

The Evening World's Laugh-Makers

The Chorus Girl Reveals Dopey's Get-Rich-Quick Plan.

By Roy L. McCardell.



"W E'VE had the fullest time up at the flat fighting over whether Lawson has left the Independents in Wall street and gone over to the Syndicate. "Mamma de Branscombe says it's nobody's business how a gentleman makes his money, so long as he don't jam his clutch. "She says all this talk about the 'System' and the 'plunder-bund' has gone far enough, and if Mr. Lawson did meet Mr. Rogers abroad and sign for next season with the Standard Oil as press agent it's nobody's business. He's got all the money he wants, but he'll take some more, and maybe he's been promised his bit if the market's boosted, but maybe he wants to get made a member of the Friars.

and as soon as we heard Mr. Lawson was back and that it was rumored that he was going to promote publicity for the System, Mamma turned to Amy and said, 'If it is true, my child, I'll have to accompany you to and from the theatre again to protect you from stage door snuffers, or go along with you as a chaperone, if they are so insistent that they can't be put off without creating a scene! "She was talking good sense, too, kid, for since the market's been off a lady of the stage can go to and from the scene of her professional activities without fear of molestation, and things is bad when you've got to say that. But with a sympathetic market rising responsive to Mr. Lawson's Al press work we can look forward to happy days this fall. It looks to me, in fact we all said so, as if the market was going to make a general advance of fifty to a hundred points, just as Mr. Lawson predicts. And, if so, the stage door as well as the main entrances of the theatre will be the scene of something doing. We talked so much about it that Dopey McKnight got excited and said if the live ones only came to the stage door and didn't bother to see the show at all, what would be the matter with just

"And what did you do, kid? The other day Amy De Branscombe and me is going around the theatrical agencies to see if there was any chance to do up with a 'Broadway production for next season, for we simply ain't going out on the road, when who does we see canning up the line but Dopey carrying a stage door that he'd swiped from the dubois there they're remodeling the Princess Theatre and turning it into an office building. No, he ain't crazy with the heat, but when Dopey does do any thinking he's under such a strain that he ain't himself for days. He took the stage door up at the flat with him and brings it into the parlor and leans it against the piano. "Like all good-natured slob, when Dopey gets stubborn there's nothing to it, and I suppose we'll have that old door as a parlor ornament till he gets another bug in his brain. "As it is, Dopey McKnight thinks he'll make money quicker than Tommy Burne did when Mr. Squires, of Australia, fell asleep so suddenly on the Fourth of July. "He expects Mr. Panner to promote the proposition, and he is so feverish and excited about it that he

New York Thro' Funny Glasses

By Irvin S. Cobb.

From HI Glasses to Green Glasses.



DEAR GREEN: Human nature, as somebody has said, is highly apt to contain a considerable proportion of human nature, no matter whether you flush it in the baskety desks where the seed ticks and the chin whisker and other agricultural products of our fair country come from, or here in the great teeming city; and I may say in passing that since our recent garbage imbroglio I never saw her doing more teeming to the square inch. Owing to the strike the man may be a little more short in the summer garbage supply. There is garbage for all. But to resume. We laugh at the rural populace for calling their favorite variety of passenger train an accommodation. We metropolitan are apt to think a train that buzzes on an up grade for half an hour and then stops so the conductor can ascertain whether his lost four miles or only three, ought to have a stronger name than that. But are we actually through our shorts in the summer garbage which crawl languidly through our subway, stopping frequently at points where you can't get off, as expressed?

Once when I was still residing in the deep woods I acquired a part of my rudimentary education at a small dark-red academy of learning known as Shady Grove Schoolhouse. It stood in the midst of a flat where there wasn't enough verdure to keep the hop toads from sun burning in the summer time. If the teacher felt called on to apply the treatment which is supposed to keep a child from epolling, he had to send over 200 yards to get a switch. In the same peaceful vicinity there was a cemetery known as Mount Moriah, so called, I presume, because it was located in the creek bottoms, although the fact that there were no mountains in that end of the State may have had something to do with it. At the point where the branch drifted up from the Junction for the ostensible purpose of connecting with the main line there was a station designated on the railroad map as Empire City. Tourists used to come along and look out of the windows when the trains stopped, and they'd see an invalid box-car resting on its hooks on the siding, and they'd wonder where Empire City was. When they were told that you could just see the city because the box-car was in the way they would laugh in a jeering way that jarred greatly upon the residents. However, Empire City is not there any longer. Half of the population died, and his widow moved away back to Illinois to live with her folks. Before I came to New York I used to wonder about these things, and I made up my mind that only a lot of human mulets would be guilty of such. I said to myself that it was the result of life in the country. But since my arrival I have altered the diagnosis. Green, in this town I have seen an apartment-house labeled "Rosemere Villa" that wasn't a villa, or a cousin by marriage of a villa, and that didn't have any roses within a mile of it; or any more, whatever a mere is. I have found another called "Seaview Court" which reared its dun-colored walls in a populous neighborhood, where the only way to see the sky is to lean over backward and gaze straight up. I have observed a hotel called the Something Arms, whose only patrons are choristers from the leg shows. And I know a man who has built a country place in the midst of an estate on which nothing grows but poison ivy and dock weeds. He calls it The Beeches. Green, I ask you in all seriousness: Why? Yours ponderingly, ILL

SUMMER FASHIONS.

Summer-fashions this year are unusually attractive. With the exception of the high heels and the pointed toes on women's shoes, the present styles are comfortable and hygienic as well as becoming. Hoop skirts, padding, floppy sleeves and pinched waists belong to the styles of past years.

The half-bare-arms which go with the summer shirt waists are to be approved on several grounds. To women with shapely arms the half sleeve style is becoming. To women who have not shapely arms the half sleeve induces them to learn how their arms can be made shapely. This is not a difficult attainment. Washing the arms in cold water, followed by rubbing with a coarse towel, improves the texture of the skin. Exercise with the arms makes them rounded and firm. Sweeping, dusting, washing and scrubbing are all excellent exercises for the development of the lower arm. The regular practice of them will make becoming the half-sleeve on any young woman's arms.

Long gloves had better be dispensed with. If a girl thinks it necessary to prove that she can afford expensive elbow gloves, she can carry a pair or tuck them through her belt, in which case the pair will readily last several seasons. If she is bound to wear such gloves she should get the kind with detachable bands.

Mushroom hats will continue popular. The inverted saucer is perhaps the most fashionable. It requires an expert to tell the difference in cost, which ranges from ninety-seven cents to as many dollars.

Skirts will be simple and with not too much flounce, but still sufficiently free to allow walking with ease and any amount of reasonable exercise, which neither the tight skirts of several years ago nor the balloon skirts with wire-framework would permit.

The important point about this summer's fashions is that the attractiveness of a girl in them depends on her inherent taste and not the amount of money she spends.

Excessive expenditure is more likely to destroy the best effect by overloading with trimmings and furbelows instead of giving the natural stamplity full scope. The more expensive shirt waists of silk and lace are now reserved for evening wear. The peek-a-boo shirt waist has gone out of style entirely.

These summer fashions for women should suggest greater comfort in man's attire. Men wear almost as many clothes in the summer time as in the winter. An overcoat is the only garment dispensed with.

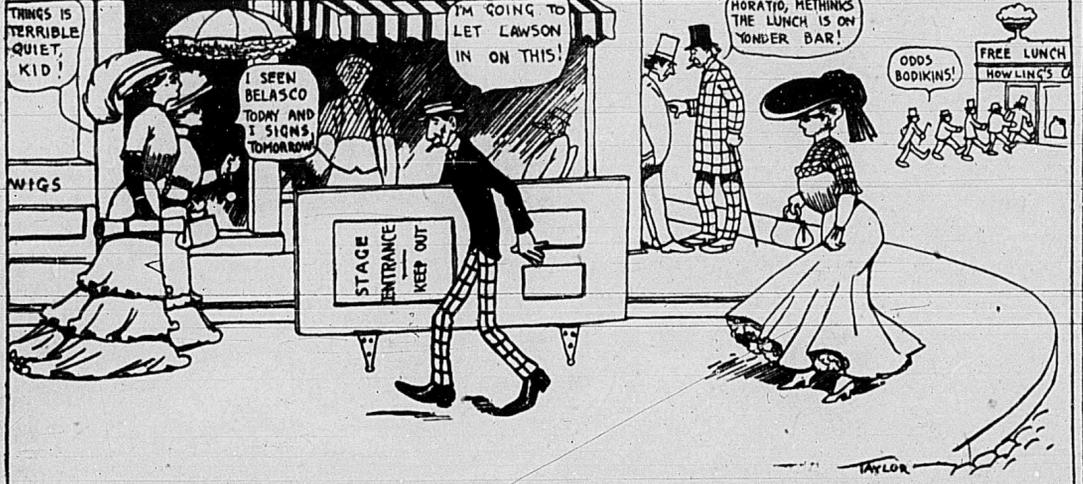
Between the open air and the man's skin are a coat, a waistcoat and two shirts, one of them usually starched and non-porous. Where a woman has her lower arms bare and only loose sleeves above the elbows, a man has two shirt sleeves, one of them full length, and with cuffs buttoned around his wrists. Where a woman's throat and shoulders and upper chest are covered only sufficiently to protect them from the sun, a man wears several thicknesses of coat shoulders, a double thickness of coat collar, a thick shirt collar and a tie, every one of which tends to check evaporation from the skin and to increase the temperature of the body. Women's skirts are cooler than men's trousers, and as between men's shoes and the light pumps which women wear this summer there is no comparison.

Only the pumps should have lower heels.

The reader may note that the term "summer fashions" is only applied to women's things. There are men's fashions, but they interest very few men. Most men postpone getting a new suit of clothes, for obvious financial reasons, until the old suit wears out. Still that is all the more reason why men should wear cool, comfortable clothing in the summer time. In clothing, as in many other respects, men may some day learn sense from women.

Letters from the People.

Girls' Careers vs. Boys'. To the Editor of The Evening World: A correspondent writes: "There are thousands of office boys, but scarcely an office girl. Why? Few reputable firms will employ a person under the age of fifteen. When a girl reaches this age she must, if she expects to make a good housekeeper, start in and learn to perform minor household duties, learn to sew, &c. A boy of fifteen has no such cares. His ambition is to become a prominent business man and he seeks employment. Naturally he must start at the foot of the ladder as office boy and try to work his way up. This is why there are so many office boys and scarcely any of the girls. J. RZICKA, Yes. To the Editor of The Evening World: When a gentleman is walking with two ladies in the street, neither of them being his wife, should he walk on the side nearest the curb? AXEL HAAL, Jersey City. College Student and Strikes. To the Editor of The Evening World: Where were the college students during the March 1st strike? When the bus

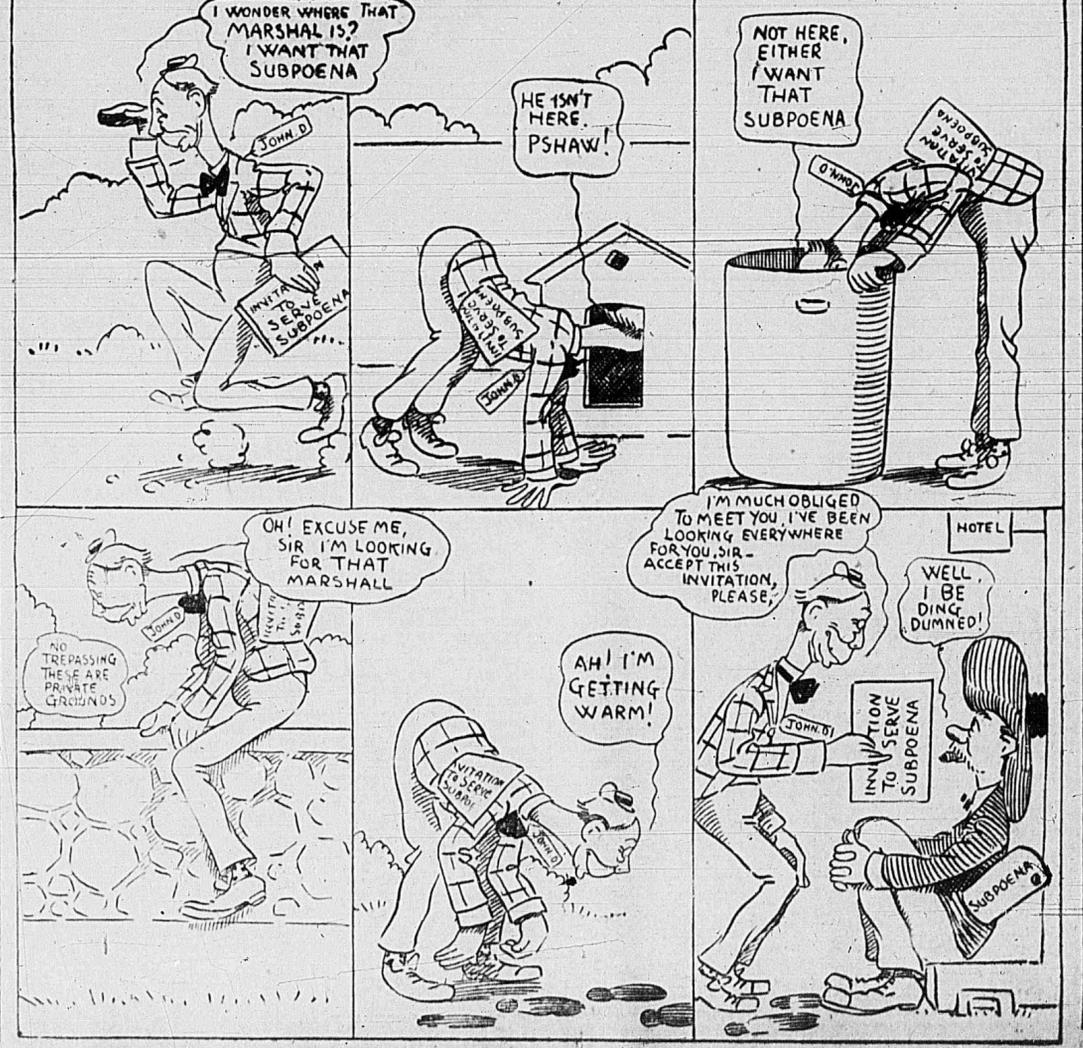


"Dopey McKnight is going to have a stage door of his own next season—that's where the money is."

"While yourself important as an enemy and then you'd be worth while having as a friend, Mamma De Branscombe says—but it's different in the social world from what it is in the financial one, because Mamma De Branscombe don't get any invitations to dine from the enemies she has met. I don't care who ever it is, I only know when there is a ball, and that's better for ladies in the profession. "This last season was a good one for the managers, but how many girls do you hear of that will star at the head of their own companies? "When all's well in Wall street ladies that are lecturers in the theatrical business gets featured in shows that they have gotten backing for, but, as I was telling you, last season nobody made money in the profession but the managers. "This shows you that Wall street money isn't needed at the box office. Season before last there was more automobiles and sleighs cabed at the stage doors than there was at the Broadway entrances, starting a Stage Door Syndicate? "Dopey's idea was to just have stage doors—no signs to let you in, but just a stage door with a sign to let you in, 'Positively No Admittance!' You could have a stage door tender, and then the Pittsburg millionaire and Wall Street brokers could drive up in their automobiles and take the ladies of the company to dinner. "The doorkeeper would be a salaried employee of the Stage Door Company, and he would accept no less than \$5 to carry in a note. This he would have to ring up on a cash register. "Besides, the steady patronage all the ladies appearing under the management of the Stage Door Company would give a written contract to pay a certain percentage of the money settled on them when they married the Pittsburg millionaires and Wall Street brokers. We all give Dopey the laugh, but Mr. Panner, the promoter, told Dopey it was just as good an idea as any other, if you could get it financed. don't do nothing but stay by it to guard it from burglars and compose 'Stage-Door Two Step' and the music for a song 'At the Old Stage Door', which he claims will be a hit for fair, if he can only get a good lyric. "He ain't satisfied with one stage door, but is talking about a stage door trust, and I wouldn't be surprised to see him bring in a few more that ain't nailed down too tight. "What with Dopey McKnight collecting stage doors and Mamma De Branscombe trying to collect money—I only owe her two weeks—it looks as if the silly season has come with a crash. "But how can a girl that's not working pay her board when she's trying to save her money to go somewhere this summer? "Where'm I going? Home! "Come up and take dinner with us. But be sure to bring something to eat with you."

Discovered at Last!

By Maurice Ketten.



Beware of the Hot-Air-Ship!

By Nixola Greeley-Smith.

A GIRL in Middletown, N. Y., fell out of a balloon into a honeymoon Thursday. She had insisted on making the ascent despite her fiance's protest, and was rescued after falling into the river. "Promise me you will never go up in a balloon again, and let's get married right now," said the distressed fiancé. "I'm promised," she replied, and started on her honeymoon in the same dripping garments she wore when fished from the water. Accepted in its literal sense, this is an unusual step. Many a woman goes up in the air, but does not marry in a balloon, except, of course, in those intangible airships of illusion we call day dreams, from which she is apt to fall after marriage into the cold plunge of every-day fact. An ordinary balloon ascension is far less dangerous than one of these premeditated flights in the airy clouds of sentimentality, from which she is sure to fall sooner or later to disillusion from which she can be rescued only by common sense. When a man or woman becomes disenchanted with another he or she invariably blames the other for the mistake. As a matter of fact the latter is not to blame at all. He is just as apt to have been from the beginning, and we have only fallen out of the balloon we insisted on taking him up in. "When a man and woman love each other for what they really are there need be none of what writers of cynical platitudes call the "inevitable" disillusion of marriage. Love that is built on illusion deserves to perish. And very often it does perish between married persons and a newer and truer and stronger affection based on realities takes its place. "Promise me that you will never go up in a balloon" would be an excellent pledge for every young man to exact from his prospective bride, if thereby he could insure himself against being watched in the balance and found wanting, with Lionel de Montmorency, hero of the latest novel, or any one of half a dozen actors enshrined idols of the matinee patron's heart. Men, I think, are less given to idealizing than women. They are not half so much given to sentimental ballooning. They prefer to walk the quiet way of actual things, rather than take chances in what may be called the hot-air-ship of fancy. The hot-air-ship may provide suitable navigation for a summer flirtation, but one should not travel to the altar in it, nor take it on one's wedding journey.

Pointed Paragraphs.

THERE are still some vacant lots on Bay street. Many a man who looks wise can't make a living at it. How long the days seem when you are short of money! One method of dodging popularity is to give your neighbors advice. It doesn't pay to advise unless you are able to deliver the goods. One brand of seakines is the result of scrip on the sea of matrimony. Why doesn't some genius start a correspondence school of experience? It sometimes happens that a woman with a double chin talks enough for two. In the drama of life there are more thinking parts than there are actors to enact them. When a woman marries a man to reform him she learns what it is to lead a strenuous life. It's awfully hard for a woman to believe the nice things she tells other women about her husband, for she is practically no waster. Some wives get comfort out of the thought that their husbands are just as good as other men when they are asleep.—Chicago News.

How Marbles Are Made.

MOST of the stone marbles used by boys are made in Germany. The refuse only of the marble and agate quarries is employed, and this is treated in such a way that there is practically no waste. Men and boys are employed to break the refuse stones into small cubes, and with their hammers they acquire a remarkable dexterity. The little cubes are then thrown into a mill consisting of a grooved bedstone and a revolving runner, says the Philadelphia Record. Water is fed to the mill and the runner is rapidly revolved, while the friction does the rest. In half an hour the mill is stopped and a bushel or so of perfectly rounded marbles are taken out. The whole process costs the merest trifle.

Speed and the Turbine.

UNDOUBTEDLY this is the day of the marine steam turbine. Reports of successful trials and further triumphs for the new mode of vessel propulsion come not only from abroad, but from this country as well. The unexpected speed of the new American turbine steamer Cawdan, built by the Bath Iron Works, which was constructed with a view to attaining 37 knots, but which made 32 knots on trials, and similar results in the case of the pioneer American turbine steamer Governor Cobb, built last year by the W. & A. Fitchell Company, is evidence, says the Nautical Gazette, of the reliance which may be placed in this type of engine when speed is required. And to-day is the day when speed above all things is most eagerly sought.

New York's \$150,000,000 Terminals.

EXPENDITURES within two years by the railroads entering New York City, together with new outlays planned by the same lines, will bring the fresh investments in New York terminals far above \$150,000,000. It is not too much to place this total at \$150,000,000, for already the companies are realizing that their first plans will need modifications, and new extensions will be required.