

Gertie: A Melodrama of Heart-Throbs and Candy

By Roy L. McCardell.

GERTIE, fifteen years of age and fair to look upon in her blue sailor dress, turned into Grand street and stood before a great department store.

By her side, scrubbed till her face shone, and in all the glory of her best little white dress and her white shoes with the patent leather vamps, and clinging to Gertie's hand trustfully, trotted her little sister Emma!

An overgrown boy, who doubtless thought himself a man of mature years, came sheepishly up.

"We have plenty of money to buy all the candy we want," said Gertie. This was not candy, strictly speaking, and Mr. Schaffer knew it.

"Come on, Gertie," he said; "let's get the kid a choicest stick, and I'll buy you some ice-cream soda."

"Then I guess you'll go bragging to everybody about it!" ventured the melting scouter.

"Cross me heart I won't!" pleaded the swain.

An hour later, back in front of the teaming houses where Gertie lived, little Emma came trotting up to the elder sister, screaming a complaint against a boy that in running the bases in street ball had knocked her down.

"Just you wait till I see Gus!" she asked.

"Hello, Gert! Whatcher doin'?" he asked.

"G'wan about your business, Gus Schaffer!" replied Gertie with some asperity.

"Huh! guess you want one of them dresses. Huh! guess you'd like to have

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Everybody Works for the Captain.

By T. O. McGill.



Some of the Best Jokes of the Day.

Fred—And what is Percy Sapp doing now? Jack—Sprinkling gasoline on the love letters to give the girl an impression that he owns an automobile.—Chicago News.

Commuter Ballads.

By Albert Payson Terhune.

No. 3—The Whist Martyr.

It happened on the R.08 train, within the balmy smoker where whist fiends most do congregate and devotees of peler.

And am I wrong when I infer you're not ideally happy? And say! I thought you said last week this was your wedding day!

And thus, with punctuating sobs, his grievous story ran: "The truce I was to wed to-day, and that's why I repine; Let me observe, in classic phrase, 'No Wedding Bells for Mine!'"

Ready to "Square It." The morning had been long and the arithmetic lesson particularly severe.

"Wrong!" said his instructor curtly. "Return to your desk and do it again!"

"Your result is two cents short of the correct total," was the reply. "Go and—"

"Please, sir," he asked, "how much am I out?"

"No, that's not the kind grandmother likes best," said Ned. "I got another wheelbarrow full, and I just said, 'Don't you want some more of this nice dirt, grandmother?' and then we were all right again."

"I'm glad of that," said his mother. "Did you tell her you were sorry?"

"No, that's not the kind grandmother likes best," said Ned. "I got another wheelbarrow full, and I just said, 'Don't you want some more of this nice dirt, grandmother?' and then we were all right again."

"I'm glad of that," said his mother. "Did you tell her you were sorry?"

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PAPA'S GIRL. - - - By F. G. Long. - - - She Enjoys a Dash on a Home-Made Auto.



Betty's Balm for Lovers. DAILY FASHION PLATE. HEALTH AND BEAUTY LESSONS. HEART AND HOME PAGE FOR WOMEN. READERS OF THE EVENING WORLD. HOUSEHOLD HINTS UP-TO-DATE RECIPES. KITCHEN AND NURSERY.

Betty's Balm for Lovers.

MOST of the troubles that attend true lovers are due to outside interference. If it were not for meddling friends and envious tongues the course of love would be as smooth as a newly waxed floor upon which the lovers could dance their way into matrimony.

A Lover's Quarrel. Dear Betty: I AM nineteen and am engaged. I received a diamond ring. Four weeks ago some friends told my fiancee I went out with another young man.

A Perplexed Youth. Dear Betty: I AM seventeen and I would like to get acquainted with a young lady of my own age, to whom I have never been introduced. Please advise. Also what shall I say on our first meeting?

A Girl with Two Suitors. Dear Betty: TWO young men have asked me to marry them. I do not love either, but I am twenty-five years old and my mother says it is time for me to get married. I work and make six a week.

Putting Baby to Sleep. If the baby always has trouble in sleeping just as well if you have a little baby. She will sleep just as well if you have a little baby.

FAVORITE "NERVE RESTS" OF WOMEN IN MANY LANDS.



When your nerves are on edge your home as a matter of health. The English woman finds a nerve-quieter in a cup of tea. When worn out and so tired that he can hardly stand the Hindu will drag himself to the window and rest upon his feet.

May Manton's Daily Fashions.

Skirt and waist of contrasting materials are often exceedingly convenient for the little folk, and this very smart model enables them to be worn without the over-mature effect which is apt to result from the regulation skirt waist. In this instance the skirt is of checked challie, while the waist is of white Persian lawn trimmed with embroidery, but there are, of course, countless materials which are appropriate for the dress of one material, and will be found charming for the school days of early fall if made from challie or some similar light-weight wool.



August Breakfasts No. 3

Cantaloupes Farina, Sugar and Cream Flavored Tomatoes, Cream Gravy Saratoga Potatoes, Muffins, Coffee

HOW TO OBTAIN THESE PATTERNS. Call or send by mail to THE EVENING WORLD MAY MANTON FASHION BUREAU, No. 21 West Twenty-third Street, New York. Send ten cents in coin or stamps for each pattern ordered.