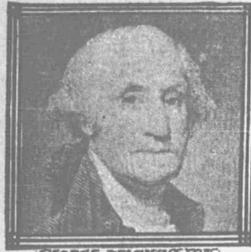




Published by the Press Publishing Company, No. 22 to 24 Park Row, New York. Entered at the Post-Office at New York as Second-Class Matter. VOLUME 46 NO. 16,256.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.



This was the opinion, confirmed by years of experience, of the man who as a boy had learned the moral precept, "Labor to keep alive in your heart that little spark of divine fire called conscience." In the year that has passed since last Washington's Birthday the significance and importance of this sentiment have been sufficiently emphasized.

As Washington recedes further into the perspective of time his human side shows out more prominently.

He was a man who thought nothing of manly interest foreign to him. He loved horses and hounds and fox-hunting. He excelled in athletic sports and trials of strength. He was fond of the pleasures of life, and not least the pleasures of the table; yet when the General Court ordained a day of fasting and prayer for the Port Bill he observed it rigorously.

He danced and played cards. He drank and no doubt swore, as gentlemen of his day did. His passions were strong and his temper violent. He was dignified, grave, courteous, gentle. He was fastidious with regard to clothes. He was hospitable to prodigality. It was said that though there were a hundred cows at Mount Vernon they did not suffice to keep his guests in butler.

Yet as a manager he was diligent and thrifty, and he made his estate a model of its kind. As a type of the thoroughgoing gentleman, a man in the best sense of the word, and one who, as Artemus Ward said, "never stopped over," he was by all odds the most interesting that American public life has produced.

One State and some sixty-odd counties, cities, towns, rivers, lakes and water-courses perpetuate Washington's name on the map. All the Caesars and Napoleons who carved up Europe left no such reminders of their transitory greatness. Alexander, after twenty centuries, left nothing like it.

As a city-maker the capital which bears his name remains as his monument. It was his project and he was its founder. Had he any idea of the country's future development into metropolitan districts? Did he foresee even vaguely a time of city dominance in national affairs such as is now threatened?

The possibility of a community within a ten-mile radius of New York's City Hall greater than the entire population of the young Republic was then undreamed of. If the infant nation could have received from Washington and his counsellors some provision for its physical growth, if some part of the consideration bestowed on its political future could have been given to the establishment of safeguards for the restraint of menacing movements of population, would not the restriction have been beneficial?

There has arisen a need for barriers to preserve the balance of power between city and country which the Fathers of the Republic had no means of foreseeing.

A Birthday Thought.

By J. Campbell Cory.



Pointed Paragraphs.

PROOF of one's temper is the loss thereof. Billings is called sentiment by those who are in love. Many a so-called blue-blooded aristocrat has a red nose. When truth becomes fashionable what will become of the gossips? Many a man would fail to arrive but for his ability to butt in. Women are like men in one respect; some are good and some are not. Customers of a shoe dealer insist upon their rights, and they also get their lifts.—Chicago News.

Sentence Sermonettes.

TRUTH needs no tinsel. Weakness cannot wait. Friends never come in flocks. Love is the great human lodestone. Labor is the noblest of all prayers. Every sin would like to syndicate itself. The day of rest is never the better for making it a day of rust. Look to your works and your wings will take care of themselves. It is easy to forgive the man who has wronged the other fellow.—Chicago Tribune.

NEW YORK THRO' FUNNY-GLASSES

By Irvin S. Cobb.

WHENEVER a fond papa reaches the stage where he has to have a lawn-mower to clip the coupons with he starts in figuring on the cost of buying some nobility into the family. We older families—as counter-distinguished from the families that moved in since they struck copper in Montana and water in Standard Oil—begin to look over the European price currents just as soon as we learn to quit taking chewing tobacco after the salad course.

As a general proposition, grandfather was raised to think that if he put a polish on his celluloid collar, washed himself behind both ears and ran a rubber pocket-comb through his whiskers he was pretty well fixed for Sunday and company. His idea of luxury was to bring the rain-barrel in of a Saturday night and get out the official crash towel. Grandma dipped snuff, ate out of the hand and had but simple tastes. Later on father installed the first porcelain bathtub seen in Peoria and got weaned from a dress shirt that fastened in the back and had a little tab below the bosom with his initials and a buttonhole worked in it. That was going some; but nowadays, since the family bundle has outgrown the shawlstrap and we put it up in bales and use hooks, the crying need of a duke is severely felt.

Until comparatively recently most of us supposed that dukes always had something to do with the cigarette business in North Carolina. But now



we know better. Nearly every wealthy family in town can afford to have a duke—and regret it.

The wedding of one of our Amalgamated or Merged heiresses to a duke is good for a front-page spread. The courtship is conducted by a large French banking-house, acting as trustee for the European creditors. The color scheme of the decorations is green, \$100 bills intertwined with amliax being exclusively employed. The marriage ceremony is begun by the father of the bride taking the combination off of the safe. Titled relatives of the bridegroom attend, and are repeatedly detected trying to "cop" the silverware. The happy pair depart in a shower of seed pearls, thrown by the proud parents of Her Grace. It is announced that eight millions will be spent in restoring the ancestral mansion of the duke, which has lately been used as a livery stable.

In from four to six years the duchess returns to the land of her birth, via steamer. In understudying the late Brigham Young, her noble husband has reduced her bank roll to the elastic band that used to go around it. So she is divorced and lives happy ever after, because she is now entitled to armorial bearings.

The primitive American never cared for his armorial bearings. As a general thing, they didn't match the rest of the goods, and were rarely seen, unless the wind blew his coattails up. But his descendants begin to figure on family arms just as soon as the family legs have all the trousers they need.

THE FUNNY PART:

We are supposed to be a people having an inherent hatred for the nobility-worshipping ethics of the Old World.

Letters from the People.

Full Evening Dress. To the Editor of The Evening World: What is the proper dress for a bridegroom for a wedding that is to take place after 7 o'clock in the evening? I am very tall. W. P.

Queer Definition of "Gotham." To the Editor of The Evening World: The name "Gothamite," sometimes applied to citizens of New York, seems exactly to fit some of them. It isn't a synonym for intelligence or public or private virtue or honesty. The name was originally applied to the natives of Gotham, in Nottinghamshire, England, who were celebrated for their blundering and oddities. In another sense, it means one deficient in or utterly with-

out taste—a rude, ignorant person, a barbarian. JOHN EDWARD BRUCE, Yonkers, N. Y. Here is a Balloon Problem. To the Editor of The Evening World: Here are a few problems for brain workers to solve: A man in a balloon, when it is one mile high, finds that the angle of depression of an object on the level ground to be 35 deg. 20 min., then after ascending vertically and uniformly for 20 minutes, he finds the angle of depression of the same object to be 55 deg. 40 min. Find rate of ascent of the balloon in miles per hour. LORD CHANDLER.

THE LITTLE MILLINER

This story is here adapted by the author from Fritz Scheff's comic opera, "Mlle. Modiste," now at the Knickerbocker Theatre.

ETIENNE OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS. Capt. Etienne de Bouvray, a young French nobleman, is betrothed by his uncle, the Count de St. Mar to Mlle. Frochard. Etienne repudiates the match, having fallen in love with a little milliner named Fifi, whom he has known since childhood, and to whom he is secretly betrothed. Mlle. Frochard's brother speaks lightly of Fifi and strikes Etienne. Frochard then challenges Etienne. Etienne vows to kill Etienne if the latter does not break with Fifi. Etienne starts for the scene of the proposed duel in a cab. Just before his arrival he discovers Fifi concealed in the vehicle.

CHAPTER IV. The Duel.

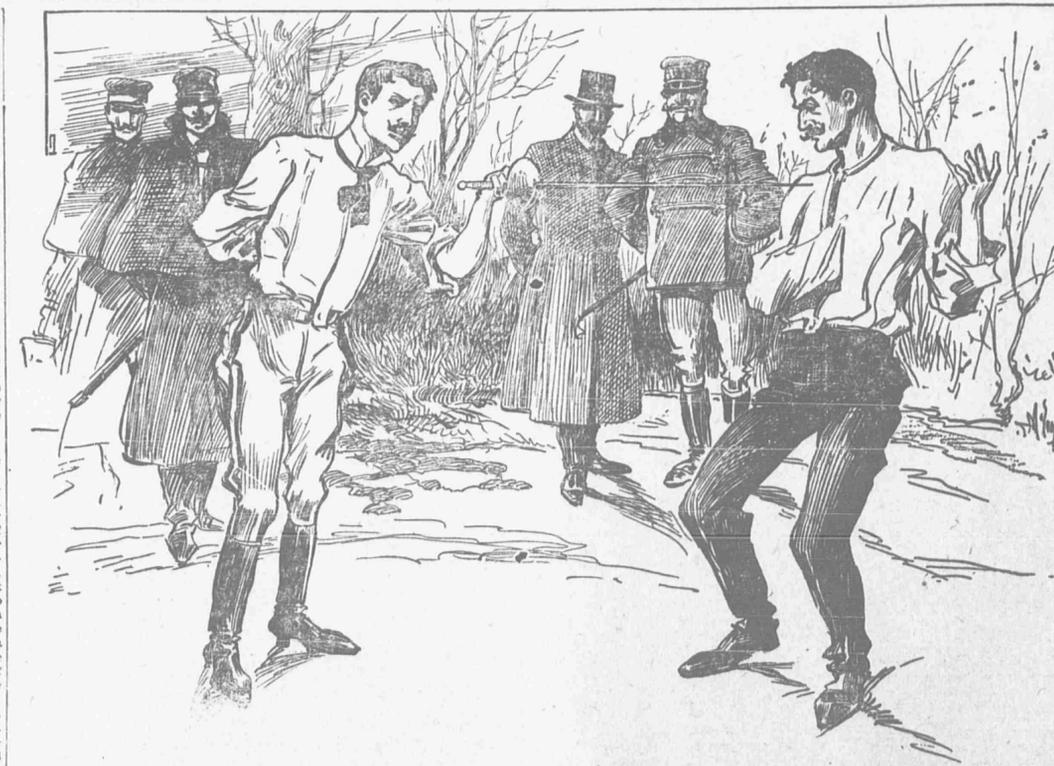
THE girl's presence under the seat was quickly explained. The evening before, just as the bonnet shop on the rue de la Paix at which she was still employed was closing, she had overheard a conversation between two Hussars who had come to the store to escort two girl shoppers to dinner. They had mentioned his name, also Capt. Frochard's and the Countess de Panne's. Capt. Frochard, according to this conversation, was to seek out Etienne at the ball, demand his fulfillment of the engagement made by le Comte, his uncle, and, failing to secure a promise to that end, was to force him to fight. The uncle supported Frochard in this plan. After overhearing this Fifi could not speed swiftly enough to the palace to warn him. But she had been stopped at the gate despite a ruse she had contrived to gain admission. She had tried to get one of the servants to bear a note to him. They had mentioned the hour at which Etienne would leave for the woods. She had waited. The air was cold and she was often chilled, but all the moments her heart kept beating, beating, beating. Then the facade had arrived. She knew Etienne would come out to it, because through the darkness she had heard an attendant call the driver just where to wait.

Would not her presence now disturb Etienne? How her temples had ached as she pondered the problem now urged so speciously by her head, now argued so consistently by her heart, the last to see Etienne, to talk to him, even if for the last time; the former to be a soldier-

like Etienne and be brave and bow her head in fortitude until the fearful things that was to happen was over, and she knew one way or the other the issue. Swinging like a pendulum between these two impulses, one to let Etienne go without betraying any sign of her presence, the other to bid him to be of stout courage and to take him, she had paced and repaced the narrow walk near the palace. The driver of the facade had gotten down from his box to adjust the cushions of the seat inside. The door had swung open with the jolt of his body as he had thrown himself into the seat again on the top of the wagon. Her heart had swept her toward the open door of the facade. If she had known her last moment would come when she had crossed the space between the curb and the open door she would a hundred times have been unable to withstand the current that swept her toward the open space! She had soon found the compartment under the seat. Its discovery had seemed to her like the strange phenomenon of somnambulism. She had gone to it blindly. That was why Etienne had found the cab door open when he had crossed the walk to the curb.

She had been in her hiding place a long, long time before he appeared. She had hoped he might not discover her; that she would be in the cab all unknown to any one when the combat in the woods was being waged. She knew the proverbial gallantry of the poor of her race, especially of the classes near her own. She would at the last moment, after Etienne had left the cab, reveal herself to the man on the box and explain just how she had come to be in the cab, and why. He would listen to her, she was certain. He would drive the facade near the grounds, with a window looking toward the open space where Etienne was to fight. Then, if something happened to Etienne she would be near. The facade had come to a sudden stop. Etienne looked out. They had arrived. The others were there before him waiting. The sky at the east had turned opal. At the extreme west pale stars twinkled faintly in a light blue sky. Etienne looked at his companion beside him. She was very pale, but no longer weeping. He turned and looked into his eyes. Her expression was curious. He had seen just such a look in the eyes of a spy on his way to be shot after having been caught in the tort at Gibraltar. Fifi returned Etienne's scrutiny with a faint smile. "Go," she said, in a voice wildly un-

A 20th CENTURY ROMANCE OF LOVE, VALOR, PERIL AND TRUSTING HEARTS



Frochard, swordless, stood facing Etienne.

like her own. "I should be so glad to see you." Then she kissed him gently on the eyes, on the forehead, the cheeks and on the mouth. Tenderly Etienne returned the caresses. Then he sprang from the cab. He felt singularly buoyant. With Fifi for a spectator he would have confidently invited the combat of each and all of the group of forms that stood now against the patch of woods,

several rods away. With the arrival of Etienne the physicians had opened their cases and the seconds the line bundle containing the swords. Everything was ready. Etienne was surprised at the strength he felt in his left wrist when he caught himself for the first time seeking the blade of his foe. Capt. Frochard had opened the contest savagely. Even for

hand the skill that his brain could have imparted to his right. Etienne early conceived the idea of keeping his face toward the cab as much as possible, and from the beginning had worked toward this end. That this position would give the man holding it the advantage of the growing sunlight at his back Frochard had decided at about the same time. This effort of both to secure the

By HENRY BLOSSOM, The Famous Dramatist.

covert side had made each doubly cautious at the outset, and at the same time doubly determined. Again and again each secured a gain of several paces toward the coveted position only to lose it. Each soon realized the match was as near equal as such a queer conflict could be. Once the point of Frochard's sword glanced past Etienne's right side, catching his linen and tearing it like paper. At another moment the point of Etienne's sword struck Frochard's chest and he had turned suddenly. Etienne was conscious during the light of the presence of several witnesses on the grounds, but other than his seconds and Frochard he had not looked at those present. His seconds had talked with him as he had come through the woods. Suddenly a question formed in his mind. He cast a swift look at the faces of the circle. He was slowly traversing while parrying and thrusting, and talking. Yes, his sudden suspicion was correct. His uncle was present. Swiftly all that Fifi had told him in the cab that avowed of conspiracy crowded back upon him. The duel had been planned. Now he understood why Frochard's seconds had endeavored to have pistols rather than swords. Frochard could shoot well with his left hand. So his life was of less consequence to his uncle than the defeat of Etienne's insatiable Fifi now rose upon the crest of his impressions. Back and forth Etienne forced his sword, its flat side gleaming like a thin shaft in the growing light from the east. He would secure the position where Fifi could see his face through the window of the cab; he would force this plotting though misguided Frochard to the western side of the clearing, he would show this arrogant, foolish relative of his, le Comte de St. Mar, that if death was to be the price of the quarrel between them because of Fifi, the man who called to collect payment would have no easy victory. And then the rods of war helped the side of Etienne. A waiter had come forward as they entered and taken Etienne's cape as well as her own. Leaving a small pin card in Etienne's hand, he had repaired to the other end of the room, whence Fifi saw him returning later, bearing a cut-glass water jug and two small bottles in his hands. Yes, it was the most interesting morning of little Fifi's life. This breakfast part of it, following that other preceding grand reign of terror.