

SATURDAY, JANUARY 10, 1920

NEW YORK PAPERS

London Journals Are Anaemic Looking, but the New York Newspaper Is an Enthralling Volume; Everything Is Covered—From the Heart-Burnings of Sweet Sixteen to the Latest European Crisis.

By Miss May Christie

Miss Christie is a noted English author and is known as the Laura Jean Libby of the British Isles. She arrived in America Nov. 12.

THE New York newspaper is a thing of joy forever! Its SIZE is the first thing that definitely impresses the British mind. It is so bulky, so crammed with advertisements. There is so much reading matter too.

Our British journals, on the other hand, are decidedly anaemic-looking. Due to paper shortage. They contain but a sheet or two. One can skim their contents during the morning ride to business.

But the New York newspaper is an enthralling volume! Hours can be spent in its adequate perusal. The whole field of news is covered—simply—from the heart-burnings of Sweet Sixteen to the latest European crisis!



It Meets You in the Morning With a Smile.

The New York newspaper is a friend. I love its intimacy. I love its chronicling of small events.

These events too are presented in a most intriguing manner. They are calculated to catch the eye—and hold it!

At first, I must confess, the headlines dazzled me! The conservative British mind is stunned by the bold black type—or red, perchance—that treads the page.

But one becomes attached to the big headlines. The headings of each column too are most intriguing.

SEVENTEEN KILLED AS TROLLEY CRASHES. The bold sweep of such a statement fascinates the reader. One repeats it, sotto voce, enthralled. Never in a British newspaper have I seen such a heading to a news paragraph. Our tendency is to hide disaster—to tuck an inadequate announcement of such a happening into some obscure corner of our journal—to gloss over the unpleasantness of daily life with all its hazards.

What do you think of our New York newspapers? I am often asked. They intrigue me to such an extent that I lie bed for hours perusing them. I answer truthfully. They're so ALIVE, compared with our detestable British journals. But—

But what? my friends inquire.

Don't you New Yorkers object to having all your little family joys, sorrows and matrimonial differences merrily chronicled on the front page for all the world to read?

Oh have as yet received no satisfactory answer to this question.

As to the advertising matter set forth in the New York newspapers, I wish to state that in no other country in the world have I seen anything more attractive, clear, concise and cleverly planned. We Brits are mere children yet where the great advertising game is concerned. We do not understand its technique. We do not understand—and very frequently refuse to believe—the great appeal that clever advertising—"live stuff"—has to the public mind.

One thing I notice too, here in New York, is the enormous number of newspapers that are purchased. Your typical New Yorker does not merely content himself with a morning and evening journal. He carries home a little library of newspapers with him, and his wife and family read every line that's written there—short story, serial, sporting page, advice to the Governor, medical hints, beauty aids, international politics and every inch of comprehensive ground that the New York newspaper so ably covers.

The Grudge Bearer

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The Best Treatment for the "Grudge Bearer" Is the Absent Treatment—True Friends Are Too Valuable to Waste Time With Any Others.

A FRIEND of mine came to me the other day in a very sorrowful mood.

It seems years ago she had a very dear friend, a girl schoolmate. About two years ago these two quarrelled and were not on speaking terms.

This grieved my friend very much, as she loved her schoolmate very dearly and did not want to have the friendship broken. She tried in various ways to patch up the quarrel, but the breach seemed to widen. And for over a year she heard nothing from her friend.

This Christmas she thought she would make one more attempt at reconciliation. She went to the trouble of making with her own hands a very beautiful gift. She spent endless hours of work at it.

by a very delightful little note, but alas, for all her pains, the gift was kept, but not a word of acknowledgment except a mere cold card such as one might hardly send to a stranger.

The sender of such a card on such an occasion, under such circumstances, is a grudge bearer and deserves no consideration whatever.

I tried to impress my friend that the friendship of such an ungrateful person is not worth trying to keep. It is slowly dawning on her that sometimes it takes years to find out the real nature of an individual. But it is well to know it, even if it is late, because of the possible greater injuries that such a one might inflict.

After all, there are too many good people in the world—too many real friends to make—to waste time on the "touch-me-not" variety whose friendship flies at the slightest hurt of their feelings.

In common parlance, "It is too bad about them." The best kind of treatment for people like that is absent treatment. They will soon find themselves very much alone if they persist in such conduct as was displayed here.

When all, forgiveness is the first sign of real friendship.

After all is said and done, life is too short to bear a grudge. Be-

The Mystic Book

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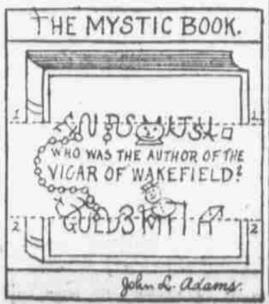
THIS is the Mystic Book. It is cut in half, contains a question, hieroglyphics and funny figures.

It is customary when seeking information to open a book, but the Mystic Book will answer the question only when joined together.

HOW TO JOIN THE MYSTIC BOOK. Cut out the picture on the four heavy lines, fold across and back on dotted line No. 1; then fold this over until dotted line No. 1 just meets dotted line No. 2.

This joins the book and reveals the answer.

Keep the picture for reference.



Poor Little Income!

By Maurice Ketten



By Sophie Irene Loeb

The Jarr Family

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Again the Ladies' War of Words When They Meet as the Worst of Friends!

WIDE-eyed grudge only embitter the person who bears them. They become hardened and sordid and ugly. Good people soon see them as they really are, and shun their society accordingly.

WHAT DO YOU KNOW?

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- 1. What is the "national game" of England?
2. Who was President of the Transvaal Free State before the Boer War?
3. What woman of American birth has been elected to the British Commons?
4. In what part of the British Isles are most of the coal mines?
5. What kind of a saw is used to cut off a metal bar by hand?
6. What ancient philosopher taught his philosophy from a tub?
7. To what nationality is the term "lime-juicer" sometimes applied?
8. In what country is the City of Helsingfors?
9. What term was given during the war to a shell that failed to explode?
10. After what mythological god was the drug morphine named?
11. From what South American country is the most coffee obtained?
12. Under what government department is the Forest Service?
ANSWERS TO YESTERDAY'S QUESTIONS.
1. Byrons; 2. Governor; 3. Waterloo; 4. Mrs. G. Gulliver; 5. Rossini; 6. Haydn; 7. S. South America; 8. Denmark; 9. Gynemer; 10. 45 degrees; 11. Shakers.

"My dear, you really should drop that awful Mrs. Kittingly," remarked Mrs. Rangle, who was dropping acid and honey during her call, "for, as I said to Mr. Rangle, 'Mrs. Jarr will regret taking up that woman!'"

"But, though she is a divorcee, I thought Mrs. Kittingly was all right because you introduced her to me, you know," replied Mrs. Jarr blandly.

"I know how it is," remarked Mrs. Jarr sympathetically, "as I have often said to Mr. Jarr, 'Why will Mrs. Rangle take up such people as the Kittinglys?'"

society, mamma had always taught me to be kind to working people, and I always have been, you know that. And she is a very civilized, the 'you' which Mrs. Jarr ignored.

"I didn't know that Mr. Jarr had an interest in his firm, other than what he took in its business as an employee," said Mrs. Rangle, as she bit her lip, for Mr. Jarr had a better position than Mr. Rangle. Then she added, "Well, I must be going, dear. Now don't worry about Mrs. Kittingly, and don't get intimate with that sort of people again, dear; it hurts one when one is trying to make the acquaintance of a peep."

"Oh, it can't hurt one who is of assured position," replied Mrs. Jarr with an air of calm superiority. "I am not interested in charities that no matter who I can come with people say, 'Ah, another poor person Mrs. Jarr is helping!'"

By Roy L. McCardell

say, 'Ah, another poor person Mrs. Jarr is helping!' Mrs. Jarr said this with an unctuous look that indicated that this comment followed when the speaker was seen with the lady she addressed, and Mrs. Rangle retired in some confusion to later run into Mrs. Hickott's house to say that since Mr. Jarr had stopped outing with his knife Mrs. Rangle was putting on high society airs.

Then, before Mrs. Rangle could confirm this, Mrs. Jarr continued, "You know, it's different when one has an interest in the firm, as Mr. Jarr has."

"I don't know that Mr. Jarr had an interest in his firm, other than what he took in its business as an employee," said Mrs. Rangle, as she bit her lip, for Mr. Jarr had a better position than Mr. Rangle. Then she added, "Well, I must be going, dear. Now don't worry about Mrs. Kittingly, and don't get intimate with that sort of people again, dear; it hurts one when one is trying to make the acquaintance of a peep."

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THE CENSUS TAKER

The Census Bird Is Making the Biggest Canvass Ever Known Since the Days of Barnum & Bailey—The Shortage of Reds in the Nose Count Is Due to Palmer and Prohibition.

By Neal R. O'Hara

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THE census taker is with us again. Asks so many foolish questions they ought to call him the senseless taker. For a guy that's only got a two weeks' job the C. T. shows a lotta speed. He's making the biggest canvass ever known since the days of Barnum and Bailey. And when he pulls your doorbell he'll give you even more than Barnum & Bailey. B. & B.'s limit was always three rings.

The census takers are busy because the Government wants to get our number. And because the Government wants to get our number is the reason the C. T. walks from house to house instead of phoning.

So you see right away the Census Bureau ain't sold mahogany at all. Government now figures there are 112,000,000 folks in the U. S., although every trip of the Soviet Ark cuts down the population. The Gov. will certainly be glad when the census is all taken. It'll say a prayer. And also sing "Hail, hail, the gang's all here."

Yup, the Government will go through us all in fifteen days—which is record time even with income and war taxes figured in. Census will cost \$20,000,000, or about 5 cents apiece, which shows there's at least something you can still get for a nickel. Census takers get 4 cents for every name, which seems to answer Shakespeare. You'll remember that it was Shakespeare that asked "What's in a name?" But he never figured the answer would only buy two postage stamps. Yes, indeed, the census takers are four-centus takers. Ten years ago they only got 2 cents a name, but the butcher, the baker and the old census taker are all getting more these days.

Government only takes an accounting once in ten years, which doesn't seem very businesslike. But in every accounting the U. S. has ever taken there's never been a shortage yet! Only deficit expected is this: When the Government counts noses for 1920 it'll find the reds are scarcer than ever before. And the shortage of reds in the nose count is due to Palmer and Prohibition.

You'll find the census taker very sociable when he calls. Coroner is the guy that asks all the questions when you're dead. But the census taker is the guy that asks if you're alive, and if so, why? And it isn't because the C. T. is nosy—it's no fun going from house to house to get all the dope. The C. T. walks because the ghost walks! He may ask questions that are none of his business, but remember the answers ARE his business.

A guy that's snared by the census taker should expect to answer the following, if not more so: Do you roll your own? How? (If baby carriage, state so.) IS your roll your own? (If married, no answer required.)

What is your relationship to the head of the family? (Answer—Strained, on speaking terms or normal.) What was your age on your last birthday? (Persons born Feb. 29 multiply by four.)

Is your home mortgaged? (How much and how often?) Marital condition—single, married, widowed or divorced at present time? (In case of divorce, make it for ALL time.)

Are you able to write? (If not, write No.) Can you speak English? (Yes or No.) What other words do you know? Are you deaf and dumb; and if so, how dumb?

(Dumb persons not required to state answer. Deaf persons not required to listen to question.)

If you are dumb, can you speak from the heart or can you say it with flowers? (Answer—Hearts and Flowers or Nothing.) Are you an employer or a worker? (Employer is the worker, yes or no, rain or shine, in sickness and in death. Also in case of accident.)

What is your color? (While blushing. Without blushing, if possible.) If you speak English, what is your customary language? (Everything that's fit to print or Nothing.) Are you blind in one eye, the other eye or both? (If so, say "Aye.") And we could go on indefinitely. Now isn't that worth a nickel apiece?



ONLY 24-24?

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What is your color? (While blushing. Without blushing, if possible.) If you speak English, what is your customary language?

Are you able to write? (If not, write No.) Can you speak English? (Yes or No.) What other words do you know?

Are you deaf and dumb; and if so, how dumb? (Dumb persons not required to state answer.)

TWO MINUTES OF OPTIMISM

By Herman J. Stieh

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Get Off the Rim—Take the Plunge. THERE were twenty of them gathered about the edge of the swimming pool.

One after another they took the plunge and only one remained on the rim.

He watched the others cavort and disport and every once in a while put first his right foot and then his left foot into the water and hurriedly withdrew it with a grimace.

Many a man hesitates, wishes and wavers around the rim, unable to pluck up the courage to take the plunge, constantly knocked off his balance by the man behind and finally, old, gray and limp, finds he has incapacitated himself for enjoying life's swim.

Courtship and Marriage

By Betty Vincent

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BASHFULNESS DOES NOT MEAN LACK OF LOVE. GEORGE B. writes: 'I have been reading your answers to many questions in The Evening World and I would like some advice on the following:

'I have been going about with a girl for about ten months and we love each other very much, but here is the calamity. When I am alone with this girl or go to a show she treats me as a sweetheart, but when a crowd is around at a party I get the cold shoulder. This peevs me very much and when it comes time to go home she is a different girl. Do you think I should speak to her about it? When I tell my friends that we are excellent companions they naturally believe it, but when they see us they think I just made it up out of whole cloth.

'Also, Miss Vincent, please tell me of an appropriate gift to give this girl. I have just known her ten months, and we are not engaged.' A great many young girls are inclined to take this attitude toward their boy friends, but I do not think it necessarily means that a girl is two-sided or wishes to attract other chaps' attention, but rather indicates a slight bashfulness on her part. Frequently girls will be absolutely gushing to chaps they care nothing about, and be very shy about showing any attention in public to the very man they admire.