

The Evening World

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Changing the Signs for Santy

By J. H. Cassel

The Woman of It

By Helen Rowland

LIGHT IN NUTMEGIA.

LIGHT continues to break through the low tariff gloom which settled over Connecticut two years ago. The Hon. Ebenezer John Hill, looking forward hopefully, has asked Congress for a \$180,000 post office to be erected in his native Norwalk.

True, his party is in the minority still in Congress, but there is always hope and an election ahead. The Stamford Advocate, too, feels the cheer.

These surprising phrases occur in a recent issue: "We're ahead of all records and still going strong." "There is a marked increase in business over the same period last year."

"The sales of the better quality and higher priced articles are much larger." "There is much more money in the purses of those who are shopping."

"At this time last year work was a scarcity; to-day there is a scarcity of labor in all its branches." "The action of manufacturing plants here in increasing wages has helped; the employment of a larger force of men than ever before by these same concerns has helped also, and the general increase of business along all lines has resulted in a greater degree of happiness than has been seen in many a day."

Can such things be in Connecticut? Bernard's painting "Peace" is missing. So is Peace!

MURDERS IN AMERICA.

JUDGING by the figures for 1914, compiled by Frederick L. Hoffman in The Spectator, murder in the United States is not a fine art but an industry. He shows that there were 8,000 victims of the murderous impulse during the year 1914.

Memphis continues to be the most dangerous community to live in from the standpoint of assassination, and Reading, Pa., the safest. The rate per 100,000 in Memphis was 72.2, as against one per cent in Reading.

New York has a murder rate of 6.1 per 100,000 and Chicago 9.1. Charleston, S. C., follows Memphis with a rate of 33.3 per 100,000.

Chicago had 317 murders last year, New York 280. It is surprising to learn that Philadelphia, with 4.6 and its Quaker atmosphere, is higher than Boston with its 3.4.

That the South should lead in murder continues to be a reproach to the lower half of the United States. Much of the percentage is credited to negro troubles. The climate and centuries of individual intolerance probably have more to do with it, coupled with whiskey drinking and gun toting.

Prohibition in the South prohibits no more than elsewhere. It was designed primarily to cut down the supplies of the blacks and rougher classes. "Gentlemen" can still import their liquor in unlimited quantities, and too many hip pockets bulge with revolvers.

Mr. William Barnes's Albany Journal points out that the proposition to raise \$112,000,000 extra revenue for defense purposes is equivalent to imposing a levy of \$1.12 on every man, woman and child in the United States.

Hits From Sharp Wits

The happiest man at the wedding is generally the bride's father, who rejoices that somebody else will have to support her.

If a woman forgets what she wanted to buy when she goes downtown to the store she can always think of something else to purchase.—Macon News.

Any time a man makes up his mind that he is ignorant he has taken the first step toward acquiring wisdom.—Tulsa Herald.

When a woman hires a new servant she always hopes she'll have some interesting gossip about the people she worked for before.

A good memory is a great asset. But why does it so often persist on dwelling on the fool things a fellow has done?—Columbia State.

Lots of men trust to luck to "make good" for them.

A man is wise in his own generation when he doesn't waste time in trying to combat the arguments of contemporary fools.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Letters From the People

A Wife's Bedress. To the Editor of The Evening World: I read "A Wife's Complaint," telling of a husband's desire that he could fool any court into believing he supported his wife when he did not.

As a man with ten years' experience in cases of this kind, I hope the wife will be of use to the court. Such a wife: Madam, if your husband thinks he can fool the court, he is very much mistaken. I suggest (if you have a witness who will testify in your behalf) that you go to the Domestic Relations Court, No. 151 East Fifty-seventh Street, New York, Explain your case. The clerk in charge will assign a probation officer to make an investigation of the conditions you are subjected to. I hope you will succeed. W. E. D.

Doading Letter Carrier Tips. To the Editor of The Evening World: There is a class of pests, both male and female, that disappear from mid-December until after Jan. 1. They meet letters at the office and over the top of other times with the question, "Any mail for me?" But not during the holidays. I wonder why. LETTER CARRIER.

Dollars and Sense

By H. J. Barrett. In an effort to convince the public that its plea for a 6 cent fare is just, the Bay State Street Railway Company of Boston and vicinity has posted in its cars the following announcement:

20 YEARS OF BUYING. The average wholesale price of all commodities reported by the Government has increased in your life.

PER CENT IN 20 YEARS. (Based on U. S. Government Reports.)

THE BAY STATE STREET RAILWAY COMPANY is subject to these increased expenses too. The fare on its cars was 5 cents in 1895. And is 5 cents now. What is the answer?

That the cost of living has increased mightily during the past twenty years is indisputable. Most economists agree that the principal cause of this upward trend is the greatly increased gold production. If this were the only cause, however, theoretically the elevated prices would be only apparent. If a dollar would buy just half the amount of a specified commodity in 1915 that it would in 1895, but the dollar is ob-



The Week's Wash

By Martin Green. Copyright, 1915, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World).

WHAT do you suppose was the object of the dinner Judge Gary gave to Col. Roosevelt and a flock of plutocrats?" asked the head polisher.

"Search me," answered the laundry man. "These couldn't have been much politics in it, because it is bad politics for an active, practical politician to get into close public association with malefactors of great wealth, as Col. Roosevelt used to call them for publication. Private association of that character is all right, but it wasn't what we would call classy politics to invite the Colonel to a dinner with representatives of \$200,000,000,000.

"However, inasmuch as a national campaign is approaching, the Colonel deserves considerable attention. How are the Republicans going to get along without him?"

"In 1912 Wilson got 6,223,000 votes. Taft got 3,845,000 votes and Roosevelt got 4,113,000 votes—700,000 more than Taft. Roosevelt and Taft together polled 7,958,000 votes, or 1,310,000 more than Wilson.

"It is foolish to say that Roosevelt is a dead one, that his Progressive Party is dead and that even if he ran independently again he wouldn't pull enough votes to put a dent in the outcome. Consider the case of William Jennings Bryan. In 1896, with the aid of the People's Party, he polled 6,600,000 votes. In 1900 he dropped back to 6,248,000 votes—more than Wilson got at that—and in 1908, when he ran the campaign all by himself and the national organization didn't do enough for him to inspire even a slight repatriation, he polled 6,400,000 votes.

"The Republican leaders don't want Roosevelt as their candidate, but they do want those little old 4,000,000 Roosevelt votes. With them they figure they can beat Wilson with any candidate. How they are going to make up with the Colonel and preserve their self-respect is a puzzle. But when you come to think of it, self-respect doesn't run up much room in practical politics.

When the ladies had arrived and taken seats, Miss Doolittle, after putting the dog out and letting the cat in, called the meeting to order in a semi-official manner.

"Ladies, we should all swear off on things on New Year's Day," she said. "With your kind permission I shall read you several poems in which I have outlined resolutions which should be adopted."

"There being no pronounced objection, Miss Doolittle read the following rhyme:

New Year's Day is coming soon, New Year's Day is coming soon, Mrs. Moots, who chews gum all the time, Ought to quit her gum habit; Mrs. Moots is a cunning dame; She ought to let it be; Mrs. Groogan's husband says he drinks older, Older! Ha! Fuffel say we.

My sister's child, Tommy Hackett, Called her a hussy a week ago, The children was very much put out, Tommy, don't be a jumping jack; Buy a new hat for Tommy; Mrs. Wagon's hair is too yellow; She should have it dyed blue; For she isn't fooling the fellows.

When Miss Doolittle finished her con-sternation broke loose.

"I'd like to say," came from Mrs. Moots, "that I don't chew gum all the time, neither, and, anyway, what I do is my own business."

"As for my complexion," Mrs. Holly almost shouted, "it's my own, and I can prove it by the druggist. I never bought a bit of red in his place."

"Groogan may drink booze," said Mrs. Groogan, "but nobody here has his Christmas present."

Mr. Berry, the undertaker, with a new undertaking—that is, he was trying to sell Mr. Jarr stock in a mausoleum project—blandly accepted the invitation to dinner that Mrs. Jarr tendered him as a friend of the family (at least such part of the family as was represented by Mrs. Jarr's mother).

Womanlike, Mrs. Jarr was in awe, tempered with admiration, of the great fetich Respectability. Undertakers, doctors, lawyers and floor-walkers are all respectable, and hence receive the adulation of the female mind. If we may digress, it may be briefly added that as the antithesis of the smug professions named, janitors, lozemen, street car conductors and the average husband are among the types that the matronly mind does not consider wholly respectable. These are not quite lost, but they are under suspicion.

Hence, Mr. Berry, respectable, and Mr. Jarr, an average husband, and not being quite so respectable, eyed each other after dinner, each waiting for an opening—Mr. Berry to resume the subject of stock purchase in the mausoleum project and Mr. Jarr to proffer a line of conversation totally at variance.

Mr. Berry's mausoleum project being a matter of dead stock, so to speak, turned Mr. Jarr's mind to live stock.

"And what's become of Clarence, your wonderfully intelligent horse?" were not intended as satire. The memory of Clarence having kicked Mr. Berry through the plate glass window of that gentleman's establishment upon one occasion, was sweet to Mr. Jarr as he gazed into the smug countenance of his vis-a-vis.

"Clarence took to drink and became a cause of scandal in my very genteel connection. I was obliged to let him go and he drifted into moving picture acting, with some success, it is only fair to admit, I hear."

Mr. Jarr was interested indeed. He leaned forward listening eagerly, and Mr. Berry continued:

The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell. Copyright, 1915, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World).

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"You know in our profession we are not prone to criticize, under the reaction of strong emotional strain, are apt to pause at roadhouses for refreshments and stimulation upon the return from the internment."

"Yes, yes, go on," said Mr. Jarr. "First, in the way perhaps of jocosity, the drivers would tempt Clarence, and at a time when he was everything a well behaved young horse should be, to drink beer. In time he became addicted to beer. This was all very well upon the return from internments when Clarence would halt in front of various roadhouses on the way from the cemetery and refuse to go on until he had a bucket of beer, but when he would halt the cortege on the way to the cemetery and refuse to stir until he had his well, vulgarly, his growler, then I saw that Clarence and I had arrived at the parting of the ways."

"I disposed of him to a milk dealer, but unfortunately Clarence would only deliver milk at cafes and similar resorts. He finally drifted into film acting, where his convivial habits tend rather to add to the value of his services."

Mr. Jarr was greatly interested and asked me. But it is a long story, mate.

Ellabelle Mae Doolittle

By Bide Dudley. Copyright, 1915, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World).

ELLABELLE MAE DOOLITTLE, the noted poetess of Delhi, believes thoroughly in the practice of turning over new leaves on New Year's Day. Last week she wrote several poems setting forth her ideas along this line and read them to members of the Thread and Needle Club, the Spin a Yarn Club and other social groups organizations of Delhi.

The ladies met at the Doolittle home in response to invitations sent out by the poetess. So much interest was there displayed in the affair that the attendance made it necessary to throw open the Doolittle parlor.

When the ladies had arrived and taken seats, Miss Doolittle, after putting the dog out and letting the cat in, called the meeting to order in a semi-official manner.

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"I'd like to say," came from Mrs. Moots, "that I don't chew gum all the time, neither, and, anyway, what I do is my own business."

She Says Most Men Still Believe in Santa Claus.

"COME," said the Widow as the Bachelor followed her meekly through a mass of struggling humanity down an aisle of tiled and artificial holly to a particular counter emblazoned with the enticing legend "Pretty Junk for Gentlemen." "I want you to help me settle the Eternal Question."

"I hope," murmured the Bachelor hesitatingly as he tried to dodge the fatal end of an umbrella with dignity, "that it's not the sex question, or the war question, or a question of capital and—"

"It's all three," broke in the Widow tragically. "Especially the question of capital and labor—hard, hard labor. I am trying to buy a Christmas present for a MAN, Mr. Weatherby, the nicest man in the world."

"Oh," exclaimed the Bachelor, coughing behind his hand and trying not to look self-conscious, "that ought to be easy. Most men would be delighted with almost anything from—"

"Oh, dear," groaned the Widow, "that's what they all say. Ask any man what he wants for Christmas and he will say either 'Oh, nothing,' or 'Oh, anything,' and then resent it because you use your own judgment and buy him something he doesn't want and will never find any use for. Now here, for instance," and the Widow waved her fluffy muff toward the "Pretty Junk for Gentlemen," "is a display that ought to satisfy any masculine heart. Come. Look it over and pick out something that you—that the nicest man in the world would really like."

Present for "A Full-Grown Man."

"BUT," complained the Bachelor modestly, trying to peep between a fat lady's shoulder and a thin lady's paradise feathers, "it is so difficult to see through seven women and a footman and a poodle dog—"

"Not half so difficult," broke in the Widow, "as it is to see through one man and discover what he really wants for Christmas. No man knows how you guess, you choose to make. Now take, if you choose, a pair of scarves; they are sure to be the wrong size or the wrong color. If you pick out a beautiful cane or a gold-headed umbrella, you discover afterward that he never carries one. If you send him cigars, they are always the wrong brand. If you give him your photograph in a chased silver frame, his sister or his mother will interpret it as a sign that you are making a 'dead set' for him. If you try to be original and get him something personal, he wonders if you are growing sentimental. Send him something simple and cheap and you feel that he despises it. Spend your last penny to get him something handsome, and he decides that he has been giving you too much encouragement and had better be a little cool in future."

"Oh, well," broke in the Bachelor, desperately, "why bother your little head to give him ANYTHING? A full grown man always feels sort of embarrassed to receive gifts from a woman, anyway."

"The nothing and unpretty if he doesn't," rejoined the Widow. "I know a man who always goes out the week before Christmas with a new stock of cravats, gloves, hosiery and cigars—in short, all the necessities and luxuries which he can imagine his wife bestowing on him at the Yuletide just in order to keep her from persecuting him with them. Yet he would be cut to the heart if she didn't come around with some sort of tribute to his vanity and sign of remembrance on Christmas morning. Men are just a lot of growing-up babies, anyway, and to his dying day every one of them believes in Santa Claus and would be highly astonished and incensed to be forgotten by him."

"Pretty Junk for Gentlemen."

"WELL," said the Bachelor resignedly, gazing over the display of "Pretty Junk for Gentlemen," "what must be, MUST be, I suppose, and the first thing to consider, perhaps, is the man. There is something, for instance," and he pointed to a queer looking thing in sterling silver, "that would appeal to almost any man."

"What IS it?" exclaimed the Widow, curiously, picking up the odd looking bit of silverware and turning it around.

"—don't know," answered the Bachelor, vaguely, "but, anyway, he wouldn't have to WEAR it, nor SMOKE it, and—and you would have the satisfaction of feeling that you had given him something original and personal, besides."

"Why, Mr. Weatherby!" exclaimed the Widow, dropping the thing in sudden horror, "it's a pocket flask!"

"Why—so it IS—a pocket flask?" murmured the Bachelor, reddening guttily. "But this man for whom you are going to buy the junk—or the offering, is he a very near and dear friend?"

"Oh, very near—and very dear," answered the Widow, glancing up at the Bachelor.

"Young or old?" continued the Bachelor, trying to conceal his satisfaction.

"Oh, middle aged, I should say," answered the Widow, thoughtfully.

"And he is tall and good looking and intellectual and athletic and—"

"Oh, ALL of that," interrupted the Widow, punctuating with sudden eagerness upon a blue and gold smoking outfit and holding it up for the Bachelor's inspection. "And here's just the thing I've been looking for. Isn't it perfectly sweet?"

"Per—perfectly!" answered the Bachelor, choking with dismay. "But—but would—would I HAVE to—would HE have to wear the embroidered fox and those saucy—gorgeous, glittering, cut-cutty little smoking jacket with the tassels on it if you gave it to me?"

"To YOU, Mr. Weatherby!" exclaimed the Widow in freezing astonishment. "Why, what on earth would you think it was for you? THIS present is for my brother Bob out in Arizona. I bought YOURS two months ago."

"Come," said the Bachelor, hastily, as he wiped his brow, crumpled the Widow's arm and led her firmly away from the "Pretty Junk for Gentlemen." "Let's go and have a drink while we talk it over. Poor old Bob." And he heaved a sigh of pity—and relief.

The Woman Who Dared

By Dale Drummond. Copyright, 1915, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World).

CHAPTER XXXIII. Oh, how I wished I might talk to Haskall of the boy, his cunning ways, and sweet disposition. But I had not mentioned him excepting once when Haskall gave me \$20.

"That will be yours each month. If you choose to spend it on some other woman's child, that's your own lookout. But don't ask for any more for your next gift."

"It will be plenty, thank you—I wish you would see him Haskall," I ventured.

"Please do not annoy me with such talk," he returned, and I had not again mentioned the child to him.

"What shall we do for Christmas, Haskall?" I asked a day or two afterward.

"Wouldn't it be nice to have the Larkins in to dinner? And any one else you would like."

"Yes," he agreed. "Have the Larkins but no one else. I want to have a good talk with Larkin, and Christmas will be as good a time as any."

So it was settled. Mrs. Larkin accepted, and I asked Haskall if I might order a tiny Christmas tree and a table decoration. He consented, and I ordered a lovely one with the thought in mind that I would take it over to the baby the next day.

Always I felt depressed at the holiday time. I never made gifts for two reasons. One that I had no really intimate friends, and the other, I was so poor, and would not ask Haskall to give me any for that purpose.

But this year I had determined to give both Mrs. Larkin and Nell Larkins something. So I did a contrived piece and doilies for Nell and a scarf for Mrs. Larkin. I bought the baby a pretty rattle and made him some little toys besides, and gave Mrs. Clark a trifling remembrance. These constituted my Christmas gifts. Nothing for the servants. Haskall attended to that. He always had.

When the Christmas day came, I had meant little to me, less than it does to most people no matter what their circumstances. Yet this year my heart was full of joy. I had the baby to look after. I was almost well again, and when the day before Christmas a big box of gorgeous American Beauty soap was sent to my room and I—

Soon after we joined the gentlemen the carol singers stopped under the window and sang for me. Haskall opened the window and they sang to Mrs. Larkin. I bought the baby a pretty rattle and made him some little toys besides, and gave Mrs. Clark a trifling remembrance. These constituted my Christmas gifts. Nothing for the servants. Haskall attended to that. He always had.

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I had determined to tell Haskall my business plans immediately after the first of the year, and when so pleasant, so more than usually amenable all day. I told him then, I had expected opposition, trouble, but even knowing him I did I had not looked for the storm of reproach, the vituperation with which he met my disclosure.

(To Be Continued.)