

HOW TO FOLLOW A CROOK.

By T. E. POWERS.



"When you are following a crook," said Deputy Commissioner Devery to the Police Chiefs' Convention, "don't let him know you are following him." It is probably on this line the New York police act when they are looking for pool-rooms; they don't let the pool-rooms know they are looking for them.

SOME SECRETS OF BEAUTY REVEALED BY AN EXPERT, HARRIET HUBBARD AYER.

Lotion for Brown Spots. I have a very light complexion, but have lately got some large brown pimples on my face. Do you know of any way to get rid of them? Would a camomile-hair face-scrubbing brush be of any use? E. M. N. BY this lotion for brown spots: Citric acid, 3 drams; hot water, 11 ounces; powdered borax, 2 drams; red rose petals, 1 ounce; glycerine, 1 ounce. Dissolve the citric acid and borax in the water, then add the rose petals; let stand for two hours; strain through a jelly-bag and let stand for two days, after which pour off the clear portion and add the glycerine. It is ready for use. The camomile-hair face-scrubbing brush is always beneficial, excepting where the face is very sore. Callous Spots on Soles of the Feet. Dear Mrs. Ayer: Can you give me a remedy for corns and callousness on the soles of the feet? FOOT-SORE FRIEND. THE best way to cure corns on the soles of the feet is by having cork soles put into the shoe with places cut out where the corns are. The way to get the exact spot where the hole is to be cut is to place some chalk on the corn and put the bare foot into the shoe which has the cork sole in it. Walk across the room two or three times, take the shoe off and the little chalk spots will be left upon the cork sole. If you go to a shoemaker he will cut out the cork just the size of these spots. Resume wearing the cork soles. This method cures the callous spots from contact with a hard surface and in the course of time cures them. There are other treatments that are

FOR HOME DRESSMAKERS.

The Evening World's Daily Fashion Hint.

To cut this round yoke wrapper in medium size, 10 1/2 yards of material 3 inches wide or 6 1/2 yards 4 inches wide will be required.



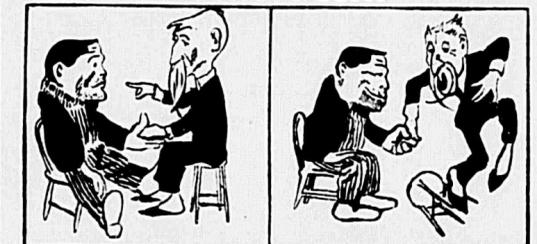
The pattern (No. 8,845, sizes 32 to 42) is sent for 10 cents. To "Cashier, The World, Building, New York City."

WHY JOHNNIE LOST HIS JOB.



Caller—Tell the lawyer that I have a retainer for him. Caller—And now, sir, please let me present my special trousers-retainer, at only 20 cents a pair.

HIS SHORT SUIT.



Palmet—Your nature, sir, is purely intellectual and spiritual. You are weak only on the brutal and physical side of your— "Wow! Can't you express your gratitude without squeezing the hand off me?"

DAILY LOVE STORY.

(Copyright, 1901, by Daily Story Pub. Co.) ONE day Dr. Francis Hastings was in the wards of a New York hospital. As he passed from bed to bed some one caught at his hand. It was a new patient brought in the day before from an emergency hospital uptown. The doctor bent over him at the agonized clutch. Drops of agony stood upon the man's black brow. "Suffering, are you? I will give you a little relief," he said kindly. "Are you a rich man?" the patient whispered hoarsely, "or a poor one?" Dr. Hastings shook his head and smiled bitterly. "I am as poor as you are," he retorted after he had closed his syringe case.

The World.

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SCIENCE. IRON, FLESH AND BLOOD.

In each of the blast furnaces that turn Pittsburgh's night into day iron ore and limestone are fused in a coke fire fanned by a blast of hot air. The refuse forms slag; the metal flows through the tapping hole, a sluggish, dull red stream, into the moulds where pig iron is cast.

The water in the air that feeds the blast is cast off as vapor with the other impurities—but this costs money! So the Steel Trust is spending \$100,000 for a plant to freeze air for the furnaces in a single one of its mills. Freezing drives out most of the moisture, so that when the air is reheated and driven into the furnace it is very dry—one of those ingenious little economies that make America famous.

The other day in a New York hospital a woman lay awake while the surgeons cut off one of her legs. She was conscious; could speak, could if permitted even watch the operation; but of pain she felt nothing. A tiny atom of cocaine injected into her backbone had produced temporary paralysis below that point. Painless surgery without the horror of the drugged mind—dark—what a boon!

Which of these two marvels is the greater—the marvel of making or the marvel of healing?

Does medicine command without recompense a higher order of inventive genius than even the vast profits of the Billion-Dollar Trust?

GOOD MANNERS NOT MADE BY ORDINANCES.

President Vreeland says: "The ordinance against spitting in cars is a good one, but we would have our hands full if we attempted to enforce it."

Thus we are reminded of the fact that some reforms cannot be brought about by any amount of laws or ordinances. Physical difficulties prevent.

Spitting in public places is one of them. Pass all the ordinances you please, post them everywhere—and the spitting will go on until the spitters are made less numerous by a general reform in manners.

It is a matter of custom, habit, manners—and in the last analysis of morals. For manners are simply the manifestation of morals.

The only road to relief from the spitting nuisance is to educate the men who commit it to a realizing sense of the indecency of the thing. As soon as they get firm hold of the idea that to expectorate either in cars or wherever else other persons are assembled is to be guilty of a disgusting bit of bad manners, they will stop it. And until they do they won't.

Mr. Vreeland is quite right in saying that it is not practicable to make everybody obey the ordinance—no, nor one in ten of the offenders against it.

An old Yankee steamboat captain, annoyed at the constant violation of the rule against smoking on the deck used by ladies, put up this sign: "GENTLEMEN will not smoke on this deck; others will not be allowed to." And the number of offenders immediately became very small.

Perhaps the spitting nuisance might be sooner stopped if all the present threatening notices were torn down on our cars and steamboats and signs substituted reading like this:

Gentlemen Never Spit in These Cars. All Others Are Forbidden to Do So.

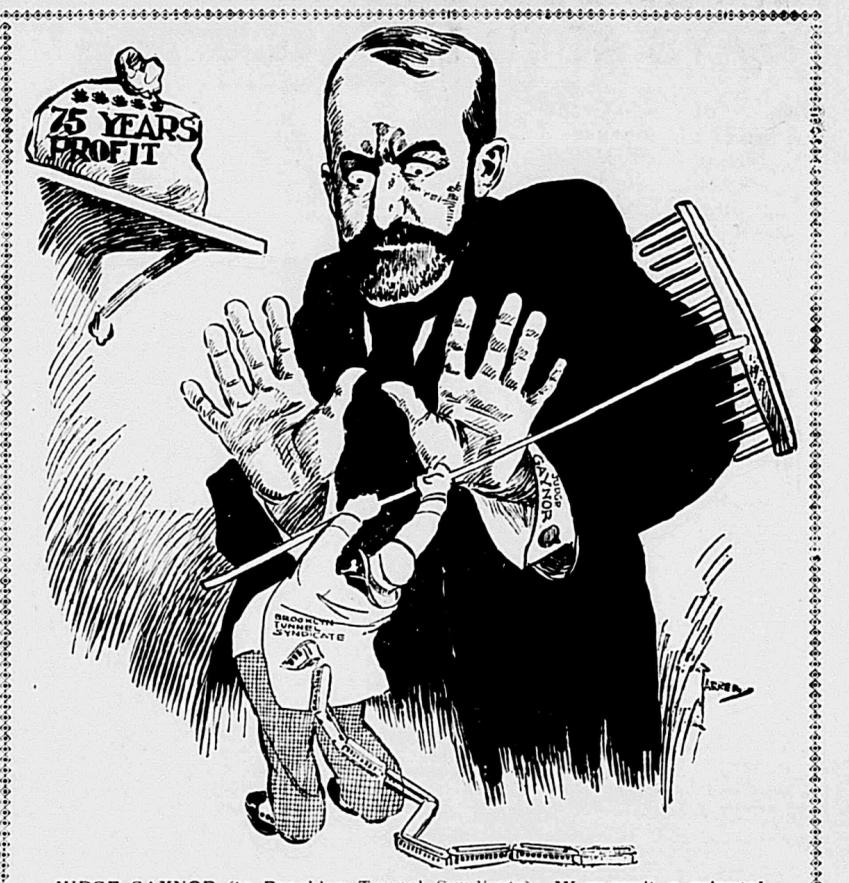
A direct appeal to the instinct of honor and the sense of shame which all men have—or nearly all—is in some cases more effective than threats of penalties which simply cannot be carried out.

SOME OF THE FUN OF THE DAY.

LOVE-LETTERS OF TO-DAY. Percy—I shall treasure forever every word of endearment you write me, Pauline. Pauline—Oh, no; my love-letters are not necessarily a guarantee of good faith; they are only for publication.—Chicago Record-Herald. POLLY OF FASHION. "Can't you give me some night work?" inquired the man who had seen better days. "No, but I might give you some day work." "That wouldn't do. You see, I have nothing fit to wear but a dress suit."—Philadelphia Inquirer. AN OBSERVANT MAN. "I had intended," said Mrs. Reuben Necke at the supper table, "to go down to-day to look at some stockings, but it rained so all afternoon." "Why," remarked Mr. Reuben Necke, absent-mindedly, "that's the best time to see them." THE NEW WOMAN. "It's a mistake about woman being created from a rib." "That's the story." "Considering that my wife is always wanting something or other, I think it must have been the wish-bone."—Philadelphia Times. THE FRENCHMAN ELOQUENT. "That's the French editor at the phone, is it? Why doesn't he write down that message he's getting, instead of calling a reporter to take it down?" "Can't you see he has to use both hands in gesturing?"—Chicago Tribune.

WHY BE IN SUCH A HURRY?

By FRANK PARKER.



JUDGE GAYNOR (to Brooklyn Tunnel Syndicate)—W-w-wait a minute!

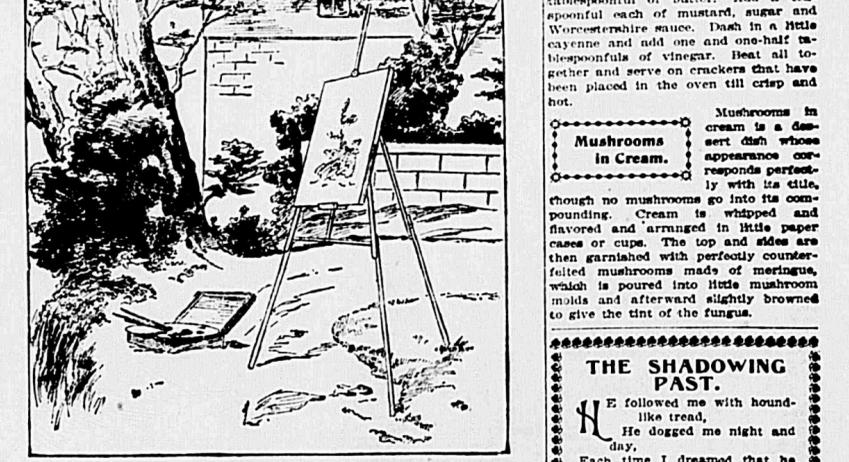
THE EVENING WORLD'S BIG LETTER CLUB.

Plan for Damages. To the Editor of The Evening World: In a recent letter women who enter breach of promise suits were called "money-grabbing people." Don't you think money is their least object? Suppose a woman loves a man honestly and truly and he tries to jilt her for more money. I think the woman ought to have the satisfaction of knowing that he will not get the money for which he meant to jilt her. As in everything these cases have two sides also. W. N. Our "Snailie Transit." To the Editor of The Evening World: New York rapid transit would far better be called "Snailie Transit." It is accomplished by old-fashioned horse cars, by cable and electric cars (which get stalled on all occasions when I am in a hurry) and by "L" trains that run too seldom and that are hideously jammed in rush hours. Shame on our back city! Let's get into line and improve our transit; not only by tunnel but by street cars that don't get stalled and by "L" trains that run with some pretension to frequency. HERCULES. Bad Temper vs. Practical Joking. To the Editor of The Evening World: I noticed a letter about women being ill-tempered. I would like to offer my opinion on the subject. Which do you think is the worst offense, ill-temper or practical joking? I think that getting into a rage over a discussion is not half so bad as removing a chair from under a person who has had the intention of sitting down on the said chair, but who, to his sorrow, landed on the sidewalk instead. This cruelty was committed by a man who constantly sneers at women for being ill-tempered. FRANK B. For a New National Game. To the Editor of The Evening World: I agree with the correspondent who said it was time for us to get up a new national game. Baseball has seen its best days. More folks than I are weary of it. Haven't we innocently enough to invent something in its place? At the only baseball game I ever attended I went fast asleep and slept through four innings. It is a silly old game. THOMAS E. BLAISE. Says Kissacs Are Barbaric. To the Editor of The Evening World: The kiss is barbaric. It is a relic of barbarism. It is like the Esquimaux custom of rubbing noses, or like the Chinese kow-tow. Let's cut it out. It may have been all right for our savage ancestors to jam their heads together so that their respective lips came in conjunction; but it is a trifle silly for civilized beings. If we had been meant to kiss we would not have been given protruding noses that force us to turn our heads sideways in order to land on our opponent's lip. ANTI-OSCULATORIUS. Why Men Stay Single. To the Editor of The Evening World: The latest statistics show that in this city there are 25,000 more women than men. Almost every local newspaper has published sympathetic articles about the surplus women who have to go without husbands. In my estimation there are 25,000 more who have to be husbandless for various other reasons. As far as the first 25,000 is concerned I sympathize with those who have no sympathy with those who have chances when young of getting husbands who would do credit to them but who do not accept those chances. Are the men to be blamed for this? It is true that there are a large portion of men who earn a living for themselves look upon married life as too burdensome and don't want to get married. Do you blame them? W. E.

SUGGESTIONS FOR THE COOK.

Canned peas should be carefully drained from their liquor before they are put over to cook. It is also better to wash them in cold water and then put them in fresh boiling water sufficient to cover them. Add a teaspoonful of brown sugar, but no salt, since salt has a tendency toward hardening them. Twenty minutes' cooking is enough. The peas should then be drained and served with a dressing of melted butter, pepper and salt. Cream cheese mixed with equal portions of minced chives and parsley, using perhaps two teaspoonsful each for one small cheese, then made into small balls and served with lettuce salad, is very good. Or take one-half pound of a rich dairy cheese and work it to a cream with a tablespoonful of butter. Add a teaspoonful each of mustard, sugar and Worcestershire sauce. Dash in a little cayenne and add one and one-half tablespoonfuls of vinegar. Beat all together and serve on crackers that have been placed in the oven till crisp and hot. Mushrooms in cream is a dessert dish whose appearance corresponds perfectly with its title, pouting. Cream is whipped and flavored and arranged in little paper cases or cups. The top and sides are then garnished with perfectly counter-fitted mushrooms made of meringue, which is poured into little mushroom molds and afterward slightly browned to give the tint of the fungus.

PICTURE PUZZLE.



Here is the easel, but where is the artist?

CHANCE TREASURE.

The guests were disappointed at the girl's restoration. "How real it was!" they exclaimed. "Positively theatrical. One would think there was actually buried treasure about. What a wonderful power of suggestion you have, Dr. Hastings!" This produced a visible excitement. "His island was one of three. Two are now submerged reefs. A vessel is dashed there. See the scarlet buoy for danger! It floats in a line with the middle isle. 'Tis but a rock point." "Where is it?" asked the doctor. "To the northward. We passed it yesterday. The box is broken, the coin is scattered in the rock crevices. There have been shocks, earthquakes, what not? You will find it. Yes, I see you with the broken-box lid." black man, some black sailors, buried it. Can you find it?" In a little time Flora said in a faint voice: "I see it. It is buried deep. But you have made a mistake. You are not near it." "This produced a visible excitement. "His island was one of three. Two are now submerged reefs. A vessel is dashed there. See the scarlet buoy for danger! It floats in a line with the middle isle. 'Tis but a rock point." "Where is it?" asked the doctor. "To the northward. We passed it yesterday. The box is broken, the coin is scattered in the rock crevices. There have been shocks, earthquakes, what not? You will find it. Yes, I see you with the broken-box lid."

FRANK B. HASTINGS.