

The Evening World

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THEIR GREAT HOUR.

If the leaders of the railway employees' unions have all along made up their minds to force the issue to a point where the President of the United States would be compelled for the protection of the public to take a hand in the settlement of the dispute, the success of their efforts must be admitted.

At the same time we wonder whether the public itself is impressed in the way the union leaders expected.

It has not increased the country's sense of security and adjustment to find that a few individuals enjoy the intoxicating consciousness of power strong enough to threaten 100,000,000 people with a disastrous tie-up of their railway communication—a calamity in the face of which the President must drop his other duties and do his best to save all these millions of American citizens at home from appalling disruption of their business and convenience at the hands of their own countrymen.

The union labor leaders are enjoying their great hour. They stuck to their refusal to arbitrate until they drew upon themselves the troubled gaze of the whole nation and forced its Chief Executive to recognize and reason with them.

But in thus demonstrating their power have they not aroused on all sides serious reflection as to its nature and the need of restraining it before it becomes more dangerous?

The legislative power of the people exerted through their representatives is still supreme. Was it wise to challenge it?

JUSTICE FIRST.

THE Stielow case has become such a complicated problem of conflicting confessions, forced, induced or retracted, that the public can only depend upon officials charged with the administration of the law to get at the full truth.

One thing, however, is certain: The purpose of this State is to assure strict and impartial justice without regard to the personal interests or ambitions of its officers and instruments. Detectives and District Attorneys are assumed to be working for the truth and not merely for a star record of arrests and convictions.

If justice goes wrong it is the duty of every officer of the law to see the wrong righted, no matter whose responsibility for error may settle. Efforts on the part of detectives or District Attorneys to suppress new evidence which might negative their own earlier work or tend to reflect upon the third degree methods upon which, in many cases, they admittedly rely, should be taken only for what they are worth.

No suspicion of anything of the sort should be allowed to remain in the Stielow case. No man is to be punished in this State when reasonable doubt arises as to his guilt, whatever annoyance or discredit an eleventh hour investigation of his case may cause police, prosecuting attorneys or politicians.

A TORPEDO CATCHER?

NEWLY invented torpedo catcher is to be tested by the United States naval authorities. The inventor, an American, claims that no vessel using the device need have any fear of damage from torpedoes. The catcher is described as "an arrangement of half-inch wire cables in net form on an L-shaped sliding steel frame and is hung from the ship's side about twenty-five feet away."

During two years of vicious torpedo warfare it seems rather remarkable that one of the belligerent European nations has not perfected such a protective device if it is practicable. Past experience points to a strong probability that if an American inventor has really produced a first rate instrument of warfare the Government of the United States will manage to neglect it until some foreign nation has picked it up.

A reliable torpedo catcher would greatly modify current naval theory and convert a formidable array of submarines into so much costly junk.

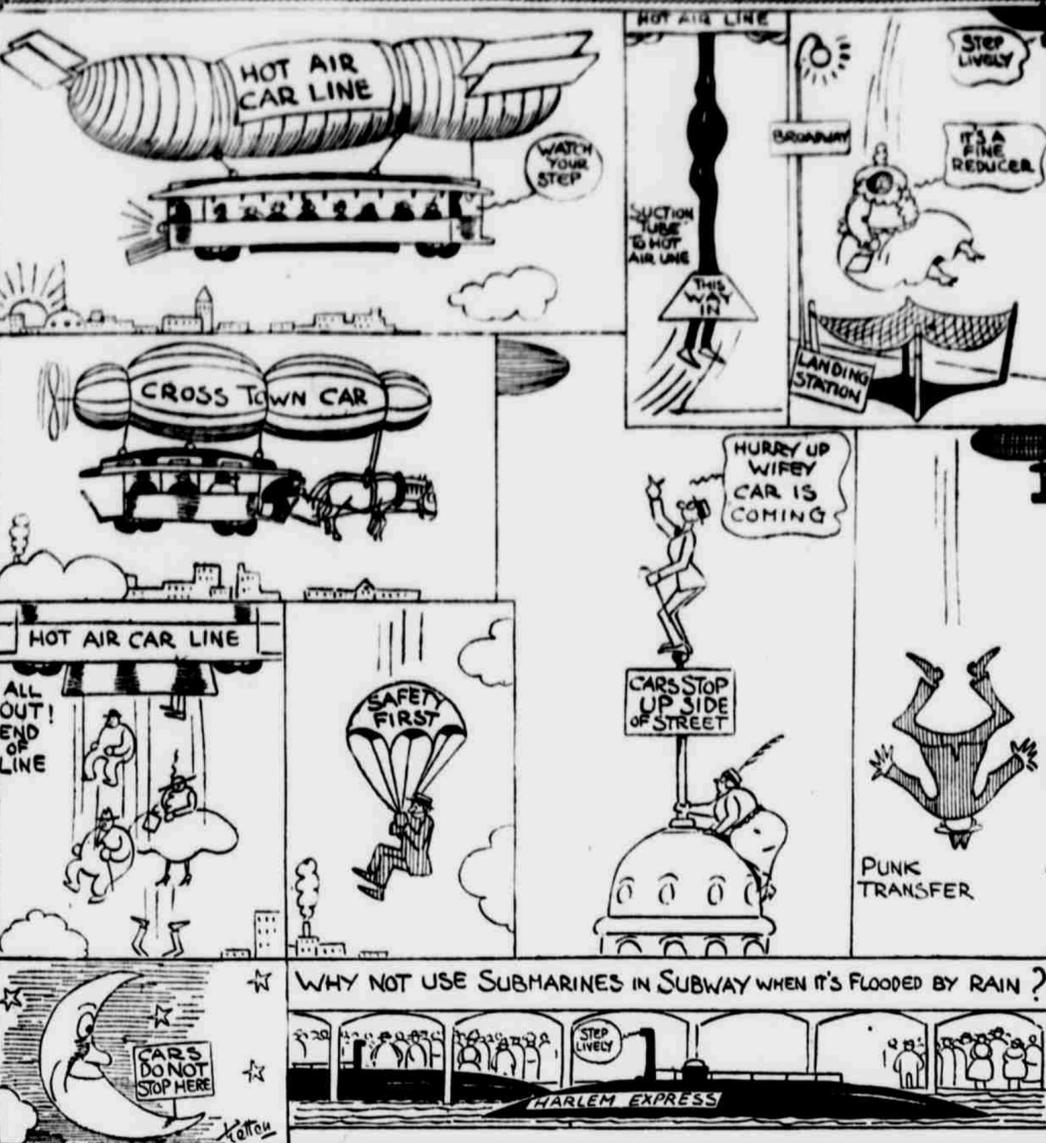
Letters From the People

Who Pays for This? Dogs Buried in Greenwood. I saw an article in your paper stating that Mrs. Vernon Castle made application to have her pet lap dog buried in Greenwood Cemetery and was told that the rules forbid such animals being buried there. I want to contradict the statement, for I have worked in Greenwood Cemetery several years, and wish to say that there are dozens of dogs buried there. Elias Howe, inventor of the sewing machine, had a dog buried in Greenwood, and there are headstones erected to the memory of other dogs. G. V. D.

Facts Wanted From Experts. I noted your two and a half columns on how a "New York Family of Five Can Live on \$40 a Year." I guess some can do it, but if the experts who claim a man can get a coat, good for three years, for \$5, and a few other things for such low prices, would state where such things can be secured, it would be welcome news to many. A READER.

MOTOR SUPPLANTS MULE. A five-ton mule team in the West was carried fifty miles on a truck, says the Popular Science Monthly. A motor-tractor, run by storage batteries, has largely supplanted the mule in hauling lumber about a yard.

Why Not?



By Maurice Ketten

Sayings of Mrs. Solomon

By Helen Rowland

CONSIDER the Vanity of Women, my Daughter, how it becometh her to toil! For lo, I have watched her at her work when she cometh to IMPROVE upon Nature. Behold, she sitteth down at her dressing table looking like the wrath of heaven. And when she ariseth she is an Angel straight from Paradise. She torturith herself with slow torture and there is nothing which she will not TRY upon herself at last once. She pullith out her eyebrows without mercy, saying: "Go ye! Eyebrows are sneaky things! Moreover, they are not being WORN this season." She scaldeth her face with boiling water, she scrubbeth it with cold cream. She manageth it until it acheth and her wrists are weary. She freetheth it with ice. She "assembleth her complexion" and appareth it with much skill. She baketh her head to make it permanently curly. She electrocuteth her blemishes. She bindeth herself in steel casings, she shutteth off her breath, she pincheth her feet into inequatorial shoes. She annoieth herself with spiked and myrrh. She arrayeth herself in pink tulle though the snow be flying, and swatheth herself in furs though the thermometer pointeth at ninety. And when she hath finished ALL her labors she regardeth herself critically and studieth herself without mercy, saying: "I WONDER if I shall DO!" But a Man is wiser in his ways and utterly without Vanity. Yea, he rusheth home from the ball game and is arrayed for the banquet in twenty minutes. He plungeth lightly from the bath and sunneth the razor over his chin—ONCE. He whistleteth merrily while he runneth the comb through his Top Hair. He snatcheth up the first clean shirt at hand and donneth the collar at the TOP of the pile. And lo, when he is arrayed he smilith at his own REFLECTION with joyous approval, saying: "Well, well! SOME Boy! Eh, what?" Verily, verily, my Daughter, the Vanity of Woman is deplorable! But the AFLLOOM of Man is incomparable. Yea, Beloved, it is mine admiration and my despair! For he taketh it for granted that he was made in the Image of the Almighty and therefore CANNOT be improved upon! Selah.

The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCordell

THAT'S a pretty good idea of on, "I suppose he wants you to go off on a camping-out trip somewhere; coming in the other evening and shedding his coat. "And what is the great thought of your friend Rangle, the popular bar-room entertainer?" asked Mrs. Jarr crushingly. "Can't I have a speaking acquaintance with a neighbor without your being acid in your remarks about him?" remarked Mr. Jarr. "It was only a speaking acquaintance, or, better still, a bowing acquaintance, I am sure I would have no criticism to offer," replied Mrs. Jarr. "But when that man Rangle is a drinking acquaintance, surely it is no more than right that I should object." "You're nice enough to him when you meet him, just the same," said Mr. Jarr. "To my way of thinking, Rangle is a good fellow, a good husband and father, a good friend." "And a good for nothing," interrupted Mrs. Jarr. "But why do you not proceed to elucidate what his giant mind has conceived?" "Ah, what's the use?" growled Mr. Jarr. "I was going to tell you, but what good would it do? You wouldn't be interested. Funny thing to me is that I can't have a friend or an acquaintance that is any good in your eyes." "It's tragic to me, not funny," remarked Mrs. Jarr. "Well, whom should I have as a friend and companion?" asked Mr. Jarr. "I'll let you name him." "What would be the good of my making a suggestion of that sort?" replied Mrs. Jarr. "Anybody I would name you would not care for." "Name somebody; Jenks downstairs, for instance," suggested Mr. Jarr. "Oh, I believe the cost of embalming fluids has gone up." "Yes," said Bobbie. "I've stuffs are higher. Now I suppose you'd call embalming 'Budd dy-stuff,' wouldn't you, Miss Primm?" "I've asked you repeatedly not to talk to me, Bobbie," snapped the private secretary. "Kindly cut me off your list. Got's a plain little fool." "Oh, I hope dye-stuffs get cheaper soon," said Miss Tillie, the blond stenographer. "If they don't it's going to be hard on us folks who have suspected blond hair, ain't it?" said Bobbie. "Are you talking about me?" demanded Miss Tillie. "If the shoe's too tight wear slippers," said Bobbie. The blonde turned to the rest of those present and feigned astonishment. "Well, get that!" she said, chuckled Miss Primm. "Oh, he is, is he?" snapped Miss Tillie. "Well, the next time he's funny please notify me, will you?" "Miss Primm always did like my jokes, didn't she?" said Bobbie. "Oh, golly," said the blonde with a chuckle. "Bobbie is funny once in a while." "Miss Primm glared at the boy a moment and said: "Old jokes, eh? That, I presume, is a hint that I am no longer young. I'll have you know I'm not old. Furthermore I'm going to ask Mr. Snooks to bar jokes here. He hates them as much as I do." The boss arrived just then accompanied by the foreman. "Yes," said the foreman, "it will cause us to lay a conduit." "All right," said the boss. "I guess we should get it done." "The older the boss disappeared in his private room and the foreman went out another door. "It's like that 'conduit' thing," said Bobbie. "Why?" demanded Miss Primm. "It's a pipe," said Bobbie. And the discussion ended.

Summer Outings at Small Cost

Where Ten Cents Will Take You.

TEN cents will take you on many a pleasant afternoon's trip in the vicinity of New York. At the subway get into a Van Cortlandt Park express. At the terminus, Two Hundred and Forty-second Street, trolley cars are nearly always waiting. Get into an open car for Yonkers and ask for a transfer to the Hastings line. From Van Cortlandt Park to Yonkers the ride is very pretty. The cars run along South Broadway through Riverdale, giving many a glimpse of a fine country house, and into busy Yonkers at Getty Square. Here your transfer entitles you to a ride on the Warburton Avenue line, which runs past some of the most beautiful scenery in the country. For more than three miles you overlook the most picturesque part of the Hudson. Across the river are the wonderful Palisades, and a little further north that broad expanse of water glittering in the afternoon sun is the historic Tappan Zee. "Greystones," Tilden's former home, is passed, and then comes Hastings. This ride takes half an hour from Yonkers.

At Hastings you can, if you like, change cars for Uniontown, a mile further on. This little line nestles among the hills just below Washington Irving's "Sleepy Hollow," with its quaint old church, cemetery and bridge filled with memories of the "headless horseman." If you are fond of walking there are numerous pleasant rambles that you may take from Hastings. Irving is not more than a mile away along the magnificent, tree-shaded South Broadway, and here is the great estate of the late Jay Gould, now occupied by his oldest daughter, Mrs. Finley Shepherd. Turn down an embowered lane and you will come to "Sunnyside," Washington Irving's old home. A little further along in Tarrytown are the places of the Rockefeller's and other prominent millionaires.

If you want something livelier than this see the Kurt Lew Ferry at the foot of the Hundred and Thirtieth Street to Edgewater. This is five cents. On the other side of the river you can get into a car for Fort Lee or to the Palisades, either one of these is a five-cent trip. The trolley ride up the face of the cliff and around the famous horseshoe curve is especially thrilling. For ten cents you have all of Staten Island to choose from. Five cents gives you a long ferry ride from Whitehall Street across the bay to St. George, and for another nickel you can take your choice of half a dozen fine trolley rides.

Fables of Everyday Folks

By Sophie Irene Loeb

The Feminist Who Locked Out Love.

ONCE upon a time there was a young woman. She lived in the New Era. That is to say, she was permeated with propagandism, which she not only preached but practiced. She talked about the "economic independence of women." "The spirit of oneness." "The slavery of woman-kind." "Man's long mastery over woman," &c. &c. In a word, she looked with little favor on her father's sex. So long had she absorbed the New Era decrees and doctrines that she could not think of anything else. Her chief aversion was man. Each and every one was a brute in her eyes—a being who "lorded" it over woman, and altogether a creature to be subdued, to be made to realize that woman could have some of him if she so desired.

All of these notions she took to heart early. At school and directly after leaving there she began to carry them out. That is, she secured a position as a school teacher and earned her own living. Now, as it happened, this girl was a very attractive one. She was pretty of face and form. So many a worthwhile youth came to court and Cupid was "on the job." But, alas! and another alas! She would have none of it. She would let them call for a little while and be "friends," but the moment there was any sign of sentiment it was all off. She would laugh at the youth and send him off feeling keenly what a fool he had been. After a while he would turn his attentions elsewhere.

The girl would gather her girl friends about her (other followers of the New Era cult) and gleefully tell them how silly she had made him appear and how she had completely disarmed him and his ardor. Thus it went along for several years, and the girl continued to be the strong propagandist, with ultra-strong feminism as the glowing banner to live up to. In fact, she "ate it alive." Therefore, she soon realized that working "for a salary under Civil Service man-made mandates" was not good feminism. So she determined on another course—"getting free of man entirely." She gave up her public position and, with two of her "electors," went into private business. They opened a general store in a small town, where they sold everything from a pin to a thrashing machine.

The girl became the dominant spirit. On the leader of the concern. She it was who did all the buying, who met the men, and, woe unto them! She put them on the everlasting defensive, approaching them with a beat-me-if-you-dare attitude. At last she understood she had missed something even though that something was imperfect. She decided to leave her wealth to heirs who had dubbed her "The New Era man-hater."

Moral: Love, no matter how imperfect, is needed by the best of regulated feminists.

The Office Force

By Bide Dudley

UNDERSTAND BY THE PAPERS.

66 UNDERSTAND BY THE PAPERS," said Poppie, the shipping clerk, "that some of the Broadway chorus girls are wearing half hoses!" "Where—on the street?" asked Miss Primm, private secretary to the boss. "No, my dear," came from Bobbie, the office boy. "They're wearin' 'em on their legs." Miss Primm turned on him like an enraged lioness. "Look here!" she said. "You pick out some other tag for your cheap jokes and, incidentally, don't 'my dear' me. Do you hear?" "As I was sayin'," Bobbie went on, paying no heed to Miss Primm, "the customary place for chorus girls to wear half hose is—"

"Bobbie! Didn't you hear me?" demanded Miss Primm. "Oh, now—just a minute!" came from Spooner, the bookkeeper. "Let's be pleasant this morning. I see by the papers that funerals are to be higher hereafter because of the war." "I don't understand," said Miss Primm. "Oh, I believe the cost of embalming fluids has gone up."

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"Miss Primm always did like my jokes, didn't she?" said Bobbie. "Oh, golly," said the blonde with a chuckle. "Bobbie is funny once in a while."

Words are wise men's counters, but the money of fools.—HOBBS.

Theatre Fires

THE first of the many terrible theatre fires which have caused the death of such a multitude of amusement-seekers occurred 808 years ago to-day, when Shakespeare's Globe Theatre in London was completely consumed by the flames. The house was crowded to its capacity to witness the play of "Henry VIII." but there was no panic and the audience escaped unhurt. In the early part of the last century three London play-houses—the Surrey, the Covent Garden and the Drury Lane—were destroyed by fire, and in 1811 the first of the disastrous theatre fires of America occurred in Richmond, Nev. Smith, perished in the flames. The Iniquity Theatre fire in Chicago was the most terrible of modern times, mostly women and children, having been burned or trampled to death in that horrible 1903 disaster.

Our First College

THE first commencement of Harvard College, the first of the educational institutions of the United States, was held Aug. 9, 1642. Nine young men comprised the first class of graduates. In 1636 the General Court of Massachusetts agreed to give \$400 "toward a school or college," and the next year ordered that the institution be established at "Newtowne." In 1638 John Harvard, a preacher, died and bequeathed about \$700 to the college to be built at Newtowne. The institution was named Harvard College, in honor of the great Englishman. It is doubtful if the original fund was added to in various ways, and much money was raised by lotteries. Henry Dunster, a Hebrew scholar, was chosen first President, and a class began a course of study in 1639, and nine graduated in 1642.