The World.

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BLOT OUT THE WORD FAILURE.

FOR several days past The Evening World has been printing letters addressed to this newspaper from men and women explaining WHY they had failed in life.

There has been nothing more interesting or instructive printed in any newspaper than these "failure" letters—interesting to those who have succeeded and to those who have failed, and instructive to young men and young women beginning their careers.

What an awful word "failure" is! It ought to be blotted out of the vocabulary. There is no reason why every man and every woman should not have some share of success in life. There is no reason why any one should fail absolutely.

Have you ever watched an ant at work? And have you noticed that no matter how many times it has been pushed aside from its work of carrying grains of sand to the heap it is piling up, it has returned earnestly and begun building all over again.

Have you watched the spider weaving its web? Years ago, in a remote part of Scotland, a man who was persecuted took refuge in a cave. He was forlorn and hopeless. His life was in danger. He sat baffled, helpless and desperate, musing on his misfortunes. Glancing around the cave, he saw a spider at work. It was trying to carry its frail thread from one side of the cave to the other. All its efforts seemed unavailing. Thirteen times the tiny workman failed in its efforts. And then success came, and the silken cable was attached to the well. The man watched and studied—watched the failure and the success of the spider, and then rose up in his might and went forth and became Scotland's hero king—the great Bruce.

When Napoleon was planning his Italian campaign, and sought to mingle the eagles of France with the eagles of the crags, he was told by his engineers that the Alps were in his way.

Then said Napoleon: "There shall be no Alps!"

The world has not produced many Napoleons; but it has produced untold millions of ants and spiders. Every ant and every spider gives an earnest lesson to men and women by sticking to their work until they have succeeded. Ants and spiders never fail. Why should men and women?

Are you not greater than an ant or a spider? Suppose you have passed the meridian of life; is that any reason why you should despair? Some of the greatest men in history did their best work after they were fifty years of age. Their names will readily occur to you: Aristotle, Socrates, Cromwell, Washington, Disraeli, Bismarck, Bernadette, Voltaire, Victor Hugo, and so on at random through a list that would fill an entire column of The Evening World.

In his recently published letters Robert Louis Stevenson says:

> No one ever had such pains to learn a trade as I had, but I slogged at it day in and day out, and I frankly believe (thanks to my dire industry) I have done more with smaller gifts than any man of letters in the world.

And by "slogging at it" he became one of the great masters of pure English, and an incomparable story-teller.

There is no reason why any one should despair. If you are fifty years of age, and have failed, you have time enough to begin again and succeed. If you are sixty years of age, there is plenty of hope for you. Read the letters on failures printed elsewhere in The Evening World. Ponder them carefully. Then pull off your coat, roll up your sleeves and go to work. Success is yours—if you will work for it!

"When a thing strikes New York," quoth the Rev. Dr. Lee Broughton, "it strikes the whole country." To which it remains to be added that the Georgia preacher's hit in this locality was not immense.

Prof. Pickering, of Harvard, is looking for a new planet. All right. But no more vest-pocket boroughs for United States Senators are to come with it, professor.

The moral of a recent Second avenue detective story is that a safe-blower who wishes to play respectable should leave his "jimmy" in the pocket of his other trousers.

The policeman's pistol should be carefully guarded from "accidental" discharging. If necessary this can be brought about by discharging a policeman or two.

Rev. Dr. Rainsford has groundless fears of over-agitation in local affairs. It takes a deal of shaking to cause a tremble at the City Hall.

It is curious that at the same moment St. Louis has portable school-houses and New York an insupportable school governing system.

Despite a halting jury system, it is trusted that the Molineux trial will now proceed to something other than a lame conclusion.

Dr. Parkhurst now comes out as a strong advocate of repose. Very well, doctor. One, two three—rest!

The measles appear to have merely thrown a skirmish line into Fort Slocum.

"Killed dodging a trolley car." Is it, then, better not to dodge?

DAN CUPID'S WAY.

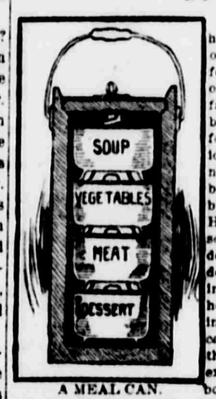
CUPID, 'ware!
Have a care
Where you aim that dart!
That angel fair
Must not ensnare
This badly battered heart.
Fie, look you here, my little Dan
(Though breathe it not in Gath),
I am not nearly good enough
To lead her long life's path.
Then sly Dan Cupid looked at me
And sleekly shook his head,
And shot that dart
Straight in my heart,
Chuckling "She'll lead you instead!"

—Claribel Imbert.

DAILY HINT FROM M'DOUGALL.

Who Is Puncturing Contractor McDonald's Balloons?

READY-MADE MEALS DELIVERED HOT.



A MEAL CAN.

The many schemes that have been tried throughout the world to supply food to families from co-operative kitchens have failed because it has never been possible to keep the food warm. But this latest idea of Yankee inventiveness is backed financially by over twenty practical business men of New Haven. By the new plan soup, roast, vegetables, dessert and coffee can be delivered at your door piping hot as long as seven hours after cooking. The inventor claims that he can save to the purchaser the price of fuel and other expenses, including the labor of preparing and cooking, besides the enormous waste which is inevitable in the average kitchen.

The chief secret in the scheme lies in the method of retaining heat. The apparatus is a large bucket, copper covered and copper lined, with sides and bottom about two inches thick, and a close fitting cover. The sides of the bucket are lined with a non-conductor of heat.

Into this receptacle are placed porcelain cans which have tight-fitting lids. The bucket is divided into sections, the lower division containing the dessert, then the meat and soup on top. This arrangement is for a dinner can. There are to be breakfast and luncheon cans also.

THEY NEVER USE DRINKING WATER.

DR. JOHN HADDON, a medical man at Hawick, in Roxburghshire, England, states that there is no difficulty in dispensing with drinking water if a strict vegetarian diet is adhered to. "We get," he says, "plenty of fluid in a cup of tea or in fruit and other foods, and I find it a great advantage, more especially when travelling, to be able to do without drinking either water or milk, the well-known vehicles of so many diseases." The second abstainer from drinking water—Mr. John W. King, a wholesale jeweller at Clerkenwell, in England—says there is nothing wonderful in doing without water for drinking purposes, and he stated: "I have not drunk any water since the cholera visited London. I am afraid to think how many years ago, and for the last fifteen or twenty years I have been an abstainer."

LAURA JEAN LIBBEY.

The Girl Who Is Fond of Cheap Jewelry.

YOU can always tell a girl of refinement by the jewelry she wears. The true lady holds as carefully aloof from rhinestone rings, pins and bangles as she would from a plague.

Of course all young girls love these trinkets, for they are fashioned especially for feminine eyes to gaze longingly upon and feminine hearts to covet.

But let me warn you, my dears, to beware, oh! beware of tawdry jewelry.

You have all seen the girl whose clothes were pitifully shabby decked out in bracelets, half a dozen finger-rings, as many stickpins, earrings and bangles, and you have heard the remarks people made about her, and I venture to say that you never heard any one say that she looked the lady.

Cheap lace is bad enough, but cheap jewelry is so far beyond the pale of good taste that the wearer of it is not easily forgiven for such an offense in the eyes of a critical public.

You answer me ruefully that you cannot afford the real, and declare that the plated article is so like the real that few people know the difference anyhow.

In this you are grievously mistaken, my dear.

Pinchbeck jewelry is never mistaken for the real by even the most casual observer, and the girl who wears it is set down as vulgar and wanting in self-respect and proper pride.

Be satisfied to have but one small ornament, and that of the right kind, the genuine, rather than to have disgusted observers dub you "a walking advertisement for some half-dollar jewelry bargain counter."

If you cannot afford a piece of jewelry which is of the genuine kind, take my advice, my dear, if you want to be known as a young girl of refinement, eschew the imitation.

Tawdry ornaments detract from a young girl's appearance rather than enhance it. I wonder when women will realize this!

ORNAMENTATION COUNTS.

This dainty gown is of cashmere of a pastel blue shade. The bands are of white nainsook insertion, the bodice belt and shoulder straps being of nainsook embroidery. The body of the waist is of plaited black chiffon.

Ornamentation counts these days, although the plainer cloth dresses are not out. This extensive ornamentation is what gives such popularity to the squares of embroidered taffetas and silks printed or embroidered with Persian designs. The fringe which some of these squares have is used as a finish for revers.

Shirt waists of this season will not have yoke backs. This should be borne in mind when purchasing, for those with the yokes will be astonishingly cheap. Another point to be kept in mind is that the shirt waist must be long-waisted in front, as last year's did not dip at that place as this year's do.

HOW TO MAKE GOOD WAFFLES.

MUCH of the art of making good waffles depends on the evenness of the baking. Grease the irons thoroughly, having them well heated, pour in the batter, close the irons and place them over the fire. When the edges are set, turn the irons and brown the other side. Butter each one as it is baked, and, it is needless to say, serve at once. Sift over cinnamon and sugar, if liked.

THE VERY LATEST IDEA IN VALENTINES

She wears a witching gown,
With ruffles up and down
On the skirt;

She is gentle, she is shy,
But there is mischief in her eye—
She's a flirt.

This new idea in valentines has been originated by Mrs. Eliza Curtis, a young artist of Philadelphia. Her valentine is an artistic silhouette figure painted in Chinese white upon a saffron cardboard background. The effect is very pretty, indeed. Beneath the figure is printed the verse appropriate to the season.

FAMOUS MEN WHO HAD NO BIRTHDAYS.

CARDINAL MANNING did not even know the precise year of his birth, let alone the exact day.

Francois Sarcey, the celebrated French critic, whose death occurred a short time ago, never did know either the year, month or day of his birth.

Lord Beaconsfield has somewhat added to the uncertainty regarding his birthday by telling Lord Barrington of his having been born in a library. Many people contend that he meant his father's place in John street, Bloomsbury, and others point to a private house in Adelphi Terrace. The exact day, however, has not been settled. One account says Dec. 21, another Dec. 31.

Mystery and uncertainty surrounded the true birthday of Arthur Wellesley, afterward Duke of Wellington. Most people will imagine, and rightly so, that it is difficult for a Countess—his mother was the Countess of Mornington—to give birth to a son in her own castle, without knowing it, and yet neither she, her husband nor others know exactly on what day it was that the boy was born! Yet this is what occurred on the birthday of the famous Duke, and to this day the only really reliable statement about it is that he was born in 1769 in Ireland.

RECIPE FOR A HAPPY DAY.

A HEART full of thankfulness,
A thimbleful of care;
A soul of simple hopefulness,
An early morning prayer;
A smile to greet the morning with,
A kind word as a key
To open the door and greet the day
Whate'er it bring to thee;
A patient trust in Providence,
To sweeten all the way—
All these, combined with thoughtfulness,
Will make a happy day.

A SCOLDING WIFE ADDS TO A LONG DAY'S TOIL.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I am a married man, and am happy so far, but one thing I cannot make my wife understand. I work from 2 P. M. until 2 A. M. but sometimes I am supposed to work until 5 A. M. When I am tired out, and thinking to come home and rest, my wife comes and starts to scold me. I have tried many times to explain to her, but all in vain. Please tell me how I can make her understand. ANXIOUS.

IF there is no other side to this story this man and wife are to be pitied—the man for the weariness of his long day's work, the wife for her blindness. This woman should be able to see that the man's work is for her and home. The pitilessness of twelve or fifteen long hours of daily labor is keeping him and her apart from six to seven months out of every year. She should surely be willing and eager to do her part toward brightening the little remainder of the twelvemonth.

"I am happy so far," the man writes. Then it is not too late for the woman to seek and obey the dictates of love. Let her meet her home-coming husband with a smile, instead of scolding, when his work has called for added hours. That smile, with a comforting bite to eat, a soft touch to his pillow as he seeks his couch and a wifely glance about for any detail that may add to his comfort—these will promote the tired one's rest and enhance its benefits.

Marriage is the sort of partnership it won't do to trifle with. Love is the capital. Mutual forbearance and consideration bring dividends of happiness. If one party must do the heaviest share of work and in addition endure the uncalled for frowns of the other, the capital stock will soon run out.

We would like these lines to meet the eye of the scolding wife of "Anxious" and set her to thinking. She has much to think of and much to do differently—if there are not two sides to the story.

A NEW FIRE-ESCAPE THAT'S EASY TO USE.

In the fire-escape here shown the descent to the ground from a window or other egress opening can be made comfortably and without exertion. All that is necessary is to seat one's self on the bench shown, which has previously been hooked to the window ledge or other convenient point, and to grasp the two handles at the sides. Mechanism concealed in the box underneath plays out the rope from two reels or drums which are so arranged that the rope on each side will be played out at a uniform rate to prevent the tilting of the boxing or casing.

The gripping tubes at the sides of the box, through which the ropes pass, permit the control of the rate of descent, as any pressure on them acts as a brake to prevent the ropes from being rapidly unwound from the reels or drums.

THE DAY'S LOVE STORY.

A Daughter's Sacrifice.

THE Widow Juaniques and her daughter were in the little cottage making bandages and otherwise busying themselves with work for the army.

"It is strange, mother, that Captain Newcombe did not come in as usual this evening."

"Yes; he said yesterday he would come up as soon as his duties were performed. I do not understand his absence."

Zoritsa glanced quickly at the still girlish figure bending over her work. Was that a flush softly creeping over the fair, youthful face? She caught her breath. Did her mother care?

* * * * * * * * *

Great excitement seemed to prevail in the village next morning. At every other door groups of people were standing, the men angrily gesticulating, the women crying. In front of the cottage were two or three villagers talking to "Irish," as he was familiarly known in camp.

"Yis," he was saying, "thim sphalpeens up there," jerking his thumb toward the barracks, "were too busy enjoyin' av thimsilves to be bothered wid the thrubles av a handful av poor divils. But ye'll niver be afther catching Captain Newcombe a-nappin', and ez soon ez he heard the fuss, he offered himsilf and his men to go and help thim.

"Yis, we wint, but how many hev come back agin?

THE SENORITA WAS CLASPED IN THE CAPTAIN'S ARMS.

The dirty sphalpeens made a ragged edge of our company—the finest ye'll see anywheres—and the Captain himsilf has been killed entoirly. Ah! 'twas a sorry day that brought Paddy Malone to this Godforsaken counthry!"

The two women within, so dear to each other, and yet each seeming to stand in the other's happiness, strained their ears to listen.

The widow's lithe form swayed and trembled, and she would have fallen had not Zoritsa suddenly seemed to realize that her mother was there. With a quick catching of the breath and a dry, choking sob in her throat, she reached out her arm and caught her.

"Dearest," the girl said, drawing the golden head to her breast, "did you then love him so much?"

"Love him? Better than life!"

"There may be—there must be some dreadful mistake." She did not know her mother had seen the love light in her eyes and had rightly interpreted it.

Night came on. One by one the stars appeared. A solemn hush lay over all. Zoritsa drew her shawl about her, and with a heavy heart went out into the darkness.

In an agony of soul she wrestled with her own desires—her own love—and it seemed to her her very life—and conquered.

Quiet, resigned and calm, she found her way home, slowly unlatched the door and went in.

The bright moonlight streamed in a silver bar through the long, low window, and there in its brightness, with upraised face almost transfigured with happiness, was the "senorita" clasped in the Captain's arms.—Chicago Times-Herald.

LETTERS TO THE EVENING WORLD.

"Substitute Juror" System.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

The present status of the Molineux trial, namely, the abrupt interrupting of the same through the illness of a juror, suggests a very grave defect in the law regulating the jury system and trials by jury. In some states of the German empire the jury system is in the main very much the same as here, but provision is made for just such emergencies as this State is now confronted with in the Molineux trial, by selecting, in addition to the regular twelve jurors, "substitute jurors." These substitute jurors are selected in the same manner as the orginal twelve jurors—after this number is full. They have the same duties and prerogatives except that they have no vote in the final judgment. When a regular juror is ill a substitute replaces him. LOUIS S.

Likes Quiet Girls.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Many persons have wondered if business men like girls who are rather noisy better than those who are quiet. I have in mind a young lady who whenever she has occasion to pass from one room to another is generally talking very loudly to some one or going through the room so rapidly and noisily as to cause those who are engaged with their work to look up to note the confusion. Most men prefer girls who behave in a quiet, ladylike manner, and when a girl is in an office with men her conduct should be such that no comment could be made. Some girls believe that if they are noisy and unladylike in an office their little impertinent remarks are taken for wit. Certain men may think them witty, but it opens an opportunity for freedom which girls should avoid. OFFICIAL.

A Brutal Husband.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I have a husband, with a good position, who has a terrible temper. The minute he comes home he commences to fight; calls me profane names in the presence of my little daughter; the angriest talk he used to me. He takes a carving knife or stove lifter, and threatens to cut my heart out with one and brain me with the other. My daughter, the only child I have, is almost thirteen years old and we are miserable. I have only just recovered from a bad attack of heart trouble. I have had heart disease for years. My husband says he is tormenting me so the excitement will make me drop dead. Now, readers, what am I to do? Mrs. M.

Suggests Home Industry.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Now that the city is to have a tunnel there will be work for thousands of men. Why not employ the men of our own city first? Why not add a clause to the agreement to the effect that only men who have lived in New York City for the past year are to be employed? It will greatly benefit the city if this is done, as there are thousands of men looking for work. If this agreement is not made we will have men from other cities and towns working and our own men idle. I doubt not that the sub-contractors will try to bring gangs of foreigners to this country to work on the tunnel. H. P. H.

DO YOUR OWN DON'T-WORRYING

By Robert Hichens, Author of "The Green Carnation."

IT is absurd to join a "don't worry" club, but it is far from absurd to resolve to train the mind not to worry. The mind, like the body, is to a great extent the servant of repetition. It must be accustomed to do, or to stop doing, a thing before it can accept, or refuse, a feat easily. The mind is strangely like the body. Exercise it and you will be surprised to find how much it resembles the body. Lots of people honestly believe that, because a certain fault is, as they call it, born in them, they can never get rid of, or even thoroughly curb it. So the woman who worries goes on helplessly, hopelessly worrying, and only worries herself the more by joining a "don't worry" club.

I remember once suffering persistently from insomnia, and I was advised not to think at night, to make my mind a blank, empty of thoughts. I said I could not possibly do it. I tried to do it, and could not. I tried again and again, and could not. Always some definite thought intruded. But I resolved to reduce my mind to obedience, and I persisted in the attempt to compass what seemed the impossible. One night I banished thought and I slept. Since then I have often succeeded in thus drawing, as it were, the poison from the fangs of that monster the mind, for it can be a monster indeed. The fatal thing is to be beaten at a first, a second, even a third attempt. It is quite possible for the worrier to worry no more. Read Marcus Aurelius on that subject. If Dr. George Jacoby is right—and no doubt he is—then worry helps to kill the body. It certainly helps to injure the soul. Why does not some Sandow of the mental world start a school for the training of the temperament? This would be far better than a "don't worry" club.

SOLDIERS ARE LIKE CHILDREN.

To the medical man the soldier is very like a child. That is to say, he suffers from precisely the same diseases as children. In any large army hospital you will find rows of patients down with measles, scarlatina, diphtheria, mumps and sometimes whooping-cough. In fact, the soldiers' hospital is as like as can be to the children's hospital.

AN EOLIAN HARP.

"You've no idea how my husband snores!"

"So does my husband, but I have a good remedy. As soon as he begins I fasten a mouth harmonca over his nose and he makes the finest music!"—Unsere Gesellschaft.

MEN KILLED WITHOUT WOUNDS.

AT the battle of Sedan, in the Franco-German war, one man was picked up whose tendon Achilles—the strong tendon which runs down to the heel—was torn in two, but who had not any sign on his skin of having been hit. A big piece of shell broke another man's leg, but did not even raise a blush on his skin. Another soldier had his skull broken into a dozen pieces, but the scalp was quite uninjured. And the whole shoulder of another was simply pulverized, yet the skin over it had neither scratch nor bruise.

When a shell glides along over the heart, liver, stomach, or any other internal organ it bruises and tears it, causing instant death. But the most powerful microscope would not reveal a trace of damage to the skin.

MODERN IMPROVEMENTS.

Irate Tenant—It's colder than all get out in our apartments this morning. Why isn't the heat turned on?

Janitor—It's turned on in the rooms I occupy, and just as soon as they get warm I'll turn it on in the rest of the building.

FIRST AID TO WOUNDED HEARTS

Both Families Oppose This Match.

I am deeply in love with a young lady of my own age, twenty years. We had planned to be married in January, 1900, but both her people and mine objected very strongly. My father threatened to send me away to boarding-school until I am of age unless I would immediately cancel the engagement. I was obliged to take the ring back from the young lady in order that I might remain at home where I can see her often. We have partly made up our minds to run away and be married in spite of every one. I want to ask if you would advise such a course. NED.

Don't do anything so foolish. If you really love each other, at least wait until you come to man's estate. Your parents are entitled to consideration, and so are hers. There is nothing very terrible in a young man being obliged to defer his marriage until his twenty-first birthday.

Met Him with Another Girl.

I am a young lady eighteen years of age and am in love with a young gentleman of nineteen or twenty. He was refined and had a good education, but he seemed, to be somewhat backward in expressing his liking for me. When he went away on his vacation he promised that he would write, but he was away three weeks and I did not hear from him. One evening not long after his return I met him at North Beach with another young lady. I wrote to him, but he answered and said that she was his cousin. Now as I think a great deal about him I would like you to give me some advice as to how I can find out whether he cares for me or not. MAUD.

My dear Maud, I am afraid you have made it too obvious to this young man that you are fond of him. How often must I tell you dear girls that men like to do their own courting? They wish to make advances, and nothing so soon disgusts them and drives them off the territory as the conviction that they are being run after. If the young man cares for you be sure he will let you know of it in time.

THE DOG, THE MOUSE AND THE BOLOGNA.

It was an exciting moment, but the dog didn't lose its presence of mind. It got away with the sausage.