

The Evening World

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PROPAGANDA.

THE Real Estate Investors of New York, which the Evening Post describes as "a newly formed organization," is on record as approving the Miller rapid-transit programme.

As no increase in fares will be authorized unless a thorough investigation by the said commission proves such a step necessary for better service, we condemn the unwarranted and false propaganda that the creation of such a commission will result in 5-cent fares.

On the contrary, Gov. Miller said in recommending the creation of the commission:

In view of the time required for some rate determinations, there should doubtless be power to prescribe temporary rates pending such determination, with such safeguards as may be prescribed by the commission, and complete power should expressly be vested in the commission regardless of local consents or contracts.

The italics are ours. In the face of such a quotation from Gov. Miller himself, it is difficult to discover where the Real Estate Investors can draw such positive assertions that "no increase in fares will be authorized unless"

Some one recently defined propaganda as "any public statement with which you disagree."

February is a short month. This is probably a source of regret to Comptroller Craig, Aldermanic President La Guardia and Commissioner of Accounts Hirschfeld.

THE WOMAN PAYS—TAXES.

ANNOUNCEMENT that 144,000 women filed State income tax returns in 1920 will be surprising to many. This was a fifth of the total reporting.

Such figures indicate that women are moving toward the "equal pay for equal work" standard which has been their goal.

Nothing could establish more clearly woman's vital interest in economically administered State and city government.

The woman pays—taxes. The Senate as well as the House has been hearing from the country on disarmament proposals.

BOYCOTT THE GAMBLERS.

AT THE first conference of Big Boss Landis and his Advisory Council on baseball matters, one of the first things considered was the control of the gambling evil.

State laws to penalize baseball gambling and game-throwing will be pushed to passage.

Mr. Guite, who says he used to work for the subway owners and is giving Chairman Corneoh advice, says none of his friends need to worry how their mortgages will get paid.

As The Evening World suggested at the time of the baseball scandals, the best and only effective way to get rid of public gambling and game-throwing is to appeal to the fans.

The game is worth the effort. Judge Landis has the magnetic personality to make such an appeal.

STILL AN EMERGENCY.

ONE day last week an important item of news was printed in the newspapers of this city. The first plans of 1921 for a new apartment house in Manhattan were filed with the Tenement House Department.

And a day or two before, Health Commissioner Copeland estimated that 100,000 families in the City of New York were in need of homes.

There are interests in this city, there are even Aldermen in this city who pretend to believe there is no housing emergency.

Because rent laws prevented some of the acute suffering from extortion and eviction that would otherwise have followed moving time last October, because relief applied to the surface kept the situation from becoming intolerable, the city is asked to forget the underlying fact of a housing shortage for which no constructive remedy has been provided.

What is going to happen next fall and in the fall of 1922 when the term of the rent laws expires?

A year ago the Housing Committee of the Reconstruction Commission of the State of New York made a study of housing conditions.

To legislate against rent-raising will not help to supply the need of housing. Legislation temporarily postponing the suffering of the dispossessed is desirable. It serves, as does arbitration between tenant and landlord, to ameliorate the condition of some of the victims of the present emergency.

The above is true to-day as it was a year ago.

The special session of the Legislature last fall did next to nothing to encourage directly the building of new houses.

The Legislature did, however, pass an enabling act which made it possible for the City of New York to induce capital to build homes by exempting from local taxation for ten years new construction for housing purposes.

What has the City of New York done about it? Ask the Aldermen who have defeated one tax-exemption ordinance framed under the enabling act and who are scheduled to wrestle to-day with another which had to be pulled out of the General Welfare Committee with a derrick.

One thing is sure. If we listen only to really interests, savings banks and people who point out the few minor injuries that tax exemption for new building may cause, we shall get nowhere in our attempts to relieve a housing shortage that is as serious as ever.

To deal with an emergency in a way to secure prompt public benefit without causing some private inconvenience is impossible. The larger good outweighs the lesser objections.

To deny that an emergency still exists in this city's acute need of more homes is to confess either stupidity or deliberate determination to side with private interest against public welfare.

"Simpler dishes, simpler services, and lower prices," were the recommendations of E. M. Statler to the Stewards' Association last evening.

The public will indorse at least one of these.

CRACKER BARREL TRACTION CURE.

A special call by Chairman Corneoh for Gov. Miller's Traction Board that runs the New York City subways to get together and see if they can't help out some of our leading agriculturists to get hired help for the spring planting was sent out last week.

Zeke Skinner, our well known local banker, who is a member of the Board, told the others that lots of farmers who put mortgages on their farms to buy automobiles have been hit hard by the drop in produce prices.

Mr. Guite, who says he used to work for the subway owners and is giving Chairman Corneoh advice, says none of his friends need to worry how their mortgages will get paid.

Member Hiram Waterfall says when he was down in New York last fall the subways were crowded something awful. It folks would stay at home once in a while instead of going gadding it would solve the traction problem, he says.

Second, with regard to ex-saltors and soldiers. Why don't some of those so-called "knockers" get together and fight for the bonus that has passed and is now forgotten?

Chairman Corneoh says it sounded like a real good idea and he will think it over. Whatever he decides will be announced in the Bugle.

A Pathetic Appeal!

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By John Cassel



John Cassel

From Evening World Readers

What kind of a letter do you find most readable? Isn't it the one that gives you the worth of a thousand words in a couple of hundred? There is fine mental exercise and a lot of satisfaction in trying to say much in a few words. Take time to be brief.

The Reform Agents.

To the Editor of The Evening World: How long are the people, the great people of this great and glorious Republic of ours, going to stand for these cursed reform agents, who are really causing more discontent, misery, hold-ups and even murders by their misdirected efforts, and who are to-day making Bolshevists and causing unrest all over the country by their deliberate infringements on the personal rights of the people?

In my opinion all these so-called reforms are making undue headway owing to the deliberate apathy of the general public to its own welfare. Wake up! All ye good citizens of America and defend the rights that brought you the Constitution.

COMMON LABORER. New York, Feb. 5, 1921.

Knocking the Knockers.

To the Editor of The Evening World: I noticed in one of the columns a party who signs his name as "Subwayer" advises a wage cut. It certainly is easy for some people to talk, isn't it? But let this "Subwayer" take the place of a guard, for instance, and work for a straight salary of \$20 or \$25 a week and he has a wife and a few kiddies running around the house to support and worry about and have the Interborough Rapid Transit Company cut his wages 30 or 40 per cent.

How would it be if the I. R. T. had a system like some other States, such as Jersey? Every two or three miles you are obliged to pay another fare.

Our new Governor, Mr. Miller, made a few statements which were made public regarding the I. R. T. 8-cent fare, and what do some of these "knockers" think of him now? Not much, eh? But before he was elected he was "a fine man."

This city is surely made up of nothing but "knockers," and it takes those who took liquor to try to put the blue law into effect.

According to John Blake himself, for whom I possess a deep veneration and whose articles are to me a never failing source of inspiration, Lloyd George, Premier of Great Britain, is the acme of all the virtues necessary to an ambitious, efficient, hard-working, successful man.

made their easy \$75 and \$100 per week, with good food, club beds, etc., while the soldier slept in mud and sometimes only trench rats for companions, and all this for \$30 per month. Of course, these people are not worrying about anybody else. As the old saying goes in the navy, and I'm afraid it's the same in civilian life to-day, "Each and every one for himself—to hell with the other guy."

"It Doesn't Seem Right." To the Editor of The Evening World: I am a workman with a large, growing family. I never drank anything but a glass or two of beer in the evening. This I can do without; but my poor old mother has been an invalid for a long time and bottled ale and stout seemed to help her so much. I could get it for a while by breaking the law and paying a price which made it necessary to do without other things to get it. Now I can't get any and the doctor says he can't. Is nothing going to be done to change things? It doesn't seem right to me or any of my friends, and they are not drunkards either.

LAW-ABIDING. New York, Feb. 5, 1921.

Afraid of Themselves.

To the Editor of The Evening World: I not only think "Last Word" is a grouch, but one of the many whose grouch has been brought about by the abuse of liquor, and can't discriminate between drinking as a gentleman should and the regular drunkard.

These drunkards are so afraid of themselves that they believe there should not be a drop of liquor in existence, else they would fall again. The hypocrisy of it all is appalling!

84 Hours for \$11.92. To the Editor of The Evening World: In reference to "Subwayer's" letter of Jan. 31, in regard to cutting the wages of the transit employees I would like to ask "Subwayer" if he is working or would like to work 84 hours weekly for a wage of \$11.92?

Lloyd George as an Example.

To the Editor of The Evening World: This ambition, efficiency, hard work propaganda for which John Blake is such an energetic spokesman—where does it all lead? What is the end and aim of the equitable system by which the few grow fat at the expense of the many? What effect has it upon the individuals involved? What sort of men does it produce?

UNCOMMON SENSE

By John Blake (Copyright, 1921, by John Blake)

THE LINE OF LEAST RESISTANCE.

Frequently an idea crops up in your mind that seems worth developing. You can't be sure, but it looks valuable. But to run it down means work and a lot of it. It means mental work. It means taking it up at your first opportunity and thinking it out, carefully and painstakingly.

Now hard work is always easy to avoid. Hard mental work is especially so. And the chances are nine in ten that when you have the leisure to set your mind to work on that shadow of an idea you either do not think of it at all or, after a little thought shows you how much trouble it is going to be, you drop it.

It may be, of course, that it would have been a waste of time to bestow hard mental work on that particular idea—as far as the idea itself was concerned. Again, it is quite possible that your thought would have resulted in something very valuable to yourself and to others.

But you followed the line of least resistance. You dismissed it from your mind because to follow it to a conclusion was hard work. And some day you will read, perhaps, that another person who wasn't so afraid of mental labor got the same idea, worked it out and added something to the world which it needed and which it never had before.

A number of men had been attracted by the possibility of the phonograph before Edison, who never was afraid of mental work, got the same idea and stuck with it till talking was done by machinery.

Your ideas are not so important, perhaps, yet they are worth working. They come as mere glimpses of possibilities, seen through a mass of difficulties that surround them. You don't want to clear away the difficulties because it is too much trouble. And to you, at least, the possibilities are lost forever.

It is only the very human instinct of following the line of least resistance, the impelling force that takes human beings, as it takes water, down hill.

Get rid of it. You will not need to work very hard over ideas that are of no value. You will soon be able to discover their worthlessness. But some of them are sure to be worth working on. There are few of us who do not have them now and then.

If you glimpse such a possibility run it down. The work won't hurt you. And making something out of a single idea may make a competence and perhaps a career for you. Surely a rich reward for a little mental labor.

everything that is fine and noble, provided only that he follow the few simple rules of the game.

I am not prepared to deny that Lloyd George has had to work hard for what he has got. I do not doubt that he was once a poor boy who touched his cap to the village squire. All this may very well be.

It seems strange, however, that this man, whose one and only rule of conduct seems to be expediency—"the end justifies the means"—should be held up to the youth of this or any other country as worthy of emulation.

The World's Oldest Love Stories

By Maubert St. Georges

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ROLAND AND HILDEGRUNDE. The common tale both in history and romance is that Roland, Charlemagne's famous nephew and paladin, died at the famous Battle of Roncesvalles. But at Roncesvalles, on the Rhine, they have a story that has persisted throughout centuries and which certainly would not exist without some foundation.

Once when there was profound peace throughout Charlemagne's kingdom, Roland, the courageous knight, who longed for naught but combat and hazard, unable to stand the quietude of his life in court, begged permission of his imperial uncle to wander forth in search of adventures. Across France he travelled, fighting with knights, chasing robbers, living the life that satisfied his unquiet nature. So he crossed the Vosges, entered Germany and came to the Rhine. Before him he saw a castle of remarkable size, whose walls and battlements glittered with gold. Approaching it to request a night's lodging he was brought before the Knight of Drachenburg. This knight, Heribert by name, received him heartily and bestowed upon his high and worthy guest all the honors and distinction he could devise.

The next day he presented to Roland his daughter Hildegrunde. At the sight of this beautiful maid Roland seemed enchanted. He who before had thought of nothing but activities and dangers found himself seized with a feeling for this girl that was entirely new to him. From that day on he was changed. The battle-scarred warrior ceased to converse of warlike deeds and took to prattling family life and the joys which are the possession of an affectionate wife and a good home.

His love for Hildegrunde could not remain hidden long and Lothar Heribert and the maid became aware of it. With Hildegrunde herself Roland had found favor from the first moment, nor had Heribert the least objection to having as a son-in-law the Emperor's nephew, the renowned paladin whose fame was sung by every poet.

Plans were already being made for the building of a wonderful castle in the neighborhood of Drachenburg when a terrible message from Charlemagne changed all.

Moors who had been devastating northern Spain had broken into France, and the Emperor, collecting a force to repel them, desired his nephew to be present in the struggle with the infidels. By the laws of chivalry it was impossible for Roland to disregard this summons, and so after mutual oaths of fidelity they parted, each keeping their secret fears in their breasts.

During the war Roland greatly distinguished himself, but for a long while victor hung in the balance. At last, in the Valley of Roncesvalles in the Pyrenees, the French finally conquered their enemies, but afterward Roland was missing and, some knights having seen his fall, he was reported dead.

The grief of Hildegrunde when the news reached her was impossible to describe. For she had never remained closeted in her room, and when finally she did emerge she gave out her intention of entering a convent. Her resolution was, however, changed to be shortened and very soon she had taken the irrevocable vows.

And yet it was useless devotion for Roland was not dead. He had merely been blinded by a man who shot him, and his faithful squire had brought him to. As soon as he was able to move he made his way to Drachenburg. He was met by his squire, who sorrow when at last Heribert mustered up courage to tell him what had happened!

He entered the castle that moment and made his way to the neighborhood of the convent. On a hill he built a castle and he passed his days and nights watching the building that he had built. He never came down even having the joy to behold her from a distance. Then as the adored one had not come forth for many days he became quiet and he was certain she had died. From that day he spoke no more. Immovable with pale face, he watched the convent churchyard, and so he was found by his squire early one morning dead, his half-closed eyes still directed to the place of repose of the dear departed.

"That's a Fact"

By Albert P. Southwick

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North and South Carolina were named after Charles I. of England, while Maryland was named in honor of his wife, Henrietta Maria.

During the Revolution the British frigate Asia was at anchor in Long Island Sound, near the Hunt mansion on the Bronx. The crew was devastated and the family driven from their home. One of the cannon balls which was embedded in the west brick wall is now in the possession of Harry T. Cook, author of the "Borough of the Bronx."

Herodotus, who lived in 484-404 B. C., called the "Father of History," wrote of a period of 240 years preceding his own time. He has been traditionally called the "Father of Lies."

To Tacitus, living in 55-118 A. D., the greatest of historians, we are indebted for much of our knowledge of the early Britons and Germans.

On Sept. 5, 1774, was the first Continental Congress.

In 1590 the three principal events in the United States were the McKinley Tariff Law, the Sioux War and the death of Sittling Bull.

Not all of the States have popular names or nicknames. That of Maine was "The Old Blue Neck," Old Line of Massachusetts, Bay of Michigan, Wolverine of Minnesota, Gopher, and Mississippi, Bayou.

The garden cress, the onion and peas all originated in Egypt.

Many species of plants live only one or two years; that is, they are annuals or biennials.

Peter Cartan, a Hungarian peasant, is recorded to have been born in 1529 and to have died in 1724, thus living to be 195 years old.