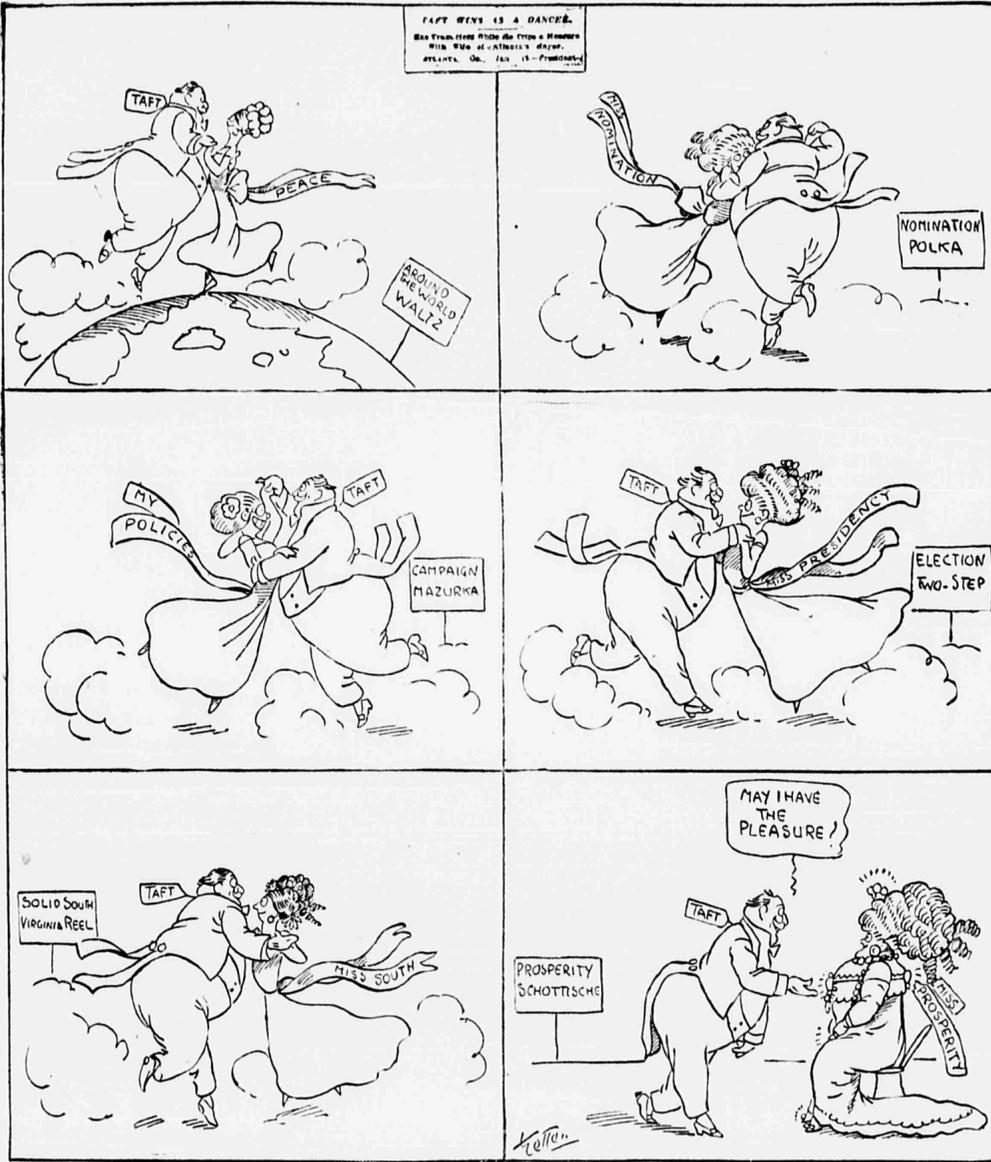


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"A Perfect Dancer."

By Maurice Ketten.



Sayings of Mrs. Selomon

Being the Confessions of the Seven Hundredth Wife.

Translated By Helen Rowland.



DOST thou believe in dreams, oh, my Daughter? Then thou hast not married one. For she that weddeth a "dream" shall awaken with a nightmare; and she that taketh an Adonis into her heart shall receive her reward—even beneath her Pierrot ruche. Yea, she that marryeth a man for his fascinating ways, shall divorce him—for the same reason.

For lo, it is the fancy article in husbands, even as in the shops, for which thou payest the heaviest price, but a plain man shall wear well in the long run.

I charge thee, wed not an artist with long hair and "temperament," for he cometh high. Yea, he is but an ornament around the house, and his wife shall feed upon sunsets and moonbeams and caudal things and tantrums. She shall dwell in a studio and her days shall be made bitter by gas bills and cheap underwear. Verily, when creditors come in at the door, love flyeth out through the skylight.

Neither marry thou a social lion, lest thine ears be deafened with his roaring; nor a clubman, lest thou needest second sight to keep an eye upon him.

Behold, when thou enterest the matrimonial market, remember that husbands are not like unto sewing machines which can be ordered upon approval; for the divorce court is the only exchange desk. Therefore seek not a flashy thing which catcheth the eye, but that which is durable if dull and all wool if bald and a good wife.

Yet, when thou hast made thy choice, haggle no further, but pay the price of wedlock cheerfully. For verily I say unto thee no husband is a bargain and the fruit of the matrimonial tree is oftentimes a lemon! Selah!

Nixola Greeley-Smith

Says "The Wife Is a Slave" Plea Is Feminism Run to the Head.

A YOUNG woman in New York City an of this type believes that her husband should be anything but a silent partner with just enough stock in the firm to vote on questions of domestic policy the way the controlling interest—she herself—instructs him? The "drudgery in a few rooms" of which the wife is living in "voluntary servitude," is not so much the task but the dependence it entails that makes the poor man's occupation distasteful. It is the daily lesson of discipline, of subordination, that is hardest to learn. And this no woman working in her own home ever has to learn. She makes her own hours and method of work, and, most important of all, she works for herself and her home. Like Alexander Selkirk alone on his island, she can say how long she will stay.

"I am monarch of all I survey. My right there is none to dispute." For it is rarely that the tired breadwinner disputes her claim to supremacy. Even President Roosevelt, the arch type of masculine egotism, in his recently perpetrated platitudes concerning woman suffrage, remarked that woman is queen of the home. The main need of the young woman who thinks her household drudgery is not a divorce, but a sense of duty and responsibility.

Quite recently there was a discussion between two learned ladies as to whether or not wives by their household services earn their own living. The real answer to this question is that any wife can earn her own living in this manner, but that some of them have no wish to do so. The only woman slaves under the old contract amendment are bonded to their own selfish discontent.

These seem to be a large number of women who have no well developed sense of justice or adequate conception of the meaning of equality. In the marital relation they must be either slaves or slaves drivers, and falling to establish an absolute monarchy in their homes, go about clanking of imaginary chains or rattling at intangible fetters. Marriage, it has been said a thousand times, is a partnership. But what woman of this type believes that her husband should be anything but a silent partner with just enough stock in the firm to vote on questions of domestic policy the way the controlling interest—she herself—instructs him?

The Story of the Operas.

By Albert Payson Terhune.

No. 22—Smetana's "Verkaufte Braut" ("Bartered Bride")
 (Note—Smetana did not reap the reward of this opera's great European success. Just after writing it he went insane, and was in an asylum when "Der Verkaufte Braut" was first performed. He died soon afterward, never having recovered his sanity.)

MARY, only daughter of the rich Bohemian farmer, Kruschina, fell in love with Hans, one of her father's laborers. Hans, though penniless and unknown, had dared to woo her and had won her promise to wed him. But rich old Kruschina had no intention of giving his daughter to a poor farmhand. He had other and more ambitious plans for the girl.

Through the aid of Kezul, a marriage broker, Kruschina arranged a match between Mary and Wenzel, the son of Micha, another wealthy farmer. The engagement was to be announced at the Kirmess (merry-making dance), but Mary, hitherto so gentle, raised unexpected obstacles. When Kezul brought her the news that Wenzel was to be her bridegroom she furiously rejected the offer and sent the marriage broker about his business. The girl declared she loved Hans alone and that she would have no other sweetheart.

When Mary's decision became known young Wenzel came to urge his own suit. Mary would have nothing to do with him. So sharply did she scold him for trying to cajole her into a loveless marriage that he agreed to give her up. But Kezul, the wily marriage broker, would not so easily abandon his hopes of a big fee. He offered Hans a goodly price to desert Mary. Hans angrily refused. Then Kezul chanced to mention that Wenzel was Micha's son. On hearing this Hans suddenly agreed to accept the bribe, and signed a paper to the effect that none but the son of Micha should become Mary's husband.

Hans followed up his remarkable surrender by publicly making known to the whole village that he retired from the courtship in favor of Micha's son. Mary, horrified at her lover's weakness and treachery, listened aghast to his speech of renunciation.

Kezul and Kruschina were overjoyed at this happy result of their plans. But their delight was turned to uneasiness on finding that Wenzel had fallen in love meantime with Emeralda, dancing girl in a travelling circus. Wenzel refused to sign the marriage contract with Mary, and even disguised himself as a dancing bear in order to be near Emeralda. But soon he tired of wooing the circus girl and returned to Mary, only to find she, too, refused to sign the contract. Unhappy as she was over Hans' desertion, she declared she would marry no one else.

Hans, however, forced her to grant him an interview, and in spite of her angry tirade against himself, begged her to marry Micha's son, telling her that to be present at such a marriage was his one chief wish in life. In rage at her lover's baseness Mary at last consented.

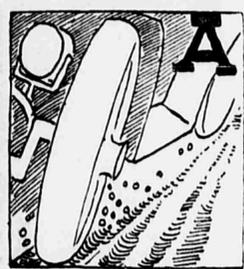
Kezul was again wild with delight at prospect of gaining his fee. He brought Micha to see his future daughter-in-law. But Hans took care to be present at the interview.

At sight of Hans old Micha rushed toward the farmhand with a cry of happy recognition. Hans was Micha's son by a former marriage and had run away from home as a boy.

Hans now demanded that Mary keep her pledge to marry "Micha's son"—himself! The girl, understanding at last the whole clever plot, eagerly consented. Kruschina, learning that his farm laborer was really the new found heir of a rich man, readily agreed to the match and Wenzel all at once found himself deprived of both bride and fortune.

Missing numbers of this series may be obtained by sending one cent for each number to Circulation Department, Evening World.

MOLASSES AND AUTOMOBILES.



T Madison Square Garden this week there are a million dollars' worth of automobiles. Machines of all sizes and prices are displayed. Some of them have almost the conveniences of a dressing room. They can be heated and lighted to make everybody inside as comfortable on a cold night as if they were sitting by the radiator and electric light at home.

But without roads to run on automobiles would be worthless. On bad roads an automobile is an extravagance. The wear on the tires over a badly kept road costs more than the gasoline and the oil. The repairs made necessary by bad roads shorten an automobile's life and enormously increase the cost of its operation. Without good roads automobiles will never be the popular vehicle that they should be. People who can afford to hire chauffeurs and machinists are a small part of the population. When any man can keep an automobile with less trouble and expense than a horse then they will be numbered by millions.

How to make good roads so that automobiles will not destroy them is a new problem. The old style of macadam road was improved by driving on it. The horses and wheels packed the stones and gravel together and made the road better.

With automobiles the rubber tires, instead of packing the road, tear out the binder and make the road rough. In turn the rough road wears out the tires and increases the cost of automobile maintenance.

The Bureau of Public Roads in the United States Department of Agriculture has been conducting a series of enlightening experiments on new style roads. They tested various road surfaces with automobiles running at different rates of speed and then tried to find materials which would withstand automobile use.

One of these materials is molasses.



Road molasses is not the kind of molasses that appears on tables, or that is used to make taffy and gingerbread, or that has been clarified into colorless syrup. The best molasses for roads is what is left after the sugar and the table molasses have been extracted.

On the Louisiana sugar plantations there are thousands of tons of this molasses residuum. If the top of a road is loosened and molasses residuum poured on it and worked in the result is to make the road adhesive and firm and to prevent dust. One of the combinations suggested by Assistant Director Cushman and Chemist Hubbard is to use a waste molasses solution with lime which forms adhesive calcium saccharates. Molasses residuum is about as sticky a thing as there is. Sprinkling dust on it and firming it keeps the stickiness from being on the surface.

Something must be done with the park and suburban roads to prevent the destruction by automobiles and the dust evil in all suburban towns.

Molasses, tar and asphalt compounds may do it.

Mrs. Jarr Resolves Upon a Day of Cheerful Industry, And Mr. Jarr Is Caught Up by a Domestic Cyclone

By Roy L. McCordell.



IT was morning in the Jarr household, the day's doings were about to begin. "Now, for goodness sake, do get up!" said Mrs. Jarr, coming in the room wherein her lord reposed. "Do get up! How do you expect me to keep a girl if she has to get four meals in the morning?" So saying she let the window-shade arise, and the morning sun sent a shaft of light into Mr. Jarr's half-opened eyes.

"Four breakfasts?" repeated Mr. Jarr inquiringly.

"Yes, the children's breakfast to get off to school, and then you come down late a morning like this and are more trouble than three breakfasts!" continued Mrs. Jarr.

"I sure admire your mathematics," yawned Mr. Jarr, "but please go 'way and let me sleep. You know I was working late at the office last night and am not expected down to-day till noon."

"Yes, and I was working till late last night, mending and darning after you, but I'm up early. I might as well do all my own work as have to follow the girl around and show her what to do!"

So saying, Mrs. Jarr, whose head was bound up in some fearful turban arrangement to keep off the dust, began to pick things off the floor and opened the window to let the room air.

"You surely are one busy little cup of tea!" said Mr. Jarr.

"You mind your own business!" said Mrs. Jarr. "Because I like the girl to bring me a cup of tea in the morning it always seems to give you offense. Thank goodness, I don't have to run out to saloons kept by ignorant, Dutchmen for beer and whiskey!"

"Now, look here," said Mr. Jarr, "when I said 'busy little cup of tea' I meant no reflection on your innocent addition to the fragrant herb of the Orient. It was simply an allusion to your bustling and cheerful industry."

"Well, my industry isn't so very late a morning like this and are more trouble than three breakfasts!" continued Mrs. Jarr.

"I can make that bed. What good is it your having a morning at home if you lie there till all hours? Look at your things scattered all over the room!"

"Now, there you go!" said Mr. Jarr.

Just when I had placed them carefully on the floor, where I'd know where to find them. And he, grumbling, arose for his bath, and when he returned the room was in such excellent order that he couldn't find a thing.

"Where's my trousers?" bawled Mr. Jarr, for Mrs. Jarr was making the dust fly in some other part of the flat.

"I hung them in your closet, and you hurry to breakfast; everything is getting cold!" came back the voice of Mrs. Jarr.

Mr. Jarr groped for five minutes among a million petticoats, five hundred thousand shirtwaists, three million skirts, seven hundred thousand articles of lingerie on hooks and hangers, and then sat down in despair.

"Aren't you coming to breakfast?" called Mrs. Jarr.

"If you'll come and find my clothes I will!" said Mr. Jarr. "They are NOT in this closet. Everything else in the world is in this closet, but my clothes are not. Why didn't you leave them on the floor, where I carefully laid them?"

Mrs. Jarr bounded to the room. "I give you a closet to hang your things in and yet you throw everything on the floor!"

"A closet for my things?" asked Mr. Jarr, and he viewed the twenty million

pieces of female apparel hanging on the hooks, with fear and astonishment.

"Yes, for your things! But as you never use it I did hang a skirt or a shirt waist or two in it. If ever I move it will be to a flat that has more closet room. Here's your trousers!" and Mrs. Jarr placed her hand, as if doing a feat of magic, in between a vast quantity of skirts and brought into view the clothing Mr. Jarr sought.

"Now, my coat and vest, please!" said Mr. Jarr.

Mrs. Jarr handed him these. "There they were, right before your eyes!" she said. "Shall I put them on you?"

"Will you fix the buttonholes in one of my shirts for me, they are all busted?" said Mr. Jarr humbly.

"I fixed them all last week," said Mrs. Jarr.

"I can't find one that will hold a collar button!" said Mr. Jarr, meekly.

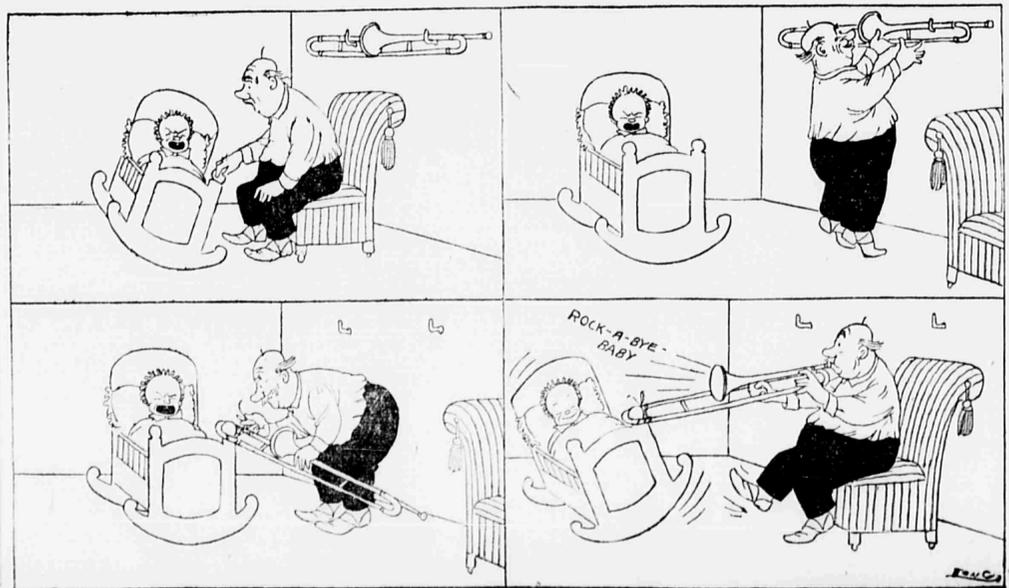
"Well, I can!" said Mrs. Jarr, and she did. But it was a pleated shirt, and it was ripped and split by the laundry at every pleat.

Mrs. Jarr got needle and thread, sighed, and remarked that she's like to know whether his second wife would make a slave of herself for him.

But Mr. Jarr made no answer. He was afraid to.

A Flight of Fancy

By F. G. Long



Letters From the People

More About Osteopathy.

To the Editor of The Evening World: A reader asks about osteopathy. For a number of years I have been suffering with a disease of the spine, and after being treated by medical doctors and taking their medicines without relief, I was finally told there was no cure for me. For the past twelve months I have been treated by osteopathy with better results than I ever expected. I have gained in health, strength and weight and have every hope of getting well. Osteopathy is a science that treats without drugs and only with the scientific manipulation of the hands. A. VONBURGH.

No Papers Needed, You Are a Citizen.

To the Editor of The Evening World: Do I need to get citizen papers? I was born in this country, but my father is not a citizen. CHARLES G.

Answer to Stock Query.

To the Editor of The Evening World: Answering J. C.'s query as to stocks: All of them fluctuate somewhat. Mining, railroad and industrial stocks dependent upon the crops to run their plants and mills fluctuate the most. Insurance, bank and trust company stocks do not generally have such rapid fluctuations. Causes can be summed up as follows: Manipulation, adverse legislation, supply and de-

Wet Feet and Winter.

To the Editor of The Evening World: For about eight months of the year the average healthy man can afford, perhaps, to let his feet get wet once in a while. But for the four months of winter he can't. As a doctor, I firmly believe it is almost impossible to get pneumonia as long as one's feet stay dry and warm. Lots of men boast that they never wear any kind of rubbers or boater to keep their shoes watertight, or put on dry clothes when coming in from the rain. They might as sensibly boast that they don't carry insurance. Keep dry and warm, eat and sleep well, keep the digestion perfect, don't worry, then you can laugh at every disease. BROOKLYN DOCTOR.

It Is Right.

To the Editor of The Evening World: A says that the "Terrible Turk" was drowned in the Elbe disaster. B says it was in the Bourgoigne disaster. Which is right? R. W. V. L.