

The Evening World

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Fashion Fancies

By Maurice Kettner



CAN LOGIC MAKE THEM LEGISLATORS?

SUPREME COURT JUSTICE FORD is solicitous for the trusts and opines they should not be obstructed in their development by "repressive legislation" like the Sherman law.

Nobody wants to repress these "logical outcomes of modern needs," as the Justice calls them, so long as they keep to their logical and legitimate functions of securing greater economy, efficiency and excellence in performing the services and producing the thousand and one commodities that the public requires.

But is it "a logical outcome of modern needs" that great industrial combinations should take it upon themselves to become part of the Government by pocketing State Legislatures, dictating laws, and maintaining special agents to keep them in close, compelling touch with legislative and executive activity?

Did labor-saving machinery ever try to be itself and Government all at the same time?

If the trusts had been content to stick to business and keep their hands off the lawmakers they could have avoided a lot of the opposition that worries Justice Ford.

Events are proving the soundness of the President's contention that calm, steady pressure is a match for the tantrums and "temper" of a Villa.

"CHIEF SAM."

WE FIND IT HARD to go back on "Chief Sam"—even though the Government of Great Britain batters at our faith.

If Sam is not really the supreme lord of sixty-four square miles of African territory, and if the "Curityba" does not roll proudly forth from the Erie Basin to collect some hundreds of negroes in the South and take them overseas to the promised land where the "butter bush" blooms and the "flour vine" flourishes, we shall feel that the world is indeed flat and prosaic.

Here is a son of Akim with enough imagination and get-up-and-get to buy a real ship and paint the glories of old Africa in colors that set a thousand dark-skinned Americans harkening to get back to the home of their ancestors. The Gold Coast—magic destination, admirably chosen! And that tough about nobody being expected to work Saturdays or Sundays on the voyage! Have many land pirates had these flashes?

If Sam is not all that he says he is, all we can say is that he deserves to have been. Lawyers may quit him and great governments sneer at him, but we shall keep our eye on Sam's star as long as there is a twinkle left in it.

The Mayor asks New Yorkers to pray for "rain and sunshine." Why not concentrate on warm showers to save time and possible misunderstanding?

"THE NATURAL BORN DETECTIVE."

IT IS HARD to say why a French detective should be more interesting than any other. Maybe fiction has been overkind to him. Maybe, on the other hand, his natural adroitness, combined with the grace and manners of his race, makes him in reality the ideal sleuth.

A young Frenchman who has just been appointed Chief Inspector of one of the principal Paris detective bureaus seems to supply in the flesh exactly the kind of detective the story-writers dream of—even to the perfect name: Leon Leoni. His career for the last ten years, during which he has run down celebrated criminals, recovered neckties, caused important arrests and exposed fakes, including the famous case of Madame Humbert and her empty safe, as described in The Sunday World Magazine to-morrow, is a mine of "detective material."

The man's gift of disguise, a knack at languages—including the slang of various professions—which make him equally at home as a German banker, a Parisian "apache" or a British race-track tout, and a natural ease of manner that serves him in drawing-room or thieves' den with equal success—all combine to strengthen the old belief that when romance has pictured all a detective should be, if we wish to find the nearest approach in real life we must seek it in France.

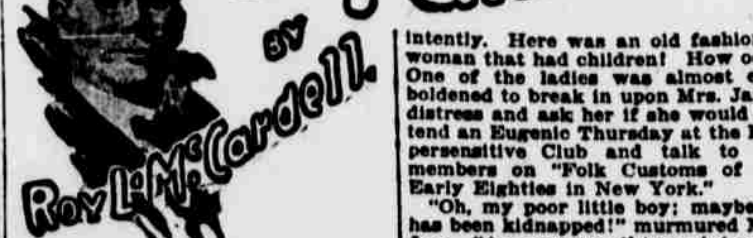
Three weeks from to-day—Spring!

Letters from the People

There is no definite line, but custom says 100th Street. To the Editor of The Evening World: Please decide the following argument: A line at No. 145 West Twenty-eighth street and claims he does not live in Harlem, and that Harlem does not extend south of One Hundred and Tenth street. It claims he does live in Harlem. Who is right? H. W. WALLER. Yes, it is elected. To the Editor of The Evening World: If a person is born of American citizens in a foreign country can he become President of the United States? M. J. LEONARD. Thursday. To the Editor of The Evening World: Will you kindly let me know on what day of the week AG. 25, 1909. CHARLES J. MEADE.

CHARITABLE MAN. He had been calling for some time when he saw a woman who would give him the money. CHARITY WORK. "I wish you would join our band of charity workers." "Oh, I couldn't tramp around in the snow. We play cards and drink and give money to the poor."

The Jarr Family



intently. Here was an old-fashioned woman that had children! How odd! One of the ladies was almost emboldened to break in upon Mrs. Jarr's distress and ask her if she would attend an Eugene Thursday at the Hypersensitive Club and talk to the members on "Pork Customs of the Early Eighties in New York."

"Oh, my poor little boy; maybe he has been kidnapped!" murmured Mrs. Jarr. "Are you sure these print goods will wash? Oh, where can he be?" "Perhaps he just went around in the other aisle, where they are demonstrating synthetic marmalade," suggested Mr. Floss, the floorwalker, coming up at this inquiry. "Shall I have some of our people look for him? Forward, please!"

Hits From Sharp Wits.

A loose tongue makes a dangerous vehicle for careless thought to ride upon.—Philadelphia Inquirer. Was the man who wrote "The Lost Art of Conversation" advertising for his absent wife?—Memphis Commercial Appeal. There is a codfish hatchery at Wood's Hole and the superintendent reports that 244,491,414 eggs have been propagated there this season. This may be looked upon as the monumental piece of guesswork of the decade.—Cleveland Plain Dealer. Some people are so busy keeping up appearances that they do not accomplish anything more.—Albany Journal. Where a man is his own janitor he always blames the heating plant.—Chicago News. "Don't give away all your good advice. Save a little for yourself," says an exchange. Why didn't it? The sting of the bee is pleasant when compared with the sting of the trusted. The man who does things by halves doesn't have much when they are done.

Willie Jarr Is Still Lost In the Department Store.

lost and found department." "Oh, I hope nothing has happened him!" wailed Mrs. Jarr. "Can you show me another pinker shade in this hair ribbon for little girls?" "I thought it was a little boy that strayed off," said a sympathetic saleslady. "It was, and a darling little fellow; never gave me a bit of trouble in his life, not even when sick," answered Mrs. Jarr. "For even when he had tonsillitis he was so brave and used to say, 'Don't cry, mamma. If I die I will go to heaven and never see papa again!'" "Oh, where can he have gone? Where can he have gone? How many yards in this remnant-bearing?" "The card of such a terribly large family must be dreadful!" "Why, she must have two children—two children!" muttered the astonished bearers. "The card of such a terribly large family must be dreadful!" "But the hour of emancipation has struck!" remarked a prosperous mill-

The Paris Saleswomen

PARIS—My dear girl of the shop in New York, you who are tired and wan and weary of your work—you who are unsatisfied with your wages—you who have trying customers to deal with—you who find it difficult to make both ends meet—you who think the hours are so long—if you were but in Paris and could see your sister saleswoman there, then, indeed, would you say "Things might be a great deal worse." When do you think the crowds are largest in the department stores in Paris? At 4.30 o'clock, when you are probably home or well on your way. For the Parisian shops do not close until 7. Patrons are served after that until they are ready to leave. Before the saleswoman has her accounts settled and out of the store it is considerably after 7. And the average young woman is not at her home dinner table until after 8. Many of them must be on hand at 7.30 in the morning, and all at 8 o'clock, and there are numbers of them earning but a dollar a day. They stand practically through the whole working period; in fact, I did not see any places for them to sit, at all. As to hard customers, the large cosmopolitan population from all over the world who are constantly coming to Paris are constantly trying to get the best of the Parisian sales-

WHAT WOMAN EVER THINKS.

BY HELEN ROWLAND.

Concerning Married-Bachelors and the Love-Code. "O, dear!" sighed the Widow, putting down her embroidery and rising to greet the Bachelor. "Men ARE such babies! How in the world can we ever make them grow up and understand things as we do!" "What have I been doing now?" demanded the Bachelor, anxiously. "Nothing in the world, Mr. Weatherby," laughed the Widow. "YOU have been properly trained. But there ARE other men in the world, you know, who have not had the advantage of—"

Concerning Flirtations. "WELL, isn't it?" demanded the Bachelor. "Of course it is!" agreed the Widow, "but the man is MARRIED. Mr. Weatherby; yet he quotes me as an authority, and declares that henceforth he shall flirt as much as he pleases and whenever he pleases—and his charming, delightful little wife blames ME!" "Oh, well," remarked the Bachelor, soothingly, "she'd have to blame SOMEBODY. A woman never thinks of blaming a man for his own step. Besides," he added, "no doubt he will allow HER the same privilege." "No doubt he will NOT allow her the same privilege!" retorted the Widow, "and even if he did she wouldn't take it. No, my dear boy; if the devil can quote Scripture to suit his own purpose, a married-bachelor can certainly twist an epigram to suit his own conscience. Of course flirtation is a delightful and excellent thing. So is an automobile, and so are diamonds. But stealing an automobile or diamonds is no more dishonorable than stealing a flirtation. A man should realize that there is such a thing as a CODE in the love game, and 'honor among flirts.' A married man or an engaged man has no more right to flirtations than I have to Mrs. Vanderbilt's diamonds—and he should have no more desire for them. You wouldn't play AGAINST your partner at bridge, would you? Then why should you play against your partner in marriage? No honorable man would deceive his business partner, would he? Why does he consider it honorable to deceive his life partner? Why is it that a man considers himself 'honorable' if he swears cheats at anything except the love game, never lies to anybody except a woman, and never deceives anybody except his own wife? It's a funny kind of 'honor,' isn't it?"

Conservation of Love. "DO you mean to say," demanded the Bachelor desperately, "that on the day a man and woman marry, they should take the veil—and never cast a sentimental look at anybody again?" "Never—at anybody but each other," declared the Widow firmly. "They will be kept busy enough, if they keep up the life-long flirtation with one another. I once knew a man who accidentally got into a flirtation with his own wife, after they had been married for ten years, and who declared that all those years he had been 'wasting his time' on other people. That is the trouble with most married people. They don't flirt enough with one another. To be a real success, marriage should be a continuous flirtation!" "Lead," suggested the Bachelor, chucking softly, "of a continuous flirtation." "But that is not the question," said the Widow. "The question is, how can I make this foolish married man who wants all the comforts of matrimony and all the privileges of bachelorhood see the error of his ways? How can I make him realize that, in risking the love of the one woman on earth who really loves for a lot of cheap flirtations, he is exchanging the Hope Diamond for a handful of cheap trinkets? How can I make him see that, after marriage, flirtation, like charity, begins at home?" "You might try accepting the challenge," suggested the Bachelor. "I beg your pardon?" "You might try flirting with him, a bit," explained the Bachelor, "and then putting the 'finishing touches' on him. I can think of no better object lesson." "He DOES need an object lesson!" agreed the Widow musingly. "And meantime," went on the Bachelor brightly, "you might introduce ME to the 'charming and delightful' wife!" "On the whole," interrupted the Widow, puckering her brows, "I don't see why WE should lay ourselves down a human sacrifice on the altar of ANY man's vanity!" "No," agreed the Bachelor with a grin. "When the smash-up comes, we should both be crushed, like all good little peace-makers and Samaritans!"

The Week's Wash

THAT Becker decision," remarked the head pollster, "certainly produced more barroom, street car, L. subway, shop, office, club and friends arguments than anything in this town since Markie failed to touch second." "Yes," agreed the laundry man, "and it looks as though the Becker case is going to furnish a topic for argument for many long weeks to come. Apparently the second trial is already under way, since there was a publication yesterday morning of the District-Attorney's discovery of evidence to show that Becker used to meet two of the condemned gunmen at the Lincoln Hotel and split up with them on the proceeds of holdups of gambling houses and disorderly resorts." "If Becker is guilty he is a lower criminal than the men who actually killed Herman Rosenthal, if the charges against him are true. He is not only a murderer but a betrayer of the people—a traitor to the city that put a uniform on his back and sent him out to enforce the law." "The very fact that he was a police officer, a named public sentiment against him. Widespread natural hostility clouded the fact that Becker's direct accusers were men who, by their own confession, were not only murderers but betrayers of the law and were saving their own necks by trying to convict Becker, the policeman." "It was of paramount importance, under the circumstances, that scrupulous attention should be paid to Becker's constitutional rights. Furthermore, his conviction would have done more to clear up the confusion than any other action."

A Remarkable Case. "I read in the papers," said the head pollster, "that a woman died in her husband's arms while dancing the tango at a dance." "I wonder," said the last man, "where her husband was?"