

The Conquering Language

By Rev. Thomas B. Gregory

THEODORE ROOSEVELT said, two or three days before he lay down to the sleep from which he was to have no awakening in this world, "There is but one language in this country, and that is the English language."

Now suppose we think about this language for a few moments. It may do us good.

The latest estimate of the movement of the different European languages which may be received as approximately correct is that given by Mulhall in 1891.

According to this estimate, the various European languages were spoken in the year 1800 by 161,800,000 people, and in the year 1890 by 401,700,000 people—an increase of about 150 per cent.

At the beginning of the Nineteenth Century the four chief languages were French, Russian, German and Spanish.

At that time the standing of the four languages was as follows: French-speaking people, 19.4 per cent.; the Spanish-speaking people, 16.2; German-speaking people, 13; Russian-speaking people, 14.3.

I may say here that the English-speaking people at the date given amounted to less than 12 per cent.

By 1891 the different languages stood in the following order: English, 28 per cent.; Russian and German each 18.7 per cent.; French, 12.7 per cent.; Spanish, 10.6 per cent.

The number of English-speaking people had grown during the ninety years from 20,500,000 to 112,000,000.

In the same time the German and Russian-speaking people had increased from about 30,000,000 to 75,000,000 each, and the French-speaking people from 31,000,000 to 51,000,000.

It will be seen that in the ninety years the English language had advanced from fifth place to first place, and at the close of the period was spoken by fifty per cent. more people than any other European tongue.

Meanwhile it would do well to think of the advance that the English language has made during the three decades between 1891 and the present time.

It is safe to say that the English-speaking people of the earth number today at least 175,000,000, having increased 63,000,000 in the last thirty years.

This rate of increase kept up for the next eighty-one years will make the figures for the English-speaking people of the globe at the end of this century around 400,000,000.

From this you may form a fairly correct idea as to what the future of the English language is destined to be, and what the future is to be of the political, intellectual, economic and moral influence of the English-speaking people.

This mighty tongue—the tongue of Alfred and Shakespeare, of Washington and Webster and Lincoln—can well afford to exclaim, "The world is mine!"

Nothing can stop it. It is manifest destiny.

Advice to Lovers

By Betty Vincent

THE practice of promiscuous kissing is greatly to be deprecated. Whether the offender is a young man or a young woman. In some circles, "kissing games" are a recognized form of social diversion among young people, but they should be discouraged.

Nor is it suitable for a young woman to allow herself to be kissed by every man friend or even acquaintance she possesses, while a young man should not consider that he has the right to kiss or attempt to kiss the girl he takes home from the moving picture or the girl upon whom he pays a friendly call.

The greeting and the goodbye which may be exchanged between friends of opposite sex with perfect correctness is a handshake. The kiss presupposes real love and affection between two persons. One kisses one's mother or one's fiancée. What is there left, as a seal of affection felt for the best beloved, if kisses are lavished on every friend or acquaintance?

"M. H." writes: "Will you please tell me which of the following is correct, A or B?"

"A, says that a gentleman should take the lady's arm while walking, while B, says the lady should take the man's arm."

When a lady is being helped over a crossing or other obstacle the lady should take the gentleman's arm. Neither should take the arm of the other during just an ordinary walk.

"His Problem." "A. H." writes: "I have recently returned from 'overseas,' and in the past week have made the acquaintance of a young lady, and I have learned to think a great deal of her. I should enjoy having you help in furthering our friendship. I have taken her to several plays, but she is quite a good friend of my sister and visits us quite often in the evening, and I have seen a good deal of her. I shall return to my ship in a week or so, and before doing so I should like to tell her in as direct a way as possible that I want her for more than a friend. She does not keep steady company, but that, in my mind, does not allow me to ask her to do so with me, as there are times when I

Women Coming Home Soon

AMERICAN, British and Dominion women, stranded on the other side of the ocean from home, are going to be repatriated very soon, the British Government has decided.

Sixty thousand Canadian women are in England today, waiting for the boat to be lifted so they can return home. The first lot of them will sail late in November. Others will follow as rapidly as possible.

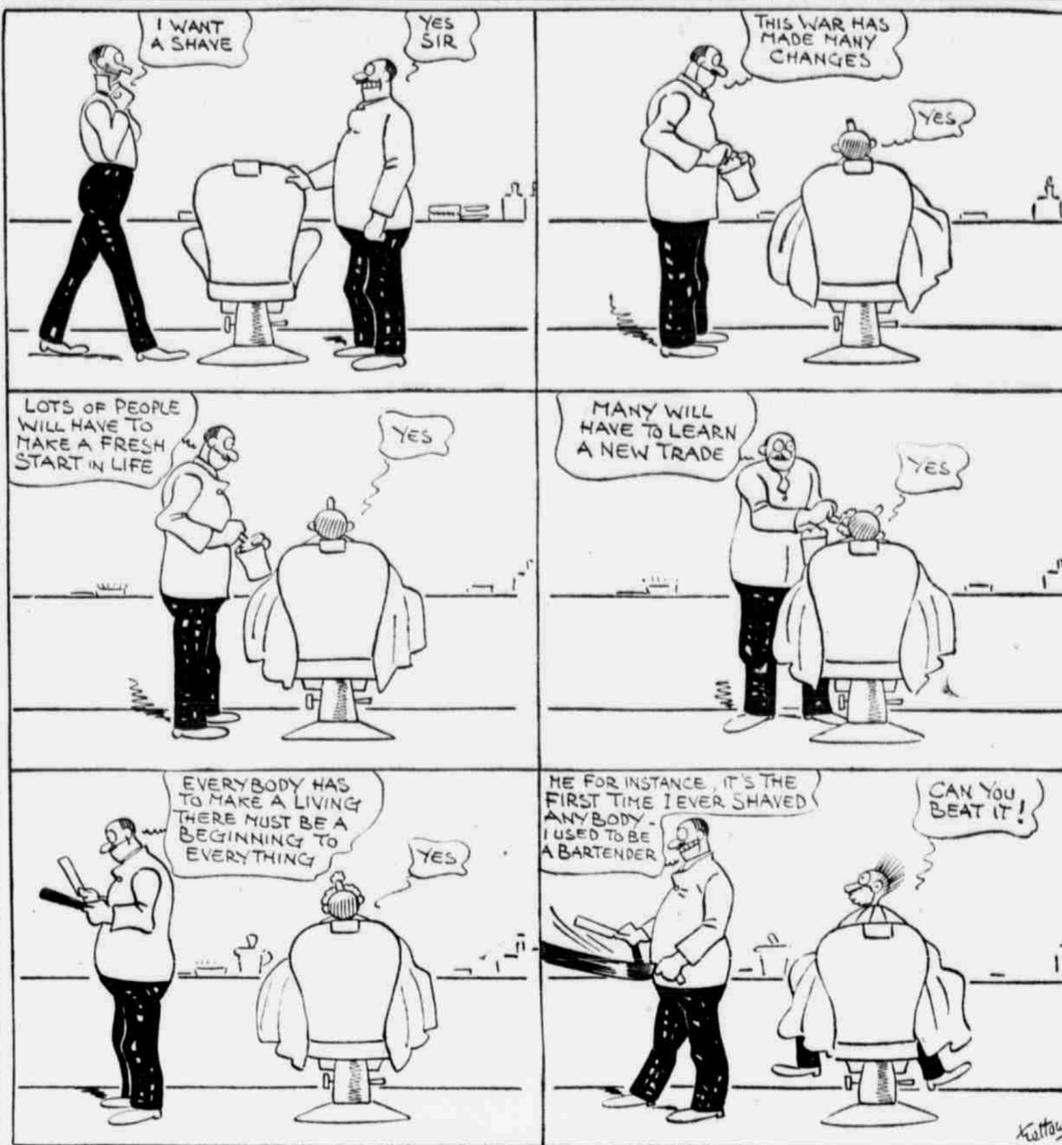
The number of American women is negligible, according to the American Consulate. The American Government did not put any obstacles in the way of American women wishing to cross the ocean, as did the British Government, and the American Consulate in England has been issuing women's passports all along. Those who are stranded have remained voluntarily rather than risk U boats.

The British Government's decision to refuse passports to British women in foreign lands completely cut them off from their homes.

Can You Beat It!

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By Maurice Ketten



THE LAND OF BROKEN PROMISES BY DANIEL COOLIDGE

A Mexican Carrier Who Is Anxious To Sell a Gold Mine for One Hundred Dollars

(Copyright by Frank A. Munsey Co.) SYNOPSIS OF FRAGMENTS CHAPTERS

But Hooker and his friend Phil De Laney, on account of the revolution, return from Mexico to Tucson. There they meet a Mr. Kruger, who induces them to go to a gold mine in the mountains of the Sierra Madre. It is located in a beautiful town. Their first business is to find a trustworthy Mexican who can take them to the mine. They are aided in this by a trader named Kruger.

CHAPTER V.

(Continued.)

While the papers were being made out there might be a great many temptations placed before that Mexican—either to keep the property for himself or to hold out for a bigger reward than had been specified. After his experience with the aristocratic Don Cipriano Aragon y Tres Palacios, Kruger was in favor of taking a chance on the lower classes. He had therefore recommended to them one Cruz Mendez, a wood vender whom he had known and befriended as the man to play the part of the particular man who had sold word that the Eagle Tail had at last been abandoned. And also he was easy to pick out, being a little one-eyed man and going by the name of 'El Tuerto.'

So, in pursuance of their policy of playing a waiting game, Hooker and De Laney hung around the hotel for several days, listening to the chatter of Don Juan de Dios and watching for one-eyed men with prospects to sell. In Senora he is a poor and unimpaired man indeed who has not at least one lost mine or 'prospect' to sell; and prosperous looking strangers, riding through the country, are beckoned aside by half-naked peasants eager to show them the gold mines of the Spanish padres for a hundred dollars each.

It was only a matter of time, they thought, until Cruz Mendez would hunt them up and try to sell them the Eagle Tail; and it was their intention deliberately to close the bargain with him, for a specified sum, and then stake him to the denouncement and gain possession of the mine.

As this was a commonplace in the district—no Mexican having capital enough to work a claim and no American having the right to locate one—it was a very natural and unobtrusive way of jumping Senor Aragon y Tres Palacios's abandoned claim. If they discovered the lead immediately

"Yes?" observed Phil; "then why don't you dig the gold out? But as for me, we find our own mines. That is our business. I am not going to be a poor man—very poor—I cannot denounce the mine. So I wait for some rich American to come and buy it. I have a friend—a very rich man—in Guadalupe, but he will not come; so I will sell it to you."

He tagged long after them, wheeling and protesting while they bantered him about his mine, until they finally came to the place—the ruins of the old Eagle Tail.

It lay spread out along the hillside, a series of gopher-holes, dumps, and abandoned workings, looking more like a badly managed stone quarry than a relic of purple days. Kruger's magazine of giant powder, exploded in one big blast, had destroyed all traces of his mine, besides starting an avalanche of loose shale that had poured down and filled his pocket.

Added to this, Aragon and his men had rooted around in the debris in search of the vein, and the story of their inefficient work was told by great piles of loose rock stacked up beside caved-in trenches and a series of lead tunnels driven into the neighboring ridges.

Under the circumstances it would certainly call for a mining engineer to locate the lost lead, and De Laney looked it over thoughtfully as he began to figure on the work to be done. Undoubtedly there was a mine there—and the remains of an old Spanish smelter down the creek showed that the ground had once been very rich; but if Kruger had not told him in advance he would have passed up the job in a minute.

"Well," he said, turning coolly upon the fawning desire to please, "where is your prospect?" "Ah, prospect?" replied the Mexican, pointing to the disrupted pile. "Here it was that the American Crooks had his mine—rich with gold—much gold!"

He shrilled his voice emphatically, and De Laney striped his in reply. "Here?" he exclaimed, gazing blankly at the hillside, and then he broke into a laugh. "All right, my friend," he said, giving him a fawning wink, "how much do you want for this prospect?" "Four hundred dollars," answered Mendez in a tone of one's hopeful and apostrophic. "It is very rich, Senor Crooks shipped some ore that was full of gold. I packed it out for him on my burro; but, I am sorry, I have no proof of it."

"Yes," responded De Laney, "I am sorry, too. So, of course, we cannot buy the prospect since you have no ore to show; but I am glad for this, Senor Mendez," he continued with a kindly smile; "it shows that you are an honest man, or you would have stolen a piece of ore from the sack. So show us now where the gold was found, the nearest that you can remember, and perhaps, if we can

find it, we will pay you to denounce the claim for us."

At this the one good eye of Cruz Mendez lighted up with a great hope, and, skipping lightly over the rock-piles with his sandaled feet, he ran to a certain spot, locating it by looking across the canyon and up and down the creek.

"Here, señores," he pronounced, "is where the mouth of the old tunnel came out. The standing inside it I could see that tree over there, and looking down the river I could just see the smelter around the point. So, then, the gold must be in there." He pointed toward the hill.

"Surely," said De Laney; "but where?" "The old Mexican shrugged his shoulders deprecatingly. "I do not know, señores," he answered; "but if you wish to dig I will denounce the claim for you."

"For how much?" inquired De Laney guardedly. "For one hundred dollars," answered Mendez, and to his delight the American seemed to be considering it. "Listen, my friend," said De Laney, coming back and posing his finger impressively, "if I should find the ledge the one hundred dollars would be nothing to me, safe? And if I should spend all my money for nothing it would be but one hundred dollars more. But listen! I have known some false Mexicans who, when an American paid them to denounce a mine, took advantage of his kindness and refused to give it over. If it turned out to be rich, they pulled a long face and claimed that they ought to be paid more. Now if—"

"Ah, no, no, señores!" clamored Mendez, holding up his hand in protest. "I am a poor man, but I am honest. Only give me the hundred dollars."

"Not a dollar do you get," cried De Laney sternly; "not a dollar—until you turn over the concession to the mine. And if you play me false, he paused impressively—"cuidado hombre—long out!"

"Si, señores, as before," cried Mendez, "one hundred dollars!" "When you give us the papers," warned Phil. "But remember to be careful! The Americans do not like men who talk. And come to the hotel at Fortuna to-morrow—then we will let you know."

Original Fashion Designs For The Evening World's Home Dressmakers

By Mildred Lodewick

Copyright, 1918, by The Press Publishing Co., (The New York Evening World.) A Useful Afternoon Frock.



BLACK SATIN WITH FINE CREAM LACE AND RIBBON.

FOR a pretty frock to be so delightfully dressy and suggestive of formality, yet absolutely simple and practical as this one of today's design, justifies itself for being found in any woman's wardrobe. Black satin with fine cream lace gathered full to ruffle about the neck and arms, with a bit of contrasting color introduced in the three bands of ribbon which surround the bodice, is my favored suggestion. The ribbon may be of velvet or a soft velvety grosgrain in a color such as dull or sapphire blue, olive green—which by the way is new and interesting whenever seen, or raspberry or violet. The bodice is plain close fitting, the sleeves either set-in or kimono. The skirt gathered to the edge of the bodice, with another shirring below to keep the fullness from springing out too abruptly and so spoiling the straight lines of the silhouette. This is just the style of frock that a young bride would find a thousand uses for; she could don it for the afternoon when serving tea to her girl friends, she could wear it at dinner when her husband brings a friend or two in impromptu, she could slip into it for a hurried call downtown to meet hubby for dinner at some restaurant or hotel, or she could wear it to the card club or theatre, and always she would be suitably dressed.

Dark brown satin with cream lace and olive green ribbon is another suggestion which would be pretty though not so practical as the black. Others are dark sapphire blue, with black velvet ribbon, and gray with black red ribbon.

Velvet frocks are usually made with self-fabric sleeves. Black satin ones are best. The satin should appear somehow here on the rock, as facing to tunic, or panels, or slash, buttons or inserted trimming section.

I have one yard of striped silk like sample—dark blue with tan stripes—which I would like to use as trimming on dark blue taffeta dress. I have cut the skirt on a plain foundation, also the waist, but would like to add to the effect. Will you suggest something for me? Am 28 years of age, 4 feet 11 inches tall.

Make a panel of the stripes. Add a plume to your skirt, embroidering it in blue and tan.

I have a dress length of gray tulle which I would like to make into a dress for wear at a Southern resort. It is a heavy quality like sample. What would you advise? Am thirty-three years old and inclined to be stout.

Miss J. L. B. Ans.—Self color embroidery worked in straight lines as pictured, finished at each end with fabric covered buttons, makes a pretty and practical trimming. Over color of light color tulle.

Will you be so kind as to advise me, through your valuable column, how to make an evening gown of soft taffeta silk? The color is turquoise blue. Am a Titan blonde, having blue eyes. Am twenty-three years of age, 5 feet 5 inches tall, weigh 110 pounds. Many thanks in advance. MISS H. C. L. Silver cloth sleeve and skirt cuffs. Purple velvet ribbon and streamers.

Miss H. C. L. Ans.—Self color embroidery worked in straight lines as pictured, finished at each end with fabric covered buttons, makes a pretty and practical trimming. Over color of light color tulle.