

The Evening World

ESTABLISHED BY JOSEPH PULITZER. Published Daily Except Sunday by The Press Publishing Company, Nos. 63 to 65 Park Row, New York.

Chicago!

Copyright, 1916, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World)

By J. H. Cassel

The Stories Of Stories

Plots of Immortal Fiction Masterpieces By Albert Payson Terhune

CHEATING THE GALLOWS. By Israel Zangwill. TOM PETERS and Everard G. Roxdal shared a suite of rooms in the (more or less) select London lodging house of Mrs. Seacom.

WHY NOT MAKE IT HISTORIC?

THE President's Flag Day proclamation should find a response throughout the country. Fourth of July is coming, but Fourth of July is a day of special celebration and rejoicing.

June Fourteenth is the day, and it can be made memorable in the history of the nation if the public rises to the opportunity.

"Let us on that day rededicate ourselves to the nation 'one and inseparable' from which every thought that is not worthy of our fathers' first vows of independence, liberty and right shall be excluded, and in which we shall stand with united hearts for an America which no man can corrupt, no influence draw away from its ideals, no force divide against itself, a nation signally distinguished among all the nations of mankind for its clear individual conception alike of its duties and its privileges, its obligations and its rights."

Why shouldn't the nation on that day literally stand together beneath the flag from New York to San Francisco and from Chicago to New Orleans—open air gatherings of Americans in every city and town—synchronized by a national timekeeper in Washington—at the same hour to lift their eyes and voices toward the flag in one great psalm of "America"?

MORE SAFETY RULES.

JUST as New Yorkers have become used to the near side stop for trolley cars and buses at street intersections it is proposed to require buses to go back to the far side rule.

The Safety First Society and the Police Department claim that when a bus makes a near side stop close to the curb many pedestrians think all the traffic has stopped and start to cross the street.

Most of the proposed regulations are sensible and should be adopted. But while street cars continue to stop on the near side, the far-side-stop rule for buses is sure to cause the public confusion and endless vexation, not to speak of actual peril.

Meanwhile the city continues to lack the simple and obvious safety regulation it needs most of all: An ordinance requiring pedestrians to cross thoroughfares only on the crosswalks provided for that purpose.

AN ACTORS' UNION.

IN VOTING to affiliate itself with the American Federation of Labor the Actors' Equity Association has taken a step which to some people will seem an unfortunate submerging of an art.

But let nobody forget the actor's side of the question. Play producing has come to be not only an art but an industry. Furthermore it is an industry in which the speculative element has developed so largely as to attract not a few operators, or managers as they prefer to be called, who think of art only as something they can employ somebody to get for them if they have to have it.

More and more this type of manager has made play producing a gamble in which he secures the winnings so far as he may to himself and shares the consequences of his bad guesses with the actors who are in no way responsible for them.

If all managers maintained the standards of a few the actors would need no union. As things are, it's the only kind of organization that some of their employers can understand.

Hits From Sharp Wits

Some people never get about to regulate the conduct of others until they have qualified by violating all the commandments in the decalogue.

Letters From the People

To the Editor of The Evening World: I desire to express my appreciation of your editorial on park music in Tuesday's (May 16) Evening World.



The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

M R AND MRS. JARR and the two little Jarrs were at dinner. "During the hot weather Mrs. Kittingly won't even light her gas range; she says it makes her apartments so warm," said Mrs. Jarr.

"Hum! Would you prefer alimony and a dinner all to yourself in a big restaurant?" asked Mr. Jarr. "I didn't mean it would be pleasant for me; I mean it must be pleasant for Mrs. Kittingly. She has no home, in the real sense, and she has no children," said Mrs. Jarr.

"And, as I was going to say," began Mr. Jarr—"Emma, don't kick the table that way. Keep your feet still!" "I wish you would give her a good talking about that awful habit she has of kicking, kicking all the time!" said Mrs. Jarr.

Lucile, the Waitress

By Bide Dudley

"I GOT a question to ask you, kid," said Lucile, the waitress, as the newspaperman sipped his coffee. "What's all this concussion about Jake Speare, or whatever his name is, that's going on nowadays?"

"No," she says in reply, not without a certain amount of sneer. "I'm a female confidante. I believe that a smile on the face is worth two court-plaster beauty spots."

Reflections of A Bachelor Girl

By Helen Rowland

TO keep a man eternally interested in kissing you, never let him. Next to the mutual responsibility of a baby there is nothing which will bind a husband and wife together like the mutual care of a pet automobile.

"Philosophy" is what comes to a man of forty when he has at last reached the conclusion that nothing is permanent but change, nothing worth while but growth and nothing worth keeping but his enthusiasms.

It isn't strange that men should be as bad as they are, but that they should be as good as they are, when you consider that the greatest aim of the average small boy's life is to grow up and be a "horrible example."

Just a Wife--(Her Diary)

Edited by Janet Trevor.

AUGUST 12.—I have had a sick headache all day. For two days I haven't been able to sleep. I have thought of nothing except those horrible things I heard at Mrs. Deane's dinner-dance night before last.

Facts Not Worth Knowing By Arthur Baer. Copyright, 1916, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World). The guides do not object to souvenir hunting tourists chipping off pieces from the Sahara desert.