

"S'Matter, Pop?"

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By C. M. Payne.



Love Songs of A Bachelor Girl

By Helen Rowland

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All Things Come to Those Who Wait, But— Y the time you've learned to wear a pompadour, And have reconciled your conscience to a rat, You discover that the "Marcel" is no more, And they're wearing all their tresses smooth and flat.

By the time you've basted all your hips away, And acquired the sylph-like beauty of a slat, "Fashioners are coming in," the papers say, "And 'figures' will be worn distinctly fat."

By the time you've waited vainly for a car, And, a-scarred of your vigil, sigh, at last, "Oh, well, I think I'll walk; it isn't far," Just see the merry trolley whizzing past!

By the time the man for whom the sun once rose, Has renounced the cautious role of "elder brother," And concluded, after all, that he'll propose, You have set your heart and fancy on another.

By the time your youthful dreams of love are o'er, And of every sweet illusion you're bereft, Then Prince Charming comes a-riding to your door, And all that you can give him, is—what's left!

By the time you've won the goal you set yourself, And Fame, or Wealth, turns smiling eyes your way, You are ready to be laid upon the shelf, And all you want is—just three meals a day.

Ah, well! 'Na HOPE gives life its finest zest, There's a method in this little trick of Fate, The goal is sweet, but, oh, the race is best! And the wise will have a good time, while they wait!

Them Was the Happy Days

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By Dwig



THE CARPET FROM BAGDAD

A ROMANCE OF BROADWAY AND THE SAHARA

BY HAROLD M'GRATH

She was beaten. Not an admirable situation to one who counted only her victories. "Fortune, later you will be sorry for this spirit," she said, when she felt the terror of wrath no longer in her throat. Fortune turned a page and letted down some notes with a pencil. She was at her desk, tragic as she knew the result of this outburst to be, she could hardly repress a smile at the thought of her mother's discomfiture. And so the chasm widened, and went on widening until she was alone in the room. Mrs. Chedova was glad that the maid knocked and came in just then. "Good-by, dear," she said. "I shall be in at dinner." If she had had any suspicion that she had been a quiver she should at least be impressed with the fact that she, Mrs. Chedova, was not to blame for it.

CHAPTER XI

Episode

MRS. CHEDOVA TOOK, but ineffectually, "Let go." Out of the patchwork squares he had woven, she had woven a man who used to come to the villa and play cards with Uncle George, the man who went away and never came back? What of your long disappearances which I knew nothing except that one day you vanished and upon another you came back? Did you think that I was a fool, that I had no time to wonder over these things? You have never tried to make a friend of me; you have always done your best to antagonize me. Did you hate my father so much that when his death put him out of range, you tried to conceal it from me? "My father!" Fortune roughly swung aside the arm. "Who knows about him, who he was, what he was, what he looked like? As a child, I used to ask you, but never could you speak. All I know about him was told me. This much has always burned in my mind; you married him for wealth that he did not have. What do you mean by this simple young man across the corridor?"

Mrs. Chedova was pale, and the artist's rage upon her pale cheeks did not dim her eyes. The true evidence lay in the white new of her nose. Never in her varied life had she felt more helpless, more impotent, more abominably, than she felt to be powerless! The absence of mind, that mental buoyancy, which had always given her the power to return victory in kind, had deserted her. Moreover, this little fool, with a turn of her hand, might send tottering to ruin the skillful planning of months. "Are you in love with him?" aiming to gain time to rearrange her scattered thoughts. "Love?" bitterly. "I am in a fine mood to love any one. My question, my question, 'my question!'" "I refuse absolutely to answer you. Anger was first to reorganize its forces; and Mrs. Chedova felt the heat of it burning in her veins. But, oddly enough, it was anger directed less toward the child than toward her own palpable folly and oversight. "I shall leave you. I will go out into the world and earn my bread and butter. Ah! a little brokenly, 'if you had but given me a little kindness, you do not know how loyal I should have been to you. But no; I am and always have been the child that wasn't wanted.'"

The despair in the gesture that followed these words stirred the mother's calloused heart, moved her mysteriously. "My child!" she said impulsively, holding out her hands. "No." Fortune drew back. "It is too late." "Have it so. But you speak of going out into the world to earn your bread and butter. What do you know about the world? What could you do? You have never done anything but read romance novels and moon about in the flower garden. Foolish child! Harm Mr. Jones? Why? For what purpose? I have no more interest in him than if he were one of those numbers over in the museum. And I certainly mean to repay him. I should have done so if you hadn't taken the task upon your own broad shoulders. I am in a hurry. I am going out to Mrs. House to tea. I'll let Celeste off for the day; so please unhook my waist and do not bother your head about Mr. Jones." She turned her back upon her daughter, quite confident that she had for the time suppressed the impatient rebellion she heard Fortune crossing the room. "What are you doing?" petulantly. "I'm going out to Mrs. House to tea. And Fortune round her chair, looked up at her mother and became apparently absorbed over the map of Assur.

Again she was moved to the mother's head. She could combat anger, tears, protest, loss, but this indifference, studied and unfeeling, left her weaponless. She was as too wise as to strike the head. It is first thought had been paid for the window and washed, and at length fell into a frame of mind that was trifling and self-condematory. And when he found that his precious Thionas was gone his condition was the same as that of the man who had come in a carriage and left any one where she was going? Why all this childish mystery? He could see her far more conveniently in the lounge room of the hotel, the more the not into escape and fang them upon the air. She was afraid. She was almost certain who he wished to meet, he was adding to the mother's hope, her eyes would be with her, she would see him? Deeper than this should she?

And all the while George sat by the window and watched, and at length fell into a frame of mind that was trifling and self-condematory. And when he found that his precious Thionas was gone his condition was the same as that of the man who had come in a carriage and left any one where she was going? Why all this childish mystery? He could see her far more conveniently in the lounge room of the hotel, the more the not into escape and fang them upon the air. She was afraid. She was almost certain who he wished to meet, he was adding to the mother's hope, her eyes would be with her, she would see him? Deeper than this should she?

A POCKET ENCYCLOPEDIA

- 26—What are freckles?
27—Why do we forget things that happened when we were very young?
28—Of what are diamonds made?
29—What makes us hungry?
30—What is the centre of the nervous system?

THESE five questions will be answered in Wednesday's Evening World. Here are the replies to last Friday's questions:
1—(What is fog and what causes it?) Fog is the condensation of the atmosphere's moisture, caused by a sudden drop in temperature, or by a cold current of upper air. It is dispersed by the sun because the sun raises the heat of the air to such a point that the moisture is dissipated. The fog that hangs over a city is often composed largely of dust and smoke.
2—(Why cannot water be brought to a greater heat than the boiling point?) When water reaches the boiling point it at once begins to evaporate in steam.
3—(How many teeth should we have and what are the different sorts of teeth called?) A grown person should have 32 teeth, 16 on each jaw. Each set is divided into four incisors, two eye teeth, four bicuspids, four molars and two "wisdom teeth."
4—(What is the difference between sunstroke and heatstroke?) Sunstroke is caused by the direct rays of the sun upon the head. Heatstroke is merely a malady brought on by exposure to heat or by the "mugginess" of the atmosphere and may occur on cloudy days or even at night.
5—(Why do you sneeze?) A sneeze is caused by an irritation of the nerves of the nostrils. This brings about a spasmodic effort on the part of various sets of muscles, so, to get rid of the irritating substance by driving air forcibly outward through the nostrils.

Betty Vincent's Advice to Lovers

The "Stern Parent."

THE "stern parent" problem crops up every now and then in the letters I receive. I think I have told you that when it comes to a question of marriage I believe young persons who are of age should decide for themselves. At the last analysis, it is they who are marrying, not their parents. Of course it is wise to listen to suggestions from the latter, at least if these suggestions are advanced in a kind and temperate fashion. But the final decision ought to be made by the parties chiefly interested. There is a change in the situation when the young man or woman is under age and is living at home and supported by the parents. Under these circumstances it is rather difficult not to advise obedience in the matter of callers and lovers. Twenty-one is time enough for rebellion.

A Fickle Girl. "A. H." writes: "I love a young lady, and sometimes she appears fond of me. At other times she refuses my invitations, and will scarcely speak to me. Do you think I should continue her acquaintance?" I am afraid you will not find much pleasure in it, as she is so changeable. "G. C." writes: "Should a young lady at the age of twenty-three allow her parents to choose the man she marries?" No, indeed. Every man and every woman after coming of age should personally decide the important question of marriage. "H. W." writes: "The man I love has the habit of drinking and says that I am the only one who can keep him away from it. Do you advise me to marry him?" Not until he has been on probation for a year or two. "H. N." writes: "I am very much in love with a girl who says she does not care for me. How can I win her affection?" You must just keep on being nice to her, in the hope that she may change her mind.

"Cheer Up, Cuthbert!"

What's the Use of Being Blue? By Clarence L. Cullen.

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WHEN we quit being more incubators for Great Expectations, we're due! Every Time we go to the Post with a Peave we finish at the End of the Procession! We'd Rather "Do" than Serve an Indeterminate Sentence! A Needle in a Haystack is Nothing to a Nerve

Interviews With Cupid

By Barbara Blair.

Author of "The Journal of a Neglected Balldog."

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14—Punctuality. (HIS WAY.) "W" E in some manner received the impression," and Mr. Gordon looked at Cupid severely. "That your aeroplane was due here a week ago to take us to Olympia, where we were to begin our work with you." "And you told ME," I reproached him, "that love is ALWAYS prompt." "That is true," and Cupid smiled at me pensively, "but not interest, nor amusement, and that is all I am to you both as yet." "Hail, Gordon and I looked at him anxiously. Was it our imagination or did there indeed lurk some sinister meaning in the word "yet"? In our desire to further the interests of this small, tyrannical god, were we ourselves in danger? Perhaps he read fear in our minds, for he waved our doubts aside with a careless hand, while he settled himself more comfortably in the Morris chair, which he had appropriated in spite of Mr. Gordon's questioning eyebrows. "Love is prompt," he continued reflectively. "Love, when he can, not only appears when the hour strikes, but he watches the clock until it is not too late to start for the time or event of this time ever coming, he decides he will go anyhow. Reaching her house, he concludes it is impossible early for him to go in yet and decides to take a short walk first. He does so, consulting his watch every few seconds. Quite suddenly it occurs to him it is just possible the watch may be slow. To be sure it is a perfectly good watch, which has never been known to deviate five seconds. But no man can tell when the best of watches may go wrong. "With the horrible fear clutching his heart that instead of being twenty minutes too early he is twenty minutes late and has lost so much of the time to be spent with her, he bolts up the steps, rings the bell in furious haste, and is ushered in by a maid, who shrinks back in wondering dismay from the wild-eyed young man shoving a card at her. He is shown into the girl's own little reception room, where she always receives him. An impatient gilt clock here restores faith in his watch. When she finally appears—which is some time later—he mumbles that he has happened to be in the neighborhood much earlier than he expected and so dropped in. "It was simply cruel, then, the way that girl deceived me," and Mr. Gordon stared gloomily at Cupid. "She told me she loved me devotedly, yet I never knew that girl to be on time." "WHICH GIRL?" Cupid looked at him with interest, while I suppressed a yawn. What woman is interested in the discussion of another woman by the man she likes? If she is listening to the description of a rival by some one else, there is no detail too trivial to claim her eager attention, for the way she does her hair to the way she does her complexion. But if the man himself insists upon talking about another woman, well, it is a severe test of any woman's friendship disposition. Was it jealousy I felt that watched little gnawing pain at my heart? (To Be Continued.)

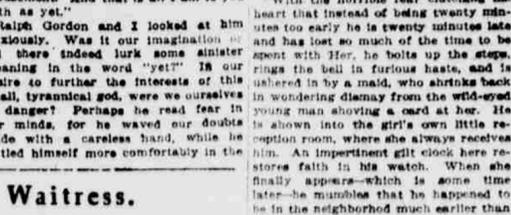
EXERCISE.

Mrs. Kinkadee—Can you get your hood buttoned without bending your knees? Mrs. Bunker—Certainly! I make my husband do it—Harper's Bazar.

An Electric Waitress.

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A N electrical engineer of Paris gave his little daughter a toy for Christmas which performs an actual service as well as being a source of amusement to her, says Popular Mechanics. The cook places them on the car, and the train is started for a miniature electric train, which carries dishes along the passage from the kitchen to the dining room, running to the centre of the dining table. By touching a button on a circular ivory indicator (see picture), messages are electrically transmitted to the kitchen for such articles as bread, knives, forks, water, napkins, etc. The cook places them on the car, and the train is started for a miniature electric train, which carries dishes along the passage from the kitchen to the dining room, running to the



centre of the dining table. By touching a button on a circular ivory indicator (see picture), messages are electrically transmitted to the kitchen for such articles as bread, knives, forks, water, napkins, etc. The cook places them on the car, and the train is started for a miniature electric train, which carries dishes along the passage from the kitchen to the dining room, running to the