THE NEW PLAYS

"Mamselle Sallie" Not Like the Lady in the Song.

AT the same time, we shouldn't think of saying "Up an alley!" to the Sallie who came to the Grand Opera-House last night. She is all right in her place, and when "Mamselle Sallie" made her bow on Eighth avenue, good old cordial Eighth avenue bowed back.

"Mamselle Sally" was sensible in coming to town by a back street. She showed very good sense in avoiding the main alley known as "the Rialto," "the Great White Way" and other names that mean little or nothing. Broadway might have been disappointed and put its hand over its mouth. Eighth avenue was pleased and put its two hands together with a resounding whack. When in doubt, try Eighth avenue.

In "Mamselle Sallie" Messrs. Robert B. Smith and Raymond Hubbell have followed close at the heels of "Fantana," doubtless with the hope that box-office history would repeat itself.

Little Katie Barry repeated herself with the frankness of an enterprising voter on election day. She has played a "slavey" so long that she must look at the stage as an employment agency, and if she ever breaks down it probably will be from "housemaid's knee." But she was as lively as ever and worked very hard to make "Mamselle Sallie" worth her wages.

Given half a chance, Miss Barry may be trusted to be funny in her cockney way. Last night she was given just about half a chance. Mr. Smith might have provided her with a little better "character," as she calls the thing she is always looking for. As usual, she looked for her "character" in her stocking and found it in her dress. Her "make-ups" were more of a scream than Mr. Smith's book and lyrics—when will the long-suffering programme turn on these terms? The humor was of the sort that just escapes the slap-stick and takes refuge in puns. But Miss Barry was always a sight—and a funny sight.

It is barely possible that Mr. Smith wrote those polka-dots that put the finishing touch on Miss Barry's appearance toward the end of the piece. She wore the polka-dots just under a very short skirt, in which she was disguised as a Greek bandit, and when she walked up-stage in this rig her humor appeared to far greater advantage than at any other time during the evening. Miss Barry may not have broadened in her "art," but she has certainly broadened in other respects.

The plot was contained in two lockets and remained hidden there for the greater part of the evening. It was only when Miss Barry secured one of the lockets and the equally diminutive John Slavin got hold of the other one that you understood Sallie and Jonathan Joy were to live happily ever after.

Mr. Slavin was very conscientious as a waiter masquerading as a lawyer, but there was really no excuse for his turning around when the ecstatic lover cried, "Oh, joy!" Mr. Slavin was more industrious than joyful, yet the house seemed to like him, and he is sure to be a "hit"—off Broadway. His feet were the best part of him. They danced and twisted him into the good opinion of the audience, and he and Miss Barry were very funny in an elopement that got a good start down a ladder. Manager John C. Fisher, who still looks somewhat "Florodora," sat in a box and watched his large and fairly capable company. Mme. Woodbury's Seminary, the grounds of which were shown in the first scene, seemed to be a co-ed song-and-dance school with a show-girl contingent that fairly screamed color. Those show-girls should be gently but firmly toned down.

Half a dozen agile young women down on the bill as "Butterfly Dancers," demonstrated that they had gone in for higher education. Miss Florence Quinn and Miss Agnes Finley were very much alike as two lithesome young creatures fluttering on the wings of love. Miss Quinn's voice was at least eight feet higher than herself, and Mr. William P. Carlton, jr., towered above her as a very good basso and a very poor lover.

Mr. Hubbell's music was like the pianola on the floor below—it sounded tuneful at first, but you wished that it would stop. And of course, it didn't.

CHARLES DARNTON.

HINTS FOR THE HOME.

"Save-All" Pudding.

PUT scraps of stale bread into a clean saucepan (about half a pound); on these pour one quart of milk. Set it in a warm place closely covered and let them soak and soften gradually; when perfectly soft press them through the colander; then add two large spoonfuls of sugar (brown sugar is the best); beat these well together; then beat three eggs very light and stir in; then three pounds of well-cleaned currants, some grated nutmeg, a little cinnamon and one wineglass of wine; beat all well together. Butter a baking dish and put in the mixture; on the top, just as it is put into the oven, sprinkle two spoonfuls of finely chopped beef suet. It will take about three-quarters of an hour to bake a nice brown.

Boiled Pie.

THERE is an old New England dessert beloved of many. Allow to five tablespoonfuls rich, syrupy, boiled down cider five tablespoonfuls moist maple sugar and let it come to a boil. Beat two eggs and pour the hot syrup over them, returning to the fire for two or three minutes, but stirring all the time. Add a half cup seeded raisins and a half tablespoonful grated nutmeg. Line a pie plate with a good crust, pour in the mixture, dot the top with a few bits of butter, then cover with a top crust or not, as preferred. If no top crust is used a meringue may be substituted. Beat the whites of two eggs to a stiff froth with two tablespoonfuls of sugar. As soon as the pie is baked and cooled for about five minutes spread the meringue over the top, then return to the oven, which should be cooled down, to puff slowly and turn a golden brown. If the oven is still too hot when the pie is ready to go in leave the door open.

Graham Fruit Cake.

ONE cup of sugar, sweet milk and raisins, one-half cup molasses, two and one-half cups graham flour, one teaspoonful soda, a generous pinch of salt and spice to taste.

Suet Pudding.

SHRED a pound of suet and mix with a pound and a quarter of flour, three eggs beaten separately, a little salt and as little milk as will make it the proper consistency; boil three hours. It is equally good served the following day when cut in slices and broiled.

Molasses Cake.

ONE-HALF cup of sugar, one and one-third cups molasses, two teaspoons of soda, one of ginger, one cup of water, one tablespoon butter or lard and two cups of flour, or enough to make a soft batter. Bake in quick oven.

Potato Cakes.

SAVE from dinner a soup plate of mashed potatoes; add to it half a salt-spoonful of pepper, the same of nutmeg, if liked; a little salt and the yolk of an egg. Form into cakes; put in a buttered baking dish, brush the top with the white of an egg and brown in a quick oven.

Choosing and Preparing The Thanksgiving Turkey.

THERE is a very real art in choosing and preparing the Thanksgiving turkey. For ordinary occasions those lucky enough to have turkeys may cook them as they deem best. But on so festive and momentous an anniversary as Thanksgiving no care should be spared in serving an ideal repast.

In buying a turkey do not select one that weighs much more than ten pounds. Cock turkeys are usualy better eating than hen turkeys, unless hen turkeys are young, small and plump. Any good turkey is plump, has smooth dark legs, and the cartilage at the end of the breast bone is soft and pliable. Poultry dressed at the market seldom has the tendons removed from the legs unless so ordered. It is always desirable to have them removed, as they become hard and bony during the cooking.

It is the practice of some marketmen to cut a gash through the skin to more easily reach the crop and windpipe. The gash needs be sewed before stuffing and causes the bird to look less attractive when cooked. Cut off the head and neck close to the body, leaving the skin covering the neck to draw back under the bird after stuffing, says the Woman's Home Companion. Dress, clean, stuff and truss, place on a rack in the roasting-pan, rub with salt, and spread the breast, wings and legs with one-third of a cupful of butter, rubbed until creamy and mixed with one-fourth of a cupful of flour.

Dredge the bottom of the pan with flour and put in a hot oven, reducing the heat as you find it necessary, that the bird may not become too brown before it is well done. A tender ten-pound turkey requires about three hours for roasting.

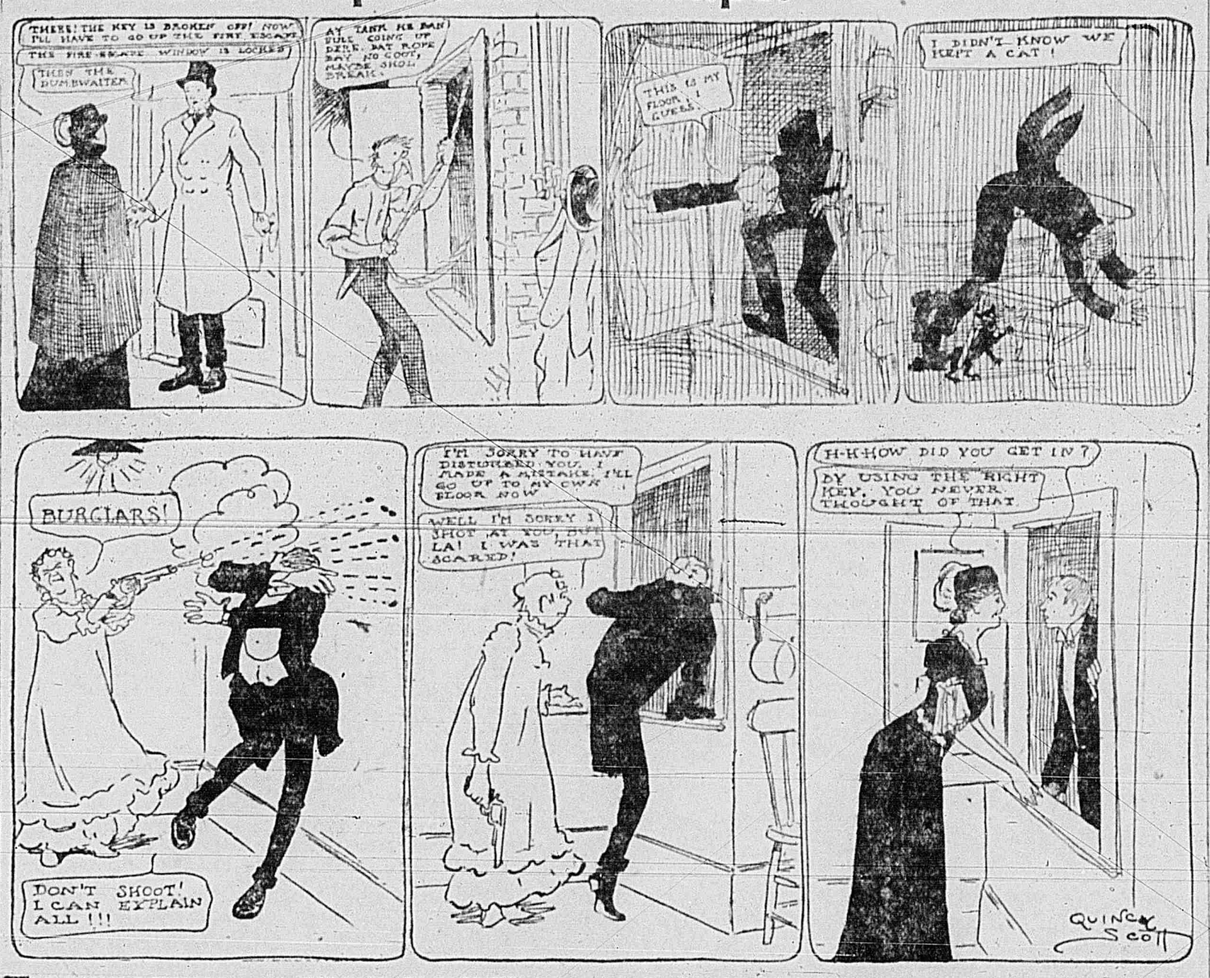
There are many dainty ways of serving what is left of the turkey on the day after the feast. "Turkey au gratin" is one of the most delicious of these:

Cut the remnants of turkey meat in small pieces; there should be one and one-half cupfuls. Cover the turkey bones and the skin with cold water, bringing slowly to boiling point, and let simmer until stock is reduced to one cupful. Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter, add two tablespoonfuls of flour and pour on gradually, while stirring constantly, the hot stock.

Season with one-fourth of a teaspoonful of salt and a few grains of pepper. Sprinkle the bottom of a buttered baking dish with half a cupful of seasoned cracker crumbs, add the turkey meat, pour over the sauce, cover with half a cupful of cracker crumbs and bake in hot oven until the crumbs are brown. For seasoned cracker crumbs allow one-fourth of a cupful of melted butter and a few grains of salt to each cupful of crumbs.

Domestic Haps and Mishaps.

By Quincy Scott.



THE EVENING WORLD is giving TEN DOLLARS IN PRIZES each week for the best suggestions, which need not be accompanied by drawings, for the "Domestics Haps and Mishaps" comic series. The suggestions must be sent to "THE COMICS EDITOR," Evening World, P. O. Box 1354 New York City.

THE CAPTAIN OF HIS DISTRICT

A Love Mystery: Is She Alive or Dead?

By Seward W. Hopkins, Author of "The Smoke Eater."

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Bob Forrest, Democratic captain of his district, loves and is loved by Lucy, daughter of William Carleton, a New York millionaire. Carleton forbids their meeting, and favors the suit of his own cousin, Richard Vincent. Vincent is candidate for Congressman in Forrest's personal and political fee. At the polls on election day, Carleton drops dead. A bullet wound is found in his body. Vincent declares he saw Forrest shoot the millionaire from a carriage in Fiftieth street. Forrest is held for trial. Lucy, when told of her father's death and her lover's plight, falls senseless. The family doctor pronounces her in grave condition from shock, and fears she may awake mad or in a suicidal mood. As she knows better Vincent (who has control of her estate) tells her she is penniless and again asks her to marry him. Lucy, after saying that the river is the only refuge left to her, disappears.

CHAPTER VII.

Investigation.

THE words of Vincent were heard by Miss Harper and Marie. Both these were affected through different motives.

Miss Harper was thrown into consternation. She had learned to regard her patient with a strong affection. Even though Lucy's mind was clouded there had ever been a purity and womanliness shining in her character. Miss Harper rose hastily and grasped Vincent's arm.

Marie, the maid, gave one stare and then became calm, but showed an anxiety that to a shrewd observer was not very deep. She looked at Vincent, studyink his face, which showed his own anxiety. For a moment the countenance of the maid darkened, but cleared again.

"Mr. Vincent," said Miss Harper, "what on earth do you mean? What do you suspect?"

"I scarcely know," he said, sinking into a chair. "Tell me when you saw Lucy last."

"Why—almost four hours ago. Perhaps it was fully that. You sent for her from the library, did you not?"

"Yes, I sent for her. Well?"

"That's all, as far as I know, except that she came up again after remaining downstairs perhaps half an hour, took a jewel case from a bureau drawer and said she was going to take a drive with you."

"Marie, what did she say to you?" asked Vincent.

"The same," replied Marie. "I asked her what gown she would wear, and she said she would not change, as you were in a hurry. I got her heavy fur coat and her round fur turban."

"Did she wear them when she went out?"

"I did not see her go out. She wore them when she left this room."

The cold perspiration was standing in beads on Vincent's brow. His eyes were wild. The usual calmness of the man was gone.

"This, then, is all I can learn from either of you?" he said.

"It is all from me," said Miss Harper. "I regret it, but she had been permitted to go about a good deal alone now. Dr. Wetherbee himself suggested that."

"I am not blaming you," said Vincent. "She would have found a way to evade you, anyway."

"What do you suspect? You said something about the river."

"I must tell you. Before this began—before election day, when Mr. Carleton was killed—I had asked Lucy to be my wife, and she refused."

Marie started, but remained impassive.

"She was in love," continued Vincent, "with the man who shot her father. You are already acquainted with that unfortunate fact. It was the disclosure of his crime that caused her to lose her mental balance. From that day to this I have not uttered a word to her concerning my hopes in regard to her. But to-day I thought she was strong enough to stand a renewal.

"I had purchased for her a diamond necklace, and gave it to her when she came down in response to my request; then told her some unpleasant facts concerning her financial condition, which perhaps had the effect of causing a relapse. I again asked her to marry me, and she again refused. She was very tragic about it. The last thing she said was to the effect that rather than marry me she would go to the river. I went out, and upon my return just now I found a package addressed to me. It contained the diamond necklace I had given her to-day, and the pearls I gave her two years ago when things were happier."

"It is terrible!" said Miss Harper. "We can do nothing here. I would first question every person in the house. I cannot understand how she coud leave without some one seeing her. What does Williams say?"

"He evidently knows nothing about it. I asked him if she was in her room, and he said he supposed so."

"Then the servants below must know something."

"Will you search all the rooms on this floor? Marie, you go through the house."

Leaving them to perform the duty he had laid down for them, Vincent rushed below.

"Williams," he said "Miss Carleton is not in her room. She has in some way outwitted us. When did you see her last?"

"Why, sir, do you remember, you told me to request Miss Lucy to come to the library? I did so, and she came. Then she returned upstairs and you went out, sir."

"Was that the last you saw of her?"

"It was, sir."

"Think! I have the most horrible suspicions. Try to recall if you saw her with furs on."

"Furs? Surely, I would remember that, sir, when she has not been out alone."

"After I went out did you remain here?"

"No, sir, I had work to do in the dining-room. You must remember, sir, this is Christmas. You told me yourself that you wished the dinner to be as gay and cheerful as possible, and I was arranging the table."

"It will be cheerful with a vengeance!" said Vincent. "Then it would have been possible for Miss Carleton to leave by way of the front door without any one seeing her?"

"It would certainly, sir."

"Then my worst fears are confirmed. I must seek the aid of the police!"

"Heavens, sir! What do you fear?"

"There is no doubt the poor girl has run away, and I fear she has destroyed herself. She even spoke of it to-day in my presence."

He did not wait to hear what Williams replied, but getting into his heavy coat as quickly as possible, he hurried to the nearest police station. The sergeant at the desk knew the features of the new Congressman."

"How do you do, Mr. Vincent?" was his salute.

"Sergeant," said Vincent, hurriedly, "I am in great trouble. You may have heard of the illness of Miss Carleton since the death of her father."

"I have heard of it, sir, and I am exceedingly sorry. Miss Carleton is a lovely young woman. I well remember the fire on Fiftieth street. Three of the firemen and two of my men were overcome and injured. Miss Carleton had them taken to her house and cared for."

"Well," said Vincent, to whom all this was a waste of time, "she is missing."

Instinctively the sergeant reached for the blotter, that record of crimes, reports of crimes, arrests and all that goes to make up the police history of a great city.

"Missing? Do you suspect foul play?"

"Not so much as I do suicide. Dr. Wetherbee, who has charge of the case, feared a suicidal tendency. And to-day in conversation with myself she spoke of the river."

The heavy, gray brows of the sergeant knitted as he pondered. He was rapidly writing.

"You say she spoke of the river. How was it—as a relief from some existing condition, or as an alternative to some condition she apprehended?"

Vincent started involuntarily. How could this man, though his duty was to deal with crimes and mysteries day after day, hit upon the actual fact with such precision?

"I should say," was the Congressman-elect's reply, "that it was a little of both. The fact that Forrest killed her father unsettled her mind, and Wetherbee warned me of the danger. But she had been so greatly improved of late that we relaxed our vigilance. Then to-day I asked her to become my wife, and her former liking for me took a sudden turn to the opposite, and she spoke of the river."

"Did she rush out in a frenzied state or go at it with deliberation?"

"With absolute coolness and deliberation. She even told the servants that she was going for a drive with me."

"After a—not a quarrel—but a scene, we might say."

"Yes."

"She was perfectly calm when they saw her?"

"Yes."

"How long after?"

"Immediately after."

"These are the worst kind. When they rush off in a condition of frenzy they are usually stopped, or if not stopped, pursued by some one who effects a rescue. But your deliberate kind are never noticed. Did she have any money? I mean did she take any with her?"

"I don't think so. She has had no occasion to use money since she has been ill."

"How long after she left the house was her absence discovered?"

"About four hours."

"Phew! You could get to Albany in that time. We are wasting time. Leave this to me. I will communicate with Headquarters and a general alarm will be sent out."

"Spare no expense."

"I will remember."

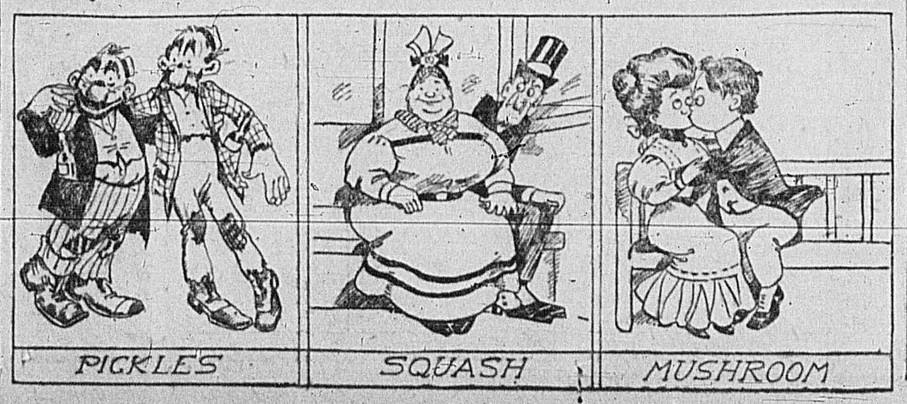
Ill-content, but unable to do any more then, Vincent returned to the house.

The search was on. But what unlooked for mysteries it was destined to record no one then guessed.

(To Be Continued.)

Vegetables.

By Louis Rosenberg.



BROTHERHOOD.

IS he my brother who grows fat and thrives,
Complacent and respected of all men,
Upon the miseries of human lives,
The human beasts of burden in their pen?

Is he my brother who holds up the cup
To lips untainted by wine's bitter curse?
Is he my brother who drags innocence
To depths of degradation even worse?

Are they my brothers who, like vultures, feed
On moral rottenness, make soul decay
Their source of revenue? Dear Lord, forbid!
I cannot claim as kindred such as they.

CORA M. W. GREENLEAF.

WIRE FENCES.

The statesman with bucolic skill
His summer task commences.
He pulls the wires with a will
And so repairs his fences.

—Washington Star.

BETTY VINCENT'S ADVICE TO LOVERS

THE GENTLEMANLY GIRL.

WITH the passing of the word "lady" a new type of young woman has arisen that I can only describe as the "gentlemanly girl"—she wears tailor-made clothes, has a swaggering gait, and is, indeed, quite often a manlier exhibit than her own brother. In some respects she is superior to the old-fashioned girl. I really think she has a greater regard for truth and more consideration for her fellow woman. But she has cultivated the manly virtues at the expense of much feminine charm. There ought to be some way by which she can effect a combination of the two qualities. I would advise her to use less slang, take shorter steps and not to talk quite so loud, but to preserve her manly virtues of frankness and common sense.

She Loves Him.

Dear Betty:

I AM a young girl sixteen years of age and in love with a young man three years my senior. I have been going with him for about two months. Do you think it is right for me to go out with him, if he doesn't call for me? My parents know him, and like him. He only leaves me at the door. Do you think it is right for me to go out with him any way, being so young? I am madly in love with him, and often hold a conversation with him at my girl friend's door. J. P.

The young man should call for you when he takes you out. If your mother does not object to him, he is all right otherwise.

On with the New.

Dear Betty:

I HAVE been keeping company with a young man for six months, whom I learned to love very dearly, and I know he loves me. But my love has cooled for him since I met another young man, who asked for my company, but I did not give him a very decided answer. Do you think I ought to give up the old one, as I like the new one better? ANXIOUS.

If you are sure of your feelings, choose the man you like best. It is much fairer to the first young man as well as to yourself.

He Talks to Others.

Dear Betty:

I AM a young girl nineteen years of age. I have been going with a young man of the same age for the past three months. I dearly love him and think my love is returned, although he has never told me that he loved me. I can only judge by his attention and the respect he shows me in company.

But if I am standing talking to him and happen to have a few girl friends with me he starts in joking with them and I always remain silent until he speaks to me. He never fools with me at any time. Do you think he is treating me properly? I intend giving him something for Christmas. Knowing him only three months, do you think it advisable for me to do so? What is best to give him? MARY V.

The young man treats you with great respect. You cannot prevent his talking to other young women and should not wish to do so. Give him some interesting book.

A Question of Beer.

Dear Betty:

I HAVE been going with a gentleman for the past six months. While in a place of amusement he asked me what I wished to drink. In a jolly mood I ordered two glasses of beer. Before the drinks were served I asked for soda. The waiter said it was none of my affair what was ordered, as the gentleman was paying for it. I walked out, leaving the drinks on the table. Which one of us do you think was insulted, I or the gentleman? WORRIED.

If the young man tried to force you to drink beer you had every right to leave him as you did. But merely offering you a glass of beer was not an insult. A great many people believe soda water to be more harmful than beer. Do not be such a prude next time. It is possible to decline a man's invitation without publicly insulting him.

Health and Beauty

By Margaret Hubbard Ayer.

"COMMITTING PEROXIDE."

ANY woman who desires to "commit peroxide" should first make up her mind whether she is willing to stand for the consequences. After committing the crime, one is always sure to be traced by the results, sentenced before one's friends and convicted by a jury of enemies. Then comes repentance and a kind of withdrawal from the world, during which one can let one's locks return to their original color.

All of which means that I wouldn't bleach my hair if I were you. But if it is a dull, mouse color or drab shade, which is certainly unbecoming, you might lighten it a little by washing it with salts of tartar; put five cents' worth of salts of tartar divided into equal parts into the first two waters in which you wash your hair. Afterwards rinse thoroughly in many waters, so as to get the salts out of the hair.

The chamomile tea which has often been recommended is used by the Swiss women, who have beautiful blond hair, and retain it away into old age. The chamomile tea should be poured over the hair after it has been well washed and rinsed. A few drops of lemon in the tea will aid in the bleaching.

Peroxide of hydrogen, diluted in water, in equal parts, is really the best way to lighten drab hair. It is perfectly harmless used in this way with water; only touch up the roots a little and don't let it reach the ends of the hair, which are always lighter than the roots.

To Remove Warts.

A. B. C.—The best way to have warts removed is by electricity. You can have them removed also by the use of an acid or by using this mixture: Chrysorobin, 20 grains; collodion, 1 1-2 drams. Apply with a camel's-hair pencil every day or two to the wart.

Good Exercises.

KATIE B.—The poor circulation is no doubt caused by your sitting at a desk all day. But this condition may be greatly relieved and in most cases entirely cured by devoting fifteen or twenty minutes a day, morning or night preferably, to deep breathing and by a system of exercises, which I shall be glad to give you in detail if you will send me your address. My advice to you is to join an evening gymnasium class, keeping up at the same time the morning exercises. These classes meet several times a week, and you will be greatly benefited by taking a course.

Watery Eyes.

N. R.—You may injure your eyes very seriously by refusing to wear glasses, especially if you have been advised to do so. If they are inflamed bathe them in a little boracic acid or witch hazel diluted with water.

Too Much Perspiration.

P. F.—Try this lotion for perspiring feet and see if it doesn't help you: Perchloride of iron, 6 ounces; glycerine, 2 ounces; essence of bergamot, 20 drops. Get a camel's hair brush and apply this to the feet at night and morning.

May Manton's Daily Fashions.

SELDOM has any toy struck so generally responsive a chord as have the bears that are made of soft and woolly plush and are so thoroughly fascinating. With Christmas approaching, there is certain to be an almost unlimited demand, and many mothers will be glad of the opportunity to manufacture them themselves. The very lovely Bruin illustrated is made of white long-haired plush, but he has many brown brothers, and brown is, perhaps, a bit more durable than white, while no less realistic, while again the heavier, more fuzzy canton flannel can be made to do service if a less expensive toy is desired. The labor of making is by no means excessive, and the result so satisfactory that it is amply worth while.

"Teddy" Bear—Pattern No. 5,519.

The quantity of material required for the medium size (16 inches high) is 7-8 yard 27, or 1-2 yard 50 inches wide.

Pattern No. 5,519 is cut in sizes for bears of 12, 16 and 20 inches high.

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.