

The Evening World

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A GOOD DEED AT SMALL COST.

SECURITY HOLDERS of the Manhattan Railway Company have an unusual opportunity for unique philanthropy. Will they rise to it?

That they will is improbable, but it may be worth suggesting.

Whether they like it or not, there is no escaping the fact that they own an unprofitable and obsolete property. Its principal capital value lies in the continuing validity of the lease of the property to the Interborough. As Commissioner Harkness said to the Brooklyn Real Estate Board, such arrangements "must go."

Facing the facts, the Manhattan security holders are on the horns of a dilemma. They have two alternatives.

They can hold out for their 7 per cent. pound of flesh, and get it for a short time, perhaps. If they do so, the Interborough will go into a receivership. Service is likely to be curtailed. Eventually the courts will abrogate the lease as inequitable and confiscatory. The Manhattan will become bankrupt and the security holders will get little or nothing.

That is one way of losing present equities.

On the other hand, the security holders may act in a public-spirited manner. They may abrogate the lease of their own free will, admit the property is bankrupt and sell it or give it to the Transit Commission for what it is worth as an emergency auxiliary to the transit system. It can never be operated at a profit. It is worth little or nothing.

In either case the security holders would come out about the same in the long run. But the straphanging public would fare infinitely better if the legal mazes of receiverships and foreclosures can be avoided.

How far are the security holders of the Elevated prepared to go?

Will their best offer go far enough to gain credit for public-spirited action, or will they prefer to be whittled down little by little while the straphangers bear a burden of discomfort?

If Mr. Hughes, as he says in his note on the Genoa conference, disapproves of conferences of a political nature, we wonder what he would say about the continuous conference Mr. Fordney is holding on the bonus question?

THE "PULLER-IN" PEST.

THE other day a "puller-in" for a Brooklyn clothing store tried his usual tactics on a passerby and the passerby hauled off and poked him with a stiff right.

The "poker" was arrested and paroled in Bridge Plaza Court until he can get a lawyer.

If the facts are as reported, we fail to see why Magistrate Walsh did not free the prisoner and have the complaining "puller-in" arrested.

Technically, the "puller-in" is guilty of assault as soon as he lays hands on a prospective customer.

And, in the case of such nuisances, a technicality should be all that is required to land them in jail, where they will cease to bother the passing public.

Some Congressmen are hoping they can force President Harding "to take a stand" on the bonus.

What! Still another!

PRUSSIANISM IN NEW YORK SCHOOLS.

IN APPROVING two Senate bills prepared to repeal Mr. Lusk's notorious contributions to the Education Law the committee of the New York City Bar Association on amendments to the law draws up a telling indictment of this system of espionage.

The first of Senator Lusk's measures compels all private schools except those conducted by well-recognized religious denominations to operate under licenses issued by the Board of Regents and subject to revocation at the Regents' pleasure. The second requires every teacher in the public schools to obtain a certificate from the Commissioner of Education testifying to his moral character and vouching for his loyalty to "the institutions of the United States and of the State and laws thereof." These certificates are also subject to revocation without appeal.

"These acts," says the Bar Association, "may be aptly described as acts to Prussianize the educational system and the intellectual activities of the State of New York." Under the first, "no agency of instruction may undertake to enlighten ignorance, to correct misinformation or to promote the search for truth unless the Board of Regents is in accord with its views and approves its methods." Under the second, "a stain of dishonor may be imposed capriciously on the good name of a teacher and no remedy is afforded for the protection of the reputation of one who may be the victim of malice or misinterpretation." Slavery was once an insti-

tution. Quakers were once proscribed; under this statute it is illegal for a teacher to hold privately that the Volstead act should be changed. Whatever is right.

All tolerance, all aspiration toward betterment, all healthy speculation within the schools of the State has been clamped by these measures into a straitjacket of suspicion and espionage. Unless they are repealed we have smashed Prussianism abroad only to patch it up for use at home.

WHO ELSE MATTERS?

AT LAST the present Government of the United States has discovered something it can say in Europe without compromising its rectitude or staining its virtue!

We can't go to the Genoa Conference because allusions of a political character might be heard there. The foreign policy of the party now in power at Washington is founded on pristine purity of purpose and inveterate horror of politics. The very word offends that party's delicacy.

We can't mix with the nations of Europe because they are sordid, selfish and calculating. We can only breathe in an atmosphere of complete disinterestedness. They must reform before we sit at table with them.

But we can see our way to holding converse with the Allied Finance Ministers at Paris just long enough to present a little bill of \$241,000,000 for expenses connected with the keeping of American troops on the Rhine and to insist that this bill be paid before any of the reparation money is divided.

In doing this we remain uncontaminated. We set Europe an austere example. We contribute toward her economic readjustment the useful lesson that when other folks are in straits the best policy is to get what you can out of them—and get it first.

That keeps our record straight.

If our own posterity blushes for us and marvels that at such an epoch we could let the United States appear in such a light, why that's posterity's business.

We appreciate ourselves.

Who else matters?

FROGS AND SNAILS.

(From the Living Age.)

British officers and ex-officers who served on the western front during the war have evidently decided that in matters gustatory "they order these things better in France." At any rate, the Savoy Hotel in London has been compelled by their demands to add frogs and snails to the menu.

Inasmuch as "Froggie" is the historic epithet which the Britisher has always applied to the Frenchman when he wanted to say something peculiarly derogatory, the change in the national taste is little short of revolutionary.

No less than 250 frogs and 200 snails are now being sent from France to the Savoy every day, and the order is to be doubled. The edible amphibians and molluscs are hurried across the Channel by airplane, which leads the Manchester Guardian to observe, "It seems a shame that snails should be rushed like that!"

The fact that the Kentucky Legislature upheld the Darwinian theory by one vote will mean nothing to Mr. Bryan. It will merely indicate that monkeys corrupted the Legislature.

Station Island trolley lines operated by the city may have too many straphangers, but the Bushwick limousine express that leaves City Hall every evening has a seat for every passenger and a clear right of way through traffic.

ACHES AND PAINS

A Disjointed Column by John Keetz.

Returned voyagers say the Americans have turned beautiful Bermuda into one big barroom. It is 600 miles off our arid coast, and the drinks seldom stay where put on the way home.

The Authors' Club is going to distinguish itself on March 23 by giving its first dinner in honor of a lady writer. The guest is to be Mrs. Dorothy Fisher Canfield.

Somewhat, Charley Hughes's kick at the Genoa Conference reminds us of Charley Horse!

*I do not want to soften
The bed on which I lie;
I do not care for better bread,
I want it hard and dry.
I wish to feel the load's full weight—
The true test of the strong—
Whatever burden comes to me,
I'll greet it with a song.*

The population of Ireland was 8,670,000 in 1841, 6,500,000 in 1859 and is around 4,500,000 to-day. And the shooting is still good!

*In Patagonia, far away,
'Tis said some mighty monsters play,
Just what kind they do not know,
Because their footprints fail to show.
Whether Pterodactyl, with a great big bill
Or Ichthyosaurus, with head of a Taurus,
Papers don't tell, except they're the last
To come from a Paleozoic past.
But say, it sounds a little queer
Just as the circus time draws near!*

A Transit Plan—Do Away With Cars

By John Cassel

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John Cassel

From Evening World Readers

What kind of letter do you find most readable? Isn't it the one that gives 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 few words. Take time to be brief.

"Keep Driving!"

To the Editor of The Evening World:
Being a constant reader of your valuable paper, I wish to commend you for the fearless attitude you have taken on the Prohibition question. Your great paper is a thorn in the sides of the fanatics—keep driving! You are fighting for a cause far more beneficial to mankind than the cause the Prohibitionists fought for in 1918. You are trying to eliminate poisonous liquor and the destruction that follows in its wake while on the other hand the fanatical Prohibitionists are fighting for death by wood alcohol, disrespect for the laws of the land, increased taxation, retention of Prohibition jobs, and a score or more of other "worthy causes."

Throughout the World War I was in the U. S. Navy, having been in England and France. We, as a free-born and democratic people, trail the above two countries in liberty. The people of this country will never submit to a fanatical law such as the Volstead act. Your editorials voice the sentiment of the majority, and if we had more editors of your type, we would again take our rightful place among nations as free Americans and law-abiding citizens.

EX-CHIEF PETTY OFFICER
U. S. NAVY.
Hoboken, N. J., March 8, 1922.

"Worse Than Failure."

To the Editor of The Evening World:
I am glad you are taking up the cudgels against Prohibition in its present shape, and your editorial entitled "Worse Than Failure" is the strongest and best I have read. Keep at it and perhaps a few other papers with honest purposes will begin and prick this balloon kept afloat by a group of dreamers. Sooner or later those in the District of Columbia who dictate laws and tell the people in the forty-eight States how they shall live will find out that they have overstepped their prerogatives and that this is not a country peopled entirely with incompetents who must be lashed and led to conduct themselves.

My work in the prisons, travelling from coast to coast, leads me to some conclusions not gained by others, and I find much of the increase in crime today is attributed directly to Prohibition. A general state of despondency exists class feeling has been augmented because the rich can buy good liquor, while the poor who want it and who should be allowed to have it in moderation can get only poison, which has the effect of inciting them to criminal activities, and the prisons are filling up with leeches and lounds.

So let some of us who are not afraid to speak out our minds come forward against this most drastic and un-American law that has ever been enacted and take some action before we increase our toll of death and horror

Home Brew in the Home.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
I have read some of Mrs. Asquith's views on Prohibition.
If she could visit the common classes' home she would have a shock of her life. Wet days have nothing on the dry law.
The new spirits flow as of old, only it hits the home life of the children much worse than in days gone by, when father came home with a load aboard. Now the load overcomes the family from the odor of home brew. The children get stewed with the rest of the family. Some condition! The blue law makers have done it. Don't think I am a crank—far from me—but I have some of '76 spirit in me.

Before Prohibition I did not want a drink. But now it's a pleasure. Why? Because it's forbidden. We take a chance of our lives because of the spirit of liberty.

It's hard to bind the strong all the time—but some of the time we can fool some of the people.

A YANKEE.

\$500 Home Runs.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
In reference to your editorial, "\$500 Home Runs," I want to say that the writer of that article evidently does not know baseball, else he would not write such a ridiculous thing. In the first place, a game is never lost until it is all over, because the losing side always has one more turn at the bat, which can always turn the tide of the game.
Neither does any pitcher care to have a home run chalked up against his record, especially when it has been made by "Babe" Ruth.

S. M. GARFIELD.

UNCOMMON SENSE

By John Blake

(Copyright, 1922, by John Blake.)

WORDS.

Opinions formed on personal appearance are frequently changed when you begin to speak.

People cannot see what is inside your skull. The only way they can find out what is inside it is through your conversation.

Before there were words there was no mutual understanding between living creatures.

Animals cannot co-operate to any considerable extent because they do not KNOW each other.

In all animal life distrust is predominant.

It is by words that you impress people, favorably or unfavorably.

It is by words that you persuade them that they have something to sell them.

It is by words that you convince them that they had best have nothing to do with you.

An uneducated employer is almost as quick to estimate conversation as an educated one.

He may himself double his negatives and say, "I seem" and "I done," but if you do the same thing he will notice it and put you down as one of the undesirables.

Inasmuch as it is "by your words that ye shall be known" it is a good plan to learn to use them well.

Speak grammatically. You can do that by listening to educated people and by reading good books.

Avoid the vulgar forms of slang. Learn to speak simply and directly.

The man or woman who continually uses big words and complicated sentences is not convincing. Over-dressing is never a good thing, whether in clothes or language.

Study words and find out what they mean so you may use them accurately.

When you come to a word you are in doubt about, look it up. It will take a little extra time but the time will be well spent.

You need to know more words than you are likely to use. But the wider your acquaintance with your language the better and the more intelligently you will talk.

Remember that it is almost wholly by your conversation that you are known. Make that conversation clear and straightforward and intelligent, and your chances of getting ahead will be much better than if you tangle your tongue every time you try to talk.

From the Wise

Even in the cemetery there is no equality; even here the storied monument is a memorial of an empty shoe of sorrow.

—Longfellow.

The light of friendship is like the light of phosphorus—seen plainest when all around is dark.

—Crowell.

The devil never tempted a man whom he found judiciously employed.—C. H. Spurgeon.

The readiest and surest way to get rid of censure is to correct one's self.—Demosthenes.

MONEY TALKS.

By HERBERT BENINGTON.

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BETTER TIMES.

Our savings not only benefit us but assist the community as a whole. Stop for a minute and think what conditions would be if there were no banks. It is from such institutions as the savings banks that money is borrowed with which homes are built.

As individuals we are but links in the financial chain, and as links, your dollar and mine may seem of no importance, but it is just such links as us upon which the financial structure of the country rests.

Our money in the bank becomes capital which will help employment.

TURNING THE PAGES

—BY—
C. M. Osborn
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DENNIS was hearty when Dennis was young,
High was his step in the fro that he sprung,
He had the looks an' the sootherin' tongue—
An' he scanted a girl told a fortune.

Nannie was grey-eyed an' Nannie was tall,
Fair was the face hid in-un-der her shawl
Troth! an' he liked her the best o' them all—
But she'd not a traneeen to her fortune.

He be to look out for a tickler match,
So he married a girl that was counted a catch,
An' as ugly as need be, the dark little patch—
But that was a thrife, he tould her.

He met pretty Nan when a month had gone by,
An' he thought like a fool to get round her he'd try;
With a smile on her lip an' a spark in her eye,
She said, "How is the woman that owns ye?"

Let us, if you please, join in dancing these four stanzas from "The Grand Match," one of the numbers found in "Songs and More Songs of the Glens of 'Auntrin'" (Macmillan) a book of Maira O'Neill's poetry.

Making Note of Nara . . .

A description from certain pages of "The Hands of Nara" (Dutton), a romance by Richard Washburn Child:

She was slender. The lines of her throat, her shoulders, her arms still carried the incomparable grace of childhood, but in her there was a willowy strength and the suggestion of a womanhood of extraordinary vitality which would last longer and express more than the mere vitality of flesh quantity in fuller and more luxurious women.

Her poise, her calm was that of alertness, quickness, wild animal agility temporarily at rest.

Her parted hair was dark tarnished copper with sunset light here and there, but her eyes were the deep cool gray of the sea after a storm has come and gone at the end of a day. They were wise and questioning. They looked out at life with everlasting youth and eternal age, making a tender inquiry.

Her face was a little too slender, her cheekbones a little too prominent for prettiness.

Yet . . . she was beautiful with that rare beauty of women often unseen or unnoted by coarse eyes, for she had the beauty of illusive significance.

And so, just as she is word-pictured, we add Nara-Alexieff to our Gallery of Fair Heroines of Modern Fiction.

A Tennis Title as a Love Cure . . .

Jack and Marion had quarreled and she had given back his ring. But they still were partners at tennis, and after Jack had dodged her interference, an act of pique, and had won the mixed doubles title.

The four players shook hands and drew off the ring from his pocket.

"Marion," he said, sternly. She stopped and turned to him. "You promised to do anything on this court," he told you. "Well, you did."

"You promised, Marion?" he asked again.

"Yes," she murmured.

He handed over the ring.

"Put that on your finger at once and kiss me," he said.

And to the vast astonishment of some 1,000 people assembled about the court a young gentleman and young lady met in one of the long, lingering embraces that end all movies.

"Oh, boy, I love to be kissed."

"Dearest, I know who will run our team now and forever. Gosh, I love mixed troubles."

We have quoted from "It's All in the Game" (Doubleday-Page), a book of tales by William T. Hilden, 2d, champion.

Does Mr. Hilden suggest a Tennis Court of Arbitration for troubled lovers?

Need of the Mobile Unmarried . . .

On the many-pointed question "To marry, or not to marry?" Caroline E. MacGill writes in the Current Scribner's thus:

What would happen to-day if the army of women in industry, business, social service, teaching, etc., etc., were suddenly removed? Their places could not be filled.

It is no case of a competition between sex and sex. It is a commensurate condition which confronts us.

Every Jack has not his Jill, any more than every Jill has her Jack. Very many neither want nor need marriage. Nor does society need that every human being should marry and reproduce the earth could not sustain the offspring.

Moreover, the business of the world, in every department, certainly does need the mobile labor of the unmarried.

The difficult, the pioneer, the highly specialized, intensive work of the world, that which requires unremitting attention, strain, freedom of mind and body, must ever be done by them.

Prime stimulus is here, the Lady on the Left will say to the self-sufficient of the Bachelor Man and the day-dreams of the Bachelor Maid.

Meanwhile, the world will keep on going around because it has to, regardless of love.