

KATE CAREW ABROAD. ENGLAND'S "MAN OF THE HOUR." No. 12.



Everybody in England tells you that the coming man in public life is Winston Churchill—indeed, that he is the man of the hour. At the Duchess of Sutherland's great fete the other night in aid of the Lifeboat Fund everybody treated him with extraordinary deference, while his American mamma looked on with an expression of pride that was good to see.

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

Treatment for Light Freckles. Dear Mrs. Ayer: I am very anxious to get rid of my freckles. They are not dark, but light, and I think it would not take much to

get rid of them. Will you kindly let me know a harmless, good cure? I am also red-haired and my hair is very thin. Kindly let me know what to use to make my hair thicker. ANXIOUS.

FOR HOME DRESSMAKERS.

The Evening World's Daily Fashion Hint.

To cut this tucked blouse in medium size 33-4 yards of material 21 inches wide, 35-8 yards 27 inches wide, 32-8 yards 22 inches wide or 21-8 yards 14 inches wide will be required, with 3-4



yards of applique and 3-8 yard of lace for collar and cuffs to trim as illustrated. The pattern (No. 3,871, sizes 32 to 40) will be sent for 10 cents. Send money to "Cashier, The World, 100 Broadway, New York."

The World

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

WHAT WOULD YOU DO IF YOU HAD TO GIVE AWAY \$275,000,000?

The World this morning asks a very interesting and very important question: If YOU had \$275,000,000 to give away, how would you do it?

The problem in that question is the problem which confronts Andrew Carnegie. And he has to confess that thus far he has found no solution of it.

Of course he could throw it out of his window. Or he could divide it among those who think that the world owes them a living. Or he could fling it away on crank schemes for robbing multitudes of people of the spirit of independence, the spirit of self-help, the pride of self-respect.

But how shall he give away this enormous sum—First—So that the persons whom it is sought to benefit shall not be injured;

Second—So that manhood and womanhood shall have wider opportunities for development?

As The World well says, the power of money for good is only equalled by its power for evil. And in thinking of Mr. Carnegie's problem, think of the power for evil in his \$275,000,000 if he does not give wisely.

Then re-examine your own pet philanthropic schemes. Then try to help Mr. Carnegie by answering The World's question:

WHAT WOULD YOU DO IF YOU HAD \$275,000,000 TO GIVE AWAY?

JUSTICE FOR REV. KELLER.

Certain it is that sooner or later the Rev. John Keller must squarely face the accusation made by Mrs. Thomas G. Barker.

But it is unjust, it is inhuman, to urge him on to that ordeal at the present time.

He is still an invalid. Barker's shots drove splinters of bone toward the muscles which control his remaining eye. He must soon undergo another severe operation. And it is within the possibilities that he may come out of it totally blind for life.

To ask a man in such a state of body, mind and nerves to enter upon what is sure to be a terrible public strain is to ask an impossibility. It is not mercy, it is the coldest justice to demand that the Rev. Keller be given ample time to recover his health.

EXPENSIVE WILL CONTESTS.

The long and costly litigation that seems bound to grow out of the late Jacob S. Rogers's will illustrates the great wisdom shown by men of large wealth who, like D. K. Pearsons, of Chicago, make it impossible for their kinsfolk or anybody else to fight over their millions, by giving them away while they live.

The melting of the Fayerweather millions, the great shrinkage in Samuel J. Tilden's bequest to New York's Free Library, and many other instances show how hard it is to draw a will that cannot at least be contested, if not overthrown. And to contest a will, if the proceedings are prolonged, as they usually are, is in effect to break it.

The lawyers attend to that. Once a great estate comes under their contentious claws it is rarely that anything but remnants are left. When the curtain is rung down on their long-drawn-out performance it is a strange thing if half the original estate is left.

The gathering of the lawyers around the Rogers-estate recalls that pungent metaphor of St. Matthew: "Whosoever the carcass is, there will the eagles be gathered together."

But why should it require anywhere from three to five years, and the division of anywhere from half a million to four millions of money among these legal birds of prey, just to get a plain answer, "Yes" or "No," to the simple question—Is Jacob S. Rogers's will valid or not?

Of course it should not. But in the trying of disputed will cases, just as in the trial of all other cases, both civil and criminal, where large money is at stake, our court processes have been multiplied and complicated until there is practically no limit of time or cost to them.

One of the greatest reforms of the twentieth century ought to be and must be the shortening and cheapening of our judicial processes. Justice that cannot be had speedily and at small cost is not justice. Dear justice and long-delayed justice are beyond the reach of the great body of the people, and are not easily within the reach of any of them—not even the wealthiest.

BRIDGET'S QUANDARY. Mistress (to servant)—Be careful not to spill any soup on the ladies' laps. Biddy (new in the service)—Yes, mum; where shall I spill it?—Glasgow Evening Times.

GREAT AMERICAN COFFEE HABIT.

AMERICANS are the greatest coffee drinkers in the world. One-half of the world's production of coffee berries comes to the United States. More than \$60,000,000 pounds were consumed here last year. This would be an average of ten and a half pounds to a person. The total value of the coffee imported into the United States was something like \$60,000,000 last year. Every week more than a million dollars is sent out of the United States in payment for coffee. Last year Germany and France together only consumed half as much coffee as the United States. Most of our coffee comes from South and Central American countries. The best comes from Porto Rico, Java and the Philippines, with a little from Hawaii.

THE GIRL AND THE GUNS

The two men laughed merrily, while at the same time they were unjamming the "pops," casting out old bullets and putting new cartridges into the cylinders. The men stepped out, took places and confronted each other. They were to count three in concert, then fire. "Bang!" An old, topless buggy, drawn by a thin bay horse, rattled up. The occupants, coming opposite, inhaled their breaths keenly, smiled pleasantly and passed on, a cloud of dust rising in their wake. "She smiled at me, George." "She smiled at me, Bill." "Say, Bill," laughed George, "wouldn't it be a good 'un on us if Tillie loved that dog-dorred rascal with her better than she do either of us?" "Huh! An 'un him with nuttin' but an education an' not a haas to his name! That's 'bout as redicklus as one of us

By J. N. JOHNSON.

been loved by a President's daughter." "Yes, that's so; but we ain't no more time for foolin'. Let's step off." The men stepped out, took places and confronted each other. They were to count three in concert, then fire. "Bang!" A ball passed through a lock of hair above Bill's left ear. He hadn't time, and for good reason. When he went to cock his revolver the mainspring had broken. He had pointed the weapon nevertheless, taking the risk of being killed rather than to explain an accident that George might regard as a purposeful act to avoid the duel. "We'll have to adjourn this case," sighed George, "until you kin git yer

NEPTUNE AT THE YACHT RACE. By T. E. POWERS.



In olden times, folks say, good Deacon Neptune ruled the waters. With mermaids, sirens, nymphs and all his tribe of finny daughters. But now they view with sportsman's glee and ardor never-cooling. The race that will decide who gets the job of ocean-ruling.

A VARIETY OF PICKLES. HOW SOME RELISHES MAY BE PREPARED.

- CHILI SAUCE. One peck of tomatoes, three ten-cupfuls of peppers, one teacupful of salt, three tablespoonfuls each of cloves and cinnamon, two teaspoonfuls of nutmeg, two teaspoonfuls of ginger, three teaspoonfuls of sugar and two teacupfuls of onions. Boil three hours. Here is an easy way to make a small quantity of chili sauce: One can of tomatoes (soup tomatoes will do), one onion, chopped fine, one-half cupful of brown sugar, one-half cupful of vinegar. Salt to taste and enough cayenne pepper to cover a dime. SPANISH PICKLE. One peck green tomatoes, two cabbages, two dozen cucumbers, one dozen onions; chop all together and sprinkle well with salt. Let stand twenty-four hours and drain. One pound of sugar, one ounce turmeric, two ounces mustard seed, one tablespoonful celery seed, one teaspoonful of ground black pepper, one gallon elder vinegar; mix all and cook a little. If not enough vinegar to cover well, add more. Pack in large stone crocks well covered. GREEN CUCUMBER PICKLES. Allow a half pint of coarse salt to a peck of cucumbers and make enough brine to cover the cucumbers. Pour it on them boiling hot. Let stand for a day and drain; repeat this twice, using new brine each time, and allowing twenty-four hours to elapse between changes. On the fourth day drain off the brine, pour on boiling water and let stand for another twenty-four hours. As soon as the cucumbers become crocks well covered.

THE EVENING WORLD'S BIG LETTER CLUB.

The Closed-Car Nuisance. To the Editor of The Evening World: I ask help for the Harlemites who are inconvenienced by the Metropolitan Street Railroad. I boarded a crowded open car on the Lexington avenue line. When we reached Ninety-ninth street we were forced to take a car ahead, which was a box car. Half the passengers were compelled to stand, hav-

ANOTHER BANK SENSATION.



Otto B. Shott—All dis work an' nothin' in de safe. Jimmie Wrench—Only regrets from de cashier what skipped dis mornin'.

DAILY LOVE STORY.

when the thunderous voice of the preacher broke above the crowd with the awing power: "If ye ain't got no respect for me an' the day an' the Lord respect your neighbors who now leave single life for the holy ways of matrimony. I now perform a matrimony. Be ye silent in the face of this awful, sacred ordinance uv heaven's disposition. Jine han's, Thomas Benton Brammer and Matilda Jane Susan Ann Adams!" "She've fell, and so did the spirits of Bill Garrison and George Peterson. They looked up at each other, and though agony loaded their slow-chugging hearts they smiled through sick, feeble lips as though answered thought, "What fools us fellers be!"

YOU AND I.

YOU and I. Only just you and I can know. How each with each together. Comfortless never will we go; Together we can fate deny— You and I. You and I. Only just you and I can feel. Only sweet it is for you, for real. With love to all our future seal. Till heads grow gray and death is nigh— You and I. You and I. Only just you and I together share. Hearts that to others are laid bare— I know, you know, why should we care? Love lives and so we fate defy— You and I. —Salt Lake Tribune.