

The Evening World.

ESTABLISHED BY JOSEPH PULITZER.
Published daily except Sunday by The Evening World Publishing Company, 35 to 45 Park Row, New York.
RALPH PULITZER, President, 45 Park Row.
J. AUGUS SHAW, Treasurer, 45 Park Row.
JOSEPH PULITZER, Secretary, 45 Park Row.

Address all communications to THE EVENING WORLD
Pulitzer Building, Park Row, New York City. Remit by Express
Money Order, Draft, Post Office Order or Registered Letter
"Circulation Books Open to All."

SATURDAY, AUGUST 26, 1922.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.
Entered at the Post Office at New York as Second Class Matter.
Postage free in the United States, outside Greater New York.
One Year Six Months One Month
Evening World..... \$10.00 \$5.00 \$1.50
Daily and Sunday World..... 12.00 6.00 1.00
Daily World Only..... 10.00 5.00 .85
Sunday World Only..... 4.00 2.25 .45
Three-A-Week World..... 1.00
World Almanac for 1922, 25 cents; by mail 50 cents.

BRANCH OFFICES.
ALBANY, 1202 Broadway, cor. 35th.
BOSTON, 2002 7th Ave., near
12th St., Hotel Theresa Bldg.
BROOKLYN, 410 E. 149th St., near
25th Ave.
BROOKLYN, 292 Washington St.,
and 217 Fulton St.
LONDON, 20 Cookspur St.
PARIS, 47 Avenue de l'Opera.
WASHINGTON, Wyatt Bldg.,
1424 and F St.
DETROIT, 221 Ford Bldg.
CHICAGO, 1003 Madison Bldg.
LONDON, 20 Cookspur St.

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BARBAROUS!

ON THE basis of reports received from all parts of the State, the Pennsylvania Department of Labor and Industry predicts a business boom that will be a big one if only it gets a fair chance.

One of the most active building periods on record, steel and textile mills expanding, almost unprecedented demand for competent labor are some of the present claims on which the department bases its optimism. Wage increases in the steel industry are called "only one indication out of many that production is ready to boom."

"Relieve business from the threat of the coal and rail strikes and there would be no limit to its expansion within a month."

Pennsylvania is one of the States to which the skies always look rosiest in the dawn of a high tariff.

Nevertheless, the whole country joins Pennsylvania in appeal for relief "from the threat of the coal and rail strikes."

Why in the name of reason and common sense should industry have to lie strangled and stricken whenever capital and labor in certain of the larger fields are working out new adjustments?

Why should months of depression and misery for the whole country be the price of arriving at economic justice in one of the basic industries? Stagnation and suffering, immense losses in production, blasted hopes of prosperity for millions—merely because comparatively small groups cannot adjust their differences without taking it out on the many who are utterly innocent of wronging anybody!

And the consequent burdens coming back in the long run to rest equally on the shoulders of those who sought to benefit themselves by stopping production!

Civilization, at the point to which the people of the United States have progressed, ought to be capable of evolving some plan by which workers and employers in great public service industries can come to agreement without periodically crippling the entire country, themselves included. People in Pennsylvania or any other State ought to be once and for all delivered from the

THE WEEK.

AUTUMN WEATHER is already with us and that, plus the insolent "no arbitration" ultimatum by President Lewis of the United Mine Workers, helps to account for the sudden CONCERN in CONGRESS over the COAL STRIKE. Unfortunately the heat of a legislative brainstorm will not keep up the steam in radiators.

SECRETARY HUGHES is escaping from the heat of the controversy stirred up by his CANONIZATION of NEWBERRY. It will be SPRING in RIO.

The other travellers to Brazil most in the public eye were the crew of the SAMPALCO CORREIA, which crashed into the sea off Hayti, wrecking the aircraft. These argonauts of the air will proceed in another plane.

German flyers have been sailing in ENGINELESS PLANES. The record of more than three hours of sustained flight was set Thursday.

German currency, however, has NOT been soaring. MARKS sold at more than 2,000 for a dollar.

News that staggered and grieved the whole world was the assassination of MICHAEL COLLINS by De Valera followers. Collins' last advice "Forgive them" will be hard for many Irishmen to accept. Tom Hales, who led the ambush, is reported to have repented his act.

Interborough service was curtailed 10 per cent. to save fuel. But the B. R. T. was not allowed to follow that course. Brooklyn service has reached the LIMIT OF CROWDING, the Transit Commission evidently believes.

The TARIFF has gone to conference and many Republicans hope it will stay there. One tariff bene-

ACHES AND PAINS.

The esteemed Methodist Christian Advocate speaks dolefully of "The Tragedy of a Falling Income," and asks: "Can such things be? They can be and numerous are!"

Two thousand German marks can be had for a dollar but nobody wants 'em. Yet for many years the United States of America was torn by demands for cheap money.

A citizen of Herrin, Ill., has just passed away well beyond the century mark in years. He evidently avoided the shooting.

humiliation of having to beg for "relief from coal and rail strikes."
The thing is barbarous.

SUBWAY BREAKDOWNS.

INTERRUPTIONS in the operation of subway trains and equipment have multiplied so seriously in recent months that it is no wonder the travelling public is becoming somewhat apprehensive.

Our subway system as a whole is an extremely intricate mechanism. For years it has been worked on an overload. Questions a good many patrons are beginning to ask themselves and their neighbors run something like this:

Is the subway wearing out? Is the system running down from lack of adequate replacement in advance of accidents? Between the politicians on one hand and the 20 per cent. dividend milkers on the other, are we likely to go from bad to worse?

At the moment, the Transit Commission could render no greater service to the public than to send competent engineers into the subways to make investigation of the whole equipment, find the weak spots where breakdowns are most likely to occur and order repairs and renovations in advance. Then tell the public the whole truth of what may be expected.

Many an industrial plant and railroad has been built over and renewed time after time without dislocating traffic. The worn parts are discarded and the whole property kept in condition, literally "better than new" and constantly improving. That is what New York has a right to expect.

Meantime, New York must use the subways. The patrons on their part can do no better than to cultivate coolness and calmness in trying situations. No one has been killed by recent subway accidents. What injuries there have been resulted largely from panic.

Keep cool and help keep your neighbors calm.

PHOTOGRAPHIC BIOGRAPHY.

AUTOBIOGRAPHIES of several women famous for beauty as well as for other attainments are appearing in magazines this summer. Interesting features in these articles are illustrations from photographs taken years ago.

This pictorial biography seems to be a real test of feminine self-confidence in the permanency of beauty and charm. Matched with modern costumes and modern photography, the pictures present a striking contrast. A girl flipping the pages in the subway commented to her companion: "Doesn't she look funny?" The description isn't precise, but it carries the idea.

She—any one of them—was an acknowledged beauty then—and now. But viewed by eyes trained to the styles of the day, the piled up hair, the full-length skirt, big sleeves, tight lacing and other features do look odd. The beauty would hardly be recognized as such if she appeared in that garb to-day.

It takes courage and assurance to submit to the test of photographic biography. A generation hence it will take no less courage for the mature beauty of 1950 to reveal pictures of flapperishly bobbed hair to a public that will call it "funny."

solary, the United States Steel, raised wages 20 per cent. and other companies followed suit.

New York is coming to have serious misgivings in regard to subway service. There are TOO MANY FIRES, BLOWOUTS and DELAYS.

In spite of cool weather New Jersey observed "PEACH WEEK," particularly the convicts at Trenton, who staged a riot because they didn't get a full share.

Fingy Connors is still talking HEARST for Governor, but it is a lonely echo in the AL SMITH CHORUS. Surrogate Cohalan has played a star part on the political boards, but Murphy is booking it as a farewell appearance.

It was a good week for BLUE LAW discussion. Interest in New York seemed to centre on the question whether a woman may smoke on the street. At Rockaway knee-length stockings for feminine bathers were the rule. Voliva of Zion banned mixed bathing. Rival associations of dancing teachers in New York have outlawed various dances. And an Indiana woman is promoting a movement to prohibit corsets. "Too much kink," we suppose. But what would be a Volstead ratio or near-corset?

JOHNSTOWN, PA., has been having a dispute over the "realness" or the "nearness" of what passes for BEER. Prohibition enforcers claim the drinks were "psychological," but the natives were licking their lips.

The GIANTS stepped ahead to a comfortable lead. The YANKS are having a trying time in a neck and neck race with St. Louis. And BABE RUTH is crowding the leaders for the home-run record, though he can't break his own mark of last year.

It is interesting to note how a long term on the bench takes the partisanship out of a Judge. Think of the Citizens' Union endorsing a Cohalan!

Prohibition has embedded "bootlegging" in our glorious language. The Tariff Bill ought to add "bootstrapping."

Ireland, bound or free, continues to be "the most distressful country."

It is promised that the British income tax will split Lloyd George's returns as an author. Why work? JOHN KEETZ.

A Message From the Departed!

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By 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.

A Letter From Mrs. Welzmler.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

On Aug. 22 The Evening World published an article to the effect that I was attempting to evade subpoena service before the Kings County Grand Jury and that I had been "chased" all over the State to obtain service. Also, that when I appeared before the Grand Jury my answers were evasive and weak, showing incompetence, or worse.

In order that you may be reassured as to my integrity in this matter, allow me to say that I did not in any way attempt to evade service of a subpoena before the Grand Jury. I gave you my word of honor that, on the contrary, immediately I was informed that my testimony was needed, I telephoned to the District Attorney and placed myself at his disposal and have been at his disposal ever since.

The unpleasant instructions with regard to my testimony before the Grand Jury are absolutely not in accord with the facts, as reference to the stenographer's notes will confirm. I am ready and willing at all times to answer any questions and give all information in fullest detail in regard to my work in the Department of Markets, and this applies to all matters which have come to my attention in the department.

I believe you are aware, and, if not, your records will show, that for some years past I have worked very hard to bring about market conditions which would be of great benefit to the masses of the people, and my idea in having accepted the appointment of Deputy Market Commissioner was simply to carry on this work. I thought the position, with the aid of the press, would afford an excellent opportunity of forwarding the work.

In conversation with one of your editors this morning I was informed that in your entire investigation of the street markets in the City of New York you had found nothing discreditable to me. Unfortunately the article to which I refer hardly reflects that statement.

Believing that The Evening World desires to be perfectly fair, I trust you will give equal prominence to an article which will place me in the same light as you have done in our interview.

BLANCHE WYLIE WELZMLER,
(Mrs. Louis Reed Welzmler),
Deputy Commissioner Markets,
New York City, Aug. 24, 1922.

The Plea of the Peddlers.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
We, the peddlers of the City of New York, thank your paper for the work which you have done in connection with the markets supervision; especially do we thank The Evening

World for being the first one to uncover this gross graft.

We appeal to this paper to stay with us to the end until we get justice. The following is what we peddlers want:

We are satisfied with the public markets and we are willing to pay a license fee to the city, but no collections should be made from peddlers on the street. We do not need so many supervisors as are now in each market. We believe one supervisor is sufficient for each market, as we are not burglars or ex-convicts. We are good citizens of the United States. We know that the police department takes enough care of the peddlers without the supervisors; furthermore, we appeal to the city administration that the present supervisors, together with assistants, be immediately taken off from the markets, because it is a fact that we are not being treated fairly, and we were abused from the beginning since the markets were organized. All our complaints were disregarded wherever we went to ask for justice, therefore, we wish that the Civil Service Commission object to the present supervisors being eligible to their post, and we do not want any political people interfering in this test.

WE WANT A SQUARE DEAL! No more bleeding us for hard-earned money which should far better go toward buying the necessities of life for our children! PEDDLERS.
New York, Aug. 24, 1922.

Trade or Clerical Job.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
I notice now that the summer vacation period is drawing to an end, and the young men and women are probably thinking of going back to school, that the usual flood of announcements and advertisements is here. One "ad" tells the young man to prepare as a stenographer, another advises him to learn a "flourishing" profession, i. e., bookkeeper. One and all are urging youngsters to enter on the short and easy road to success by clerical work.

How many thousands of them fall for these "ads" and after spending several years of their time and a good sum of money find that these so-called "professions" pay less than ordinary labor work; that the hours are longer than most classes of labor or trades; that this "open sesame" to "business success" is rather an easy road to the ruin?

Let the future accountant or bookkeeper or stenographer take up a good trade and he will then after a few years of practical experience have a better chance to earn a livelihood than by wasting his best years on any of these "professions."

EXPERIENCED.
New York, Aug. 25, 1922.

UNCOMMON SENSE

By John Blake

(Copyright, 1922, by John Blake.)

GETTING OUT OF THE ROUGH.

The game of golf is so much played nowadays by rich and not rich that its many lessons will be understood by most readers.

It is needless to talk of the concentration and the self-mastery necessary to play it.

Any old gentleman in a swivel chair or any young gentleman with a pen behind his ear will tell you all about that, as long as you will listen to him.

They will also tell you volubly about the splendid shots they have made and how wonderfully they have got out of the rough from time to time.

For the benefit of non-golfers we will explain that the rough is the long grass on either side of the short grass which is called the fairway.

It is hard to see a ball in the rough and harder to hit it so that it will come out.

Brilliant shots sometimes take a ball clear out of this long grass and put it very near the green, whose little flag in a cup is the place where every golfer wants his ball to land in the fewest possible strokes.

So the followers of the game will boast about these shots, and tell you how people admired them, and how they saved a game by a stroke that seemed impossible, and what the professional said when he heard about it.

The same kind of talk is indulged in by people who get out of any kind of trouble without as much difficulty as they expected to have.

That sort of thing always excites admiration. But it is worth while to remember that good golfers don't get into the rough very much.

Not one of them cares about those brilliant shots, which too often get them into deeper trouble than they were in before.

The careful golfer stays on the fairway, where he can easily hit the ball. He does that by learning to drive it straight, which is much more important than learning to get out of the rough.

Life is very much the same way, kind readers. Your ability to get out of trouble may excite favorable comment, but your ability to keep from getting into trouble will do very much more for you.

You will notice that the important men in this country keep out of the rough most of the time. That is why they are important.

WHOSE BIRTHDAY!

AUG. 26TH—MARSHALL FIELD, the famous American merchant, was born at Conway, Massachusetts, AUG. 26, 1835, and died in New York City Jan. 16, 1906. At the age of seventeen he became a clerk in a dry goods store in Pittsfield, Mass., and in 1856 removed to Chicago where he was employed in the large mercantile establishment of Coady, Wadsworth and Company. In 1860 the company was reorganized and he was admitted to a junior partnership. Five years

later he organized the firm of Field, Palmer and Leiter, which subsequently became, in 1881, Marshall Field and Company. Under Field's management the business increased rapidly until it gained the rank of one of the two or three largest mercantile establishments in the world. Field amassed an immense fortune in this business. His benefactions were numerous, among them being his gift of land valued at \$300,000 and of \$100,000 in cash to the University of Chicago, and an endowment fund of \$1,000,000 to support the Field Columbian Museum at Chicago, and a bequest of \$8,000,000 to this museum.

TURNING THE PAGES

By
E. M. Osborn
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THE Lady sat in a flood of tears
All of her sweet eyes' shedding.

"To-morrow, to-morrow the paths of sorrow,
Are the paths that I'll be treading."
So she sent her lass for her slippers of black,
But the careless lass came running back.

With slippers as bright
As fairy gold
Or moonday light,
That were heeled and soled
To dance in at a wedding.

The Lady sat in a storm of sighs
Rained by her own heart-searching sighs.
"To-morrow must I in the church-
yard lie
Because love is an archer."
So she sent her lass for her sable frock,

But the silly lass brought a silver smock
So fair to be seen
With a rosy shade
And a lavender sheen,
That was only made
For a bride to come from church in.

One song out of many that the Maid in the Well-House hears in "Martin Pippin in the Apple Orchard" (Stokes) a love-and-the-fairies story by Eleanor Farjeon.

The High Cost of a Lost Eye...
In his book "The Evolution of Medicine" (Yale University Press), Sir William Osler quotes a bit of the ancient Hammurabi Code thus:

If a doctor has treated a gentleman for a severe wound with a bronze lance and has cured the eye for a gentleman with the bronze lance and has cured the eye of the gentleman, he shall take ten shekels of silver.

If the doctor has treated a gentleman for a severe wound with a lance of bronze and has caused the gentleman to die, or has opened an abscess of the eye for a gentleman and has caused the loss of the gentleman's eye, one shall cut off his hands.

The demand of both hands for an eye strikes us as a straining even of the legendary and vengeful prescription of a tooth for a tooth.

"That We're Married"...
When things are mending for Nick and Susy, after the great clash, Edith Wharton's "The Glimpses of the Moon" (Appleton), there is this ecstasy of thought for the young husband:

"The point is that we're married. It means something to you, some thing-inexorable? It does to me. I didn't dream it would—in just that way. But all I can say is that I suppose the people who don't feel it aren't really married—and they'd better separate; much better. As for us—"

It is not upon such lines, anyway, that the whole business of the divorce lawyers is built.

The Black Loin...
A bit of natural economy from a group of poems by Albert Frederick Wilson, in the September Century:

With the mute patience
Of growing things,
The child looked on a gentleman
Gathered the deep loam
And held it there
In the hollow of the wood.
But in the fall the creature
My neighbor cleared the patch,
And in the spring
He seeded it to corn.

As Josephine Saw Bonaparte...
A vital moment in history as treated in "Love" (Dutton), a book of Napoleonic romance by Madame Ami-

not:
A smiling woman, sitting on a sofa, looked up at him. She was a perfect creature, dressed in purplish white satin—her little white satin sandals laced with pale-blue ribbons, across her slender ankles.

"He has a good nose," she observed.

"Not a bad mouth, either," returned her companion, languidly.

"But isn't he thin?"

General Bonaparte, "without giving the matter the least attention, met the sympathetic glance of the lady in white.

They looked at each other just as people do glance at each other in a crowd without observation.

For the fraction of a second he stood still. His big, mournful eyes, with their restless, disinterested expression, were fixed on her face. With the ghost of a smile on his face he passed on.

Madame Josephine de Beauharnais leaned forward, looking after his retreating figure. "He has had fascinating eyes," she said.

"Has he? I did not notice," answered her companion, "and he helped herself to a coffee éclair.

And not even Madame saw that, as she leaned forward, she looked along the way to the throne.

The Persistent, Pesky Skunk...
Writing of the evil odor as a defensive measure, in his book, "The Naturalist in La Plata" (Dutton), W. H. Hudson says:

The skunk itself offers perhaps the one instance among the higher vertebrates of an instinct of self-preservation have died out, giving place to this lower kind of protection.

All the other members of the family which it belongs to are cunning, swift of foot, and, when overtaken, fierce-tempered and well able to defend themselves with their powerful, well-armed jaws.
When this animal had once ceased to use so good a weapon as its teeth in defense of itself, degenerating at the same time into a slow-moving creature, without fear and without cunning, the strength and viciousness of its odor would be continually increased by the cumulative process of natural selection.
And how effective the protection has become is shown by the abundance of the species throughout the whole American continent.
The real reason for the skunk's survival, we have always understood, is the furrier's discovery of the way round the scent to the per cent.