

Work for & Women.

By Rita A. Kelley.

No. 5—Making Neckties

Not only of the fact that women's taste in neckwear is generally condemned...

Another feature of the business is the cleaning, mending and renovating...

Knowing that saleswomen would not be admitted to the best office buildings...

Each sample is large enough to give a fair idea of the tie when made up...

Oddly enough, the scheme meets with the entire satisfaction of the office-holders...

After he has finished his business with the man to whom his letter of introduction is addressed...

This is often the case, and a man who stumbled into a coal office down near the Battery the other day thought for a moment he had got into a bargain-counter sale by mistake...

Another advantage in ordering ties this is that each man may have his neckwear made in the length to suit him...

The men in the office are saved the trouble of going around to the shops...

The light in haberdashery shops is frequently bad...

Cleaning fluids are easily obtained...

An Astonishing Egg.

TAKE a raw egg and empty it by means of pin holes...

The next time you have boiled eggs for breakfast take your prepared egg and substitute it for the one that is given you.

You can place it at will in any position you desire...

In the last case you will cause more astonishment, because it will seem to trespass against the laws of gravity...

What the Spot Was.

Abey Shorty got wasn't a sign about on the moon paper talked about.

Abey—What was it dent? Shorty—hold it was a airship dat broke away.

Can You Answer This Question?

Why did The World Gain 1,529 Want Advertisements last week over corresponding week a year ago?

Perhaps This Is One Reason: 15,996 Answers, received first week in February last year to World Ads.

10,444 Answers, received last week.

THE FORTUNE TELLERS OF NEW YORK

Who Count their easy victims by the Thousands

In this series of experiences with the fortune-tellers of New York Miss Mary F. Miles undertakes to show what sort of treatment and information concerning the future may be expected by their intending patrons.

"My fiance is to be operated on in Louisville. Does he love me better than any woman on earth? Will he survive the operation and shall I go to him?" Miss Miles's simple, unembellished recital of what the fortune-tellers told her and how they arrived at their conclusions carries its own comment.

held in the rear room. The latter, a pretty and very well dressed young matron, smiled as I came in and I said: "Are you waiting to see Pandora?"

"Yes," she confided. "I have come to her for a complete reading. I met her at a fair at the Waldorf some months ago and she gave me a short reading. I don't live in New York, but I made up my mind that the next time I came here I would consult her. She told me wonderful things. She said my mother-in-law had recently had a stroke of paralysis. That was true—and she saw my husband a long way off and that he had his hat on. He was actually in California, and I wrote him the time and asked him if he had his hat on then and he replied that he had."

"As this testimonial of Pandora's powers concluded the sliding doors of Pandora from the rear room opened and Pandora herself stood within them.

"I hope you're not frightened," she said, with the most exquisite Mayfair accent—"I've been in a trance!"

In a trading white silk tussled with insertions of lace and pale blue I saw at once that Pandora is a vision of loveliness, the particular brand of loveliness that is rather plump, has a milk-white skin, blue eyes and golden-red hair.

It took the California matron quite an hour to take her five-dollar plunge into the unknown, and in the mean time a pretty and heavily-veiled young woman in black accompanied by a large and strenuous older woman, who looked as if she might be a physical culture artist, alighted from an automobile and entered. "Won't you come in?" said Pandora's rich contralto to me, and I followed her into the inner sanctum.

"Take off your gloves, please," she said, and then, getting immediately down to business—"Do you know my feet?"

"No," I replied. "A complete reading is \$3. But I have a shorter one for \$1. I made that special price for nurses who come to consult me about their cases two and three times a week."

"Which would you advise me to have?" I asked. And then Pandora's superior finesse asserted itself.

"Oh," she said, "I can't advise you without appearing mercenary."

And profiting by the small but unmitigable hint, I elected to take the \$3 reading.

She took both my palms in her two very white hands, and after examining them carefully, gazing the while into a small crystal ball, told me so many pleasant things that the future had in store for me that I began to realize that, unlike the original Pandora—who let all the blessings intended for mankind escape from the box which the gods had confided to her care—her modern prototype had them all safely housed, and was retaining them at \$3 to say lucky mortal with one price.

"You will live long; you are not so strong as you are healthy. But you do not suffer from headaches?"

"No," I said, "I've never had more than one or two in my life."

"Strange," she murmured. "I see headaches and neuritis. It must be in your family. Does your mother suffer from them?"

"Yes," I said, "I've never had more than one or two in my life."

"That's it!" exclaimed Pandora triumphantly. "You will be very happy in love," continued the dispenser of blessings. You have great power over men for good or evil. I see one young man, tall, athletic with fine features. It seems—why, he seems to be an Englishman."

"Now, let me ask you a good guess, and Pandora said it and looked pleased. But I thought the moment to spring the fiance awaiting an operation had arrived."

So in detail I told her my sad story. "Your mother is right. You are a foolish little fellow. The operation will be surely successful. What is the matter with your fiance? No, don't answer me. I will find out," and she gazed steadily into the crystal sphere. "It's appendicitis!"

I reflected that no manly less fashionable than appendicitis would give me any pleasure so I nodded, and Pandora and I looked at each other with the perfect confidence known only to those who breathe the rarified atmosphere of social heights and whose fancies can afford to have appendicitis.

Remembering the habit of titany's desire to ease my fiance's pain for \$3, I asked Pandora if she could do nothing to help him bear the operation.

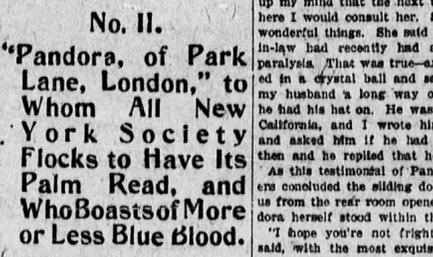
"Oh," she said, "I can't do anything to help him. You are not going to marry this man. You are not in love with him. There is a married man very much in love with you. He will be your husband. His wife looks very healthy, but she will die. You will marry him in 1905."

Then Pandora made a valiant effort to tell me the name of the hero of the French novel she had invented for me. "It has a 'd' in it. Do you know he is coming in for a great deal of money? What is his business? Is he a broker?"

"No," she said, "I can't say. He is in the insurance business."

"Which made me wonder if she had read 'Frenzied Finance' and believed in 'Boosterism' revealed."

"You will marry this man and be very happy."



No. II. "Pandora, of Park Lane, London," to Whom All New York Society Flocks to Have Its Palm Read, and Who Boasts of More or Less Blue Blood.

By Mary E. Miles.

"PANDORA, of Park Lane, London," sounds aristocratic, doesn't it? Not half so aristocratic as it looks, however.

Before the brownstone house at No. 40 West Forty-fourth street, which is an unobtrusive sign in the window bearing the single word "Pandora," proclaims to be the American residence of the world-famed palmist and clairvoyant from No. 78 Park street, London, the chug-chug of society's automobile and the rattle of its more conservative carriage are daily heard.

For Pandora is the most exclusive dealer in the occult on earth. She claims to be the daughter of one English peer and the divorced wife of another, and when one year ago she established her little parlor in London, all Mayfair flocked to her to have its palm read.

Since she has been in America New York society has followed London's example, and the patronage of the women of the 40s has made her the most fashionable dealer in "futures" in town.

To Pandora's, therefore, I went with the same tale of a mythical fiance in Louisville on the verge of an operation, and a stern mother in New York who would not permit me to go to him, that I had told the day before to the man of mystery. Needless to say I had no sweetheart in Louisville nor, as a matter of fact, anywhere else.

Further more, my mother is not living. Pandora has a little maid in white cap and apron to open the door, and answering my ring, she showed me into the parlor, where another visitor was waiting the conclusion of a sitting being held.

CHAPTER III. The Red Automobile.

AS the dog disappeared from view Karlslake and the doctor made a dash for the window.

But Karlslake was plucky, and having come so far, he was not going to turn back if there was anything to be learned.

He struggled on until through an opening the trees he caught sight of a muddy road, whose existence he had never suspected. At a peculiar whirling noise such as some small engine might produce.

He broke from the woods on a run and dashed out on the road. He was just in time to see an automobile with red wheels and black body sweeping away in the distance, and had a glimpse of the back of a head crowned by a cap bound with gold lace.

As he stood there staring after the vehicle it disappeared around a bend of the road. It was not in the most amiable mood that he began to fight his way back through the trees. He could see now how carefully the tragedy had been planned. The murderer had not failed to employ the most up-to-date methods to secure his escape.

Wearing a chauffeur's goggles and visor, he would be sufficiently disguised to escape observation in an automobile, even if some one had seen him coming out of the house after the crime was committed.

"You seem utterly worn out," said Rita, as she looked at her companion's tumbled hair and perspiring face, and his soaked and mud-stained clothes.

"But your uncle, what will he say when he learns of this affair? He is not the most liberal minded man in the world."

"Far from it, but then I am getting used to his storms and one more or less won't matter."

He felt not a little worried, because old Jacob Henzlow, the uncle and guardian of his fiancée, had with difficulty been won over to his side, and by an arrangement of her father's will she could not marry without the uncle's consent. What would he say to this unfortunate adventure when it was blazoned

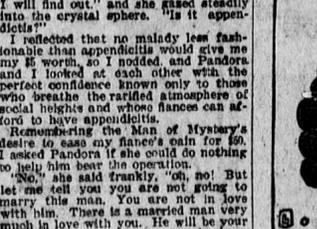
My How Baby's Grown



Put the wrapper on baby and then set it upon your head and hold as shown in first picture.

Complete the make-up in a side-room unknown to your audience and appear as in second picture.

The Paper Box Doesn't Burn



HERE is an experiment that will be sure to surprise every one who witnesses it. Place two piles of books on a table, about three-quarters of a yard apart, and lay a moderately stout stick across from one pile to the other.

Get or make a box of stiff paper, the bottom of which shall be about five inches square, and the height two inches, and run a piece of string seven inches in length through the center of each side, half an inch from the top, and fasten each in place by means of a knot on the inside of the box.

Fasten the other ends of the string together so as to form a handle, and slip the handle or loop over the stick, arranging it so that the paper box will be suspended immediately over the alcohol lamp.

The height of the piles of books should be adjusted so that the bottom of the paper box shall be a few inches above the lamp.

Now pour water into the box until it reaches nearly to the top, and in the strings, light your lamp and look on in amazement while the flame plays around the bottom of the box but does not burn it.

Thus you may enjoy the novelty of seeing water boil in a paper box. Here is another little experiment that you may make with your alcohol lamp.

Fasten a piece of writing paper to an ordinary wooden penholder so that one-half of the paper shall be inside the wood and the other half next to the metal band that holds the pen. Now hold the paper and holder over the flame of the lamp, and you will see that the paper that is against the wood will be charred, while that against the metal remains white.

This is because metal is a good conductor of heat and carries it off, while wood is a poor conductor, and the heat, not being carried off, becomes intense enough to char the paper.

A Material Difference.

MUSHROOMS are delightfully palatable and healthful, yet some species of Toadstools so closely resemble the toothsome Mushroom as to make it dangerous to experiment with uncertainties.

Keep the Castoria in your mind's eye as the Mushroom. And be as particular to remember the counterfeits, substitutes and "just as good" kind as the Toadstools. There may be a resemblance in the package, but the results obtained are so widely different as to make the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher the important feature when buying Castoria.

Why should not our preparation be superior to all other children's remedies? Have not eminent physicians from the Atlantic to the Pacific testified to its perfection? Castoria that bears the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher is the same of chemical art as applied to a child's medicine.

GENUINE CASTORIA always bears the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

A Velvety Complexion and a Plump Figure

As a more thoughtful and a more successful woman than Fitcher's, you will find that the perfect flesh builder is the perfect flesh builder.

It is the perfect flesh builder, the perfect flesh builder, the perfect flesh builder, the perfect flesh builder, the perfect flesh builder.

AMUSEMENTS. JAMMERSTRAIN'S Victory, 28, at Broadway. Matinee Every Day, 2c. and 5c.

AMUSEMENTS. CIRCLE. Positively LAST WEEK OF MR. ALBERT THEATRE CHEVALIER. Matinee Every Day, 2c. and 5c.

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The 'L' Car "Tripper"

By Alice Rohs.

"THERE are more kinds of cars than there are kinds of humanity," asserted the President.

"That is an inaccurate statement," said the Amateur Philosopher.

"You wouldn't say that if you were in Heaven?" snarled the President.

"There's nothing too strong that can't be said under those circumstances. Of all the selfish pests who infest the earth during rush hours there is one whom I would like to see exterminated."

"What's that?" said the Amateur Philosopher. "The man who occupies two seats?"

"No," replied the President. "The tripper. You know what a tripper is? He's the big fellow who spreads himself out over the seat and sprawls out so that his feet protrude into the middle of the aisle. I'll admit my kick to the aisle has been fatal for I've seen women settle themselves in that careless, athletic style, nose in the air, and legs a-broad, and their feet sticking out into the aisle, and I would like to see them exterminated."

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