The World.

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## DIVISION OR UNION?

WHILE the Democratic party at Albany is giving way to an ugly factional fight over the Senatorship, the Republican bosses are rapidly bringing their insurgents back into the ranks and preparing for a united movement in the coming Presidential campaign. While Boss Murphy of Tammany insists upon the rule or ruin policy of electing Sheehan, Boss Barnes is holding out the olive branch to Roosevelt, and the flexible Teddy not only shows a willingness to get into the band wagon but to blow a Barnes bassoon.

Subservience to Tammany profits nothing to any Democrat of genuine manhood. Tilden fought Tammany and carried the State for national Democracy. Cleveland fought Tammany and was elected to the Presidency. The way toward Democratic success in 1912 does not lead through either the front door or back door of Tammany Hall. The election of Sheehan would mean a divided Democracy faced by a united foe. His defeat opens a way to victory.

## A MAN AND HIS MONEY.

FROM far-off Budapest comes the sound of the voice of Countess Laszlo Szechenyi complaining: "If you keep your money, people say you are mean; if you spend it, they call you extravagant; if you invest it in business, you are accused of aiming at monopoly, and if you give it away, it is asserted you are doing more harm than good."

All of which goes to show that folks in Hungary are different from folks in the United States. In this land of the free if you make money you are a financier, if you spend it you are a blood, if you invest it in business you are a captain of industry, and if you give it away you are a philanthropist and a public benefactor.

Bulwer Lytton once wrote a novel to show that a man's career in life is largely determined by his mental attitude toward money. "What will he do with it?" says Bulwer, is the supreme question to be put of every man who is intrusted with even the smallest coin, and the philosophy is not an idle one. The man that does the right thing with his dollar need neither fear criticism nor be abashed by praise either in New York or Budapest.

## OUR PIGTAIL POLITICS.

QUITE a row is going on in China over the declared intention of the progressives to cut off the queue that has so long been worn as a distinctive mark of the Chinaman. Such a controversy seems queer to us. Yet we have a row of our own over the proposed reciprocity with Canada that is much more absurd.

The pigtail does not conflict with any material right of the Chinaman. It does not tax him, does not interfere with his trade, does not hamper his industrial activity, does not increase the cost of living, does not tend to engender jealousies and antagonisms against neighbors with whom he ought to live on the most friendly terms. But the tariff barrier between the United States and Canada does all those things.

In the beginning the wearing of the queue was a badge of servitude. Mongol conquerors imposed it upon the Chinese so that they might be recognized when seen. The tariff also is a badge of servitude. The pirates of Tarifa imposed it in the beginning. The trusts impose it now. The continuance of it may be called "high policy," but in the last analysis it is pigtail politics.

## BY WAY OF EXAMPLE.

BECAUSE a United States District Court sent to jail by way of example a woman convicted of smuggling, the Woman's Press Club asks with indignation: "Why didn't the Collector of Customs, the Prosecuting Attorney and the Judge take a rich man to make an example of?"

Because he and certain friends of his have had to suffer by reason of the law against combinations in restraint of trade, Samuel Gompers asked at the Long Island Forum on Sunday: "Under the Sherman act what possessor of great wealth was ever sent to jail? What one ever came up under a criminal prosecution?"

The questions are neither impertinent, irrelevant nor immaterial. Some very rich men have been caught with smuggled goods on them, and some others have been caught restraining trade to the extent of their abilities. But as yet not one of them has been made an example of. Naturally enough, the women and the workers wish to know why.

## Cos Cob Nature Notes

WE hope to be excused for waking up in midwinter, at a time when all nature is supposed to be hibernating, including skunks, which is the same as being asleep, but our politics have broken out again so obstreperously as to make some noise necessary. When the People Triumph in Horseneck the bosses lay low and do as with their pull in the Legislature, where B. Jay and Jim have permanent investments. But when aroused our citizens is to have Robert A. Elliott and Arthur H. Dorland, our Democratic Assemblymen, vote for Charles D. Burnes for Justice, which is something Percy Adams and Walter Anderson wouldn't have done if they hadn't been licked. We don't see how Arthur Dorland can stand up in the Diamond Hill Church choir and sing "I Want to Be an Angel" after this, not having the necessary qualifications. How grown men, who were elected by the votes of our citizens, can let Johnny Maher deliver them to Jim Walsh is something no one can understand. Johnny said the day before and the day after election last fall that he was a Democrat, but we guess the old saying that there are no party lines in graft prevails here as elsewhere.

The harbor and bay have been open most of the winter, which has made it pleasant for the oystermen. The selectmen have forbidden the eel-spearers cutting holes in the mill pond for fear the little boys will fall through them. Now if they will make the groceryman stop piling garbage on the shore of the pond they will complete their duty.

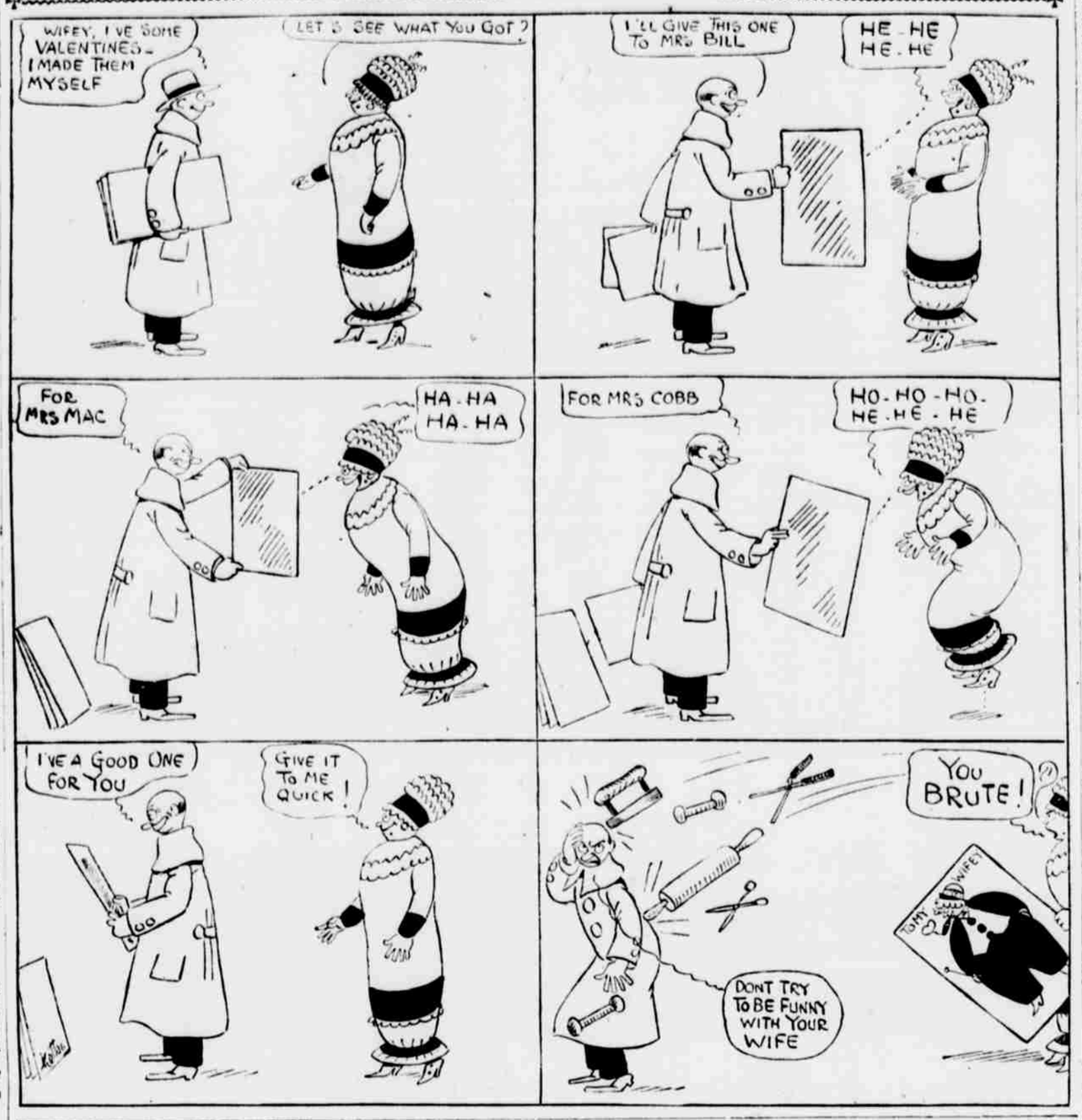
Horseneck has organized a town club to see why the scarlet fever is always epidemic in town and other things, which annoys our politicians and real estate peddlers, who think it better that people should come out here and die rather than have sewers, clean streets, &c., and telling the truth.

One of our naturalist friends over in Darien has parrots for sale that can talk for $20. We didn't know that conversation was worth so much in a bird.

Ernest Thompson Seton has gone to England to tell the little British boys how to play injun and trundle war-whoops.

Irving Bachelder is going down to Beaufort, N. C., soon to get his feet warmed.

# Such Is Life.
## By Maurice Ketten.




# "Cheer Up, Cuthbert!" By Clarence L. Cullen

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C. L. CULLEN

HOPE deferred is better than Hope abandoned!

If you don't believe that Youth is the best of all stimulants ask the Regretful Man of Fifty!

A not distant Ancestor of a Famous International Bride about whom we all were talking very recently got his start peddling Rat Traps—and he wasn't ashamed of it, and never denied it!

There are plenty of easy ways of dodging those Sinister Twins of the Mental Bad Lands, the Morass of Morbidness and the Bog of Broodfulness!

*It's queer how chesty and double-dog-dareful some of us get when we've got a few dollars salted away in the savings bank!*

Palm reader told us yesterday that this is going to be our good year—but somehow we don't believe we'll knock off work and wait for 'em to ease us money!

The only man we really want to see lose is the fellow who sits at our table or stands behind our chair and coppers all of our bet!

*It's natural to try to pick the easiest way out, but once when we did that we found ourselves at the end of a Blind Alley!*

What a long time it does take some of us to find out that we're Involuntary Members of the Self-Kidders' Association!

The best racehorses we ever saw were Bad Actors—but it wasn't that that made them the best!

You do have a sure-enough little gloat coming when, after flagging that "one more Big Night with the bunch," you dredge into the sausage and buckwheats on the next morning and know that they're not!

Tame enough to Fletcherize when you're shy on Fodder!

Our idea of Nothing to Remember Wistfully is the occasion in 1893 when we hoofed it from Park Row to Harlem to get it a man up there owed us and that we sure needed and then found he'd moved to Nebraska!

When a Young Feller seeks to impress us with the idea that Life is a Cake Walk we always let him rant along because there's no use scaring him by telling him the size of the Jumps before he reaches them!

*Your chances decrease by a thousand per cent. if you let 'em know that you're Broke—and it's just as easy to keep it dark!*

Opportunity is content to Beckon, but some of us expect him to light a Beacon Fire!

Even the burglar loves the darkness that comes just before the dawn!

## The Day's Good Stories

### Premature Boasting.

SIX-YEAR-OLD Harriet announced her intention of giving up her German lessons with Fraulein. "She hugs and kisses me all the time I'm at lesson, and—sum—I do hate Dutch," Harriet explained. Father, who is something of a diplomat, reasoned with her. "See here, my little girl, I have read German and French with Fraulein ever since I was your age, and she has never tried to hug or kiss me." "Father," observed the child drily, "you had better knock wood."—Success.

### Confession or Courtesy?

YVETTE GUILBERT, the French actress, is an excellent skater. Talking about skating one day, Mme. Guilbert said:

"It is only through perseverance that one learns to skate well. I am sure no one ever suffered more than I in learning to skate.

"I remember one day in my girlhood, the second or third time I had ever been on the ice, I was returning home in a crossed condition and a kind old man got up and offered me his seat.

"I shook my head, and the old man laughed a good deal when I said:

"'No, thank you, I've been skating, and I'm tired of sitting down.'"—Washington Post.

### In Doubt.

DR. MINER LEE BATES, President of Hiram College, delivered an address at Hiram, O., a hamlet celebrated for good work's sake.

"We need no dollar-and-a-half preachers in this district," said Dr. Bates.

A teacher, but one who has had a good deal of difficulty in making clear to a boy the meaning of the word "monopoly," asked:

"Now, said the teacher, 'your father is a hard worker, isn't he?'

"Yes, sir, he is," said the boy.

"And when he gets home at night he's dead tired, is he not?'

"Yes, sir, he is.'

"Then, pursued the teacher, 'since it's night, and he's dead tired, and works over, what does he do?'

"Ah," said the boy, 'that's what mother wants to know.'"—Washington Star.

# Love Songs of a Bachelor Girl
## By Helen Rowland

HELEN ROWLAND

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*TO-DAY I thank the Bon Dieu for having sent me:*
*A "Fairy Prince."*
*The most charming of lovers.*
*The most chivalrous of knights.*
*The best and truest of friends.*
*The most enterprising of companions.*
*The most inspiring of "pals."*
*The most fascinating of "flirts."*
*The most congenial of chums.*
*The most honorable of gentlemen.*
*The most adorable of men!*

*Oh, St. Valentine, patron saint of Lovers, accept my devotions!*
*And likewise my gratitude:*
*That you have sent me REAL love and a real lover.*
*That you have kept his heart and mine young and clean.*
*That you have brought us together and watched over us until we looked into one another's eyes—and UNDERSTOOD.*
*That you have given us beautiful dreams and preserved our illusions.*
*That you have built gardens by the riverside and hung moons and sunsets above the rippling waters.*
*That you have decorated the world with flowers and hung a necklace of stars about the sky.*
*That you have taught us the secret way to Fairyland and the path to the end of the world.*
*That you have led us to the pot of gold at the rainbow's edge and painted our clouds with rose and silver!*
*Thine be the praise and the glory, and ours the happiness forever and ever—'til the last kiss!*
*Amen!*

### How Scotch Students "Heckle."

CERTAINLY Mr. Asquith's speech none the less matter for hiccoughing. We was no mean effort physically. The undergraduates were out for a "rag," and a graceless performance it was. It would be gross bad manners to treat any speaker as these Aberdeen boys treated their rector. Surely a prime minister might be treated with decency. This may be Scottish humor or Scottish boys' idea of humor; it is not ours.—Saturday Review.

# Wives Who Have Made Their Husbands Famous
## By Nixola Greeley-Smith.

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### NO. 1—EVE.

*EVERY woman believes that she has contributed in one way or another to her husband's success, and from the pinnacle of self-conscious achievement every gallant husband concedes that he owes everything he is or has to his wife.*

*Sometimes there is more gallantry than truth in the admission. But on the other hand there is no doubt that many brilliant women have by their energies convoyed large and imposing masculine canal boats into the fair haven of renown. The majority of these wives who have supplied the motor power of their husbands' successes are necessarily unknown.*

*But the searchlight of history reveals a certain number of women who have used their brains and fortunes or sometimes merely their personal charm to become the architects of their husband's lives. Among all wives who have made these husbands famous our Mother Eve is foremost, as she is first.*

"THE GARDENER ADAM" was peacefully satisfied with his lot in Eden. He had named the birds and beasts, the flowers and fruits, and felt doubtless that this pleasant enumeration of the blessings which surrounded him was his mission in life. The serpent Ambition knew better than to hiss of knowledge and power in Adam's dull and contented ear. But there was another creature in Eden, a long haired person who soon grew tired of watching her own likeness in the streams of Paradise and of gazing in rapt adoration upon Adam's manly countenance.

She had no theatres, no books, no afternoon teas, no bridge parties to amuse her—not even any socks to darn or mending to do, no cook whose talents or eccentricities might furnish table talk. No dearest friend to dissect remorselessly for Adam's amusement.

There was nothing before her but an endless vista of days and nights in which Adam would discourse about himself. She didn't even know about Adam's past. For she had never read the Talmud, and not being aware that she was a second wife she could not ask about the color of Lilith's hair nor how long it was, nor what was the size of her shoe, nor what sort of a voice she had. In her own mind she enjoyed the uneventful complacency of the only girl that Adam ever loved. No wonder she was bored.

#### Why She Really Ate the Apple.

Perhaps you think that a long and green and shivery serpent wound itself about a bough of the Tree of Knowledge under which Eve was sitting in dull dejection and suggested to her that one of the forbidden apples would make a delicious luncheon.

I don't believe it happened that way at all. I think she had had a slight tiff with Adam, and in one of the clairvoyant moods of disillusion saw him as he was and always would be unless something could be done to rouse him from his state of lethargic bliss.

She did not eat the apple because she wanted it. Apples are not good to eat unless you were born in the country and were brought up to think so.

She ate it as the only means of making Adam amount to anything, of putting him to work, of instilling in him the ambition to be something more than the head keeper of the most complete menagerie in the history of the world. And she succeeded. And in doing so became the mother and instigator of all masculine successes.

Indisputably she made Adam's fame, for Luther Burbank is a much better gardener, and it was only by inducing Adam to turn his talents to the investigation of good and evil that she made his historical position impregnable.

*(Next—HELEN OF TROY.)*

# The Jarr Family

*A Mysterious Stranger Lures Mr. Jarr Into Telling the Story of His Life*

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By Roy L. McCardell.

ROY L. McCARDELL

"ALL, Mr. Jarr, I believe?" said a dapper young man in the doorway. Mr. Jarr reached out his hand to take the subpoena or bill or summons for jury duty or assessment for his political club or whatever message of dole the stranger bore. But the dapper young man took the proffered hand and put nothing in it but his own.

His hat was off, he carried it with a gloved hand and used it to make the most sweeping salutation to Mrs. Jarr.

"So glad to find you in! Though, as I told your good lady here, I was well aware I would be trespassing on the valuable time of a busy man of affairs if I did call. But understand"—here he fixed Mr. Jarr, pointing to silence and attention, with his right forefinger—"but understand," he repeated, "I have no apology to make. I am doing a duty by the people of this great city!"

Mr. Jarr felt sure that now the subpoena was to be flashed, or the personal tax bill, or the summons and complaint, or the attachment on his goods and chattels, and he looked at Mrs. Jarr with a resigned and "I-told-you-so" air.

"Yes, as you say, we will be seated," continued the affable young man.

Nobody had said it, but as he flashed no trouble-making document of any kind, not even an application blank for life insurance, Mr. Jarr took hope and commenced to wonder whether Mrs. Jarr might not be mistaken about this being a literary person. He looked too well dressed for that. The wild thought that it might be a lawyer's clerk announcing he, Edward Jarr, was the direct heir to estates and a title abroad came to his mind—and passed.

"As I was saying," said the young man, putting his hat in Mrs. Jarr's outstretched hands after jauntily removing his left glove and placing it with the already withdrawn right one, with a graceful negligence of gesture, in the hat, "as I was saying, I have my duty to my fellow man, my duty to these citizens of the future!"

Here he patted Master Jarr, who had come into the front room to stare at the stranger, on the head. He patted Master Willie on a recent bump and Master Willie instinctively struck the stranger a smart blow in the ribs and screamed:

"Oh, my sore head!"

Mrs. Jarr hustled the disturber of the peace from the room, and the stranger took up his exposition of hot air treatment.

"To get to the crux of the matter," said the young man, when quiet was restored and apologies murmured, "the 'Great Men of To-Day Publishing Company of New York, Paris and London,' is now devoting its energies to its latest, greatest, grandest effort, 'The Leading Men of Harlem.' Your name, I need not add, Mr. Jarr, suggests itself. As well might 'Hamlet' be enacted without the Melancholy Dane."

Here the brisk young man patted the air on a level with his knee as though the Melancholy Dane were a dog of that breed and description, "as to leave out Edwin Jarr, Harlem's best known man!"

"EDWARD Jarr," corrected Mrs. Jarr.

The young man glanced at a notebook in his hand and added:

"Yes, pardon, Edward Jarr."

"What is it to cost?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"Cost?" there was a pitying inflection in the young man's tone. "Why, sir, the 'Great Men of To-Day Publishing Company of New York, Paris and London' does not consider cost. There will be no cost. Great men's biographies, leading citizens' biographies—books that every library, every newspaper office, every college, every public school must have, are not compiled for profit. They are Fame's tribute to Upright Lives!"

"There! Didn't I tell you!" cried Mrs. Jarr.

"Of course," the young man went on, "you will want several copies—say ten—for yourself and friends. A delicate compliment to your friends, your name and portrait in this biography of 'The Leading Men of Harlem.'

"'The heights by great men gained and kept,
Were not achieved by sudden flight;
But they, whilst their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night!'"

"But how much does it cost me to toil upward in the night?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"The price of the book, in cloth, six hundred engravings, a thousand pages, will be ten dollars. In half-leather, fifteen dollars. In full morocco levant, twenty-five dollars," replied the young man.

"A mere trifle, ha!" said Mr. Jarr. "Only $25 for ten volumes of the full morocco. Why, it's cheap."

"The literary preparation will be fifty dollars," said the young man, "and the cost of making a genuine half-tone plate from your photograph will be but a hundred dollars. Then you will be among the 'Leading Men of Harlem!'"

"Fine!" said Mr. Jarr.

"Now, give me the most notable instances in your life, the dates and family history, and so forth," continued the young man, "and sign this contract here!"

"Not here, the light's bad," said Mr. Jarr, waving the fountain pen and blank form aside. "Come with me to the dining-room and let me first tell you the story of my life!"

The story of Mr. Jarr's life is worth waiting a day to hear. We'll wait.

### DEFINED.

Tommy—Pop, what is ennui? Tommy's Pop—Ennui, my son, is a disease that attacks people who are so long that they get tired of resting.—Philadelphia Record.

# In the Tall Timbers