

THE JARR FAMILY BY ROY L. McCARDELL

If Mr. Jarr Had to Mind the Children When They Were Ill He Would Not Think Their Mother Was Careless About Them

"Where's a towel?" howled Mr. Jarr. "Where's a towel?—Gosh, what! Me standing here with my eyes full of soap and can't get a towel!"

"Here, Emily, run with this towel to your father!" said Mrs. Jarr, handing a clean towel to the little girl, who started running down the hall to the bathroom with it.

"Why don't you put a little witch hazel on her forehead?" asked Mr. Jarr, ignoring the previous remark. "It will be all right in a minute."

"Why don't you hand me the witch hazel? It is on the top shelf of the medicine chest right next to the castor oil," said Mrs. Jarr.

"You see the little thing is terribly injured and you stand there grinning at it and saying it will do her good and make no attempt to do anything to take the pain away!"

"But that is always the way! If the children are well and good-natured you make a great fuss over them; if you are in a good humor yourself, but who has to look after them when they are sick, or hurt themselves on your account, as this poor child has done?"

"I don't know what you mean, Mr. Jarr," replied his wife, interpreting her remarks to her husband with petting ejaculations such as "Mamma's dear! Did the naughty floor hurt 'um?" to the little girl, who kept up sobbing and moaning.

"Why don't you put a little witch hazel on her forehead?" asked Mr. Jarr, ignoring the previous remark. "It will be all right in a minute."

"Why don't you hand me the witch hazel? It is on the top shelf of the medicine chest right next to the castor oil," said Mrs. Jarr.

"You see the little thing is terribly injured and you stand there grinning at it and saying it will do her good and make no attempt to do anything to take the pain away!"

"But that is always the way! If the children are well and good-natured you make a great fuss over them; if you are in a good humor yourself, but who has to look after them when they are sick, or hurt themselves on your account, as this poor child has done?"

"I don't know what you mean, Mr. Jarr," replied his wife, interpreting her remarks to her husband with petting ejaculations such as "Mamma's dear! Did the naughty floor hurt 'um?" to the little girl, who kept up sobbing and moaning.

"Why don't you put a little witch hazel on her forehead?" asked Mr. Jarr, ignoring the previous remark. "It will be all right in a minute."

"Why don't you hand me the witch hazel? It is on the top shelf of the medicine chest right next to the castor oil," said Mrs. Jarr.

"You see the little thing is terribly injured and you stand there grinning at it and saying it will do her good and make no attempt to do anything to take the pain away!"

"But that is always the way! If the children are well and good-natured you make a great fuss over them; if you are in a good humor yourself, but who has to look after them when they are sick, or hurt themselves on your account, as this poor child has done?"

"I don't know what you mean, Mr. Jarr," replied his wife, interpreting her remarks to her husband with petting ejaculations such as "Mamma's dear! Did the naughty floor hurt 'um?" to the little girl, who kept up sobbing and moaning.

"Why don't you put a little witch hazel on her forehead?" asked Mr. Jarr, ignoring the previous remark. "It will be all right in a minute."

"Why don't you hand me the witch hazel? It is on the top shelf of the medicine chest right next to the castor oil," said Mrs. Jarr.

"You see the little thing is terribly injured and you stand there grinning at it and saying it will do her good and make no attempt to do anything to take the pain away!"

"But that is always the way! If the children are well and good-natured you make a great fuss over them; if you are in a good humor yourself, but who has to look after them when they are sick, or hurt themselves on your account, as this poor child has done?"

If YOU Had a Wife Like This? How Would You Like It? By F. G. Long



KING MIDAS. By Upton Sinclair, Author of "THE JUNGLE."

Printed Exclusively in The Evening World.

(Copyrighted, 1901, by Upton Sinclair.)

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Helen Davis is daughter of a rural clergyman living near New York. Under the care of her mother, Mrs. Roberts, Helen has been studying music in Europe. Her father, Robert, has a wealthy friend, Mr. Harrison, who is a woman's man and is in love with her. Helen is invited to a house party at the latter's country home.

CHAPTER VI. (Continued.)

"What—what do you wish me to say?" asked Helen faintly. "I wish you to tell me that you will be my wife; I wish you to take me for what I can give you for your happiness and your glory. I ask nothing else. I make no terms. If you will do it, it will make me the happiest man in the world. There is nothing else that I care for in life."

"And Helen, almost sinking, answered him 'Yes!' It was such a faint word that she scarcely heard it herself, but the other heard it, and trembling with delight he caught her in his arms and pressed a burning kiss upon her cheek.

"The effect surprised him, for the fire which had burned Helen and inflamed her cheeks had been ambition, and ambition alone. It was the man's money that she wanted, and she was stirred with no less horror than ever at the thought of the price it would cost her to get it.

"Yes, yes," she said weakly, "only—"

"And you will not forget the promise you have made me?"

"Yes, yes," she answered, and then she gazed anxiously toward the door. "Let us go," she said impetuously. "It is all so hard for me to realize, and I feel so very faint."

"The two went slowly down the hallway. Mr. Harrison not even venturing to offer her his arm. Outside they stood for a minute upon the high step, Helen leaning against a pillar and breathing very hard. She dared not raise her eyes to the man beside her.

THE NEW PLAY

"The Chorus Lady's" Slang Is Better Than Her Sentiment.

If you like slang—and who doesn't—you may swim in it for two acts in the play "The Chorus Lady's" which is being produced at the Grand Opera House.



ROSE STAHN AS NORA IN THE CHORUS LADY'S

about her in London this summer and trying to repeat in this lumbering omnibus way some of the things she was saying at the Palace Music Hall. Miss Stahl has returned as that dreadful thing called a "star," with four sets of "Chorus Lady" on her hands.

Mr. Forbes has made the mistake of giving Miss Stahl a "big" scene, and she, on her part, commits the error of trying to make it bigger than the law of "character" comedy allows. In every other respect, Patricia is as sensible as she is slangy. She comes back from a disastrous tour with "The Moonlight Maids" to find that her younger sister Nora has the stage here in her summer home.

HINTS FOR THE HOME

Cream Nectar. ONE and a half quarts of water, two ounces of tartaric acid, one-fourth tumbler of stiff flour, whites of two eggs, two pounds granulated sugar. Mix whites of eggs with the water and sugar, add to the flour, and mix thoroughly.

May Manton's Daily Fashions



Waist and Skirt for Girls—Patterns Nos. 5183 and 5444.

Call or send by mail to THE EVENING WORLD, 100 N. W. 23rd St., New York. Send ten cents in coin or stamps for pattern ordered. IMPORTANT—Write your name and address plainly, and always specify also wanted.

Betty Vincent's Advice to Lovers.

All perplexed young people can obtain expert advice on their tangled love affairs by writing to Betty Vincent. Letters for her should be addressed to BETTY VINCENT, Evening World, Post-Office Box 1251, New York.

Loves Them Both.

Dear Betty: I HAVE been going with two gentlemen. One of them is three years older, the other the same age as myself. They are both of the same intelligence, and I don't know which to choose. The one of my own age is much handsomer than the other, but I love them both.

She Did Not Write.

Dear Betty: I AM in love with a young lady who went to the country and did not write. When she came back she went out with another young man. What would you advise me to do? I see her every day, and she treats me very badly.

Is His Own Boss.

Dear Betty: I HAVE been going with a young man, but we have parted. Some people told him that I dearly love the first man, but since we parted I have been going out with the second. The

HEALTH AND BEAUTY.

By Margaret Hubbard Ayer.

A Good Remedy.

UNFORTUNATE ORPHAN—The remedy I give you for parasites has been many times advised, and if the directions are strictly followed will be effective. Get a case of bicarbonate of mercury soap (the imported is the best), and cut it into halves and shave one-half into fine bits. Dissolve it in boiling water. You may set the mixture on the stove over a gentle heat if you choose. You should have water to form a jelly-like mixture when cold. To use first, wet the hair thoroughly with clear, warm water, then rub the soap mixture into the hair, taking care that every particle of the soap is thoroughly saturated with the soap mixture. Give the head a good shampoo with this mixture and rinse several times.

Eyes Red.

MAMIE B.—First cure the eyes and then think afterward of the length of lashes. If yours are ordinary length I would not bother you much about them. For the inflamed eyes: Bathe in warm water as often as you can, say three or four times a day, and drop into them a mixture of ten grains of boracic acid to one ounce of water.

Cucumber Cream.

M. S.—Here is the recipe for cucumber cream: Vaseline, 10 ounces; lanoline, anhydrous, 5 ounces; tincture of benzoin, 1 ounce; cucumber juice, freshly expressed and strained through absorbent cotton, 10 ounces. Mix the vaseline and lanoline, incorporate the tincture and lastly the