

CORY'S TIMELY CARTOON. VINDICATED!



GIRLS, BE GRACEFUL! DON'T TOE OUT. ONLY ONE PROPER WAY TO WALK.

WHAT is the kangaroo walk? Is the question that comes from many persons. It is a series of absurd contortions practised by young women who are devoid of brains or common sense. They lean very far forward, swing their arms and take long steps not unlike the hops made familiar to the public by the animal that is exhibited by every well-conducted menagerie and zoo.

HOW TO BE NICE AND NEIGHBORLY.

THE WOMAN in 2016 had just moved in and she was very anxious to know something about her neighbors. The woman in 2018 was curious about the new comer. A strange coincidence brought them to the dividing fence at the same hour. No. 2016 rolled a keg up to her side of the fence. No. 2018 turned up a big tub. Simultaneously they mounted their respective elevations. Their heads met and there were exclamations of guilty surprise.

HOW IT DEVELOPED.

PROPOSED when Dolly posed to be photographed. Earnestly my love disclosed. Dolly only laughed. Dolly mocked my love and art. With coquetry malicious. Spoiled my plates and spurned my heart. With baffling smiles capricious. All attempting I essayed. Still she posed, unheeding. "Give an answer, cruel maid. To my earnest pleading." Then she did—and while I live, To make me melancholy. I cherish one sharp negative That I got of Dolly. —From "Olive Leaf and Lavender," by Roy L. McCardell.

JOIN THE KICK CLUB! SEND IN YOUR KICK!

Sunday and Sweethearts. To the Editor of the Evening World: The action of the women of the National Sabbath Alliance in denouncing the young men's Sunday calling upon their sweethearts' rightly deserves the severest censure, because it fails to observe the proverb: "Let well enough alone." When taking into consideration the fact that New York is steeped as deeply in vice, such a denunciation is indeed ridiculous. It is all the more so when we positively know that in certain sections the Sabbath is almost totally disregarded, and that in the summer season at the many seaside resorts Sunday is the day which is eagerly watched for by the proprietors of the concert saloons, of the gambling dens and of many other places of a less or more degrading influence. If our young men can spend their Sunday's worthily, don't stop them. W. H.

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The World. VOL. 41. NO. 14,877.

Published by the Press Publishing Company, 62 to 64 PARK ROW, New York. Entered at the Post-Office at New York as Second-Class Mail Matter.

GO TO THE PEOPLE OF THE STAGE FOR THE SECRET OF LASTING YOUTH.

It is a generally conceded fact, though to many an inexplicable one, that people of the stage have a happy knack of keeping young. When one thinks of the hard work, the almost constant travel, the late hours, the irregular meals which are the portion of these followers of Thespis one is amazed that their features are not marked more by the world's wear and tear. And yet there are few old people on the stage. Old in years some of them may be, but not many are old in appearance. Monotony is one of the surest of wrinkle-producers. The actor's life may be hard, precarious, irregular. It is never monotonous. No dull routine day after day for him. It can never be said of him that "No such things as events ever ruffle the calm surface of his millpond existence."

His life is all events and an ever-changing kaleidoscope of scenes and faces. No getting up three hundred and sixty-five mornings in the year from the same bed to sit at the same breakfast table—and perhaps the same breakfast. No going to the same office to sit at the same desk and talk with the same people on the same old threadbare subjects. No trudging to the same house through the same streets to the same dinners at the same hours.

In short, the word "same" is not to be found in the actor's bright lexicon. To-day he is in New York dining at club or hotel at 7—a civilized dinner hour. To-morrow he "dines" on a buffet-car, cold beans being the chief article of diet. To-morrow night he is in a small town making his supper on country sausages and weak tea. Next day he has arrived at another city and for three days lives like a lord at the best hostelry available.

And so it goes. The enforced sausages and baked beans give him a keen appreciation of the sweetbread and devilled crab. To-night he sleeps on a superior hair mattress and box spring. To-morrow night he swears the hours away on a bed which appears to be filled with cobblestones.

The actor is always looking forward. He is always expecting something to happen. He never knows what it means to be sure as to what is going to occur next day. He can't even guess what he's going to have for breakfast. He can't be positive he is going to have any breakfast at all.

He has ample opportunity of improving his mind and making of himself a walking encyclopaedia if he so choose. He can read during long journeys by land and sea; he can amuse himself by playing cards, drawing, composing music, writing plays or conversing with chance acquaintances or his fellow-players. In fact, he can do very much as he likes and knows no such thing as daily routine.

There is monotony connected with the downiest pillow ever made for the human head to rest on when the same head and the same pillow are daily companions. And the prettiest china and daintiest linen, viewed day after day, year after year, must pall sometimes upon the best of us.

There are times when we would gladly perch on a stool at a lunch-counter and tackle a ham sandwich or a doughnut hard enough to do duty on a battle-field if only by way of change. Home is certainly what every actor yearns for. But, delightful as it is to sit under one's own vine and figtree, a great many of those who enjoy this privilege do not escape so many wrinkles as do their peripatetic brothers and sisters.

Another reason why actors—and, of course, one means actresses, also—preserve their youthful appearance is to be found in the fact that they are able to forget their actual age. So long as a man or woman can play young characters, so long as they can by use of grease paints look the youthful parts they are supposed to portray, they are allowed to play these roles. They are not placed on the shelf just because a certain number of years have rolled over their heads.

And when a woman looks young, feels young and is engaged to play young girls on the stage, she comes to believe she is young. She never thinks of her real age. Now, in the case of a woman who has grown up and crept on toward middle life in one community, do you think she is ever permitted to forget her age?

Not much! Every one in the town is keeping tabs on her. And she knows it. "Yes," her friend will say, "I know Daisy Brown looks only about twenty-five. But she was born the day Aunt Susan died of erysipelas, and that was thirty-six years ago the 10th of last July."

Now, the player-folk do not have these old neighbors keeping tally or reminding them after the charming manner of long acquaintances of the fact that they are "growing old like the rest of us." They look young, they feel young, they are young. "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he."

Some State Island Grievances. To the Editor of the Evening World: There are three wrongs in Staten Island I will respectfully call attention to: "gas," "water" and the extension of the "trrolley line" to Totenville. Gas and water are double what they are in Manhattan. They charge full fare on the steam cars from Grant City to Totenville and thus prevent many people from riding on the trolley from St. George to Grant City and continue the journey to Totenville. Thousands of lot owners would build were it not for these handicaps. See how the recent fare built up Harlem. A CONSTANT READER. "Brooklyn Saulty Transit." To the Editor of the Evening World: On Tuesday evening of this week at 7:30 o'clock a Bay Ridge train of three coaches of the Brooklyn Saulty Transit, came leisurely around the curve at the Brooklyn side of the bridge. There were passengers enough for six cars. The jouncing, pushing, hustling and swearing of the passengers was something terrible. Instead of the question, "Can't something be done?" I would like to know WHY something is not and cannot be done? VICTIOUS.

DADDY WOULDN'T BUY THE BOW-WOWS. By T. E. POWERS.



THE DUCHESS'S OBDRULATE PAPA (to Dog Merchant)—No. Not to-day, Autolycus. We've got all the expensive household pets we need at present.

HARRIET HUBBARD AYER ANSWERS THE QUESTIONS OF HOUSEWIVES.

Dear Mrs. Ayer: Will you kindly give me recipe for boiled grouse (what is called jugged grouse, to be eaten cold), also jugged hare (English style). E. S. FOR JELLED GROUSE, clean the bird and cut it up with the exception of the breast, which should be left whole. Put the pieces in a stewpan with the liver, heart and gizzard, add two bay leaves, a small bunch of parsley and thyme, and a small lemon; pour in water to cover, season to taste with salt and pepper, and boil the mass until very tender. When cooked take it out of the liquor, cut the meat off the breast in four long strips and the remainder of the meat into small pieces. Put the bones back into the saucepan with half an ounce of gelatine that has first been dissolved in a small quantity of water, and boil gently for fifteen or twenty minutes longer. Strain the liquor through a jelly bag and pour sufficient into a deep pie dish to cover the bottom. When the



HARRIET HUBBARD AYER.

a stalk of celery has been boiled; then remove. Put on a tight top, set in a vessel of cold water and bring slowly to a boil. Keep this up for three hours or until the meat is tender. Dish the pieces of hare; thicken the gravy with flour. Add a teaspoonful of currant jelly and one of lemon juice; simmer one minute and turn all pour in a glass of sherry, and turn all upon the meat. Garnish with triangles of fried hominy, serving a bit with each portion of hare. Who knows how to make fig icing? Dear Mrs. Ayer: Please give recipe for fig icing for a cake. L. K. B. WILL some of our correspondents be so kind as to give us a recipe for fig icing, which is called for? The only one that suggests itself to me is to take the regular fondant of icing prepared for cake and cut your figs in small slices and mix in the icing before spreading it. But I am open to criticism and stand corrected if there is something nearer the mark.

When cooked take it out of the liquor, cut the meat off the breast in four long strips and the remainder of the meat into small pieces. Put the bones back into the saucepan with half an ounce of gelatine that has first been dissolved in a small quantity of water, and boil gently for fifteen or twenty minutes longer. Strain the liquor through a jelly bag and pour sufficient into a deep pie dish to cover the bottom. When the

FOR HOME DRESSMAKERS. The Evening World's Daily Fashion Hint.

To cut the jacket of this morning gown in medium size 3 1/2 yards 27 inches wide or 15 1/2 yards 41 inches wide will be required. To cut the five-



gored skirt 4 yards 44 inches wide or 6 1/4 yards 27 inches wide. The jacket pattern (No. 3,677, sizes 22 to 42) will be sent for 10 cents. The skirt pattern (No. 3,677, sizes 22 to 40) will be sent for 10 cents; both patterns, 20 cents. Send money to "Cashier, The World, Pulitzer Building, New York City."

JOIN THE KICK CLUB! SEND IN YOUR KICK!

SAVED BY A RING. While dressing in his house in Philadelphia, William Brown accidentally knocked a loaded revolver over of a bureau. The weapon was a heavy charged and the bullet sprang from the ring which Brown wore, glanced off and buried itself in a window sash. The man sustained no injury whatever, though the ring was forced from his hand.

THREE DELICIOUS ORANGE Dainties.

Take the rinds of the oranges, cut them into strips and weigh them, place in boiling water and cook until tender. Place on sieve and put in screen or cool oven until dry. To two pounds of fruit take six pounds loaf sugar and a pint and a half of water. Boil the sugar and water together until there is a good clear syrup. Place the orange strips in a dish, pour the syrup over and allow them to soak in the syrup for twenty-four hours. Then strain the syrup from the orange strips, boil it until it crackles and pour it boiling over the orange rinds. Again let them stand for twenty-four hours. This process may be repeated a third and a fourth time. Scald two cupfuls milk and turn it over one-quarter cupful of dried bread crumbs, letting it stand until cool. In the mean

while beat the yolks of two eggs to a cream with one-half cupful of sugar. Mix together the milk and bread crumbs, eggs and sugar, a tablespoonful of melted butter and the juice of one orange and half the grated rind. Turn into a buttered dish, place in a pan of boiling water and bake until firm. Cover with a meringue made of the two whites of the eggs. Brown slightly and serve hot or cold.

Candied Orange. Orange Fritters. Orange Pudding.

leaving it raw. Roll them in powdered sugar and dip them in the batter before the sugar has time to dissolve. The batter is made of two eggs, one tablespoonful of oil, cupful of flour, half-cupful cold water, saltspoonful salt, tablespoonful sugar. Stir salt into the egg yolks, add slowly the oil, then the sugar. When well mixed stir in slowly the flour and then the water, a little at a time. Beat it well and set it aside for two hours at least. When ready to use, stir the whites of the eggs beaten to a stiff froth. The batter should be very stiff and of a consistency to completely coat the article it is intended to cover. Dip in fat and fry to an amber color, draining thoroughly on a piece of brown paper.

THE EVENING WORLD'S BIG LETTER CLUB TAKES UP LIVE TOPICS AND DISCUSSES THEM.

When that very interesting subject reaches the age of thirty-five. CONNOISSEUR. All Depends on Principal. To the Editor of the Evening World: In reply to "Indignant Parent," who wants to know if corporal punishment for girls is still allowed in English boarding-schools, would say that it all depends what kind the principal is. Papa sent me to boarding-school in the old country, and more than a dozen times I have been well switched for breaking rules. All schools may not be the same, however. FANNY S. Defends Card-Playing Commuters. To the Editor of the Evening World: I would like to say a few words in relation to the attack on "The card-playing commuter," by a Princeton, N. J., man. Now, "Mr. B. V. Beam, of Pompton," I wish to state that we "card-playing commuters" do not, as you say, "hog half of the seats" on those looking for work won't have to wear glasses in procuring it. E. S. Reverend, N. Y. Would Quarantine Dogs and Cats. To the Editor of the Evening World: During an epidemic of contagious diseases the Board of Health either quarantines the victims or removes them from their homes to stop the spread of the disease. But the family dog or cat is allowed to roam at will and carry germs of disease, thus spreading the disease to other families. While the Board of Health is trying to prevent the spread of contagious diseases why not pay some attention to the family dog or cat? J. T. JOIN THE KICK CLUB! SEND IN YOUR KICK!