

MRS. NAGG AND MR.

By Roy L. McCardell.

SOMETIMES wonder, Mr. Nagg, if anything should happen to me, what would become of my children. There's Imogene, that child has your disposition all over. She looks like me, and everybody says she is a beautiful child and has the loveliest manners. If you let her do just as she wants to, but, as I was saying, she has your disposition, and of course a stepmother wouldn't put up with that.

I do not expect that she would, but it is sad to contemplate how widowers rush off and get married. My Uncle William's wife used to say that she knew Uncle William would propose at her funeral, and that's why she insisted he make a will leaving everything to the children in case she died first. They didn't have any children and Uncle William had nothing to leave to anybody, because he never did a lick of work since the day he married Aunt Emma, who was a widow with a small stationery store. When I was a child I used to wonder why she didn't keep a candy store, because there wasn't a candy store on that block, which was near a school, but she told me she had the privilege of selling stationery to the school on condition she didn't keep candy, which wasn't considered good for children those days.

For my part, I think a man who says openly he is tired of his wife and hates his children, like Mr. Blinkett does, is a more manly man than the cunning ones who pretend that they are perfectly satisfied and everything is lovely. Of course Mr. Blinkett knows his wife has a mania for making the children cry because she says it helps them in deep breathing, and she is a crank on deep breathing, and says it is the only way to be happy is to deep breathe.

So she pinches the children to make them cry so's they'll deep breathe, and Mr. Blinkett, who is a printer and has to sleep in the day time, doesn't get a chance to close his eyes because the children are yelling all the time. And yet if Mrs. Blinkett was to die to-morrow I believe that man would marry again, and marry a widow, too, because widows are just as crazy about marrying again as widowers. But you can't blame a widow for that. Generally they have led such a life and have been so much abused by their first husbands that they are anxious to marry again to see if life doesn't hold some happiness for them after all.

Not that I would marry again. Brother Willie is only twenty-four and I'd rather wait and see him settled in life, and Imogene has your disposition and it wouldn't be right to make a stepfather punish her, for if any man was to lay a hand on a child of mine once he would never do it again. Although I do think you should correct the children when you come home. They do not pay any attention to a word I say. But then I suppose they get that from you. They see who contempt with which you treat me and they treat me the same way.

All my life I have never known what it is to have one peaceful, quiet day since I was married! You do not care, Mr. Nagg! You see me breaking down under the strain, and as I have told you time and time again, simply because I do not complain you make no attempt to make my burdens lighter! And then you come home and tell me you would marry again! Oh, you didn't say it, Mr. Nagg! You are too cunning for that, but I can tell what you are thinking about! It's no wonder I am a nervous wreck!

JIMMY JOHNNYPANTS.

The Boy Who Eats Too Much; This Is What Happened to Him. By L. A. Scarl

Comic strip panels showing Jimmy Johnnyfants fishing and eating fish. Speech bubbles include: 'I NEVER GET ALL THE FISH I CAN EAT SO HERE'S WHERE I LAND A FEW AND EAT FISH TILL MY HEART'S CONTENT', 'SEE THIS MUST BE A BIG FELLOW HE'S PULLIN' ME RIGHT IN - CAN'T SHAKE ME TROUGH', 'I'LL STICK RIGHT WITH THIS FELLOW IF HE PULLS ME CLEAR TO CHINA', 'I MUST HAVE MY FILL OF FISH - HE WILL MAKE ABOUT ONE MOUTHFUL -', 'THERE - I ATE TOO MANY - YES - EIGHT FISH BALLS FOR ONE MEAL WAS TOO MUCH - NEVER AGAIN!', 'GOODNESS! HE'S MADE ONE MOUTHFUL OF ME OH! I DON'T WANT TO BE SWALLOWED HELP!'

In and Out of the Theatres

MRS. JEFFREYS LEWIS was in a reminiscent mood. "I wonder," she speculated, "how many theatre-goers recognize in the Black Mammoth of the Classroom a Lady Maribeth of other years?"

There are few of the better known Shakespearean roles that I have not played. When you see me as Eva it would be rather a strain of the imagination to picture me as Juliet, Rosalind and others of the younger Shakespearean characters, but I played them for years. It is an old story to tell you that in those days an actress had to be prepared to play any old kind of a part on short notice. Nowadays very few act; they simply go on the stage and play themselves. The older actors had just as much magnetism, individuality and personality as the younger ones—some of them a good deal more—but they added to that knowledge of the demands of the stage and a thorough mastery of technique. They could play anything well and some things excellently.

Take this part of Eva, for instance. I have never been brought into close touch with negroes, and know but very little about their characteristics. But I have played nearly every other kind of character and did not hesitate to attempt Eva. How well or how badly I play it is another question, but I believe I did my best. I have a taste to tackle it, and that I throw myself into it with all the enthusiasm of a girl.

JOE WEBER, Peter F. Dalley, Charles A. Bigelow and Willie Collier were sojourners in a place of good cheer the other day when a wretched specimen of humanity edged timidly into the room and with quavering voice said "Please, gents, won't you help a brother performer with a few pennies?"

"Brother performer?" echoed Weber. "What on earth have you ever done on the stage to entitle you to call yourself a brother performer?" was the answer. "Well," said the squeaky-voiced Bigelow, "if you ever did an acrobatic dance on the stage, you should be able to give us a specimen of your ability. Show us and you may profit."

"All right; ere goes, gents," said the stranger, and he did three or four cartwheels and a back somersault to the ringing music of a shower of silver pieces which fell from his pockets. He uttered a yell of dismay, and, grabbing a few of the coins, made an exit that would have done credit to one of the elder Hamlets in his best "Bye-bye, golly!" exclaimed Weber, "that fellow's a regular box-office."

TO meet the requirements of heroic stage artists, Fritz Williams and Leo Ditrichestein, principals in "Before and After" at the Manhattan Theatre, have found it necessary to stiffen a genuine craving for liquid refreshment. In the first act, as Dr. Page, a nervous, irascible female specialist, Mr. Williams is compelled to drink a glass of water of spectacular proportions, into which has been surreptitiously introduced a large dose of "Sunny Jim" powder, a narcotic which is supposed to turn gloom into joy. In the second and third acts Mr. Ditrichestein consumes half a dozen glasses of liquid supposed to be champagne.

The hardship of these demands has led the actors to practice rigid abstinence at their evening meals. Neither touches a drop of liquid two hours before appearing on the stage, and both

MARGARET HUNTINGTON, Arthur Byron, Grace Thorne, George Parsons, Flora Juliet Howley, Al Lipman, Florence Gerald, R. A. Roberts, Edith Schuyler, Lillian Dix and Ada Curry have been engaged by Henry B. Harris for the company that will present Charles Klein's play, "The Lion and the Mouse," at Powers' Theatre, Chicago, Feb. 2.

GEORGE M. COHAN'S little daughter invariably accompanied him to the theatre when he was playing in "Little Johnny Jones." It was her especial delight to take an ocean voyage on the steamer that figured in the piece. But she is dubious about "George Washington, Jr."

"Father," she asked him, "has it got a boat?" "No," he replied. "Well," she said, with great earnestness, "either put in a boat or stick to 'Johnny Jones.'" CHARLES DARTMOUTH.

Out of the Mouths of Babes. JUST think, children, said the Sunday school teacher, "all this happened more than three thousand years ago!" "Gee," exclaimed a small boy in an audible whisper, "but she's got a good memory!"

Mrs. Biselstone-Harry, I've asked you three times if you knew who had been in the jail closet. Why don't you answer? Small Harry—Cause papa says no man is bound to give testimony that is calculated to incriminate himself.

One day four-year-old Fred climbed upon a parlor chair to reach something he wanted. "You must not get on that chair with your feet dear," said his mother. Fred looked down at his feet, evidently puzzled. "Why, mamma," he said, "I can't take em off."—Chicago News.

Warranted to Shrink.



"My skin is too loose, don't you think?" Said Miss Elephant, wrinkling a whisk. "Stand out in the rain. A bath will be just what you need."

Wouldn't Take Tip.

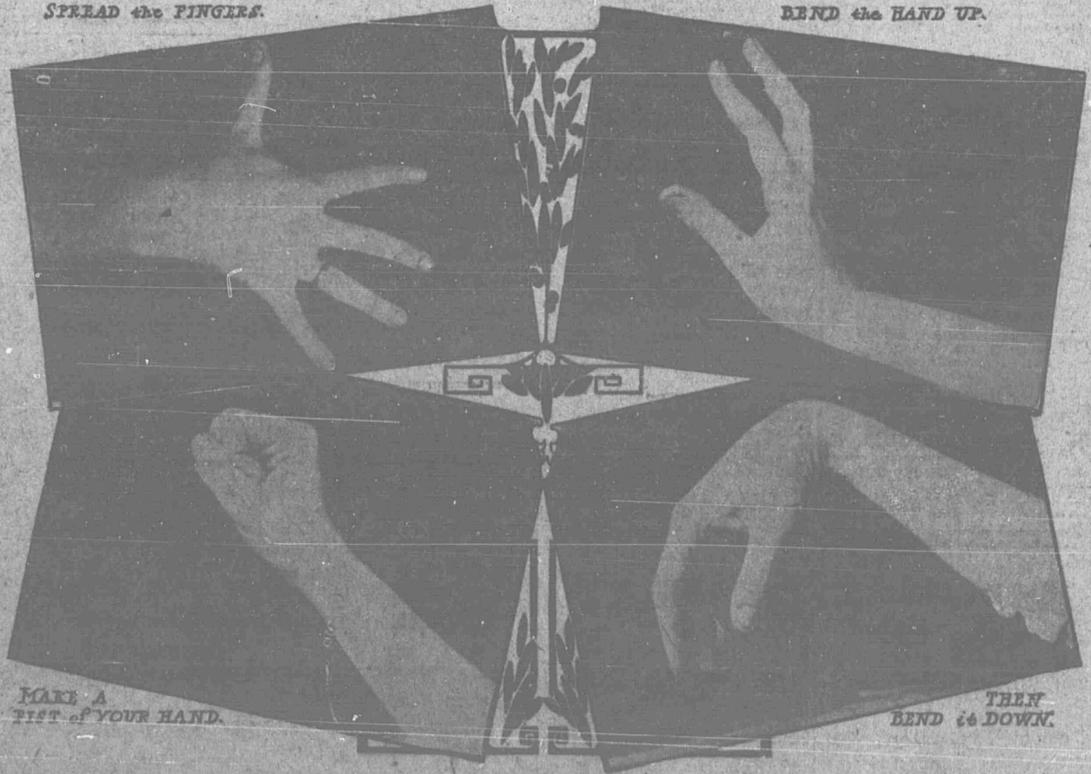
THE Kaiser is popularly supposed to be economical. It is not generally known that he pushes his principles of economy to absolute nigardism. It will be remembered that he visited Constantinople some time back and was received with unexampled magnificence and inundated with handsome presents.

HEART and HOME PAGE for WOMEN

WONDERFUL CONCEIT OF MAN.

By Nikola Greeley-Smith. THE conceit of man! Oh, the perfect, wonderful conceit of man! she sighed. "Yes," I said, sympathetically, considering them generally; "you've understated the case. But, specifically, what's the matter?" "Well," she replied, "I'm forty years old and the mother of children. I went into a department store the other day to buy window draperies, and after looking them over for half an hour took home some samples. The next day I returned to make the purchase, and, as I know it means something to them, I wanted to buy them of the salesman who had waited on me the day before. But he was busy, and another man waited on me. As I pointed out I spoke to the first young man, telling him I was sorry I hadn't been able to give the sale to him. Just as I crossed the aisle I heard him say to the other man, 'You see, they're all stuck on me.'"

TO HAVE PRETTY AND GRACEFUL HANDS.



SPREAD the FINGERS. BEND the HAND UP. MAKE A TEST OF YOUR HAND. THEN BEND it DOWN.

BETTY'S BALM FOR LOVERS.

All perplexed young people can obtain expert advice on their tangled love affairs by writing Betty Letters for help should be addressed to BETTY, Evening World, Post-Office box 134, New York.

They Love by Phone. Dear Betty: I'm a young man, twenty-four years old, of fairly good habits and have a bright idea in my mind. I am in love with a girl of twenty summers, but with a lot of twenty summers, but

He Smiles at Her. Dear Betty: HERE is a young man who resides opposite my home. Every time I go to the window he smiles. Do you think that he cares for me, as I love him?

Wants to Make Up. All a young man's greatest fears are of age and being kept company with a young lady two years his senior, for when he is twenty, he is already in some ways a middle-aged man.

HINTS FOR THE HOME.

Potato Griddle Cakes. Peel, slice or ten potatoes and drop them into cold water; grate them into a bowl, turning rapidly to prevent their turning red. Add four eggs, two teaspoons of salt and half a cup of flour into which you have mixed half a teaspoonful of baking powder. Mix lightly, bake on a hot griddle and eat with butter.

To Utilize Leftovers.

YOLKS of eggs left over when the whites have been used will keep several days in a bowl of cold water. Lemons keep better in cold water than on the shelf. Never throw away bits of cheese, even if they are hard and dry. Paste them on with clean water in a jar for use as a preservative.

May Manton's Daily Fashions.



Blouse with Chemise—Pattern No. 2224. How to Obtain These Patterns. Call or send by mail to THE EVENING WORLD MAY MANTON FASHION BUREAU, No. 2 West Twenty-third Street, New York. Send ten cents in coin or stamps for each pattern wanted. IMPORTANT—Write your name and address plainly, and we will specify the wanted.