The Evening World.
ESTABLISHED BY JOSEPH PULITZER.
Published Daily Except Sunday by the Press Publishing Company, Nos. 53 to 63 Park Row, New York.
RALPH PULITZER, President, 63 Park Row.
J. ANGUS SHAW, Treasurer, 63 Park Row.
JOSEPH PULITZER, Jr., Secretary, 63 Park Row.

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VOLUME 60.....NO. 21,172

DOUBLE DISLOYALTY.

ONE of the long-standing arguments against union labor has been that it was more loyal to its organization than to its country. Some of the membership oaths prove this—or would, if lived up to.

We are now treated to an exhibition of double disloyalty in the case of the railway shopmen who are neither faithful to their leaders nor to the Government which employs them, for it is to be remembered that the men who have laid down their tools are the servants of Uncle Sam. The railroads, though still privately owned, are under Government control, and so long as this continues the workers are in its service. They do not seem to realize this, or realizing, do not care.

One reason why trades-unionism and collective bargaining have enjoyed a certain amount of favor has been that they supplied a control that gave assurance to the employer and served to secure stability of employment to the employes. This merit is being cast to the winds.

Of duty to the state and their fellow citizens, it is perhaps useless to speak. Communities have not yet progressed far enough to protect their own rights from both capital and labor.

From the distant mountains of Tennessee comes the gentle murmur of a boom. The Chattanooga Lookout, a tasteful journal devoted to the chronicling of social doings in those parts, after describing the delights of a new log cabin just built at Tate Springs, Tenn., by the Hon. Oscar Underwood, Senator in Congress from Alabama, adds:

If, as many of his friends predict, Senator Underwood is the next President, the location of the summer White House in one of the loveliest spots in East Tennessee will prove of peculiar interest."

Three ancient oaks guard and shade "Underwood Lodge," as the cabin is called. Luck to its logs!

CITY 'BUSES.

HIZZONER cannot be thinking very hard when he proposes to establish lines of city-owned omnibuses to relieve the congestion of traffic. If there ever was any vehicle designed to congest traffic it is the 'bus. In the old days of the Broadway stages "jams" used to occur that took hours to disentangle. The worst spot was from Chambers Street to Canal Street. They were sights to remember.

When rails drove the 'buses from Broadway there were dire predictions as to what would happen in the way of increased trouble. All were wrong. The great street became at once passable. The disorderly vehicles which formerly clogged the way had vanished. No one in his senses would seriously wish them back again.

A Greenwich Village poet declares that his lines come from his "innermost ukalele." How it must hurt!

TOO GOOD-NATURED.

FIFTY PEOPLE stood on the platform at a Connecticut station yesterday, quite in the dark as to where the train they were awaiting was, and equally uninformed as to the prospects for the day's schedule. There was not a word of complaint or discontent. Only one man had spirit enough to ask the station agent what might be expected. The agent did not know. Nobody at headquarters had taken the trouble to tell him, no bulletins were posted. All was delightfully indefinite.

The point is that these fifty people had a right to know what was going on and what the plans of the operating department were, and failing to be informed should have been unitedly insistent on knowing. Instead, they stood about like sheep, patiently awaiting whatever luck might send or chance reveal. This is the trait in Americans that fathers so much neglect of public affairs and so many public and transit abuses. They should wake up to a decent respect for their own rights.

Interest in Mexican "outrages" has shifted to those in Brooklyn.

Letters From the People

Thank You!

To the Editor of The Evening World:

A certain well known Prohibitionist believed in 14 to 1. He resigned his position as a Cabinet member. He evidently did not think one in sixteen was right. Now, he believes everybody, in fact, should drink grape juice—without even a piece of yeast as a chaser. He has been—and is—wrong. Our servants, the legislators, are wrong. The solution: Leave momentous questions to the will (votes) of the people. Teach these bigots the meaning of the three words—Temperance, Liberty, Right. In writing the foregoing I was doubly inspired by reading your editorials of July 17 and 23, respectively. It is a pity they could not be read by every man and woman in the country. Respectfully,

J. C. W.,

New Rochelle, N. Y.

We Aim to Please.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Would you kindly let me know in your Evening World the date of the Hotel Windsor fire and oblige a constant reader?

R. HOPKINS.

March 17, 1899.

Can Be a Witness.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Can you please tell me if a man charged with murder can be a witness at his own trial? Thanking you in advance, I am yours very truly,

CONSTANT READER.

Yes.

"Neurope" Stamps

ON the day the Peace Treaty was signed President Wilson said that the treaty "liberates great peoples who have never before been able to find the way to liberty." These great peoples have organized political governments during the period of reconstruction, and these governments are being called collectively "Neurope" by collectors. These new nations have thus far issued more than 700 varieties of stamps, continues Kent B. Stiles in Boys' Life for August, some of which are already worth several hundred dollars each for the reason that they were in circulation only a brief time, and because also only limited quantities of them were printed pending the appearance of definitive or permanent labels. Generally speaking, these New Europe stamps fall within the "war stamp" classification, as the war was responsible for their appearance.

Can You Beat It!

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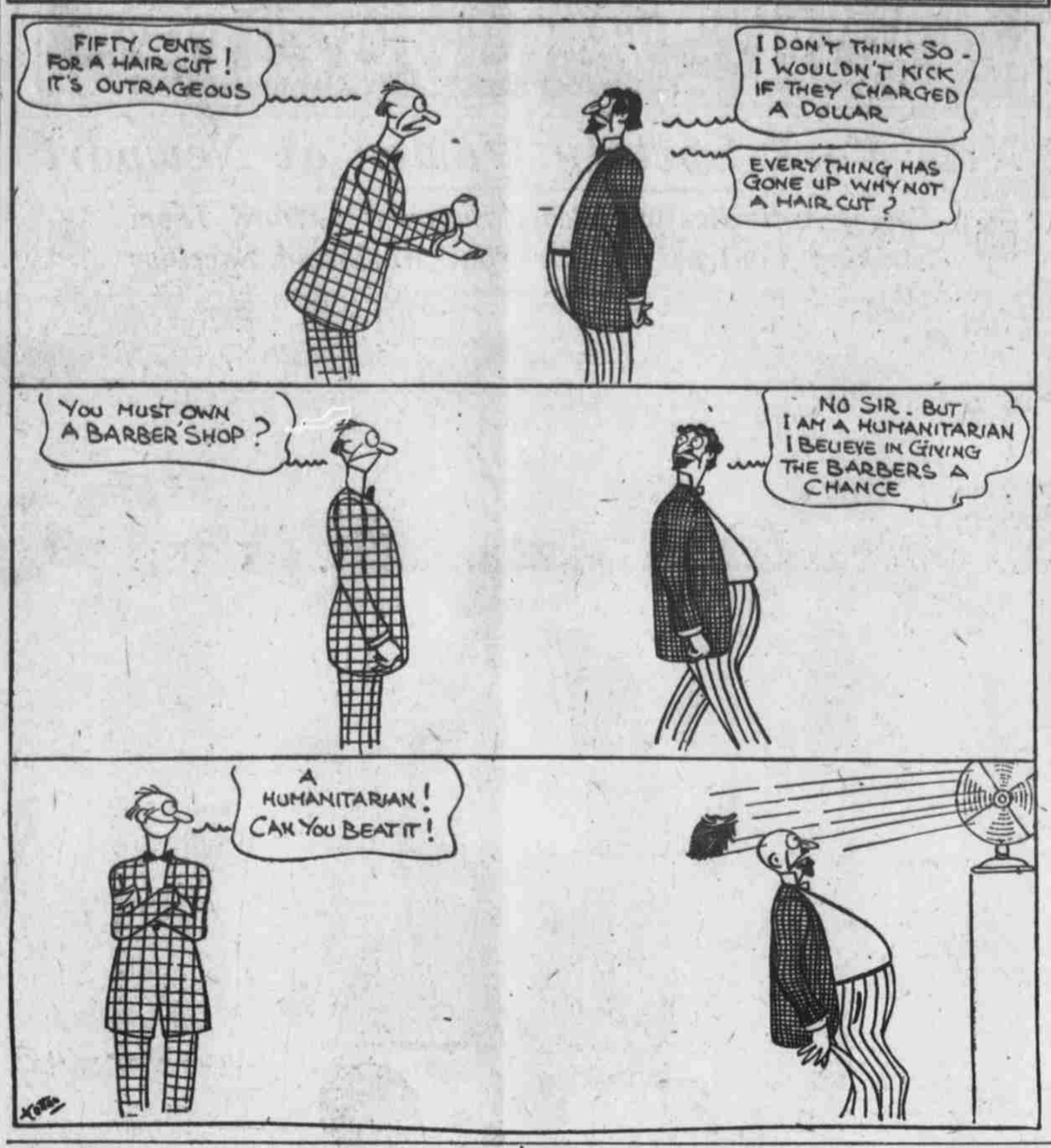
By Maurice Ketten



How They Made Good

By Albert Payson Terhune

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No. 71—CHARLES DARWIN, Who Made Good by Revolutionizing Science.

HE was Charles Robert Darwin, son of a rich doctor. Incidentally his parents admitted that he was the fool of the family.

Darwin had certain theories which the world at large declared not only idiotic but blasphemous. He hammered away at the perfecting of those theories until, after almost a whole lifetime of setbacks and abuse, he made good. He made good by revolutionizing the science of the ages.

His father wanted Darwin to be a doctor. The young fellow studied medicine and made fair progress at it. But he threw over the study before his course had ended. He explained that he could not bear to spend his future among people who were suffering. His nerves would not stand the strain.

So he got a job as a botanist on a scientific expedition that was going to the South Seas. This gave him his start. On his return to England he wrote a series of treatises on the information he had acquired on his journey. He could have made a livelihood and a name for himself along this line. But his researches had opened up to him a new and startling set of ideas, and he threw over a promising career to devote all his spare time to the developing of these ideas.

Studied for Twenty Years.

For the next twenty years he toiled unceasingly along this chosen line of his in face of universal opposition and ridicule. Here is the trend of work he had selected:

As far back as 1801 Lamarck brought out a book in which—crudely and more or less inconclusively—he explained his belief that "animals and humans of modern times do not resemble their earliest ancestors, but have evolved, through varying causes, into higher and nobler types."

This, in brief, is the much discussed "Theory of Evolution." Most people think Darwin invented it. He did not. Lamarck set forth the theory, in a halting fashion, nearly ten years before Darwin was born. But Darwin laid hold of Lamarck's incomplete idea and worked it out conclusively, improving on it and building it up and changing it until he had made it his own.

For twenty years or so he continued his researches, surmounting every obstacle, sometimes taking many months to clear up a single knotty point, taking no forward step until all preceding steps were too firm to be shaken. It was a tremendous labor, and it was carried on in the face of a whirlwind of discouragement. But Darwin never wavered. He was making good—and he had the genius to know it and the iron perseverance to stick to his self-appointed labor.

At last he published the book "Origin of Species," which contained the fruits of his long years' researches and experiments.

Denounced as a Faker.

By way of reward nearly every scientist on earth denounced him as a crank or a faker. He was assailed in press and pulpit. Undeterred by this avalanche of censure, Darwin went ahead, amplifying his ideas and publishing more books to prove them. He refused to argue. He refused to defend himself. He felt that his books were his best defense and argument. Says Bolton, one of his biographers:

"Not since Galileo * * * has a man been so censured and persecuted for his opinions as was Darwin. He was attacked from every quarter."

But Darwin had the calm courage to keep on; and, in time, the trend of public and scientific opinion began to shift. One by one the foremost thinkers of the age came around to his ideas.

They did more. They proclaimed that Charles Darwin had revolutionized science. They hailed him as one of the geniuses of all time.

Reaction set in. The world delighted to honor and reverence the man it had been deriding.

Darwin had made good, and he was great enough to value public acclamation as lightly as he had valued contempt.

The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

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Mrs. Jarr and Mrs. Rangle Go the Primrose Path—But Keep Off the Grass

"TO think you thought of coming over when I was just thinking of calling you up on the phone and asking you to go downtown shopping with me!" cried Mrs. Jarr in surprise as she met her friend Mrs. Rangle at the door. "Are you going downtown, too?"

"Well, I was just going to call you up on the phone for the same reason!" said Mrs. Rangle. "But you know how the telephone service is, so I thought I'd run over, and here we are! I saw an advertisement of a sale of summer goods reduced away down and I just hurried into my things and rushed out. For if you do not get to those sales early, especially when the prices are cut a good deal, you'll find the best things picked over!"

Mrs. Rangle then took out of her pocketbook several samples of summer goods she had "set her heart on," as she expressed it, and remarked that she did so hope that these patterns were among those advertised at the cut prices.

"To tell you the truth, I wasn't going downtown for anything in particular," said Mrs. Jarr. "But I'm so tired of sticking in the house and I really must see about getting some more summer clothes for the children."

"The men have no such responsibilities," asserted Mrs. Rangle. "Now if Mr. Jarr and Mr. Rangle were to meet this way all they'd think of would be to go around together and have a good time, and they wouldn't care when they came home."

"It certainly is the truth and Prohibition seems to make no difference—although Mr. Jarr never drank, you know," replied Mrs. Jarr.

"We should just stay out and go everywhere, like the men do, and let them see how they'd like it."

This startling proposition took Mrs. Jarr's breath away, but she was game.

"We won't go shopping at all," said Mrs. Rangle.

"No," replied Mrs. Jarr, "we won't do a single useful or sensible thing!" But right here the day was spoiled for her and Mrs. Rangle. No man can enjoy a spree—alcoholic or non-alcoholic—as much as a woman enjoys shopping.

"The men would go in to play pool or something like that first," said Mrs. Jarr faintly. "We can't do that, but we can go into a restaurant," and they did.

"Did you see how that man stared at us?" asked Mrs. Jarr as a well dressed young man passed them.

"He's a movie actor," said Mrs. Rangle. "Now, don't you flirt!" Here they both giggled.

"I wonder if our husbands would have flirted had it been a pretty movie actress?" said Mrs. Rangle.

"I wouldn't put it past them," said Mrs. Jarr.

They looked about the restaurant, but in the heat of the day the place was deserted.

"Let's go in the drug store on the corner and have an ice cream soda," said Mrs. Rangle.

So to the soda counter they went and partook of a decoction of ice cream, nut meats and fruit.

"What shall we do now?" said Mrs. Rangle.

"There are no shows open so early in the day," said Mrs. Jarr; "let us go into the stores and look around to kill time."

Mrs. Rangle readily agreed to this. And they visited every store in the shopping district till 5, having tea at one place, the same being furnished free to the patrons on a new brand "demonstration."

"We could go to a cabaret restaurant now," suggested Mrs. Jarr, "and after that go to one of the roof gardon shows."

"They don't start the music and dancing at a cabaret till about 8 o'clock, and so we would have to eat from 5 till 8 to kill time," said Mrs. Rangle. "But it seems such a waste of money to pay for one's dinner when there is a dinner at home, and to buy theatre tickets afterwards when our husbands would take us and pay."

"But it is the same money, whether they spend it or we spend it," said Mrs. Jarr.

"I know that. But, my dear, I can't bring myself to pay for things out of my own pocket when I have a husband to pay for them," said Mrs. Rangle.

"We'll go home and hint we had a grand spree together," said Mrs. Jarr.

And they did. But the men didn't care. They only said, "Bully for you!"

And both ladies agreed afterwards that it is terrible to have husbands that never get jealous or suspicious.

Fables of Everyday Folks

By Sophie Irene Loeb

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Her Company Manners

ONCE upon a time there was a young woman. This young woman had several sisters and brothers.

Now, in every family, as a general thing where there are several children, there is one whose temper is easily stirred. This girl, Marie, was the one.

There was a sweet side to the nature of Marie, however, which had never been brought out because everybody always tried to avoid arousing her temper, and she was cuddled into the belief that she had a right to it.

Now, this sweet side of Marie, however, showed itself when there was company, especially people she liked. She was just as gracious and nice as she could be, and they always went away with the reflection of what a sweet, lovely creature she was.

As the years went by and there seemed to be no effort to curb it, Marie's temper with her family grew and grew so that everything that happened outside the home to ruffle her spirits she brought into the family and took it out on her sisters and brothers.

Now, it came to pass that Marie had many suitors, because she was a very attractive young person, full of life and companionable when she chose to be. But none of these suitors seemed to be THE one.

And as they naturally came her way, she was very independent with them and dismissed them when she grew tired of them.

Along came a man from the West. He was big and free and fine and honest. He had a sunny, happy nature, abhorred quarrels, was very successful and altogether what is termed "a good catch."

As has already been stated, she had such a nice way with her people were drawn toward her, especially when she set out to be attractive. The sweet side asserted itself in this young man's direction so that all could plainly see which way the wind was blowing.

It was the same old story. He became interested in her because he had never met such a sunny soul as she presented to him. There began a very delightful and momentous courtship. All her friends decided that at last Marie had met her match.

All went merry as a bell and Marie daily expected the big moment in every girl's life of "Will you?" But "there's many a slip" twixt the courtship and altar.

One evening the Westerner heard Marie berating her younger sister, calling her names and using language that he never dreamed could fall from her lips.

He could not believe his ears. He was soon ushered into her presence.

He never saw a more joyous smile and more loving greeting than she extended to him.

He watched and waited and talked with the other children about Marie. He soon found that she had anything but a nice disposition for her family.

The crisis came after a little while, when she came to believe that he was truly hers. Once, unexpectedly, she turned on him as she did on her little sister in a tirade of abuse. And when he remonstrated, she said: "Aren't we going to be one? Can't we say what we want to each other?"

To which he answered something like this:

"No, we are not one and never will be. I have watched and waited in the hope that I could find some excuse for you, but to no purpose. I have overheard you several times in the abuse of your family. Now, as soon as I get to be your family it will be the same thing. You will go on the theory that it is not only your privilege but your right.

"I will be the so called 'henpecked husband' and you will save your sweet smiles for the outsiders, not for me.

"Where I come from everything is open and above board. While we make allowances for a little temper now and then, there are no dual personalities. Our real friends are tried and true and always the same. We can bank on them. At least I would want my wife to be my best friend and show her best side to me as well as to others."

He found his best friend in another girl, and Marie became the only old maid in the family. She knew she had missed her big chance and no other came her way. She learned this moral:

MANNERS THAT ARE BROUGHT OUT ONLY FOR COMPANY NEVER FOOL ALL THE COMPANY ALL THE TIME.

The Gay Life of a Commuter

By Rube Towner

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The Great Conflagration Ends an Old Rivalry

AT THE last fire tournament in the Paradise section the Wide Awakes were first and the Alerts of Horse's Neck second, and as a result a bitter rivalry sprang up between the best two fire companies of hand-drawn apparatus that ever averted a great conflagration.

For a time there was coolness between the two neighboring villages and it seemed at one time as if the matter would have to be referred to the Peace Conference for settlement. But all the diplomacy in the world was not represented at the Paris Conference, and what might have proved a puzzling case for the "Big Five" was settled by the Big One of Horse's Neck, Thomas Brackett.

Doc told all about it the other morning coming in on the 7.55.

It all happened this way. For many years the Wide Awakes at Paradise had sounded the fire alarm by ringing a big bell in the belfry of the fire building, but old Bill Skindem took the view that a fire bell was obsolete and put over a resolution to buy an up-to-date siren (pronounced si-reen in Paradise).

No sooner had the si-reen been installed than a conflagration broke out. It started in Jake Hick's Hay and Feed Store, also Lime, Plaster, Cement and Building Materials, taking an unfair advantage of the Wide Awakes by starting after midnight, when every place frequented by its leading members was closed. A belated chauffeur, who had driven Doc and Newcomer to the corner nearest their homes, saw the blaze and ran to the Wide Awake fire house to ring the bell, only to run up against a new-fangled affair for starting the siren.

He told the night operator at the railroad station and asked what was to be done. The night operator only knew of one thing to be done in any emergency and that was to tell Long Island City. The Long Island City man, not knowing what property of the company might be endangered, called the Chief of the Horse's Neck Fire Department. The Chief answered the phone in his pajamas and a bad humor.

"Paradise is burning down and needs help!" declared the Long Island City man. "The report is that unless the wind changes the whole village will be destroyed."

"Are you familiar with Article X. of the Constitution and By-Laws of the Alerts?" asked the H. N. Chief. "We can only go to the assistance of small and weak neighbors on an official request; are you so official?"

The Long Island City man was not going to take any chances.

"Sure; I'm Assistant Chief of the Wide Awakes."

"All right," said the Horse's Neck Chief. "We'll go and take the new auto apparatus; but meet me after the fire; I've got a matter I want to settle with you."

Soon thereafter the Alerts began to roll, and in record time arrived at the scene of the conflagration to find that they were the only company on the ground. Jake Hick's Hay and Feed Store, Lime, Plaster, Cement and Building Materials was a mass of ruins, but Paradise was safe—the wind had changed.

Just then the Wide Awakes' "si-reen" began to blow and in the course of time the Champion Hook and Ladder Company of that section was on the scene.

After an exchange of language between the two chiefs, which cannot be repeated here because it was censored in Doc's report, the Horse's Neck Chief demanded that the Wide Awakes pay for gasoline used by the auto apparatus he had brought with him.

This matter widened the breach between the two villages. Old Bill Skindem offered to bring about a compromise for 5 per cent. Brackett explained his method of carrying motions at his own meetings and the President of the Wide Awakes followed his instructions to the letter.

At the next meeting of the Wide Awakes the President in the chair said:

"The question is now on the motion of Mr. Newcomer (Newcomer was at that moment in a corner of the room excitedly talking to Little Arthur), seconded by Mr. Mawruss Pleasantman (Mawruss was just going out the door after having opposed any settlement), that the bill for gasoline presented by the Alerts be paid; if there is no objection, and I hear none, it will be so ordered; it is so ordered."

"Mr. Chairman!" excitedly exclaimed the "Grouch."

"Well, what is it?"

"I desire to make an objection."

"Too late; you should have spoken at the time. A motion to adjourn is now in order."