

The Evening World

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Looking for an Issue

By J. H. Cassel

Reflections of A Bachelor Girl

By Helen Rowland

HERE seem to be just two classes of men in the world: the kind who "can't marry," and the kind who can't stop marrying.

A man's heart is always being torn between two women—one who is a habit, and one who is a novelty; one who is leading him around by the nose, and one who is hanging onto his coat-tails.

If a husband should treat his wife as politely as he does a perfect stranger, she would probably have a queer feeling that she ought to have a chaperon about.

When you see the kind of men some girls marry you wonder whether they have been reading burnt-orange novels, or just hate to work for a living.

The first conjugal lie springs from the wife's "What-excuse-have-you-got" attitude, and the husband's "What-excuse-do-you-want" attitude.

Usually the only way to kiss a girl effectively is to take her so by surprise that she hasn't energy enough left to become indignant.

The first time a man says he loves you, it sounds quite thrilling, until you stop to remember that he OUGHT to be able to do it convincingly, considering how many times he has said it to others.

The art that conceals heart: The modern man's breach-of-promise-proof love-letter, warranted to mean a lot and say nothing.

A woman is something like her bankbook—always getting unbalanced. Never judge a man's love by his willingness to leave another woman for you; wait until he is willing to leave a poker game, at half-past nine, when he is just beginning to win.

No man can be president of his time who is not prudent in the choice of his company.—TAYLOR.

On the 4.45

By Alma Woodward

I.—Preparedness. That demure little thing was er—well, a bit flustered, did you?

MRS. A. (from across the aisle)—Well, I am surprised and delighted to see you once again, dear. Have you taken a cottage at the shore again?

MRS. B. (extending a tense hand)—What a delightful surprise, my dear. Yes, I've taken a cottage. Each year I threaten to seek pastures new, and somehow—

MRS. A. (interrupting eagerly)—Yes, I know how it is. Just think, I haven't seen you since last summer. Isn't the city a funny place? One never sees one's friends, does one?

MRS. B. (slightly bored)—One doesn't. How is your dear family?

MRS. A. (hastily)—Oh, quite well, thank you. And yours?

MRS. B. (with equal haste)—Very satisfactory, thanks. Have you any "busy winter"?

MRS. A. (casting expressive eyes heavenward)—My dear! Busy! I've been the soul of no less than forty-three relief bazaars—beside my social duties. Strange I haven't met you at all. Haven't you been about this winter?

MRS. B. (shrugging extravagant shoulders)—About? My nerves are positively shredded from gaiety, my dear. My physician won't have a care for me unless I take a little thing to do with me. And that's all. Dr. Stone and his wife?

MRS. A. (stiffly)—Indeed? Why not? I've taken a cottage, too, you must remember.

MRS. B. (glancing at her watch)—Dure (as train pulls into station)—Well, goodbye, dear. As matter stand I dread we won't see anything of each other this summer. So glad to have met you honey!

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A PERNICIOUS BILL.

A BILL to prevent the Board of Health from interfering with the street railway corporations of this city in their fixed policy of jamming into each of their cars as many persons as they can collect fares from was sneaked through the Legislature toward the close of the late session and is now in the hands of the Governor.

This measure, known as the Simpson Bill, amends the Public Service Commission law so as to vest the power to regulate the number of passengers to be carried in street cars solely with the Public Service Commission. It goes out of its way to provide that

"nothing contained in the public health law or in any other statute, either general or local, shall hereafter be construed to authorize any local board or department of health or other local authorities of a city to make or enforce ordinances, rules, regulations, or orders limiting or regulating the number of passengers to be carried upon any such car or cars."

A more shameless, brazen attempt to make it impossible for anybody else to do for the public what the Public Service Commission has never chosen to do, it would be difficult to conceive.

Last year the Board of Health, noting that the overcrowding of street cars continued to be not only insufferable as regards comfort but a constant cause of disease, issued orders to certain city railway lines to regulate the carrying of passengers on all surface cars so that "the total number of passengers on any such car, at any time, shall not exceed one and one-half times the seating capacity of the car."

The Board's power to act for the elimination of conditions dangerous to life and health is undoubted and has been repeatedly confirmed by the courts. Its action in this instance gave the public its first promise of relief from the intolerable overcrowding of street cars.

To try to nullify that action by confining authority to the Public Service Commission is to insult the public, which knows only too well what that body has and has not done for it.

Mayor Mitchell has sent a protest to Albany urging the Governor to veto the Simpson bill. All citizens' organizations should do likewise. Corporate interests must not be encouraged to think that through special legislation they can dodge their duties under the public health law.

As to the Public Service Commission, has it occurred to the seafaring members of that body that it might not be beneath their dignity to co-operate with the efforts of the Board of Health and even render an unwanted service to the public by requiring the street railway companies to run more cars?

The formal charge against Sir Roger Casement describes him as a man of "no occupation and no fixed abode." Of such are mischiefmakers made.

Expeditions into Mexico multiply. But the score is still in the raiders' favor.

Hits From Sharp Wits

The landlord's attitude toward a desirable tenant: "I would like to have you stay in until I get ready to put you out."—Toledo Blade.

Once in a very great while you see a chap who is almost ready to lick somebody surprise himself by getting into a fight.—Macon News.

A man who always says just what he thinks puts his foot in it as often as one who talks without thinking.

Husbands owe much undeserved praise to wisely pride.—Albany Journal.

Once in a very great while you come across a man who has almost as much sense as you have.

You can always make a hit with a man by telling him that he works too hard.—Columbia State.

If there were a premium on truth few people could cash in for any great amount.—Deerart News.

Letters From the People

A Campaign for "Amity." To the Editor of The Evening World: I am a lover of flowers and would wish experienced readers' hints regarding "window gardens," as I cannot afford a place where I can have a regular garden, so I must be satisfied with putting shelves out on my windows and make a garden that way.

The Former is Correct. To the Editor of The Evening World: Which is the correct grammatical expression, "Each and every one of the guests is desirous of having you present" or "Each and every one of the guests are desirous of having you present?" "PEDANT."

Wine Paper. To the Editor of The Evening World: Many times the father of the bride staggers the element for the purpose of avoiding the expense of a wedding dinner, especially when there are added three more drops of coffee to little Emma's milk, thereby mollifying that young lady for the time being.

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The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

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AS the family settled itself for breakfast Mr. Jarr said: "I am not superstitious, neither do I believe in premonition."

This remark was apropos of nothing in particular, and Mr. Jarr might have sensed that it was but the prelude of some more startling information. But without thinking he interrupted her by asking her for another cup of coffee.

Mrs. Jarr served the coffee and began again, "I am not superstitious—"

"Maw, can't I have some coffee too?" interposed Willie Jarr.

"You cannot!" replied the fond mother firmly. "Drink your milk and do not play with your spoon in it!"

Here the boy began to whimper and kick his heels against his chair, not kicking swiftly and spitefully, but slowly and petulantly and all the more annoyingly.

"For goodness sake! Give the boy some coffee!" cried Mr. Jarr. "I was raised on it. It didn't hurt me and it won't hurt him!"

"It does nothing to improve the manners when given to the young, evidently," said Mrs. Jarr cuttingly.

"The lack of it doesn't improve Willie's!" replied Mr. Jarr. "But whether you give him any coffee or not, make him stop kicking the table. It gets on my nerves!"

"All the coffee you drink gets on your nerves," said Mrs. Jarr. "Coffee isn't good for anybody (Mrs. Jarr's favorite tippie was tea) and my children shouldn't be coffee drunks."

So saying, she took the coffee pot and poured about two teaspoonfuls of the decoction of the coffee berry into Master Jarr's glass of milk. It had the splendid effect of making the milk sour was in vain, replied, "I weep because his wisdom. It is only for sophists to contend that he whose eyes contain the fountains of tears need never give way to them. It would be worse not to do so on some occasions. Sorrow unlocks them in her balmy moods. The first burst may be bitter and overwhelming, but the soil on which they pour would be worse without them. They refresh the fever of the soul—the dry misery which parches the countenance into furrows.

There are sorrows, it is true, so great that to give them some of the ordinary vents is to run a hazard of being overthrown. But when we feel that tears would relieve us it is false philosophy to deny ourselves at least that first refreshment, and it is always false consolation to tell people that because they cannot help a thing they are not to mind it. There are griefs so very gentle in their nature that it would be worse than false philosophy to refuse them a tear. Of this kind are the deaths of infants. Particular circumstances may render it more or less advisable to indulge

"What a nasty little bit!" wailed little Emma Jarr. "Willie got more coffee in his!"

"That I believe in premonition, neither do I believe in premonition," said the patient mother, as she added three more drops of coffee to little Emma's milk, thereby mollifying that young lady for the time being.

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Everyday Fables

By Sophie Irene Loeb

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THE Fool That Was. NICE upon a time there was a hard working youth. He was honest and upright. He came to the city from the small town and "worked himself up."

He denied himself many things in order that he might have a little "nest egg" in the bank. He was the kind of chap that never watched the clock wherever he was employed. He did what had to be done and took an interest in his work.

Therefore every time a good man was needed for a better place he got it. Finally he became a junior partner in the firm for which he had worked so faithfully.

Now he was on the interesting road to "Easy Street." Things were not so hard for him. He had grown up with the work and knew every part of it. Therefore he could direct others to do the work he had done. This is one thing that is not always recognized. The most successful directors are those that have been directed themselves.

Having succeeded thus far, he breathed easier and began looking about to enjoy life a bit. He went out some, joined dinner parties and indulged in little social times generally.

On one of these occasions he met a girl. She was a very pretty girl. She came from a nice family, but she had always lived in the city and naturally loved city life. That is, she was fond of the theatre, the restaurants, cabarets, etc.

She was a very knowing girl also. She saw that the youth was a partner in a good business. So she beamed brightly upon him.

He was attracted. He danced attendance upon her. He took her wherever she wanted to go. Nothing was too good. Let her mention something she wanted in the way of pleasure and he arranged it. Often he would ANTICIPATE her wants.

Every day he grew more attached to the girl. She had such winning ways and coiled told him how much she cared for him. He looked upon her as the future mistress of his heart and home, and so it was generally understood among their friends.

Her family was pleased. When they finally became engaged he was more devoted to her than ever. He showed expensive gifts on her, because he knew how SHE would delight in them.

But alas and another alas, one day a poet from the hills came to town. He had long hair and soulful eyes—but not a penny in the world. In fact, he scorned money and the worldly world. Life meant more than fifty lucre, he told his Bohemian friends while he ate his lettuce and drank his beer.

He met the girl. As stated, she was young and pretty. He had never known the city, and she had never known a poet. He whispered into her ear about beautiful sunsets, hills and daisies—things she knew little about.

She understood just how to pose so that the light fell directly on her ATTRACTIVE features. The poet was enthralled. She likewise.

One day our youth received a letter from the girl. It read something like this: "I love Roland and Roland loves me. We were MADE FOR EACH OTHER. I am so sorry. I am sure you will find some one who will fill your soul as Roland does mine." They went away to live on soul stuff (that is another fable).

When the youth figured it up he found that he would have no money for his future wife and home because he had blindly spent his all on the girl who had only cared for the good time he gave her.

He learned this moral: The girl who is money-mad is usually love-foolish.

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