

The Best Fun of the Day by Evening World Humorists

The Jarr Family's Daily Jars

By Roy L. McCardell.

"THERE'S no use talking," said Mr. Rangle, after he had passed the compliments of the season with his friend, Mr. Jarr. "We'll have to establish a local branch of The Sheltering Order of Wok-Wok, or The Married Men's Mutual Benefit Society."

"Nix!" said Mr. Jarr abruptly. "I carry all the insurance I can afford now, and I belong to enough fraternal orders as it is. I seldom attend their meetings, anyhow, and I say I go when I don't, to the limit of Mr. Jarr's endurance. She wouldn't stand for another lodge night. I sometimes tell her I attend eight a week as it is, when I'm out of new excuses for not attending her call at home."

"That's it exactly," said Mr. Rangle. "The Sheltering Order of Wok-Wok provides for that very thing!" "What very thing?" asked Mr. Jarr. "Good excuses," said Mr. Rangle eagerly. "Let me explain: The Sheltering Order of Wok-Wok has no meeting place and no ritual except the sign of distress."

"When members of the Sheltering Order of Wok-Wok meet they exchange excuses that they have worn threadbare in their own homes. No matter how old an excuse may be in one house it is liable to be a new one in the home of another member. See? Have you a sick friend?"

"Now you are going to say, 'Send him one of my little books!'" growled Mr. Jarr. "No, I'm not," said Mr. Rangle, testily. "Hold your horses a minute and let me explain. You have told your wife you've set up with a sick friend. He is leery about it. Don't believe it, and tell her so. Who was it? Why, it was Johnson. Johnson is a Wok-Wok. He calls around next day or so and says how grateful he was for you sitting up with him when he was taken so suddenly sick. See? Corroborative evidence. Say there is some special occasion you want to get away from," continued Rangle, the tempter, "a committee of one from the Sheltering Order of Wok-Wok, a stranger to your wife—and you know the women will believe a stranger when they won't stand for the man of upright life they have known for years. The stranger will say that it is necessary for you to arbitrate a big business matter in dispute between several companies of industry. This always goes. Oh, there's a dozen—a hundred ways that the Sheltering Order of Wok-Wok can be of immense service."

"I'm with you," said Mr. Jarr, "and now you are about it, you can drop in this evening and Wok-Wok a little for me."

"Better get a strange brother," said Mr. Rangle uneasily. "No time for that," said Mr. Jarr. "I was out night before last till 2 A. M., and Mrs. Jarr isn't speaking to me. You drop in a little after supper and Wok-Wok for me. I'll lead a general conversation up to the point in question in Mrs. Jarr's hearing."

"What did you tell her?" asked Mr. Rangle. "I want to know my cues." "How the dickens can you tell a woman anything when she only maintains a stony silence and doesn't give you an opening?" asked Mr. Jarr. "As night before last was early in the month, I do not know any sater excuse than the good old commercial one of working late on the books fixing up last month's accounts," he added.

Mr. Rangle shook his head doubtfully, but he called that evening and was received with frosty civility by Mrs. Jarr.

"By George, the unreasonable woman certainly has knocked our line of business," said Mr. Rangle as an opener. "How does it affect yours?" "We haven't felt it yet, but I suppose we will later," said Mr. Jarr glibly. "Fact is, we had the busiest May in years. Just the other night I was kept up till all hours on the books."

"Why do you try to tell me that?" said Mrs. Jarr, turning around fiercely on the two men, but with her eye fixed on Mr. Jarr. "Didn't I try to get you on the telephone from 8 o'clock till 10?"

Here, Mr. Rangle thought, was a fair opening for his initial work as a Wok-Woker. "Why, dear me! Mrs. Jarr, didn't you know that Jarr's company is so snugly it only pays for a day telephone service? The telephone is out off at 5 P. M."

"That may be," said Mrs. Jarr, "but young Perkins who works in an office across the way, was late that night. He lives next door, and he told me that there were no lights in Mr. Jarr's office when he came home."

"There, you see," said Mrs. Rangle. "Mr. Jarr hasn't told you that his firm only takes the day electric light service, too!"

Then they had to tell her that Mr. Jarr's ledgers were made of luminous paper. Thus are wives deceived by men, the witches!

New York Thro' Funny Glasses

By Irvin S. Cobb.



THE time has come when PALM Perival, the third assistant bookkeeper, begins to plan his vacation. As the opening preliminaries he buys himself a leather automobile cap, a pair of fannel yachting trousers with parallel stripes running up and down the legs, a golf vest with button-plate buttons, and a tennis shirt with a limp collar and a soft-bolled bosom. Thus he is ready for anything that may develop. If nothing develops he still has the satisfying thought to sustain him while he is making the outfit that he can wear all four of them on Broadway and create a distinct impression among persons who are seeing New York for the first time with the assistance of a megaphone soloist and a large wagon having the seats arranged crosswise.

In the evening, right after the bread-pudding and tooth-picks course, Perival will repair to his apartment, which is on the first floor coming down. He will get out his collection of time tables, and then he will sit down in the regular chair, with his back against the door and his feet over the window sill on the fire-escape, and one elbow resting in the soap dish and the other on the pillow. You can be just as comfortable in the hall bedroom of a New York boarding-house as you can in the palace of a king if you know the knack of proper distribution and how to utilize the space. Which you have company you can raise the lid of the trunk and let the visitor sit in the top tray. Then, if the room seems crowded, you can always open the transom and put the washstand set out in the hall.

Perival settles himself where he can look out of the window and command a fine view of the back of the row of tenements in the next street and the "L" tracks beyond; and there floats in to him a satisfactory melody compounded of a crippled phonograph in the basement and a quarrel between a song-writer and his present wife across the court, and a maiden lady washing an unwelling toddler next door, and a sick piano going in the saloon on the corner below, and a house with a rat squeak in his voice snoring a lot of V-shaped shoes down stairs, and a few snatches of repartee between two poor, hard-worked women who are so fatigued by the labor of getting up in the morning that they spend the rest of the day leaning over the window ledge discussing the neighbors out loud.

Thus soothed and refreshed, Perival reflects that, after all, there is no place for the real, home-like comfort and metropolitan enjoyment like New York in the summer time. By simply turning his head he can observe in the sky the red glare reflected from Broadway, where the bright lights and the long green burn together, and within easy walking distance are some of the best clubs in town—clubs where he would have the privilege of being blackballed by large numbers of the most prominent men if his salary should ever be doled out eight or ten times so that he would have money enough for the initiation fee.

So he decides that it would be foolish to go traipsing off to Newport or Lenox and taking chances of meeting a lot of socially impossible persons, when he can see twenty-one shows for a dollar at Coney. And he throws the time tables out of the window and breathes a sigh of pure content and sets the alarm clock for 7:15 A. M. and seeks the shucks.

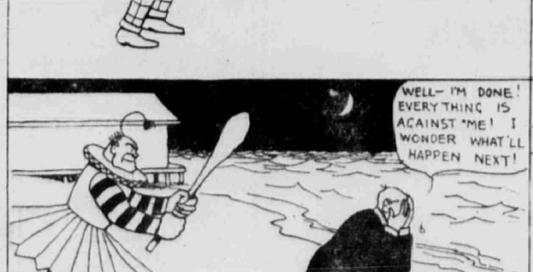
THE FUNNY PART: About 6,000 of them go through the same performance every year.

The Foolkiller

By R. W. Taylor



ONE OF THE WORST KIND! GREAT GUNS! I'VE WALKED UNDER THAT LADDER! THAT'S AWFULLY BAD LUCK! AND A BLACK CAT— ME-YOW!



AND THE NEW MOON OVER THE WRONG SHOULDER! WELL—I'M DONE! EVERYTHING IS AGAINST ME! I WONDER WHAT'LL HAPPEN NEXT! I'LL JUST PUT YOU OUT OF YOUR MISERY! OH, THANKS!

Betty Vincent's Advice to Lovers.

Loves His Cousin. CONTEMPLATE marrying a girl who is one year my senior. I am seventeen. The only drawback is that she is my cousin. Can a boy marry a cousin? BENJAMIN MARVIN. You are much too young to marry any one, and it is inadvisable for you to marry. He Has Never Proposed. DEAR BETTY: I HAVE been keeping steady company with a gentleman for three years. He has been very affectionate and generous toward me. One could wish for a better friend. I love him dearly, although I never told him so, but he told me he loved me. The point is, he has never mentioned marriage to me, and I do not know what his prospects are. It often makes me feel despondent. Will you advise me as to what you think of this. G. H. D. The next time he tells you he loves you say that you love him and just take it for granted he has asked you to marry him. By talking about your future together, planning the home, etc. Then if he is not so earnest he will fade away and you will be well rid of a trier. She Did Not Write. DEAR BETTY: AM a young man, twenty-one years old, and deeply in love with a young lady of twenty. We have been keeping company for over two years. A few weeks ago I was called away on business. While away I sent her quite a few letters and have received no answers. Shall I keep up her friendship or not? I would not like to give her up, as I love her dearly. CHAS. N. No. I would not give up her friendship, if I were you. She may have excellent reasons for not writing. Call on her and find out.

Laughing Lass's Crew Are Ordered to Build a Fort, Although No Enemy Is in Sight

Mysterious Command Astounds Everybody, and the Men Once More Whisper of Mutiny.

THE MYSTERY. By Stewart Edward White and Samuel Hopkins Adams.

THE MYSTERY. By Stewart Edward White and Samuel Hopkins Adams. Copyright 1907 by McClure, Phillips & Co. MYSTERY OF PIERCING CHAPTER. Prof. Schermerhorn, a noted and eccentric scientist, chartered the steamer Laconia for a cruise to a mysterious, uncharted island. He brings aboard his assistant, Percy Darrow, a clever, resourceful, and somewhat dandy young man, and a young woman, Miss Solover, a student of the Laconia. The steamer is a small vessel, and the crew consists of a few men and a cook. The island is a small, rocky island, and the crew is ordered to build a fort, although no enemy is in sight. The crew is astounded by the mysterious command, and they once more whisper of mutiny.

"I'm going to clean her." He himself stayed, however. We rowed in, constructed a hasty fire-works, and built an unnecessary fire near the beach. "Clean her!" grumbled Thrackles, "my eye!" "I'd rather round the Cape," growled Pulz, hopefully. "Come, now, it can't be as bad as all that," I tried to cheer them. "It can't be more than a week or ten days' job, even if we're careful." "You don't know what you're talking about," said Thrackles. "It's worse than the yellow jack. It's six weeks' least. Mind when we last 'cleared her?' he inquired of Handy Solomon. "You can kiss the Book on it," replied he. "Down by the line in that little swab of a sand island. My eye, but I don't remember. I sweated my liver white." They smoked in silence. "That's a main queer contrivance of the Professor's—that stockade-like," ventured Solomon, after a little. "He doesn't want any intrusion," I said. "These scientific experiments are very delicate." "Quite like," he commented, non-committally. "We slept on the ground that night, and next morning, under Capt. Solover's directions, we commenced the task of lighting the ship. He detailed the men, without a word to any of us; again the men, dragged by toil, turned in early and slept like the dead.

When we had quite finished we had the anchor chain dealt out to us in fathoms, and scraped pounded and polished that. These were indeed days full of labor. Being busy from morning until night we knew but little of what was about us. We saw the open sea and the waves tumbling over the reef outside. We saw the headlands and the bow of the bay and the surf with its white foam and the curve of yellow sands. We saw the sweep of coast and the downs and the strange huts we had built out of departed luxuriance. And that was all that constituted our world. In the evening sometimes we lit a big bonfire, eating, fashion, just at the edge of the beach. There we sat at ease and smoked our pipes in silence, too tired to talk. For Handy Solomon's song was still outside the circle of light were mysterious things—strange, wavering, faint, and bending of figures, callings of voices, rustling of feet. We knew them for the surf and the wind in the trees; but they were not the less mysterious for that. Logically Capt. Solover and I should have packed most of our evenings together. As a matter of fact we saw very few. Early in the dusk the captain invariably held Handy Solomon's song. He would stand at the edge of the deck, and he would sing his light do not know. We could see his light hair, and we could see his eyes. The men claimed he was scrubbing her teeth. "Old Scrubs" they called him. "He has to clean up after his own feet, he's so dirty," eagerly proffered Handy Solomon, and this was true. The seaman's prophecy held good. Seven weeks held us at the island, and we never saw a single bird, not a single insect, not a single worm. The worst of it was that we were kept at a so breathlessly, as though our very

The Evening World's Practical Housekeeper. \$10 A DAY IN PRIZES.

NEXT WEEK THE EVENING WORLD will give \$10 a day in prizes to Practical Housekeepers, as follows: Two prizes of \$1 each for the best 200 words or less—the fewer words the better—under any one of these five headings, making ten prizes in all. The Kitchen in Summer, Uses for Left Overs, Back Yard Gardens, Making Over, and Preserving. Send letters to "HOUSEKEEPING PRIZES EDITOR, P. O. Box 1351, New York City."

The names and addresses of To-Day's Ten Prize Winners are given below with the Prize-Winning Suggestions.

- Summer Clothes. Cleaning Hint. \$1 Prize. To clean pines, veils of chiffon and stocks and ties of tulle or gauze, as well as satin ribbons or flowers of delicate smiles, one of the cheapest and most effective ways is to get some fuller's earth, put articles to be cleaned in a hat or shoe box, on top of a layer of the earth, sprinkle same freely on top of each piece, and covering all with another layer, replace lid on box and stand away for twenty-four hours. Take each piece out, shake and put in the air (in shade). The same earth should not be used a second time. Mrs. N. D. SELLMAN, No. 304 Eighth Avenue, New York City. Collars and Cuffs. \$1 Prize. Before putting the collar on a tucked waist always run a row of machine stitching around the neck. This prevents the neck from stretching and the collar is easier to put on. Mrs. H. HILGNER, No. 30 Greenwich Avenue, N. Y. City. For the Drawing Room. Care of Floor. \$1 Prize. To prevent hardwood floors from being marked out pieces of thick felt the exact size of the tips of the chairs and fasten on with a strong glue. The felt is far less expensive than rubber tips and will wear much better. Rocking chairs may have a long, narrow strip glued on. Mrs. RICHARD LEMMER, No. 21 Richmond Terrace, West Brighton, S. I. Fancy Vases. \$1 Prize. By placing white sand in the bottom of a vase it will prevent it from tipping easily, and will also keep the dust from getting into the crevices on the inner side. Mrs. J. C. WICKERIE, No. 47 Hart Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. Little Economies. \$1 Prize. Saving Eggs. \$1 Prize. Left over yolks of eggs if put at once into a tumbler of cold water will keep fresh and soft for several days. If dropped into a cup and covered the yolks will be unfit for use the second day. The left over whites of eggs may be made into macaroons, kisses and used for meringues. The whites of two eggs with a quarter of a pound of sugar and the same quantity of almond paste will make two dozen macaroons. Where hard boiled yolks are wanted it is much better to break the eggs, separate carefully the yolks from the whites and drop the yolks into water that is boiling hot, cook slowly for twenty minutes. In this way the whites are saved for another purpose. MARY MAC LAREN, No. 117 South Second Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. For Sick Room. \$1 Prize. To cool a sick room cover the top of a wash basin with a piece of flannel drawn tight, making a sort of drum-head. Place upon this a bit of ice the size of a quart bowl. The ice will last a long time. CHARLOTTE C. BEAL, No. 201 West One Hundred and Thirty-fifth Street, New York City. Washday Hints. Pipe Clay. \$1 Prize. If pipe clay is dissolved in the water the linen is thoroughly cleaned with half the labor, and fully a saving of one-fourth of soap; and the clothes will be improved in color equally as if bleached. The pipe-clay softens the hardest water. A cent's worth to four gallons of water is enough. ELIZABETH COOLEY, No. 23 West One Hundred and Thirty-third Street, New York City. Woolen Blankets. \$1 Prize. To wash new woolen blankets, steep in cold water for twelve hours. Then have ready plenty of hot soapy water to give the blankets two or three rinsings. Then put them in clear, warm water with a little ammonia added. They will be beautiful and soft. Mrs. A. B. SNAPE, No. 14 West One Hundred and First Street, City. Cold Dishes. An Apple Salad. \$1 Prize. Pare a quart of nice eating apples. Then cut into small pieces. Then mix in small pieces of celery. A few chopped English walnuts are added, and then all is covered with a mayonnaise dressing. BELLE DOWNS, P. O. Box 466, Bay Shore, L. I. Tortoni. \$1 Prize. Boil three-quarters of a cup of sugar with same amount of water till it threads. Beat yolks and whites of three eggs separately, then mix, pour the hot syrup on the eggs gradually, stirring till cool, thick and creamy; flavor with one teaspoon vanilla. Whip one pint of cream and add to the mixture. Grate one dozen stale macaroons, put half of the crumbs in the mold, turn in the tortoni, then the rest of the crumbs. Pack the mold in ice and salt and let stand four hours. It makes a delicious dessert. Mrs. HOOKS, No. 246 Eighth Avenue, New York City.

When High Office Was On Open Sale.

WELL into the nineteenth century the sale of a place in the House of Commons was considered to be as honorable a transaction as the purchase of a commission in the army. "I have seen an advertisement," wrote Prof. Pryme, before Grandpound was disfranchised, offering a borough for sale, as not only to be sold, but sold by order of the Court of Chancery. A short time before the reform bill Lord Monson paid \$100,000 for Gatton, which contained about twenty-five houses and rather more than one hundred inhabitants."

May Manton's Daily Fashions

THE Princess bathing suit, with separate bloomers, is the latest development of the garment, and very graceful, very becoming and very attractive it is. This one is absolutely simple, while it includes all the essential characteristics and is as comfortable to wear as it is attractive to look upon. In the illustration it is made of the taffeta that comes for the purpose, and is trimmed with banding and stitched with silk, but serge, mohair and all the materials that are used for bathing suits are appropriate for this one, with trimming either of contrasting fabric or of braid, as liked. The suit is shapely, and is smart in effect, as well as becoming, and the accords are just long enough to protect the most tender part of the arms without interfering with free movement. There is thus no danger of sunburn and similar discomfort of the shoulder or of the delicate skin of the upper arm. Yet the muscles are free to play and the full sweep of the swimming stroke is in no way impeded. Lubed, perfect comfort and ease of motion, combined with grace and beauty, are the keynote of the whole pretty suit. The quantity of material required for the medium-size is 1 1/2 yards of 3 1/2 yards of 44 or 45 yards of 48 inches wide, with 1/2 yard of braid to trim, as illustrated. Princess Bathing Suit—Pattern No. 5680. Pattern No. 5680 is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inch bust.