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Gaining Weight

By J. H. Cassel

Stories of Stories

Plots of Immortal Fiction Masterpieces. By Albert Payson Terhune

THE FATAL RESEMBLANCE. By Guy de Maupassant.

ESCARILLE, painter, was in love at last. For years he had looked upon as a chronic bachelor, devoted to his art and to the pleasant, easy life that is the reward of a successful and popular artist in Paris.

Then he met Lucie Plonelle. And, all at once, the world changed for him. Without a struggle, he yielded to the wave of adoring love that overwhelmed him. Without a regret, he prepared to divorce himself from his jolly bachelor life and to settle down to respectable matrimony.

Lucie was a girl of the Mona Lisa type—fair, slender, elusive; clear of voice, radiantly beautiful and with a hint of mocking witchery in her look and in her laugh.

The only cloud over the sunshine of Escarille's wooing was his sweet-heart's mother. Not that old Mme. Plonelle raised any objection to his suit. In fact, she was very gracious and complacent, and made the courtship as pleasant as possible for him.

But Escarille had all a true artist's love of beauty. And Mme. Plonelle was as ugly as sin. She ugly was she that it afforded this sense of beauty every time he had to look at her. Here is his unflattering description of the old lady:

"Flabby cheeks; ridiculous dimples, half filled up by fat; a triple chin; bleached hair; lustreless eyes, and a nose that is a caricature!"

He thanked his lucky stars that Lucie was so dainty, so ethical, so winsome; so utterly unlike her mother.

One night—the night on which he planned to propose—Escarille took Lucie to see a new play at the Comedie Francaise. Mme. Plonelle went along to play propriety. The three sat in a box.

Escarille had no great interest in the play. So he arranged his seat in such a way that he could watch Lucie. Throughout the first half of the evening his worshipping gaze never left her face. He revelled in the loveliness of her profile.

Then, by chance, his gaze strayed to Mme. Plonelle, who sat beside her daughter. The glow of the footlights struck the faces of mother and daughter at precisely the same angle, throwing into view certain salient points which the painter's artistic training enabled him to grasp at once.

Escarille shuddered as though a knife had been driven into his side. "I don't know what shadow or play of light has altered Lucie's features," he told another girl afterward, "but all at once I saw she was the image of her mother. As they sat there they seemed almost like twins. I saw that one day Lucie would grow to look just like Mme. Plonelle. I should be tied for life to a repulsively ugly creature. My friends would pity me, years hence, for having such a pitifully homely wife."

The moment the curtain fell he rushed out of the box, leaving the two women to get themselves home as best they could. He jumped into a cab, drove over to the Moulin Rouge and proceeded to get himself excessively drunk. He never saw Lucie again.

"Heaven!" exclaimed the girl to whom Escarille told the story. "If men are as idiotic as all that, I shall never let myself be seen in public with mamma again!"

The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

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MR. JARR was on his vacation, and, like Mary's lamb, everywhere that Mr. Jarr went his family was sure to go.

This time they were all going in state, for, as the Uptown Home News chronicled it under the general heading of "The Whirl of Society"—"Mr. and Mrs. Jarr, accompanied by Master Willie and Miss Emma Jarr, were taking an early autumn automobile tour through the Berkshires."

As a matter of fact, the Jarrs were not touring through the Berkshires. They were headed toward Hays Corners and Pawpaw, and rural relatives. As every student of geography knows, the delightful rural communities of Hays Corners and Pawpaw are not in the Berkshires. But the phrase "An auto tour in the Berkshires" sounds classy, just as do the phrases "Summering in Newport" or "Wintering in Palm Beach."

When the society reporter of the Uptown Home News (who also solicited tea and coffee orders) ascertained from the janitor that the Jarrs were gone and had forgotten to pay the milkman and a few others, as is usual, the society reporter made it a case of touring in the Berkshires.

Had the Jarrs gone away in early summer without paying their bills, but leaving their furniture behind as an evidence of return in good faith, the uptown society reporter and tea and coffee order solicitor would have made it Newport. If in winter, Palm Beach.

These were always safe statements, lacking specific information, for when uptown residents returned from their vacations they never denied being at the most fashionable of the seasonable resorts, as per the "Whirl of Society" columns.

Besides, the Jarrs WERE on an automobile tour, and they might ro anywhere, gasoline money and tires holding out.

As they made a six-mile detour to advance the trip a mile and a half or thereabouts the Jarrs drove past a country post office, where a flock of loafers regarded them with blue indifference when Mr. Jarr halted the machine to ask further directions.

"Isn't it strange," remarked Mrs. Jarr as the car wheeled away and up a dusty hill on second speed, "isn't it strange that you don't hear boys shouting 'Get a horse!' as they used to shout years ago? What has become of the boys who used to shout 'Get a horse!'"

"It's a sober, industrious and reliable car," said Mr. Jarr. "The carburetor flooded going down hill, that's all."

Mrs. Jarr did not know what the carburetor was or what its flooding signified; she simply sniffed and said nothing, as Mr. Jarr got out of the machine and laboriously turned the crank again and again and again. It was not a self-starting car, except down hill.

After a while the car hiccupped, then coughed, barked a few times and started on docilely.

"This is a Waterbury car, isn't it?" asked Mrs. Jarr sweetly; but Mr. Jarr affected not to hear.

Facts Not Worth Knowing

By Arthur Baer

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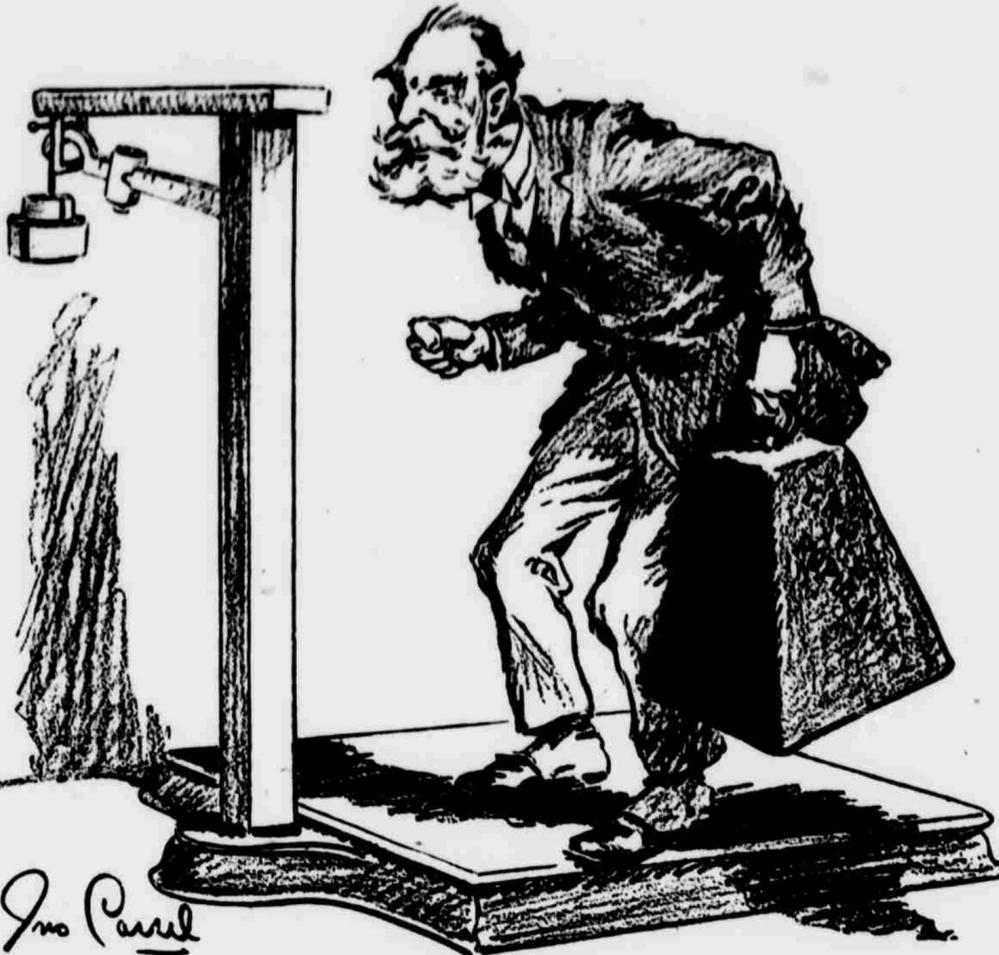
WRINKLES can be erased from soup by stretching firmly and then ironing smoothly with the nap.

For propelling food toward the mouth a French inventor has perfected a spoon that may be operated by hand in the absence of electricity.

By using only one grain at a time a pound of sugar can be made to last a family of four or five for a year.

A pinch of concrete added to the batter of fritters will add at least two years to the life of the fritter and give it splendid wearing qualities.

The inside of the stove pipe can be made very attractive by sliding with gold leaf.



J. H. Cassel

A TURN MUST COME.

WORTH thinking about is the fact pointed out in the columns of the Brooklyn Eagle that for the first time in two years there are freight steamers in the Port of New York waiting for charters.

A few months after the outbreak of the war freight rates began to rise, the demand for cargo carrying vessels steadily increased and until now hardly a ship arrived in New York harbor that could not name its own charter price and fill its hold to the hatches with the goods of clamorous shippers. Rates went as high as 120 shillings a ton. Yet to-day freighters in the bay are said to be demanding 75 shillings a ton—and finding nobody who will pay it. A big break in shipping rates seems inevitable.

To consumers in this country who in the last two years have been taught to believe that pretty much every commodity that either left or entered an Atlantic port was worth its weight in gold when it reached its destination the above facts have a hopeful significance. Moreover at the moment it begins to appear that ships are plenty and freight rates on the decline we learn also that many classes of exports are falling off, that the allied nations are becoming better and better able to supply themselves with articles for which they had at first to turn to us, that the goods we send them are narrowing more and more to special kinds of war material—in short that the fever is abating and our commerce getting back to something a little nearer its normal pulse and temperature.

That does not mean that the country's trade need in the long run suffer. On the contrary. But it does seem to indicate that American business in general may hope presently to see prosperity on a fairer, firmer footing, and that overburdened American consumers may even expect a halt in the bewildering upward rush of prices on all sides which has been by far the most serious and alarming among the hectic symptoms induced in this country by the war.

JITNEY-MAD?

WHILE service was further increased yesterday on many surface lines in Manhattan, there is no use maintaining that the number of cars is as yet anywhere near normal, or that the public in this borough has ceased to suffer serious inconvenience.

After nightfall especially the scarcity of surface cars on avenues and cross-town routes above Twenty-third Street imposes great hardship upon thousands of tired and belated workers bound for their homes on the east or west sides.

One aspect of the situation, however, is rather curious. So far there has been little diminution in the streams of improvised passenger vehicles—motor trucks, sightseeing wagons, jitneys, etc.—that flow up Fifth and Madison Avenues from 6 o'clock to 8, and even later, every evening, carrying close-packed loads of people to Harlem and the Bronx.

The subway and elevated lines up and down Manhattan are running even more trains than usual. As early as 6.30 P. M. it is now a common thing to find dozens of empty seats in subway trains. Yet these overcrowded, boisterous jitney rides to Harlem go on as if the subway and elevated services had broken down.

Has emergency created a new kind of joy-riding which proves so inexpensive and exciting that its patrons are loath to give it up? If so, it is time to remind all concerned that this means of transportation can be only temporary. The city does not license it, nor can it allow it to continue indefinitely.

Yesterday a big motor truck operated as a jitney swerved and dumped forty persons into the roadway at the plaza of the Williamsburg Bridge. These mammoth jitneys may be a big help where there are no cars running. But they are a dangerous feature of traffic. The city should watch them and stop them when they are no longer needed—particularly where they parallel a normal and even super-normal service on subway and elevated lines in Manhattan.

KEEP IT UP.

WHETHER the armored caterpillar-tractors that have been crawling over trenches and bomb craters to the discomfiture of the Germans and the delight of the British Tommies turn out to be American made or not, they have at least called attention to the fact that the article can be had right here in the United States, and Uncle Sam has put in an order for twenty-seven of them to be delivered within ninety days.

Also, if we may accept the assurance of the Times, the War Department will (somewhat tardily) study the merits of the machine gun which the British and French count one of their most successful weapons, and which was invented by Col. Isaac Newton Lewis, U. S. A., who first offered it free to the United States War Department, where, needless to say, it was turned down.

Our army and navy experts can make no better use of their time than to watch the fighting in Europe and note how many American inventions ought to have been kept at home. Uncle Sam's naval engineers and ordnance sharps have become noted for always knowing a good thing when some other nation sees it.

Hits From Sharp Wits

Those who have nothing want little, but those who have much want more.—Memphis Commercial Appeal.

Don't complain at the weather until after investigating and seeing if it's really the weather that's the matter with you.—Knoxville Journal.

The fellow who never misses an opportunity to boast that he is "just as good as anybody else" really imagines that he is better than others, and is doubly mistaken.—Albany Journal.

It looks like nearly everybody is striking these days except the fellow who isn't getting wages enough to entitle him to lose a day.—Nashville Banner.

It is a wise hen that can keep up with the price of her own eggs, or the age of them.—Macon News.

It is easier to lead people into temptation than to lead them away from it.—Deseret News.

Psychologists are still engaged on the problem of why girls kiss strange soldiers. How curious that they don't attribute it to the same natural cause that makes soldiers kiss strange girls.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Few men have the nerve to call the fatter a liar.—Toledo Blade.

A cynic says that the reason some people get married is because it takes two to make a quarrel and some people are not happy until they have some one to quarrel with.—Milwaukee News.

The corner most frequented by loafers is the toilet of widows in any community.—Toledo Blade.

Just a Wife (Her Diary.)

Edited by Janet Trevor

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CHAPTER LXVIII.

OCTOBER 25.—I have a headache and a heart-ache. Yet in an hour I must go to a hot, glaring theatre, to talk and laugh with persons whose conduct and ideals are far removed from my own. Ned wants me to go, and perhaps the gayety will charm him from the black mood which seems to hang over him to-day.

I was horribly disappointed when he didn't come to mother's last night. I told myself that I must not be unjust, must not make too many demands upon my husband. But it seemed to me that by a special effort he could have been present at my birthday feast.

I didn't want to spoil mother's pleasure and so I tried to be cheerful and gay during dinner. But I went home early, pleading that I must not sit up late if I were to look my best to-night.

When I reached home Mary Dunn had gone to her room and Ned was still out. I got into a dressing gown and sat down to wait for him. I heard the clock strike eleven, twelve and one; then I heard his key in the lock.

I began to cry with sheer relief. Tired, worried, disappointed, I hardly knew what I was doing. I hurried into the hall.

"Oh, my dear, I'm so glad you've come." I gasped half hysterically.

He turned in surprise, for he had not heard my footsteps. His face was pale, and I saw a dull glitter in his eyes.

"Heaven, Mollie!" he exclaimed irritably. "Why haven't you gone to bed? I told you I should get home, but that I should be late."

"I was lonely and I couldn't sleep. I thought you would have come home before now."

Suddenly Ned's face twisted itself in the same blind rage he had shown against my dog one day, months before we were married.

"I have the right to come home when I please," he exclaimed fiercely. "And I won't be spied upon or nagged. I'm sick and tired of tears and complaints every time I fall to report at six-thirty. The next time I am out I want you to go to bed like a sensible being and not sit up for me as if I were a ten-year-old child. Good Lord, a man doesn't marry to get a chaperon! That'll be about all. I'm going to sit up and read awhile. Good-night!"

Miserably I crept away to bed, but not to sleep. Toward morning I fell into a troubled doze. When I finally woke up I saw that Ned's bed was untouched. I went in to breakfast, and his empty coffee cup showed that he had gone out.

Reflections of a Bachelor Girl

By Helen Rowland

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MOST of the married flirts in the world are those who married their "first loves" and then began to wonder what they had missed.

The average bachelor goes about searching hopelessly for a woman who "can understand" him, when he ought to be perfectly satisfied to find one who can just STAND him!

Just because you don't both care for the same opera and the same dance steps is no sign that you are not "on the same wire"—but then, just because you both like your steak rare and your potatoes au gratin is no sign that you are, although a lot of people have married on the strength of that assumption.

The strength with which a man sticks to an old pipe may be a sign of character—but it's the way in which the pipe sticks to him that makes him so unkillable.

What a man calls his "conscience" in a love affair is merely a pain in his vanity, the moral ache that accompanies a headache, or the mental action that follows a sentimental reaction.

It never pays to compromise! Cheap clothes, cheap literature, cheap "sports," cheap flirtations—a life filled with these is nothing but an electric flash, advertising "something just as good."

Alas, nowadays when a man attempts to kiss a girl she never can be sure whether he is doing it out of habit, out of curiosity, or merely out of politeness, because he thinks she expects it.

Marriage is a rope of sand invented by blind lovers when they first discovered that Love would not stand without hitching.

Dollars and Sense

By H. J. Barrett

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Building Business for the Future. SCHOOL opens within a few days," remarked the general manager of a department store, "and, as usual, I shall make a strong bid for the business which originates from that event. Both my window and my newspaper advertising will combine forces in this drive. Suits, dresses, shoes, hats, accessories and school supplies—these will all be featured."

"I have always gone after the business of the younger generation. A dollar from any one under thirty is quite different. But there was no word, no birthday greeting.

Ned has not been in all day. He must come soon, to dress for Mrs. Denford's party. I couldn't eat any dinner, so I got ready early. I am wearing the new white satin frock I found—though not at Madame Felice's—and Ned's gift, the pearl brooch. Mary Dunn helped me to do my hair, and she says that it looks lovely.

But I am horribly unhappy. It's my birthday, and the only words I have heard from my husband have been angry ones. If only he had given me a kiss instead of pearls!

How Our Cities Were Named

By Eleanor Clapp

San Francisco.

"I R no mission to be built in honor of our father, St. Francis!" asked Friar Junipero Serra, reproachfully, as he looked at a list of proposed mission stations and their patron saints.

Now, these missions which the Franciscans had been commissioned to establish in Upper California were, for political reasons, to be subsidized by the Government, and each additional mission was an extra expense.

So Jose Galvez, the Inspector General, replied to the good father's protest rather cynically.

"If St. Francis desires a mission let him see that his port is found and we will establish one there."

This conversation took place in 1769, and for nearly a hundred years there had been a bay named after the saint, as the Inspector general implied. It happened in this way: In 1579 that bold English sea rover Sir Francis Drake, who had been busy plundering the Spanish ships and settlements on the Pacific coast of Mexico and South America, finding things were getting a little too hot for him, made up his mind to return home by way of the open sea north of the American continent.

When he got up as far as latitude 42° he was discouraged by the intense cold and decided that he had rather run the risk of being captured by the Spaniards than freeze to death, so he turned south and on the 17th of June discovered the entrance to a wide waterway that he hoped might prove to be a passage through to the Atlantic, but he was disappointed, for this was only that part of San Francisco Bay that lay under the shelter of Point Reyes.

Drake wrote an account of his voyage, and so the Spaniards heard of the bay and in their old maps at that time it is called San Francisco (St. Francis), partly, it is thought, in honor of Drake, whose first name was the same as the saint's. But was the same as the saint's. But had been done and no white man had visited the spot since then.

Father Junipero soon set about his great work of converting the Indians. The first mission established was at San Diego, and from there the good father sent out Fr. Crespi and Fr. others to establish another mission at Monterey. When in their march north they reached the mouth of the Salinas River they could find no anchorage, so thinking that either they had made a mistake in the latitude or that in the hundred and fifty years that had elapsed since Drake's navigators had been there the place might have become choked with sand, they went northward in search of another harbor, and in November reached the end of the peninsula and discovered the Golden Gate. When they saw that the bay could not possibly be that of Monterey, they thought it was the same water into which Drake had penetrated so long ago and that St. Francis had indeed met them by his own port.

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