"S'Matter, Pop?"

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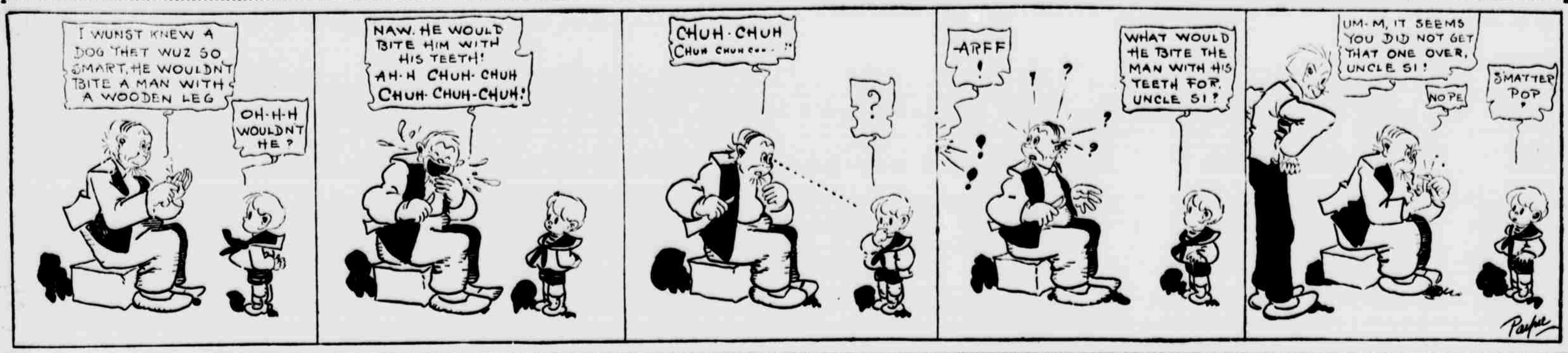
By C. M. Payne



DOMESTIC DIALOGUES

By Alma Woodward.

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The Downfall.

Scene: The Brown's flat at 6 P. M.

(As Mr. B. enters Mrs. B. confronts him, her skirts looped up and pinned about her waist, her hair awry. In her right hand she brandishes a formidable looking brush.)

Mr. B. (suddenly)—For the love of Pete, what've you been up to? You look like the coat-of-arms of the Scrubwomen's Secret Society!

Mrs. B. (pulling him in)—If you'd only come home at your usual time instead of earlier, I would have been all finished. Why is it when I want you to come home early you always come late and the other way around, too? Well, I'm not going to let you come in until I'm finished, anyway. It'll take only a few minutes more.

(Mrs. B. shoves him into the first bedroom and attempts to close the door.)

Mr. B. (taking hold of the knob)—No you don't. Even if you want me to stay in here I have to breathe, you know. What's the great secret? Maybe I could help you in what you're doing.

Mrs. B. (scornfully)—Do you think I need your help? Wouldn't I have waited for you to come home if I had? No. I just went ahead and did it to show you that some women have the ability to do things that are generally known as men's jobs and make good at them, too.

Mr. B. (impatiently)—Well, what is it you've been doing?

Mrs. B. (obstinately)—I'm not going to tell you. And don't you go creeping in on tiptoe and try to peek, because I'll hear you if you do.

Mr. B. (irately)—Well, go and finish it and stop talking so much if you expect I'm going to stay in this little cubbyhole until you call me.

Mrs. B. (with a raised, admonishing finger)—Well, you just better!

(Mrs. B. exits. Mr. B., ears alert, hears violent swishings of a brush, creaking boards and sliding sounds.)

Mr. B. (after a few minutes)—Can't I come in yet?

Mrs. B. (clarion tones from the distance)—You can NOT! Now, don't get me all nervous and upset, Freddie, by nagging at me. I'll let you in the first minute I'm finished.

Mr. B. (plaintively)—Well, it's hot in here, an' I want to wash.

Mrs. B. (philosophically)—Oh, it won't kill you to wait a minute more to wash.

(Mr. B. starts to whistle "Hearts and Flowers." Mrs. B. sets up counterpoint opposition with "Yankee Doodle.")

Mr. B. (very peeved)—Say, if you think you're going to—

Mrs. B. briskly, from the other room)—Now you may come in.

(Mr. B. starts up the hall, toward the living room. Every few steps he finds his progress is retarded by the soles of his shoes sticking to the floor.)

Mr. B. (explosively)—What the?—

Mrs. B. (appearing with the brush)—What's the matter with you now?

Mr. B. (holding up one foot, flamingo fashion)—What's this sticky stuff you've dropped on the floor? Did you smash a bottle of jam?

Mrs. B. (apologetically)—Oh, I guess some drops must have dropped off the brush when I went down the hall. Oh, well, it can be washed off with a little turpentine. Come on in and look and stop your kicking.

(Mrs. B. leads him by the elbow into the living room. He finds that the floor presents a damply sticky appearance.)

Mr. B. (spluttering)—Well, what have you—

Mrs. B. (interrupting pompously)—There! There's your floor all shellacked and done as well as any expert could do it. YOU wouldn't do it. You wanted to get a man and spend four or five dollars on it, and here I've done it and all it cost was the can of shellac. (Triumphantly.) You see I'm not as helpless as I look. And I want you to notice another thing I did that denotes the use of brain, even if I do say it myself. Instead of waiting until I'd finished the whole thing to put the furniture back, I placed each piece as soon as I'd finished that patch of floor, thus obviating a lot of walking over it. See?

Mr. B. (roaring coarsely) — Umph! Gee! That's a hot one! Of course you were planning for stationary furniture.

Mrs. B. (indignantly)—What do you mean?

Mr. B. (relishing the situation)—Well, the furniture'll be stationary all right! In fact so stationary that it'll take a chisel and an axe to make it movable again. In other words, it'll be frozen to the floor!

Mrs. B. (getting wise at last)—You mean thing! That's right, make fun of me after I've done that horrid work, just because I made a little mistake.

Mr. B.—Well, as soon as we've rectified the little mistake and pried the stuff loose, I guess we better get a man for three or four dollars to do the floor, eh?

Mrs. B. (flouncing out of the room)—Oh! You brute!

Mr. B. (soliloquizing)—Well, it'll be a good thing to mention in the future whenever I want to take her down a peg or two.

BETTY VINCENT'S ADVICE TO LOVERS

Superficial Prejudices.

BETTY VINCENT

IT is unwise for a girl to permit herself to be prejudiced against a man for superficial reasons.

You perhaps know the story of the young woman who said that there were four men whom she would never marry—a Frenchman, a Protestant, a clergyman or a widower. And in due season she became the third wife of a French Protestant preacher. She was sensible enough to shed every one of her quite superficial prejudices.

She would have been even more sensible if she hadn't cultivated them in the first place. The things that really count about a man are his cleverness, his honesty, his courtesy, his breadth of view—not the color of his eyebrows or the style of necktie he prefers.

"H. M." writes: "If a young man and young woman are going away together, isn't it proper for her to carry the lunch box when he is carrying a grip containing bathing suits?"

Strictly speaking, a man is supposed to carry all the bundles. But if they are many and heavy, I think a nice girl helps him out.

"C. O." writes: "What are a girl's duties to a young man after she has become engaged to him? Should she give up the attentions of other young men on his account?"

Most certainly, if she loves him enough to promise to marry him.

A Foolish Letter.

"A. R." writes: "I had a quarrel with my fiancee and wrote her a very angry letter. Now I am sorry, but I cannot seem to make her believe that I did not mean all the unkind things I said. What shall I do?"

You must trust to time to second your apologies. But don't write any more things which you'll want to take back later.

"H. L." writes: "I have known a girl for about two years, and at times she seems to think a lot of me. Then again she will act indifferent. Have you any explanation of this conduct?"

She probably doesn't know her own mind, and is trying to discover it.

He Can't Find a Princess-Bride.

PITY poor Prince Adalbert. For, although he has begun his thirtieth year and is the handsomest of the German Emperor's six stalwart sons, he is still a bachelor, and can't find a royal princess to accept his hand and heart. Princess Thyra of Denmark was the first to "give the mitten" to the sailor prince. Next he proposed to Princess Patricia, daughter of Canada's Governor-General, and she refused. Princess Sophia Charlotte of Oldenburg "turned down" Adalbert and married Wilhelm Eitel-Friedrich, the Emperor's second son. The Grand Duchess Olga of Russia, Princess Marie of Roumania, the reigning Grand Duchess of Luxemburg and several others are alleged to have joined in the boycott of Adalbert's matrimonial ambitions. Then he asked his papa if he might wed a lovely girl he had met on the tennis court, and who had favored him with many smiles, but the stern parent said nay.

Prince Adalbert, who stands third in age among the Kaiser's sons, was born July 14, 1884, and has risen to be a captain-commander in the navy, being the only one of the Hohenzollern "boys" to adopt the acquatic branch of the service. All the other sons of the War Lord are soldiers, except Dr. August Wilhelm, who has chosen a civil career, much to his father's disgust.

Then and Now

Dressing for the Dance

Copyright, 1913, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World).

By Eleanor Schorer

The Fool Killer

Story of a Southern Bogy and a New York Cafe

By O. Henry

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTER.

Down South whenever any one acts particularly like a fool, every one says, "Send for Jesse Holmes." Jesse Holmes is the Fool Killer and a myth, like Santa Claus. The narrator from boyhood had a picture in his mind of Jesse Holmes. Kerner was the artist friend of the narrator and he was a fool. His father, worth $2,000,000, stood for his "art," but not for his outspoken determination to marry Elise, an $8-a-week factory girl. Kerner and the narrator dine at Farroni's. The narrator sips absinthe and under its influence sees Jesse Holmes at an adjoining table. The latter joins the two, hears Kerner say that he will marry Elise next week, calls him a fool and shouts, "Consider yourself as one dead." Then the Fool Killer walked out.

(Continued.)

"WAIT here for me," said I, rising; "I must speak to that man. Had you no answer for him? Because you are a fool must you die like a mouse under his foot? Could you not utter one squeak in your own defense?"

"You are drunk," said Kerner, heartlessly. "No one addressed me."

"The destroyer of your kind," said I, "stood above you just now and marked you for his victim. You are not blind or deaf."

"I recognize no such person," said Kerner. "I have seen no one but you at this table. Sit down. Hereafter you shall have no more absinthe drips."

"Wait here," said I, furious; "if you don't care for your own life I will save it for you."

I hurried out and overtook the man in gray half-way down the block. He looked as I had seen him in my fancy a thousand times—truculent, gray and awful. He walked with the white oak staff, and but for the street-sprinkler the dust would have been flying under his tread.

I caught him by the sleeve and steered him to a dark angle of a building. I knew he was a myth, and I did not want a cop to see me conversing with vacancy, for I might land in Bellevue minus my silver matchbox and diamond ring.

"Jesse Holmes," said I, facing him with apparent bravery, "I know you. I have heard of you all my life. I know now what a scourge you have been to your country. Instead of killing fools you have been murdering the youth and genius that are necessary to make a people live and grow great. You are a fool yourself, Holmes; you began killing off the brightest and best of your countrymen three generations ago, when the old and obsolete standards of society and honor and orthodoxy were narrow and bigoted. You proved that when you put your murderous mark upon my friend Kerner—the wisest chap I ever knew in my life."

The Fool-Killer looked at me grimly and closely.

"You've a queer jag," said he, curiously. "Oh, yes; I see who you are now. You were sitting with him at the table. Well, if I'm not mistaken I heard you call him a fool, too."

"I did," said I. "I delight in doing so. It is from envy. By all the standards that you know he is the most egregious and grandiloquent and gorgeous fool in all the world. That's why you want to kill him."

"Would you mind telling me who or what you think I am?" asked the old man.

I laughed boisterously and then stopped suddenly, for I remembered that it would not do to be seen so hilarious in the company of nothing but a brick wall.

"You are Jesse Holmes, the Fool-Killer," I said, solemnly, "and you are going to kill my friend Kerner. I don't know who rang you up, but if you do kill him I'll see that you get pinched for it. That is," I added, despairingly, "if I can get a cop to see you. They have a poor eye for mortals, and I think it would take the whole force to round up a myth murderer."

"Well," said the Fool-Killer, briskly, "I must be going. You had better go home and sleep it off. Good night."

At this I was moved by a sudden fear for Kerner to a softer and more pleading mood. I leaned against the gray man's sleeve and besought him:

"Good Mr. Fool-Killer, please don't kill little Kerner. Why can't you go back South and kill Congressmen and clay-eaters and let us alone? Why don't you go up on Fifth avenue and kill millionaires that keep their money locked up and won't let young fools marry because one of 'em lives on the wrong street? Come and have a drink, Jesse. Will you never get on to your job?"

"Do you know this girl that your friend has made himself a fool about?" asked the Fool-Killer.

"I have the honor," said I, "and that's why I called Kerner a fool. He is a fool because he has waited so long before marrying her. He is a fool because he has been waiting in the hopes of getting the consent of some absurd two-million-dollar-fool parent or something of the sort."

"Maybe," said the Fool-Killer, "maybe I—I might have looked at it differently. Would you mind going back to the restaurant and bringing your friend Kerner here?"

"Oh, what's the use, Jesse?" I yawned. "He can't see you. He didn't know you were talking to him at the table. You are a fictitious character, you know."

"Maybe he can this time. Will you go fetch him?"

"All right," said I, "but I've a suspicion that you're not strictly sober, Jesse. You seem to be wavering and losing your outlines. Don't vanish before I get back."

I went back to Kerner and said:

"There's a man with an invisible homicidal mania waiting to see you outside. I believe he wants to murder you. Come along. You won't see him, so there's nothing to be frightened about."

Kerner looked anxious.

"Why," said he, "I had no idea one absinthe would do that. You'd better stick to Wurzburger. I'll walk home with you."

I led him to Jesse Holmes.

"Rudolph," said the Fool-Killer, "I'll give in. Bring her up to the house. Give me your hand, boy."

"Good for you, dad," said Kerner, shaking hands with the old man. "You'll never regret it after you know her."

"So, did you see him when he was talking to you at the table?" I asked Kerner.

"We hadn't spoken to each other in a year," said Kerner. "It's all right now."

I walked away.

"Where are you going?" called Kerner.

"I am going to look for Jesse Holmes," I answered with dignity and reserve.

To-morrow—"The Clarion Call," Tale of a New York Thief-Taker and a Thief That Wouldn't Be

There Is Just One Animal Man Has Never Conquered.

THERE is just one animal man has never conquered, never can conquer. Centuries ago every other beast became the slave of man or else fled far from human habitation. One and one only refused to flee or to submit.

The horse, the dog, the cow, the sheep, the goat, the pig—all came into camp thousands of years ago. They have ever since worked for man or fed him, or both. They have been his unquestioned and unquestioning slaves. The elephant, too, has become a servant as have other jungle lords.

The lion, the tiger, the wolf, the bear, and such other savage beasts as have not yielded service to man have slunk away in terror from the path of civilization; and are killed on sight.

But one single animal claims man's protection, shares his food and hearth, wanders at will and unmolested through human haunts; and does absolutely no work in return; obeys no orders, and does not even serve as food or clothing.

This only exception to a world of servants and of scared enemies is the domestic cat.

Think it over. The cat will not work. It will not guard your home. Its flesh and fur serve no use. Its one useful act is the catching of mice and rats. And these it slays and eats because it wants to; not to help out its owner. For example, it does not bring its captured prey to its owner to eat. Nor will it hunt rodents unless it happens to feel like doing so.

The cat won't work. It won't even learn tricks unless it happens to want to. And no one can punish or torture it into learning any trick it doesn't want to learn.

That is why there are almost no trick cats in animal shows and why the few that are there do such very simple tricks. A dog can be tortured into doing tricks. A cat can't.

When some animals became man's slaves and others fled from him, the cat did neither. It simply took all the favors and advantages man had to offer; and refused to do one lick of work in exchange. Beat a dog and he will fawn on you. Beat a cat and it will attack you and then desert you. You can't conquer the cat. You can't make it work.

THE CAVE GIRL.

"The Cave Girl," by Edgar Rice Burroughs, author of "Tarzan of the Apes," will begin serial publication in The Evening World Monday, Sept. 22. "The Cave Girl" is even more unusual and more exciting than "Tarzan of the Apes." It deals with the adventures of an American castaway on an island peopled by ape-men and savage beasts and of his meeting with a glorious wild girl.

DAN REILLY
The Greatest Gunner IN THE WORLD

Senior Gunpointer of Turret No. 4 on Battleship Arkansas, Now in Port, Holds Best Record With Twelve-Inch Gun Ever Made.

"'WAY 'round the Horn," as they say in the Brooklyn Navy Yard, lies the superdreadnought Arkansas. A floating steel mill of steel, filled with the sound of clanging anvils, rust chipping cold-chisels and the slap-slap of paint brushes, one is very conscious as soon as he is aboard her that everybody in the ship is acutely self-conscious about No. 4 turret, the second from the stern.

Under command of Lieut. J. Howard Ingram, the two guns of that turret, served by eighty-five men, made a record for straight shooting which surpasses any known to have been made with 12-inch guns on any fighting ship in the world. In fifty-seven seconds three shots each were fired from those two guns and each and every shot hit a target being towed at a rate of five miles an hour, five miles from the ship. The target would have made a mere patch on the side of the enemy's battleship.

The six gun-pointers and trainers—D. J. Reilly, L. I. Ebbitt, Emil Pautet, W. H. Andress, J. F. Hackett and J. P. Harmy—hold a continuous watch on the after deck around their turret. Four of them had a day off as soon as the ship arrived Wednesday, and two more had twenty-four hours ashore yesterday. Lieut. Ingram will get all of the extra time and privileges he can for them for a long time to come, in addition to the extras allowed by the regulations. He gave all eighty-five of them what they called "a blowout" on the trip home, with extras of the best that the galley could give.

D. J. REILLY

But they are not a talky lot, these men who so remarkably proved their right to be behind the guns. They are rather given to standing uneasily in a group, huddled together as though for protection from the good-natured gibes and interruptions of other members of the crew who crowd around them whenever a stranger approaches.

Dan Reilly is the man to whom interviewers are referred by the officer of the deck who call for the pointers of No. 4 turret. Reilly is slender, long-jawed, freckled, and is hardly more than a boy. His hair is red; under questioning he constantly rubs his chin as though feeling for a stubble which is not there.

"Feel your whiskers, Dan," shouted a voice out of the distance when The Evening World photographer approached; "here comes a man to take your picture."

There was a glint in Reilly's eye which did not promise well for the one who blatted out in the presence of strangers references to personal peculiarities which come out in the close association on shipboard more certainly than anywhere else. The rest of his comrades got behind him and he did the talking.

"How do we do it?" he asked. "Teamwork; that's all. The Lieutenant back of us, the six of us at the two guns and seventy-five more all the way down to the magazine, sending us ammunition. If the Lieutenant did not have us trained to work together and to do everything just so, why, the eighty-one of us in the turret crew wouldn't be any good. If any one of the six of us lost his nerve or got over-anxious or didn't keep one eye out all the time to meet every other man's slip or rush, all the good work of the Lieutenant and of the seventy-five men below would go for nothing. And if the seventy-five down below turned clumsy or stupid there would be no such scoring at the target.

"Then there is the practice. Every time we go out to sea, overboard goes a target and a launch to tow it, and we get busy. Not with these guns," and he nodded carelessly up at the pair of giant tubes above his head, "but with one-pounders clamped in those tubes up there on top of the gun near the turret. Shooting those does not cost so much and is just as good practice in pointing and training as though we were using service charges. We don't shoot these guns more than two or three times a year.

"But just keep it in your head that it's teamwork that does the good shooting. That right, Pautet?"

"You bet!" said the swarthy Emil Pautet. "Just teamwork," and the other two nodded. But, as Reilly was called away, one and then another sidled up to add: "Do you know you've been talking to the best gunner in the world? That's him. That same red-headed feller you was talking to. We don't say he is the best on this ship, or the best in the Atlantic fleet or the best in the United States Navy—we say the best in the world. We knew it before and he proved it Thursday—and he can prove it again."

Now, when a turret is in action this is what happens: There are two pointers for each gun and two trainers for the turret. A pointer is at the sight of each gun with a firing pedal under his foot and his hands on a wheel which elevates or lowers the muzzle far out over the side. Back of him sits another pointer with a telephone receiver connected with the roost up at the top of the basket-work mast, outside. From the range-finder up there he learns how far away the enemy's vessel or the target is. Then he sets the sights to carry the shell over the long parabola through the air the exact distance.

The trainer sits betwen the guns in the middle of the turret and works the wheel which swings the turret right or left. Back of him is another trainer, and with a telescope clamped over his head, he handles levers which set the turret with regard to the speed of the target, of the Arkansas and the velocity of the wind.

The trainer works his wheel, which swings the turret until his sights show that he has them on a line with the target. Then the pointer elevates or lowers the muzzle until he finds the target in the middle of it. He sets down his foot hard on a pedal and the great mass of steel goes shrieking to its mar'. It is the quickness with which his eye catches the critical moment and his foot acts on the lever; precision and nerve which make such gunners as Dan Reilly and his brethren.

Old-Time Football.

IN the twelfth century London enjoyed football. FitzStephen, clerk to Thomas a Becket, tells how, after dinner, the youths of the city would "address themselves" to football. These sportsmen were fastidious in their way. The scholars of each school had a ball peculiar to themselves, as had indeed most of the particular trades. The fathers of the players, too, were "as youth as the youngest." For, "their natural heat seeming to be revived at the sight of so much agility," they sprang from their stands into the arena. In later days, too, the excitement of the game has been known to infect the spectators. Somebody wrote of a game in 1598: "These two men were killed by Ould Gunter. Gunter's sonnes and ye Gregories fell together by ye years at football. Ould Gunter drew his dagger and broke boothe their heades and they died boothe within a fortnight after."

LARGE BY COMPARISON.

"I have nothing to wear."

"You have plenty to wear," declared her husband. "Just compare your wardrobe with that of a girl in a comic opera."—Courier Journal.