

The Evening World

ESTABLISHED BY JOSEPH PULITZER... Published Daily Except Sundays by The Evening World Publishing Company, Inc. 42 Park Row, New York.

The Skeleton in the Closet

By J. H. Cassel

The "Kaiser" in the House

By Helen Rowland

CAB EXTORTION AT NEW YORK TERMINALS.

Why must New Yorkers and visitors to New York continue to be made the victims of cab graft at railroad and ferry terminals? This city now has a taxicab ordinance under which thousands of inspected and licensed taxicabs serve the public at fixed maximum rates.

No greatly has the business of providing public taxicab service thrived and increased during the past four years under this ordinance that taxicab operators are now found voluntarily reducing rates below the legal maximum, sure of additional patronage that will add to profits.

The old private stand abuse, whereby hotels attempted to restrict the use of public streets in front of their properties to favored taxicab companies, the latter dividing with the hotel men profits gained by charging the public exorbitant rates, is now a thing of the past.

Yet, under the private property plea, the big railroads are still permitted to hustle persons arriving at their terminals in this city into meterless cabs, the rates for which, determined by "zones," are paid in advance to a starter. These cabs are not taxicabs operated on rate schedules restricted by the taxicab ordinance.

The result, from the public's point of view, is the most shameless extortion.

For example: Two persons arriving at the Pennsylvania Station enter a cab of the only sort permitted by this railroad to take passengers from its terminal premises. The starter demands \$1.10 (!) for a trip from the Pennsylvania Station to the corner of Fourth Avenue and Twentieth Street.

If the travelers are strangers in the city they may hand over the \$1.10. If they have had enough experience in getting about New York to know better, they promptly descend from the cab, mount to the street, and there, just outside the station, take a regularly licensed taxicab bearing a meter which, when they arrive at Fourth Avenue and Twentieth Street, registers just 60 cents.

At the two great railroad terminals of the city, the Pennsylvania and the Grand Central—to say nothing of ferries—the incoming public is required either to take meterless cabs and pay the fares the starters ask or leave the railroad premises and find taxicabs as best it may in the streets.

It would be interesting to know how many people requiring cabs each hour at the Grand Central and the Pennsylvania either turn with indignation from the demands of the starter or ignore him at the outset from past experience and take their way to the outer sidewalk to find taxis.

Is a railroad station where tens of thousands of persons arrive in the city daily private property in a sense that permits the railroad deliberately to exclude the public from the benefits of city licensed taxicabs at legal rates in order that it may share the profits a privileged cab company makes out of exorbitant charges?

It is time this question had a thorough overhauling in the interest of a city now convinced that good taxi service, cheap taxi service and safe taxi service under municipal regulation is no dream but an accomplished fact, contributing to everyday comfort and convenience.

It is time the railroads were expected to work FOR instead of AGAINST the further broadening and cheapening of that service.

France Sending Idle Americans Home.—Headline. It shouldn't be hard to have some jobs to meet them when they land here.

TO COMPLETE "SEND-OFF DAY."

IMMEDIATE, enthusiastic response has followed The Evening World's suggestion that Send-Off Day—planned through the efforts of this newspaper as a tribute to the soldiers of New York State when they leave for camp in the South—be rounded off with patriotic poultry and vegetable feasts.

It will be no fault of the poultry dealers and the restaurant and hotel men of this city if the boys fail to go away with a memory of turkey, chicken, jelly, potatoes, fruit and so on, that will remain to cheer them until they come back. Dealers and caterers are generously prepared to furnish bounteous banquet supplies without so much as a whisper about the bill.

Citizens generally can enter into the spirit of the occasion by observing Send-Off Day as one of the meatless days recommended by the Federal Food Authorities.

Try to entertain a soldier before he departs on the first step of his journey to the front. Give him a fine, patriotic dinner of the best home-cooked poultry and green things he is likely to get for a long time.

It will be only one more way to make Send-Off Day, for those who go and for those who must stay behind, a never-to-be-forgotten date in the city's history.

The modern General cannonades until he jars a whole continent and brings on torrential rains. Then he becomes peevish because the torrential rains interfere with his further cannonading.

Hits From Sharp Wits

If appearances go for anything a man with a wrinkled brow should know a wrinkle or two.—Deseret News. You can't keep a dog in the house with some men; but with that kind of men you don't need a dog.—Birmingham Press.



Goldbeaters World's Best Workmen

GOLDBEATING as an industry is as ancient and honorable as it is fascinating and wonderful. It is practised in almost exactly the same way to-day as it was by the goldworkers of ancient Greece and still more ancient Egypt.

Incredible as it may seem, there are well authenticated instances of gold having been beaten down to more than the three hundred thousandth part of an inch in thickness or thinness.

Ordinary printing paper is something more than 1,000 times thicker than the gold leaf that can be made in England to-day. For commercial purposes the leaf must, of course, have just a little more substance about it than that, but it is a striking and impressive fact that only about five grains weight of gold is required to make up the books that are in ordinary use to-day by golders, each of the twenty-five leaves in that book being usually three and one-quarter inches square.

To give a more homely illustration, the goldbeater could take a "button" of gold of the same size and weight as a sovereign—roughly, one-quarter of an ounce—and make out twenty-five of those books of gold leaf out of it, or about 15,000 times its own size!

The first process is to beat the gold in a "shoder," which consists of pieces of specially prepared skin, with which the metal is interlaced. Though the hammer used is fourteen pounds in weight, the elasticity of the skin causes a rebound which considerably reduces the exertion of lifting.

How I Helped My Husband

She Served Meals to Summer Cottagers.

LAST year my husband had a long sickness that used up nearly all the money we possessed, but fortunately for us we had built a long time ago, when labor and land were comparatively cheap, a little four room bungalow at the seashore that had a big piazza.

The place was within commuting distance of the city, as Henry had been obliged to go back and forth to his work every day during the summer. To save rent we gave up our flat in the city and went down to the beach early in the spring, and we had not been there long before I thought of a plan to make some money.

The place had become very popular and houses were all around us and also a good distance up and down the beach. Many of these cottages were not conveniently arranged for cooking and I had often heard people complain because there was no restaurant or any place to get meals except the hotel, which was

How One Man Might Get Us in Two Wars

THAT Uncle Sam's rule in the Philippines has been beneficial no one will deny, least of all the natives who have made such progress under his tutelage. Proof of their appreciation lies in the fact that they have been loyal to him and have stood by his side since the war broke out. One might say that this was natural, but it is not at all so.

Few people know that a man who is an acknowledged subject of the United States has the power—theoretically—of declaring a war which would involve this country as well as Great Britain in a great Asiatic struggle, yet such is the case. The Sultan of Jolo, who owes allegiance to Uncle Sam, if he had the actual power which his title and rank indicate, could proclaim a "Jehad" or holy war, such as the Sultan of Turkey tried unsuccessfully to proclaim, that would add millions of Mohammedan foes to the enemies of the Allies.

In the tables of precedence at Mecca, the Holy City of the Moslems, the Mohammedan ruler who ranks next to the Sultan of Turkey as the greatest power among the followers of the Prophet is this same Sultan of Jolo. The conquest of the Moros of the Philippines by Uncle Sam naturally curtailed the power of the "thrice honored" ruler, his native land, has less power than the policeman on his beat.

Business Efficiency

By H. J. Barrett

To-Morrow's Executives. THE great trouble with the school of experience," Henry Ford once remarked, "is that the course is so long that the graduates are generally too old to go to work." It was the general manager of a great wholesale house speaking.

"That's a point I seek to impress upon the young men employed here. Too many of them do the tasks set for them faithfully and earnestly, but seem to utterly lack any real grasp of the business. As soon as they walk out of the door they dismiss their jobs from their minds and never think of them until the next morning."

"Now, I want to bring forward a squad of winners here. I want every youngster in the place to make good. Not merely because we, ourselves, will need executives in the future, but for their own sakes. I urge our employees to profit by the other man's hard work, must be acquired. Others who some one possessing the extra equipment will be sitting in a private office, in a position, while the chap who was content to hold his job will be doing just that—holding a job."

"But somehow, somewhere, this additional knowledge, this power of profiting by the other man's hard work, must be acquired. Others who some one possessing the extra equipment will be sitting in a private office, in a position, while the chap who was content to hold his job will be doing just that—holding a job."

Attitude toward business who will hold the big jobs in the future. "My son is taking a course in business at one of the great universities. Assuming that he possesses good common sense and ordinary diligence, this training should be worth ten years of commercial life. He'll have that much start on the man who lacks that advantage. But the omission of such a course is not a fatal handicap. Knowledge gained by extra effort generally counts. The young fellow who gains his education in business through evening study may nose my boy out at the tape."

"But somehow, somewhere, this additional knowledge, this power of profiting by the other man's hard work, must be acquired. Others who some one possessing the extra equipment will be sitting in a private office, in a position, while the chap who was content to hold his job will be doing just that—holding a job."

"A man who follows this policy should, by the age of thirty, be better equipped than the 'school of experience' man at fifty. And it's the man who preserves the student's at-

YESTERDAY, we moved!

And after he had broken two of the blacked cups And gotten the electric fan out of commission. And spilled ink on my favorite rug. And caught his fingers under the trunk cover, And dropped the bust of Dante, And done a lot of other "helpful things."

And, when we had gotten all the furniture placed, And managed to open all the windows, And started the electric fan going, somehow, And he had had his dinner, and a cold bath, He sank down into the morris chair, And lit a cigar, and poured himself something cold to drink, And said, with a long sigh of contentment: "Gee! I'm glad we're out of that hole!"

And, when we had gotten all the furniture placed, And managed to open all the windows, And started the electric fan going, somehow, And he had had his dinner, and a cold bath, He sank down into the morris chair, And lit a cigar, and poured himself something cold to drink, And said, with a long sigh of contentment: "Gee! I'm glad we're out of that hole!"

The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

"WHAT'S that you got?" asked Jenkins, the bookkeeper, noting Mr. Jarr had received in his mail an official looking envelope.

"It's um—er, a speech made in Congress by the Hon. John Tilson of Connecticut, a friend of mine," replied Mr. Jarr, his hesitation being caused by his endeavor to find out what was in the envelope before he answered.

"Fritz, the shipping clerk, was passing through the main office, and he paused, as he expressed it, 'To get an earful.'"

"What's this Congressman Tilson sending you his speeches for?" asked the bookkeeper.

"Tilson, 'Til-s-o-n,'" said Mr. Jarr, spelling the name. "I told you he was a personal friend of mine."

"Some pal!" remarked the shipping clerk scornfully. "Why, the jobble didn't even think enough of you to put on a postage stamp, and what he sent you looks to me like one of them 'Have-you-a-sick-friend? Let-me-send-him-one-of-my-little-books' stuff, which has grateful letters in it from rubes in Wisconsin who cured themselves from fits by taking six bottles."

"It's Congressman Tilson's printed speech," said Mr. Jarr, "and as for there being no stamp on the envelope, Congressmen do not have to pay postage—they just frank their letters. I imagine every ignoramus in the world except you knows that."

"But Fritz, the shipping clerk, was a real American, just as good as anybody and much better; he was not at all abashed."

"I don't want any Congressman to write to me if he don't think enough of me to put a 2-cent stamp on his letter, like a regular guy," retorted Fritz. "Besides, I can't see where this Congressman should deserve any medal for having any giant's intellect, as the saying is. For why should he send you his printed speech? He's from Connecticut, and you couldn't vote for him if you wanted to."