

The Last of Prince Louis.

By Roy L. McCardell.

Micro-Stenographic Interview with the Prince-Admiral Battenberg, of His British Majesty's Squadron, En Route to Gibraltar After a Perforated Round of Pleasure in New York City.

Q. Hello! Is that you, Admiral? A. It's what's left of me. I ducked on the Drake just in time. Q. Have a good time? A. Well, say, I don't blame my ninety-and-nine deserters. I wish I could have stayed in New York myself. Q. How about Mrs. Astor cutting down the 400 to 10? A. Say, she told me in confidence that in beating her friends to quarters she had no intention of cutting down the crew of the good ship "Society." The fact was that the mess-room—big parlor, her dining-room—would only seat 75. Q. Is that so? A. Yes; she told me she was going to enlarge it forward, and next time there would be room for two or three more. Q. You had a lot of dinners? A. Yes, but the most filling thing was my visit to the New York dentist. And, I say, old chap, you must know it was a good thing I put it off till the last. I want to be considered democratic, you know. Q. What has that to do with your visit to the dentist? A. Well, it brings out the Prince part a little too much. I now wear a golden crown continually. Another good joke— Q. Well, what is it? A. You've often heard of the land of Cokayne? Q. Sure. A. Well the land of Cokayne was where my champion sailor landed on his American adversary. Rather neat, eh? Q. Isn't that rather far-fetched? A. That's because it goes to you by wireless. Q. What are your impressions of New York? A. Well, the New Yorkers gave us a lot of H's to replace those our Englishmen may have dropped—the Horse Show, the Hippodrome and a Hot Time. Q. You bore up under the strain remarkably. A. I was in training for it. This is the first time, really, I felt anything near like being nalk' sea over, as we sailormen say. What do they think of me in New York? Q. As an admiral you are admirable, as a actor of royalty you're a Prince! A. Jolly well said, by jove! Q. Any last message before you reach Gibraltar? A. Nothing except, my compliments. I had a ripping good time, a stunning good time. I met with uniform politeness everywhere except from— Q. From whom? A. Your boobies. Why those aboard the Drake thought that they were actually the rulers of the King's navy. My word! Guess what one of them said to me! Q. What did he say? A. He said, in speaking of His Gracious Majesty, that "the King was Aces!" Deuced good of him, on our own deck, too! Q. Well, he spoke by the card? A. Yes, and clubs were trump! What? Q. Well, good-by! A. Good-by! Glad to include American good will among our British possessions! Adieu! And the Admiral-Prince went below to splice the mainbrace.

WILLIE WARBLER, & & & the Chain-Lighting Poet.

McCALL, McCURDY, MURPHY. Yes, those 3 M's must really go! They may not be sent up, But couldn't they be jailed and baid' And let skip out like Krup?

TOOTH-YANKER, BILL \$1000, PRINCE LOUIS. There's one New Yorker Louis met Will hang on mem'ry's peg— The dentist chap that pulled his teeth And tried to pull his leg.

HOO-ROO, KING HAAGON OF NORWAY. The Beauty Doctor has a job To fix up little Roosevelt, Who as a foot-ball novice learned Just how a broken nose felt.

The echoes are wakin' In praise of King Haakon. The cymbals they're whackin' In praise of King Haakon. The plaudits come flockin' In praise of King Haakon. Take your choice—Quit yer knockin'!

The Girl from Kansas.

By Alice Rohe.

YOU heard about the grand ermine set Colonel Charles W. Blowhard bought for Mrs. B. didn't you?" said the girl from Kansas. "The Colonel's the most prominent and respected citizen of Waubesa. Yes, he's been that ever since the Widows' Mite Mortgage Company was organized and they covered all on Aunt Sarah Hardup's ten-acre farm. Yes, the Colonel got the job. He's President of the Citizens' Sunflower Bank, owns the dam, is Superintendent of the Sunday-school—oh, he's just great. I tell you. "Well, about the ermine set: Col. Blowhard bought it. The Colonel has been telling Lucy and me about that wonderful outfit he bought Mrs. B. at intervals of three times a day, lasting one hour each session. "Oh, what's \$400 to a man like me?" he puffed as he displayed that ermine muff and stole. "Of course I suppose that seems like a lot of money to you, but it's a mere trifle to me. Now I'm in New York I'm not missing anything anyway. "Oh, yes," he announced, in a tone you could hear from the Battery to the Bronx, "they came from Glitledge, on Fifth avenue. "Daisy was always inquisitive, so naturally she 'happened' to find a mark on the inside of the stole that Charles W. had overlooked. Yes, it gave the name of the swell furrier on the avenue, but it wasn't Fifth. "Charles was blowing harder than ever when Daisy conceived the diabolical scheme of calling up the furrier and pricing ermine sets. "How much do you think Charles W. paid for that grand \$400 set bought for Mrs. B.?" "Our friend the furrier told Daisy that his highest-priced royal ermine sets with real tails and heads and all those embellishments were being sold at \$100. "Did we let the Colonel know? Well, I guess yes. "The next time he called Daisy rushed at him and when he commenced to bark about the expensive ermine she almost fell on his neck in condolence. "It's a shame, Colonel," she consoled. "You've been terribly done on that ermine set. I just bought one like Mrs. B.'s at Blankenhelm's and Bauer's for \$100. It's too bad the way they can size up strangers in New York last night! I never thought you'd buy a gold brick, though. "The Colonel? Oh, he's gone back home. No, he never said another word."

Roller Skating in Bearville. By Rob Thompson.

IT'S THE FUNNIEST THING THAT I CAN'T GET THIS SKATE ON! YES, I KNOW HOW HARD IT IS; SOMETIMES IT TAKES AS MANY AS THREE DRINKS! WELL, THAT OUGHT TO DO A LOT OF BUSINESS FOR SHOCTOR! YES, HE HAD AN OFFER TO GO WITH HEATH! DENYEROUS LITTLE CLERIC! OH! HE SAYS HIS NAME IS SAM! AND DO A SUMMERSET? IF YOU FEEL YOU'RE GOING TO FALL, SPRING!

THE NEW PLAY "The Marriage of William Ashe" Turns Out a Funeral.

THAT relic of the theatrical past—the "book-play"—was given its quietus at the Garrick Theatre last night when "The Marriage of William Ashe" was turned into one of the most unmistakable funerals of the season. The death of silly Kitty, close on to her petulant admonition to Ashe to take out the pin before he took off her hat. The audience laughed at this nonsense, and smiled as Ashe lifted Kitty in his arms and started to carry her to her room a la Sapho. Miss George made Kitty more "crazy" than charming, but Mr. Reeves-Smith was manly and natural throughout. Mr. Ben Webster was such a weird Geoffrey Cliffe that you felt he owed an apology to the memory of Lord Byron, in whose image the character is said to have been drawn. Byron may have had his faults, but let us hope they were not as bad as Webster's. As for the play, it had less sanity than Kitty herself. Its points were pin-pointing. Even a Murphy would find it difficult to understand what happened to Ashe's political ambition. Leaves seem to have been torn out of Mrs. Ward's book with little discrimination. The one thing that the audience clearly recognized was the "property horse" that brought Lady Kitty home in the third act. If Manager Brady cared about saving a laugh in the wrong place he will lose no time in getting a "property automobile" instead. CHARLES DARTON.

midnight was scarcely less sad than the hopeless efforts of Miss Grace George and Mr. H. Reeves-Smith to make Margaret Mayo's dramatization of Mrs. Humphry Ward's "best seller" ring with the minor note of cracked wedding bells. Failure clunged on the first-night air from the unpromising beginning to the bitter end. Soft words could not lessen the pain that this hapless venture spread on both sides of the footlights. Pathetic is the only word that describes the cheerless event. Both Miss George and Mr. Reeves-Smith seemed to realize this before the play was half spent. They took their half-hearted curtain-calls in the spirit they were given. The pall that hung over the house was a mixture of "Mrs. Warren's Profession" and "Lady Rose's Daughter." It was so heavy that it could have been cut with a knife. But there wasn't the sign of a knife in the audience. Friendliness flowed over the footlights like a river. Miss George was encouraged to a fault, while Mr. Reeves-Smith, as Ashe, merited to the last the admiration that his tasteful actor won from the first. A dog that loved Lady Kitty with all her faults and a "property horse" that sounded like Montgomery and Stone, as one of the mourners aptly put it, were the only enlivening features of a gloomy evening. The first act was all ecards, with a stageful of hens pecking at Kitty and her reputation and finally discovering her in the sinful fling of a Spanish farce. She was rescued from this disgrace by an offer of marriage from Ashe, who remained in the library instead of going in to dinner like a gentleman. Who goes to prove that an empty stomach and a full heart make a dangerous combination. To help along the backbiting of her feminine friends, the Lady Ashe of the second act changed from simple girliness to a very openwork costume that suggested a miraculous escape from the front row of a Klaw & Erlanger spectacle. She went from bad to Venice after that, meanwhile writing a book-like the Lady of the Lyceum—which put a crimp in her husband's political ambition and caused him to cast her off. But the playwright's providence brought him to her in her last hour in the Alps, so that she could die comfortably in his arms. The only really tender moment in the play was when Lady Kitty, belated but not bedragged, returned to her husband in the wee, sma' hours after her unconventional excursion and adventures with Geoffrey Cliffe. This scene, however, was ruined in the end.

THE NEWEST THING IN MODERN SPANKS. (Prof. Dennis, of Peoria, has invented an electric spanking-machine.—News Item.) HEAR the tintinnabulation. And the rhythmic situation. And the swart concentration. Of the newest thing in spanks; While the dynamo elastic Paddles obligatorily draste On the youthful body plastic. And inouers parental thanks. But it almost seems a pity That this spank-machine so pretty Cannot visit Gotham city To correct some local ills. Why not play it fore and after Each benign insurance grafter For the benefit and laughter Of the folks who pay the bills? Oh, to watch its paddles rise up 'Gainst the gang that 'run the price up.' Who keep food and coal and ice up. And who play us all for doola! Eastward rush the electric spanker, And when here it comes to anchor, Crooks (from thug to four-flush banker) All shall set their thousand volts. A. P. TERHUNE.

HEART and HOME PAGE for WOMEN EDITED BY NIXOLA GREELEY-SMITH

WHICH ATHLETIC EXERCISE IS BEST FOR BEAUTY?

WHICH of the various outdoor exercises affected by the athletic girl is the most conducive to beauty? Is it shooting, automobilg, golf, fencing, tennis, tramping or swimming? Tennis adds to grace and quickness, and a good tennis player often looks at her best while playing. Moreover, the violent exercise makes the circulation better, and when accompanied by correct breathing deepens the chest, de-lever the bust and makes the contour of the body more shapely. The same applies to perhaps even a greater degree to the golf girl. Her exercise is less violent than is the tennis player's, but it involves more walking, and walking—correct walking—is the ideal exercise. Swimming brings into play every single muscle and set of muscles in the entire body. Horseback-riding, to lesser extent does the same. There is no other exercise on earth that teaches balance, poise, grace, accuracy, skill and quickness as does fencing. The girl who fences well cannot be awkward if she tries. Shooting has the same advantages as golf—it encourages tramping and climbing. Automobilg is chiefly beneficial for the abundance of fresh air it pumps into the lungs. Adopt some such healthy outdoor fad as the foregoing and see how quickly a slow complexion, dark rings under the eyes, angular outlines and unshapely fat will vanish, leaving in their place clear eyes, radiant count, shapely figure and renewed health and energy. It is worth your while to do this. Remember, in the "off season" for sports, take brisk, long walks, accompanied by correct, deep breathing, afford the finest general exercise imaginable.

Illustrations of women engaged in various athletic activities: AUTOMOBILING, HUNTING, GOLF, FENCING, TENNIS.

HEALTH AND BEAUTY.

HEALTH AND BEAUTY. By Margaret Hubbard Ayer. The hair ceases to come out then a good tonic will be necessary. Complexion Cream. P. A.—A good whitening cream may be made from six ounces of albin, mend oil, one ounce of lanolin, two ounces of spermaceti, one ounce of coconut oil, one ounce of white wax, one dram of white precipitate and one dram of oil of bitter almonds. Melt the oils together and then add the white precipitate, first mixed with one-half ounce of alcohol. Perfume with the oil of bitter almonds. The cream is applied at night after washing with soap and water. The use of this cream should remove the skin.

BETTY'S BALM FOR LOVERS. She Loves His Friend. Dear Betty: I AM a young girl, eighteen years of age. I am keeping company with a young man twenty-four years old, but I like his friend better than I do him, but I can't make him see that I like him very much. M. C. P. P. Don't try to make the young man love you. I LIKE YOU.

Who Should Buy? Dear Betty: I AM a young girl about to be married. My parents are giving me quite a nice outfit, but seem to think it is too much. I would like to buy the trunk myself. YOUR SHARE.

HINTS FOR THE HOME. French Cauliflower. SET a boiled cauliflower in a deep dish with flowers upward and pour over it drawn butter to which you have added the juice of a lemon and one-half teaspoonful of French mustard. Chicken Ragout. TAKE one large fine stewing chicken, cut it in large pieces and place it in an earthen crock; add one cup of bouillon, pepper and salt, half a dozen tiny onions, a box of mushrooms; half of these hash fine, the other half put in whole. Three carrots, some whole tomatoes; if fresh, remove the skins. Take a potato scoop (which comes for the purpose) and put in half a dozen of these; add a cup of water, cover tightly and cook slowly for three hours. Serve in a hot dish. Mutton Cutlets. HAVE the butcher cut what are known as English chops, have them neatly trimmed. Broil on a gridiron (not too much), before removing from the fire pour over melted butter with parsley minced fine. Place on a large hot platter, add the end of each bone put a little cap; those made of white paper can be had at any house-furnishing store, or they are easily made by folding paper and fringing it. Cut the size of the bone. They will last three or four times.

May Manton's Daily Fashions.

THE vogue of the princess dress is as much to be noted among the styles for little girls as among those of their elders, and exceedingly charming are some of the results. This one is eminently simple, girlish and attractive, and includes all the essential characteristics, while it is so designed that there is nothing like severity found in its outlines. As illustrated, it is made with the open square neck and elbow sleeves that are so well liked for dancing school wear, parties and the like, but the addition of yoke and cuffs makes it suited to afternoon wear. In this instance the material is pale pink chiffon veiling, trimmed with coru lace, but the list of possible and satisfactory things is long. The quantity of material required for the medium size (twelve years) is 7-4 yards 21, 5-1-3 yards 27 or 3-4 yards 41 inches wide, with 2-4 yard of all-over lace and 7-1-3 yards of lace edging to make as illustrated; 5 yards additional 21, 2-1-3 yards 27 or 1-1-3 yards 44 inches wide if hertha and frills are of the material. Pattern No. 5205 is cut in sizes for girls of eight, ten, twelve and fourteen years of age. Girl's Shirred Princess Dress—Pattern No. 5205. Call or sent by mail to THE EVENING WORLD MAY MANTON FASHION BUREAU, No. 8 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.