

The Evening World

Alone at Last!

By J. H. Cassel

The Stories Of Stories

Plot of Immortal Fiction Masterpieces By Albert Payson Terhune

Published Daily Except Sundays... Entered at the Post-Office at New York as Second-Class Matter...

THE RECORD BUDGET.

THE biggest budget in its history is no surprise to the city. When Gov. Whitman approved the needless \$20,000,000 street tax which a reckless Legislature imposed upon the State it was obvious that the City of New York would have to furnish nearly \$14,000,000 of the levy.

\$812,986,165, the figure finally agreed upon after an all-night session of the Board of Estimate and Apportionment as necessary to meet the city's obligations in 1916, represents an actual cutting down of current expenses! The total appropriations for city departments are \$8,481 less than the figure for 1915.

Yet, pruning or no pruning, the tax rate is expected to go as high as \$1.81!

Nobody expects to escape the consequences of past muddling of municipal finances. But it was a bad time for the Governor to shove his home city deeper into the hole by sacrificing it to up-State extravagance. It must raise more money. But it must enjoy fewer results!

Under similar conditions stockholders of any private corporation would kick and kick hard. Taxpayers are welcome to talk or shut up. Whether they like it or not they must pay.

The people of this city, however, are not going to forget who piled that extra \$14,000,000 of unneeded taxes upon their already lowering load.

For voters in this city the \$27,000,000 canal bond proposition is poignantly simple. The canal has got to be finished and the money found. Will the taxpayer vote for a bond issue or is he hankering for more direct taxes, seven-tenths thereof to be squeezed out of this burg?

SET IT ASIDE AND TRY AGAIN.

THE best and the worst have been said about the new State Constitution. To-morrow disposes of it.

Out of all the discussion we believe there has finally come to the average voter conviction that this 32,000 word instrument is unworthy to stand as the will of the people of New York expressed in the organic law of their commonwealth.

As a document it is neither understood nor, indeed, understandable. Men not only differ as to what it might accomplish: they cannot even agree what it means. It is involved, intricate, technical—the opposite of what a constitution among self-governing people should be.

Now, at the moment when voters are to vote upon it—so unfortunate were the time and circumstances of its preparation, so little attention could the public give to it, so complicated has been the task of appraising it—those who must vote upon it are in reality but half prepared even to discuss it.

As Mr. George Foster Peabody says: "Even if the new Constitution offered more gains for the true interest of the people, it would be a pity to have discussion end to-day."

There is not the faintest reason why the State should be hustled into a hasty Constitution. The commonwealth is not threatened with dissolution. Serious as may be the faults it hopes to correct, they are not so menacing as to call for treatment precipitate rather than thorough.

Reject the proposed Constitution to-morrow and what happens? The best thing that could happen. A new Constitutional Convention meets in 1916, or even in 1917, if the question be submitted to the electors next spring—a Convention put on its guard by the mistakes of its predecessor, a Convention certain to be in a higher degree representative and responsible, a Convention sure to be watched more closely and intelligently by the public because of lessons learned this year.

Shall we saddle New York for twenty years with an equivocal, lawyer-made Constitution when it is still feasible to demand one that shall be straightforward and representative?

We believe common sense has put this question to voters in almost every corner of the State and that they are ready with their answer.

Hits From Sharp Wits.

The man with the black eye is not out looking for trouble. He is on his way back. To be neutral you must be absolutely consistent. And there ain't no such animal.—Toledo Blade. A man who wakes up and finds himself famous never thereafter has blissful sleep. An optimist arguing with a pessimist is a very good example of an irresistible force attacking an immovable body.—Deseret News. It is a sensible man, declares Jerome, who never wants what he knows he cannot have. The average man, according to Jerome, has a lot more to say about what he is going to do than he has about what he has done.—Memphis Commercial Appeal.

Letters From the People

Indorses Warden Osborne. To the Editor of The Evening World: I want to thank you on behalf of myself and several of my friends for the interesting series of articles appearing in your paper by Miss Sophie Irene Loeb dealing with the conditions at Sing Sing Prison. I have watched the development of Warden Osborne's new ideas with great interest, and it seems to me that the public need only to become acquainted with those ideas in order to sympathize with and indorse the system. Believing this, I made a trip to Sing Sing myself and saw those ideas in operation to the greatest possible benefit of the prisoners. The prisoners are not the only ones who benefit by the system of self government, but the public at large is distinctly the better for the establishment of such a system. The prison now turns out men who are capable of becoming good citizens, instead of confined criminals. The Evening World has waged a good and successful fight against vested interests before this. The fight for a cleaner prison system is likewise a fight against vested interests and corrupt politicians. With all the forces of evil lined up against Warden Osborne and his system it is a good thing to see a clean, disinterested paper like The Evening World take the trouble to explain to the public the system and its advantages. Success to you. PHOEBE KENNAUGH.



No. 67—THE PASSAGE OF THE RED SEA: By Henri Murger.

MARCEL was a painter. He lived in an attic in Paris's Latin Quarter, where he laughed at poverty and dreamed of fame. These laughs and dreams were not alone, but quiet—shared by his three down-at-heel Bohemian chums, Rodolphe, Schaubert and Colline.

Marcel was a painter, I say. And his life work and pride was an enormous picture which he called "THE PASSAGE OF THE RED SEA." This painting represented in garish detail the drowning of Pharaoh's hosts. On Pharaoh's flaming cloak alone Marcel had used up a small fortune in cobalt paint.

As soon as the huge picture was finished he sent it to the Salon, sure that it would be praised by all the world, and then would sell for enough to give the painter and his three friends a spree which should mark an epoch in Latin Quarter history. The Salon committee promptly and vigorously rejected "THE PASSAGE OF THE RED SEA."

Marcel was heartbroken. But he did not give up. A brilliant idea occurred to him. He painted a helmet on Pharaoh's head, dotted out the monarch's Egyptian whiskers and gave him an aquatic nose. Then he re-named his picture "CAESAR CROSSING THE RUBICON," and hopefully sent it to the next salon. It was rejected even more promptly, if possible, than before.

Marcel leaped lurid abuse upon the benevolent members of the committee for their idiocy in failing to recognize his genius. Then, smitten by still another brilliant idea, he set feverishly to work repainting the whole picture. And there are the wonderful changes he made in it, with the certainty that the committee would suggest its identity, but would accept it with loud acclamation:

First of all he changed the Red Sea into a snowy plain. Then he dotted the plain with a few stunted pine trees. He painted Pharaoh in a coat and hat and a gray overcoat. Then he gave his picture the title: "NAPOLEON'S RETREAT FROM MOSCOW," and rushed it off to the Salon. Back it came with incredible swiftness—rejected!

Marcel filled the air with his imprecations, vowing that the committee had formed a conspiracy to prevent him from becoming famous. Meantime he and his three friends were on the point of starving. As they sat moodily together one night in Marcel's attic a rich junk dealer named Medici called on them. The four hailed him rapturously, acceiting money in his visit. Medici sat down, rattling a handful of money in his pocket.

"Behn your song," urged Marcel. "The picture is delightful." Medici came at once to the point. He wanted to buy Marcel's great picture. A world-renowned art collector, he said, wanted to purchase it from him and exhibit it. Marcel was wild with joy. Medici began to count gold coins out of his pocket. When he had counted out 150 francs (\$30) he paused:

"Keep right on," hezzed Marcel. "You've made a splendid start." But Medici stubbornly refused to pay one penny more than the 150 francs, although Marcel tearfully protested that the cobalt paint on Pharaoh's mantle had alone cost more than that. At length, being very hungry, Marcel accepted the terms. Medici in honor of the bargain invited the four out to dinner. It was a glorious feast. Marcel got so excessively drunk that it took all the force and persuasive powers of his three friends to prevent him from calling upon his tailor on the way home and paying him the 180 francs on account.

A week later on the Faubourg St. Honore Marcel noticed a crowd gathered around a steamship office, in front of which a brand new sign had been hung. He stopped to look; then stood transfixed with amazement.

The sign was his own beloved picture, "THE PASSAGE OF THE RED SEA." Only a steamboat had been painted into the foreground and the picture was now labeled "HARBOR OF MARSEILLES." A murmur of approval from the little crowd greeted the painting's saudy colors.

"Ah!" murmured the gratified Marcel as he walked on. "It seems the common sense appreciate my genius. And the voice of the people is the voice of Heaven!"

Pop's Mutual Motor

By Alma Woodward.

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POP let himself in and hung his coat and hat on the rack. A pleasant odor of chicken fritacas and boiled onions assailed his nostrils. He began to plan just how he was going to pour oodles of gravy over his mashed potatoes.

"I washed up down at the office," he called in, cheerily, to Ma. "You can't make me angry by serving dinner whenever it's ready—preferably when I'm out!"

"You're good and glib all right," Ma broke in on him. "My goodness, I could have laughed out loud when I heard it. Why, only the other night you were blowing to Mr. Green how you stood in with the people over at the garage—how your car was always downstairs near the door—how other people had to take the steps up on elevators to the third and fourth floors and get stuck behind ten others so it'd take 'em an hour to get out."

"That's good! Do you know why your car is always near the door, you poor sump? Not because they love your blessed little sunshiny nature—not because you over-grease their palms—but because they take your car out joy-riding every night. Some friends of Mrs. Green's recognized it at the Bluegrass Inn last night!"

Pop looked grim, threw on his coat, grabbed his hat, slammed the door—and was on his way. Ten minutes later this dialogue took place at the Doemgood Garage.

Pop (aggressively)—Well, the jig's up, Ben. You've got to take my car out joy-riding, do you? I know it. Some friends recognized it last night. Smith (smiling)—They're kidding you, Mr. Mitt.

Pop (frowning)—Is that so? Well, why is my car always downstairs near the door? Why are the wheels always either wet or dirty? Huh? Smith (shrugging)—One at a time. It's always in front because the washer knows that it takes only one squirt of the hose to clean the dainty little thing. When they're wet, some fellow'll hard up for a tip and spills a cup of water over 'em just before you come in so you'll loosen up. As for joy riding, I don't take my recreation in capsules, Mr. Mitt. So, if you're anxious about your go-car, take it to the foot of the street, where the Beauty Baths are renting bathhouses for the winter for cars just like yours!

Pop (a half hour later to Ma)—Of course, it isn't true. I know it wasn't in the morning. He felt terrible to think that I'd think such a thing at all!

Dollars and Sense

By H. J. Barrett.

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"I've plenty of good ideas out there, but no capital," that's the plaint of thousands," remarked the successful proprietor of a thriving wholesale house. "And in many cases doubtless lack of money presents the only obstacle to success. But it need not."

"Some fifteen years ago I was working as city salesman for a staple commodity, the value of which was as well established as that of coal or lumber. The percentage of profit was very great. I soon saw that my labor for which I was paid \$30 a week was netting my employer about three times that."

"From a dealer in mailing lists I obtained the names of all American cities which manufactured this product. I had no local distribution. Several wrote that they'd be glad to have me represent them, but the best terms I could obtain was a 50 per cent. commission draft vs. B-L. As I had no capital with which to meet a draft for a cargo of the product I saw that I had to get backing."

"First I'd better see if I can sell a car, then I'll attend to the financing," I concluded. So armed with my samples, I got out among the trades and with a couple of weeks had secured a carload for delivery within six weeks. As my profit was 25 per cent. and my sales totaled about \$1,700, my gross profit came to about \$425 for my two weeks' work.

"So far, so good. I at once forwarded an order for a car and then proceeded to consider what means of meeting the draft when the car arrived. My assets totaled about \$1,275; the car would cost me \$1,275. I was a stranger in a new city, had no connections either personal or financial. "Equipped with my signed orders totalling \$1,700 and my mill quotations of \$1,275, I started a systematic canvass of the local banks. "Here's a profit of \$425 represented by two weeks' work," I explained. "Here are the signed orders and the bill of lading. If you people will meet this draft when the car arrives I'll assign you the bills receivable, then we'll deliver the product. The customers, all of whom are well rated, will remit to you. You'll have spent \$1,275; you'll have \$1,700. Reimburse yourself for the original investment, keep \$100 for your trouble and hand me the balance of \$325. I expect to do a big business eventually. Naturally, it's your bank which will receive my funds."

"At the eighth institution at which I called, a small trust company, I closed the deal. For some months thereafter I used their money until finally I reached the point where it was unnecessary for me to borrow to meet my bills. But I've always stuck to that trust company. To-day my annual volume of business totals over a half million. My account is still with my original backers."

The Woman Who Dared

By Dale Drummond

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CHAPTER X. "I HAVE been shopping," I parried. As he had finished his luncheon I made no reply to his other remark.

"Well, why don't you sit down?" "I have had my luncheon," I tried to speak naturally.

"Where?" he almost screamed. "At Perry's," I replied as calmly as I could.

"Who gave you permission to lunch at Perry's? That's a what you wanted an allowance for, is it? So you could spend it over a place where you hoped to be admired. Who did you lunch with? Out with it! Who's the man my wife spends her time with? And you get no more money from me, not another cent!"

"I lunched with Mr. Lucknow." "So I was right, eh? You and Lucknow think you can fool me, but you can't. And he brought his hat down on the table with such force the dishes rattled.

"He set him as I was coming home. He asked me to lunch with him, and I had no idea you would be at home."

"Of course you hadn't!" he interrupted. "If you had you would have been here as usual, and then gone with him some other time."

A few days passed and neither had again mentioned Eric Lucknow, although Haskell had scarcely spoken without a sneer. The telephone rang as I left the breakfast table. I answered.

"Yes, this is Mrs. Burroughs." "Will you and Mr. Burroughs accompany me to the opera to-night. I have a box." It was Eric Lucknow's voice.

"Oh, I should love to!" then I remembered, and said more soberly, "Perhaps—if it isn't too much trouble, you will call Mr. Burroughs up at his office and ask him. He left about ten minutes ago."

I was in a state of excitement all day. When Haskell came home he told me that Lucknow had asked HIM to the opera and had included me. He told me to wear my pearls and selected the gown I should put on. It was not the one I should have chosen, but rather than start a discussion I wore it. I was amazed that he had accepted Eric's invitation.

Just as we entered the foyer and as Eric was making his way toward us, I saw Mr. Burroughs. I heard a voice say: "Eric Lucknow—by all that's good!"

And so into my life came another factor—George Lattimore. It was a wonderful evening for me. George, Fanny and other of my favorite opera stars were singing, but it was the nearness of Eric Lucknow that made it a white night in my life. I grew quite gay and to prevent either Haskell or Eric from knowing the cause of my happiness I paid a good deal of attention to George Lattimore, whom Eric had invited to join us. After the first act I tried to make Haskell think that Lattimore interested me. That Eric would also think so I never dreamed. I thought I was it. I was amazed that that day at luncheon he would understand.

"You better give the men a chance to talk. Our friends sometimes have a good deal to say to each other." Haskell grumbled.

The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

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"HERE! It's after eight o'clock and that boy isn't up yet. Willie! W-I-I-I-I! Will-see! If you don't get right up I'll send your father in there to you!"

"Um up, Maw, um up!" "You are not up! Look at your little sister, up hours ago and ready for school!"

This last was not strictly the fact. Little Emma Jarr was dressed only so far as her little petticoats and was standing between her mother's knees getting her braids attended to. Meanwhile, Master Willie Jarr in his little bed had closed his eyes and taken another one of those delightful snatches of sleep that come so sweetly to us when it is time we should be up.

"I do wish your father would give me a hand with your children," complained Mrs. Jarr. "But, no, he just grins and says: 'That's what I used to do!'" snuffed Mrs. Jarr, as she seized hold of one of the little girl's pigtail some five inches from her head and began to tug hard with a comb at the end strands of the hair. Whereupon, despite Mrs. Jarr's efforts to make the operation a painless one, the little girl shrieked, "Ouch! You're hurting me!"

"Yes, how can I have any control of your children when your father doesn't seem to care how you act?" Hearing this last, Mr. Jarr, who was shaving himself, shouted, "Will-jum!"

And immediately Master Willie Jarr was heard to jump out of bed, and a quick, scuffling sound proved he was jumping into his clothes at once—Master Jarr having prepared for a quick toilet by arranging his clothes on a chair by the bed.

"Breakfast, mum!" announced Gertrude, the light running domestic, appearing at the door. "And I think them fish ain't any pound-and-a-half, either."

"Oh, I suppose we've been cheated with short weight, besides high prices," said Mrs. Jarr. "What did you get fish for, then, from that place?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"I have to deal where I can," answered Mrs. Jarr. "Especially as I had to let Hepler, the butcher's, bill go over, because this week I had to pay Muller, the grocer; and then gas, rent, ice, milk!"

But Mr. Jarr, not desiring to listen again to the litany of High Living on a Small Salary, interrupted by saying:

"Well, breakfast is waiting!" "Did you wash your neck?" asked Mrs. Jarr as little Willie slouched in.

"Yes, maw," answered the boy promptly. "You did not!" was the reply. "Go and wash it instantly."

Master Jarr disappeared, but returned in short order, having accomplished the great juvenile mystery of washing his neck without having wet his hands.

"Look at his hands! Look at his hands!" cried Mrs. Jarr. "And of course his teacher will think it's my fault! Where is your necktie?" "He put his necktie on our big teddy bear," said little Emma.

"Go get your necktie and put it on! And you didn't put on a clean shirt! Oh, what shall I do with you? There! It's twenty minutes of nine—and look at him! Look! There's no strings in his shoes!" "Emma took them," snuffed the boy.

Reflections of a Bachelor Girl

By Helen Rowland

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THE first step in making a husband out of a bachelor is to extract the "nerve."

Most men who rush into marriage are blinded not so much by love as by the pink-and-white negligee advertisements.

It is awfully annoying to invite a charming man to meet a fascinating woman and then discover that they can't possibly take any interest in one another—just because they once happened to have been married to one another.

You can't trust clocks in judging a man's punctuality. No man was ever yet over "ten minutes" late for anything, no matter HOW the hands pointed.

A man knows that there is nothing so dead as dead love; but a woman always vainly hopes that it has just gone into a trance and will awaken some morning if she cries long and loudly enough.

No man can remember when or how love began any more than he can remember when or how the spring began, or his grouch began, or the wine began to go to his head.

Every man seems to fancy that the only way to make a woman believe that he is telling the naked truth is to dress it up in a few nice convincing lies.

The trouble with the average girl who comes to New York to "fight her way" is that she can't find any temptations to "struggle against," and most of the men she meets in the office turn out to be just "sheep in wolves' clothing" who seem bent upon driving her to work rather than on driving her about in automobiles.

Marriage is the alchemy that sometimes turns a molecule into a man, and again, alas, turns a man into a molecule.

Jealousy is the false alarm that wakes us from love's young dream.