

The World

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Either or Neither?

By Robert Minor

The Stories of Famous Novels By Albert Payson Terhune

No. 68—NICHOLAS NICKLEBY, by Charles Dickens.

NICHOLAS NICKLEBY found himself at nineteen forced to support not only himself but his widowed mother and his pretty sister Kate. He was fairly well educated, and along with the faults of youth, had plenty of good instincts.

So when his father's miserly old brother, Ralph Nickleby, was induced to come to the family's aid there was a general feeling of relief. Ralph, however, had no intention of spending his own money on his dead brother's dear ones.

Squers had but a single eye—and that a bad one. He was an illiterate, degraded old beast, and his so-called "school" was merely a place to which heartless parents or guardians could send boys of whom they wanted to rid themselves.

Nicholas's hot temper deserted him once when Smike was about to be cruelly beaten. He gave Squers the thrashing of his life and then left the school, followed by the devoted Smike.

From one precarious mode of employment to another young Nickleby drifted until at last he became a clerk in the office of two jolly old philanthropists, the Cheeryble Brothers.

Kate Nickleby, meanwhile, had been having her full quota of trouble. Ralph had sought, for his own benefit, to throw her in the way of a feather-brained young spendthrift nobleman, Lord Verisopht.

Later she met and fell in love with Frank Cheeryble, a nephew of the kindly brothers who had done so much for Nicholas. Frank loved Kate at first sight, and in course of time they were married.

Nicholas by this time had a romance of his own. He became enamored of Madeline Bray, a girl whose worthless father was trying to force her into a marriage with a rich man whom she hated.

Ralph Nickleby and Squers became involved in one scandal after another, and the law's net caught them. Squers was condemned to penal servitude in Australia, Ralph evaded human punishment by hanging himself.

Smike, it was learned, was Ralph Nickleby's disowned son, who had been sent to Squers in order to get him forever out of the way. But the unhappy lad did not live to profit by the relationship.

When news of Squers's arrest reached the school, the starved, ragged boys there celebrated the event by breaking into wild and jubilant rebellion. They wrecked the place, tormented the Squers family to the top of their bent, and were prevented from further acts of vengeance only by the interference of a neighboring farmer.

Nicholas's story is a tale of the life of a young man who has been through a great deal of trouble, and who has at last found a home and a wife.

The day's good stories are a collection of short tales, each with its own unique characters and settings.

Up to the Ears. A small boy was sent to a physician to be treated for a painful condition in one of his ears.

A Vital Question. MORE vegetarians hunger. One of the fish-less vegetarians happened to be engaged in a German cook left not long ago.

Does His Best. THE dinner was given by a colored man named Phineas White, and the guest of the evening was George Washington Grant.

The Best Reason. A FORMER was talking to Bill Jones's best friend.

The May Manton Fashions. TINY little waists are to be found in the new season.

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DOES IT STOP THE NOISE?

OFFICIAL EFFORT—much in evidence a year or so ago—to suppress unnecessary, nerve-wearing noise in this city seems to have gone to sleep.

Needless racket has never been more persistent, more intolerable. To get rid of one of the commonest but most appalling of these growing noise nuisances we have repeatedly urged in this column that the city railway companies be compelled to use grease or graphite to do away with the horrible scraping screech made on elevated, surface and subway lines by car wheels grinding over unrolled curves and switches.

This is only one noise, but it is one of the worst. Evening World readers who write to thank this newspaper for the stand it has taken in condemning the indifference shown by the Board of Health and the Public Service Commission toward the increase of preventable noises, supply plenty of other instances of this unchecked riot of needless nerve-destruction.

Apparently the Public Service Commission thinks that when it has written a perfunctory answer to a complaint and filed the latter away its duty is done. Does that stop the noise?

So many people are expressing the Mayor's views for him just now that it will be a relief when he stands on the City Hall steps next Wednesday and tries to overcome his well-known shyness and timidity of speech.

BRING OUT THE BEST FOR THE FIREMEN.

NEW YORK feels special pride and pleasure in being the host of the International Association of Fire Engineers, which opens its session to-day. It is not alone the knowledge of fire-fighting methods and apparatus which interchange of ideas with experts of other countries is sure to further that interests the city. We are proud of our own four thousand firemen and glad to have the rest of the world see the extraordinary things we have done with the automobile fire engine in the last decade.

For even in the humdrum life of every day we can never forget the men who spend their days and nights in readiness for the call that means peril for them and protection for others. Of all guardians and defenders of the public safety none face foe more formidable or do battle more courageous. The soldier may serve a lifetime in peace. The sailor bends to his service the forces that threaten him. The policeman is only now and then in danger. But the fireman is called upon at any hour of the twenty-four to conquer an enemy whose very touch is death.

All honor to the firemen. New York extends a hearty welcome to its brave guests.

Labor is enjoying itself none the less for having shared its day and its parade with the Women's League and gallantly given the latter first place.

The Torture of Needless Noise

"A Nervous Strain." Evening World, and I agree with you entirely, although I am confident that I can stand as much nuisance of this character as your self-cooking Mayor.

I have not been down for over twenty years, and I must say that you have fought and won many battles for the public. I for one appreciate all your endeavors in the interest of public welfare.

Recently I wrote you in reference to the State law requiring steam railroads to provide a seat for each passenger, and suggested that you publish this law in your paper in the interest of the public if such a law now exists, and I would suggest if you want to do one more big thing for the public that you investigate the conditions of traffic on our steam railroads and give us some editorials and your valuable help in this matter.

Referring again to your editorial on noise, I agree with you, and I feel that one of the first steps in this direction should be the suppression of delivery wagons in noisy crews, such as are now maintained by certain New York newspapers.

A Friendly Hint. To the Editor of The Evening World: Under "Letters from the People," and also in your editorial column I found in tonight's edition a notice regarding unnecessary noises in the streets, especially at night. I am living on Broadway and One Hundred and Forty-third street and have the extreme pleasure of being disturbed at various times at night by an auto truck belonging to Sheffield Farms-Stawson-Decker Company. This noise is so annoying that it can hear it ten blocks away. It makes its first appearance about 2:30 A. M., and from that time on I believe that I get an hourly respite until 7 A. M. I have complained various times to that milk concern, but that is all the good it did me, as their very polite answers are evasive and promising, but that is all. They state that they must make night noises in order to keep the price of milk where it is now.

A Battle for the Public. To the Editor of The Evening World: I read with much interest your editorial on nerve-racking noise in The

Letters From the People. Changes in Business Ayras. On the Editor of The Evening World: A reader asks what chances a young American can find in Buenos Ayres. I can speak only from personal experience. I have been a resident of Argentina and Buenos Ayres for the last fifteen years. I made in business more money in six years there than I had made in New York in twenty years.

First, to be a good electrician, a working engineer; second, establishing soda fountains and cheap candy stores, as here; some candies sold over there at 2¢ a pound; third, establishing 5 and 10 cent stores; fourth, good chances for gentlemen's and ladies' tailors and cutters, cleaners, repairers, hat makers, etc.; fifth, selling American shoes; sixth, establishing an electric car or a bus service between needful points; seventh, running fruit; eighth, a coal service; ninth, selling blouses to such village people as are living in muddy huts. There are many other lines, too, that would be profitable.

It is true that your rich uncle has decided to buy you a little farm and let you pick out the location yourself. Yes, I was! He flared back, "Once I was, but it didn't take me long to get wise to it. It was when I met the Master-man. He was the kind you guy

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The Jarr Family

Mr. Jarr Breaks Into Society in Spite of His Best Efforts

"Jim!" remarked the young matron indignantly. "He doesn't jig. But he has three new steps. One is as graceful and fetching as the 'Castle Walk.' Another is the 'Puppet Dance.' And the

last—the hardest to get, and everybody just crazy to dance it—is the 'Plantagenet Half-Step.'"

"No, no, no, my dear!" interrupted the boss; "you must not confound the man

of business with the man of pleasure. Mr. Dinkaton will be found at the Stock Exchange, for I hear some of our biggest men in finance are desirous of securing a plan of campaign from Mr. Dinkaton to bring the Small Investor back to the Street. Or he may be at one of the big chemical plants in New Jersey, or over at the Standard Oil Refineries. Wherever he is he is bringing order out of chaos."

"Well, I want him!" snapped the young matron. "I don't care where he is. I promised Mrs. Van Swell I would bring him to her tango lawn fete without fail. It means everything to me socially! What do I care for your old Wall street or business or Standard Oil? None of that is important. But if I do not bring Mr. Dinkaton, The Great Plantagenet, to Mrs. Van Swell's, I am promised, I might as well move to Brooklyn, for I will be disgraced!"

"I think I can find him," said Mr. Jarr. "I'll go to the St. Crocus and see if he's there," said Mrs. Mudridge-Smith. "You go to the St. Vitus, and you can join me with Mr. Dinkaton and we will take him to Mrs. Van Swell's place at Pelham."

Mr. Jarr embarked in the waiting taxicab and went forth. He found Mr. Dinkaton and his fishing party buying bait at the third place he looked for him.

"It can't be done!" said Mr. Slavinsky. "We are going fishing for stogies at Sheephead Bay."

"Forgive, forgive!" corrected Rafferty, who knew all the fish in season, doubtless because he drank like one.

"We go to angle. Three hardy fishermen are we!" sang Mr. Dinkaton blithely. "Have another!"

But Mr. Jarr knew that as he had located the elusive Dinkaton it would mean everything to produce him. Get in right with the boss's wife and it makes more for success than efficiency at the shop.

"But there is lovely fishing at Pelham," led Mr. Jarr glibly. "Come! You can oblige Mrs. Smith and you can also go fishing."

The rest of the party admitted they had never fished at Pelham but were willing to try it, and after some more delay accompanied Mr. Jarr.

"Wait here!" said the gentleman when they arrived at the Hotel St. Crocus. And, hurrying inside, he informed his employer's wife that he had found the admissible Dinkaton.

"But," he added, "he has friends with him, and insists on taking them along."

"There is only one thing to do if they go along," she murmured. "We must say they are foreign noblemen!"

Mr. Jarr took occasion to inform Gus and Mr. Slavinsky and Mr. Rafferty that they would be taken into society as imported nobility.

They thought it a splendid idea, and so it was agreed.

Conquests of Constance

The Master Man By Alma Woodward

"F R U M a d e a l l u v w o r l d l y w i s d o m I c a n l o o k d o w n a n' p i t y t h i m p e r s o n a l l y. 'T h e w o r l d ' C o n s t a n c e r e m a r k e d a i r l y. 'I t ' s s u r p r i s i n g h o w m a n y p e o p l e a r e b e i n p l a y e d f o r d u b s a n' y e t k e e p o n t h i n k i n' t h e y ' r e q u e e n i n' i t."

"Really?" inquired the young man. "Yes, a friend of mine married a shoe salesman in a Sixth avenue store 'bout six months ago, mainly because he used to tell her every time he waited on her that a foot as small as hers was awful hard to fit. Well, they went and took three rooms over on Ninth avenue and was livin' delish'ously (himself) devoted to frankfurters an' dill pickles when all of a sudden his female partner gets tired of her abode an' blows in on the Ninth avenue place."

"Well, my friend's wasn't exactly tickled," cause she's a awful particular girl an' the fact that the old lady wanted to make her own soap out of very loud gutt droppin' an' lye didn't make a hit with her at all. So she got up her courage an' she laid for him down in the hall one night before he had a chance to get upstairs, an' she jus' told him that soap factories as a rule was situated in places where th' breeze most times blow off the sea, an' she wasn't goin' to have no complaints 'bout HER apartment turned in to th' agent an' what to tell his ma so.

"An' what'd he do but go an' get board for th' old dame in a family right in the airshaft from them, where she kept on continuin' her hobby, only more so, 'cause th' family over there is large an' they use a lot of soap on Saturday nights. Well, what I'm gettin' at is that my friend's so awful proud of her 'triumph' as she calls it.

"An' all th' time there she has to keep her windows shut, no matter how hot it is, 'cause th' fumes is wafted worse'n ever right into her flat, an' besides her house money is docked one-an'-a-half per week to pay for th' old lady's room. Triumph! Gee, what for a dub!"

"An' you've never been what you call a dub?" I asked suddenly.

"Yes, I was!" she flared back. "Once I was, but it didn't take me long to get wise to it. It was when I met th' Master-man. He was th' kind you guy

what gets notes written to him from skirts offerin' to commit suicide for him if it'll accommodate him any. He was dark an' so handsome that it hurt, an' he had a commandin' figger an' eyes what saw through things. An' every time he met a girl he'd work his hypnotic smile. An', gee, in five minutes she'd be sobbin' on his shoulder, almost. He had a bunch of gaudy pocket charms on a keyring that different dolls had donated. He carried 'em instead of scapels.

"Well, you can't blame me altogether for tumblin' for anything, so all-fired popular as that, 'specially as he seemed to be some smit himself. So, unconscious like, I joined th' ranks uv th' kill-me-quickies an' sang solo to th' dimple in his chin 'long with the rest until th' first novelty wore off an' I begin to object to his manner. He sed himself he was a master-man, born to be served by others. An', by gee, I found myself fetchin' an' carryin' just like a perfectly good fool an' belin' rewarded by a tap on th' head from his taperin' fingers, or maybe only an expressive glance from his languorous lids!

"It wasn't until one day when he sends me down to a sale uv men's socks, sayin' as I had such perfect taste he could trust th' errand to me, that I got th' jolt uv my young life. I went down there an' got in th' thick uv it an' had him walkin' all over my feet an' cussin' me for bein' there an' when I asserted my triumphant six pairs, assorted colors, all for one plunk, I beat it back to his office, thinkin' how pleased he'd be with my work, an' maybe he'd squeeze me 'd hand.

"Instead, when I stepped over his threshold I seen it was empty except for his typewriter, who was dippy over him herself—fer all th' good it did her. An' she tells me, enjoyin' every word, the cat, that he had went to lunch with a new one. So I just sat there an' every minute I sat there was growin' in me a red hot anger that old Dr. Fairbairn would 'a' needed to invent a new thermometer to record.

"At last I got my idea. I borrowed th' office shears an' snipped th' toes an' heels off every one of them hactic bargain socks. Then I wrapped 'em up again an' wrote on the package: 'No loss as you wear these you're sure to be footloose an' free.'

"An' I drifted out uv his office, feelin' as pleased an' peaceful as if I'd just tossed an egg into an electric fan."

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