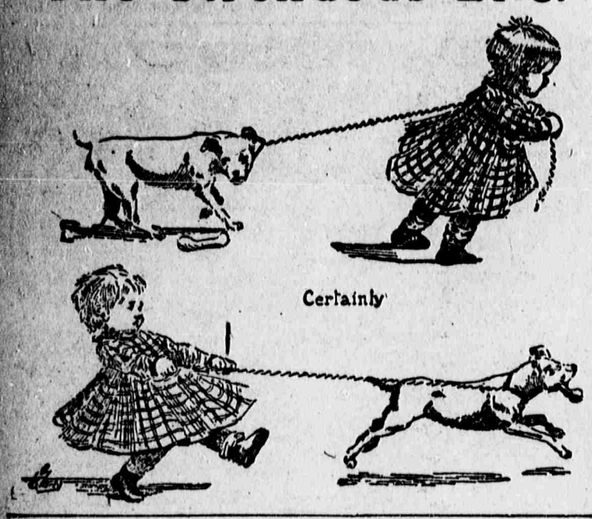
A PAGE FOR THE CHILDREN

The Strenuous Life.



Popcorn Balls and Butterscotch.

POPCORN BALLS—Six quarts of popped corn and one pint of molasses. Boil the molasses about fifteen minutes, then put the corn into a large pan, pour the molasses over it and stir briskly until thoroughly mixed. Then with clean hands make into balls of the desired size.

BUTTERSCOTCH—Two cups brown sugar, half a cup of butter, four tablespoonfuls molasses, two tablespoonfuls water and two tablespoonfuls vinegar. Boil until it hardens when dropped into cold water, then pour into hot buttered tins.

The Boastful Acorn.

ONE morn beneath a sheltering oak,
A silly acorn strayed,
And fell asleep. When he awoke
And saw the shadows made,
"See, see," cried he, to the kind old tree,
"I've thrown you in the shade!"

Susie Is a Winner.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

My little girl Susie enjoys the Children's Page every Saturday evening and hunts up the puzzles. She has not heard a sound for nearly eight years, having been made totally deaf by meningitis, but she is very bright and sweet and we are doing all we can to educate her. Very truly yours,

Mrs. S. B. CRAIGHEAD,
No. 18 Hancock street, Malden, Mass.

Numerical Enigma.

I am composed of nineteen letters and spell the name of a well-known proverb.

My 7, 2, 17, 10, 6 is a bar used to exert pressure.

My 1, 8, 4, 12, 18 is to immerse.

My 19, 5, 7, 16, 15, 9 is to become mild and yielding.

My 13, 3 is a preposition.

My 14, 10, 11 is a trap.

Why the Jackdaw Hides Everything Bright.

Told by S. TEN EYCK BOURKE.

ONCE upon a time in the long, long ago, when the old, old world was a very young world indeed, the sun rose high through the perfumed mists of an August dawn.

Solomon rose from his slumber couch and took up the clouded globe. In the warm, strong light it grew wondrously clear, flashing rainbow tints on a golden key prisoned within.

"I must go to the Moon's Magis Realm to renew my power to rule over the earth and all living things," spoke the wise King.

"Beware lest you wait till too late," shimmered the sunbeams. "If by any mischance you fail to gather the milky sheen for the Wonder Key of the coming year, you will not know the secrets of Life. Then you'll lose your sway over the birds and the beasts and their brother Man, and each will dwell apart."

The great King went to his treasure hall with the crystal globe in his hand, and opened the alabaster chests that were ranged against the wall. One by one he chose the gifts, wrapping them round with a filmy web of woven gold-

en threads, then bore them off to his grass-grown court ringed within the nodding daisies.

On the opposite shore an elm tree grew. A mischievous jackdaw nesting among its topmost branches kept a curious watch as Solomon spread out the golden web and set the gifts upon it.

"Those numerous packets merit a closer peep," he exclaimed, and, curious as he could possibly be, flew straight down from his nest and over the brook.

"Lord," the jackdaw repeated, "truly you need a helper."

"That I know," assented the King, "so you must bring the owl back to my court when you return this evening. His eyes are so sharp in the dark he'll be sure to see any powler."

The jackdaw set forth on his mission with a discontented sigh, for his heart was bent on a closer peep of the crystal globe with its prisoned key.

When the twilight fell he came scurrying back with the owl, as the King had bidden. The parrot came, too, for he lived far away, and, being of sociable habits, he had no mind to journey alone.

"Guard these treasures well," he bade the sulky bird, "and if any one enters the daisy circle give three sharp calls. I will be here before the thief can escape."

Solomon rose from his throne of gold with these words went to his palace in the woodland depths, cast himself on his slumber couch and fell asleep.

For an instant Sir Serpent, who had been awaiting his opportunity, crawled among the gifts and closed his great fangs on the crystal sheath.

Back to the old elm tree he came and stowed the shattered globe beneath the twisting roots.

"What a joke it would be to steal his loot," the jackdaw chuckled with glee.

Then cautiously down from his nest came the curious, mischievous bird when the serpent crept back to the daisy-ringed court. He pried and poked among the roots till a yellow gleam in the dark met his eye.

"The Wonder Key!" he exclaimed. Sir Serpent has broken the sheath."

He picked it up in his beak and made his way up the tree just as the Serpent returned with one of the gifts in his mouth.

Solomon mounted the throne with a terrible frown when he saw the empty film. The owl quaked with fear, but the parrot stepped boldly forward.

"Lord," he spoke, "'tis your own fault."

Solomon stared in angry amaze, but the parrot, undaunted, continued: "When you set the owl to watch because his sight was so keen in the dark you wholly forgot that the moon sheds a light almost as bright as day. How could he tell the rustling he heard was anything more than the summer breeze if he could not see?"

"That is just," spoke the King, "and just it is, too, that I should humble my pride to pay for my error."

"Sir Serpent, the war you have waged on my subjects and me I'll freely forgive if you will restore the key," he said.

"Nay, Lord," the serpent replied, "it is ill to suspect me of theft. I came in all humility to ask forgiveness for past offenses."

The jackdaw strutted into the daisy ring, his bright beady eyes twinkling merrily, and he gave his head a toss.

"Lord, you'd have none of my help," he chuckled, "yet I alone know where to find the key which Sir Serpent thinks so well hidden."

The serpent's eye gleamed wickedly, and he glided away to the secret lair, when the jackdaw told of the midnight raid and the hidden gifts.

"'Twill be death to whoever comes near," he hissed, as he coiled beneath the elm's twisting roots.

"In truth, your wisdom is spent," mocked the jackdaw, mischievously pirouetting along the edge of the silver brook. "I left you the shattered sheath to guard when I filched the Wonder Key."

The serpent, in baffled rage, fled away to the forest depths, while the jackdaw kept on with his prancing.

"Stay your madcap whirl," the wise King said, "and be off for the Key. You must bring it here before the twilight hour."

Hour by hour the King and his subjects sat waiting. The sun climbed higher and higher, and then sank lower and lower, till the moon's pale disc gleamed dimly in the sky. But no jackdaw came.

The last warm rays lighted the way for a very disconsolate wanderer.

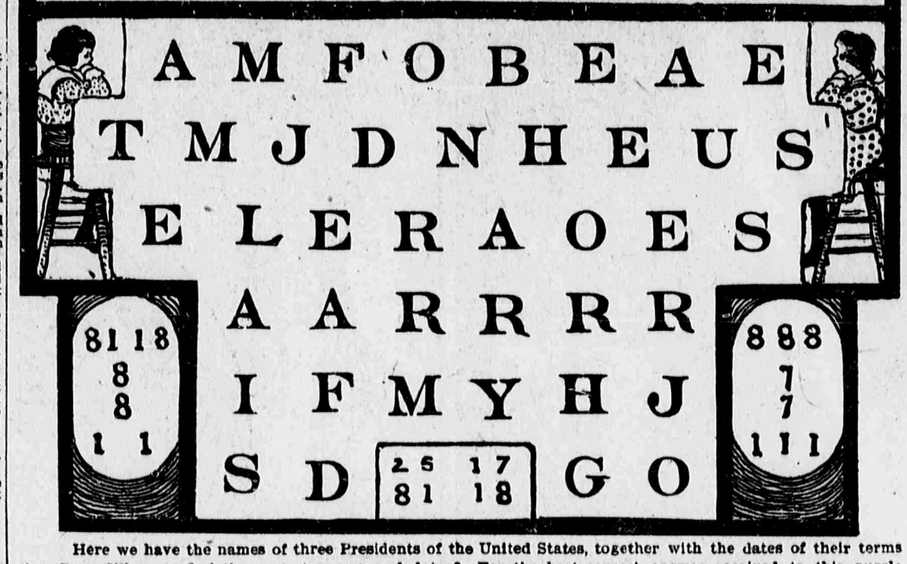
"Lord!" cried the jackdaw—for it was he, with all his jauntiness gone. "The Wonder Key is lost. However shall I atone?" mourned the crestfallen jackdaw.

"Stupid! By finding the key, of course," the parrot said contemptuously.

"But I've forgotten where I hid it," the jackdaw began.

"Then you must keep hiding everything bright you can find," interrupted the King, "until some day, when you're busy at that, you'll be sure to recall where you stowed the Wonder Key."

PRESIDENT PUZZLE.



Here we have the names of three Presidents of the United States, together with the dates of their terms in office. Who can find the correct names and dates? For the best correct answer received to this puzzle from a child under fourteen The Evening World will give a prize of $5.00. The second best answer will receive $3.00, the third $2.00, and the next ten $1.00 each. In awarding the prizes, handwriting, neatness and other points will be considered, as well as the correctness of the answers. Address all answers to PRESIDENT PUZZLE EDITOR, EVENING WORLD, P. O. Box 1703, New York City.

The answers to last week's President Puzzle are: James Knox Polk, 1845-1849; Zachary Taylor, 1849-1850.

Following are the names and addresses of the prize winners:

First Prize—$5.
JAMES F. PAIGE,
No. 37 Myrtle Avenue,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Second Prize—$3.
SUSIE BROOKS CRAIGHEAD,
No. 18 Hancock Street,
Malden, Mass.

Third Prize—$2.
RUDOLPH STAND,
No. 167 Rivington Street,
New York City.

Ten other prizes of $1 each to the following puzzle-solvers:

LUCY WHITFORD, No. 7 Maple avenue, Westerly, R. I.
CHARLES DONNELLY, No. 397 Baltic street, Brooklyn, N. Y.
ALBERT SCHAEL, No. 1038 Third avenue, New York City.
EDWARD PRICE, No. 1572 Madison avenue, New York City.
HARRY CONGER, No. 79 Court-House place, Jersey City, N. J.
HUBERT REDDY, No. 659 Arctic street, Bridgeport, Conn.
EDDY LEWIS, No. 511 Bloomfield street, Hoboken, N. J.
JOHN WHEELER, No. 26 Conselyea street, Brooklyn, N. Y.
PAUL HUBERTY, No. 1019 Bushwick avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.
MAY O'REILLY, No. 49 Howard street, Providence, R. I.

Why?

WHY do we always talk of putting on our coats and vests when we always put on first our vest and then our coat?

Why do we refer to the coverings of our feet as shoes and stockings when the stockings are first put on.

Why do we invite people to wipe their feet when we mean their shoes?

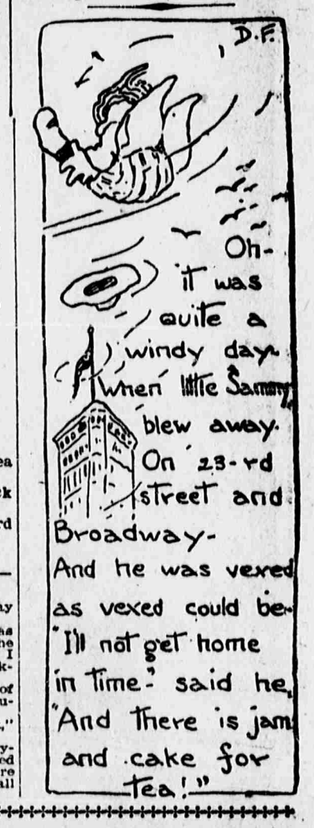
Why, in the olden times, did a father tell his son he would warm his jacket when everyone knew he meant his pantaloons?

The Fisher Game.

The players all seize a tablecloth or a similar sheet by the edges. The one who is chosen as leader says:

"I fish for all kinds of fish. When I say 'Let go!' you must hold fast. When I say Hold fast!' you must let go."

Then the leader begins to speak quickly, saying anything that comes into his head, until suddenly he shouts "Let go!" or "Hold fast!" at a time when he imagines that he can catch the others off their guard. Those who are caught must pay a forfeit.



Literary Enigmas for Older Boys and Girls.

The answer to each of these enigmas is the name of an English or American writer:

Makes and mends for customers.....Taylor
Dwellings or civilized countries.....Holmes
A head covering.....Hood
What an oyster heap is likely to be.....Shelley
A very tall poet.....Longfellow
More humorous than the former.....Whittier
A worker in precious metals.....Goldsmith
Alway a pig.....Bacon
A disagreeable foot affection.....Bunyan
A domestic servant.....Butler
A strong exclamation.....Dickens
A young domestic animal.....Lamb
An Englishman's favorite sport.....Hunt

The New Mystery of A Hansom Cab

As Rewritten by Fergus Hume

(Copyright, 1904, by the National Press Agency.)

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Oliver Whyte is murdered in a Melbourne cab, and Brian Fitzgerald is charged with the crime. The two men had been rivals for the heart of Madge Frettiby. The accused refuses to tell his whereabouts on the night of the murder. Madge finds a letter in his lodgings summoning him to a dying woman.

Mother Guttersnipe says that a gentleman visited the Queen at half-past 1 on the night of the murder. She says the only person who can fix the hour is her daughter "Sal," who has disappeared, and that Oliver Whyte also visited the dead woman.

After the first day's trial Calton is startled by the crying of an extra: "Return of the missing witness, 'Sal' Rawlins!"

"Sal" Rawlins tells Calton that she can prove Fitzgerald's alibi, but that she was not present at the interview between him and the woman.

Fitzgerald is acquitted. Madge takes Sal Rawlins to her country home as maid. Sal tells her "Her mother had picked 'The Queen' up drunk in the street, and that Oliver Whyte often visited the latter."

He finally succeeded in obtaining the valuable papers from her for which he was murdered. Bryan asks Madge to marry him and leave Australia. She consents.

Mark Frettiby insists on going away with the young couple. At dinner he changes color when the name of Rosanna Moore, a dancer, is mentioned.

After dinner Fitzgerald goes home and finds a letter from Calton.

Calton's letter says that he has found out a great deal about Whyte and Rosanna Moore, and that unless Fitzgerald reveals the real murderer to him he will pursue his investigations.

Mark Frettiby develops a strange dread of Fitzgerald.

Frettiby's heart is affected. Detective Kilsip tells Calton he suspects Roger Moreland of the murder.

CHAPTER XXX.

(Continued.)

Kilsip Has a Theory of His Own.

"It was a lesser danger to avert a greater one," replied Kilsip, coolly. "I am sure that Moreland was not drunk on that night. He only said so to escape awkward questions as to his movements. Depend upon it he knows more than he lets out."

"Well, and how do you mtend to set about the matter?"

"I shall start looking for the coat first."

"Ah! you think he has hidden it?"

"I am sure of it. My theory is this: When Moreland got out of the cab at Powlett street"——

"But he didn't," interrupted Calton, angrily.

"Let us suppose, for the sake of argument, that he did," said Kilsip, quietly. "I say when he left the cab he walked up Powlett street, turned to the left down George street, and walked back down through the Fitzroy Gardens, knowing that the coat was noticeable, he threw it away, or, rather, hid it, intending to fetch it out of the Gardens when the hue and cry was over."

"In evening dress—more noticeable than the coat."

"He wasn't in evening dress," said Kilsip quietly.

"No, neither was he," observed Calton, eagerly, recalling the evidence at the trial. "Another blow to your theory. The murderer was in evening dress—the cabman said so."

"Yes; because he had seen Mr. Fitzgerald in evening dress a few minutes before and thought that he was the same man who got into the cab with Whyte."

"Well, what of that?"

"If you remember, the second man had his coat buttoned up. Moreland wore dark trousers—at least, I suppose so—and, with the coat buttoned up, it was easy for the cabman to make the mistake, believing, as he did, that it was Mr. Fitzgerald."

"That sounds better," said Calton, thoughtfully. "And what are you going to do?"

"Look for the coat in the Fitzroy gardens."

"Pshaw!" A wild-goose chase."

"Possibly," said Kilsip, as he rose to go.

"And when shall I see you again?" said Calton.

"Oh, to-night," said Kilsip, pausing at the door. "I had nearly forgotten, Mother Guttersnipe wants to see you."

"Why? What's up?"

"She's dying, and wants to tell you some secret."

"Rosanna Moore, by Jove!" said Calton. "She'll tell me something about her. I'll get to the bottom of this yet. All right, I'll be there at 8 o'clock."

"Very well, sir," and the detective glided out.

"I wonder if that old woman knows anything?" said Calton to himself, as he resumed his seat. "She may have overheard some conversation between Whyte and his mistress and intends to divulge it. Well, I'm afraid when Fitzgerald does confess, I shall know all about it beforehand."

CHAPTER XXXI.

Mother Guttersnipe Joins the Majority.

PUNCTUAL to his appointment, Kilsip called at Calton's office at 8 o'clock in order to guide him through the squalid labyrinths of the slums. He found the barrister waiting impatiently for him. The fact is, Calton had got it into his head that Rosanna Moore was at the bottom of the whole mystery, and every new piece of evidence he discovered went to confirm this belief. When Rosanna Moore was dying she might have confessed something to Mother Guttersnipe which would hint at the cause of the murderer, and he had a strong suspicion that the old hag had received hush-money in order to keep quiet. Several times before Calton had been on the point of going to her and trying to get the secret out of her—that is, if she knew it; but now fate appeared to be playing into his hands, and a voluntary confession was much more likely to be true than one dragged piecemeal from unwilling lips.

By the time Kilsip made his appearance Calton was in a high state of excitement.

"I suppose we'd better go at once," he said to Kilsip, as he lit a cigar. "That old hag may go off at any moment."

"She might," assented Kilsip, doubtfully; "but I wouldn't be a bit surprised if she pulled through. Some of these old women have nine lives, like a cat."

"Not improbable," retorted Calton, as they passed into the brilliantly lighted street; "her nature seemed to me to be essentially feline. But, tell me," he went on, "what's the matter with her—old age?"

"Partly; drink, also, I think," answered Kilsip. "Besides, her surroundings are not very healthy, and her dissipated habits have pretty well settled her."

"It isn't anything catching, I hope," cried the barrister, with a shudder, as they passed into the crowd of Bourke street.

"Don't know, sir, not being a doctor," answered she detective, stolidly.

"Oh!" ejaculated Calton, in dismay.

"It will be all right, sir," said Kilsip, reassuringly. "I've been there dozens of times, and I'm all right."

"I daresay," retorted the barrister, "but I may go there once and catch it, whatever it is."

"Take my word, sir, it's nothing worse than old age and drink."

In a short time they found themselves in Little Bourke street, and after traversing a few dark and narrow lanes—by this time they were more or less familiar to Calton—they found themselves before Mother Guttersnipe's den.

They climbed the rickety stairs, which groaned and creaked beneath their weight, and found Mother Guttersnipe lying on the bed in the corner. The elfish, black-haired child was playing cards with a slatternly-looking girl at a deal table by the faint light of a tallow candle.

They both sprang to their feet as the strangers entered, and the elfish child pushed a broken chair in a sullen manner towards Mr. Calton, while the other girl shuffled into a far corner of the room and crouched down there like a dog.

The noise of their entry awoke the hag from an uneasy slumber into which she had fallen. Sitting up in bed, she huddled the clothes round her.

"Yah!" muttered the old woman, feebly. "Who's they, Lizer?" she said, shading her eyes with one trembling hand while she looked at Calton and the detective.

"The perlice cove an' the swell," said Lizer, sullenly. "Come to see yer turn up your toes."

"I ain't dead yet, ye whelp," snarled the hag with sudden energy; "an' if I gits up I'll turn up yer toes, drat ye!"

Lizer gave a shrill laugh of disdain, and Kilsip stepped forward. "None of this," he said, sharply, taking Lizer by one thin shoulder and pushing her over to where the other girl was crouching; "stop there till I tell you to move."

Lizer tossed back her tangled black hair, and was about to make some impudent reply, when the other girl, who was older and wiser, put out her hand and pulled her down beside her.

Meanwhile, Calton was addressing himself to the old woman in the corner.

"You wanted to see me?" he said, gently, for notwithstanding his repugnance to her she was, after all, a woman—and dying.

"Yes, drat ye!" croaked Mother Guttersnipe, lying down and pulling the greasy bedclothes up to her neck. "You ain't a parson?" with sudden suspicion.

"No, I am a lawyer."

"I ain't a-goin' to have parsons a-prowlin' round 'ere," growled the old woman, viciously. "I ain't a-goin' to die yet, drat ye! I'm goin' to get well an' strong an' 'ave a good time of it."

(To Be Continued.)

On Old Broadway.

Long-Drawn-Out Lecture.

"TALKING about long-winded speakers," said ex-Senator Billy Mason, of Chicago, when in New York recently, "you should have heard Dick Oglesby, once Governor of Illinois. When a youngman he was invited to lecture on a trip to the Holy Land. He started in one night before a big crowd, but when midnight came he had only got as far as Paris. He invited the crowd to come back the next night and hear the rest of the lecture. That time he took his hearers down through Spain and over to Egypt, and at midnight had just finished a description of the pyramids. A thing like that didn't worry 'Uncle Dick.' He got his crowd back the third night and succeeded at last in talking about the Holy Land. I think this is the record long-distance lecture."

• • •

Didn't Need Nerve Tonic.

DR. S. WEIR MITCHELL, author and nerve specialist, received a visit from a young man who declared he was suffering from nervous breakdown. The physician wrote out a somewhat elaborate prescription and handed it to his visitor, saying:

"You can have this put up for $1.50."

"Oh, yes," said the young man briskly; "but do you know, doctor, I left my purse home and have only 50 cents. If you will lendme $1 I will pay it back when I call around again to pay you your fee."

Dr. Mitchell looked curiously at the man a moment, then said: "I think I made a mistake in your prescription." Obtaining possession of it he scratched out a dozen lines and handed it back.

"This will only be 50 cents," he advised, with incisive accent. "I made a mistake; you don't need any nerve tonic."

• • •

New Kind of a Car Crank.

"I SAW a new kind of a car crank the other night," said Alderman Sullivan. "He boarded a Broadway car and seated himself over one of the electric heaters. A moment later a man and woman came into the car, and the woman took the vacant seat beside the man. Her escort waited a few seconds and then addressed the man:

"'I beg your pardon, but would it be too much trouble for you to move?'

"'Not a bit of trouble, replied the man, 'but this is a warm seat, and the night is cold.'

"'Don't you understand,' asked the woman's escort, 'that I wish to sit beside this lady?'

"'I don't blame you a bit,' rejoined the man, as he glanced admiringly at the young woman, 'but I must insist on keeping this seat.'"

• • •

Wants to Impress Lawson.

JOHN A. M'CALL had been making a speech at a banquet in which insurance men were chiefly interested.

"You have a happy faculty of saying the right thing at the right time," said one of the banqueters in congratulating him.

"I am glad you think so," replied Mr. McCall, "but I wish I could impress Tom Lawson in the same way."

To Keep Away the Wolf.

J. PIERPONT MORGAN, just before he sailed for Europe, gave audience to an artist who wished to have the connoisseur look at his latest work. After critically examining the picture the financier inquired:

"What do you call it?"

"Why, I haven't given it any particular title," replied the artist; "I only painted it to keep the wolf from the door, so to speak."

"Splendid idea!" exclaimed the banker. "If you hang it on your door it ought to be a howling success."

• • •

No Clock in the Melon Patch.

JUDGE ARCHIBALD A RUSSELL, of Georgia, is paying his annual visit to Broadway and still relates his experiences as magistrate in his native State. Here is a sample case he read from his notebook:

Judge Russell—Are you a witness in this case?

Little coal-black negro—Go 'long, Jedge; you knows I is.

"Did you see the prisoner steal the hog?"

"My, my, Jedge, don't you knows I seen him?"

"Well, what time was it?"

"Jedge, you knows as well as I does that it was watermillion time."

"But what time was it by the clock?"

"Land sho' you, Jedge! How could dey be a clock in de middle of a watermillion patch, half a mile from a house what never had a clock in it since de day de first shingle was nailed on? How some of you white folks gets to be a judge is one thing I kin never understand."

THE LATEST CHINESE PUZZLE

If you would find out the solution, cut this out, close one eye, and hold it perfectly level with the eye as shown in the illustration

FETE DAY AT WORLD WANT TOWN.

633 Positions for Men
716 Positions for Women
321 To Let Offers
211 Realty Investments
139 Business Bargains
64 Piano Sacrifices
507 Miscellaneous Offers

Have already arrived in plenty of time to be represented to-morrow in the SUNDAY WORLD'S WANT DIRECTORY. Hundreds of others are on their way, and, as foretold by history, will continue to stream in at the rate of about four every minute during the remainder of the day. All signs point toward a record-breaking representation of Want Ad. delegates to the weekly "coming-out" of the people's most popular Want Directory—that of the Sunday World.

The World's unprecedented gain last month of 12,211 Want Ads. over the number printed March a year ago promises that, commencing with the Sunday World's Want Directory to-morrow, a new April record will be established. This means that the Sunday World's 500,000 buyers will be given a still greater and more valuable assortment of opportunities.

So don't linger, but rush on to World Want Town to-day. Remember the weekly buying, selling, hiring and renting tournament starts in to-morrow, and those who are right there on the ground will secure the best bargains. All manner of wants are to be quickly satisfied. At least 2,000 workers will be offered positions; as many will tender their services; 1,000 Furnished Rooms, Houses and Apartments will be offered To Let; Real Estate and Business Bargains, with at least 15,000 rare investment opportunities.

Then there will be thousands of odd, interesting and variously valuable offers that aim to fill in the little corners of incomplete homes and offices.

If you miss using and reading the Sunday World's Want Directory to-morrow [illegible]