The World.

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WHY MR. ROOSEVELT DIDN'T SIGN.

FROM out of the babble of the National Progressive Republican League comes the clear statement that the only reason Mr. Roosevelt was not among the signers of the "Declaration of Principles" was a fear that his signature would have been a handicap and perhaps a hoodoo. "Had his name appeared in the list," said one of the insiders, "people would have taken the movement for a third term propaganda."

This is an illustration of the swiftness with which a politician can swing his policy around the whole horizon, from the austral to the boreal pole. Last summer, a short six months ago, these same Progressives were eager, insistent, almost clamorous to have Mr. Roosevelt assume the leadership and shout the war cry. Now they do not wish his name even as a tail-ender.

So it is that some people read the meaning of the vote last fall. But the trusts have learned nothing. They still stand pat for the tariff.

HOUSE MONEY AND TIPS.

CUSTOM HOUSE investigations have brought to light the fact that for many years it has been a practice of large firms to give money to customs clerks and weighers in payment of prompt attention to their business and for expediting the discharge of cargoes. The practice is said to have become so common that it was looked upon as legitimate, despite the statutory prohibition.

The donations were known as "house money." Virtually they were tips. Just as a rich man gives the waiter of a cafe a so-called gratuity in payment for more attention and prompter service than other patrons get, so the rich firms sought to gain a similar advantage at the custom house.

In one form or another the practice is universal. Men of wealth naturally seek to buy special favors in the competitions of life. Nor has any effective guard against it in private business ever been devised. In public affairs, however, it is called bribe-taking, and that kills it.

BEAUTY AND MORALITY.

PENNSYLVANIA has settled the controversy over the nude statues of the Capitol at Harrisburg by draping them with plaster of paris. There will be, of course, many voices of protest and not a few of ridicule. Nevertheless, the action of the authorities will be approved almost overwhelmingly by the moral sentiment of the people at large.

Objection to the nude in art is not due to a survival of Puritanism among us, as is so often and so scoffingly said by the artistic devotees of beauty unadorned. It is due to a feeling that is part and parcel of the Saxon temperament. It was there before there was any Puritanism. It has been there steadfastly since Puritanism perished. We call it modesty. Other races call it prudery. They may be right; we may be wrong. But none the less the feeling is an essential part of our American morality, and it is just as well to have painters and sculptors, as well as poets and novelists, recognize it and respect it.

HONOR SYSTEM EXAMINATIONS.

COLUMBIA'S experiment in conducting the examinations of the senior science class under the "honor system" will be watched with an interest augmented by the fact that the class in civil engineering voted against a proposal to have their examinations conducted in that way.

Why should there have been this divergence of views between the two classes of ingenuous youths educated by the same alma mater?

The honor system of examinations is in no way above the level of ordinary human virtue. It is not essentially different from the self-government system applied to rules of behavior for boys and girls in the George Junior Republic and in some of the public schools. If the schoolboy feels the grip of honor in a time of test, why not the university man?

It is said that a trial of the system made in 1880 failed because "honest" students would not expose those who cheated! In that statement the word honest has a humorous sound and a peculiar meaning.

Letters From the People

The Hudson Tunnel.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

"O. K." complains of having to pay fare on the Hudson tunnel. Now that New Jersey State commuters have the privilege and enjoyment of riding in a clean, comparatively well ventilated subway to Hoboken in the quick time of about ten minutes they certainly have no right to kick, considering the evil smelling slow ferries which were the dread of every one using them, especially in the foggy season.

F. NOECKER.

Yes.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Is it true that a young man born in the United States need not have naturalization papers in order to vote, but is a citizen when he becomes of age even if his parents are not naturalized?

AL. W.

One Idea of the Gyroscope.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

In reply to the query: "Why does a gyroscope wheel work against gravity?" I can say, I think, that according to science, the fact that the gyroscope retains an upright position—in fact, any position—when spinning, depends entirely upon centrifugal motion. That is, that when an object is made to rotate about an axis rapidly, it has the tendency to get as far away from the center of the axis as possible. Thus it is that the wheel tries to spread out and, as there is a resistance (it being held in position by the spokes of the wheel), the whirling of the wheel causes it to retain the position in which it has been placed. This would also apply to the "loop-the-loop," for the car as it speeds down the steep incline acquires so much speed that it has a tendency to keep on going out, but it is forced to go around the loop because that is the only path it can take.

A. I.

Newark, N. J.

A Boy's Dilemma.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I would like to have some of your readers who are parents help me decide this: A boy 15½ years of age, with fairly good marks, has not succeeded in graduating from school. He does not want to go back to school because his parents cannot afford to keep him there, even though they want him to go back. Now, with this in front of him, should he go back and graduate? It is very difficult to obtain a position without graduating. Or should he leave school and look for a position? Any advice from parents would be greatly appreciated by the writer.

H. R.

The New Style.
By Maurice Ketten.

The Story of a Jilt
By Herself

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SYNOPSIS.

The Jilt, a Kentucky girl, after a series of unlucky love affairs, goes to a convent hospital to care for her sick aunt. There she meets Dr. Ray, on whom she makes an instant impression. But, having resolved to be a priest, he puts away all thought of marriage. She avows her love for him.

CHAPTER IV.
(Continued.)

We had come to a little park, and he turned quickly into it, drawing me with him. He sank down on the nearest bench with me beside him, and we sat there for a little while in silence. But all the time the voice within me was crying: "I'll measure my power now!" And that—neither more nor less—was the thing that, for the moment and purpose, I called love!

The sunshine trickled through the trees onto the grass around us until the ground looked a mosaic of little leaf-shaped shadows and patches of yellow light. I traced the pattern with my parasol over and over again. I think I could trace it now, so vivid is my remembrance of that day.

Dr. Ray, with his chin fallen upon his breast, sat very still, as if he were having an argument with his own soul. At last he turned to me, and from his haggard face I knew that his soul had won.

"If I were free," he said sadly, "I could be the right man. I know that now, Sylvia."

"You are free—still," I whispered.

He went whiter than ever: "No," he said.

"You've taken no vows." I could plead for a triumph like that!

"My soul took its vows the first moment I resolved to become a priest. I am as truly bound now as I will ever be."

I leaned forward and searched his face. I saw there all that a woman could desire to see in the face of a man I knew, for I had seen it before.

"You belong to me!" I exclaimed with exultant conviction.

But he never wavered: "I belong to God," he answered.

We rose and confronted each other, and oh! I wanted him then. Pain, real pain, however fleeting, shot through my heart.

"And you have made me love you!" I cried.

Chapter V.

I HAD thought that cry of mine enough to move a man of stone to my will. But I did not know Dr. Ray. He loved me and I had told him that I loved him, but that was as nothing to him beside his soul's duty. He would have none of me!

We went home together, but in a silence like a black cloud. Naturally, I could say no more, and, for some scruple of conscience, he would say no more. I suppose he feared speech would end in love-making, and he was already too much the priest in spirit to permit himself any more of that.

I would gladly have left St. John's the next day, but Aunt Alison, whose condition had grown neither greatly better nor worse, would certainly have objected to any change, nor could I invent any plausible excuse for suggesting such a thing to her. So we stayed on into the winter, Dr. Ray and I avoiding each other as much as possible all the while, fleeing from each other down the corridors as frantically as if we had been deadly to each other. And deadly I dare say we were, each to the other's peace of mind. At least I can vouch for my troubled peace throughout those dreary days.

I was bored, too. Not an available man in sight; not a petticoat but the sad-colored robes of the sisters or the feeble flounces of the invalids; no love-making, no gossip, nothing to break the calm monotony that I have always found so unendurable!

But one morning something happened that put exhilaration into my blood and interest into my existence once more. Man—the raison d'etre—appeared again upon the little stage of my destiny.

Passing by an open door I was startled by a low, gasping cry from within the room beyond. Turning I saw a man fall, almost fainting, into a chair. He was evidently a convalescent patient and his short journey from the bed to the chair had been too great an exertion for him. I hurried to his side, gave him brandy from a flask on the table near by, seized a bottle of eau-de-cologne and bathed his face and finally adjusted a pillow behind his head.

I had thought only of his helplessness when I rushed to his aid. The most inveterate coquette will forget her beguilements when the mother is roused within her, and I proffered my small services without any personal consciousness of this man or myself. But as he revived I saw that he was rather interesting looking and all the more so for a scar which extended from his right cheek to the forehead, cutting through the eyebrow near the end and giving it a slight, irregular lift.

"I'm a great deal of trouble," he said. And then, as if he had noticed me for the first time:

"But you're not a nurse?"

"No," I said, "but I will ring for one."

"If you please," he acquiesced, "I'm rather weak yet."

The nurse was there in a moment, and I explained my presence with a word and withdrew.

A week later I passed him in the corridor and we bowed slightly to each other. He was hobbling along on a crutch. The next day after that I walked in the garden, and he came limping out.

(To Be Continued.)

The Man Who Wins
By Emory J. Haynes

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Sane or Insane—Which?

THE paranoiac is crazy on the hopeful side. He is the one who thinks himself very rich, or a king, or some great man of the past come again to life.

If one must go insane this jolly paranoia is the type to engage, as it is so much better than melancholia.

But who can draw the line between faith and delusion, between hope, that noble faculty, and insane expectations? We like the cheerful man and woman. We enjoy their bright outlook and abiding confidence.

We know that if we did not build air castles we should never have a hut to shelter us. We confess that our rosy dream has a thousand times disappointed us, yet without the dream we would have died in our hard luck days.

Now how to distinguish between sane hopefulness and the mentally unsound symptoms is the problem. The most unlikely realizations are common.

The surprises of good fortune are as astonishing as calamities. Success is in the majority of cases a hair's breadth affair. Cause and effect are but little known. The science of prosperity is very far from being as exact as chemistry. We must expect great things or we shall never attempt great tasks.

It is not true that life verges on the insane line all the time. But at least it is true that the greatest good is a level head, a sound judgment that can keep the balance between proper hopefulness and illusive dreams. In fact the attempt to preserve this balance is the chief occupation of all our wakeful hours.

Suppose it were true, as the preachers of all religions tell us, that there is a Supreme Mind who thinks for us and inspires us when we ask it. Would not such a mind be able to assure our level-headedness? Indeed is there any other possible illumination that can reveal the safety of boundary between insane optimism and sane? The ambitious boy dreams over the biography of Napoleon and makes high resolves.

That is sane. But in the stress of young manhood, overworked and resolute, a queer flash darts into his soul, "You are Napoleon." That is the way it comes, this paranoia. Rest? He cannot. Stop and cool off? Yes, but he is in the thick of the battle and must fight a few days more. Now, suppose he bows to God and asks strength, clearness of thought, self control. Suppose he bows humbly, willing to accept success or defeat, as a Great Father sees best. Do you doubt that a kind Creator could, if He would, save that man's reason and steady his talking judgment? And do you doubt that He would, if thus asked?

He that formed the eye shall He not see? He that created the brain shall He not save it?

A Painful Task.

"Does your doctor still think you have rheumatism?"

"Sure! I've taken a lot of pains to convince him!"

Do You Realize You Are an Explosive?

THE human body contains no fewer than four substances which are so inflammable that, in a pure state, they will "go off" by spontaneous combustion. For instance, there is phosphorus. The body of a person weighing one hundred and twenty pounds contains twenty-two ounces of this substance, which, as everybody knows, readily takes fire of its own accord if exposed to the air. It is combined with lime to make the bones, taking the form of phosphate lime. The body of a human being weighing one hundred and twenty pounds contains nearly one and a half ounces of magnesium, two ounces of sodium, and nearly two and a half ounces of potassium. The first of these, a substance of silvery whiteness, is so readily and fiercely combustible that it has to be kept tightly corked in bottles to prevent it from igniting of its own accord. Sodium will take fire if thrown into water, and so likewise will potassium—the latter with great violence, finally exploding and throwing a shower of sparks into the air.

Hedgeville Editor
By John L. Hobble

SOME jokes we hear are so thick we can see them.

MRS. LENNIS got a divorce in Chicago last week and escaped from the city while still a widow.

REV. FROST says that we should be generous and feel toward our friends as we did before we knew them so well.

EKE REYNOLDS says that a high tariff Senator is as useless to the common people as a Swiss cheese sandwich in a prohibition State.

DR. PARKS, the dentist, guarantees that he can do such a poor job on your wife's teeth that she will keep her mouth closed.

Sayings of . . . . . Mrs. Solomon

Being the Confessions of the Seven Hundredth Wife.

Translated By Helen Rowland.

HELEN ROWLAND

MY Daughter, hear the instructions of a Flirt, and attend to know understanding, for of men I have been acquainted with upward of ninety and nine, and in the days of my youth my fame was mighty in the land.

I charge thee, be not like unto a popular magazine, which is "easy to pick up, but hard to drop;" but rather like unto a good reputation, which is hard to acquire, but easy to lose.

For clinging vines are passe, and a sticking plaster is an abomination; but a difficult proposition interesteth ANY man.

Behold, if thou wouldst win in the game of Love, seek not to BEAT a man at any other game, whether it be at politics or at golf or at repartee.

For a man respecteth the man that worsteth him in a fistic encounter, but he despiseth the woman that worsteth him in an argument.

When a man saith unto thee, "I love thee for thyself ALONE, and not for thy clothes nor thine adornments," kiss him and rumple up his hair, but go thy ways untroubled.

For a daub of powder on the nose is worth two on the puff, and a made-to-order corset exceedeth a Higher Education.

Let not a man find thee "at home" on three Wednesdays in succession, lest he was SURE of thee, and say in his heart, "Lo, she EXPECTETH me! I have got her going!"

For in the love game an ounce of uncertainty is worth a pound of hospitality.

Expensive thy frills as thy purse will afford. For though a man knoweth not last year's leftover from this year's fad, nor 10-cent cotton from $10 crepon, yet he knoweth a GOOD LOOKER when he seeth her.

I charge thee fling away ambition! For by that sin fell the Spinsters. Lo, a little college is a dangerous thing, and much learning is a handicap.

For what profiteth it a damsel, though she speak four languages and THINK in two, yet cannot babble baby talk in ONE of them?

Verily, verily, in Love, as in all things, the supply shall meet the demand! Behold she that expecteth adoration shall receive it; she that expecteth decoration shall be decorated; but she that expecteth nothing shall get NOTHING!

Then heed my instructions, my Daughter; for I have dwelt long in the Land of Flirtation. Yea, I have known MUCH men! And unto me they are more simple than a dropstitch! SELAH!

The Jarr Family

Mrs. Jarr and her Mother Give First Aid to the Uninjured

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By Roy L. McCardell.

ROY L. McCARDELL

"LOOK at that man!" cried Mrs. Jarr's mother, pointing to a passenger on the street car who sat almost directly opposite Mrs. Jarr and herself.

The man sat with one side of his face toward them and the other against the middle window of the street car. He was stout, of middle age, with crisp iron gray hair and mustache. His jaw hung open and the one eye turned toward Mrs. Jarr and her mother regarded them with a dull, glazed stare.

"There's something wrong with him. Let us get out!" whispered Mrs. Jarr, who was a New Yorker with no relish for mixing into affairs that concerned her not.

"He's dead!" hissed Mrs. Jarr's mother, who was from Brooklyn, where the tendency is to give first aid to any excitement, because excitements occur so seldom over there.

"No, he isn't dead. He's breathing heavily," said Mrs. Jarr.

"He's dying, then," said Mrs. Jarr's mother. "Shake him!"

"Shake him yourself," replied Mrs. Jarr. "I want to get off this car!"

"I tell you he has expired. Why doesn't this company have people to close the eyes of those who expire on their cars? The B. R. T. does that much for us!" replied Mrs. Jarr's mother. "Oh, we may say what we please about the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company! It may not be very accommodating to living people, but it pays the funeral expenses of all persons who expire on its lines or whom it runs over. I'll say that much for it!"

Mrs. Jarr was not heeding these few kind words for the B. R. T. She was on her feet and signalling to the conductor.

Her mother pulled her down in the seat beside her.

"We have a duty to perform, a common, humanitarian duty," she said. "We must have the body searched so we can notify friends and relatives."

"But our names will get in the paper. We'll have to go to the police station, maybe to the Coroner. Oh, dear! Let us get off quietly!" whimpered Mrs. Jarr.

There were not many people in the car, but by this time the attention of all was concentrated upon Mrs. Jarr and her mother and the man with the staring eye opposite.

The conductor came forward.

"What's the matter, ladies?" he asked.

"The man—over there! He's dead!" cried Mrs. Jarr's mother.

"He paid his fare when he got on," said the conductor. "I don't know what I got to do with it. See, he's got a transfer in his mitt!"

"He isn't dead. But let us go. He looks dreadful!" moaned Mrs. Jarr.

"If you don't shake him and then stop this car and notify a policeman I'll report you!" said Mrs. Jarr's mother.

"Suppose the guy's only sleeping?" asked the bewildered conductor. "Suppose he's only sleeping and I shakes him and wakes him and he hands me a wallop and reports me?"

"Young man," said Mrs. Jarr's mother, severely, "I've buried two husbands. I know what I'm talking about. That man is gone from this vale of tears. Shake him!"

But the supposed traveller to that distant bourne brought an end to all argument by closing his mouth with a gulp and sitting bolt upright.

"Didn't I tell you that guy was only asleep?" cried the conductor, and he rushed away to help on a fat lady for whom the car had stopped, a proceeding that would not have occurred to him save that it now came as a relief to his embarrassment.

"Hey, what's the row? Who's loony now?" asked the man opposite, feeling conscious that he was the centre of some recent excitement.

Mrs. Jarr drew herself up and looked out of the window, but Mr. Jarr's mother-in-law had tamed too many men in her time to permit a stranger in the street car to sneer at her.

"If people will go to sleep like a horned owl and keep their eyes open what can they expect?" she asked.

"I'll bet you're a Suffragette! A long nosed Suffragette!" cried the man, in a voice that indicated he wasn't afraid of any woman, not even his own wife.

Mrs. Jarr's mother had a long nose but she wasn't a Suffragette.

"If people get delirium tremens in public conveyances they should be locked up!" she snapped. "Where's a policeman?"

The car was bowling along. There was no policeman in sight, it being off a street of few saloons.

A man whispered something to the late sleeper and he laughed.

"Ho!" he cried. "It was my glass eye!"

"People with glass eyes shouldn't ride in street cars!" snapped Mrs. Jarr's mother.

"Nor old women with false teeth," replied the brute.

When Mr. Jarr came home that evening Mrs. Jarr complained of such a headache that she couldn't discuss her mother's visit.

The Day's Good Stories

Helpful Wife.

"THERE was a man here to-day," says the helpful wife to the brutal husband, "and he just made me angry with his insinuating remarks about our furniture and things. He claimed that he knew you and that he had asked you about how our home is furnished, and he actually insisted that you said we didn't have over $200 worth of things in the whole house. Why, I just told him that we have one rug which is worth that much alone, and that our piano cost a thousand last month, and showed him all our cut glass and jewelry and pictures and things, and convinced him that we have five or six thousand dollars' worth. He said"——

"What's all this?"

"He said his name was Juggins, and that he had been talking to you and"——

"Great Scott! That was the tax investigator!" Chicago Evening Post.

One of the Twins.

DR. S. WEIR MITCHELL, alienist and noted author, frequently stops children on the streets and chats with them.

He is especially fond of children when they get old enough to chatter. Not a long time ago he made the acquaintance of twin sisters of seven.

"Good morning, my dear miss," he said, meeting one of the twins in Rittenhouse Square, "and which one of the twins am I addressing this bright day?"

With a smile, the prettiest she had, the surprised lassie looked into the face of the great physician and said most modestly:

"I'm the one what's out walking."—Philadelphia Times.

Why He Wouldn't Pay.

THE conductor on a Dorchester car was very hot and tired and his car was so crowded he had hard work collecting the fares; and when he came along and saw a man standing on the running board and a little three-year old child occupying an end seat near him, he said, combatively: "You'll have to give me a fare for that little girl."

"I'm sorry," said the man, calmly, "but I refuse to do it."

A heated argument followed, during which the conductor demanded his rights and the man calmly refused. At last the latter said, with a laugh: "One reason why I won't pay for the child is that she is not mine and she is not with me."—Boston Record.