

The World

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Two Historical Meetings

By Maurice Ketten.



20 Husbands

All of Them More or Less Undesirable

By Nixola Greeley-Smith.

No. 12—The Husband That's Gay as a Summer Day.

The Husband That's Gay as a Summer Day may seem to the outside observer an undesirable possession except in a torrid season such as this, when the gaiety of summer days is not apparent.

He deserves his fate if only as a teller of funny stories. Some optimist once remarked that there were just thirteen original jokes. An unlucky number, it will be remarked, which may be responsible for the fact that we are doomed to hear them so often.

Many a well-developed sense of humor has perished in its prime from the fatality of being wedded to a teller of jokes. The husband with a perpetual joke is as much of a nuisance as the husband with a perpetual groan.

The agent called for the rent to-day. Is met by "Did I tell you the funny story Jones got off on his landlord the other night?" and no wily persuasion can lure him from the pleasant fields of anecdote on to the cold, hard highway of fact which the necessity of being housed and clothed and fed compels us to travel.

Wherever a group of men are gathered together, and after the fashion of their kind each one buys in his turn, there is always one who tells a funny story and departs on the heels of the laugh it has created without saying "What'll you have?"

Now the Husband That's Gay as a Summer Day does pretty much the same thing. There may be a grave crisis in his household—one which it would take the united wisdom of husband and wife to meet. But a hollow ha-ha is all the answer he has for it, and the fragile shoulders of his wife assume the burden of Atlas, holding up their little world.

Wives, men complain, weep at the wrong time and the wrong place. In their philosophy, in fact, there is no time for tears. But the husband who laughs perpetually is surely as exasperating as the wife who weeps. Tears accomplish quite as much as laughter in the world. It is just as silly to wear a button with "Smile" on it as if the imperative inscription read "Cry!" Tears, like tears mean quite as much as idle laughter.

The Husband That's Gay as a Summer Day should give his wife the benefit of variety just as the weather does. Three hundred and sixty-five days of languorous leafage and haunting sun would send all of us in search of the North Pole. Similarly, the wife of the man with the eternal smile longs for seriousness and pines under the perpetual infliction of irresponsible high spirits. If eventually it drives her to elope with an undertaker who shall say that if only in success of laughter she is not repaid?

After all, when one may spend the afternoon at a vaudeville performance, if one's tastes incline one that way, one does not care for a husband who acts as if he were a continuous comedian—alack! without drawing the stupendous salary. If only the Husband That's Gay as a Summer Day would cloud up occasionally! But he won't! For he would cease to be an undesirable husband if he did.

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Reflections of a Bachelor Girl.

By Helen Rowland.

ONE touch of highball makes the whole world spin. A woman doesn't really "live" until she is married, and after that she sometimes doesn't want to live.

The man who kisses a woman at the first opportunity is either a fool or a cad; the man who waits for the second opportunity is a philosopher; the man who waits for the third opportunity is a speculator; and the man who waits any longer is a freak.

No man was ever so bold that a woman couldn't make him blush with pleasure by telling him what a pretty color his hair must have been.

In the face of a man's childlike vanity it is so difficult for a girl to decide to be ready when he arrives and thereby look as though she had been waiting for him, or to keep him waiting and look as though she had been priming for him.

That sad, patient smile one sees on the face of a married woman may not come so much from heart-hunger as from a daily effort to listen to her husband's latest joke at the same time that she pacifies the cook, soothes the baby and looks for his lost collar button.

'Tis best for a man to be square, but a woman is more lucky to be round.

The Dying Words of Great Men.

By Leon Lansberg.

GOD will forgive me, for this is His business," were Einstein's last words. The painter Lantara lay in the agony of death, and the confessor, after administering to him the last sacraments, comforted him with the words, "How happy you are now going to be, my son! You will see God face to face through all eternity."

"What do you say, father?" objected the incorrigible artist. "Always from the front, and never side face!" Claudius the poet died with the words, "Good night!" to his wife. Schiller kissed his wife, and a few minutes afterward expired.

The famous sculptor, Carpeaux, who died in full possession of his faculties, asked to be painted "after life" when dead; then, turning to his mother with the words, "Mother, oh mother dear, I love you with all my heart!" he died. Haller, the physiologist, feeling his pulse in the moment of agony, murmured stoically, "It beats . . . It still beats . . . It stops beating!" and expired.

The last act of Mozart before surrendering life was to try to render with his mouth the drums in an unfinished requiem, writes Leon Lansberg in the Sunday Magazine.

The famous mathematician Boscuet was at the point of death when his friend Maupertuis came to inquire about his condition. He was told that Boscuet was dying; that he no longer could speak. "I'll show you how to make him talk," said Maupertuis, and, stepping to the death bed, he called into his friend's ear, "Boscuet, what is the square of twelve?" "One hundred and forty-four," the dying mathematician replied with a last supreme effort.

The Mathematical Mind.

LITERARY worker who wished to do a large amount of reading by group, advertised for an assistant capable of digesting the contents of a tremendous quantity of books in a very short while. While waiting each applicant's qualifications for rapid, assimilative reading he inquired carefully into his mathematical attainments. Finally he chose the man who was most skillful at entangling arithmetical problems. "On the surface that seems an unnecessary accomplishment in this case," he said, "but experience has taught me that anybody who is expert in figures can read any kind of literature put before him with greater accuracy and speed than the person lacking in mathematical acumen."

FRAUD WAS COMMITTED.

TWO more firemen were injured Sunday at the test of the high pressure system because the hose burst. Three firemen were killed at the Parker Building fire because the hose burst. Two firemen were killed at the Worth street fire because the hose burst. At every fire of importance some fireman has been killed or injured by bursting hose.

Why the hose burst the Commissioners of Accounts officially report. They say "fraud was committed upon the city in the sale to it of the Windsor hose."

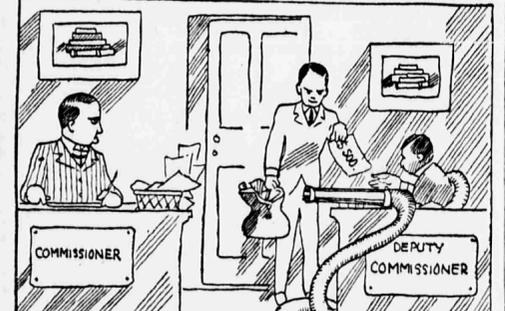
They further say: "The responsibility for the fraud rests either upon Michael F. Loughman, Deputy Commissioner of Water Supply, Gas and Electricity, and former president of the Windsor Fire Appliance Company, or the United and Globe Rubber Manufacturing Companies, of Trenton, N. J., or both."

This is what The Evening World and the Committee of the Board of Fire Underwriters said months ago.

That M. Francis Loughman and whoever were associated with him might profit, firemen have been killed, millions of dollars of property has been burned, and the new high pressure system has been impaired in value to an amount more than enough permanently to enrich M. Francis Loughman and his associates.

Who these associates were the Commissioners of Accounts do not say. They do not even call attention to the testimony of John H. O'Brien, who said that Loughman belonged to his political club on the west side. O'Brien was secretary to Mayor McClellan when the hose specifications were changed under what Fire Commissioner Hayes termed "peculiar circumstances."

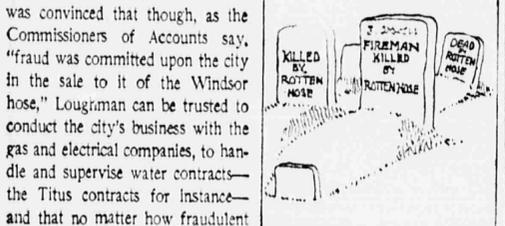
O'Brien was Fire Commissioner when some of the Loughman hose had burst and, although O'Brien required manufacturers of other burst hose to replace it, he did not require Loughman to replace his burst hose.



When O'Brien became Water Commissioner he ousted Frank J. Goodwin to make Loughman a \$6,000 deputy, and Loughman is O'Brien's deputy still.

Legally liable to the city for the replacement of burst hose, morally liable to every fireman whom the bursting of Loughman's hose has injured and to every property owner whose building the bursting of the Loughman hose let burn, Loughman, by O'Brien's favor, continues to draw from the city \$500 a month and to hold a responsible and powerful position, a job where much bigger contracts are awarded than for Fire Department hose.

Doubtless O'Brien was assured of Loughman's reform before he appointed Loughman Deputy Water Commissioner. Doubtless O'Brien was convinced that though, as the Commissioners of Accounts say, "fraud was committed upon the city in the sale to it of the Windsor hose," Loughman can be trusted to conduct the city's business with the gas and electrical companies, to handle and supervise water contracts—the Titus contracts for instance—and that no matter how fraudulent were Loughman's transactions with the Fire Department, now that he is under O'Brien's own eye in the Water Department he will be as immaculate and faithful to the city's interest as is O'Brien himself.



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The Same Hot Wave That Takes the Crimp Out of a Wife's Hair Sometimes Puts a Worse Crimp in Her Temper--Ask Mr. Jarr.

By Roy L. McCardell.

"I've we have another hot spell I'll just have to give up!" said Mrs. Jarr, peevishly. "We should be in the country in some cool place!" "Dare you to find one?" said Mr. Jarr. "There's no cool places in the country in hot weather. You are generally stuck under a low ceiling in a room the side wall of which conceals the kitchen fire, which never death. No country for mine in hot weather."

"Well, I never felt heat like I do now! That's one thing sure!" snapped Mrs. Jarr. "It isn't so warm if you don't think and talk about it so much," said Mr. Jarr. "And there have been breezes, and showers are promised. I'll fix some ice water."

"No, you won't," said Mrs. Jarr. "There's just enough ice there now to keep the milk and shrimp from spoiling in the refrigerator, and goodness knows when the toeman will be around!" "There's a bottle of boiled water in the icebox, isn't there?" asked Mr. Jarr. "That will be cold enough for me."

"That's for the children," said Mrs. Jarr. "Don't you touch it. If you want a drink let the water run at the tap till it gets cool!" "Oh, on second thought I'm not thirsty; that is, not very thirsty," said Mr. Jarr. "and, anyway, it will be cooler after awhile, and we can go to the roof garden. I have those tickets that were given me by Jenkins."

"Well, I never saw such a selfish man!" said Mrs. Jarr. "You gave me those tickets, and I've invited Mrs. Kittingly to go with me. I thought you'd like to stay home. You always say you don't care for those roof garden shows!" "Oh, well, I did think I'd like to go and see the Salome dance," said Mr. Jarr. "What if you've promised to take Mrs. Kittingly?"

"Well, she's been very nice to me, and I should do something for her," said Mrs. Jarr. "If it's as hot to-night as it was last night I'm going to sleep on the fire-escape, that's what," said Mr. Jarr, changing the subject.

"You'll do nothing of the kind," said Mrs. Jarr. "The girl has got a lot of things on the fire-escape and if you go moving them she'll be angry and the first thing I know she'll leave, and it is too hard to get a girl, so that ends that! Sleep on the fire-escape, indeed!"

"Well, get out that linen suit of mine. I'm going to wear it during the hot weather," said Mr. Jarr. "I've promised that linen suit to the janitor," said Mrs. Jarr. "He's going fishing and I told him I'd give it to him. It's not becoming to you anyway, and you should be glad to do something for the janitor. He's very nice to us and he lets the children play in the yard."

"Oh, all right," said Mr. Jarr. "And that reminds me that Jenkins and some of the fellows at the office are going fishing Saturday and Sunday next and want me to go along."

"Well, you can't go," said Mrs. Jarr. "Those fishing trips are nothing but drinking trips. If anybody needs an outing it is me, and Mrs. Smith wants me to go to Yonkers Sunday to see her married sister. We'll go early before the crowds start and ride up in the trolley and come back in the cool of the evening before the crowds do. I don't see what you want to be going away every Sunday for!"

"I didn't know you had any engagement," said Mr. Jarr. "If you don't mind, I think I'll step out a minute and get the evening papers." "The janitor brought up the evening papers," said Mrs. Jarr. "and you can look at them when I'm through with them. There is no need of your going out at all!"

"Yes, there is," said Mr. Jarr, angrily. "If I can't have a single thing I want in this house from the evening papers to my old clothes and a drink of water, I'm going out and get a glass of beer!" "I knew that was what you were after all the time you have been sitting there growling and fussing! Why didn't you say it like a man?" said Mrs. Jarr. Meeting his friend Rangle in Gus's cafe Mr. Jarr asked him what rights had a married man. Rangle said he had the right to pay all the bills and that was all, and that was all he deserved.

Love In Darktown.

The Courtship of Chalmersley Jones and Beautiful Araminta Montrosson.

By F. G. Long.



MISTH CHALMONDELY, YOU MUST PURCHASE ONE OB DEM SWELL SWIMMIN SUITS-AH RECK ON YOU'D LOOK LIKE ER MARBLE STAT-CHOO IN ONE OB DEM LILY WHITE FRUCKS.



PEARS TO ME DAT YOU'S DONE ALREADY GOT SOME TAN ON YOH FEATURES.



NOW, YES OBSERVE ME CLEAVE DE BRINY DEEP!



GET OFF THIS BEACH! NO WHITE BATHING SUITS ALLOWED HERE!



GOLLY! AH-JES KNOWED IT!

Letters from the People.

"Travelling Men" as Husbands.

To the Editor of The Evening World: Regarding the argument of "Plainfield" as to whether "Travelling Men Make Good Husbands," kindly put me down as one who emphatically says they do not. I, as a travelling salesman, am in a good position to judge, as, although I am married and devoted to my family, I must truthfully say that a travelling salesman, no matter how good his intentions may be, must usually either find some other occupation or sooner or later regret ever having married. Let me hear from other travelling salesmen regarding this question. BROOKLYN MAN.

High Express Charges.

To the Editor of The Evening World: "Zero" complains he was confronted with when paying 50 cents to have a trunk sent from Seventy-ninth street and Broadway to the Twenty-ninth street ferry. My experience a couple of weeks ago was when I sent a small trunk from Pier 34 to Cortlandt street, straight down West street, and had to pay 50 cents. The rates are certainly very high, but I suppose the express companies need the money, and so do business on a self-interest basis for the "express" purpose of staying in business. ANNOY. It seems to me that 25 cents for each article of baggage is enough when delivered in the city. What do you think about this, reader?

Style Versus Comfort.

To the Editor of The Evening World: I cannot understand why it is that so many people in this big city are satisfied to plod along in this weather and endure all sorts of discomforts as long as they can appear stylish. The ladies are more sensible in that they wear open-work dresses, with short sleeves. What about the men with standing col-

lars, coats and vests? Why don't they don soft shirts and leave off extra clothing? I for one most heartily approve of nice clothing, but am of the opinion that comfort and not so much style during these warm days should be taken into consideration. We get overheated and then feel irritable. It's our own fault if we persist in suffering unnecessary discomforts. KEEP COOL.

GLOBE TROTTER.