The Evening World.

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THE PUBLIC IS THE "GOAT."

ONE morning last week, at the rush hour of a busy day in the midst of the holiday season, the municipal ferryboats to Staten Island and South Brooklyn were suddenly tied up by a strike of the firemen and engineers. Boats were deserted in their slips, blocking the entrance of others crowded with passengers and vehicles, which drifted helplessly about the bay during long, anxious hours. Richmond Borough was cut off from the world almost as completely as San Francisco had been by the earthquake. Business interests were sacrificed, market supplies held up, working people lost their jobs, families were separated, school children and early shoppers stranded miles from home and the ocean rolling between, and even funeral processions stopped on their way to the cemetery. An appalling situation had developed without the slightest warning, and nobody could predict how long it was to last. As a matter of fact, it lasted officially about six hours—but the horror of it is not over yet, the indignation is still seething, and the dread of further "happenings" of similar nature is all the time hanging over our heads.

The city surrendered, and the situation was saved. Now the thing is beginning to be talked over and investigated, though in a gingerly way, because there is really no law to prevent a recurrence of the strike. Dock Commissioner Tomkins is understood to have dismissed the strikers' delegation with vague promises and the awful threat that "if there should be another strike on the ferry lines owned by the city the men who walked out would not be taken back." Is this dire enough to restrain them?

Timothy Healy, president of the International Brotherhood of Stationary Firemen, to which organization some of the strike leaders belong, told the Commissioner of Docks and Ferries that the strike had been plotted by a group of politicians for the express purpose of giving municipal ownership a "black eye" and putting it out of competition for the new subways.

This, if true, is a new and sinister complication in the subway squabble, which was bad enough without it. In any case, whether the municipality has its optic damaged or not, the community at large gets a body blow that is pretty hard to stand.

A public job is a public trust. The men who accept employment from the city owe it a special loyalty, and they stand in a different relation as to grievances from that of employees of private corporations. In fact, they are in a sense working for themselves, since they are presumably voting members of the community that employs them and prescribes conditions. To desert their posts at the cost of the public's convenience and safety is not the same thing as going on an ordinary labor strike—it is equivalent to treason to the State. It is so regarded in European countries, notably in France, where such conspiracies are punished as crimes.

Probably the firemen, watertenders and oilers who held up the ferries last week did not think of these things; but in future they would do well to take their union leader's advice, and "go to the Dock Commissioner and the Federal superintendent of municipal ferries when they have complaints to make—not to the ward heeler or the nearest saloon-keeper."

And still the great question remains unsettled: If London and Berlin can have successful municipal ownership, why can't New York?

Letters From the People

A "Red Smokestack" Memory.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

When I was a boy, some thirty-five years ago, I lived at Springfield, Mass. We boys used to go down to the railroad station to watch the trains pass through the city. And many of the locomotives had scarlet red smokestacks. These used to seem very beautiful to us boys. I mentioned this fact the other day to a railroad man and he laughed at me. He said railroad locomotives had never had red stacks. I know they had. So I ask other old timers to verify my memory of this; also, to tell me if they can what significance, if any, there was in red smokestacks and why some locomotives had them and some hadn't. A lot of your older readers must remember those days and may be interested.

DWIGHT PYNCHON JR.

Hops for Sleeplessness.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

To the reader who asks a cure for insomnia, I suggest: Go to a place where they sell the old crushed hops that they make beer from. The price, I think, is five cents a pound. Fill a pillow with hops and sleep on it. Also take plenty of long walks in the open air.

A. G. A.

Another Strange Battle.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

In the series, "Its That Changed History," is told the story of a battle between a fleet of warships and a corps of cavalry. A somewhat similar case occurred in the River Apure (Venezuela), where the Independents were commanded by Gen. Paez. A Spanish "flotilla" was on the one shore of the river and Gen. Paez ordered fifty of his "llaneros" (cowboys) to swim across on their horses and capture the craft held by the Spaniards on the opposite bank of the river. Armed with their lances, the "llaneros" mounted fifty white horses (as the white horses are considered the best swimmers). The Spaniards did not realize what those daredevils meant until a hand to hand fight ensued and the flotilla was captured, thus enabling Gen. Paez and his army to cross the river and rout the Spanish forces there encamped.

PEDRO RAFAEL RINCONES.

November 27.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

On what date of November, 1884, did Thanksgiving fall?

S. M. M.

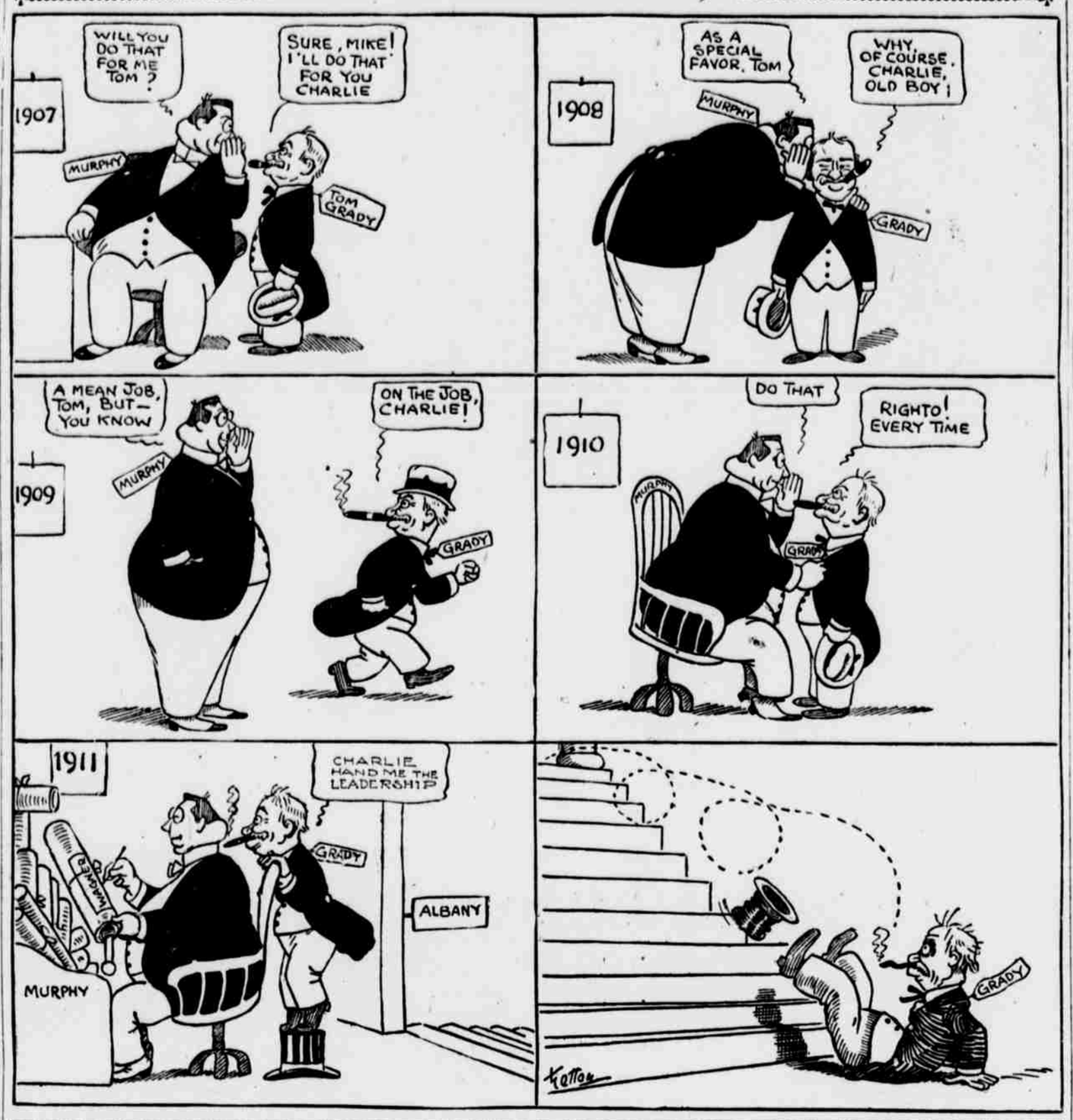
A Word to Employers.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

There are many maxims printed for young men in business, but I have yet to see a serious, sane book of maxims for employers. There is room for such maxims. Employers are apt to forget several needful things. They are apt to forget that employees are utterly dependent on them for decent treatment, for a living, for fair play, for happiness. A boss comes to the office grouchy. He has lost cash or been drunk or had a row at home. What does he often do? He proceeds to vent his ill temper on his employees, speaking harshly to them, calling them down, giving them extra work, &c. They cannot retaliate, because their living depends on him. Such brutality is as inexcusable as it would be for a man to beat a cripple who was tied hand and foot. Think it over, employers. What readers can suggest other maxims or lectures to employers?

STENOGRAPHER.

Such Is Life.
By Maurice Ketten.



Mr. Jarr Finds That His Home Is Just a Big Machine, and That His Wife Is the Engineer

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By Roy L. McCardell.

ROY L. McCARDELL

MR. JARR was staying home with a sore throat. Like other middle-class married men he seldom had an off workday at home.

Holidays he had had in plenty, but holidays at home are like Sundays, in a great measure, as the activities of home, per se—the woman's and children's realm—are in solution.

But for a man, an observant man, to see his home when it is workday and schoolday in that home, to see it strange, and to him unfamiliar, activities in precipitation.

First he, Mr. Jarr, was to observe the processes by which the children were gotten off to school.

"Where are your books? What did you do with them?" asked Mrs. Jarr, buttoning the little boy's overcoat.

"Emma had them. She's always taking my books," whined the little boy.

"I did not! I did not!" cried the little girl. "But he tore my First Reader. He tore the little dog's picture out!"

"I didn't! I didn't touch her books!" replied the little boy.

This leaving the matter of the torn book a question of veracity, Mrs. Jarr wisely dropped it.

"Look at your hands, Willie Jarr!" she cried. "Oh, dear, were you going to school with such hands? Suppose the teacher sends you home and disgraces us?"

"Izzy Slavinsky always has dirty hands and he ain't sent home," said the boy.

"You go and wash them, and wash them CLEAN! And brush your hair!" cried Mrs. Jarr. "Do you think I've nothing else to do but look after a big boy like you?"

So saying she dragged him to the bathroom and cleansed him hurriedly, while he howled vain protests.

After an inspection of the little girl's pinafore, which had to be changed, and a self-selected red hair ribbon was pronounced to be unsightly and for which a blue ribbon not so much to the little girl's liking was substituted, the children were gotten off to school with many verbal commands as to conduct and deportment, warnings as to crossing streets and avoidance of certain other children of unseemly deportment, &c.

Mrs. Jarr and Gertrude, the girl, now donned fearsome "dusters," i. e., they wrapped their hair up, turban wise, in remnants of old aprons of blue and brown checks, and ravagely attacked the Dust Demon.

Whenever Mr. Jarr went to rest his sore throat on the lounge, he was followed by wife and serving maid furiously moving furniture, opening windows and raising great clouds of dust by broom and brush.

He had retreated in good order to the kitchen, but here he only had a few minutes' respite, for the Amazons of cleanliness charged upon him, shoving him out of the way the while they scraped cooking utensils and scrubbed shelves and dishes.

He was called upon to move all heavy articles of furniture, take the interior mechanism out of the gas range and hang the newly laundered curtains.

"A man might as well work as be sick," grumbled Mr. Jarr.

"Well, a sore throat won't prevent you giving us a hand!" replied Mrs. Jarr. "And now you see what has to be done in a house, while you men have it easy at the office."

Just then, the worst of the housecleaning being over, the door bell rang and Gertrude answered the call, only to beckon significantly to Mrs. Jarr as though some mystery were on the threshold.

"Have you got four ninety-eight?" asked Mrs. Jarr of her good man.

Mr. Jarr produced five dollars.

"What's it for?" he asked.

"Oh, you never mind! It's nothing that concerns you," was the reply.

And then the door closed and the girl took the package that had arrived and put it in Mrs. Jarr's room.

Again the bell rang a few minutes later, and Mr Jarr, who was nearest, answered it.

"Oh, do get out of the way!" cried Mrs. Jarr, shoving him aside. "I never saw such a snoopy man!"

Mr. Jarr withdrew as dignifiedly as he could, and Mrs. Jarr called after him:

"Give Gertrude two dollars and twelve cents for me, please!"

Mr. Jarr fished up two and a quarter and sent it to the door by the messenger indicated. Mrs. Jarr and Gertrude both pulled an edge of this package open and seemed to agree it was all right and again the package was taken away.

"What was that?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"It's something I had to get. If you don't want me to have it I'll send it back," was the reply.

That silenced Mr. Jarr.

Four times more did the bell ring and packages come that Mr. Jarr was not allowed to approach or see, but he was called to pay for them. And it occurred to him for the first time that all his married life these mysteries of shopping had been veiled to him.

"And," said Mrs. Jarr when he paid for the sixth C. O. D., "now you see how much money it takes to keep the house going. How much do you think I've left out of the money you gave me Saturday?"

He was going to say he had paid for everything himself, but what's the use?

Ten Roads for a Happy Business Woman
By Sophie Irene Loeb

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The Commercial Clothes Line.

SOMEBODY has said "Know a man by the company he keeps," and has added "Know a woman by the CLOTHES she wears." There may be some truth in this, but it is an absolute FACT in the realm of business.

SOPHIE IRENE LOEB

While it is not clothes that really MAKE the man or woman, yet there is an element of influence in the matter of wearing apparel.

The woman in the home who forever lives in a KIMONO need not weep at the loss of a husband, for he has been overburdened with the INFLUENCE of untidiness and perhaps unconsciously so. If I were a dispenser of the decrees of dress, I would certainly put the BAN on the kimono. OUTSIDE the dressing room door. It, with all its accessories, has done more to PROMOTE the institution of divorce than can ever be estimated.

A woman in the home, however, may indulge her fancy in the matter of raiment MORE than anywhere. But within the precincts of commercialism, the CLOTHES line is distinctly drawn.

Not long since I was in an office in which two women were employed. One of them wore a fancy waist and much betrimmed skirt with an up-to-minute hobble; around her neck were rows of beads and a locket.

On her short sleeved arms several bracelets hung which dingle-dangled as her pen moved along the ledger in which she was writing. Her hair was a mass of puffs and fluffs, and altogether she looked ready for FEASTING rather than FIGURING.

The other girl was the exact OPPOSITE. Her dainty little plain waist dress unadorned, unassumingly spoke louder than words her earnestness and attentive attitude toward the eternal FITNESS of things. She was entirely unhampered with fancies and foibles that belong OUTSIDE the door of trade and commerce.

In the large shops and factories there are rules regulating the matter of clothing, which is wise. This, be it known, is not intended to mark any caste distinction. No, indeed, not in this land of the FREE and the home of the human hive. But to create the NECESSARY atmosphere of NEATNESS and DESPATCH in the business sphere.

The simple plain thing is the best. This is commendable, too, in that expense is lessened and quite within the means of the work-a-day world.

The pathway for a happy business woman is not covered with the crash that leads to a PARTY, but is rather paved with strong, palpable ties that point to pursuit and endeavor. So in order that we may be unhampered and tread EASILY we must needs adopt the things that will not DETRACT from the work at hand.

It resolves itself into the ETERNAL FITNESS of things. Had Mr. Peary donned a dress suit on his quest of the North Pole he would have "discovered" only himself all awry before reaching the end of civilization. No more would our own Teddy a hunting go with a high collar and stiff shirt.

Wherever we be, clothes often MAKE or MAR. Verily, in Rome must we do as the Romans do. Therefore in business where ECONOMY is the alpha and omega of existence it is so in the matter of clothes. This is recognized more every day.

Save the fluffy ruffles for the shaded lamp glow.

For:

THE GARB OF SIMPLICITY MARKS THE HAPPY BUSINESS WOMAN!

Empty!

"Sure! If I had a vacuum cleaner."
"My good fellow, could you give me a shampoo?"

The Story of a Jilt
By Herself.

Foreword.

WHY is it so difficult for women to see themselves as they really are? They come home from a dinner or a dance, consult their faithful mirrors, and discern immediately and unflinchingly every defect of fashion or nature. But they cannot turn the mirror inward! And yet it is, after all, but a little trick, a mere readjustment of the wrists—or perhaps of the mind. I myself have mastered it, and I am not a courageous woman nor even a very clever one. I am only cruelly curious about the inner as well as the outer ego.

When I was a little girl, a wonderful doll that closed her eyes was presented to me. I loved that doll! But I broke open her head to find out how she closed her eyes! And now, though I love myself—Oh, yes, I do!—I have broken open my head to find out how I close my eyes!

Chapter I.

WHEN a woman writes the story of herself she must needs "begin at the beginning," as children say. My beginning, so far as the purposes of this story are concerned, occurred in my nineteenth year, with my formal debut in Shelbyville society.

My father and mother were already dead, and I was living with my Aunt Alison. She was something of a personage in the social life of the town, and social life in the Bluegrass section of Kentucky is not the provincial affair that it may seem. Health and beauty and money flow like milk and honey through that chosen land, and health and beauty and money usually add all the other graces unto themselves.

Even before my debut there had not been lacking episodes to disquiet Aunt Alison with regard to me. I had been engaged twice, and without having known so very many men at that. And yet I had no more real knowledge of my assets than a wood nymph might have had.

It seems incredible that a girl could be engaged twice without learning that she was pretty. But one of my admirers was a lean and formal Bostonian. I had met him at a South Georgia resort where Aunt Alison and I had gone to spend the winter. It is altogether likely that he noticed that I was pretty, but perhaps, with an ultra-Bostonian delicacy of feeling, he had been reserving the frankness of the direct compliment for marriage. The other fiance—and it was my surprisingly quick change of partners that disquieted Aunt Alison—had never been very articulate. He had just loved me, dumbly, fiercely, and at the last resentfully. So I had no great confidence in my powers. But the evening of my debut party was not half over before I discovered myself.

A "GENIUS FOR LOVE."

It was not what men said to me; it was the way I drew them. I had that power! I saw men warm and soften, and then I knew that I could do anything or be anything! The realization burst on me like the revelation of genius—it WAS my genius—and I was delirious with the joy of it. I knew then why I had led Alden Brainerd, the Bostonian, and Jim Goodman, the other fiance, onward to love me. I had simply used my gift—though unconsciously!

I hadn't a chance to look into a mirror until the last guest was gone. When I did I wondered why I had never really seen myself before. But then I had never looked quite like that before! Aunt Alison had dressed me in green that paled to white and the gown floated away from my feet in little ripples and waves of sea-tinted color and surged up again about my young shoulders in billows that were lighter and whiter than foam. Above it my face rose as brightly as a star above water. I WAS beautiful! I can say it now—so long afterward.

Aunt Alison was proud of me. I had become, in the course of a night, a social success. And with my new consciousness of my own value, I continued to be a credit to her. I had suddenly developed ambitions and I behaved prettily for their advancement. In fact, I intended now to marry well. Alden Brainerd would have been an excellent match, as I had come to see. Jim, on the other hand, would have been a mesalliance which I reflected on with horror. But both episodes were over and I must shape my future regardless of them. Only—THERE MUST BE NO MORE MISTAKES. Marriage as a career would admit of none.

"THE MAN I MEANT TO MARRY."

Before the winter was over I had found the man I meant to marry. I still admire my discernment. Prentiss Buckner was twelve or fifteen years older than I. Large and rather slow and dignified of movement he gave the impression of being even older than he was, and he was perhaps an unusual choice for so young a girl as I. Quiet, reserved, and rather sardonic in his manner, he really presented two faces to the world.

In short, Prentiss Buckner had a way of getting most things he wanted out of either men or women when he chose to exert himself to do it; and I suspected him of a liking to laugh at them even while he used them. A politician to his finger tips, but in spite of that capable of the gambler's recklessness.

Prentiss Buckner was rich. Prentiss Buckner was ambitious politically. He already had a place among the recognized leaders of the Democratic party; he was already one of the best known of the younger men in the State Legislature. And one estimate of him was pretty well summed up by what I heard one older woman say to another one night at a party:

A PROPOSAL CAMPAIGN.

"If Prentiss Buckner can only keep his scorn of the rest of the human race to himself he'll go pretty far."

"If he gets the right sort of wife," replied the other.

"Meaning"—suggested the first woman, with a laugh, finishing the remark by glancing at the other woman's daughter.

And the second woman gave back a smile that was something like frank acknowledgment. For Prentiss Buckner was a great catch.

For a long time he didn't even call on me, though I met him continually at parties. Then, one night, when half a dozen younger men were gathered around me, he came. It is marvellous the way young men of from twenty to twenty-five can be scattered by the mere approach of an assured man eight or ten years older.

"I'm afraid I'm rather an old fellow to call on a young girl like you," he remarked.

But there was also in his air as he said it a subtle consciousness of the fact that he was a "great catch." I perceived that he felt that he had put aside his dignity in running after such a young girl as I. Prentiss Buckner was used to being run after. But I knew that since he had come, feeling like that, he must have done so because he couldn't stay away. Therefore, he would come again. I began to feel that the game was in my hands.

(To Be Continued.)

The Hedgeville Editor
By John L. Hobble

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ROY HARSH says he received very little encumbrance this Christmas.

EVERY smart sayin' is originated by at least one person.

THE character of Flossie Fortna will be discussed at the Ladies' Anvil Club next Tuesday.

FRED WELLS got a beautiful diamond ring for Christmas that hocks for $15.

HECK HENDERSON says a look at most any married couple will prove that a man's judgment is better than a woman's.

The Day's Good Stories

"From George."

JEWELLER—Yes, sir, I will engrave anything you wish on this ring without any extra charge.

Young Man—Well, inscribe on it, "From George to Alice."

Jeweller—H'm! The lady is your sister, maybe?

Young Man—No; the fact is, this is an engagement ring.

Jeweller—Ah, my young friend, I have had considerable experience in engagement rings and would suggest that the inscription be simply "From George," and then it will do for anybody.—Red Hen.

Grant's Poor Marks.

MAJOR GEN. FREDERICK D. GRANT, the oldest son of President and Gen. U. S. Grant, was not long ago a guest at a dinner given by certain college and school teachers, says the Christian Herald. The chairman rose to introduce him. He had hunted up an old story about the Grant family and was much pleased with himself that he had something so interesting to say.

"When Fred Grant was a boy at West Point," he began, "his father, the famous general, wrote to the commandant inquiring how the son was progressing.

"'You need not worry,' the commandant wrote back. 'Your son is getting better marks in everything than ever you had in anything.'"

The gentleman was not quite so self-satisfied when Gen. Grant rose to respond.

"That is a perfectly true story," he said smilingly. "I remember the incident perfectly, but there is a mistake of one generation. I and not my famous father am the general who wrote to the commandant; and my son is the one whose father had such poor marks. But never mind, Mr. Chairman, it's all in the family."

Persistency Wins.

A YOUNG lady who had the reputation among her masculine friends of being rather too persistent called up one of them on the telephone last Monday night, and the following conversation took place:

"Hello, is that you, George? Can't you come over to-night and see me? I've got lots to tell you."

George—Well, no, I can't. I'm awfully sorry, but I've got tickets for the opera and couldn't possibly give them up. Thanks, just the same.

She—How about Tuesday night? I want to see you terribly.

George—Well, no, I can't come Tuesday night either. My sister is giving a party and I've got to be there.

She—Could you come Wednesday night, then? I've an engagement, but I want to see you so much that I will put it off.

George (hastily)—No, no, I wouldn't have you break an engagement for me for the world.

She—Then do come Thursday. You see, I happen to have a free week, and can see you most any night.

George—Well, on Thursday—er—you see, on Thursday I—oh, hang it all, I'll come to-night.—Lippincott's.