ROY L. McCARDELL
Continues His Amusing Chronicle of
The Jarring Jarr Family

"CHEER up, the worst is yet to come!" said Mr. Jarr in a jocular tone.

"That's easy enough for you to say," said Mrs. Jarr, peevishly, "but if you had to endure the pain of it you wouldn't be so cheerful."

"It won't lessen the pain any to dwell on it," said Mr. Jarr. "Pain is merely a matter—at least, it is mostly a matter of apprehension, anyhow. I tell you, the Christian Science people are about right in saying there is no such thing as pain."

"I'd like to see one of them in the dentist's chair," said Mrs. Jarr. "I know I'm an awful coward, but the thought of it upsets me so that I know I won't be able to stand it."

"I'll go with you," said Mr. Jarr. "Come on, now, you will find it won't hurt you near as much as you imagine."

"And you won't make fun of me afterward?"

"Of course I won't," said Mr. Jarr.

On that basis the two were at the dentist's at the appointed hour.

"Mr. Jarr makes fun of me," said Mrs. Jarr to the dentist, "because I dread physical pain so."

"Now, I do not," disclaimed Mr. Jarr. "I only said that if I had it to go through I'd face the music and get it over with."

"How long is it since your teeth were looked at?" asked the dentist.

"Oh, about ten years," said Mr. Jarr, carelessly. "My teeth are all right."

"It's wonderful how people neglect their teeth," said the dentist. "Then, when they are so bad they have to go and have them fixed they blame the dentist for hurting them. Dental work wouldn't hurt a bit if it was done in time."

"Let him look at your teeth," said Mrs. Jarr.

"Oh, my teeth are all right," said Mr. Jarr, uneasily.

"I knew you would be afraid if it were your own case," said Mrs. Jarr, icily.

"Oh, you think so, do you?" asked Mr. Jarr. "Well, I wouldn't, but my teeth are all right, I tell you!" And so saying, he got in the chair.

"Tut! tut!" said the dentist, after a short examination. "Your teeth should be attended to at once. They are all going."

"Make an appointment," said Mr. Jarr. "I know you're busy to-day."

"Fortunately, I have time to-day," said the dentist.

"Well, Mrs. Jarr has to have hers attended to first, you know," said Mr. Jarr.

"Oh, I'll wait, dear," said Mrs. Jarr. "Surely you aren't afraid?"

"Go ahead," groaned Mr. Jarr. "I'm always Patsy—I will will butt in!"

"Wooglieglush! Wooo!" The last is a faint attempt to describe the sounds emitted by Mr. Jarr with his mouth full of mirrors and other hardware and the dentist's probe jabbing an exposed nerve.

For one solid hour they drilled Mr. Jarr with grinders and scraped him with scrapers t the tears rolled down his cheeks and the people across the way in a big office building laid off work to watch how he twisted his legs till he looked like a human pretzel.

Finally he was allowed to rinse his mouth for the last time and was given a slug of brandy and released from the thumbscrew and the rack.

Then Mrs. Jarr climbed into the chair and took her treatment without a murmur.

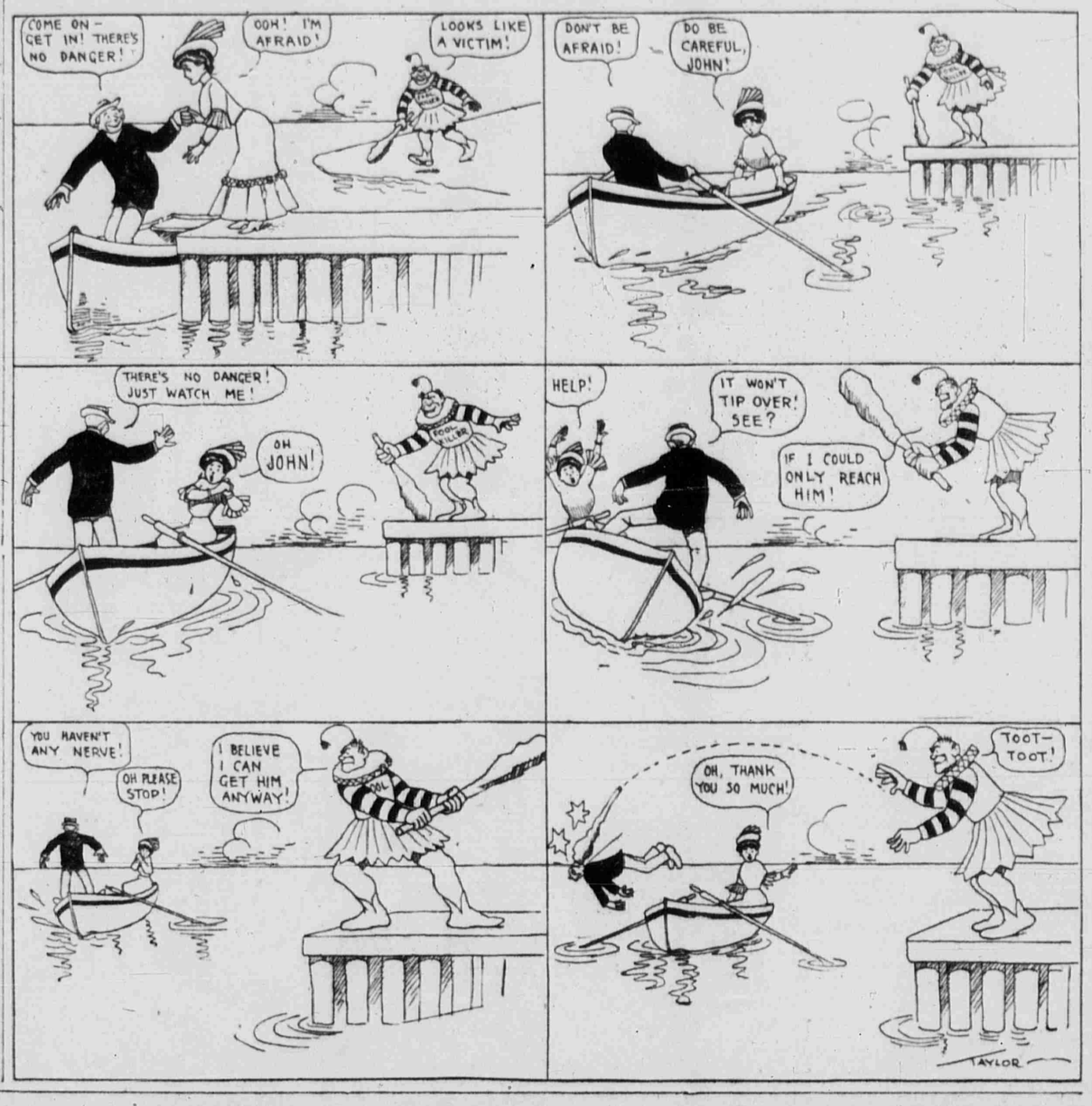
"I give in," said Mr. Jarr, weakly, as they came away from the dentist's. "You can stand more than I can."

"You big softy!" said Mrs. Jarr. "There was nothing the matter with my teeth, except I was having them cleaned. I look after my teeth and do not let them get in the condition yours were in!"

"Didn't you tell me"—— began Mr. Jarr, but, realizing that it was all over, anyway, he said no more.

The Foolkiller

By R. W. Taylor



TEN RULES FOR DRIVING A HORSE

BY GIULIA MOROSINI.

(Copyright by Recreation Magazine.)

MISS GIULIA MOROSINI, probably the foremost horsewoman in America, if not in the world, writes for Recreation the following ten rules for driving:

GIULIA MOROSINI.

1. First select a good horse. It pays, for the finer the animal, the more intellect he will display and the more easily will he be managed. A nervous, vacillating woman, wavering in purpose, should never attempt to drive a fine horse until she learns to control her nerves, and the art of becoming positive. It takes a clear head, a firm hand and steady nerves to control horses.

2. Careless, reckless driving, with a loose, free rein one moment and a tight one the next, will discourage your horse and ruin his gait entirely. These are faults to beware of, for a horse once ruined is gone.

3. Never drive with your reins too long. It is much better to hold the reins three inches too short than three inches too long. If a horse stumbles when you have much "slack out" it is long odds against saving him from a fall; and if a horse shies, your team may get into confusion, for if your reins are too long you cannot so quickly gain the command over your horses that you ought to have.

4. Before turning a corner give your horses a gentle hint by slightly pulling the rein toward the direction you intend to take.

5. The first thing to learn about driving is to drive the horses with a light hand, but at the same time drive them well up to their bits, and make them share their work equally. With a good driver a carriage will rattle along as if it were light; with a bad one it will appear as heavy as a loaded wagon.

6. To learn to drive well study your horse. A sensible horse has as much intelligence as the average person. Some require very gentle handling. The least suggestion with the reins is sufficient. Such a one should be driven very carefully and never know the least harshness or rough treatment. He is as easily ruined as he is guided. On the other hand there are horses that require a very firm hand and decided guidance.

7. If one would only exercise human sympathy and get in touch with one's horses there would be no trouble in managing the most fiery and high-spirited animal. Horses, no matter how strong or how swift, should never get away from a good driver, one who understands the art of controlling them. But they have to gain confidence in the people about them and particularly in the one driving them.

8. Never whip a horse for shying, but if possible let him look well at the thing that has alarmed him. The horse that is hit for shying will in all probability get into the habit of making a bolt at the whip. It may become very serious if a horse shies in dangerous quarters, then makes a bolt for fear of the whip. He must be treated kindly and indulgently and trained a little. It is well to get down, if possible, and gently lead him up to the object that he feared, and stroke him softly.

9. If your horse instead of being wild seems stubborn, lays back his ears as you approach him, or kicks in harness, it might be well to give him a few sharp cuts with the whip al ut the legs pretty close to the body. Never get into a pitched battle with your horse and whip him until he is mad and will fight you; for you will establish, instead of fear and respect, feelings of resentment, hatred and ill-will. As soon as you have frightened him and gained his attention then approach him again, and caress him a great deal more than you whipped him. Thus he will love and fear you and soon learn to obey quickly when he learns what you require.

10. When your animal balks in harness nothing is so cruel as to whip him. You can only cure him by kindness. Caress him and wait a few moments until his excitement subsides. When he sees that you are calm and kind it will make him understand you, the little flare-up will soon be forgotten and he will learn to pull truly. When we remember we are dealing with dumb brutes, and reflect how difficult it must be for them to understand our motions and language, we should never get out of patience with them.

THE LION AND THE MOUSE

Novelized from CHARLES KLEIN'S Great Play,

By Arthur Hornblow

(Copyright, 1906, by G. W. Dillingham Co.)

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Shirley Rossmore, the young daughter of a Supreme Court Judge, has written under the name of "Shirley Green" a novel attacking John Burkett Ryder, trust magnate and multi-millionaire. Judge Rossmore has blocked Ryder's crooked deals, and the magnate, in revenge, wrecks the judge's fortune and reputation. Ryder has one son, Jefferson, who loves and is loved by Shirley. Ryder wants the boy to marry Kate, daughter of Senator Roberts. Jefferson refuses, and discovers that Kate is planning to elope with Ryder's secretary, Bagley. Ryder is interested in the (to him) unknown author of the novel attacking him, and writes to invite her to call. Shirley accepts the invitation. She knows Ryder has letters in his desk which will exonerate her father, who is about to be impeached. She hopes to secure these. He does not recognize "Shirley Green" as Shirley Rossmore, whose father he is seeking to destroy. She makes so good an impression on Ryder that he begs her to remain at his home for the present and write his biography. Still hoping for a chance to secure the papers and glad to be near Jefferson (who is it, the secret), she accepts.

CHAPTER XIII.
A Love Scene.

SHIRLEY entered upon her new duties in the Ryder household two days later. She had returned to her rooms the evening of her meeting with the financier in a state bordering upon hysteria. The day's events had been so extraordinary that it seemed to her they could not be real, and that she must be in a dream. The car ride to Seventy-fourth street, the interview in the library, the discovery of her father's letters, the offer to write the biography, and, what to her was still more important, the invitation to go and live in the Ryder home—all these incidents were so remarkable and unusual that it was only with difficulty that the girl persuaded herself that they were not figments of a disordered brain.

But it was all true enough. The next morning's mail brought a letter from Mrs. Ryder, who wrote to the effect that Mr. Ryder would like the work to begin at once, and adding that a suite of rooms would be ready for her the following afternoon. Shirley did not hesitate. Everything was to be gained by making the Ryder residence her headquarters: her father's very life depended upon the successful outcome of her present mission, and this unhoped-for opportunity practically insured success.

She immediately wrote to Massapequa. One letter was to her mother, saying that she was extending her visit beyond the time originally planned. The other letter was to Stott. She told him all about the interview with Ryder, informed him of the discovery of the letters, and after explaining the nature of the work offered her, said that her address for the next few weeks would be in care of John Burkett Ryder. All was going better than she had dared to hope. Everything seemed to favor their plan. Her first step, of course, while in the Ryder home, would be to secure possession of her father's letters, and these she would despatch at once to Massapequa, so they could be laid before the Senate without delay.

So, after settling accounts with her landlady and packing up her few belongings, Shirley lost no time in transferring herself to the more luxurious quarters provided for her in the ten-million-dollar mansion uptown.

At the Ryder house she was received cordially and with every mark of consideration. The housekeeper came down to the main hall to greet her when she arrived and escorted her to the suite of rooms, comprising a small working library, a bedroom simply but daintily furnished in pink and white and a private bathroom, which had been specially prepared for her convenience and comfort, and here presently she was joined by Mrs. Ryder.

"Dear me," exclaimed the financier's wife, staring curiously at Shirley, "what a young girl you are to have made such a stir with a book! How did you do it? I'm sure I couldn't. It's as much as I can do to write a letter, and half the time that's not legible."

"Oh, it wasn't so hard," laughed Shirley. "It was the subject that appealed rather than any special skill of mine. The trusts and their misdeeds are the favorite topics of the hour. The whole country is talking about nothing else. My book came at the right time, that's all."

Although "The American Octopus" was a direct attack on her own husband, Mrs. Ryder secretly admired this young woman, who had dared to speak a few blunt truths. It was a courage which, alas! she had always lacked herself, but there was a certain satisfaction in knowing there were women in the world not entirely cowed by the tyrant Man.

"I have always wanted a daughter," went on Mrs. Ryder, becoming confidential, while Shirley removed her things and made herself at home; "girls of your age are so companionable." Then, abruptly, she asked: "Do your parents live in New York?"

Shirley's face flushed and she stooped over her trunk to hide her embarrassment.

"No—not at present," she answered evasively. "My mother and father are in the country."

She was afraid that more questions of a personal nature would follow, but apparently Mrs. Ryder was not in an inquisitive mood, for she asked nothing further. She only said:

"I have a son, but I don't see much of him. You must meet my Jefferson. He is such a nice boy."

Shirley tried to look unconcerned as she replied:

"I met him yesterday. Mr. Ryder introduced him to me."

"Poor lad, he has his troubles, too," went on Mrs. Ryder. "He's in love with a girl, but his father wants him to marry some one else. They're quarrelling over it all the time."

"Parents shouldn't interfere in matters of the heart," said Shirley decisively. "What is more serious than the choosing of a life companion, and who are better entitled to make a free selection than they who are going to spend the rest of their days together? Of course, it is a father's duty to give his son the benefit of his riper experience, but to insist on a marriage based only on business interests is little less than a crime. There are considerations more important if the union is to be a happy or a lasting one. The chief thing is that the man should feel real attachment for the woman he marries. Two people who are to live together as man and wife must be compatible in tastes and temper. You cannot mix oil and water. It is these selfish marriages which keep our divorce courts busy. Money alone won't buy happiness in marriage."

"No," sighed Mrs Ryder, "no one knows that better than I."

The financier's wife was already most favorably impressed with her guest, and she chatted on as if she had known Shirley for years. It was rarely that she had heard so young a woman express such common-sense views, and the more she talked with her the less surprised she was that she was the author of a much-discussed book. Finally, thinking that Shirley might prefer to be alone, she rose to go, bidding her make herself thoroughly at home and to ring for anything she might wish. A maid had been assigned to look exclusively after her wants, and she could have her meals served in her room or else have them with the family as she liked. But Shirley, not caring to encounter Mr. Ryder's cold, searching stare more often than necessary, said she would prefer to take her meals alone.

Left to herself, Shirley settled down to work in earnest. Mr. Ryder had sent to her room all the material for the biography, and soon she was completely absorbed in the task of sorting and arranging letters, making extracts from records, compiling data, etc., laying the foundation for the important book she was to write.

After luncheon, Shirley decided that the weather was too glorious to remain indoors. Her health must not be jeopardized even to advance the interests of the Colossus, so she put on her hat and left the house to go for a walk. The air smelled sweet to her after being confined so long indoors, and she walked with a more elastic and buoyant step than she had since her return home. Turning down Fifth avenue, she entered the park at Seventy-second street, following the pathway until she came to the bend in the driveway opposite the Casino. The park was almost deserted at that hour, and there was a delightful sense of solitude and a sweet scent of new-mown hay from the freshly cut lawns. She found an empty bench, well shaded by an overspreading tree, and she sat down, grateful for the rest and quiet.

She was so deeply engrossed in her thoughts that she had not noticed a hansom cab which suddenly drew up with a jerk at the curb opposite her bench. A man jumped out. It was Jefferson.

"Hello, Shirley," he cried gaily; "who would have expected to find you rusticating on a bench here? I pictured you grinding away at home doing literary stunts for the governor." He grinned and then added: "Come for a drive. I want to talk to you."

Shirley demurred. No, she could not spare the time. Yet, she thought to herself, why was not this a good opportunity to explain to Jefferson how he came to find her in his father's library masquerading under another name, and also to ask him to secure the letters for her? While she pondered Jefferson insisted, and a few minutes later she found herself sitting beside him in the cab. They started off at a brisk pace, Shirley sitting with her head back, enjoying the strong breeze caused by the rapid motion.

"Now tell me," he said, "what does it all mean? I was so startled at seeing you in the library the other day that I almost betrayed you. How did you come to call on father?"

Briefly Shirley explained everything. She told him Mr. Ryder had written to her asking her to call and see him, and how she had eagerly seized at this last straw in the hope of helping her father. She told him about the letters, explaining how necessary they were for her father's defense and how she had discovered them. Mr. Ryder, she said, had seemed to take a fancy to her and had asked her to remain in the house as his guest while she was compiling his biography, and she had accepted the offer, not so much for the amount of money involved as for the splendid opportunity it afforded her to gain possession of the letters.

"So that is the mysterious work you spoke of—to get those letters?" said Jefferson.

"Yes, that is my mission. It was a secret. I couldn't tell you; I couldn't tell any one. Only Judge Stott knows. He is aware I have found them and is hourly expecting to receive them from me. And now," she said, "I want your help."

His only answer was to grasp tighter the hand she had laid in his. She knew that she would not have to explain the nature of the service she wanted. He understood.

"Where are the letters?" he demanded.

"In the left-hand drawer of your father's desk," she answered.

He was silent for a few moments, and then he said simply:

"I will get them."

The cab by this time had got as far as Claremont, and from the hill summit they had a splendid view of the broad sweep of the majestic Hudson and the towering walls of the blue Palisades. The day was so beautiful and the air so invigorating that Jefferson suggested a ramble along the banks of the river. They could leave the cab at Claremont and drive back to the city later. Shirley was too grateful to him for his promise of co-operation to make any further opposition, and soon they were far away from beaten highways, down on the banks of the historic stream, picking flowers and laughing merrily like two truant children bent on a self-made holiday.

The place they had reached was just outside the northern boundaries of Harlem, a sylvan spot still unspoiled by the rude invasion of the flat-house builder. The land, thickly wooded, sloped down sharply to the water, and the perfect quiet was broken only by the washing of the tiny surf against the river bank and the shrill notes of the birds in the trees.

Although it was late in October the day was warm, and Shirley soon tired of climbing over bramble-entangled verdure. The rich grass underfoot looked cool and inviting, and the natural slope of the ground affording an ideal resting-place, she sat there, with Jefferson stretched out at her feet, both watching idly the dancing waters of the broad Hudson, spangled with gleams of light, as they swept swiftly by on their journey to the sea.

"Shirley," said Jefferson suddenly, "I suppose you saw that ridiculous story about my alleged engagement to Miss Roberts. I hope you understood that it was done without my consent."

"If I did not guess it, Jeff," she answered, "your assurance would be sufficient. Besides," she added, "what right have I to object?"

"But I want you to have the right," he replied, earnestly. "I'm going to stop this Roberts nonsense in a way my father hardly anticipates. I'm just waiting a chance to talk to him. I'll show him the absurdity of announcing me engaged to a girl who is about to elope with his private secretary!"

"Elope with the secretary?" exclaimed Shirley.

Jefferson told her all about the letter he had found on the staircase, and the Hon. Pierce Bagley's plans for a run-away marriage with the Senator's wealthy daughter.

(To Be Continued.)

THE NEW PLAYS

Arnold Daly Goes Barefoot For Art's Sake.

THAT interesting youngster Arnold Daly rushed the season of spring matinees yesterday afternoon by going barefoot in "The Lemonade Boy," the best of three short plays that he gave at the Lyceum Theatre.

In taking off his shoes and stockings for art's sake, as it were, Mr. Daly showed there was more to him than even his most enthusiastic admirers had suspected. To say that his feet are larger than his experience with managers would be leaving a great deal unsaid. The largely feminine audience hailed the Daly feet with exclamations of wonder, a titter or two, and a general conclusion that boots sometimes cover more than a multitude of shins. We have no desire to belittle Mr. Daly's feet; in fact, that would be impossible, for there is nothing small about them. We simply wish to record the fact that there was a spring opening of new plays at the Lyceum yesterday afternoon, and that Daly was there with both feet.

Although Mr. Daly was almost dead for sleep in the first play, he did not take off his shoes in "The Flag Station," a railroad score by Charles A. Kenyon. As a telegraph operator who had gone without sleep for seventy-five hours, he made the overpowering weariness of Dick Anderson felt across the footlights. He won sympathy for the poor overworked wretch, blizzard-bound in a lonely way station; but the agony was so long drawn out that one became almost as tired as the operator himself. More asleep than awake, Anderson got his train orders mixed and sent on a train to the wrong meeting point. His faithful Mary discovered the mistake too late. The operator, who had once been blamed for a collision—which he recalled in tiresome detail—was afraid to face a second ordeal, and getting a pistol he was about to shoot himself when Mary stopped him with the revelation that they must not think only of themselves, that there would soon be another. Then came the thought that the oncoming train might be late and disaster averted. If its whistle were heard at 11 o'clock they would know the worst hadn't happened. If not, the operator would shoot himself and Mary, who had asked that he take her with him. With the hands of the clock pointing 11 and Anderson's revolver pointing at Mary, the whistle, you may be sure, tooted deliverance, and tragedy was side-tracked. Miss Frances Ring was a sympathetic Mary, and the property man a very good train, so far as sound went.

"The Lemonade Boy," by Miss Gladys Unger, was the gem of the triple bill. It was a true bit of life among the lowly of an English seaside, and it was capitally acted. The story was as simple as the characters. Pippy, a lemonade boy, devoted to Maria, who sold sweets and toys, determined to save her when he heard a cheap ballad singer coax her to go to London with him. To keep her from joining the fellow, he cut his foot, tumbled down to the beach and yelled for help. Pretending to be badly hurt, he sent her for the bathing master. Then, in her absence, he got rid of the chap who had turned her head by making him believe she had fooled him. When Maria discovered the trick she revenged herself on the lemonade boy by telling him that she was going to marry the bathing master. "Thank God!" sobbed poor Pippy. Mr. Daly ran about on his bare feet and won a houseful of sympathy for Pippy by cutting a queer, whimsical, pathetic figure. Miss Lucile Watson, as Maria, and Miss Florence Nash, as a talkative nursemaid, were capital; while Mr. Roy Fairchild, as the unmasked songster, and Mr. Percival T. Moore, as the bathing master, completed an excellent little cast.

"The Monkey's Paw," by W. W. Jacobs, was long and tiresome. It didn't begin to compare with Daly's feet.

CHARLES DARNTON.

BETTY VINCENT'S ADVICE TO LOVERS

THE SELFISH WOMAN.

A YOUNG man has written me five pages of incoherent wailing about an unfortunate first love affair, which leads him to regard all women as "she-devils," luring men to destruction and ruin. Men and women alike are apt to form their judgments of an entire sex by their sad experience with a single member of it. If a woman loves a good man, she is apt to think all men are true and honorable. If she has had the misfortune to centre her affections on a scoundrel and finds it out, it is with the greatest difficulty she can be made to believe that all men are not mean and false as he. Men, too, generalize in this way from their personal experiences. The young man who thinks all women "she-devils" is one of them. I advise him to meet other women and learn from them a new faith in womankind. The majority of women are unselfish and tender-hearted. The selfish woman is an exception. If you are pleased to consider yourself her victim, get even by trying to forget all about her. That will hurt her more than anything else, if she remembers, and will remind her of you if she has forgotten. Another woman will help you to forget more quickly.

The Question of Religion.

Dear Betty:

WILL you please settle this little religious dispute between two lovers? There is a difference of religion, namely, Catholic and Protestant. Which should give in, and if you say both can keep their own religion, by whom should they get married, priest or clergyman? Do you think they could live happily together if neither changed?

Neither should change. If you are sensible people you should be able to get along perfectly without mentioning religion. I think you should be married according to the bride's religion.

No Chance to Court Her.

Dear Betty:

I AM a young man of twenty-five and in love with a young lady seven years my senior. I have been calling at her home for the last year and a half, where I have always been welcome, and I think that she likes me. As I am not allowed to take her out, nor to see her except in the presence of her parents, brothers or sisters, I have never had a chance to tell her that I love her, or make any demonstrations whatever, as her parents are very strict, although I have reason to believe that they would not object to my being their son-in-law. My mother has already made known to them my intentions. I would like you to tell me what course I should pursue, as I love the girl dearly.

JOHN D.

Under the circumstances I would speak to the girl's parents. If I were you. Tell them you love her and ask them to give you a chance to speak to her.

May Manton's Daily Fashions

THE jumper dress is the very latest development of the over-waist idea, and this design for young girls is singularly attractive and charming while it is simple and girlish in effect. As illustrated, it is made of pongee in one of the pretty, fashionable shades of blue, and is piped with velvet and trimmed with little strips of the velvet and dainty embroidery that is worked on to the material, while there are stitched folds on the skirt. But it is a very generally useful model and can be made available for a great many materials. All the pongees are admirable, it is very pretty in white serge, it is admirable for veiling and the like, while we will also see a great many linen dresses so made. The guimpe is entirely separate and consequently can be of any material that may be liked. Indeed, it can be varied according to the occasion, which is one of the greatest advantages of such a dress. The embroidery is always elegant in effect, but is not obligatory, for the piping alone would be sufficient finish, and the dress can be trimmed in any way that may suit individual fancy.

Misses' Princess Jumper Dress—Pattern No. 5655.

The quantity of material required for the sixteen-year size is 8 1-4 yards 27, 7 3-4 yards 32, or 5 yards 44 inches wide if material has figure or nap; 6 3-4 yards 27, 5 3-4 yards 32, or 4 1-2 yards 44 inches wide if it has not.

Pattern No. 5655 is cut in sizes for girls of fourteen and sixteen 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.