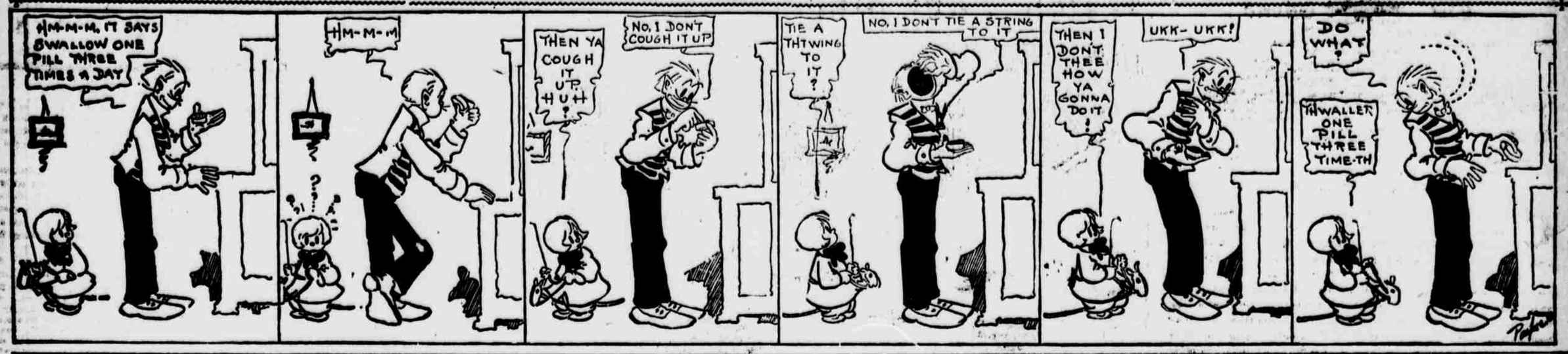
"S'Matter, Pop?"

Copyright, 1914, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World.)

By C. M. Payne



Romances of Models, By Famous Artists

Copyright, 1914, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World).

EVERETT SHINN and the "Dual Personality" Girl.

"ONCE in a while," began Mr. Everett Shinn, the artist, in relating the romance of one of his models, "we meet in life a personality which displays two distinct sides. I think it is usually a very impressionable or temperamental individual who gives evidence of this contradiction of character.

"My model Georgia had a faculty of surprising me by sudden and unexpected changes from a girl as mild and well bred as there ever was, to a shrew as little controlled and as ugly tongued as one would care to see. Georgia had a grievance which incensed her with wild thoughts.

"She came of old Georgia stock, but in the family cupboard was a skeleton which caused the girl to leave her home and shift for herself. As described by Georgia, her mother was 'the dearest, loveliest, gentlest, genteelest lady in all the world.' The girl worshipped her, and when she talked of her a beautiful expression glorified her face and made her all that she said her mother was.

"When she spoke of her father, on the contrary (the menace of her young existence), anger and hatred shook her girlish form and she became unattractive and almost objectionable in her language.

"'He bets on the ponies, he's a crook, a gambler, a disgrace,' she would cry vehemently. 'I gave up the only man I want to marry because I was not going to take any chance on Ed's throwing me over. I cleared out because my father is a demon. I know it was wrong to leave my mother alone, but I could not stand it any longer.'

"She told me how the old sport had delved into the family exchequer; how he had lost large sums in betting, and she vowed she would never return home until her father swore off gambling.

"Georgia was verging on a nervous breakdown when one day good news came from the South. Her father had been trying to retrieve his losses by risking more and more. He had lived the harrowed, feverish existence of the gambler who plays for gain out of all proportion to what his efforts deserve. It must have been to save the soul of the beautiful girl that fate was unwantonly kind. With one stroke of luck he won back the money he had recklessly used.

"Everything was waiting for her at home; the mother she adored, the man she loved and the father to whom (when in one of her better moods) she wanted to become reconciled, provided he would promise to reform. She decided to visit her family. The old man had more love for his Georgia than she had for him, and now that the chance came to win her back he was ready to prove his devotion. At her demand he signed over every cent of his winnings to his wife.

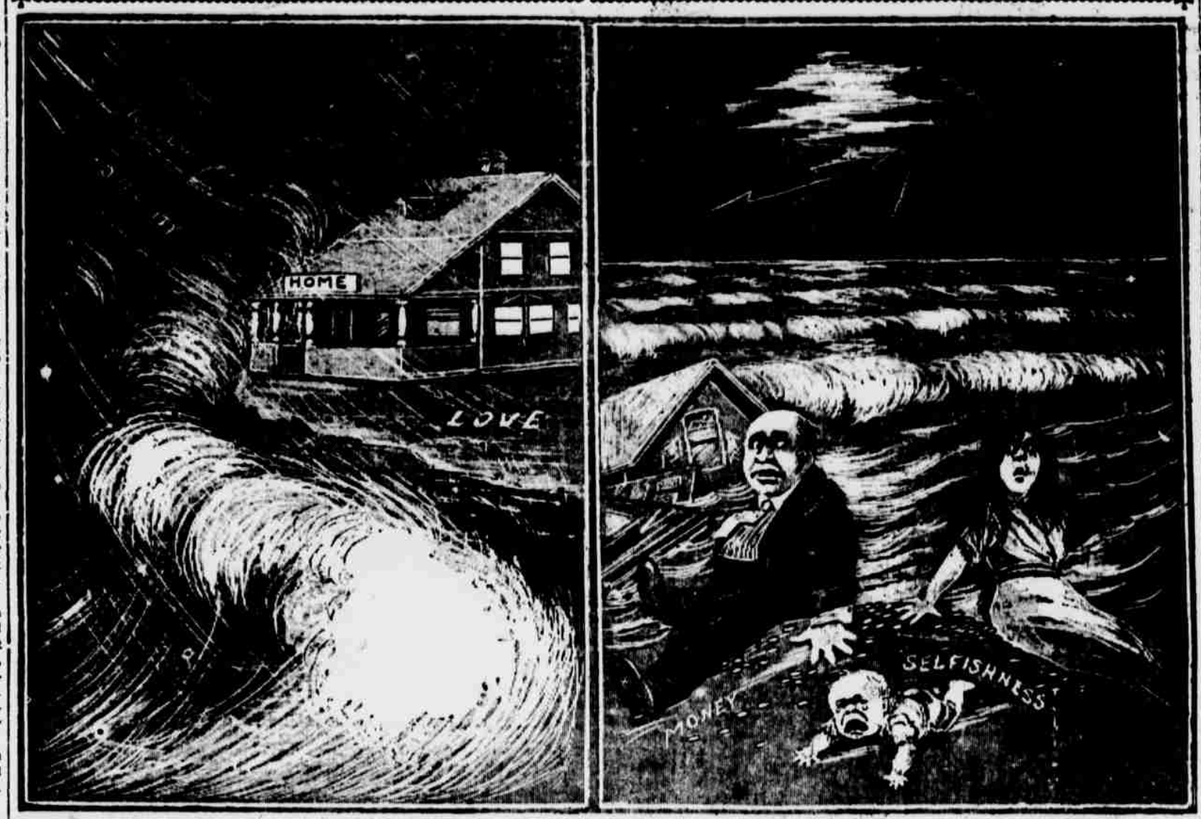
"Georgia's humiliation vanished. She no longer had any scruples about marrying the man she loved, for the disgrace of the family had been miraculously wiped out. 'Ed,' whom she brought to see me on their honeymoon, said:

"'I'd have come after her myself if she had not come back soon. No man could fail to appreciate how splendid she is, and nothing that her old man did would have kept me from marrying her, even if she thought she could lose me. But as it happens, everything has turned out for the best.'"

A Modern Parable

The House on the Rock —and on the Sand

Copyright, 1914, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World.)



THEREFORE, whosoever taketh the marriage vow and keepeth it, I will liken him unto a wise man who built his house upon a rock; and the rain descended and the floods came and the winds blew and beat upon that house and it fell not, for it was founded upon a rock.

And every one that taketh the marriage vow and keepeth it not shall be likened unto a foolish man who built his house upon the sand; and the rain descended and the floods came and the winds blew and beat upon that house and it fell, and great was the fall of it.

THE ROAD TO THE TOP

Those Who Are at the Summit Point Out the Route to Others Who Are Beginning to Climb.

Copyright, 1914, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World).

6.—REAL ESTATE BUSINESS. By Joseph P. Day.

(Head of one of the big real estate concerns.)

"RULES OF THE ROAD."

By Joseph P. Day.

Don't WIRE yourself to the top; WORK yourself there.

Be a STARTER, but be a FINISHER too.

Don't call a job DONE until it is FINISHED.

Don't COUNT on a deal until it is CLINCHED.

Better a small HONEST commission than a big DISHONEST one.

NO matter what your job is, young man, whether it is learning the real estate busines or carpentering, the one rule of "the road" to "the top" is this: Bite into it, hang on and never let go until you are there.

There is one business capacity which a young man MUST have, and that is a capacity for WORK. Genius and special talent are of no value to the young man who does not keep them persistently at work. Remember what Daniel Webster said: "It has been said I owe my success to genius. It is to WORK and not to GENIUS I owe my success."

The boss keeps his eye on the "plugger." Did you ever study one of these erratic fellows who is so bright he fairly shines, yet seems unable to hold down any one job very long? He has more schemes and ideas spouting out of him than an electric fountain has colors, but pretty soon, after he has made his first impression, he begins to turn off the current. And then that impression begins to wear off because he isn't doing anything any more to live up to it.

The best way you can please your boss, and draw his attention to you, is to attend to his business. A day's work is never done until its every opportunity has been embraced and its every task is finished. The clock doesn't measure the day except for the lazy man or the shirker. If the boss looks at you when it comes closing time, he isn't thinking: "How long has that fellow worked to-day?" He's thinking: "What has that fellow ACCOMPLISHED to-day?" And promotion day never comes to the fellow who is WAITING for it. It comes only to the fellow who is WORKING for it.

If you are convinced that you are ready to tackle the job and knuckle right down to work, then you are ready to study the further requirements of the real estate business.

If you are a very young man, in your 'teens, you probably will want to begin your career by going to work for some reputable and successful firm where you will have the opportunity to learn the game from the ground floor up.

Then if you kept on plugging and kept showing that you knew a little more about the job than the other fellow and kept absorbing and retaining all the real estate information that came your way—and that you went out of your way to get acquainted with—when the time came for a salesman to be made by promotion from the ranks, YOU would very likely be that salesman.

Your powers of observation must be nursed and increased until you learn never to make the same mistake twice, because you will recognize it as a mistake while it is a mile away.

You will learn, if you are sufficiently observing, that one of the greatest moving factors in successful real estate operating is PERSONALITY.

Your personality must create the impression that you are a solid, intelligent man with plenty of energy and perseverance. You should be neat in dress, with nothing to hint that you are sporty or frivolous.

Furthermore, you must be able to make friends. You must be the type that men are glad to see even when they have no business with you at the moment. By this I do not mean "be a good fellow" as the term generally is used. I have never been able to discover that drinking is essential to commercial success.

You must know the property you are handling thoroughly. You must have the art of salesmanship so developed that you will know not only how to approach and interest a man, but how and when to clinch the deal. These are all things experience will teach you.

And when you get to the top, bite in harder than ever, so that you won't SLIP BACK.

5-Minute Fights With "Fate"

By Anna Woodward.

Copyright, 1914, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World).

What This Year Will Bring.

EVERY year on the first of January, when the calendar slips up one, the word goes forth to look for better things, to recharge your ambition battery, to make good.

And every year on the 31st of December, just twenty-four hours before that date, you realize what a lost hope, what a false alarm, you've been during the past twelve months. Yet on the following morn you get off a lot of the New Year cheer hot air yourself and believe it.

What's the use? What's the sense in pulling wool over your own eyes when there are so many people in the world ready to do it for you?

Unless you have something tangible in view, something you know is going to better your position, make money for you and increase your ease in living, I don't see why you should vaguely and aimlessly express fond hopes of riches to come in the new-born year.

Here's what we'd drink to if we truthfully and impartially searched our hearts and spoke from the fulness thereof:

"Well, I'm lucky to have gotten by! Here's to the boss—hoping he won't fire me. Here's to the tradesmen—may they not lose faith in my credit. Here's to the landlord—I hope he chokes if he puts me out for arrears. Here's to my wife—that she may never get wise to what a stupendous bluff I am."

The remedy is not to drug ourselves with a lot of New Year cheer stuff just for that day and then fit our feet to the same old ruts on the following morning. Rather is it to face the truth, no matter how bitter, on the first day of the year, and vow:

"To-morrow—not the day after—but TO-MORROW—I'm going to hustle as I've never hustled before. I'm going to do things, many things, and out of the batch, by the law of chance, some must be successful. I'm not going to be discouraged by my failures—everybody has them. I'm not going to build tombs on the ashes of my misfortunes. I'll use them as so much experience, than which there is nothing more costly in the world."

Hope is a priceless gem; faith another. But hope and faith, not backed by ambition and stick-at-itiveness, prove to be spineless things that beckon one on to the mirages of life's desert.

One of the most successful men I ever knew said it was his custom every morning to sit down at his desk, to pick from the things he had to do the most difficult and disagreeable task of all, and do it on the spot without a second thought. Because, he said, if he had thought a second time he'd have done everything else first and have had that nightmare hanging over his head all day.

So here's to what I'm going to do in the new year:

I'm going to plough through obstacles instead of walking around them. I'm going to make myself KNOW that what others have done I can do. I'm going to be able to say on Dec. 31, 1914, instead of "Here's hoping," "I HAVE progressed. I have earned the right to hope."

All for His Boy

The Story of a "Grafting" Police Official and His Son

By C. S. Thompson

(Copyright, 1914, by Press Pub. Co.)

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING INSTALMENT.

Police Captain Burke of the Tenderloin precinct is fiercely assailed as a grafter by one of the New York papers. This rouses him to a murderous rage; the more so since the name of John, his only son, is mentioned in connection with the affair. John, a senior at Yale, is his father's idol. There is little affection, however, on his boy's part, for Burke and the two seldom meet. John comes to the police station and tells Burke of the humiliation caused him at college by the publication of the charges. The lad declares himself disgraced and intimates that he is bitterly ashamed of his father.

(Continued.)

AFTER a while the Captain sat down again with the knowledge that he was driving his boy away—still further away. He knew that something would have to be done; just what, he didn't know.

Only once in his official life had he gone through a similar experience. That was some twenty years before, when this same newspaper first opened fire on him, and his wife begged him to give up the system which had made graft a thing of his life. His fancy drifted to a gentle, white-haired woman. He had answered her appeal with an emphatic refusal. He knew better than she did, he said.

As a matter of fact, he had really answered her appeal with money. He replied by giving her more money for her east side charities.

Burke clung to the solitude of his private office, with his black cigar aflame, trying to plan a course of action that would satisfy his boy. He couldn't come to any decision, because he knew that the terms of a truce with the newspaper were not for him to dictate.

Accordingly, that evening, giving up his uniform for a civilian suit of black, he went to the office of the paper. He knew the man with whom he would have to do business. It was an old reportorial friend—Keenan, who had since risen to the city desk.

Keenan was but little changed since the days of his reporting. He was still very thin and perhaps a little whiter in the cheek; nevertheless, he had the same keen, penetrating eye as of old.

"Good evening, Captain," he said, holding open the gate. "Come right in, won't you?"

Burke sat down beside the city desk. His stubby fingers were itching, so to speak, to get at the imaginary throat of this little, weak man.

"Say, Keenan," began the Captain, pushing his hat on the back of his head, "do you know what I feel like doing? I feel like taking hold of your dirty little windpipe and holding on till you get black in the face!"

The city editor looked up, sickly white, straight into the eyes of the Captain.

"You're the man to do it, Burke," he answered, with a smile. "It wouldn't be the first time either that you held a throat until the man quit breathing!"

Burke held his tongue. The city editor pushed aside a pile of copy.

"Come, Burke," he said. "Let's get down to business. What can we do for you?"

"Keenan," quickly answered the captain, "somebody down here got me on the phone this afternoon asking if I didn't have something to say for myself. You know—a statement. So I took it into my head I'd come down and talk things over."

"Burke, it's the only thing to do."

"Tell me, Keenan, how long are you fellows going to keep up this mud-throwing?"

"You saw what we had this morning? We'll have another page like it to-morrow morning, one the morning after and one the next."

Burke had been afraid of that very thing.

"Let's have a talk on the level," he said. "What's the trouble, Keenan? I know you, and you know me. Is it a case of slipping you fellows something?"

"No, Burke. When you talk that way, you don't know me, and I doubt even if you know yourself. You ask me what the trouble is. I can tell you. There's only one trouble. Listen, Burke—you're in wrong. You've always been in wrong, and I suppose you will always be in wrong, until some one helps you out."

"What are you getting at?"

"Just what I'm telling you. You're in wrong, Burke. I know it, and down in the bottom of your heart you know it, too. Come, own up to it, and then perhaps I can help you."

"I don't want anybody's help!"

The city editor turned to his desk, waving aside a young man who had come to speak with him.

"Burke," he said, "if that's the way you're going to talk, we can't do any business."

"What would you have me do, Keenan?"

"Quit the desk."

"What—under fire?"

He wasn't prepared to pay such a price. It wasn't in keeping with his record. He couldn't help but think of his record, of which he had always boasted—his untarnished record since the days of his gang. He had never shown the white feather to any man. If he quit under fire, what would the gang say? And those higher up? Wouldn't they call him a coward? No—not to his face. Still, they would think it of him, and he could never take them by their puny white throats and hold on until they were black in the face.

"Keenan," he said, "you don't know me!"

"Burke, I know you better than you know yourself. You're in wrong, and you know it, too. Only you won't say so. Never mind; in the end, mark my words, we'll get you."

"How?"

"Why, by keeping at you."

"Ain't you fellows been after me going on twenty years?"

"Burke, we may, or we may not, be able to drive you off the desk. But that isn't the point. The point is we're going to do something a good deal worse. We're in a position to make life very miserable for you and yours."

He could tell them that even now they were beginning to make his life miserable. His eyes wandered about the room. The sight of these young men at work, some of them bending to their copy with pencils, and others pounding away at typewriters—the click of their machines, and the sound of urgent voices—all this activity recalled the second blow they were aiming at him, and filled him with a greater fear.

"Burke, tell me one thing," went on the city editor. "Why don't you give up the desk—of your own free will? Here you are going on fifty-five, with only a few more years at the longest, and then—why, then, Burke, whether you want to or not, you'll have to quit. Have you ever stopped to think of that? Yes, some day, Burke, it will all be over, and then what are you going to do? You don't know? No, of course not. There's only one thing we're more or less sure of, Burke, and that's the life we're living right here in this world—yes, right here in this little city room, this very minute. Now's the time, then, to ask yourself the question—are you getting all there is out of life?"

Burke made no answer, because he didn't know what to say. After all, could it be that he was in wrong? Had he always been in wrong?

"Come, Burke, if you're not going to open up," said the city editor, going back to his copy, "we simply can't do business together."

"Keenan," said the Captain, with the blood warm in his cheeks, "am I in a grafter, and no matter what he does, no matter where he goes, no matter what kind of a life he tries to live, people will forever point him out as your son. The son of a grafter! His money will be called blood money. Take my word for it, there isn't any escape for him. This thing will follow him to the grave. Oh! I tell you, there's one thing in this world we can't beat, Burke, and that's the game of life. You've got to live it right or you lose!"

Burke had never thought of these things. He sat in the warm, used-up air, uncertain of his balance, breathing heavily, as he watched the yellowish spots of light swim around the room.

"Keenan"—— he faltered with a sinking heart.

He couldn't get any further, and as he turned his head away, seeing himself beaten, big man that he was, a rush of tears came to his cheeks.

The city editor looked the other way while the telegraph sounders went on beating a nervous tattoo and the young men in shirt sleeves kept on hammering away at their typewriters, filling up another page for the morning paper.

"Burke," said the city editor at length, "there's only one thing to do. You're going to quit—yes, under fire, so that there won't be any more mud throwing. When your boy finds it out, mark my words—when he finds out just how much you've done for him, Burke, he'll be proud of his father and he'll come to your arms and say so."

Burke was strangely upset. Would his boy come to his father's arms?

"If it's the only way, Keenan," he said bravely, "I quit."

The city editor put out his hand.

"You understand, Burke?" he said. "I'm sorry!"

At first Burke ignored the proffered hand.

"I'll shake," he said after a moment. "But, say, Keenan—I don't want no pity."

"Pity? No, he wouldn't have it!

(To Be Continued.)

Favorite Recipes Of America's Foremost Women

The favorite recipes of famous women of the United States are printed in The Evening World on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays. Many of the dishes described have won national renown.

Mrs. Henry M. Bankhead.

(Wife of Capt. Henry M. Bankhead, U. S. A.)

Pepper Vinegar.

SIX pods of red peppers cut in small pieces; three dozen black peppers, two even tablespoons of sugar, one quart best vinegar. Scald the vinegar in which the sugar has been dissolved; pour over the peppers; put in a jar and steep two weeks.

Dixie Biscuit.

HALF pint flour, half cap yeast, two teaspoons sugar, one heaping tablespoon lard, two eggs, half pint milk.

Put yeast in half pint of flour, with salt and sugar. Mix with warm water; let rise. Then add lard, eggs and milk, knead in flour enough to make right consistency. Roll about a half inch thick, cut with a glass. Put two together after spreading butter between; bake in quick oven to a delicate brown. "Splendid."

Mrs. Arthur A. Birney.

(President D. C. Congress of Mothers)

Chicken Croquettes.

THREE or four pounds of the meat of one chicken, salt, pepper, one tablespoon of lemon juice, one-fourth teaspoon celery seed, parsley; chop the meat fine, but not like hash; use all parts of the chicken; then add the cream sauce.

For the Cream Sauce.

Two tablespoons of butter warmed in a pan with three heaping spoons of flour; when thoroughly mixed add gradually one pint of milk, stirring all the time until smooth like paste, add to the chicken while hot, take out a tablespoon (while warm) onto a board spread with bread crumbs, roll the croquette in the crumbs, then dip in egg mixed with two tablespoons of water (do not beat the eggs light, just mix; for this quantity it takes two eggs). Roll in the crumbs again and drop in boiling lard. This quantity will make twenty croquettes. They are very nice. Veal may be used instead of chicken, or meat, only brown the butter before the flour is put in and use soup stock instead of milk.

Reprinted from the Economy Administration Cook Book by special permission of the publishers, W. B. Conkey Company, Hammond, Ind. Copyrighted, 1913, by Susie Root Hassler and Grace Porter Hopkins.

Betty Vincent's Advice to Lovers.

Unsought Love.

THE girl who thrusts her unsought attentions on a man has only herself to thank if she is repulsed.

NOR is every young man as considerate in his manner of repulsing as the one who wrote to me recently asking how he might convince a too-forward young woman that he did not care for her. He said he was most averse to hurting her feelings, but he resented against being any longer the recipient of her attentions. The average young man in such a position would not have sought advice. At worst, he would have led the girl on to making an even worse fool of herself. At best, he would have laughed at her among his intimates, while politely avoiding her society.

The most inviolable of society's unwritten laws is that a girl should never openly show her preference for a man before he has shown his for her. And this law has not been modified by recent feminine freedoms.

"R. A. writes: "I am in love with a girl, but I am very bashful. Will you advise me how to court her?"

There is one general principle: stop thinking about yourself and try to please the girl.