"He was probably true; but Dicky Hatt never reappeared to settle the question."

When Prussia, Austria and Russia Made 'Holy Alliance' Against U.S.

THREE of the present war's great nations once formed a triple alliance, which planned, among other things, to overwhelm this continent. The so-called "Holy Alliance" was ratified at Paris just a century ago. Its founders aimed to overthrow American liberty and crush at once and forever all European expressions of "liberty, fraternity and equality."

The very names of Washington, Lafayette, Franklin, Paine, Voltaire, Rousseau, San Martin and all the others of the illustrious host who, with tongue and pen and sword, had upheld the sacred cause of freedom and democracy were to be erased from the pages of history, and humanity was to be plunged back into the abyss of darkness and ignorance from which it was then so slowly and painfully emerging.

It is King Frederick William III. of Prussia, Emperor Francis of Austria and Alexander I. of Russia attached their signatures to this compact, which, for all its astounding expressions of piety, had for its purpose the triumph of despotism.

The pact of the Holy Alliance was inspired largely by a woman, Baroness Krudener, a Russian princess and an adventuress who had gained great power over the Czar. She was a woman of wealth and accomplishments who dabbled in mysticism and fortune-telling.

She claimed to possess prophetic vision, and this appealed to the Czar, who had a decided tendency toward the mystical and occult. It was she who led the way to propose the formation of the Holy Alliance.

To the rulers of Europe, anxious to maintain their despotic sway, the Holy Alliance seemed an excellent bond restored absolutism in Spain. But the spirit of democracy was too strong to be long resisted.

That the scheme for the conquest of America was rendered abortive was due largely to the statesmanship and firm policy of George Canning, whose stand in favor of free institutions, which with allied general approval in England, gave force as effect to the Monroe Doctrine.

Fur Trimmings for Winter

FUR can truthfully be said to be a craze this season. Most of the suit coats have at least a band of fur at the neck and the fur edges on coats are very plentiful. Sometimes there is merely a band across the pockets. The coat pocket has at last been restored to favor and it is quite seemly to emphasize it by trimmings.

In dresses, quite often there is just a narrow band of fur that confines the gaiters at the wrist. The finest evening gown has its fur bandings. One of chiffon recently seen had three bands at intervals of nine inches around the skirt. A blouse, in Georgetown, had a delicate fringe of fur at the edge of the sleeve. Velvet is a prominent fabric this season, and with fur as a favorite trimming this makes an ideal and handsome combination for the winter dress.

The negligee has the edge outlined in fur and the ultra-fashionable shop is showing night robes in crepe de chine with the neck edged in ermine or swan-down fur.

In military, however, fur seems to run riot. Here it is used as a banding about the crown either at top or bottom, or as an edging to the brim.

Ribbon and velvet loops are edged with fur and bandings may be wide or narrow. A pretty banding fur look can be had at 25 cents for a severe. A set of fur to cover the stem of a pump is a new idea in millinery and many of the fanciest are a combination of ermine and fur. The green, blue or gray ostrich with chinilla is a very effective trimming. Cut steel or jet buckles are outlined with fur and make attractive ornaments.

Of the form of tiny animals bandings in all widths and the shop are well equipped, for they seem to have no end of banding and there appears to be every kind of fur in the assortment, so selections will be easy and you certainly must have a set on your wearing apparel. Winter if you would be fashionable.

So Wags the World

By Clarence L. Cullen

THE man who boasts of his common sense merely apothecizes his mediocrity. But if you were to tell him that he'd consider you somewhat fulsomely complimentary.

If it were a crime to take a drop too much, and we occasionally did that, we'd hate to have our fall-down passed upon by a jury of reformed drunkards.

Matronly Myths: "My husband always washes my hair—and the old dear just loves to do it!"

There Never Will Be: A woman who can see any point of merit in any other dog of the same species as the one she herself possesses.

Nobody with the intelligence of a starfish ever goes twice to dinner at a restaurant with the man who, at the wind-up of the feed, hashes up an infernal mess of Roquefort cheese and Worcestershire sauce and expects you to eat it and like it.

Echoes of the Eons: "He promised me before we were married that he'd never smoke in the house—and now just smell the place—just smell it, my dear!"

It's queer how, after a fat woman has succeeded by mighty efforts in taking off four pounds, she can begin right away to consider herself lithe and svelte.

We know a woman who, because her husband took a couple of cocktails on his way home of evenings, insisted that he do all of his drinking at home. Now that he gets owlishly pecked about an hour before bedtime every night, she wants to can that arrangement. But the mean devil tells her that she wants to shift the cut too often, that she'd better let well enough alone, etc., etc.

We Move to Expunge: "Those little attentions, so cherished by women, which most husbands neglect."

Signs That You Haven't So Young As You Was: When, in reading even one of H. G. Wells's awaggar descriptions of a pretty woman, you sort of skip hurriedly over the points of beauty, unconsciously wondering how the deuce a man of Wells's age can fall so easily for their looks.

Enigma of Existence: Chicken hash on toast.

Although we never were crazy over walking as an exercise, we've been known to make a detour of four miles and a quarter in order to avoid the neighborhood of a long-haired young friend who wanted to read aloud to us and get our opinion of a new epic poem he had just finished.

Matronly Myths: That the way to a man's heart is through his stomach.

There's something elementally savage in the way the women folks titter and giggle over the plight of a

How to Make a Hit

By Alma Woodward

1—Get the whole family out of bed at 5.30, so that they'll be ready in time. This makes a hit, especially with your husband, who finds that the water isn't hot enough for shaving until 7.

2—Although the chairs are still in their original form in the dining room, insist upon the family sitting on caes, china barrels and stacks of encyclopedias to eat breakfast. Moving day wouldn't be moving day if they sat on chairs.

3—Even though you've paid your bill and the gas still flows in the range, turn it off so that the coffee is lukewarm and sort of lead color. On the other hand, overdo the toast so that it looks like a bit of petrified, aerated lava—a souvenir of Mt. Veauvius. Be sure that there are no eggs. You have a valid excuse, who wants to move eggs? And there's no use in wasting time. So you let them run out on purpose. This all goes to make breakfast, on moving day, a regular party!

4—When your husband leaves for downtown, follow him to the door and wall: "I think it's awful you have to go downtown to-day. You moon have an easy time of it. You leave the old house in the morning and when you come home to the new one at night everything's all fixed. Oh, well!"

5—When the men finally arrive, meet them at the door and say significantly: "Now, you boys move my things very carefully and put everything in the right room when we get there and I'll take care of you all nicely." (N. B. They know that you speak in seven languages. They also recognize, at sight, the dime to be divided among five of them that follows it.)

6—During your exit from the old house call the elevator boy all the things you've been dying to call him for the two years that you've lived there.

7—On entering the new house, manage to drop some change from your purse. When the hall boy scrambles to pick it up for you, look at it and murmur: "What is it? Oh, only a quarter! Keep it boy." It'll be wringing handkerchiefs every time you appear for about three weeks—then he'll get wise.

8—At 6, when hubby comes home, let him find you on a desolate-looking mattress on the floor of one of the rooms. When he bends over you whisper faintly: "Oh, George, I'm all right! I've been dying to call him in and put up the beds and a few other little things. I'm sorry, dear. But, oh, George, I'm not so strong as I used to be!"

9—"E. M." writes: "I am a twenty-one year old, the heir of a wealthy father and in love with a widow ten years older than myself. Do you think she really cares for me or is she after my money?"

You don't have to consider that question but merely to recognize the folly of marrying a woman so many years your senior.

"J. J." writes: "I asked a young lady of my acquaintance over the telephone to go to a show with me. At first she said she would, then, when she found out who was talking, she spoke of an engagement which she had forgotten. She asked me to call her up again. Since then I have met her several times and she always speaks most pleasantly. Do you think she would be willing to go out with me if I gave her another invitation?"

Quite possibly. Why don't you try and see?

Dollars and Sense

By H. J. Barrett

Each card is given a key number. The difference between the maximum and minimum figures is that the decimal moved two spaces to the left equals the key number. Then whenever additions to or subtractions from the quantity carried in stock are made, the amount involved is divided by the key number, the quotient determining the distance to the right or left the indicator should be moved.

For instance, suppose an article's maximum be 750, its minimum 100, its key number would equal the difference, 650, with decimal moved two spaces to left, leaving 6.5. Suppose 250 items be added to the stock on hand. Divide 250 items by 6.5 equals 38.46. Move indicator 38 spaces to right on card.

As in the case of graphs, the chief advantage of this system is that it enables the purchasing agent to visualize the condition of his stock. We all think in pictures, most of us have to translate numbers into pictures before they mean much to us. How much more graphic, for example, are those magazine articles which, in comparing the military or naval strength of various nations, symbolize the comparative difference by drawings to scale of soldiers or sailors of differing dimensions. In a moment, we grasp the significance of the figures.

Thus, in Hunter's system, the translation from figures to pictures is done on the card. It means a firmer grasp on the activities of his department, a fuller understanding of the condition of his supply room. There is hardly a line of business but would find this method of value.

Betty Vincent's Advice to Lovers

"HOW can I tell if I love him enough to marry him?"

That is the question which I have received from a large number of girls. It seems to me that the girl who asks the question has already answered it. She doesn't love him enough. If you care for a man sufficiently to make your marriage with him successful you have no doubts. You know that not merely will you be able to live happily with him, but that your life without him would be a horribly unhappy thing. You know that you love him better than any one in the world, that for his sake you are ready to endure poverty, separation from your family, hard work. The depth and intensity of these con-

ditions must be the measure of your love.

"R. M." writes: "A says that when two girls are walking with a young man he is supposed to walk in the middle. B says that the man should walk on the outside. Which is correct?"

B is correct.

"E. M." writes: "I am a twenty-one year old, the heir of a wealthy father and in love with a widow ten years older than myself. Do you think she really cares for me or is she after my money?"