The Evening World.

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BE AT HOME TO THE PUBLIC.

THE Thompson Committee's advice to the First District Public Service Commission to celebrate its own reorganization by reorganizing its offices should not go unheeded.

Methods developed under the McCall regime have shown their utter unfitness to run the machinery of the Commission in the interest of the public. It is in all ways desirable that advisers, engineers and subordinates committed to those methods should not remain to hamper the work of the new Commissioners.

"Any one familiar with the testimony brought out in our investigation," declares Chairman Thompson, "knows that the whole atmosphere of the Commission's office is much more friendly to the public service corporations than it is to the citizens who appeal to the Commission to right wrongs or prevent wrongs."

That is certainly the impression the public has gained, not only from the inquiry but from its own experience in presenting complaints which never seemed to get further than the Commission's letter files.

If a reorganized Public Service Commission is to regain public confidence it must take extra pains to prove that it is henceforth, as its name implies, uniformly attentive to public needs properly brought to its notice.

This it cannot do through secretaries and subordinates who have been taught to suppress letters and bury complaints.

The Thompson Committee is quite right in believing that it will not have done a real job unless it aids in bringing about a very different feeling in the office of the Commission from that which now prevails.

It's about time we had a Public Service Commission on whose official premises the public found itself welcome.

Evidently Gov. James E. Ferguson of Texas is in no hurry to "charge Hell with a bucket of water."

A GAS CENTENNIAL?

THE Evening World expects to win its fight for eighty cent gas in South Brooklyn before the one hundredth anniversary of the first use of illuminating gas as a commercial commodity in this country.

This is assuming that Baltimore can make good its claim that in 1816 it saw the first attempt in America to supply gas for lighting purposes on a commercial scale. The Bulletin of the Brooklyn Institute of Arts makes timely note of some interesting gas reminiscences in the Baltimore Gas and Electric News. In an advertisement in the Baltimore American of June 13, 1816, Rembrandt Peale boasts of the wonderful new lighting system he has installed in Peale's Museum:

> "GAS LIGHTS! Without Oil, Tallow, Wick or Smoke!—It is not necessary to invite attention to the gas lights by which my saloon of paintings is now illuminated. Those who have seen the ring beset with gems of light are sufficiently disposed to spread their reputation. The purpose of this notice is merely to say that the Museum will be illuminated every evening until the public curiosity shall be gratified."

London had already for a year or two been "illuminating" Westminster Bridge, Covent Garden Theatre and a number of streets with gas lights "represented as being infinitely more brilliant, more inoxious, and vastly more economical than the common lamp light by oil." The Baltimore American of a century ago observes with mild sarcasm that this improvement was "first offered by the inventor to the people of Baltimore about eight or ten years earlier, but the people of Baltimore then laughed at the idea. Now that it has been carried into effect in London, no doubt our citizens will look upon it 'in a different light'."

Baltimore's pride in the matter is to be respected. It is a fact nevertheless that various gas corporations held a conference in Philadelphia in April, 1912, to celebrate the centenary of the use of artificial gas as an illuminant. It was April 30, 1812, that the first charter was granted to the Gas Light and Coke Company of England. During the same year it has been claimed gas was introduced into the United States.

We can understand that Baltimore's interest in gas history is stimulated by the fact that the city has at last achieved seventy-five cent gas.

In the past few years progress in lighting in this country has been mainly measured by successful campaigns in city after city to bring the price of gas as supplied by private companies down to just and reasonable figures. This year it is going to be the turn of South Brooklyn.

One month from to-day the G. O. P. of this State will gather at Carnegie Hall to nominate delegates to the Republican National Convention and draw up a platform. The Old Guard sit firm in their saddles. Late tryings of a well known trumpet have stiffened their backs.

Hits From Sharp Wits

If a man so lives that his wife looks upon matrimony as a great institution he doesn't need to care whom the neighbors select for model husband honors.—Toledo Blade.

* * *

It takes a courageous man to say "No" to the friend who asks him to drink or the woman who asks him to marry.—Pittsburgh Sun.

* * *

It doesn't take much art for a woman to fool the men. But you can just lay your little wad that she never fools the other women.—Columbia State.

* * *

Sweethearts—what women have before marriage.

* * *

The kinfolks who have the least and look the worst always think the most of us.—Macon News.

* * *

The driver who most vociferously urges a team dragging a heavy load up hill never gets off the wagon to lighten the load.—Albany Journal.

Letters From the People

A Sequel to "North of 53."

To the Editor of The Evening World.

I enjoyed your serial entitled "North of 53," very much. But it seemed to me that it ended somewhat abruptly, leaving several things merely implied. Wouldn't it be possible for the author to write a sequel to it? I am sure every one who read "North of 53" would like to read the sequel.

STENOGRAPHER.

A sequel to "North of 53" will be published in The Evening World, beginning Jan. 24.

Wanted!

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By J. H. Cassel

The Week's Wash

—By Martin Green—

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"A GREAT many people," remarked the head polisher, "are of the opinion that we should send the United States army into Mexico to avenge the killing of the Americans who were shot by bandits a few days ago."

"If we don't," said the laundry man, "I'm afraid Col. Roosevelt will go down there across the Rio Grande and do it himself. The first thing he knows he will be beyond restraint, and if the United States won't go to war he will start a private war of his own.

"Of course, to hear Col. Roosevelt and others who favor immediate invasion of Mexico tell it, President Wilson hasn't the slightest idea about what is going on down there. He is only the President of the United States, the one man in the country who is in complete ignorance of conditions in Mexico and along the border. He has no sources of information whatever.

"Of course, those who are not in favor of a rush into Mexico because a band of outlaws held up a railroad train and shot American citizens will timidly advance the suggestion that maybe the President has some knowledge of a state of affairs for the outcome of which he will have to shoulder the responsibility. It may be suggested on the President's behalf that perhaps he has so far forgotten himself as to confer with the Secretary of War and with Gen. Scott and Gen. Pershing and to read reports of Secret Service men who have been in Mexico.

"It is even insinuated that the President has been advised that if we send soldiers into Mexico to chase and shoot the Villa bandits, the Carranza troops, who are well armed, will join forces with their recent adversaries as against the invading Gringoes and that our army has not sufficient men or sufficient equipment to confront the situation at this time.

"The Governor of Texas is reactionary enough to say that to send an army into Mexico now would mean useless sacrifice of life.

"But all who suspect that President Wilson may have some inside knowledge are mistaken. He is a Democrat. He is an interloper. The real seat of knowledge is at Oyster Bay."

"Mostly Meddling."

"WHAT'S the idea of the movement in favor of Federal censorship of moving pictures?" asked the head polisher.

"Mostly meddlesomeness," replied the laundry man, "but there is good in the idea at that, and let us hope that the movie people will profit by the fight they are making. The super-virtuous folk who want to regulate everything are naturally crazy to regulate the movies, not only because they like to regulate, but because Federal regulation would mean the creation of a large number of fat, powerful jobs.

"The movie people are largely to blame. The average moving picture theatre is a pictorial slaughter house. It would seem that a moving picture director, once having purchased revolvers for use in a production, has an idea he must use those revolvers in every succeeding production. Revolvers, shotguns, knives, poison, masks, electric flashlights, assault and battery, mayhem, booze and sudden death predominate in a very large percentage of moving picture scenarios. The best way for the movie people to avoid outside regulation is to do a little inside regulating."

Henry's Six Votes.

"I SEE," said the head polisher, "that Henry Ford says he voted only six times in thirty years."

"In view of what Henry has been saying and doing lately," said the laundry man, "it is surprising to learn that he ever voted at all."

The Jarr Family

—By Roy L. McCardell—

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"WHY doesn't Gertrude come and help me with these children," said Mrs. Jarr, petulantly; "I think somebody should!"

As this was obviously intended for Mr. Jarr (who really should have been up and about) that gentleman pretended to be sound asleep.

"Where are your mittens, you naughty little girl?" asked Mrs. Jarr. This was a natural question to ask; as she just had started putting on little Emma's stockings.

"Willie lost 'em," sniffed the little girl.

"Story-teller—story-teller! didn't!" exclaimed the boy, who had ceased in his efforts to attire himself for school and was throwing his shoes around the room.

"Great Scott!" exclaimed Mr. Jarr, sitting up in bed, "can't a man sleep in peace?"

"Not when you should be up giving me some help with these children," replied Mrs. Jarr. "Why don't you?"

"If you'll take them out of the room a minute and let me get up, I'll help to dress them," said Mr. Jarr.

So the children were taken out and Mr. Jarr delayed as long as possible over his attiring himself in the vain hope Mrs. Jarr would be through with the dressing.

But this was not to be. Mrs. Jarr called to him that she had finished the little girl and was going to see about the breakfast for the children before they went to school, and Mr. Jarr came in to harness young hopeful.

"Come here, sir!" said Mr. Jarr, severely. "When I was your age I would be up and dressed before daybreak and out chopping wood."

"I'd chop wood, too, if I had a hatchet, only the janitor won't let me go into the cellar," said the boy. "Say, pop, buy me a gun. Buy me one that will shoot cats. Johnny Rangle has one that shoots cats."

"You would shoot somebody's eyes out," said Mr. Jarr.

"I wouldn't care," said the boy. "I'd like to hear them holler."

"Well, put on your stockings or you'll hear yourself holler!" said Mr. Jarr. "What's all these waistbands and stocking straps for? What do they put all these things on children for these days? I used to go barefoot when I was a boy."

"Johnny Rangle says if you freeze your feet your toes will come off. Won't that be funny?"

"Here now, stand still! How can I lace these high boots if you don't stand still?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"My feet hurt," whimpered the boy. "You've got my shoes on wrong."

As Mr. Jarr had the shoes in question laced up he was compelled to undo them and change the shoes.

"What are you laughing at?" asked Mr. Jarr, seeing the boy was grinning.

"You didn't put my undershirt on," said the boy.

"And I'm not going to," said Mr. Jarr, and he called to Mrs. Jarr to come and attend to the young son and heir. And I'd rather hitch up a hippopotamus!" he declared, mopping his perspiring brow.

"And how do you think I stand it, dressing the both of them every morning?" asked Mrs. Jarr.

Then she took both youngsters in charge and led them out to breakfast and then rushed them off to school.

"Oh, dear!" she exclaimed, "now they've gone, and you never washed Willie's face or hands or neck, he'll be sent home and we'll be disgraced! I wish you'd let me alone when I'm dressing the children and not interfere!"

Too Much Husband!

By Sophie Irene Loeb.

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IN contrast to the woman who wrote about her husband being "too sure" of her, comes a complaint from one whose cry is "Too much husband!" She says:

"Do you think I am lacking in patience or in love for my husband if I get so tired of his being around me so much that sometimes I feel I can contain myself no longer and want to run away from him?

"He is engaged as a designer, work which he can do at home. And, from the day we were married, several years ago, he has hardly been away from me more than a couple of days at a time. Being in the house all the time, he knows everything that happens regarding household matters. He watches the opening of every parcel that comes home after I have purchased it. In fact, he has a voice in the selection of not only my own wearing apparel, but in all the home buying. He knows everything he is going to have for breakfast, dinner and supper, because he is ever present. He takes care of all the household bills, because his line of business is so methodical that he believes everything about him must be so. In fact, there is no activity about the premises of which he is not a part.

"I must confess that he gets on my nerves at times. It isn't that I don't love him, but it seems to me that things would be much easier if he were not so constantly at my side."

Quite right, my dear woman. You would both be much happier. It is only in imaginary novels that two people can go on forever and not feel the strain of each other's society. Some separation is necessary during the day. Constancy is not built on constant companionship only. There must be some moments for self. You can't get the right perspective of a person if he is never more than a few feet from you. The greatest loves of history are those in which an occasional separation was the one thing that kept the bonds strong.

Sometimes, when people are together too much, the bearing with each other reaches the breaking point and often goes beyond repair. I should advise the husband in this case to have an office down town, away from home somewhere, even if it be only desk room. Every woman must have some feminine foibles in which a man should have no part. To have him select her bonnets and her soup meat must prove in the end distasteful to the best of wives.

This man would certainly enjoy his meals much more if his wife might have the pleasure of arranging them to suit herself. He would appreciate his home more if he were not forever in it. It is the wise married couple who learn these little, natural, human qualities that must be adhered to if a measure of happiness is to obtain.

The joy of meeting is always measured by the reflection of separation. Everlasting propinquity is bound to breed discontent and discord. When the work of each is so arranged that they need not be constantly together, therein lies the better chance for forbearance and tenacity—elements without which a team in double harness will not "gee" together.

The Woman of It.

By Helen Rowland.

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She Tells Why Women Should NOT "Propose."

"GREAT SCOTT!" exclaimed the Bachelor with a shudder. "What chance has a man in this life—with war on the other side of the water and marriage-by-conscription on this side staring him in the face. Leap Year here and every femininist and authoress urging the ladies to propose. What do YOU think about it, anyway? SHOULD a girl do her own proposing?"

"Pouf!" said the Widow airily. "How old is Ann? You don't really take a question like that seriously, do you?" she added, as she handed him a cup of tea and patted his shoulder soothingly.

"Well—er, no; but THEY are taking it seriously. And you never know what will happen next in these days. Nobody took aeroplanes, or wireless telegraphy, or fireless cooking, or even automobiles seriously until they became facts instead of fancies, and we HAD to acknowledge that 'it CAN be done!'" protested the Bachelor with a sigh.

"Yes?" smiled the Widow, quite unimpressed. "But there are just two things that will never work—perpetual motion and the feminine proposal! So possess your poor, struggling soul in peace, Mr. Weatherby. You can prove by every argument and theory and illustration that they OUGHT to work, but you can't MAKE them, because they are against all the laws of nature."

"I Could—but One Doesn't!"

"BUT," protested the Bachelor hopefully, "you COULD propose to me at any minute—er, couldn't you?"

"Yes," agreed the Widow ironically, "and lose you forever! I COULD ask you to take me out to dinner—but you'd never do it again. I COULD ask you to send me flowers and take me to theatres, and invite me out for tea. I have as much right to choose my dinner-companion as I have to choose my life-companion, haven't I? I have a perfect right to drink my tea from a saucer and tuck my napkin under my chin and wear a ring in my nose if I like—but one doesn't do it.

"And my reasons are not foolish, old-fashioned, conventional ones either; they are purely modern and economic. I have read all that antediluvian nonsense about it being a 'mistake' for a woman to ask a man to marry her 'because a man prefers to do his own courting,' and 'because no man would ever accept her,' and 'because it is so much easier to make a man propose to her,' &c., &c., &c., most of which is stupid, foolish, sentimental, fallacious drivel. There is only ONE real and vital reason why a woman should NOT propose marriage to a man, and that is because it is IMPOLITE! But that's enough!"

"Impolite!" repeated the Bachelor, almost dropping his tea cup.

"Certainly," answered the Widow promptly. "Would you consider it 'polite' for one man to 'propose' that another man treat him to a bottle of wine or pay his carfare? Then why should any girl even THINK of committing the atrocious impudence and indelicacy of asking a man to entertain her for life at HIS expense? Unless she is prepared to foot the BILLS, unless she is prepared to tell a man that she will 'guard and cherish and support' him and keep him in good cigars; unless she is prepared to promise him that his lily-white hands shall never do another day's work, in the name of Heaven, let her have enough modesty and fairness to wait until HE tenders the invitation to matrimony!" and the Widow snapped her fan together impatiently.

Not a Dream. Only a Nightmare.

"BUT," suggested the Bachelor, "suppose she IS prepared to do all that."

"WHAT!" the Widow rose so suddenly that she almost turned over the teapot.

"That's their argument, you know," explained the Bachelor. "Not that they want to buy husbands, but that they are economically man's equal most of the time, and therefore should have equal rights in pursuing the love chase and in choosing a 'mate.'"

The Widow smiled sadly as she sank back in her chair.

"A dream!" she declared, shaking her head. "A beautiful, beautiful dream! But did you ever see two Idealists who went into the 'economic equality' marriage dream who didn't wake up from it with a nightmare? And even if such a mating ever did turn out happily it was a 'mating' not a 'marriage.' The trouble is that we have almost forgotten in these days of sex problem discussions what marriage IS. It is a provision of the state, Mr. Weatherby, founded on the first primitive laws of nature, for the establishment of the Home and the Family. Two childless theorists, tied together by law and living in a two-by-four apartment, can't know what the word 'marriage' means. They may have attained their 'ideals,' they may have even attained happiness, but 'marriage' is something quite different. And what the average girl wants is MARRIAGE—not a scientific imitation of it. She wants a Home and a Family—and given these, she can never, never do her part—the part for which Nature intended her—by them and still be her husband's economic equal. Just let her try it! A woman who does her duty by her home and her family should be, MUST be and WILL be supported. And it's a man's economic privilege to choose the particular woman whom he WANTS to support. And what's more, he always will!"

"Amen!" said the Bachelor fervently as he raised his teacup. "Here's to Leap Year—The Feminine Proposal—and Perpetual Motion! May they always remain our sweet, sweet dreams!"

Everyday Perplexities.

By Andre Dupont

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Concerning Children's Parties.

CHILDREN keenly enjoy having a birthday. It is something distinctively their own, and it makes them important. That day out of all the year a youngster is the prominent and petted member of the household; and if the event is to be celebrated with a party his little cup of happiness is filled to overflowing.

It is very easy to give a birthday party for a child if only you do not make it too elaborate by preparing costly and indigestible refreshments and buying expensive souvenirs. Normal children appreciate simple pleasures, and often have a better time with a few toys from the ten cent store than they would with the most costly contrivances. It really takes so little to make a child happy on his birthday that every mother and auntie and even grandma feels fully repaid for the extra trouble if after it is all over she sees the smiling little face and hears the little voice say:

"Oh, I've had such a fine birthday!"

Suppose a certain little girl will be ten years old next week and you decide to give her a party to celebrate the event. Let her sit down and write the invitations to-morrow afternoon when she comes home from school. This will be twice as much fun as having the affair a surprise, for she will enjoy the anticipation of the great event for nearly a week. And when we are young this is the best part of any pleasure. Very pretty juvenile stationery is sold for this purpose. Some of it is simply decorated with flowers, figures or tiny landscapes, and another style has the invitation partly printed upon it, leaving the little hostess nothing to do but fill in the names and dates. Or the child could write friendly notes on any small sized letter paper, reading something like this:

"Dear Leslie: Will you come to my birthday party next Saturday afternoon from 3 until 6 o'clock? I am asking all my best friends and you must be sure to come so that we can have a jolly time. Cordially yours,

"HAZEL GREY."

Naturally it is not at all necessary to follow this wording exactly. But see that the childish notes are short and simply phrased and not stilted. At the top of the note at the right hand side the address of the house should be written. Engraved invitations are never used for children's parties unless the parties are to be very large or formal.

Besides the great amount of fun that children get out of a party, such an occasion is extremely good for their manners. The small host or hostess should be taught to be unselfish and courteous to the little guests, to play the games they prefer or to dance with each child in turn, regardless of individual preference. If the children bring little gifts in honor of the birthday they should present them as soon as they arrive and wish the recipient "a happy birthday." They should not leave without turning first to the mother of their small friend and saying: "Goodby, Mrs. Blank. It's been such a nice party," or something to that effect; and then bidding the child farewell with "Goodby, Hazel; I've had a splendid time."

Such little courtesies, insisted upon with children, shortly become second nature and have an important effect upon their politeness in after life.

Thrift

By Samuel Smiles

(By Permission of Harper & Brothers.)

No. 2—The Joys of Labor.

LABOR is not only a necessity but it is also a pleasure. What would otherwise be a curse, by the constitution of our physical system becomes a blessing. Our life is a conflict with nature in some respects, but it is also a co-operation with nature in others. The sun, the air and the earth are constantly abstracting from us our vital forces. Hence we eat and drink for nourishment and clothe ourselves for warmth.

Nature works with us. She provides the earth which we furrow; she grows and ripens the seeds that we sow and garner. She furnishes, with the help of human labor, the wool that we spin and the food that we eat. And it ought never to be forgotten that, however rich or poor we may be, all that we eat, all that we are clothed with, all that shelters us, from the palace to the cottage, is the result of labor.

Men co-operate with each other for the mutual sustenance of all. The husbandman tills the ground and provides food; the manufacturer weaves tissues, which the tailor and a seamstress make into clothes; the mason and the bricklayer build the houses in which we enjoy household life. Numbers of workmen thus contribute and help to create the general result.