The World.

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WHERE ELSE SHOULD THEY LEARN IT?

THOUSANDS of children covered the great lawns of Central Park with whirling rings of white and dots of shifting color. They danced around May poles, they sailed boats, they rolled down the slopes. They raced and shouted and sang paeans to the spring sunshine. Hundreds of older people stopped to watch them. They were the city's "dear little ones," lucky in having "the finest park in the world" for their playground.

At night, when the "dear little ones" had finished with it, "the finest park in the world" looked like a despised and disreputable dump. Papers, broken luncheon boxes, bread crusts, banana peels, litter of every description covered the lawns. In places the mess completely hid the grass. The Park Department must work days to clear up the rubbish. The Mayor and the Park Commissioner might as well have torn up their regulations and thrown them in with the rest.

Most of these children came from schools and institutions in charge of teachers or guardians. The latter were supposed to look after the youngsters and see that they had a happy and helpful day. Did it occur to these wise adults that they could impart no easier or more appropriate lesson than that of elementary tidiness, decency and respect for public property? They should be ashamed of themselves. They are more to blame than the children.

Is there any reason why every teacher in New York should not, before and during an excursion to the park, make the children in her care feel that the beautiful playground is only open to them on condition that they treat it as it should be treated? Where, if not in the public schools, should city children be taught the proper use of public property?

"It was splendid, just perfectly splendid," as the Colonel said. And yet somehow the curtain came down before we'd had half enough.

WHEN MARRIAGES WERE LESS POLITE.

MARRIAGE licenses to the record number of 265 were taken out at the City Hall on the last day of May. Even the hard-headed, unromantic Romans set down June as the best month of the year in which to get married. Neither the Middle Ages nor modern times have meddled with the belief that June marriages are the happiest marriages. We have, however, thrown overboard the love-philters, invocations, mummeries and horse-play that made the marriage ceremony of old anything but a decorous occasion for principals or guests. The matrimonial contract to-day is a thousand times more polite. It has lost the engaging frankness of its mediæval originals.

In the good old days, when the bride was taken "for fairer, for fouler, for better, for worse," and promised "to be buxom and bonny" to her husband, her father gave the bridegroom one of the bride's shoes as a token of the transfer of authority. The bride was made to feel the change by a blow on the head duly administered with the shoe. How much more significant and eloquent a use of the article than our "refined" custom of throwing it after the carriage! The husband took oath to treat his wife well, in failure of which she might leave him. As a point of honor, however, he was allowed "to bestow on his wife and apprentices moderate castigation." An old Welsh law lays it down that three blows with a broomstick "on any part of the person except the head is a fair allowance," while another provides that the stick "be not longer than the husband's arm nor thicker than his middle finger."

The bride, however, had her privileges. In certain countries it was her accepted right, the morning after the wedding day, to ask for any sum of money or any estate that she pleased, and her husband could not in honor refuse. A man had to be pretty sure of his bride's "intentions" to run such a risk.

These old-time marriages were often hard-driven bargains, which unblushingly displayed a good deal of unlovely human selfishness. Yet the rough June knots that were tied a thousand years ago held tighter than many of the be-ribboned and be-jewelled bonds we so gaitedly adjust to-day.

Is the greatest living tenor great enough to escape the sound thrashing that threatens to overtake him one of these days?

A U. S. Army Captain has discovered that German and English liners could land 150,000 European troops in New York with a single sailing. Safety demands a Gatling gun at every gangplank.

Letters from the People

"May Prove a Stickler."

To the Editor of The Evening World:

This problem may prove a stickler for some readers: "I spend $225 for two horses, I sell them for equal amounts, gaining 25% on one and losing 25% on the other. What has been my cash gain or loss?" L. A. D.

Yes.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I am a young man born in New York City, and will be 21 years of age this coming September. My parents are not citizens. Am I a citizen? A. W.

Board of Health.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Where is the proper place to make a complaint about impure butter and milk being sold. J. R. R.

"Good Mental Practice."

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I submit the following to those of your readers who like to figure out problems: 3+2=5 and 3×2=6; same sum as product. The following pairs also have same sum as product: 5 and 2½, and 1 4-5; and many others, altogether too numerous to mention. Again, groups of three numbers may be found also of four numbers, where the sum equals their product. Try 1, 2, 3, and 6. These will give the same result either adding or multiplying. Readers will find good mental practice in studying out a method for thus grouping numbers. This practice will pay for the trouble. Fractional cases such as the following arise: 1 1-5+2½+3 1-24=5 163-240; the product equals the same. Try it. J. F.

Mondays and Thursdays.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

On what two days is 25 cents admission charged at the Bronx Park Zoo? L. F., Lincolnville, N. Y.

"Where Are You Going?"

To the Editor of The Evening World:

What is the meaning of the Latin phrase, "Quo vadis?" A. B.

The Horse Trade.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

The problem of Tom Long, viz.: Sold two horses for the same price each, gaining 25 per cent. on one, losing 25 per cent. on the other and losing $10 on the transaction—may be solved as follows: Assume that they were sold for $1 each or $2 for the pair. Their value would then be 1÷1¼=1 ⅘=3 3-15, and t loss would be 3 3-15—2=1-15. Since the actual loss was $10 the real selling price was as many times greater than $1 as 2-15 is contained times in 10, which is 75. The horses, therefore, were sold for $75 each and their values were $60 and $90.

ALEXANDER A. ROBINSON, M.D.

The Day of Rest

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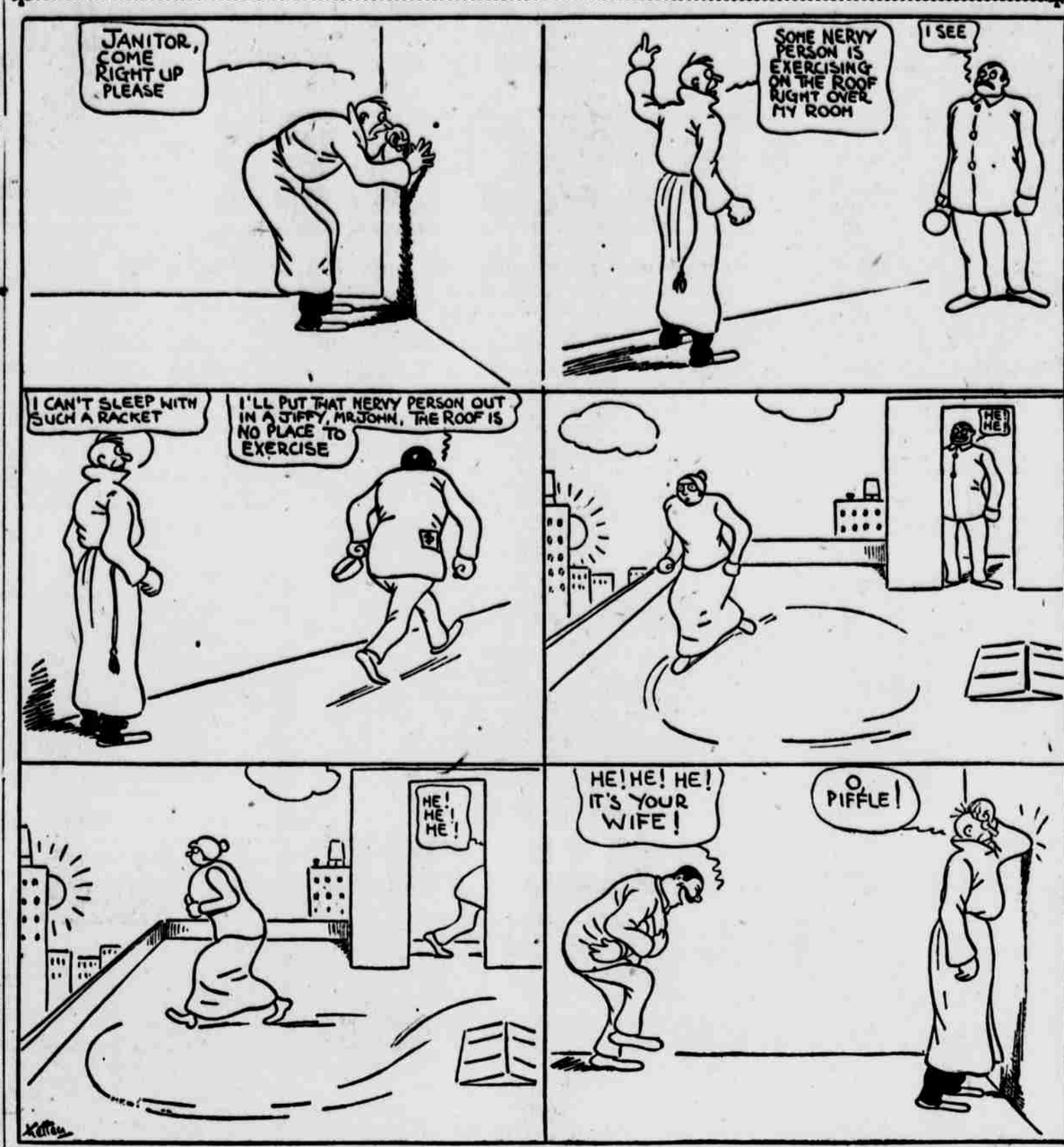
By Maurice Ketten



The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

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Mr. Jarr Goes Out of His Class For an Afternoon of Torture.

AS Mr. and Mrs. Jarr rode away in Clara Mudridge-Smith's town car, the last named lady and Mrs. Jarr affected a serene and lofty indifference as though the part of town they were riding through was a totally strange one to them—respectable enough in its way, you know, and all that sort of thing—not to say in some aspects picturesque, perhaps; but on the whole hopelessly middle-class, don't you know!

The residents of the street who knew Mrs. Jarr and were, in their estimation of Mrs. Jarr's social status, had absented themselves from their wonted windows. But at others, and from doorway and basement of the more crowded and more-families-to-the-floor apartment houses down the street, a polka dot patern of human heads filled in the door and window spaces.

The janitors paused in the eternal skirmish with children on the steps, the wagon peddlers stopped their hoarse howls, in the face of the high cost of living as exemplified by the noiseless elegance of the Mudridge-Smith electric vehicle.

And Master Izzy Slavinsky, leading all the small boys of whom he was tribal chief, ran after the town car, throwing his cap at the wheels and whistling on his fingers in a manner to pierce the ears of the deaf.

As a grand exit the passing of the Jarrs and Mrs. Mudridge-Smith to the afternoon tango tea was uncommonly splendid.

Both ladies gave a delicate wave of the hand at Mrs. Stryver's house, as though to signify their respect to one of their own sphere—although Mrs. Stryver was not at the window. Mrs. Stryver lived in a private house and was never at the window. Being at the window was also considered as "hopelessly middle class." Mrs. Stryver's maid stood at the window and told her mistress what was going on.

"It's Mrs. Mudridge-Smith, ma'am," said the maid. "She's taking Mr. and Mrs. Jarr for a ride."

"Oh, yes, to the afternoon tango tea at the St. Croesus," remarked Mr. Stryver. "How could I have forgotten? Felice, 'phone for my car and dress me."

It may be that some subtle psychic message was conveyed to Mrs. Jarr and Mrs. Mudridge-Smith that Mrs. Stryver would also be with them, for Mrs. Jarr turned to her friend and remarked: "Everybody is going to the fashionable tango teas these days, are they not?"

"All the EXCLUSIVE people are," replied the other. "The Notable Alphonse said to me that his charges were NOT excessive. On the contrary, when one considered that those charges kept the cheap element out, they were VERY reasonable."

"Do you think the Notable Alphonse has more steps of the new dances than the Notable Plantagenet?" asked Mrs. Jarr.

Both knew the Notable Plantagenet was none other than the notable Mr. Michael Angelo Dinkston, but they kept up the genteel fiction that he was a distinguished foreigner.

The Notable Alphonse, it was also an open secret, had been a variety show clog dancer named Riley. But the new dances have made over social conditions, and now society grand dames court the attention, and wealthy men shower huge sums on exponents of ragtime dancing who have come from amusing the Lower Five to instructing the Upper Ten. All this in so brief a time that those concerned are bewildered as well as delighted.

"Mrs. Blenkinsop-Bish is taking from the Notable Alphonse," said Mrs. Jarr, after a pause during which Mrs. Mudridge-Smith had gazed steadily at Mrs. Terwilliger coming out of the local trading stamp bureau carrying a new parlor lamp. Mrs. Mudridge-Smith knew Mrs. Terwilliger very well, but she mercifully looked blankly at her.

"And yet!" gasped Mrs. Terwilliger to herself, clutching her stamp book and the new lamp as though she could have crushed them. "I knew her when she didn't have a second dress to her name!"

And Mrs. Terwilliger tottered up the street, saying to herself that it was no wonder there were anarchists in this world blowing up people with dynamite when upstarts like that were rolling in their automobiles while their betters had to obtain their little luxuries by saving up trading stamps!

"Wasn't that Mrs. Terwilliger" asked Mrs. Jarr, as the motor glided on.

"Really, you know," replied Mrs. Mudridge-Smith, "I haven't seen the poor creature for so long I can't really say. Terwilliger? Terwilliger? Yes, I did know some one of that name, I believe. But oh, my poor memory!"

Meanwhile Mr. Jarr, sitting back in the machine with a frayed collar sawing him to the bone at the base of the skull, was wondering whether death or drink was man's best friend.

The Love Letter That Understood

By Philander Johnson

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IN the postman's hand was a Love Letter.

It shuddered a little as a paper containing all sorts of things from every-day life fluttered across the curbstone with the misty breeze.

"Why didn't you let me out of the mail bag sooner?" complained the Love Letter.

"You weren't due," replied the postman. "Love Letters have to take their turn the same as other correspondence."

"How did you know that I was a Love Letter?"

"I learned it from the eyes of the girl who stands on the step waiting for you. Why were you so discontented?"

"I am not used to such associations. I expect to be approached only with tenderness and affection."

"Those were mostly honest and good-natured Letters in there with you."

"You don't know them. Three of them with hard, metallic voices kept saying: 'Your account is overdue—please remit!' They paid no attention to a timid little chap who was squeezed into a corner and who begged: 'Please don't shove. I'll get on my feet if you give me a chance.'

"There were two letters that quarrelled bitterly and and talked of alimony and the custody of the children. And several sobbed softly without telling why.

"The only one that kept quite silent was in a tear-stained envelope with a black border around it."

The postman looked serious.

"If I were in your place," he remarked, "I'd never say a word about this to anybody else."

"Why not?"

"What's the use of anticipating? All those Letters were once Love Letters. Even the duns were inspired by the sad hope that wealth might purchase affection. Those who write them change year by year; and the letters change, too, until silence comes with the black-bordered envelope.

"But you and I will keep this to ourselves."

The girl took the letter to her room. She questioned it hour after hour, but it never told her all it knew until many, many years after.

Wise Forethought.

"Don't you believe in paying as you go?"

"It depends on whether or not I expect to come back."

Himself!

By Eugene Geary.

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SHOW me the man that's possessed
o' more knowledge,
Dispensin' that same, sure, accordin' to rule.
Or, show, if ye can, where's the ginthrified college
Compares wid O'Flaherty's classical school?
Greek, Latin an' Frinch
He dales out by the inch,
Of learnin' high-class there's no ind to his store.
Yet, he's modest, begob,
As he sits by the hob—
'Twas a good wind that blew him to Shanballymore.

His scholars are famous from ocean to ocean,
There's some o' them howldin' positions in Cork,
An' more iv his b'ys, if ye plaze, have a notion
Some day they'll be Aldhermin right in New York.
A job like that same
Brings both money an' fame—
The political game howlds its favors galore.
An' O'Flaherty's light
On this subject is bright—
'Twas a good wind that blew him to Shanballymore.

He's a wondher at figures, an' great at surveyin',
For makin' a speech, sure, no finer you'd ask,
He'll dance till the fiddler is crippled wid playin',
And no wan can bate him at gaugin' a cask.
A patriot, too,
He'll thrash black an' blue
The foes iv owld Ireland—he's done it before.
In sunshine an' mist,
Here's more power to his fist
'Twas a good wind that blew him to Shanballymore.

The Stories of Famous Novels

By Albert Payson Terhune

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NO. 30.—THE NEWCOMES, By W. M. Thackeray.

LIEUT.-COL. THOMAS NEWCOME was an officer in the British army in India. He was fearless, a perfect soldier, a gentleman to the very soul—and with a simple, pure heart that the world could not soil.

The Colonel had but one ambition in life—the happiness of his motherless son, Clive. The boy had been sent home to England to be educated. His father bored all his army friends by talking incessantly about Clive and reading aloud his letters or showing his schoolboy drawings. He could not speak for five minutes without mentioning his son's name at least once. But if people laughed at the adoring old gentleman, it was a kindly laugh. For he was universally loved.

When he came back to England on his retirement from the army after thirty-four years in India, he found Clive had grown into a fine, manly young chap. To give the lad enough money to carry on his artistic education and to live in luxury, the old Colonel returned once more to India to take up the burden of work again.

A Father's Sacrifice.

Clive was tremendously fond of his father. But, being young and heedless, he readily accepted the old man's sacrifice, and he spent freely the money the Colonel was slaving to earn for him. Also, Clive had fallen in love with his cousin, Ethel Newcome. And he gave infinitely more thought to the girl he loved than to the father who loved him.

Back came Col. Newcome to England with more money than ever he had expected to possess. Not only had he his pension, but he had become a director in the Bundlecund Banking Company, an Indian financial concern, which paid him big dividends on his investments. The Colonel knew absolutely nothing about business. His simplicity had made him an easy dupe of the Bundlecund Company—which was a gigantic swindling scheme. His honesty was proverbial. And he was able to interest his countless friends in the concern.

Now that he was rich, the Colonel made glittering plans for Clive. He learned that the young man was in love with Ethel. And, as she was a gentle, lovable girl, and was devoted to Clive, Col. Newcome did all in his power to bring about the match. But Ethel's family were planning a titled marriage for her, and, after leading Clive and the Colonel along by false hopes, they forced her into an engagement with a nobleman whom she did not love.

The young lover, in despair, sought balm for his bruised heart by studying Rose Mackenzie, a not very desirable girl whose mother was a virago and an all-round scourge. Then, too late, the bridegroom found that Ethel's engagement was broken; that she had come into a fortune, and that she was free to marry any one she might choose.

Turning his back on the "might-have-beens," Clive tried to be a good husband to Rosa and to endure her abominable old mother.

Soon afterward came the crash. The Bundlecund imposture was exposed. Col. Newcome was not only impoverished in his old age, but was called a swindler as well. The double blow broke his heart. Mrs. Mackenzie, who had fawned on him while he was rich and who at his advice had invested her savings in the Bundlecund Company, now shrilly berated him, furiously heaping upon the broken old man every insult she could think of.

In the midst of the turmoil Rose suddenly died. The Colonel, stripped of wealth and of reputation, stole away to an almshouse near the famous Greyfriars School, where once he had been a pupil. There he fell ill. At his deathbed Clive and Ethel were reunited. To his deathbed, too, came a beautiful woman whom in early days he had loved and lost, and whose presence now brightened his last hours.

The Call of "Adsum!"

One evening as the nearby chapel bell summoned the Greyfriars boys to prayers a light crept over the Colonel's drawn face. Straightening himself, he called out, as though in answer to a roll call that those around him could not hear:

"Adsum!" ("I am here!")

Then he fell back dead.

"It was the word we had used at school when names were called," writes the chronicler. "And, lo! he whose heart was as the heart of a little child had answered to his name and stood in the presence of his Master!"

The Day's Good Stories

Higher Education.

THE school superintendent was talking to the squire of the village; relates the Philadelphia Evening Times. The superintendent said:

"Most amusing thing happened to-day. I was questioning the class over at the school, and I asked a boy who wrote 'Hamlet.' He answered tearfully, 'P-p-please, sir, it wasn't-time.'"

After loud and prolonged laughter the squire said:

"That's pretty good; and I suppose the little rascal had done it all the time."

Out for a Record.

TWO negro roustabouts at New Orleans were continually bragging about their ability as long distance swimmers and a steamboat man got up a match. The man who swam the longest distance was to receive $5, says the Cincinnati Enquirer. The Alabama Whale immediately stripped on the dock, but the Human Steamboat said he had some business and would return in a few minutes. The Whale swam the river four or five times for exercise, and by that time the Human Steamboat returned. He wore a pair of swimming trunks and had a sheet iron cook stove strapped on his back. Tied around his neck were a dozen packages containing bread, flour, bacon and other eatables. The Whale gazed at his opponent in amazement.

"Whar yo' vittles?" demanded the Human Steamboat.

"Vittles fo' what?" asked the Whale.

"Don't you ask me fo' nothin' on the way ovah," warned the Steamboat. "Mah foot stop in New York an' mah neck stop in London."

Who's Who and Why.

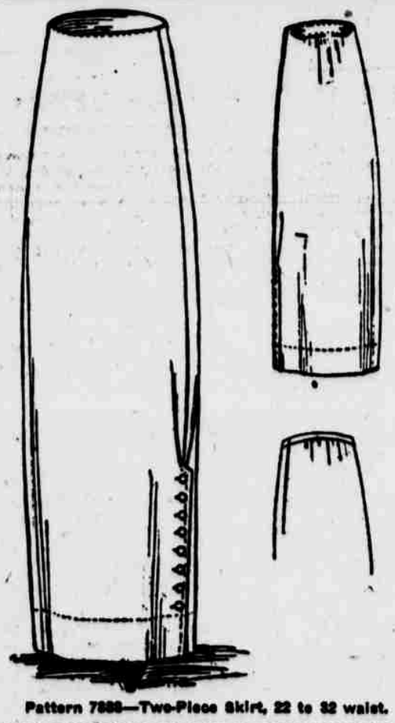
"WHO'S that impressive-looking woman over yonder?"

"That's Mrs. Peckham. She's a remarkably strong-minded woman, and they do say that she commands a very large salary."

"How does she earn it?"

"She doesn't earn it. Her husband earns it and so she commands it."—Puck.

The May Manton Fashions



Pattern 7888—Two-Piece Skirt, 22 to 32 waist.

THERE seems to be no limit to the variations of the two-piece skirt. Here is one of the newest with the fulness at the sides drawn in and held by the overlapped edges below. It gives just the fashionable silhouette and the side seams can be closed for their entire length or left open for a part of the way as liked. The gathered back is a feature. When the skirt is finished at the high waist line it can be left plain or finished with the strap over the back, but, with the natural waist line, it must be joined to a belt. Skirts of this kind are adapted to every material that is suited to the tailored finish, and in these days that means a long list. In the picture, however, white charmeuse is trimmed with small buttons and that material is much liked for summer gowns and skirts.

For the medium size, the skirt will require 3⅛ yards of material 27, 3¾ yards 36 or 4¼ inches wide. The width at the lower edge is 1⅞ yards.

Pattern 7888 is cut in sizes from 22 to 32 inches waist measure.

How to Obtain These Patterns.

Call at THE EVENING WORLD MAY MANTON FASHION BUREAU, Donald Building, 160 West Thirty-second street (opposite Gimbel Bros.), corner Sixth avenue and Thirty-second street, New York, or sent by mail on receipt of ten cents in coin or stamps for each pattern ordered.

IMPORTANT—Write your address plainly and always specify size wanted. Add two cents for letter postage if in a hurry.