

KATE CAREW ABROAD.

No. 5.—The Girl from Over There.



LONDON, June 12.—Miss Edna May's placid charms continue to appeal powerfully to the heart of the British Willieboy, whose Mecca is the stage door of the Duke of York's Theatre.

THE PERPLEXITIES OF LOVERS SOLVED BY HARRIET HUBBARD AYER.

"Love and Forget-Me-Not" Without a Signature. Dear Mrs. Ayer: About two months ago I broke with the gentleman to whom I was engaged.

They Go Walking Together. Dear Mrs. Ayer: I am a young man nineteen years old and am deeply in love with a young lady one year my junior. We go walk-

ing together and she seems to care for me. How can I find out if she does? JOHN B.

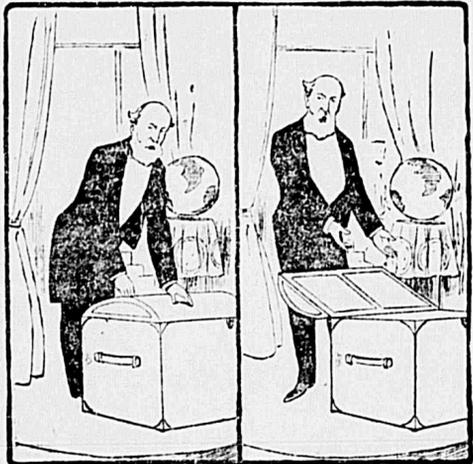
FOR HOME DRESSMAKERS.

The Evening World's Daily Fashion Hint.

To cut this tucked shirt waist for a miss fourteen years of age 2 3/4 yards of material 21 inches wide, 2 5/8 yards 17 inches wide, 2 1/2 yards 32 inches wide



DAILY PICTURE PUZZLE.



A boy was in this trunk. Prof. Beeswax said presto! and he was gone, but where?

AN EVERY-DAY AFFAIR.

They were seated side by side on the slippery horsehair sofa in the shabby little parlor. The girl said: "I'll tell you what, Jim, you can come around and see me to-morrow night. I thought I'd have to work, but Mrs. Barton says she can spare me."

hurred on, white with rage, and Parker made his way to the house and asked for Clara. It seemed that he wanted to ask her to work the next night and he had called personally because the work was to be on a wedding

girl, believed her and said, with misleading warmth, that he was glad to hear that. "I have always felt a little afraid to speak," he continued, "but some one you can guess who—cares more for you than Jim does and is in a better position. He can surround you with—"

She sent this to her lover by her young brother Bert, and within an hour she had received the following reply: "Don't trouble yourself for any reasons and don't expect me tomorrow night or any more. I know. Yours respectfully, JAMES E. WILSON."

All at once there is a rush to the corner of the room and a crash, as of an overturned table and breaking glasses. Evidently Jim is hard to persuade into the path, for he is frantically attempting to bruise the countenance of his would-be persuader, Parker, who is contenting himself with parrying the blows aimed at him until Jim lands. Then Parker breaks from the shirt-sleeved man who is largely responsible and in a minute or two Jim is on the floor.

"We'll serenade 'er," he said. At the conclusion of the melody Jim stumbled and fell in the gutter and laid there very quietly. When the stately, measured tread of the policeman brought him to the scene he was surprised, for he had known Clara from the time she had first come to the ward—a bit of a girlie. He "had niver" expected to see the likes of her settin' an 'th' coorb, houldin' a drunk in her arms an' tellin' him that she loved him an' beggin' him to speak to her wance. "Women," said Policeman Sullivan, "is quare creatures an' hard to sense."

Of course they were married and they have really lived quite happily up to the present time.

The World.

PUBLISHED BY THE PRESS PUBLISHING COMPANY, 53 TO 63 PARK ROW, NEW YORK. Entered at the Post-Office at New York as Second-Class Mail Matter.

MULTI-MILLIONAIRE PEARSONS' RULES FOR GROWING HUMAN CENTURY PLANTS.

There is a man out at Chicago named D. K. Pearsons who has a double distinction.

First, he is one of that eminent group of very wealthy Americans who have redeemed the multi-millionaire from the reproach of selfishness by giving their millions back to the people in college endowments.

His second distinction is that he hopes, expects and is systematically striving to live to be one hundred years old. He is now eighty-one.

With this object in view D. K. Pearsons is living by a set of rules which he thinks is calculated to bring him centenarian honors. As they are by no means hackneyed rules they are interesting. Here they are in briefest form:

- 1. Rise at 6 A. M., eat three light meals a day, sleep after dinner for one and a half hours, and go to bed at 8 P. M., giving in all eleven and a half out of every twenty-four hours to sleep.
2. Keep the mind occupied for four hours in the forenoon of each day with the agreeable yet serious business of judiciously giving money to colleges and supervising the investment thereof.
3. Eat no meat, no pies, no cakes, no sweets. Live on vegetables and fruits. Make your home on top of a high hill and keep your bedroom windows open.

Now, this philanthropic Midas of the West may not live a century by following these rules, but in the main they indicate the habits which are most conducive to long life.

The famous human century plants have thrived by abstemious eating and drinking and, after the four-score line is passed, by cultivating serenity by day and sound sleep by night.

D. K. Pearsons, varying Ben Franklin, says: "Most men dig their graves with their teeth." "Some men," Franklin said. "Old age," continues Pearsons, "depends upon heredity, common sense and a good stomach." He might well have added, "and using it well."

Isaac Pitman, inventor of stenography, lived into the nineties, precisely on Pearsons' diet of fruit, vegetables and fresh air. Peter Cooper, who ran about as nimbly as a youth when well past ninety, was a light eater, a good sleeper and mentally alert to the last. Gladstone, like Pearsons, laid great stress on sufficient sleep. It was his boast that no debate, however fierce, kept him awake five minutes if he determined to sleep. Grant declared that he was never at his best unless he got nine hours' sleep a day.

The best improvement in modern education, alike in the colleges and the schools, is the large amount of attention given to hygiene, health and physical culture—the science of living well and therefore living long.

No longer can our college graduates, nor even our grammar school graduates, say as that great scholar and pioneer of education, Horace Mann, said in his infirm old age: "In college I was taught all about the motions of the planets, as carefully as if they might get off the track if I could not trace their orbits; but about my own organization, and the conditions of my own bodily health, I was left in profound ignorance."

OUR TEETH AS GRAVE-DIGGERS. HORACE MANN'S LAMENT OBSOLETE.

THE WOMAN'S HOTEL.

Between Twentieth and Thirtieth streets there will soon be erected an experiment which may revolutionize the future of the world. This experiment will be twelve stories in height and will look to the superficial glance like an ordinary hotel. But in reality it will be twelve stories of women, without a man in sight or hearing. For this is to be a hotel exclusively feminine. Blindly imagination gropes toward what will happen in these twelve stories. It sees dimly the hundreds of women, at peace at last from their arch-enemy, man, becoming swiftly and lovingly acquainted. The snobbishness of man being absent, there are no cliques or sets, but all live on an equal level of mutual affection. Man's scandal-mongering being a thing of the past, the happy women exert their ingenuity in seeing which can invent the pleasantest fictions concerning each other. Since fear of attracting the brutal admiration of men is now removed, women begin to take pains in their dress, each striving to deck out some friend in the sartorial beauties created by her aesthetic fancy.

And so on. Imagination faints for joy as the dazzling prospects widen.

BOBBS EVEN WITH DOBBS. Dobbs—I was very much surprised to-day. Yesterday Miss Paraffine told me she couldn't care for me, and yet she stopped me this morning and gave me a flower.

Bobbs—Nothing peculiar about that. Dobbs—I think so. Bobbs—I don't; this is Decoration Day and you're a "dead one"—see?—Indianaopolis Sun.

SOCIAL PROBLEM UPSET. "I have heard," remarked the student of social problems, "that in marriage it doesn't cost any more for two to live than for one." "Say," said the married man, with a worried look, "were you ever the father of twins?"—Philadelphia Record.

DAILY LOVE STORY.

They were seated side by side on the slippery horsehair sofa in the shabby little parlor. The girl said: "I'll tell you what, Jim, you can come around and see me to-morrow night. I thought I'd have to work, but Mrs. Barton says she can spare me."

CRIME-HUNTING IN NEW YORK.

By FERDINAND G. LONG.



A HEINOUS LAW BREAKER. Our vigilant police always see their duty when a crime is committed by a tiny law-breaker, but they never see where they come in when a traction corporation runs its cars through the streets at express speed, endangering and taking the lives of innocent children.

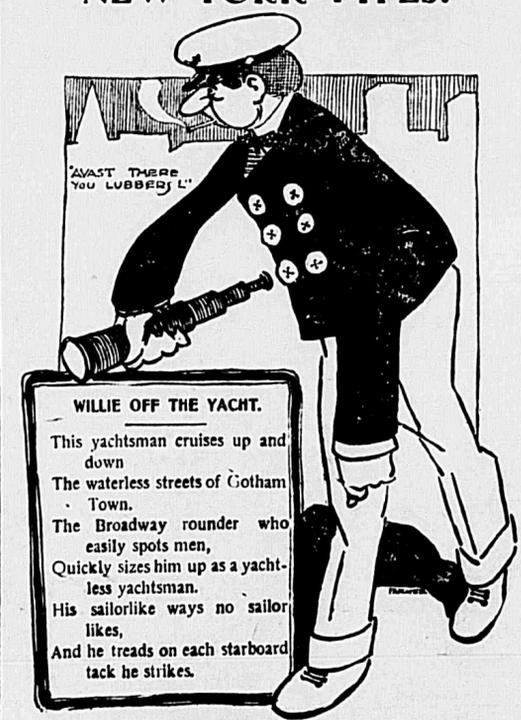
THE KICKERS' CLUB IN REGULAR SESSION.

Kick Against "No Smoking." To the Editor of The Evening World: I could kick for a day at the prejudiced way that folks nail up the legend "No Smoking" on the ferries and "No Smoking" in the bridge cars as well, that sign on our notice they're poking. They'd think it no joke if they, too, loved a smoke, to find that sign everywhere sticking. And it's just striking me that this sign ought to be the object of strenuous kicking. HERACLES.

Kick Against Chivalric Jurors. To the Editor of The Evening World: Your editorial (about the old-time tendency to decide a case in favor of the woman, no matter how slight the evidence) is all right. It is the first sane note ever struck on the subject of alleged "chivalry." But you say such verdicts took place in former days. I wish to register a kick against the person who whistles or "sasses" at a conductor when he wishes a transfer or to notify the conductor that he

wishes the car to stop. This sort of people does not seem to think the conductor is human, but is a person whose main object is to snatch nickels. CONDUCTOR. Kick Against Proud Mammas. To the Editor of The Evening World: I kick because women whom I call on haul their infantile prodigy children into the room and make them speak piteous for my torture, and who see repeat foolish predated sayings of their lip to me. M. A. H. Kick Against Sinister Ticket-Seller. To the Editor of The Evening World: I kick against a ticket seller on one of the downtown stations of the Third Avenue "L." He's the sleepest, laziest, most indolent cuss that ever happened. I rush for my train mornings. He is loitering back in his chair, apparently dozing. Slowly he reaches for my money, greedily he gives me a ticket, slumberily he waits out my change. By that time the train is nearly as far away as Siberia. If he doesn't wake up I'll hand him out a good swift swat one of these mornings that'll wake him up for good. ARTHUR PAYNE BELMONT.

NEW YORK TYPES.



WILLIE OFF THE YACHT. This yachtsman cruises up and down the waterless streets of Gotham Town. The Broadway runder who easily spots men, Quickly sizes him up as a yachtless yachtsman. His sailorlike ways no sailor likes, And he treads on each starboard tack he strikes.

Kick Against Push Cart. To the Editor of The Evening World: Is there a law to exclude the Italians with their push carts from Fifth Avenue? It would seem that this is the case, as they all scatter at the sight of a policeman, when he disappears around the corner they immediately fall back "as you were." Why not hang up a push cart man or two on a lamp post at these frequented points in order to scare the others off? There is surely a kick coming. W. C. R. Kick Against Man Who Shoves. To the Editor of The Evening World: The man who shoves his way past you in a crowd deserves a nice, gilded kick all to himself. He is a brute. I'd like to kick him literally as well as literally. FIVE-FOOT-EIGHT. Kick Against "No Standing" Ordinance. To the Editor of The Evening World: So we can't stand up in open cars any more, eh? Well, I kick. For it won't mean a big increase in the number of Seattle Transit cars run. It will merely mean that we'll have to wait on the corner for a century or so listening to the growling of our beards and waiting for a car to pass that doesn't happen to be as full as if it were twice as full. Standing is better than waiting. ANTI-WAIT.

LOVE IS NOT BLIND. LOVE is not blind, but sees through all disguise, And that is why we hear from day to day Of odd engagements causing much surprise, And weddings passing strange in every day.

"What can she see in him?" the critics say; Love is not blind, but sees through all disguise; 'Tis those who cannot use his Roentgen ray At whom Love laughs and leaves them to surmise. I find in you what all true lovers prize; You find in me all I was meant to be; Love is not blind, but sees through all disguise, And finds the charm-compatibility. And so, when comes the day that we are wed, We'll smile at those who think themselves more wise. Philadelphia Times