

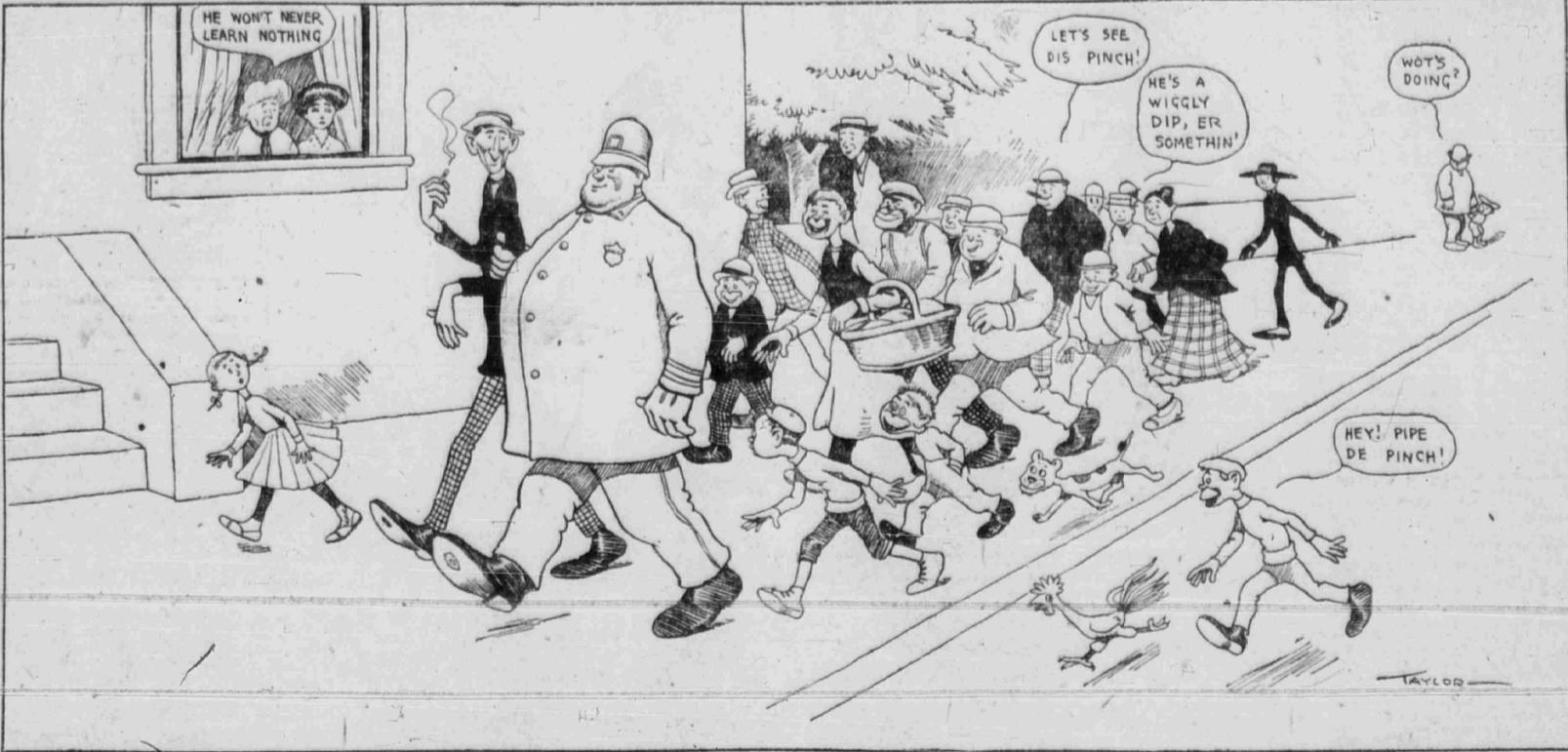
The Chorus Girl

Dopey McKnight Had a Job with a Fireworks Concern, and Found Smoking Interfered with His Business, so He Gave Up His Business.

By Roy L. McCardell



SAY, kid, the theatre managers are crazy with the heat...



They were so interested in each other they didn't notice that casual passer-by thought Dopey was pinched. By the time they reached the flat they were at the head of a long procession.

Moneyton. 'Harriman is buying railroads and Dewey is holding tight to what little's left him.'

know I have taken a great interest in this young fellow, and have hid his faults because I liked him, and do like him; but duty is duty, and I would be false to my trust if I let my friendship stand in the way of defending a man who is incompetent and care-less in spite of my constant warnings and advice.

'Then you get the boot, and your best friend and office chum has applied it,' says Old Man Moneyton. 'On the other hand, he says, if it is known that you don't get along well and don't like the bunch you're with, how can they go to work to kuff you without it looking like a put-up job?'

he is tactful about not being diplomatic. 'Dopey McKnight says he's glad he always went in for art, because he's heard that the honest working-man is so oppressed that he isn't allowed to smoke cigarettes during business hours.'

'Years ago Dopey had a job with a fireworks concern and found that smoking interfered with his business and so he gave up his business.'

'Dopey McKnight has found a new interest in life and another old friend in the cop on our beat.'

'My, he was glad to see Patrolman Rafferty! Rafferty has just been transferred back to the United States from Staten Island.'

'He used to be on the best where the dump was where Dopey played the piano the last time he worked.'

'And when, after closing hours, Rafferty needed a powder and rapped on the side door, the look-out would whistle for Dopey, and Dopey would come out with the powder, or a skelly if it was a cold night—a powder is a glass of beer and a skelly is four fingers of bar goods held steady to keep from running over.'

'They always sent Dopey with the bull's powder, because Dopey always wore a Prince Albert with a rubber pocket, and if he heard the round-man, and the rounds was hostile that tour, Dopey could put the powder in the rubber coattail-pocket of his Prince Albert and be talking to the policeman about the weather.'

'Dopey was coming home to get some money for cigarettes the other evening when he saw his old friend the cop on the new beat.'

'They were so glad to see each other that the copper grabbed Dopey by the arm and walked toward the flat, talking about the old days, when everything was wide open and the graft was almost as good as now.'

'They were so interested in each other that they didn't notice that the casual passers-by thought Dopey was pinched.'

HEALTH AND BEAUTY.

Blackheads. DISCOURAGED MRS.—I certainly do not advise persinbling the skin to rid it of blackheads. I do advise persinbling in the normal method of brush, soap, and a warm water. Do not buy want of success to the brush, but to the dust and crime you come daily in contact with.

Red Spot on Nose. HILLEN—If you are satisfied the spot is not a pimple I would not tamper with it provisionally, but would see a dermatologist in whom you can have confidence, and have it treated.

Tonic and Dandruff Cure. D.—This may be better suited to your case than the formula you refer to. Use the following: Shampoo of directed. Hydrochlorate of picocarpine 6 grains; tincture of jabronol, 4 drams; tincture of rosemary, 2 drams; yellow vasoline, 4 ounces; alcohol, 4 ounces. It must be applied to the scalp every night. Rub it in thoroughly. Here is an egg shampoo—dandruff cure: Yolk of 1 egg, 1 pint of

rainwater (hot), 1 ounce of rosemary spirits. Beat the mixture thoroughly and use it warm, rubbing it well into the skin of the head. Rinse in several waters.

Hair Darkener. A.—If you cannot get the fresh green sage get that which the druggist sells. It may not be quite so efficient, but still is useful. Here is the sage tea lotion for darkening the hair: Alcohol, 2 ounces; green tea, 2 ounces; garden sage, 2 ounces. Put in an iron kettle which can be closely covered and pour over the herbs three quarts of boiling water, preferably soft. Let it simmer until the quantity is reduced one-third. Then take off the fire and leave for twenty-four hours. Strain and bottle for use. See that the hair is perfectly dry before reapplying or it will stain the pillows.

Hair Falls Out. A.—This tonic is very helpful in cases like yours where the hair has fallen out after illness. Tonic for Falling Hair—Pernic acid, 2 grams; tincture of nuxvomica, 7 1/2 grams; tincture of red cinchona, 30 grams; tincture of cantharides, 2 grams; cologne, 120 grams; sweet almond oil, 60 grams. Apply to the roots of the hair with a soft sponge once or twice a day. This lotion is especially good for very dry hair.

May Manton's Daily Fashions



UNQUESTIONABLY the Norfolk jacket will be much seen during the coming season. It makes a most acceptable and thoroughly satisfactory coat for the all-round useful suit, for travel and for all similar uses, and in addition, it is becoming to almost all figures. This one is made after the latest and most approved model and is fitted by means of stibs and held by dark pearl buttons, but all the stamper settings are appropriate, and what are known as the mannish sorts, or trouserings, will be greatly in vogue. The quantity of material required for the medium size is 51-2 yards 2, 51-4 yards 4, or 51-4 yards 22 inches wide. Pattern 5474 is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28 and 40 inch bust measure.

How to Obtain These Patterns. Call or send by mail to THE EVENING WORLD 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.

KING MIDAS.

By Upton Sinclair, Author of 'THE JUNGLE.'

Printed Exclusively in The Evening World. Copyright, 1901, by Upton Sinclair. SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS. Helen Davis is loved by her foster brother, Arthur, whose parents are dead. From a very young age she has been a favorite of Mr. Harrison, a wealthy man. She is married to him for the power and position he can give her. She wavers between her promise to Harrison and her love for Arthur. When she reaches David Howard, an invalid, she despises her worldliness and confesses his love for Arthur. She returns to her country home. There Howard comes to see her and tells her his ideas on love.

CHAPTER XII. (Continued.) 'YOU tell me of such things?' she asked. 'You give such advice to me!' 'Yes,' said the other, gently, 'why not to you?'

'Mr. Howard,' Helen answered, 'do you not know what I have done, and how I must feel while I listen to you? It is good that I should hear such things, because I ought to suffer; but when I asked you for your advice I wished for something hard and stern to do, before I dared ever think of love, or feel myself right again.'

Mr. Howard sat watching her for a moment in silence, and then he answered gently: 'I do not think, my dear friend, that it is our duty as struggling mortals to feel ourselves right at all; I am not even sure that we ought to care about our rightness in the least. For God has put high and beautiful things in the world, things that call for all our attention; and I am sure that we are never so close to rightness as when we give all our devotion to them and cease quite utterly to think about ourselves. And besides that, the love that I speak of is not easy to give, Miss Davis. It is easy to give up one's self in the first glow of feeling; but to forget one's self entirely, and one's comfort and happiness in all the little things of life; to consecrate one's self and all that one has to a lifetime of patience and self-abnegation; and to seek no reward and ask for no happiness but love—do you not think that such things would cost one pain and bring a good conscience at last?'

Helen's voice was very low as she answered, 'Perhaps, at last.' Then she sat very still, and finally raised her deep, earnest eyes and leaned forward and gazed straight into her companion's. And fully a minute passed thus without a sound. Helen was just lifting her head again, and Mr. Howard was about to speak, when an unexpected interruption caused him to stop. The front door was opened, and as Helen turned with a start the servant came and stood in the doorway.

'What is it, Elizabeth?' Helen asked in a faint voice. 'I have just been to the post-office,' the woman answered; 'here is a letter for you.' 'Very well,' Helen answered; 'give it to me.' And she took it and put it on the table in front of her. Then she walked until the servant was gone, and in the meantime, half mechanically, turned her eyes upon the envelope, suddenly the man saw her give a violent start and turn very pale; she snatched up the letter and sprang to her feet, and stood sup-

porting herself by the chair, her hand shaking, and her breath coming in gasps. 'What is it?' Mr. Howard cried. Helen's voice was hoarse and choking as she answered him: 'It is from Arthur!' As she started and half rose from his chair the girl tore open the letter and unfolded the contents, glancing at it once very swiftly, her eyes flying from line to line; the next instant she let it fall to the floor with a cry and clutched with her hands at her bosom. She tried to speak, but she was choking with her sobs; only her companion saw that her face was transfused with delight; and then suddenly she sank down upon the sofa beside her, her form shaken with hysterical laughter and sobbing.

Mr. Howard had risen from his chair in wonder; but before he could take a step toward her he heard some one in the hall, and Mr. Davis rushed into the room. 'Helen! Helen!' he exclaimed, 'what is the matter?' and sank down upon his knees beside her; the girl raised her head and then flung herself into his arms, exclaiming incoherently: 'Oh, Daddy, I am free! Oh, oh—can you believe it—I am free!'

Met certainly Arthur would have wondered had he seen the effect of that letter upon Helen; for he had torn his love for her from his heart, and made himself master of his own life again. He hid her go on in the course she had chosen, for a day or two had been enough for him to find the end of her power over him and of his care for her; and he added that he wrote to her only that she might not please herself with the thought of having wrecked his life again.

The words brought many emotions to Mr. Davis, and suggested many doubts; but to Helen they brought but one thought. She still clung to her father, sobbing like a child and muttering the one word 'Free.' When at last the fit had vented itself and she looked up again, she seemed to Mr. Howard more like a girl than she ever had before; and she wiped away her tears laughingly, and smoothed back her hair, and was wonderfully beautiful in her epicon. She introduced Mr. Howard to her father, and begged him to excuse her for her lack of self-control. 'I could not help it,' she said, 'for, oh, I am so happy—so happy!' And she leaned her head upon her father's shoulder again and gazed up into his face. 'Daddy dear,' she said, 'and are you not happy, too?'

'My dear,' Mr. Davis protested, 'of course I am glad to hear that Arthur is himself again. But that is not finding him, and I fear.'

'Oh, oh, please don't!' Helen cried, the frightened look coming back upon her face in a flash. 'Oh, please do not tell me that—no, no! Do let me be happy just a little while—think of it, how wretched I have been! And now to know he is safe! Oh, please, daddy!' And the tears had welled up in Helen's eyes again. She turned quickly to Mr. Howard, her voice trembling. 'Tell me that I may be happy,' she exclaimed. 'You know all about it. Mr. Howard, is it not right that I should be happy just a little?'

As her friend answered her gently that he thought it was, she sat looking at him for a moment, and then the cloud passed over. She brushed away her

tears and put her arms about her father again. 'I cannot help it,' she went on, quickly. 'I must be happy whether I want to or not. You must not mind anything I do! For, oh, think what it means to have been so wretched, so crushed and so frightened! I thought that all my life was to be like that, that I could never sing again, because Arthur was ruined. Nobody will ever know how I felt—how many tears I shed; and now think what it means to be free—to be free—oh, free! And to be able to be good once more! I should go mad if I thought about it!'

CHAPTER XIII. Several weeks had passed since Helen had received the letter from Arthur, the girl having in the mean time settled quietly down at Oakdale. She had seen few of her friends excepting Mr. Howard, who had come out often from the city. She was expecting a visit from him one bright afternoon, and was standing by one of the pillars of the vine-covered porch, gazing up at the blue sky above her and waiting to hear the whistle of the train.

The girl seemed to Mr. Howard more beautiful that afternoon than he had ever known her before, for she was dressed all in white and there was the old spring in her step and the old joy in her heart. When they had passed out of the village she found the sky so very blue and the clouds so very white and the woods and meadows so very green that she was radiantly happy and feared that she would have to sing.

Helen turned and looked at him and he gazed gravely into her eyes. For at least a minute he said nothing; when he spoke his voice was much changed, and Helen knew not what to expect. 'Miss Davis,' he said, 'God has given to the world rose a very wonderful power of beauty and joy, and perhaps the man who looks at it has been dreaming all his life that somewhere he, too, might find such precious things and have them for his own. When he sees the flower there comes to him the fearful realization that with all the effort of his soul he has never won the glory which the wild rose wears by Heaven's free gift; and that perhaps in his loneliness and weakness he has even forgotten all about such high perfection. So there rises within him a yearning of all his being to forget his misery and his struggling, and to lay all his worship and all his care before the flower that is so sweet; he is afraid of his own sin and his own baseness, and now suddenly he finds a way of escape—that he will live no longer for himself and his own happiness, but that his joy shall be the rose's joy, and all his life the rose's life. Do you think, my dear friend, that that might please the flower?'

'Yes,' said Helen, wondrously. 'It would be beautiful, if one could do it.' The other spoke more gently still as he answered her, his voice trembling slightly: 'And do you not know, Miss Davis, that God has made you a rose?'

The girl started visibly; she whispered, 'You say that to me, Mr. Howard? Why do you say that to me?'

And he fixed his dark eyes upon her, his voice very low as he responded, 'I say it to you—because I love you.'

DAILY KNITTING CHATS.

By Laura La Rue.

IN our knitting chat to-day we shall discuss the fan shell sweater, undoubtedly the smartest of the season and seen at all the best shops. Brought ready made it costs a good deal and is far beyond the purse of the average person, but that will not limit its use, for the fan shell is one of the easiest stitches to make.



While I haven't the room to print the full directions for the sweater here, I want to give you an idea how it is made just to show you how simple it is. It is begun with a chain that reaches across the back from the outside point of one shoulder to the other, and on this chain first the back is worked and then the two fronts. There is very little shaping—just a few rib around the armhole and a little for the front of the neck. Of course the lower fronts are shaped, for it would never do to have a sweater that was not lengthened there. The sleeves are of the very latest style—the modern leg-of-mutton—quite tight from the elbow down and at the top real full. The cuffs, collar and belt are knitted in ribbing instead of crocheted, because, as contrasted with ordinary crocheted work, the knitting is more elastic and seems better adapted for these portions. They can, however, be made of the crocheted slip stitch, in ribbing, if one prefers to work with a hook. Most sweaters are made of one of the strong yarns, but in this four-fold quality Germantown is used. Unless you have seen it you have no idea how deliciously soft and pretty it is. Besides which there are so many tones of so many colors in saphy Germantown that a sweater may be made to match any costume and be developed into quite a dressy affair.

I will mail full directions for making this pattern to any of my readers who are interested. There will be no charge for sending them. Kindly address Laura La Rue, Knitting Editor, Evening World, P. O. Box 184, N. Y. City.

BILL SIMMONS.

He's Got to Keep a-Dancing When the Music Plays. By Jean Mohr.

