

The Evening World

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"Listening In"

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By J. H. Cassel

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

THE DUMB BELLES; by David Skauts Foster.

ULIUS WATERBURY, American bachelor, visited his boyhood chum, Jack Jenkins, United States Consul at Oldendorf, Germany. Jenkins had lately married a pretty German girl, who, by reason of her talkativeness, was reducing him to misery.



The Man in the Balloon.

J. H. Cassel

A MUNICIPAL MESS.

THE city's telephone tapping scandal has developed to a point of seriousness where only the fullest publicity can clear the public mind of the confusion which has so far obscured the matter.

Commissioner of Charities John A. Kingsbury and his counsel have been indicted by the Grand Jury on the charge of having illegally tapped a telephone wire leading to the private residence of Rev. William B. Farrell in Brooklyn.

On the other hand, Mayor Mitchell has come forward with the charge—certainly as grave as any—that there has been a Catholic conspiracy to "obstruct the due processes of the government of the city."

Charges and counter-charges neither establish truth nor do they shift responsibility. The whole thing is a bad mess, which threatens seriously to involve the credit of the city's present administration.

Under ordinary circumstances it is obviously not desirable to exhibit for general inspection police methods which to be efficient must be secret. But the present case has gone too far to make the suppression of anything connected therewith either wise or permissible.

ARE THE RUSSIANS WELCOME?

NO ONE can doubt the unrestrained joy of the French over the arrival of Russian reinforcements. But is it equally certain that the British are so joyful, or will remain so joyful, over the dramatic appearance of a force of Russian cavalry with their army below Kut-el-Amara?

Why should the Grand Duke have sent such a force on such a hard and dangerous ride at this time? If he wished to aid the British to advance on Bagdad could this force not have been used to better advantage in the rear of the Turk defenders?

Some who know what a rich prize Bagdad would be, not only politically but as the centre of rich oil and mineral fields, will be inclined to view the dash of the Russians as in the nature of insurance. If the British should happen to reach Bagdad before the Russian forces advancing from Persia they will now not be able to claim the city after the war as their own particular prize.

"HALF-BAKED AMERICANS."

A YEAR AGO the park authorities, the police and the City Magistrates formed a league against the vandals who deface the public parks. We hope these allies of order and decency are ready for another campaign this summer.

Vandalism in the parks, Commissioner Ward told the Boy Scouts the other night, is mainly the work of "half-baked Americans."

"These people sing our national anthem, they talk glibly of liberty, they join in our Fourth of July celebration, but they appear to be wholly ignorant of the fact that liberty means the opportunity to give the other fellow the same chance that you yourself enjoy."

"They destroy the young trees in the park. They cover big areas with rubbish. They refuse to co-operate with the authorities in their efforts to give to the people wholesome recreation grounds and in other ways they display their undeveloped, undigested and half-baked Americanism."

Experience has shown that the only way to teach a certain class of rowdies to respect the parks is by arrest followed by fine or a day or two in the workhouse to think it over.

It may be noted, moreover, that almost no raw material for citizenship is now arriving in this city. It's a good time to give a little extra baking to what we have on hand.

Hits From Sharp Wits

In a stenographer good looks will cover a multitude of misspelled words.—Macon News. A woman is never so homely that she doesn't imagine there is a man somewhere who is eating his heart out for love of her.—Columbia State.

Facts Not Worth Knowing By Arthur Baer

EUROPEAN railroads are selling no round trip tickets between Petrograd and Berlin. By diligent application any young man can raise himself to the job of head prisoner in some nice jail. There are no game regulations to prevent a fisherman from diving after bluefish. It is computed that the talking a man does at a ball game is more than balanced by the time he isn't talking when his wife is.

Lucile, the Waitress

By Bide Dudley

I HAD a chance to go into vaudeville to-day, kid," said Lucile, the waitress, as the newspaperman picked up the bill of fare. "You did?" he replied. "Uh huh! A man comes in here and sits right next to where you're at. I approach him, kid, but instead of ordering he just sits there and gives me the eye. Finally I get impetuous with his slowness."

"I hope you'll know me the next time you see me," I says. "He never pays any attention to my statement. I'm getting good and mad when he says: 'I guess you do.'"

"Oh, I would, eh?" I says. "Well, come out of it! What are you—a waitress inspector?" "I was just thinking," he says, "that I'd like to have you in my act. I'm a knife thrower."

"Well, most of the unfortunates in here use their fork," I tell him. "You don't get me!" he says. "I throw knives in the show. A lady stands against a board and I stick knives all around her. I'm needing a new lady."

"I suppose you stuck a dagger in the last one's heart, eh?" I says. "Well, they won't be any charts in the newspapers about me showing where the body was found."

"Oh, I never killed her," he says; "she married a bartender." "And after that was afraid of being stuck for the drinks, eh?" comes from little me.

"He grins. 'I might give you a line of chatter in the act,' he says. 'You wouldn't want me to carry off all the honors.'"

"No, I tell him. 'I'd be all out up about that, I presume.' "Get that idea out of your head," he says. "I won't leave," I reverberate. "I'll bet you got a brother who's an undertaker."

The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

A BEVY of young girls were passing by, and Mrs. Jarr, looking down on the street, said, "Isn't it terrible the way young girls dress these days? Why, girls of sixteen dress like women of thirty!" "Huh!" remarked friend husband, "More often you'll find it's women of thirty dressing to look like girls of sixteen."

"Oh, my! How observing you are!" said Mrs. Jarr. "I'm observing enough to be on to that," replied Mr. Jarr. "The young girls are all right. It's the old hens who are making a show of themselves. It's just like all this talk of the high cost of living. Living as people of moderate means lived twenty years ago would be just as cheap to-day. The trouble is that people don't want to live cheaply. It's like Range; he was offered a job in Baltimore at big money—for Baltimore. And he said it was bad enough to have to live cheap in New York without going to Baltimore to live the same way."

"He wouldn't find it any cheaper in Baltimore. The price of liquor is just the same as here," said Mrs. Jarr. "Geel! The way you talk people would think my friends were in the original cast of the 'Ten Nights in a Rooming House!'"

Mrs. Jarr thought that the silence which gives consent was the best way to receive this remark, so she said nothing. "The high cost of living," said Mr. Jarr, reverting to the original topic, "is because so much money goes for small luxuries—luxuries we didn't use to have."

"What luxuries do we have, even small ones?" asked Mrs. Jarr. "Well, take the moving pictures, for instance," replied Mr. Jarr. "There are thirty thousand moving picture shows in the United States. I'll bet it costs 50 cents every week taking our children to see the movies."

"As we can't afford to go to the regular theatres, where tickets cost \$2, the moving pictures at 5 and 10 cents are no great extravagance."

"But don't you see," said Mr. Jarr, "suppose we only spent \$4 for theatre tickets a couple of times a year; we now spend an average of 50 cents a week on moving picture shows—that's \$26 a year."

"And I suppose we are going right to the poorhouse because our children wish to have a little pleasure like other children?" was Mrs. Jarr's comment. "Now, please, be patient," said Mr. Jarr. "I just want to show you how the money goes these days on the little things that mount up—things we didn't use to have. There's the telephone. That costs \$3 a month."

Reflections of A Bachelor Girl

By Helen Rowland

LAS, how different life would be if a woman could only fall in love with a sixty-horsepower brain and a one-horsepower heart!

Funny, but a man never will understand that, when a woman is miserable, she can get almost as much comfort out of a good massage and a face massage as he can out of a good drink.

There is no man so impregnable and unimpressionable as a bachelor of thirty-five; because, at that age, he has lost all his illusions about woman—and has not yet discovered that she is indispensable.

No, dearie, no man ever thinks beforehand of the deep responsibilities of marriage—and no sane girl will remind him of them until she has him lashed to the hearthstone.

To make a man perfectly happy tell him that he works too hard, that he spends too much money, that he is "misunderstood," or that he is "different"; none of this is necessarily complimentary, but it will flatter him infinitely more than merely telling him that he is brilliant, or noble, or wise, or good.

After a woman has lain awake half the night in order to be able to call her husband in time to catch his train it's rather hard to be hated for it just like an alarm clock.

Oh, yes; every man has a high moral standard—for his wife. Just think how much more conscience stricken Adam felt over that one little bite Eve took of the apple than he did about eating all the rest of it himself!

Every person has two educations—one which he receives from others, and one, more important, which he gives himself.—GIBBON.

"Platonic friendship": The art that conceals heart.

Just a Wife--(Her Diary)

Edited by Janet Trevor.

CHAPTER XVII. AUGUST 8.—It is settled that we are to dine at Mrs. Denford's. The invitation came the day after she called. The date she mentioned is next Tuesday night.

When I told Ned that she had been to see me he looked frankly pleased. "What sort of a woman is she?" I asked. It was on the tip of my tongue to add, "How well do you know her?" but somehow, I didn't.

"She's a bit of a freak," Ned admitted. "She comes from one of those old families that are too much inbred. She has more money, more time, more education than she can use. Her one salvation would have been—well, about six children. She hasn't even one, and so she mothers enthusiasm and scientists."

"A particular scientist," I teased. His nonchalant and frank analysis of Mrs. Denford promptly cured a hurt which I had hardly admitted till now, but which had been caused by the lady's proprietary attitude when she spoke of my husband. I was subtly relieved that Ned didn't seem to care seriously. "She thinks you're 'strong' and 'magnetic' and 'young,'" I laughed at him. "And, Ned, she was rather unpleasant to me when she talked with me. She said that she should ask us to dinner. Do you really want to go?"

"Oh, we can't afford to turn down her invitation," he replied at once. "She has been very decent to me. Of course I didn't see so much of her just before we were married, but I've never been at her house. Personally I wouldn't care if I never saw her again, but professionally I ought to keep in with that crowd. There's a lot of money among 'em."

"But, Ned," I said hesitatingly, "ought we to—use people? If we don't really like them, ought we to cultivate their friendship because they may put money in our pockets? Of course if she's ill and wants you to be her doctor your personal feelings don't matter. But are we just—"

"I have no comment on the expense of such an entertainment. I will not be put to it to come home early. And maybe Mrs. Denford's dinner will be pleasanter than I think." (To Be Continued.)

said Mr. Jarr with some heat. "Look at that Clara Mudridge-Smith! She's hanging on to the telephone, gassing to all the other women she knows all day long. Why, if you try to get her telephone you only get a clacking in your ears and then hear Central say, 'Wire's busy!'"

"It's too bad you are thwarted in your attempts to talk over the telephone with fascinating Mrs. Mudridge-Smith!" remarked Mrs. Jarr, grimly. "Be careful you don't talk too much!"

"I'm sure I know nothing of your affairs," replied Mrs. Jarr, with affected indifference. "You don't confide in me. But if you are so annoyed because Clara Mudridge-Smith is talking to some one else over the telephone, why don't you tell her to stop?"