The World.

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THE HEART OF A GAY PEOPLE.

NOTING the absence of French names in the police records of the city was a neat compliment from Mayor Gaynor to Ambassador Jusserand. The tribute, of course, goes straight to the French people who live in the city, in the country, and, indeed, to France itself.

A body of citizens that figures little or not at all in the police courts is pretty sure to be among the quietest, most self-respecting, thriftiest sections of the community. French residents may well take pride in the Mayor's soft impeachment.

Strangely enough the nation that has given us cabarets, cancans, champagne and other delights of life is at heart the soberest and thriftiest in the world. Nowhere is the habit of small saving so strong. Nowhere do fathers and mothers more willingly deny themselves to give their sons an education and their daughters a dowry. Nowhere is the average workman more conscientious, more ready to give to his work the best he can put into it.

"Made in France" guarantees faithfulness as well as fashion.

In 1870, after the terrific drain of the Franco-Prussian War, the French found themselves staring at an indemnity bill of $1,000,000,000. In three years they paid it in full. To-day, with the largest debt of any nation in the world, France is accounted the wealthiest country in Europe.

Some of our best strains of blood in the United States come from Huguenot sources. French blood has always been a fine mixer. We should be lucky to have more of it.

SOME HOPE FOR US.

TWO THOUSAND people were turned away from the doors of the Metropolitan Opera House the other night because there remained not one legal foot of standing room inside. The efforts of the disappointed to get in amounted to a small riot which the police had to check.

Two first-rate stars were singing, it is true. Both had been heard many times before, however, and the opera was one of the oldest. Those lucky enough to be inside showed their pleasure through the evening as heartily and openly as children. No Italian opera ever saw an audience more simply sincerely beside itself with delight.

Not long ago 150,000 people journeyed all the way up to Washington Heights to see a collection of Spanish paintings. These works had not been advertised. The knowledge that they were there passed by word of mouth among the 150,000 who saw and liked them.

THE END OF A SAD STORY.

THE last body has been recovered from the wreck of the Maine.

Just after the terrible catastrophe of 1898 sixty-five bodies were missing. During the progress of the work of raising the battleship these have been found one by one, until now the list of sixty-five is complete.

Whatever the arguments against raising the wreck, every one must admire and commend the thoroughness and care with which the work has been done. After fourteen years the whole grim disaster has been laid bare and made to give up its secret and its victims.

No one can fail to be glad that full honor of burial can now be given those who went down that February night whose fourteenth anniversary falls one week from to-day.

JUST as Germany is throwing British spies into dungeons the German newspapers arrive full of descriptions of how the Fatherland celebrated the two-hundredth anniversary of the birth of Frederick the Great. The great soldier Emperor seems to have been overlooked in the list of January banquets in New York. He should have had a passing word if only for that perfect scheme of free government he announced to his ministers one morning: "The people are my master. They do what they like. I am to do what I like."

DYNAMITE DARTS the size of lead pencils, to be dropped in handfuls from an aeroplane, are the latest frill in war fashions. The day the next war begins, if anybody is alive after breakfast it will be because both armies overslept.

Letters from the People

What City?

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Will firemen or others who are informed on the subject please tell what city holds the record for fast hitching in fire companies (two horses), and what the time is? A claims that Wilkes-Barre holds the record—eight seconds. B claims that Erie holds it—five seconds. He claims that three horses (two having a forty-five foot run and the one outside horse having a run of sixty feet) have been hitched in eight seconds. INQUIRER.

Freeport, L. I.

In the World Almanac.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Where can I find the length and other dimensions of both the Brooklyn and Queensborough bridges?

MISS B. C. H.

Open Air Life Again.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

In answer to "Open Air Life" I would like to state that while I was in the Southwest I held a position as timekeeper with a lumber concern. I think this would just suit, the winter being an open air life, with lots of hard work, and his training in office work would help him quite a bit. I will also say that he will have quite a hard time getting such a position, first, on account of being a stranger, and next, because there are just as many young men out of work there as in any other place on the globe, and they will be considered first any time.

GLOBE TROTTER.

Forty-Seven Years Old.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

A man was born on Jan. 31, 1865. A claims the man was forty-six years old on Jan. 31, 1912. B claims the man was forty-seven years old. Which is right? E. L. G.

The Walk to Philadelphia.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

In regard to "Pedestrian," who wants to know the best route to Philadelphia, I would suggest that he take the route through Staten Island. (Any automobile map will give you two good routes.) As to the time it will take you, I would say that I walked to Philadelphia this last fall and it took a little over twenty hours. That's walking pretty fast.

HARTNER.

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

She—I can't cook, but we could hire somebody to do that.

He—And I can't make money, but we could hire somebody to do that!—Puck.

Can You Beat It?

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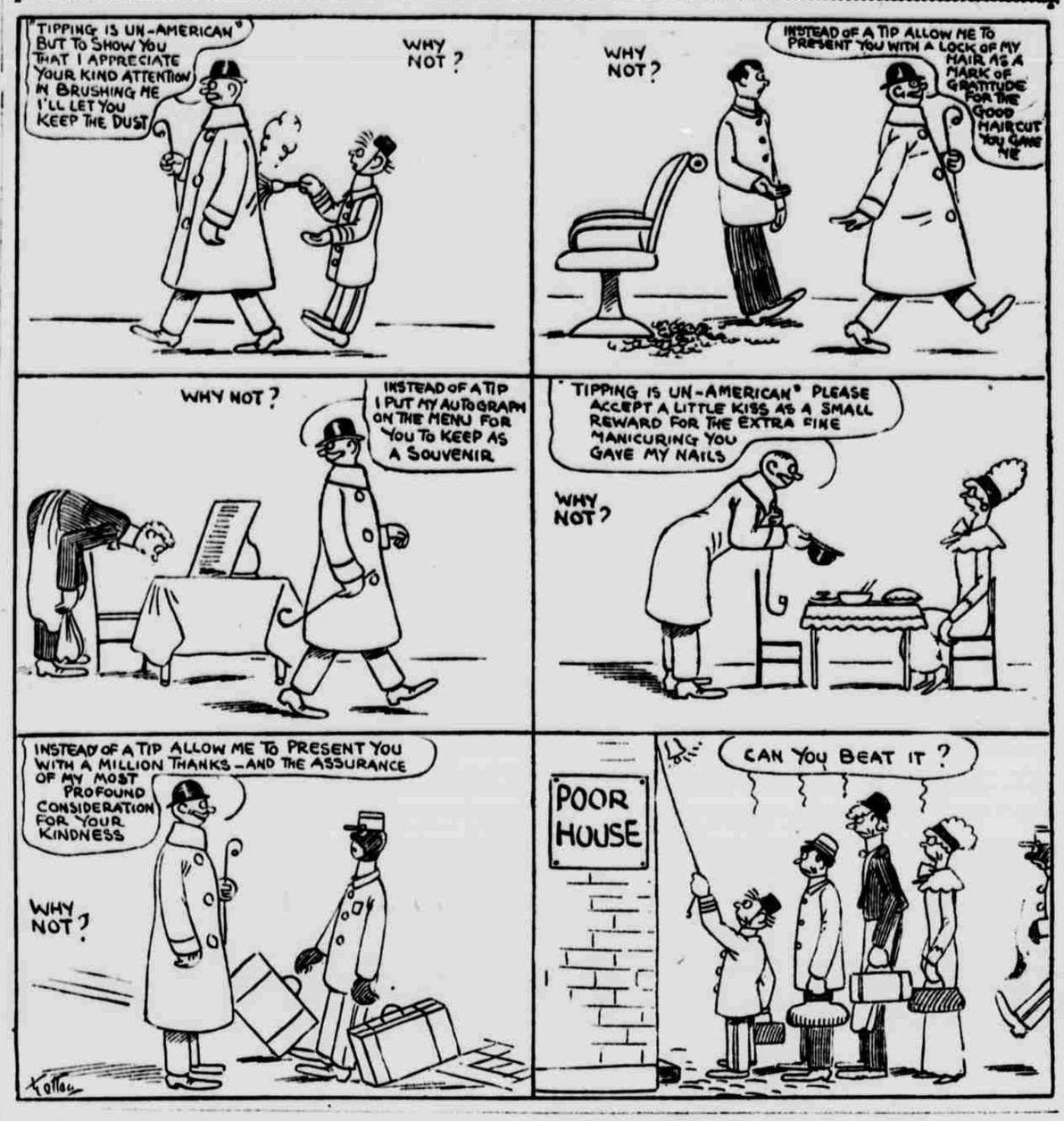
By Maurice Ketten



The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

Mr. and Mrs. Jarr Plan a Career of Wild Revelry

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WHEN Mr. Jarr came home the other evening the sounds of ragtime emanating from his own flat smote upon his ear.

He opened the door with his latch-key, to behold it was his fair young girl wife, so to speak, who was extorting the sounds from the piano.

"Don't let me stop you," said Mr. Jarr as Mrs. Jarr arose.

"Oh, it isn't that. I wanted to show you Willie's tooth. He had it pulled all by himself," she replied nervously.

That it had been pulled by Master Gustavus Siepler, and the dollar intended for the dentist had been wasted in riotous living by Master Jarr and his little friends, Master Jarr had omitted to tell his mother.

She fumbled along the mantelpiece, but Mr. Jarr said:

"Oh, you won't find it there. Willie has it on a string, swinging it around his head, down on the street."

"And you gave him a nickel for not giving the dentist any trouble and because the dentist said he was a brave little man?" queried Mrs. Jarr.

"Maybe he did whimper," ventured Mr. Jarr.

"Do you think our Willie would tell an untruth?" asked Mrs. Jarr in indignant surprise.

Mr. Jarr thought he would—thought he generally preferred to—being young and human, but he hurriedly said:

"Oh, no! Of course not!"

"But you were playing ragtime when I came in," added Mr. Jarr, changing the subject. "I don't often hear you at the piano."

"I don't often hear myself," replied Mrs. Jarr. "What with this big flat and two children and a man who comes home to his meals at all hours and only one servant, and she not doing a thing unless you stand over her, I am afraid my music is sadly neglected!"

As a matter of fact, Mrs. Jarr, like many other wives, played the piano quite often when her husband wasn't home. But as he was fond of music it was not a good thing to let him think she had time for this recreation.

Her general excuse was that she was "all out of practice." But Mr. Jarr, returning home unusually early, had this time caught her in the act.

"I was just dusting the piano—it's the only way I get to touch it these days," Mrs. Jarr guiltily explained, "and just through force of habit—oh, well—not habit exactly, for I never get a chance at my music any more—I played something by ear that I heard a street piano playing the other day."

"I think that's the tune they call 'The Chicken Reel,'" said Mr. Jarr. "I heard Johnson, the cashier at the office, whistling it. He says he heard it at a cabaret show in a Broadway restaurant the other night."

"And that reminds me," said Mrs. Jarr, "everybody I know has been to a cabaret restaurant except me. Clara Mudridge-Smith and her husband go every night. Mrs. Stryver says she enjoys them immensely. Why, even Mr. and Mrs. Rausle have been to a restaurant cabaret show—but then, why should I complain? I should be used to it that I never get to see anything like other people do! I suppose it's fate, and there is no use to complain, so I won't!" Here Mrs. Jarr heaved a prodigious sigh.

"What's the matter with our going to a cabaret this very night?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"They don't begin till after the theatre," said Mrs. Jarr.

"We'll go to the theatre, then," suggested Mr. Jarr.

"Oh, you know I haven't a thing to wear. Everybody I know has seen my purple chiffon velvet!"—began Mrs. Jarr.

"The restaurant proprietor, the waiters and the cabaret performers haven't seen it, have they?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"I take it," he continued, "that a dress that is still in the mode isn't past its usefulness until all the friends of the lady who wears it have beheld it. Am I right?"

Mrs. Jarr, in a moment of weakness, was going to admit he was right. But she caught herself in time.

"If I do have a good dress I never get anywhere to show it," she said. "And my purple chiffon velvet is the only decent dress I have got—that's because I don't get a chance to wear it anywhere. But if we do go to a cabaret I suppose you'll be twitting me about how much it costs—going to the cabaret restaurant, I mean!"

"How much does it cost?" asked Mr. Jarr. "Never mind about the twitting. I am not twitting very well this winter. What does it cost?"

"Let us call up Clara Mudridge-Smith and ask," suggested Mrs. Jarr.

When You Are Married.

By Alma Woodward

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Smoking—The Life-Saver.

I HAVE just put up new scrim curtains—dandy ones with filet medallions. I made them myself, as a surprise to Ted, and they give the living room a look of renewed vigor.

I've learned by this time that if you want your husband to admire anything you've purchased, or even give it serious consideration, you might as well wait until he's had his dinner to spring it on him, because before that time he'll pass the Kohinoor with a curt nod.

So as soon as we'd finished dinner I went into the other room and turned up the lights. Then I called him.

He admired them, of course, and petted me and said:

"What a clever kid you are, Joan! Did you really make them all yourself?"

And I felt pleased and proud as Punch! But immediately after he sat down in his favorite chair, struck a match and lighted his cigar.

I've never asked Ted to stop smoking. But smoke DOES soil curtains so terribly, and I'd put SUCH a lot of work on these new ones!

At first I didn't have the courage to ask him point blank to stop, so I coughed slightly. He took his cigar from between his lips.

"Have you caught cold?" he asked.

"No, I haven't a cold at all," I assured him. "I guess it's your smoking that stings my throat and makes me cough."

"That's funny!" He looked puzzled. "This is the same brand I always smoke, and you've never complained before."

If I'd been wise I'd have stopped right there. But I went on, rushing in where angels feared to tread!

"Can't you go into the other room and smoke?" I suggested craftily.

"Why, yes, I can. Are you going to stay in here, dear?"

I fell into the trap beautifully.

"Oh, no, I'll come with you—I'll be all right in there!"

"Jean," he said suddenly, "why didn't you say you didn't want me to smoke on account of the new curtains? Why do you resort to subterfuge with me?"

I stammered some reply. But for answer he leaned back in the chair and began puffing again.

"I'm going to continue smoking in here," he informed me, "not only because you were not strictly truthful with me, but also because I consider it my right to smoke when and where I please in my own home!"

I'm not the wailing, weeping sort. But the way he said it seemed so harsh to me that I was reduced to tears.

"Oh, very well, if you wish to make me unhappy and miserable!" I sobbed.

"I'm sorry if it makes you unhappy and miserable," he answered, "but I'm going to do it, nevertheless. If you were all you know I wouldn't smoke until you were entirely well; if you had lady guests who disliked tobacco I wouldn't smoke, as a matter of courtesy."

"I don't mind the smoke," I wept. "It's the curtains—it'll make them dirty."

"Then they can be cleaned," he retorted calmly. "I won't have perishable curtains around any more than I'll have furniture that can't be used the way I want to use it. I'm going to LIVE in my home!"

"Well, you DO live here, don't you?" I murmured resentfully.

"Look here, little girl"—his voice was reproachful—"don't let's get ugly over this. It's a small thing, but it's one of those small things that count a whole lot in the long run. If a man is fond of smoking it means more to him than any woman can understand. It's a habit that clings, and it affects his energy, his temper and his nerves. I smoke in a steady normal way and I'm going to continue to smoke. Now, the question is, do you want me to smoke at home or elsewhere?"

It was so sudden I simply gasped.

"I want it settled for good, that's all," he said gently. "It may sound exaggerated, but I know that a great many men go out evenings and neglect their wives, just because they have unpleasant discussions every time they want to smoke at home. If necessary, we won't have any curtains at all, dear. We can be happy without curtains, can't we?"

And so from now on I know that it is worse than foolish to interfere with a man and his smoking. It is tempting Providence! And the sooner women get on to that the sooner will the home atmosphere clear.

Well Matured.

"If Lincoln were alive he'd be 103 years old next Monday."

"He'd be several centuries younger, at that, than a lot of the stories attributed to him."

Reflections of a Bachelor Girl

By Helen Rowland

HELEN ROWLAND

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THERE are fifty-seven varieties of love and every one is a different sort of pickle.

Flirtation is the ideal exercise for keeping the heart in good working condition, the emotions pliable and the sentiments from becoming mouldy.

No, Geraldine, you need not prove that a man IS fit to live with before you marry him, but you must prove that he is NOT fit to live with before you can divorce him.

The most tragic moment in married life is not when you discover that you cannot get along with each other, but when you discover that you can get along perfectly comfortably without each other.

A "truly feminine woman" is one who takes her clothes more seriously than she takes herself.

As long as matrimony continues to be a matter of chance, divorce will continue to be a matter of course.

The Open Season for bachelors comes only in Leap Year, but the Open Season for husbands comes every year—in the good old summer time.

Perhaps the reason why a girl is not so particular about her appearance after she is engaged is that before marriage the man is too blindly in love to see any deficiences in her, and after marriage he never looks at her.

All the world loves to laugh at a lover.

Fables of Everyday Folks

By Sophie Irene Loeb

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The Man Who Was Too Sure.

ONCE upon a time there was a man. The man was SURE—that is to say, when a transaction turned out well in his business he thought he was sure of it and proceeded to OWN the transaction. Which was all very well.

SOPHIE IRENE LOEB

Most men are like this. They have a series of successes and then, like little Jack Horner, they sit "in the corner, put in their thumb, pull out a plum and say 'What a good boy am I!'"

Seemingly things gravitated to this man and he became sure of MANY things. Now being master over a FEW things, he thought he could be ruler over ANYTHING. So he went into the world quite in the same way as had been his wont, this time to win a woman.

Now, being quite sure of himself, it was no unusual circumstance for this man to win as usual. For he usually played a WINNING game.

She was a very nice woman and was attracted to him, since he had ways and means at his command always to get his plums; and this was no exception.

In fact, he thought it was a PUDDING. In short, he won her. They were engaged. He was SURE of her.

According to his usual procedure he thought he OWNED her. Not only did he argue that possession is nine points of the law, but ninety-nine.

But he had not reckoned with the law of life. Being very sure of her as HIS, he proceeded to go on with OTHER things. Perhaps he thought (to paraphrase the old adage) that love is but a thing for a man to START, while 'tis woman's whole persistence. He did not reckon what was or was not her DUE.

He was sure of her and went his way to win some more. In fact, now he did not go out of his way for anything. He paid attentions to others, feeling sure of THE ONE, and that in some future opportune time she would become THE one in the real sense.

So when it was not convenient he did not do this, that or the other thing that she had hoped and dreamed and EXPECTED. He would perhaps be off somewhere on some other pleasure bent, where his fancy dictated.

'Twas a wise old fable written many years ago whose moral ran: "When the cat's away the mice will play," which proves that only the WATCHED pot boils.

Another man came along the woman's way who was NOT so sure. He played the winning game also, but he realized that one cannot play ALONE—since it makes for solitaire that way.

He knew that to keep the fire alive one must not be too sure of an everlasting spark. Sometimes it goes out and leaves dead ashes.

He also knew that while DISTANCE lends enchantment, NEARNESS gets the woman—which he did. So one day the man who was sure returned to CLAIM that which he had won.

He took it quite as a matter of course that she was waiting for him to strike up the wedding march. But the all-wise Cupid played him Love's Funeral Dirge instead, and the little love god whispered into his ear: "One man's loss is another man's GAME!"

He thought he had his game, but the wings had a little life in them and flew FROM him. Now he was NOT so sure.

MORAL: TO BE SURE IS TO BE WISE, BUT TO BE TOO SURE IS OTHERWISE.

Trying to Get Out of the "Procession."

TWO former schoolmates are connected with the management of a big and opulent bank. One is a director, worth several million dollars, while the other is a cashier drawing a salary of $28 a week. Both had the same educational opportunities. They were graduated from high school in the same year and their parents were able and willing to give them a fair start in life.

But the boy who later became a prince of financiers greatly disappointed his parents in the selection of a business. Offers of positions all of which promised future advancement were made to him by his father's friends. In each instance, however, the salary at the outset would be small, and it was this consideration that deterred him from accepting any of them, says the Chicago Tribune. He became a book agent because the possibility of making big money appealed to him, and from that he graduated into the rank of insurance agent. Later he became a real estate salesman, and then he switched to automobiles.

His ups and downs were many. He was forced early in life to become callloused to the rebuffs of his fellow men. In a slightly modified form his experiences resembled those of his prehistoric brother whose battle for food against the beasts of the forest and his uncivilized neighbors was most often a battle for his very life itself.

Gifted with less self-assurance, his companion became a clerk in the bank, where his salary was certain and where only the faint din of the battle could be heard. His integrity and application were beyond reproach. His courtesy and politeness to the patrons of the bank were incomparable. To-day at the age of forty, although he is a fine fellow socially, he is not a big man. He devotes himself to the study of detail and never having experienced the necessity of thinking along original lines, he is somewhat commonplace and unconstructive. Some people would say he is in a rut.

His friend, on the other hand, could scarcely apply himself for an hour at a stretch to the details of any of his multifarious enterprises. But in the same length of time he could conceive an original plan that would have a fair financial value. The reason is that the training of the two men was different. The dynamic forces of the financier were developed, while the static forces of the other came more into prominence. It is quite probable that their present positions might have been reversed had they changed places at the outset.

But the choice of the bank cashier is not to be deprecated. It would be nonsensical to blame him for not becoming a book agent in order to become a bank director. As well advise a newspaper reporter to go to the seat of war instead of taking a junior position in some newspaper office in order to get to the top of his profession, or for an evangelist to haunt the police courts so that he might study human nature at first hand instead of going into the ministry. In either case they might succeed, but their chances would be no greater than if they entered their respective professions in the prescribed manner.

This is the point. In practically every walk of life there is a certain well defined path to success that has been followed by scores of others. But there are so many people following it at present that progress is difficult. To get ahead of the procession one must strike out for himself. Had the cashier displayed something else besides application and integrity, virtues possessed by practically all of his fellow clerks, some particular ability as a financier that would have brought him to the attention of his superiors, the chances are he would to-day be occupying a more important position.

William Highflyer.

YOUNG William plead, cajoled and sighed,
He did not ask in vain;
To him, on Christmas, was supplied
A nice, new aeroplane.

He flew it to a fearful height,
But did not do it long—
Which is the reason why I write
This aeroplane song!

—Woman's Home Companion.