Story of My First Day's Adventures in Newark.

By Mr. Raffles.

In spite of the leaky sky, my first day in Newark was full of enjoyable adventures. Of course, it might be called having fun under difficulties, and I hope that until some bright man or woman, boy or girl captures me and pockets the $100 which I have about me always on demand, the weather conditions will be better.

I rode to Newark on a Turnpike trolley car. It was No. 1274, and the conductor was No. 4397. I held in my hand a copy of The Evening World containing my picture, and as I occupied the last seat, the conductor, standing behind me and gazing through the glass partition, could easily see the page.

Our way took us across the Hackensack meadows. They never looked prettier. The rain had washed the dust from the tall grass, and here and there in its fresh greenness were patches of marsh roses, whose delicate pink rivalled the tint of the most delicately nurtured orchid.

Prices Baby Carriges.

About half way he passed a mud hole in which a horde of small boys were "bathing." They had churned the puddle so well in their frolic that it had assumed the consistency almost of clay ready for the mould in a brick yard.

I left the car near the City Hall in East Newark. I stepped inside this small red brick structure, and seeing nobody to talk to, continued along the street. Near the iron railroad trestle I paused at a little second-hand store to inquire about baby carriages. A woman who was passing and had heard me, turned her head, with scorn in her eyes, as though wishing to make clear to me what she thought of a man who would seek a second-hand vehicle for his offspring while smoking a good cigar. Regardless of the fact that I was merely amusing myself, I felt quite crestfallen, and would have been glad to explain matters.

I stopped for a moment at W. E. Sherck's blacksmith shop a little further on and found him no shirk.

Crossing the bridge over the Passaic I soon reached Broad street. The first thing I saw was the big white stone Public Library.

Raffles Learns Something.

Passing the library I came to Washington Park, in which I saw the bronze bust of Abraham Coles and the statue of Seth Boyden, the inventor.

"Boyden? Boyden?" I said to a man seated on a near-by bench. "What did he invent?"

Boyden, he told me, made his beginning in the first quarter of the last century. Since then two score leather factories have sprung up in Newark, with an annual output of many millions.

On leaving this workman I went into Schaan's cigar store at the lower end of the park, where I asked a woman behind the counter how far it was to Market street.

"Just keep straight ahead," she said. "You can't miss it," and as I thanked her and walked out her chance for the $100 vanished.

Postman Misses His Chance.

A few steps more brought me opposite the Peddie Memorial Church, a massive stone structure, and while I stood admiring it Letter Carrier No. 82 came along. He was a colored man, and while he was taking letters from the box at the corner I spoke to him.

"How late do they send letters to New York?" I inquired.

"They keep it up all night," he answered.

At the Post-Office I saw policeman No. 54 standing at the door. I stopped a few minutes at his side and watched the passing crowd.

Well, he didn't claim the $100. Maybe he will next time.

At Market and Broad streets I lingered, impressed by the beauty of those broad thoroughfares. It was the very heart of Newark, and it was a heart that throbbed with life. As my eyes swept one imposing avenue of fine buildings after another they fell upon the sign of "Bamberger."

I had seen it a hundred times before in the newspapers, so I decided to go there at the peril of having my career of mystery summarily brought to an end by some bright-eyed shopper whose trained vigilance for bargains would not permit her to let the opportunity to carry off the Raffles $100 slip by.

Bewildered in Big Store.

I entered the big store by the door nearest Broad street, and my bewildered eyes swept vistas of lace, linen, cambric, and cotton.

I found the store restaurant a most inviting place. The decorations were artistic in color and harmonious, and there was an appetizing look of neatness about everything which drew me irresistibly to one of the tables near the second window to the right as you enter. A girl with a tortoise-shell comb in her brown hair waited upon me.

The luncheon served to me surpassed my expectations, and while I ate it I noticed that the restaurant was rapidly filling with women shoppers and well-dressed men, who seemed to be lawyers and business men who had dropped in for their midday meal.

Girl Didn't Recognize Raffles.

The moderate check handed me as I arose was a pleasing surprise. As I paid the cashier I spoke to her about the weather. She returned a conventional reply, not suspecting that the stupid fellow who could do no better than air his wit upon such a worn-out subject was Mr. Raffles.

I took the stairway in descending through the building, after looking at some of the rugs on the fourth floor. My way took me through all the varying departments of a big, modern store.

On the second floor I saw a swarm of the smallest of small boys, whose mothers were having them fitted out with suits and other garments.

Before going out I stopped at the soda fountain. Not knowing the rules I ordered what I wanted before buying a check, and the young saleswoman politely explained to me the proper procedure. The girl who sold the checks was the possessor of a pair of sharp blue eyes, and for a moment, as she looked at me, I was convinced that my career was at an end and that she would claim the reward, but she didn't.

I am going back to Bamberger's store this morning.

In the evening I hopped aboard South Orange car No. 1490, paid my fare to conductor No. 3293, and went out to beautiful Electric Park. I had a fine time. At the theatre I saw a vaudeville show given by clever comedians, some of whom I had seen at popular New York roof gardens. Then I poured the park, amused and entertained by the long line of features, which reminded me of Coney Island.

In fact, the real Coney Island atmosphere is there, for several of the barkers and other attaches, to whom I spoke, told me that they were engaged to go to Electric Park from Coney Island. The fog-horn-voiced "hot sausage" man is one of them. Before he talked to me of his days at "Coney" I thought there was something that recalled past joys in his tone.

Fountain Reveals Marvels.

When the "Electric Fountain" began to play I met with a great surprise. I had supposed that the fountain would be solely a thing of beautiful colors, but in this I was mistaken. It was more than that. It was a complete entertainment.

In the midst of the thousand streams of water, glittering in all the colors of the rainbow in the electric light, rose beautiful figures, forming pictures that drew expressions of admiration from the onlookers.

There were several daintily garbed dancers, who seemed like water fairies behind the veil of mist, and a beautiful child who danced the sailors' hornpipe with exquisite grace.

A dazzling water display and fireworks followed.

There was so much to be seen at Electric Park that one evening was not enough. I intend to spend a good part of Sunday there. I wish particularly to see Tourbillon and his lions in the "Circle of Death." It is said to be a real thriller by those who have seen it.

My Saturday experiences will be told in the New York Sunday World.

Another photograph of the MYSTERIOUS MR. RAFFLES and full RULES FOR CONDUCTING THE CONTEST will be found in the SPECIAL NEW JERSEY SUPPLEMENT free with to-day's Evening World.

Free Tickets
TO ATTRACTIONS IN
ELECTRIC PARK.

By special arrangement with Electric Park management, THE EVENING WORLD prints three coupons in the Saturday Evening New Jersey supplement entitling bearer to free admissions to the following attractions:

DANCE HALL,
CAVE OF THE WINDS,
OBSERVATION WHEEL.

These tickets when presented at the gate of attractions named thereon will be honored afternoon or evening on Aug. 28 or Aug. 29.

(Note—DANCE HALL IS ONLY OPEN EVENINGS.)

GET A COPY OF THE
EVENING WORLD SUPPLEMENT
And Be One Guest on These Days.

Just Phoney on the 'Phone.

By T. E. Powers.

Isn't it pleasant—just as you are having a nice little heart-to-heart talk with your Onliest Own—to have your hated rival cut in on you?

Transatlantic Wit and Humor.

THE following jokes are gleaned from the latest London comic papers and show the marked difference between English and American humor:

"Come, come, waiter, where's the chicken I ordered?" demanded the patient diner.

"All right, sir; all right. The boss says when I get one more order he'll kill it."

"Who signed the Magna Charta?" asked the school inspector. There was no answer.

"Who signed the Magna Charta?" fumed the inspector, walking up and down the floor. A very small, delicate boy raised his hand timidly.

"Please, sir, I never!"

To keep orange blossoms from fading never put them in hot water.

After a girl marries she frequently spells altar with an H.

It makes a great difference whether the father of the girl gives her away or her friends.

In many of the States in America the church wardens are chosen from the ranks of the maimed. Those given the plate for collection have but one arm.

"Now, in order to subtract," explained the teacher to the class in mathematics, "things have to be always of the same denomination. For instance, we could not take three apples from four pears, nor six horses from nine hogs."

A hand went up at the back part of the room.

"Teacher," shouted a small boy, "can't you take four quarts of milk from three cows?"

Concerning "tainted money" one humorist writes:

They plunder widows, orphans, toilers, then
Divide with God that which they stole from men.
So well they know how they obtained their hoard,
They now proceed to bribe the very Lord.

Larnin' the Planner.

She's larnin' the planner,
I'd have you understan';
It beats a hundred fiddles,
An' "Dixie" by the ban';
An' thar's no more any quiet
In Georgia's happy lan'—
An' I think I'll go to Texas in the mornin'!

She's larnin' the planner;
On high the music floats—
We're rushin' fer the railroad,
And headin' fer the boats!
I only wish she'd give us a few tendollar notes,
An' I think I'll go to Texas in the mornin'! —Atlanta Constitution.

MISS AYER'S ADVICE TO BEAUTY SEEKERS.

Margaret Hubbard Ayer

Healing Cream.

BESSIE.—This is the recipe for witch-hazel cream: White wax, one ounce; spermaceti, one ounce; almond oil, three ounces lanoline, one ounce. Place these four ingredients into the inner vessel of the custard-boiler. Fill the outer vessel about half full of warm water and set over the fire. When all the ingredients have melted, pour the contents of the inner vessel into a bowl. Beat the mixture constantly until cold, adding little by little three ounces of rosewater, one ounce of witch-hazel and one dram of tincture of benzoin. This is one of the very best healing creams made.

Peroxide as a Bleach.

BRUNETTE—Peroxide of hydrogen is harmless, and may be used as a skin bleach. Before applying the peroxide bathe the parts to be treated with water into which a little borax has been dissolved. Be careful not to let the peroxide touch your eyebrows or eyelashes, as it will certainly bleach them.

A Good Depilatory.

R. M.—Here is the best of the powder depilatories: Strontium sulphide, 2 drams; oxide of zinc, 3 drams; powdered starch, 3 drams. Mix thoroughly and keep in a dry state until wanted for use. Then take a sufficient quantity and make it into a paste by adding warm water. Apply it to the surface to be operated upon. Let it remain from one to five minutes. It should be removed before an active burning sensation is felt. Remove by gently scraping the skin with a blunt-edged blade—a paper knife, for example. If the depilatory has been effective the superfluous hair will come away with the paste. Wash the denuded surface immediately with warm water and apply cold cream. Keep this preparation out of the reach of ignorant persons and children and properly labelled.

About Benzoin.

C.—No, benzoin is not particularly whitening, but when a few drops are used in the bathing water it is softening, and where there is any irritation it is soothing in its effects. You will find the combination in the following lotion pleasant to use as an outward application:

Lanoline, 1 ounce; almond oil, 1 ounce; simple tincture of benzoin, 1-2 ounce. Mix the three ingredients thoroughly together and rub into the skin at night before going to bed.

To Purify the Breath.

MAUD Z.—The following recipe is a breath purifier, and as a disinfectant you will find the Canadian snake-root very helpful and pleasant. Your teeth should be attended to. Phenic acid, 1 gram; boric acid, 25 grams; thymol (in crystals), .50 centigram; essence of mentha, 30 drops; tincture of anise, 10 grams; distilled water, 3 pints. Rinse the mouth with the above, which should be diluted for use in the proportion of one-half tooth wash to same quantity of clear water. Use after each meal and at any time required.

Perhaps the trouble arises from indigestion.

HEART AND HOME PAGE FOR WOMEN
EDITED BY MARGARET HUBBARD AYER.

Early Morning Exercises that Invigorate and Beautify the Body for the Entire Day

By Margaret Hubbard Ayer.

EVERY now and then some person who is not superstitious, but does believe in signs, will tell you quite earnestly that "the reason everything has gone wrong to-day is because she got out of bed with the left foot."

Now, what she really means is that she got up lazily and without interest and enthusiasm for the day's work; that she did not know how to create for herself a healthy, vigorous physical state of well-being and joy in living [illegible]

[illegible] cheerful as the proverbial lark. I have had the pleasure of knowing several such women.

One of these women, a Southerner, [illegible] morning face, and says that she owes to her methods the fact that at fifty-three years of age she is as agile in mind and body, as supple and as graceful as her daughter of twenty-three. I may add that she has a slight, youthful figure and that she is more full of life and spirits than most young people I meet.

"As soon as I wake up," my Southern friend explained to me—"and I wake up fairly early—I get right out of bed. The longer you lie in bed the longer you want to lie there. It is a lazy habit.

Then I start the water running in the tub and take a warm bath, followed by a moderately cold sponge.

"I begin with stretching exercises, standing straight and stretching first my arms above my head, then swinging the legs from the hips, then stretching the whole lithe body as much as possible. Now I begin to feel thoroughly relieved and probably as a cat does after stretching, and I start my breathing exercises. I have never missed a day for the past ten years. You wonder that I am so young-looking and vigorous; my dear, it is all in breathing.

"Proper breathing aids digestion and prevents colds and all lung troubles, but, more than that, it is to me the main stimulant and the only one I indulge in. When I'm tired and out of sorts I start my breathing exercises, holding in my mind elevating or pleasant thoughts.

"Think yourself filled with vitality while you hold your breath.

"Let it go slowly, holding your chest high, until the breath is all out. If you feel like it lift your arms up when inhaling.

"Learn to breathe rhythmically—that is, counting seven to each inhalation, seven while you retain the breath, seven while exhaling and seven while the lungs are empty. If this seems too long for you begin by counting three instead. I'll warrant that you won't need coffee to brace you if you start the day as I do."

Betty's Balm for Lovers.

A Girl with Two Beaux.

Dear Betty:

I GO with a young man who loves me, and I love him very dearly. He introduced me to a friend of his and this young man has told me he also loves me. A. G.

I would tell the first young man all about it. Then no harm to you can come of it.

She Wants a Jealous Lover.

Dear Betty:

I AM twenty-five and love a young lady one year younger. She is all a young man could wish, but because I am not of a jealous disposition she thinks that my love can't be very strong. J. A. HASP.

If you would give this foolish girl one good imitation of what a jealous man is like she would never want you to be jealous again.

Disregard Gossip.

Dear Betty:

I DEARLY love a gentleman, who is twenty-one, three years older than myself. I have heard that he pays a good deal of attention to the girls in another town where he lives. A. H. F.

If you are worried, tell him why and give him a chance to explain, but don't quarrel with him.

May Manton's Daily Fashions.

SUCH simple costumes as this one are always in demand for school wear, and are always attractive and charming as well as serviceable. In this instance the material is royal blue serge, trimmed with a fancy banding and stitched with silk, while the shield and collar are of white, but the display of autumn materials is a generous one, and there is much opportunity for selection and choice. Cashmere is always pretty for little girls and will be much worn, while, in addition to plain colors, checks and plaids are quite correct; and, again, serge and various novelty wools include many variations. In this instance the waist and skirt are joined one to the other, and the opening is made at the left of the front, the body lining, which is faced to form the shield, being quite separate; but, if liked, the skirt can be joined to this last and the waist made separate and finished with a belt.

The quantity of material required for a girl of ten years of age is: 5 yards 27, 4 3-4 yards 32 or 2 3-4 yards 44 inches wide, with 3-8 yards, any width, for the shield, and 2 1-2 yards of banding.

Girl's Tucked Dress—Pattern No. 5,137.

Pattern 5,137 is cut in sizes for girls of six, eight, ten and twelve years of age.

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.

IMPORTANT—Write your name and address plainly, and always specify size wanted.