MRS. NAGG and MR.—

By Roy L. McCardell.

Why Don't He Come Right Out with What He Means to Say, Like a Man?

"I WANT to talk with you about Brother Willie, Mr. Nagg. Every family has a genius and never recognizes the fact until too late. Every family has a loafer and recognizes it quick enough you say? What do you mean by such a remark, Mr. Nagg? Do you mean ME?

"Am I a loafer? Don't I work from morning till night, till I am so tired that I fairly ache? What would become of this house if I didn't? You don't mean me, you say? Oh, yes, you do, Mr. Nagg! You can't withdraw the remark now. Who else could you mean? Perhaps you want to add that my mother is living all alone in Brooklyn because she has no use for you and won't make her home with us because you object; perhaps you mean to say that she is a loafer. Say my poor dear papa is a loafer, too! You can say it with perfect impunity, for he has passed beyond the pearly gates.

"He cannot defend himself. But, although you stand there and malign his memory, he never did you any harm. And if he did borrow money from you, you should be proud of the fact. Didn't he give you his note? He gave everybody his note, and his word was as good as his bond, and if he promised to pay people on a certain day and then couldn't pay them on that day, it would worry him so that he would start to drink nervously for weeks.

"When papa died he had the biggest funeral ever seen in that part of Brooklyn. People came for miles to attend to his funeral. Mr. Grinnette, the undertaker, said it was a pleasure to bury such a man, and if he could afford it he would do it for nothing, and that was why he had to kindly but firmly request to be paid in advance, and yet with him talking that way, with a smile on his face for the very joy of having the privilege of burying my poor papa, you had the bad taste at such a time to protest against giving him a check and wanted him to wait, and he wouldn't, and it delayed the obsequies, and I will say that Brooklyn is full of the most malicious gossips, and it did their hearts good to see something was wrong, and goodness knows what they did say when they got in the carriages, for Brooklyn people will attend the funerals of total strangers just to get a carriage ride.

"And yet you stand there and impugn his memory, say he is a loafer. Say he never worked. He did work. Of course he was in politics the last year of his life, and although he tried his best he couldn't get a position with large pay and patronage, although he was a splendid voter; but before that he was a night watchman, and that is why I think Brother Willie inherits his faculty for sleeping so soundly, because papa was said to be the best night watchman in Brooklyn.

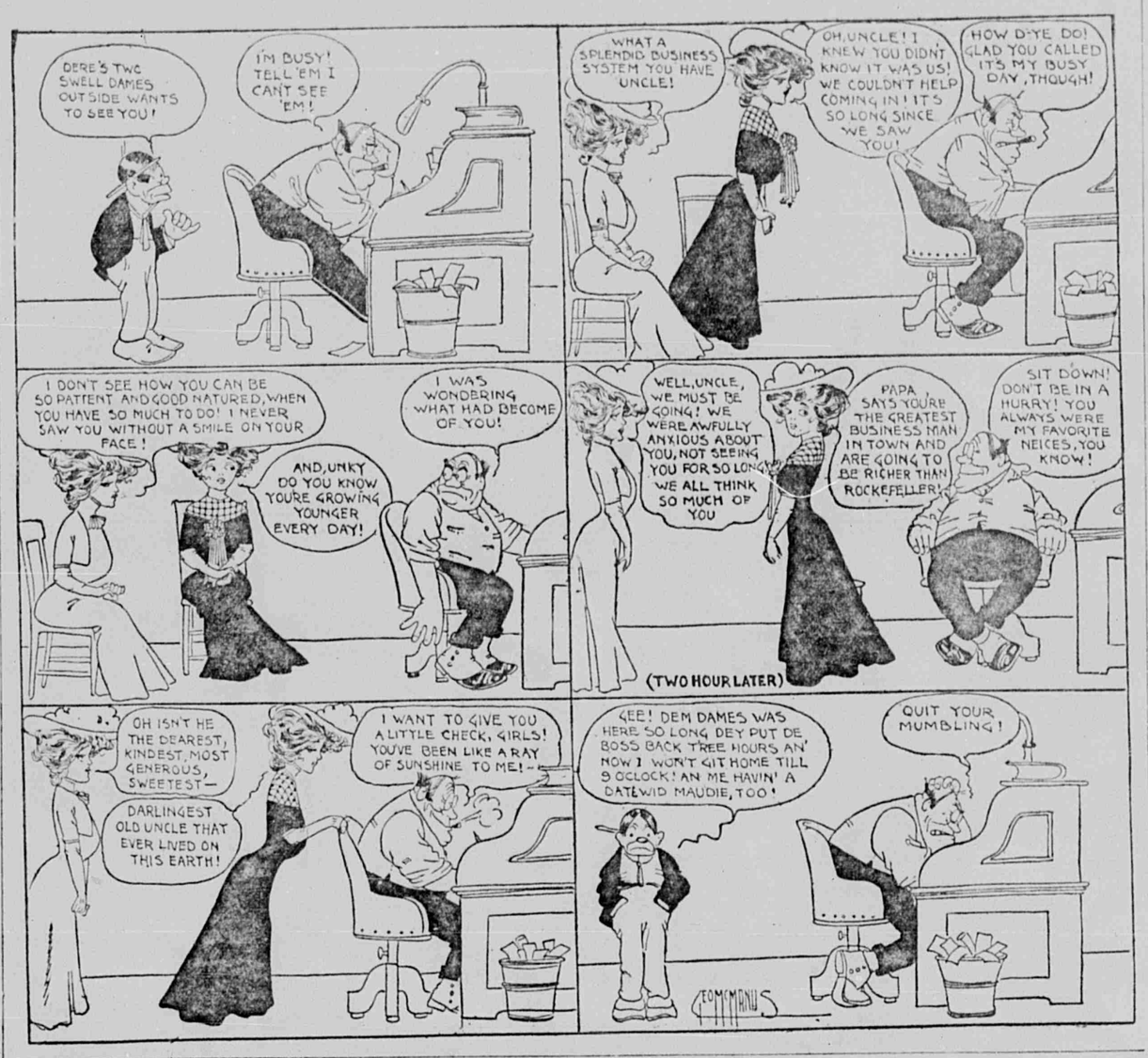
"He snored dreadfully, but that proved he was alert and conscious of his trust, because persons with evil designs could hear him from a distance and knew that he was there. You did not mean he was a loafer, you meant Brother Willie is a loafer?

"I might have known you were leading up with all these insinuations about my poor self, about my poor mamma who is in Brooklyn and about my poor father who is in the other place—who is gone to the great beyond, I mean!

"It was all your secret, malicious way to cunningly attack Brother Willie's character in the dark! Why didn't you say it at first? You were trying to, you say? Oh, very well, Mr. Nagg, don't mind me, don't mind my feelings!

"Go ahead! Tell me you are tired of me, say you want to break up our home. Oh, don't say it is Brother Willie—that is always your excuse! No, I won't forgive you! I never will forgive you! Look here, Mr. Nagg, whose blond hair is this on your coat?"

THE 'JOLLY' GIRLS—*THEY Win!* By George McManus



In and Out of the Theatres

ADA LEWIS has her twinkling Irish eye on a chorus girl type that would be new to the stage.

"I was in the same company with her for a season," said The Western Soubrette of "The Social Whirl," "and I've been thinking ever since that she is too good to lose. She was the human soft pedal. She always spoke in the same tone, and you couldn't tell whether she was laughing or crying. She was out of the company for two weeks once on the strength of a doctor's certificate, and the night she came back one of the girls said to her:

"'How are you? I hear you've been ill.'

"'Oh, yes,' she answered in her tearful voice, 'I've been awful sick; but say! I saw a grand show at the Garrick last week.'

"She was usually the last girl to reach the theatre, and one night the stage manager was so exasperated with her that he pushed her out of the stage door. He gave her such a shove that she sprawled all over the sidewalk. One of the boys picked her up and incidentally aired his opinion of the stage manager.

"'Yes,' she murmured, brushing the dust off her dress, 'he can be very rough.'

"She was the laziest girl I ever knew. She seldom finished the last word of anything she was saying—she just let it dissolve in her mouth. It was too much trouble for her to finish anything. If I ever get a chance to play her—well"——

Miss Lewis laughed in anticipation of the fun she would have. Asked whether the "tough girl" had gone out of existence, she said:

"No, she has simply gone out of fashion, or rather, she has changed her style. Instead of the old Langtry bang that she used to drape over her forehead, she now wears a big pompadour. The old 'tough girl' forgot the waist line, and affected the ingrowing chest. Her sister of to-day can't get her mind off her 'figger,' and her one conviction is that 'The Princess is very becoming to me.' She's forever pulling herself in at the waist. I played 'tough girls' for four seasons, but they were all modelled after a creature who was the envy and admiration of my young life in San Francisco. I used to follow her when she kangarooed it down the street. She was a wonder. I was sixteen then and crazy about the stage. I would hang around in the hope of getting on as an 'extra girl.' Carlotta Nillson was another of the girls who used to stand in line at that time. Perhaps she might not care to have this known now that she has risen to a dignified position as an actress. I'm not sensitive about my past. I started at the end of the line, and the society reporters weren't shocked when I chose a stage career. Well, one day Ed Harrigan came to the Alcazar, and I got my chance to go on as one of the east side girls. When he saw my make-up, copied after the ideal I'd been following for months, he said it was the real New York article, and he told Mr. Hanley to hire me to go back East with the show. Mr. Hanley said he would give me $25 a week. I lost confidence right there and said to myself, 'No show that pays salaries like that can last.' I could see myself walking back, but that didn't stop me from going. Every time I drew my twenty I thought the troupe would go broke. My trunk did. It was a beautiful thing that cost $150, but it didn't last to Sacramento. I was heartbroken when the property man asked me to identify the remains. That was the toughest thing that ever happened to 'the tough girl.'

"As for that particular kind of girl, she is still with us, only she has become 'refined.' But, after all, it's the slang and not the clothes that makes the girl. George Ade discovered three new types in his village flirt in 'The County Chairman,' his waitress in 'The College Widow' and that news-stand girl in 'Just Out of College.' It is the ability to tell a story in a few picturesque words that makes a character interesting and amusing. I once knew a property man who told about the prima donna of the company falling in love with the musical director in this lovely fashion:

"'He thumped a couple of bum notes and she fell dead.'

"I suppose I'll grow old playing slangy types. I realize that I'm not emotional—not unless a parade happens to go down the street. I can't see a parade without laying the dust with my tears. One day during the Cuban war I heard a band and the tramp of soldiers' feet and immediately threw myself down on a bed and began weeping. A friend came in and asked, 'What in the world are you crying about?'

"'Those poor soldiers going to war,' I sobbed.

"'Why, you goose,' she said, 'that's only the Old Guard marching to its armory.'

"Since then I've tried to control my emotions. I found it very hard work one night, when, as I started for the stage to give an imitation of Mrs. Lisle, one of the girls in the wings exclaimed:

"'My! I wish Mrs. Carter could see the way you look.'"

CHARLES DARNTON.

HEART and HOME PAGE for WOMEN

Edited by Nixola Greeley Smith

WHERE IS THE FOOL-KILLER?

By Nixola Greeley-Smith.

THERE are certain times of the year, not necessarily coincident with the demoralizing springtide, when we yearn wearily for the Fool-Killer and cherish a profound conviction that if he would only materialize and get down to business the world would become a glorious wilderness with a total population of One. The prospect of such utter isolation does not scare us. On the contrary we pine for solitude and the only friends we have any use for are those with sense enough to keep out of our way.

These are few. Most of the persons of our acquaintance whose intellects we usually regard with benevolent condescension select our disconsolate moments for insulting us. Our gooey feminine friends smear the raw surfaces of our souls with maple syrup, or rub the vinegar of thinly disguised envy into our wounds. And the vinegar feels so much better than the syrup. For all the La Tosca tortures in the world are slight compared to the agony that may be inflicted by a friendly fool.

In our normal moments, of course, the fluttered insults, that are all the more poignant because unintentional, merely amuse us. But let our nerves be the least bit disordered and not the handwriting on the wall was as insignificant as these foolish utterances become. "Feminine amenities" the humorists call them, but they are not always feminine, worse luck.

Our enemies make us wish for the fool-killers. We can look after them ourselves. But surely the wisest recorded utterance is "Save me from my friends!"

How many friends would we leave alive could the fool-killer always appear at the psychological moment? How long would we live ourselves?

Of course we ought to laugh when some turtle dove of our acquaintance coos in our ear that some one asked her if it was really true that our first cousin embezzled the bank funds and relates how valiantly she defended us from the imputation. In our perfectly healthy moments we do laugh. But in overcast weather such as Saturday, for instance, all the ghosts of the past insults and insinuations rise to haunt us. And then the yearning for the fool-killer assails once more.

Nothing is so hard to forgive as unintentional offenses, and to distribute these is the mission and occupation and purpose of being of the Fool.

HINTS FOR THE HOME.

Meat and Potatoes.

MINCE cold beef or lamb; if beef, put in a pinch of pulverized cloves; if lamb, a pinch of summer savory to season, very little pepper and some salt, and put it in a baking dish. Mash potatoes, mix with cream, butter and a little salt, and spread over the meat. Beat up an egg with cream or milk—a very little—spread over the potatoes, and bake a short time, sufficient to warm through and brown the potatoes.

Puffy Meat Souffle.

ADD a cupful of bread crumbs that have been soaked in a cupful of hot milk to two cupfuls of chopped cold meat, add a teaspoonful chopped parsley, a tablespoonful of onion juice, a teaspoonful of salt, one-half teaspoonful of pepper, a tablespoonful of grated celery. Mix this well together, add the yolks of two eggs, well beaten, and pour into a buttered pudding dish. Then take two cupfuls mashed potatoes, add a teaspoonful salt, one cupful of hot milk and at the very last fold in the whites of the eggs beaten to a stiff snow. Spread this over the meat and bake in a hot oven for twenty-five minutes. The potatoes will puff up and brown nicely.

Scalloped Ham.

CHOP some cold boiled ham, and add some fine bread crumbs, pepper, salt, a little minced parsley, and some melted butter. Moisten with milk to a soft paste, and half fill some patty pans with the mixture. Break an egg carefully on the top of each, dust with pepper and salt, and sift some finely powdered cracker over all. Set in the oven and bake until the eggs are well cooked, about eight minutes.

Spiced Meat.

TAKE any kind of cold roast meat, cut it into exceedingly thin slices of about an inch across, season well, pour over it enough wine, gravy and melted butter to moisten, place in buttered scallop shells, sprinkle bread crumbs thickly on top and place in a hot oven until well browned. Some sliced mushrooms are a great improvement. Cold rabbit, sweetbreads, poultry, calf's brains, veal and different kinds of fish are especially adapted for coquilles. Serve in the shells.

BEAUTY HINTS.

By Margaret Hubbard Ayer.

Henna Dye.

F. R.—Here is the henna hair-stain formula you ask for with all the instructions that are necessary: Take one ounce of henna leaves, steep in a pint of boiling water for twenty minutes. Let stand until it gets cold, strain the liquid. Apply to the hair by the aid of a small sponge. The henna will sometimes stain the scalp, but the stain can easily be removed by soap and water.

To Reduce Flesh.

MRS. J. C. B.—This pomade to reduce flesh is the recipe of an eminent authority on obesity. It is to be rubbed on the parts of the body you wish reduced. At the same time abstain from fat forming foods. Here is the pomade formula: Iodide of potassium, 1 gram; vaseline, 50 grams; lanoline, 50 grams; tincture of benzoin, 20 drops. For external use only.

Sour Buttermilk for Face.

F. R.—Sour buttermilk applied externally to face and arms is an old-fashioned bleach and in a way is helpful.

For Cleanliness.

B. D.—Wash the beds, walls, couches, chairboards and doors with corrosive sublimate. Get the tablets and dilute for yourself and keep the corrosive sublimate away from the children. It will surely destroy pests if the general rules of cleanliness are observed.

Scars from Pimples.

W. L. M.—Scars from pimples are like scars from any other cause, and usually yield to this treatment: Lanoline, 2 drams; ointment of biniodide of mercury, 1 dram. Rub in well once a day.

Honey Balsam.

MRS. KENNETH D.—Here is the recipe for honey balsam: Pure honey, 4 ounces; glycerine, 1 ounce; rectified spirits, 1 ounce; citric acid (pure), 3 drams; essence of ambergris, 6 drops. Mix the first two by gentle heat; dissolve the acid in the spirits, and add the essence; when the first mixture is cold put the two together and agitate till mingled.

NEW YORK THRO' FUNNY GLASSES.

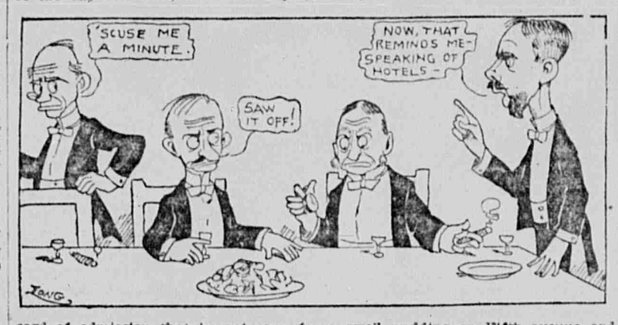
By Irvin S. Cobb.

WHEN a man has been here long enough to wean himself from a made tie on a rubber string and quits riding on the subway for the excitement he begins to think about joining a State society. By so doing he has a chance to associate with the kind of people that he moved here to get away from.

The first State society was organized some years since by a party of Southern gentlemen in an unguarded moment following an informal celebration of the first battle of Manassas. The idea took like the hives to a teething infant. Numbers of persons from Pittsburg and Parkview, Ill., broke in at once because it gave them license to yell louder than anybody else when the team of Sownd and Furey played "Dixie" on the musical horseshoes at a vaudeville show. At present writing we have all the State societies that the traffic will be able to stand until Oklahoma and Chilcoot Pass are permitted to draw cards and sit in.

The main objects of a State society are a paid secretary, a stock of engraved stationery showing the name of the president in large gold letters and a dinner once a year. The dinner is an eight-course excuse for a slew of favorite sons to work out of the system the oratory that had been accumulating in them during the past twelve months.

As a necessary preliminary each member receives a formal announcement of the day and date, which he displays conspicuously on his dresser with the



card of admission that he got once for a swell wedding on Fifth avenue and the cork out of the bottle of imported California champagne that he opened one devil-may-care, riotous night when he was out with the boys. Out $2.89.

Special invitations to be present and speak are sent to President Roosevelt, Mark Twain, Thomas A. Edison, the Mad Mullah, the Grand Llama, Wu Ting Fang, Baron Witte and Sim Ford. Owing to the failure of the secretary to inclose return postage no replies are received from Messrs. Roosevelt, Twain, Edison, Mullah, Lama, Fang and Witte. Mr. Ford attends and speaks freely from 8.20 to 9.45 inclusive, his subject being "The Grand Union Hotel; Why It Should Be Patronized by This Society."

'Tis a brilliant scene. The fit of the dinner coats between the shoulders beggars description. The members, after admiring the new union label on the menu, are informed by the president that it is the ever-familiar coat-of-arms of their beloved Commonwealth. The toastmaster, reluctantly releasing an entree that cost $3.35 a portion, arises to praise the simple life and the plain, the homely yet delicious fare of the dear-r-r old State. Appropriate toasts are made, such as this:

"Historic Kansas—From the Bender Family to Senator Burton."

Or this:

"The Progress of the Pure Feud Movement in Kentucky."

The last three hours are used up by Prof. J. Henry Geeswitch, the eminent geologist, especially brought on for this occasion, who delivers a spirited, chatty toast on the mineral formations of Siwash and adjacent counties. At parting many tears of homesickness for the old State are shed.

THE FUNNY PART.

Nothing short of a requisition would ever drag any one of them back to the old State for keeps.

CLEVER THINGS I NEVER SAID.

By Lowe R. Case.

CLYDE FITCH, expert drama carpenter, was bewailing to me the lack of stage originality.

"For instance," he moaned, "in plays like 'Sapho' and 'Camille,' why should the author resort to that old chestnut time-killing stunt of having a maid bustling about dusting a piece of furniture?"

"I suppose," I replied, with a gleam of roguish wit, "it's done in order to prove to the audience that there's at least one clean thing in the play."

My dear old college chum, Commissioner Demmitsir Helsdelite Bingham, was giving me his confidential opinion of the way politicians and reformers are trying to meddle with his department.

"Why in blazes can't they let me run it alone?" he cooed in his softly plaintive way. "Too many cooks"——

"Spoil the policeman," I finished merrily, with keen memories of our kitchen's mighty guest.

Maxim Gorky had dropped in on me for a quiet revolutionary chat.

"What I like best about your great and glorious country," he began, furtively consulting his copy of "English at a Glance," "is the fact that you have no large leisure class."

"Oh, yes we have, Max," I contradicted humorously. "Only here we don't christen them Grand Dukes. We call them tramps."

"Oh, the joys of Spring!" sighed my poetic old playmate, Charley Murphy, as he looked up from his task of writing a sonnet. "My greatest woe in life is that there's no place on earth where it's Spring all the year round."

"There is such a place, Murphy, old chap, if one could only find it," I responded, slapping him on the back in my artlessly familiar way. "The mysterious place where spring chicken, spring lamb and spring vegetables come from."

My bonnie, braw, canny crony, Andy Carnegie, was telling me of a friend who had vainly tried to read any phonetic-spelling letters the Laird o' Skibo might choose to write to him.

"He's a gude frien' to promise sic a thing," consented Carnegie. "I must e'en gie him a fine library"——

"Why not a good medal?" I suggested with my inhabitable dry humor.

LETTERS from the PEOPLE ANSWERS to QUESTIONS

Stair Precedence.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Is it proper for a gentleman to walk behind a lady when ascending stairs? W. L. G.

A man should precede in ascending stairs. In descending a woman should precede.

"Lest We Forget."

To the Editor of The Evening World:

If any one will let me know the whereabouts of the New England orator who said, just before the last election, that Jerome was even greater than St. Jerome I would like to sell him a gold brick. W. A. SMITH.

Straight Flush Beats Four Aces.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Does a straight flush beat four aces in poker? A.

As to Preservatives.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I read with interest your editorial on the so-called "sacred cod." I have spent a number of years among fishermen all along the Atlantic Coast, and I am aware of great losses occurring among the fish merchants on account of not having a good method of preserving the fish. To overcome the losses and to preserve the fish, ice and salt were used. Ice is a fair preservative, but it does not prevent the chemical changes that are undoubtedly dangerous to the consumer. Salt is a fair preservative, but such large quantities are required that it destroys the natural flavor and comparatively burns up the fish. About twenty-five years ago the Gloucester fishermen experimented with boric acid. They learned that the mixture of one-half boric acid and one-half salt would prevent fungous growth, and by this mixture they could cure the fish with much less salt, resulting in the mild-cured cod. W. E. BAKER.

A Strange Scene.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Last night, while on my way home at 11 o'clock, I passed an uptown apartment-house. My attention was attracted by the strains of a piano, accompanied by male and female voices. I observed it was a social gathering on the ground floor. I peeped in the window and numerous couples were dancing. I was awe-stricken to immediately notice a piece of crepe, trimmed with flowers, upon the door entrance to the same flathouse, and I judged by the crepe that it was a middle-aged person who was dead. How can people have the hearts to carry on such a jolly affair in such time of sorrow to their fellow-neighbors? Who can explain this scene? SYMPATHETIC.

May Manton's Daily Fashions.

"PONY" jackets and Etons appear to be the only rivals for favor this spring, and both are being shown in very nearly endless variety. Here is one of the newest and prettiest of the jackets that is made with a narrow vest and flat collar and which is as dainty and becoming as well can be. As shown, it is made of gray voile with trimming of French crochet, collar and cuffs of Burlingham sacking a shade darker than the material, but it is appropriate for all the suitings of the season and also makes a very satisfactory separate wrap of broadcloth, taffeta or any other suitable material. The seams that extend to the shoulders are always becoming, in addition to allowing of effective trimming, and the little vest makes a great many combinations possible. Oriental embroideries are well liked for this feature, or the material itself can be used, either embroidered or braided in some simple design.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is 3 1-2 yards 27, 1 3-4 yards 44 or 1 5-8 yards 52 inches wide, with 5-8 yard of silk for the vest and collar and 9 yards of cord to make as illustrated.

"Pony" Jacket—Pattern No. 5337.

Pattern No. 5337 is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inch bust measure.

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.

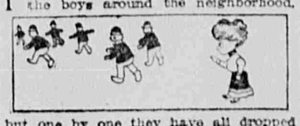
BETTY'S BALM FOR LOVERS.

All perplexed young people can obtain expert advice on their tangled love affairs by writing Betty. Letters for her should be addressed to BETTY, Evening World, Post-Office box 1,854, New York.

They Have All Dropped Off.

Dear Betty:

I AM a young lady living in Yorkville, and at one time, only about a year ago, I was very popular with all the boys around the neighborhood,



but one by one they have all dropped off. Now I would like to know how to regain my popularity. I have also been going with a boy and we have quarrelled nine times, and I would like to know if I should consent to become friends again. E. T.

Study yourself and find out what the defect is. It must be there. About the second matter, do as you feel like.

Which Eye to Wink.

Dear Betty:

I AM a young man eighteen years old. I know a girl whom I love with all my heart. She has told me that she loved me, but of late her manner

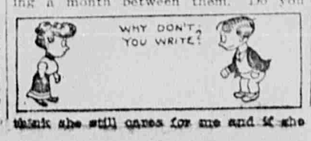
has changed. She flirts with other young men, and when I question her about it she only laughs at me. As I love her dearly I wish you would give me advice on the matter. I want to ask one more question. Which eye means a kiss when you wink at a person? M. C.

Probably she is only fooling. To be on the safe side you had better wink both eyes. But why wink any? Ask for it like a man.

She Won't Answer Letters.

Dear Betty.

ABOUT four years ago while in High School I made the acquaintance of a girl about my age (eighteen years then) and went with her until we graduated, she going to a Co-Education College and I coming to New York. Now when I am home on my vacation she professes to care a great deal for me, but as soon as she returns to college she is very dilatory about answering my letters, it sometimes being a month between them. Do you



think she still cares for me and if she did, would she not answer my letters more promptly? L. H. B.

The letter test is a very poor one. Some persons have a constitutional aversion to writing letters. Better believe her, if she says she loves you.

Changed His School for Her.

Dear Betty:

I AM a young man of seventeen, and I am deeply in love with a young girl near my own age. She is a very attractive darkened girl. I have

changed schools so as to be near her, and yet she doesn't seem to care. What can I do to gain her affections? L. S.

Perhaps you had better appear less fond. Try to seem interested in another girl.