MRS. NAGG AND MR.—

By Roy L. McCardell.

MRS. DUBB was to see me to-day, Mr. Nagg. It would have wrung your heart to hear her tell about her troubles. She says she might as well give up and secure a separation from Mr. Dubb. He doesn't even attend to the furnace for her, and he takes things out of the house and pawns them, and the boarders complain about him coming home nervously intoxicated and singing:

"Ever since he heard about Father,
Uncle's quit work, too!"

Of course, I did not like to say a word to her, because it was none of my affair, but I advised her to get a separation and make him pay her $50 a week alimony. He hasn't done a stroke of work for years or made a cent, and nobody will give him a position. So it would serve him right if he had to pay $50 a week to Mrs. Dubb.

And yet Mr. Dubb isn't the worst man in the world. If he were treated in his home like you are treated in this house maybe he would try to do better. As I said to Mrs. Dubb, if she had some of the troubles I have—and I started in to tell her what I had to put up with, and there that woman sat, not listening to a word I said, but clattering away about what she had to endure and how she had to work and how her heart was breaking—as if she was the only person in the world that knew what sorrow was!

It made me sick! Some people are so inconsiderate, all they want to do is to tell you their trouble, and if you go to tell them how you suffer they don't pay one bit of attention.

Mr. Dubb would be all right if he was treated all right, but the poor man dare not call his soul his own, and from morning till night that woman is jawing and scolding him and finding fault and worrying the life and soul out of him, so that it is no wonder the poor man has lost all ambition.

Ah, a man who has a good wife and a good home should appreciate it! Oh, you needn't hum a song, Mr. Nagg! You might pay some attention when I go to speak to you. If you were treated like some men are treated you would realize that all women are not so kind and forbearing as I am!

As I told Mrs. Dubb, although she wouldn't listen to a word I said, but sat there talking about her silly little worries; as I told Mrs. Dubb, if she had married into a family like I married into, with doublefaced relatives, pretending they wanted to do everything they could for one and then going away and talking about one; or if she had married a man who had friends like you have that are trying to keep you out night after night, breaking down your health playing chess and other forms of dissipation, then she would have cause to complain!

And look at Mr. Terwilliger! The life that man led with Susan Terwilliger was awful. She wouldn't speak to him for weeks at a time, and he had to sleep on an old horsehair sofa in the back parlor, that finally gave him spinal trouble, and no matter who came to see her she had no pride, but would tell her family troubles and how Terwilliger treated her until it was no wonder he went to Denver and became a sewing-machine agent.

But I never believed it was Mr. Terwilliger's fault. He had the loveliest pink complexion, and could play the piano beautifully. But that's always the way in this world. I suppose people think you are kind at home. Ah, little do they know! Little do they know, Mr. Nagg! I never tell how my heart is breaking!

Fernando Funny

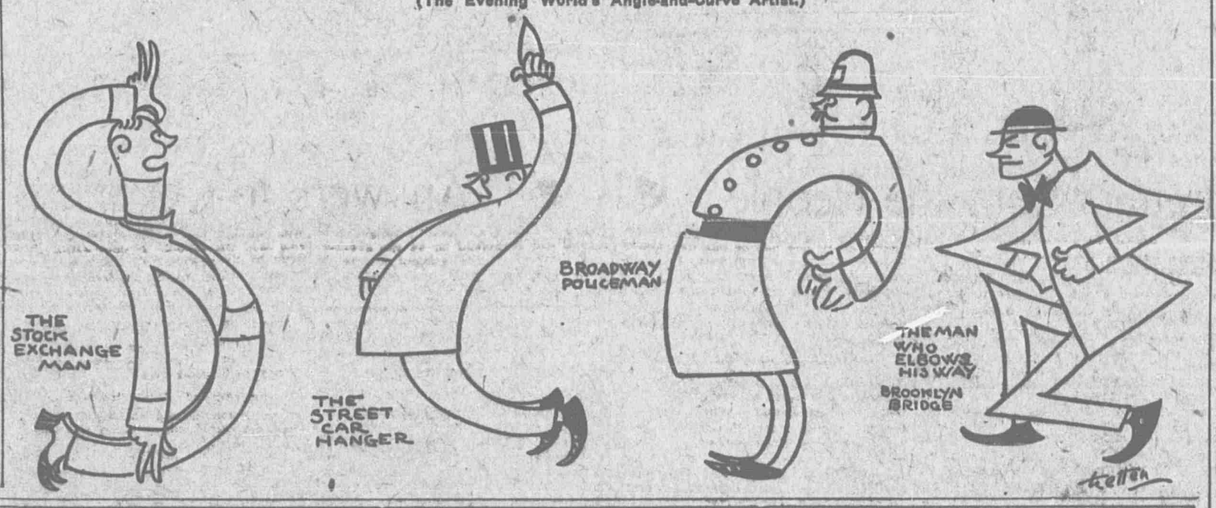
He Tries a "Shine" Joke and Hits the Firing Line.

By C. W. Kahles

A Group of New York Types

By Maurice Ketten

(The Evening World's Angle-and-Curve Artist.)



In and Out of the Theatres

WHILE it is generally known that Caruso, if he should ever lose his voice, might get a job as a newspaper artist, few people are aware of the fact that Mrs. Leslie Carter can do tricks with pen or pencil. The accompanying works of art are proof that both can draw other things than houses.

While appearing in Philadelphia the two stars lived at the same hotel, the Bellevue-Stratford. Richard Ham, manager of the hotel, prides himself on a valuable collection of autographs, which he has accumulated in a large book, and when he found Mrs. Carter and Signor Caruso both under his roof, he asked them for their autographs. Caruso was the first to comply. He wrote his name in his flowing Italian hand, and then deftly drew two profiles on the page—one of himself, and the other of his brother singer, Signor Scotti.

When Mrs. Carter wrote her name on the opposite page, Mr. Ham said: "Won't you make me a sketch, Mrs. Carter?"

"How do you know I can?" she asked.

He smiled knowingly as he answered: "Any one who can write a name as you have, that seems to speak of the owner, can make a picture."

Seizing the pen Mrs. Carter "made good" and her picture in just two minutes by the office clock.

* * *

CAN you imagine Mrs. Carter playing Adrea to an audience of one in a barn? Well, anyway, here's a story that she brought back from her automobile travels in the Allegheny Mountains:

"We stopped at a farmhouse near Hollidaysburg, where a little girl of perhaps eleven years was sitting on a big stone at the gate leading to the farmyard, studying a book. She attracted my attention particularly because her hair was a brilliant golden-red, and, as the sun's rays caught it I thought I never had seen anything so beautiful in its way. I made the chauffeur stop and jumped down to see what book the child was reading. Curiosity is one of my failings. What do you suppose it was? Shakespeare! Yes, actually; that little girl was deep in 'As You Like It,' and she evidently appreciated the beauties of the text, too, for she read me a passage at my request.

"The outcome of it was that we became firm friends within two minutes, and then the little girl gave me a surprise by saying naively, 'Perhaps you think I don't know you. Well, I do. You are Mrs. Leslie Carter, the actress. We have a large picture of you, all in colors, in our dining-room, and I know you quite well. Did you come here to see me?'

"I grew very fond of that little girl. She told me her name was Leslie, and that she was so glad it was, because it was the same as mine. Well, I had a glass of milk and a piece of cake that Leslie's mother had made, out there in the yard—for it was beautiful Indian summer—and then she asked me timidly if I would not recite for her, because she had recited one of Rosalind's speeches for me.

"Did I? Of course I did. We went into the barn, and there I gave her Adrea's speech in the last act, and I really believe I never did it better. I am sure I never put more earnestness into it. The little girl sat on a wheelbarrow watching me and drinking in every word. When I had finished she stole up to me and whispered, 'I want to kiss you, Mrs. Carter. May I?' Well, we hugged each other in the good old-fashioned way, and then I left, after she had promised to write to me. I have had half a dozen letters from her, all of which I have answered."

* * *

"MRS. WARREN'S PROFESSION" is dead and buried as far as Arnold Daly is concerned. No matter what the outcome of the case now in court—and it will doubtless be dropped—Mr. Daly has promised his new managers, the Shuberts, that he will have nothing more to do with the Shaw lady, who got him into hot water at the Garrick. New plans have been mapped out for him, and he will enter upon them in April at the Garrick Theatre, Chicago. He will appear there in "The Monkey's Paw," a dramatization by Louis N. Parker of W. W. Jacobs's story; in a short tragedy, "The Lemonade Boy," by Gladys Unger, and in another one-act piece, "The System of Dr. Gouran." This last is the French version of Poe's tale of horror, "The System of Dr. Tarr and Professor Fether," which was given with lighter touches by Frank Keenan at the Berkeley Lyceum last season. In Miss Unger's play Mr. Daly will impersonate a sixteen-year-old boy. His repertoire will also include "Arms and the Man" and "Lights Out," which was produced here by Herbert Kelcey and Effie Shannon under the title of "Papa." Mr. Daly will not be seen in New York until late next autumn, when he will follow Sothern and Marlowe at the Lyric Theatre. At that time, it is announced, he will produce "a modern classic comedy," the title and author of which are managerial secrets.

* * *

THE Brainsley diamond's mission in life is to get lost. So well does it accomplish this feat that it is not until two minutes before the final curtain that it is found. But there was an innovation in the series of losses a few nights ago.

The missing jewel had just been discovered on the slavey's tie; and tie, pin and all had been snatched from May Vokes. So vigorously was it snatched that it whizzed over the footlights and landed square in the countenance of an open-faced man in the second row of the orchestra and then caromed off into his lap.

As the wind-up of the play depends wholly on the jewel, the stage "waited," while every eye was glued on the man into whose lap the five-karat real glass jewel had dropped. The man rose to the occasion and his feet and sent the diamond flying back to the stage. There was a round of applause, in which everyone on the stage joined, and for at least a minute the actors stood scarlet and convulsed, unable to go on. Miss Vokes threw an apron over her face and smothered in laughter.

One unkind man in the audience broke the spell with the quite audible comment:

"Was it too far to the door or was he wise that it was cut glass?"

CHARLES DARNTON.

Notes of Grand Opera.

Bessie Abott will appear as Gilda in a special performance of "Rigoletto" for the benefit of the Italian Hospital at the Metropolitan Opera-House tomorrow night. Caruso and Scotti will be in the cast.

"Die Meistersinger" will get its first hearing this season on Friday night with Knote, Van Rooy, Gorlitz, Reiss, Bella Alten and Homer as principals.

Gerardy, the violoncellist, will play at next Sunday's popular concert.

In response to a general demand "Don Giovanni" will be repeated next week. The promised revival of "Martha" will also be given.

Mr. Conried will have his benefit on Feb. 16, when Strauss's "The Gypsy Baron" will be performed.

There's No Place Like Jail.

By Albert Payson Terhune.

(Much comment has followed the dictum of the State Prison Improvement Commission that Sing Sing Prison must go.—News Item.)

SADLY the second-story man
Held forth. And thus his plaint
began:

"It won't seem like the same old Jail,
Where life was once so glad;
That spot whose welcome ne'er could
fail:
The only home we had!
For years its walls have sheltered us
From worldly strife and woe,
And now they're kicking up a fuss
And say it's got to go.

"That fair resort's exclusive form
Was threatened once before.
'Twas feared Insurance crooks might
storm
Its hospitable door;
But noble old Jerome would not
Such cruelty condone,
Nor with so horrible a blot
Besmirch our social tone.

"Though petty sinners wandered there
And dwelt in Sing Sing's halls,
The man who robs in millions ne'er
Could penetrate its walls.
When there's new prisons on the map,
If they such guests entail,
'Twill make a decent burglar chap
Ashamed to stay in jail!"

The Zoo Scandal.

"Alas!" said the big grizzly bear,
"I fear I am losing my hair.
They'll put me in jail
Unless I get bail,
Because I have nothing to wear."

HEART and HOME PAGE for WOMEN

EDITED BY NIXOLA GREELEY-SMITH

WOMEN AND TIPPING.

By Nixola Greeley-Smith.

A YOUNG woman returning from a Western trip discovered on reaching Buffalo the other day that her ticket to New York had disappeared. When she had purchased a new one, as she was obliged to do, and was seated in a parlor car found herself possessed of $1.35, and New York ten hours away. How to distribute this fund so as not to reach the city in a state of ravenous hunger was a problem which she strove valiantly to solve for fifteen minutes. Then she gave it up and went into the dining-car and got a fairly substantial breakfast for $1.

"You know," she said, "I thought I could buy some fruit or something for lunch and that there would be somebody at the station to meet me. And then suddenly I remembered the porter. To save my life I couldn't see myself getting off that train without leaving a quarter behind me, and yet I couldn't see an all-day trip on a car without any lunch, either. So all day the porter and the pangs of hunger strove with each other. And the porter won. I reached town famished, but he got his tip. Maybe you think I was a coward?"

Maybe she was. But it seems to me that the man or woman who can look a porter or a hotel waiter in the eye without anointing his palm at the same time is possessed of the rarest if not the highest form of courage. Hitherto, though man has excelled her in the lower forms of personal courage, such as facing the cannon mouth or a mouse or a cockroach, woman has held undisputed tipless temerity. But there are signs that we are losing this fine feminine frugality, and there is no doubt that the business woman succumbs to the necessity of tipping almost as readily as the business man.

Our grandmothers and even our mothers could give an expectant waiter the exact change and watch him slouch contemptuously away from them while they adjusted their own wraps without batting an embarrassed eyelash. But we, the weaklings of to-day, quail before a waiter's stare as if we were mere men. Even while in our hearts we admire this superb and bygone courage, our hands render to a restaurant Caesar that which is not his, and we would not be the woman, martyr to her economical convictions, for the world.

However, woman's newly acquired generosity, confined largely to the women who make their own money, has not yet extended to her own sex. There is little if any tipping by women in the cheaper restaurants where women are employed. And the woman who tips a waitress is still so marked among her kind as to excite a feeling akin to contemptuous amazement even in that functionary herself!

And, leaving the question of tipping aside, why is it that all waitresses are plump, and most waitresses are tall? Are they plump because they are waitresses or waitresses because they are plump? Waiters are not. And yet waiters get the most tips. There is no answer that I know of.

For the Sleepless Woman.

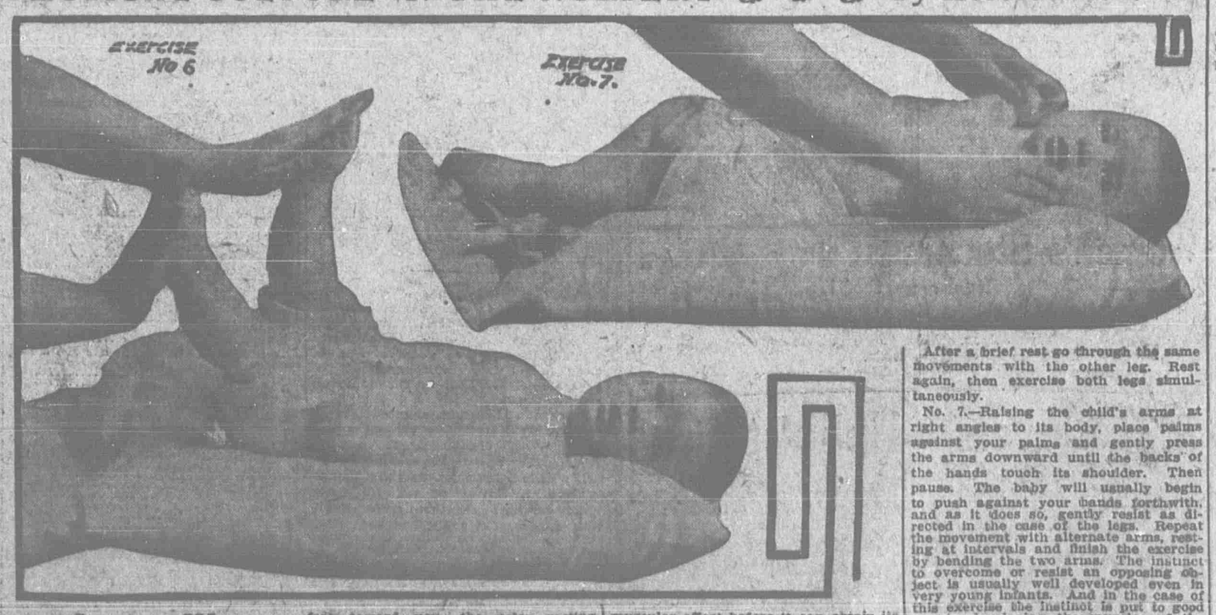
TO win sleep in two minutes, the following rules are given to busy women to whom the fifteen minutes nap daily is a necessity.

Sit in a reclining chair or rocker. Tip the chair to a comfortable angle for the body (not enough to cause any perceptible weight on the back) and to a restful position for the head. Place the feet on a chair as high (or a trifle higher) as that upon which you are sitting. Cross the limbs at the ankles (this closes one end of the circuit). Put the hands together by interlacing the fingers (this closes the other end of the circuit). Drop the hands loosely in the lap. Close the eyes. Let go. Relax the body and mind. Relieve yourself of all muscular and nervous tension. Think of nothing except sleep. If you find the mind wandering in strange and forbidden or even in too-frequented paths, bring it back and quietly concentrate it on the deep, slow, rhythmical breathing. As you inhale, think sleep; as you exhale, think sleep.

"Twere better not to lie down, especially if the nap is taken directly after a hearty meal, as the digestive organs are more or less crowded and the circulation interfered with. Besides, if you do so, likely you will not have to get up—quite often then with same purpose.

PHYSICAL CULTURE IN THE NURSERY

By Herbert M. Lome



Lesson III.

PHYSICAL culture exercises will make baby strong and healthy and restore sickly children to health. Never make baby exercise when he is tired. The gymnastics should be performed in a warm but well-ventilated room, and baby should have no clothes on. The first five exercises have already been described. Here is the sixth:

Lay the baby on its back on a bed, its feet toward you, the soles resting against the palms of your hands, the fingers of the latter pointing upward. Gently press one of its feet toward the child, so as to bend the knee pretty thoroughly, and pause. As a rule, the little one will at once and instinctively begin to kick or push against your palm in an effort to straighten its limb. As it does so, let your hand yield but somewhat slowly, so that the baby may have to put forth a certain amount of muscular effort before it can obtain its object by overcoming the resistance offered by your palm.

After a brief rest go through the same movements with the other leg. Rest again, then exercise both legs simultaneously.

No. 7.—Raising the child's arms at right angles to its body, place palms against your palms and gently press the arms downward until the backs of the hands touch its shoulder. Then pause. The baby will usually begin to push against your hands forthwith, and as it does so, gently resist as directed in the case of the legs. Repeat the movement with alternate arms, resting at intervals and finish the exercise by bending the two arms. The instinct to overcome or resist an opposing object is usually well developed even in very young infants. And in the case of this exercise the instinct is put to good use in developing the muscles of the chest, arms, thigh and lower part of the abdomen.

HINTS FOR THE HOME.

Jelly Cookies.

ONE and a half cups of sugar, one cup of sour milk, nearly one cup of butter, three eggs, one teaspoonful of soda, one and a half teaspoonfuls of vanilla and flour enough to roll. Roll thin, cut in two layers with a round cake cutter. Lay spread jelly on the bottom layer. Cut thimble holes in the top layer. Put together and bake in a quick oven. Make jelly turnovers of the cookies.

Graham Muffins.

ONE and one-fourth cups graham flour, one cup wheat flour, one cup sour milk, one-third cup molasses, one and one-half teaspoonfuls baking powder, one of baking soda and one teaspoonful salt. Add the milk to the molasses and add to the first mixture. Bake in hot buttered gem pans twenty-five minutes.

HEALTH AND BEAUTY.

By Margaret Hubbard Ayer.

Chamomile Tea.

MY I were sure of the tea which you name I could give you better advice. If you mean chamomile, it will materially lighten but not bleach the hair. I have not seen your hair, but think you are safe in using it. Get the American herb of the druggist and make a strong solution by pouring boiling water on and let it steep until it looks dark and strong. Apply to the hair after thoroughly washing it and letting it become perfectly dry. Do this every time you wash it. It will lighten the color and is harmless.

For the Complexion.

S. H. N.—A remedy that would do all you ask would be at once the elixir of life, as yet undiscovered.

A most excellent beginning for the clearing up of your complexion will be first to be sure that your stomach is in good condition, then get a complexion brush, a pure soap and warm water. Use every night, dry well and apply this: Lanolin, 2 ounces; white vaseline, 2 ounces; good cold cream, 1 ounce.

May Manton's Daily Fashions.

Child's Dress—Pattern No. 5268.

BOLERO effects are as much in vogue for the wee tots as they are for their elders, and here is a dainty little dress that shows one of a most fascinating sort.

In the illustration white Persian lawn is combined with embroidery, but the little bolero can be made of the material embroidered by hand, or the material inset with lace insertion can be used.

The quantity of material required for the medium size (2 years), is 2 5-8 yards 36 or 2 1-8 yards 44 inches wide, with 1-4 yard 18 inches wide for the bolero. 3-4 yard of banding and 4 yards of edging to make as illustrated.

Pattern 5268 is cut in sizes for a child of 1, 2 and 4 years of age.

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