The Evening World.

ESTABLISHED BY JOSEPH PULITZER.
Published Daily Except Sunday by the Press Publishing Company, Nos. 53 to 63 Park Row, New York.
RALPH PULITZER, President, 63 Park Row.
J. ANGUS SHAW, Treasurer, 63 Park Row.
JOSEPH PULITZER, Jr., Secretary, 63 Park Row.

Entered at the Post-Office at New York as Second-Class Matter.
Subscription Rates to The Evening World for the United States and Canada.
One Year..... $2.50
One Month..... .20
For England and the Continent and All Countries in the International Postal Union.
One Year..... $9.72
One Month..... .35

VOLUME 56.....NO. 19,855

THE FREIGHT BLOCKADE.

RAILROAD terminals in this city are still choked with freight that nobody seems to know how to handle. Factories report that their supplies of raw material are beginning to run low and shippers and merchants are hampered by serious delays.

It is a singular thing that the railroads after months of lamentation over lack of business are unprepared to take care of business when it comes to them.

According to the traffic bureau head of the Merchants' Association, "New York has the worst railroad traffic facilities of any city in the country." Just now export shipments are badly tied up, which further complicates matters. Also lighterage facilities upon which all freight arriving on the Jersey side must depend are inadequate and antiquated.

But have the railroads done their part? They must have seen that mills and factories running overtime for months past meant thousands of carloads of goods to be moved sooner or later. Did they make their plans accordingly?

Railroad officials display great skill in figuring their losses and impressing upon the country their needs in lean times. It's a pity they don't go down into the yards now and then and study out ways of handling a rush of traffic when prosperity forces it on them.

Public opinion has not been backward in pointing out to Gov. Whitman the importance of fair play for T. M. Osborne.

THE RESOLUTE.

NEVER did New Year find the world more desperately in need of good resolutions. Yet there is no sign that any are being made by those responsible for humanity's record backslide. All the guilty seem to ask is time to do worse yet.

Luckily, a part of the race is working overtime on good resolutions for the rest. We mean the pacifists. They show no slackening of courage or persistence. If some of their hopes fly high and some of their impulses are rash, they are nevertheless accomplishing more than the millions and millions of us who habitually see too many sides of a question to do anything about it.

Watch the pacifists. They mobilize clumsily, having had little practice. But their strength is the strength of human longing to live and be happy, their armament is irresistible common sense. They are not all sentimentalists. Many among them will study ways and means and weapons. If they find they must be formidable, they will make themselves formidable.

Presently, when they are all in step, some New Year may find the fragile Dove of Peace stuffed and on the shelf while a new Peace Militant polices the world.

Despatches from Europe say the Kaiser is suffering from a phlegmon on his neck. Other cables describe it as a non-malignant furuncle. Would it be lese majeste to call it a boil?

WE HAVE BEEN SPARED MUCH.

MR. BALFOUR picked a timely moment to remind Britons what their fleet has done and is still doing. "Though silent," declared the First Lord of the Admiralty, "it is performing at this moment, not alone for the allies but for the whole world, the greatest, the most important part in the drama now being played out for the freedom of the world. The British Grand Fleet, which as a grand fleet has never yet had the opportunity of being in action, has nevertheless from hour to hour, day by day, through all the months of the war been the foundation upon which everything else has rested."

The reflection should send a comforting glow to English hearts and help dispel the chills of doubt and disappointment that have been creeping upon the nation of late.

Nor need we in this country hesitate to give the British navy credit for what it has prevented. We have found it necessary to warn England off our commerce and to protest against the high-handed manner in which her cruisers have treated vessels flying our flag. But suppose the German fleet had months ago steamed out of Kiel? Suppose dozens of Emdens were scouring every corner of the seas, preying upon commerce, pillaging and sinking as they went?

Teutonic submarine warfare has shown us horrors enough. How many Lusitanias and Anconas would there have been if whole Teutonic fleets had had free range?

Hits From Sharp Wits.

Some people bury the hatchet, but they still use a hammer.

* * *

If you borrow money from a fellow you meet him everywhere you go as long as you owe him, but if he borrows from you months and months go by, it seems, before you ever see him again.—Macon News.

A girl never complains at the manufacturer who makes shoes too small, but at the villainous fates that make her feet too large.—Houston Post.

* * *

No woman would be satisfied in heaven unless she had the privilege of powdering her nose every five minutes.

Dollars and Sense

By H. J. Barrett

"YES, they call me the star salesman of this organization," admitted a modest appearing man of middle age.

"As a matter of fact, there are several ablar salesmen on our force. The reason my total volume tops the list is merely because I see the greatest number of customers in the course of a week. Selling merchandise of this character, where the average order doesn't exceed $10 or $15, is a good deal like laying brick—the more hours you work the more orders you'll take.

"Most city salesmen who sell to the retail meat and grocery trades have convinced themselves that it is impossible to sell goods Saturday afternoon.

"'I'll just spoil prospects,' is their attitude. 'My customers are too busy to listen to me.' And at about 2 o'clock Saturday they call it a day, and spend the balance of the afternoon at a movie. That used to be my idea, too. But just for an experiment I plugged away one Saturday afternoon and to my surprise sold four orders, totalling $45. Since then I've knocked off work Saturdays at 5.30.

"Another point: Most salesmen are inclined to dawdle over their lunches, often consuming a couple of hours for the rite. I lay out my day according to a rigid schedule and I follow that schedule.

"Here's an episode which will throw some light on the value of the latter quality. It made a tremendous impression upon me at the time. Some years ago when I first landed in this town a bookstore man made me a proposition.

"'Here are a couple of thousand books which I've picked up for a song,' he said. 'It's a humorous automobile skit.'

"From the business directory in the back of the phone book I learned that there were 96 auto agencies in the city; fortunately for me they were pretty well concentrated into one section.

"For three days I hammered away at that single proposition. But I couldn't make a sale. At the end of the fourth day I sold the entire lot to the 96th agency, the very last one in the city. As my commissions came to $60 I was well repaid for the effort. That was an object lesson of the value of perseverance."

A Good Resolution

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By J. H. Cassel

Ellabelle Mae Doolittle

By Bide Dudley

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ELLABELLE MAE DOOLITTLE, the Delli poetess, is an expert at cooking. While it isn't generally known, she can fry eggs in seven different ways and can make nine kinds of cake. Whenever there is to be a special dinner at the Doolittle home the poetess personally buys the food. Christmas Day, at 6 o'clock, the Doolittles had a big dinner at Pegasus Manor, as the Doolittle residence is called, and the fact that it was beautifully cooked was due entirely to the knowledge of things culinary of the poetess.

Taking a basket, Miss Doolittle went out marketing last Friday afternoon. Before leaving the house she prepared several rhymes, setting forth just what she wanted. These poems she read to the various merchants she visited. As a result, the dinner was so good that her father ate himself into a case of indigestion and her sister's child, Teeney Ricketts, acquired the stomachache.

Miss Doolittle, on her shopping tour, first visited the grocery store of Simon Moots. Mr. Moots waited on her personally. After he had offered her the compliments of the season, Miss Doolittle took a stand before him and, drawing a roll of rhymes from her handbag, read the following:

How do you do, Mr. Simon Moots,
I want some good potatoes,
Also some of your best celery, please,
And at a very cheap rate, oh.
A quart of cranberries I'll take too;
But, mind you, I'm an expert,
Bread and salt and flour will do,
So all your energies please exert.

My sister's child, Teeney Ricketts,
Called Mrs. Clayburne Wicks a bunko.
Mrs. Wicks was very mad, and no wonder—
Teeney, have you been drunk, oh?
But, getting back to my ordering, Mr. Moots,
Put in apples and a few bananas.
Is it true that your oldest son
Has been jailed for vagrancy in Kansas?

After getting what she wanted at the grocery store, Miss Doolittle proceeded on her way, stopping next at the butcher shop of Tell Bogert. Babe Walpole, assistant butcher, came forward to wait on her, but she waved him away.

"I wish to buy from Mr. Bogert personally to-day," she said. "You are all right, Babe, but this is a special occasion and I feel that I want the proprietor to serve me. I have something to say to him. How is your mother?"

Babe said his mother was in pretty fair shape, and then summoned Bogert. Miss Doolittle took out another poem.

"Kindly pay strict attention," she said to the butcher. "This is very important."

She then read the following rhyme:

I bid you listen, Mr. Tell Bogert,
You have a nice butcher store,
People say you frequently gamble,
I'd suggest you not do it any more
For our Christmas dinner to-morrow
I want to get two good chickens,
Do not try to fool me with old hens,
Or I shall have to raise the dickens.

Let me have two little pullets,
Killed in the dream of young life,
Then let me have some mince-meat
To do away with sorrow and strife.
My father, the Hon. Peter P. Doolittle,
Says you and your wife fight,
But that is none of my concern
Sell me good food for our delight.

Naturally the butcher gave Miss Doolittle the best he had. The poetess then went to the candy store of Thaddeus Bell. The confectioner was delighted to see her.

"How do you do, Miss Doolittle?" he said. "I presume you understand that P. Silas Pettibone has never paid me for that nice Thanksgiving box of candy he sent you. Now, if you care to settle"——

Miss Doolittle held up one hand. "Bah!" she said. "Mr. Pettibone's debts do not interest me. It is true he sent me a box of candy, but the Kelly family next door came in and ate it, as Dr. Penuple, the dentist, will tell you. If you have anything to say about that candy, please see that Kelly bunch."

"But, Miss Doolittle," protested Bell, "Dr. Penuple told me that you yanked out a tooth on a piece of the taffy, and I feel that you should protect me."

"Goodby, sir!" said the poetess with admirable firmness.

And with that she turned and went out, leaving the confectioner flat.

The Jarr Family

—By Roy L. McCardell—

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MR. BERRY, the undertaker, desired to try out the pair of dapple grays he contemplated purchasing from Rafferty, the contractor, in that part of the city where his genteel clientele had been for so many years established.

But Mr. Rafferty would not consent to this.

"You think I'm going to ship them horses all over the United States for a tryout," he growled, "I told you I wasn't anxious to sell them. Pretty soon a quart of gasoline will cost more than a bale of hay, or two bushels of oats. Everybody will go back to horses, if gasoline keeps on selling at a dollar a gill. So I don't need to worry about them dapple grays staying on my hands. If you want to try them out, try them out in this neighborhood."

Mr. Jarr, who was to get a commission in stock of Mr. Berry's projected mausoleum company—but intending to insist on part cash—agreed with Rafferty. Why should he go to the far end of the city to assist at the tryout?

It was Mr. Jarr's first transaction on commission basis. A transaction over a pair of dapple gray horses between a speculative builder and an astute undertaker. It was the first commission he had ever received. The commission, alas! was only to be in the stock of a mausoleum company, the mausoleums of which had not yet been constucted—perhaps had not even been planned.

So Mr. Jarr, as he expressed it, "stuck around."

Mr. Berry was on hand at Rafferty's stables at the time appointed, personally driving a utility team attached to his new black hearse.

"A panacea for the keenest emotions of the bereaved," remarked Mr. Berry as he rubbed his hands and gazed proudly at the new hearse. "Every surviving relative and friend will glow with conscious pride when they view a vehicle of such refined and pleasing lines. All hand-carved and veneered, double-thick plate glass, and the rails and mountings quadruple silver plated and the rollers all noiseless ball-bearing! Ha! A panacea—a panacea indeed! Do you not think so, Mr. Jarr? Were you conscious of the fact, would not your immortal consciousness glow with pride that such a vehicle conveyed you to that bourne from which no traveller—I should say occupant—e'er returns?"

Mr. Jarr gazed upon the outfit and remarked that while it was a Jim dandy he was not dying to ride in it and would not brag about it if he ever did ride in it.

"Watcha bring that around for?" growled the saturnine Rafferty, for he was still under the sullen influence of his "hold-over" of holiday cheer.

"My dear sir," said Mr. Berry. "I wanted a tryout of the dapple grays with the vehicle they shall be employed to haul—if we can come to terms."

Mr. Jarr winced, for the phrasing of this remark led him to believe that it was Mr. Berry's still concealed design to cajole Mr. Rafferty in accepting stock in the projected mausoleum company for the dapple grays.

The dapple grays in question were hitched to the vehicle. "And now," said Mr. Berry, as he climbed up to the box and took the reins, "we will see their behavior as though they were heading a cortege. Mr. Jarr will you get up beside me?"

Mr. Jarr hung back. This was more than he had bargained for. But the lure of the commission held him in its thrall, and he clambered up beside the undertaker, hoping that none who knew him would see him in such a position. Also, it was comforting to reflect that he would prefer to ride upon the outside, looking in.

"Don't drive near our neighborhood," he whispered to Mr. Berry.

Mr. Berry nodded. "Every consideration for the feeling of the bereaved," he murmured. "But I want to see that these horses have not the low and vulgar ways that Clarence, the horse we spoke about, had. If they stop at a saloon, as he always insisted on doing, I will not take them even for mausoleum stock!"

So he chirruped to the horses, and Mr. Jarr was in for it. Ah, how much he was in for it, he little realized!

Mollie of the Movies

By Alma Woodward

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AUDIENCES are so pampered nowadays that they say "Pretty fair. Nothing extra," when a girl escapes from a fourth story, slides along a telegraph wire hand over hand, taps the wire when she gets to the first pole, saves a limited express and waves the American flag at the finish!

And for all the "rep" we get out of it, I'd rather go into some nice, quiet little business like dusting the trenches on the firing line, or something. They cry themselves sick at a cinch of a scene where a girl does nothing but die in a nice, soft bed, with stacks of lingerie pillows. But when you die hanging by one toe from a sixty-foot cliff they say: "Oh, it looks dangerous, but it isn't. They've got her all propped up and tied and everything."

And the worst of it is you can't get back at them. There you are, on the screen, as mum as a gefillte fish, a target for anything. So I said to the director the other day:

"What's the use of doing all this Stunt Stuff anyway? They don't appreciate it. Every time I start one I have visions of a florist making up a wreath of autumn leaves with a bunch of white roses in one corner.

But the director is ambitious. He sprang a new one. This time it was to be a double astral self. We've had souls leaving the body, but this was to be twins. The dark spirit of my past and the radiant one of my future were to take the same jitney as I passed on.

I was game. I'll try anything once. The scenario called for my dying in a gambling house, having been stabbed to death by a former admirer. With the touching naivete of the photoplaywright it was designated that I was to fall backward over the roulette table, with my head hanging down, a la Svengali.

Well, I died the called-for way and was lying there, when all of a sudden the director and the camera man get into a discussion as to whether it wouldn't be more artistic for me to be stabbed at the top of the grand stairway and fall to the bottom, dead; so that the twin astrals, leaving my body, could mount the stairs again, very majestically.

Now, can you imagine anything more inconsiderate than for two men to get into a hot argument while a lady chokes to death and sees violet flies and everything lying upside down across a roulette table?

I opened my mouth to protest, but my windpipe rebelled at the strained position and, by gosh! by the time they rescued me I was three-quarters gone.

Well as soon as I got back my voice I said:

"Now, see here, boys. I don't object to being triplets—I'm reasonable—but listen! that dame's going to die on the floor or keep on living."

You know you've got to be firm some time or they play you for a boob.

The Woman of It

By Helen Rowland

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She Says New Year's Is Time to Change Old Hearts for New.

"ANOTHER bright, brand new year!" exclaimed the Widow joyously, lifting her creme yvette to the Bachelor's champagne glass as the midnight bells rang out and the horns and whistles and shouts and laughter rose in a deafening blast of welcome. "And time to begin all over again!"

"Some of us," remarked the Bachelor cynically, when the noise had subsided a little, "won't be able to 'begin again' before day after to-morrow," and he glanced significantly around at the gay revellers at the nearest tables.

"Oh, let's don't think of the sad part now," cooed the Widow happily. "Let's be joyful, to think that we can start the New Year, BRAND NEW—with brand new hopes, brand new resolutions, brand new consciences, brand new clothes, brand new ideals"——

"And a brand new flirtation?" put in the Bachelor hopefully.

"Well—perhaps," agreed the Widow. "Anyway, this is the psychological moment to exchange old hearts for new, old dreams for new, old habits for new, and dead ambitions, worn-out friendships and frazzled-out love affairs for solid, bright new ones. That's the secret of happiness and success and eternal youth, Mr. Weatherby—to begin life all over again at least once a year! Throw out all the rubbish that has collected; all the tarnished sentiments and stale romances, the withered ideals and passe illusions and lay in a fresh supply of bright and beautiful new ones!"

Clearing Decks for 1916.

"HOW perfectly lovely!" murmured the Bachelor mockingly; "and just when do you begin—er, throwing ME out, along with your other 'withered ideals and passé illusions'?"

"Oh, YOU!" laughed the Widow, patting his coat sleeve consolingly. "You are ALWAYS bright and fresh and new! 'Time cannot wither nor custom stale YOUR infinite variety.' You don't count!"

"Thank you," murmured the Bachelor doubtfully. "But"——

"But I HAVE cut off a lot of foolish flirtations—foolish friendships that were boring me to death," broke in the Widow hastily, "and forgiven all my enemies and discarded a lot of petty prejudices and mean little personal feelings, and buried all my old quarrels, and relinquished forever all the silly little hopes and ambitions that didn't blossom and laid in a full stock of new and better ones. I've given all my unbecoming hats and uncomfortable shoes to my maid"——

"How kind of you!"

"And sent all my old dancing frocks and the gowns I never liked to my poor nieces and cousins"——

"What sweet and noble charity!"

"And, in short, mentally, spiritually and sartorially, I'm a NEW WOMAN, Mr. Weatherby!" finished the Widow, quite unperturbed. "From now on you won't know me!"

"I never hoped to 'KNOW' you," admitted the Bachelor sadly. "Because you are never twice the same. Why won't you 'stay put' once in a while?"

"'Stay put'?" exclaimed the Widow, snapping her fingers scornfully. "OSSIFY? Never! It's cowardly and egotistical to 'stay put' unless you are perfect. Change is the first law of Nature. It's the renewal of the world every year that keeps it young, and the beginning of life all over again every year that keeps a man or a woman young! 'It's the youth of the year—and there's youth in my heart!'" she trilled softly, with smiling lips and shining eyes.

One New Year's Eve Resolution.

"YES," grumbled the Bachelor, glancing menacingly at a bright-hatred young man at the table opposite, "I've noticed that THAT particular youth over there has been taking a violent interest in you all evening. You are awfully fond of 'youth' in any form—especially masculine—aren't you?"

"Oh, awfully!" acquiesced the Widow unblushingly. "I'm fond of anything NEW! And youth is always full of novelty—new ideas, new follies, new viewpoints, new illusions! 'Keep ahead of the crowd!' is my motto. Be a little 'rolling stone' and you'll gather no old moss to hold you down. What was that sweet little verse of the late dear Frank L. Stanton's?

'If you strike a thorn or rose,
Keep a-goin'!
If it rains or if it snows,
Keep a-goin'!
'Tain't no use to sit and whine
'Cause the fish ain't on your line——
Keep a-goin'!'

That's MY philosophy, Mr. Weatherby! Here's to the New Year—and old hearts for new!"

"Amen!" said the Bachelor as he drank the toast. "But how about all this sort of thing—when we are married? You won't be able to change me off every year, then, for a new"——

"Married!" repeated the Widow vaguely; "married? Oh, well, if that ever happens you'll be entirely changed, anyway!"

"It would make a NEW MAN of me!" agreed the Bachelor.

"And then we'd both have to 'stay put.'" said the Widow with a rueful little smile.

The Woman Who Dared

By Dale Drummond

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CHAPTER XXXVI.

THAT first month in business seems like a dream to me, even after all these years. I was so busy I scarcely had time to eat or sleep. I was determined to make a success, not only for the sake of showing Haskall what I could do, but for my own sake. I found that some of my fashionable friends cut me, but others were very nice, and promised to patronize me. A few told me they "thought it wonderful that I was able to do such a thing," and quoted some titled Englishwoman's success to encourage me.

I had not heard from Haskall, neither had I seen him since I had left the house at his orders. I was commencing to feel the joy of independence. Oh, how glorious it was not to have to ask for money for this or that. To know that I was earning it and could spend it as I chose.

I had not seen Eric Lucknow for some time, but he had written me a short note. He said Mrs. Larkin had told him of my venture and he wished me every success. I missed him—to tell the truth I wanted him—but I had no time to worry. Each day brought its duties, and at night I was so tired I slept like a child. Then, too, as the days went by and I heard nothing from Haskall, I began to look around for a small, inexpensive apartment. The boarding house was not like a home, and I wanted little Jack and Mrs. Clark with me.

Mrs. Larkin had tried to persuade Haskall to take a different view of my action in going into business, and was encouraged that she might succeed.

"I think he misses you, dear," she told me, "even if he will not acknowledge it. I heard Mr. Lattimore say that it took a lot of urging to get him to go anywhere nowadays."

What she told me lingered in my mind, and I decided to stay where I was for a short time longer. I would be patient. I would give Haskall time to become accustomed to the new order of things.

I will not pretend that there were not hard places, unpleasant experiences to be met with each day. The scorn of some of the people I knew was hard to bear. The supercilious manner of others who came to the shop only from curiosity often embarrassed me. But in spite of all I was really happier than I had been for years. Then, too, the thought of Eric Lucknow's silent love for me gave me strength and courage.

I can truly say that there was absolutely nothing with which to condemn myself in my feeling for Eric. It had come to me unawares, and, excepting once, I had never given it expression, even in words. I had no faintest idea of ever being more to him than I now was; nor of his being more to me. But we loved. We knew each other worthy. In that was my greatest comfort.

There was nothing more to be explained to our acquaintances. My position had been defined. I was only one more fashionable woman who, tired of society, had gone into trade. Some prophesied success, others failure. But all were interested, and many patronized me. In fact I soon became quite fashionable. A whole page of the magazine section of the Sunday newspaper was given to me, much to my surprise. At first I was disposed to be annoyed, but when I realized that it had given me the very best kind of advertising, I was pleased.

I called Haskall up and told him I had nothing to do with it, but he was furious. It would hurt HIM, he told me. But long ago I had seen below the shadows of Haskall's absolute egoism. The lure that had blinded me into marrying him had long lost its fascination. The tie I had assumed alone remained. My marriage was a chain to be dragged through my life.

I wondered if he would be driven back to me by his intense egotism when he realized that I was a success, and FASHIONABLE; if the urge of his desire to be well thought of by the world we both knew would make him humble himself to ask me to return. He knew now that instead of belittling him people were talking of the wonderful success I was making. So I waited, not knowing what was wise, nor what was best, but determined to do all in my power to make things right for both of us.

Occasionally I closed my eyes and visioned my delight had Eric's strong arms been the ones to which I might go.

(To Be Continued.)