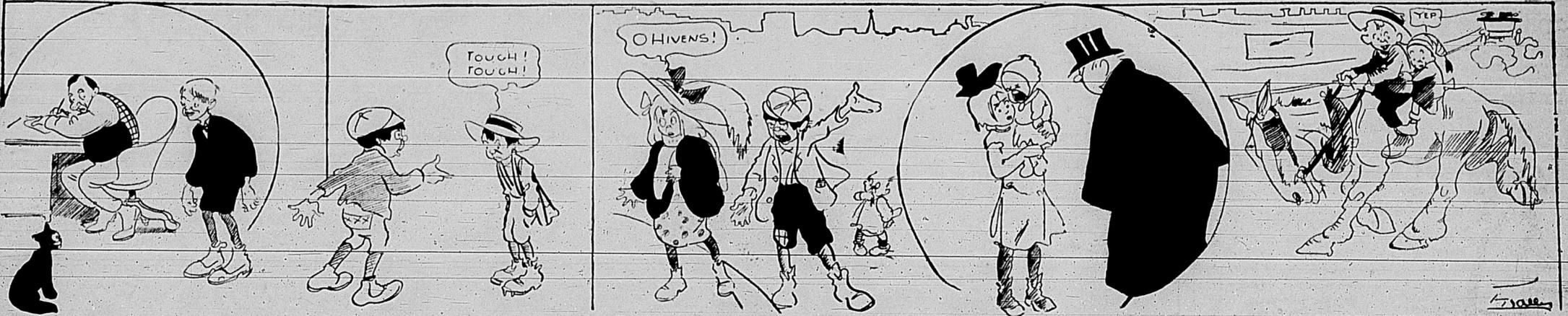


Just Kids.

By T. S. Allen.



1.—"Yes, Willie, when I was your age I was an office boy just like you." "And how long did youse work before de boss raised yer salary, sir?" 2.—"And dere was me, widout er red in me jeans an' de girl saying every 'ree seconde dat she was perishin' of 'frist!" 3.—"I love yer madly, passionately, Henrietta, but afore I ask youse ter plight yer young affections wid mine I must tell yer de story of me past!" 4.—"What ails the child?" "He's just been told dat 'infants in arms' ain't admitted to Wagner recitals." 5.—"Automobiles is all right, William, but fer mine, me a good hoss atween me knees. Am I right?"

HEALTH AND BEAUTY

BY MARGARET HUBBARD AYER

HAIR AND TEMPERAMENT.

All hair specialists admit the barometrical qualities of hair in connection with the health. Often days before an illness approaches the hair will give warning by its unmanageable condition or by a certain colorless appearance. It follows, then, as the night the day, that hair and the temperament are closely allied, also, and those who understand the subject may just as surely read character from the hair, its texture and condition as from the face itself.

Phlegmatic people who are inclined to optimism and who never worry almost invariably have healthy scalps and rather thick hair, which is neither oily nor dry, but is easily arranged and obedient to management. These people are full-blooded and healthy, they have good appetites and never brood over their troubles. Their hair is often curly, which is naturally another reason for their good humor. On the other hand, people who have very dry scalps and crisp, wiry hair that flies in every breeze are apt to be excitable, high-tempered, fanciful, romantic and feverish. Then there is the calm, self-contained type of woman who has fine, straight hair, neither oily nor dry, which lies close to the head and is rarely disordered. These women usually arrange their hair in smooth, glossy rolls, and, whether it is curled high or low it is always of irreproachable neatness.

Massage Cream. L. K.—In a climate like this it is necessary to use some sort of cream most of the time to keep the skin from chapping and cracking. Therefore your friend was partly right, but not in the way she intended. Using a cream on the face every day may be a habit, but it is not an essential one.

Wants to Gain Flesh. B.—If you really want to increase your weight, make up your mind not to worry and to go to bed early. Eat plenty of fresh vegetables, potatoes, rice and butter and fruit. Between meals at intervals through the day and just before going to bed take from six to eight glasses of milk with a raw egg broken into the milk.

Turning Dark Hair Light. M.—Hair is usually bleached with peroxide. Bleaching literally means to take out the color, but not the so-called bleached hair a pale artificial brown color. When the hair is dyed it is generally for the darker shades, that is, for red, auburn, etc.

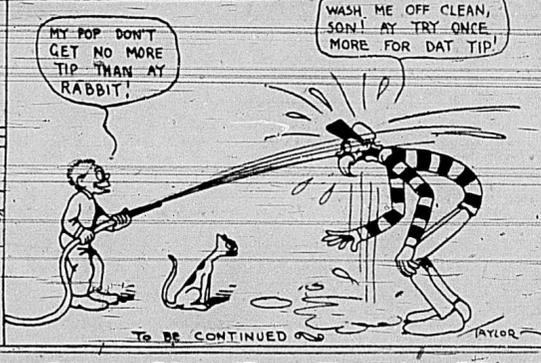
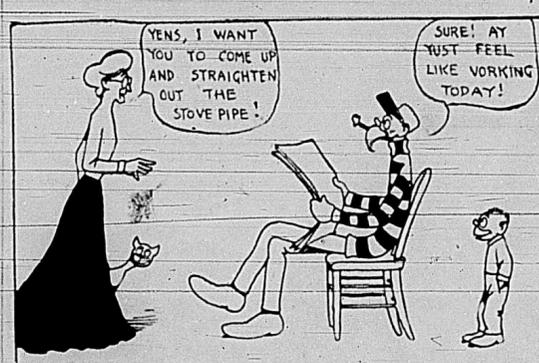
MISS MARGARET HUBBARD AYER is "At Home" every Tuesday afternoon from 2 to 4 in Room 48, Pulitzer Building, where she is glad to receive all seekers after health and beauty, to answer their questions and to suggest the precise course, treatment or prescription which will be of service in each particular case.

Yens Yensen, Yanitor

He Is Still After That Elusive Tip.

By R. W. Taylor.

Betty Vincent's Advice to Lovers.



An Undecided Girl.

Dear Betty: I AM twenty-two and am madly in love with a man of thirty-three. He loves me and wants to marry me on New Year's. Would you advise me to marry him? T. C. J. If the man is worthy in every way and able to support a wife I can see no reason why you should refuse him, as you say you are madly in love with him.

A Humble Suitor.

Dear Betty: A YEAR ago while on my vacation I met a young lady. During the winter, I occasionally sent her a few presents. During that time I had come to love her, and I had found out from the young lady that she loved me. I am poor and earn a small salary. The young lady is very wealthy. She is very quiet and not extravagant. Our social positions are very different. Must I give her up? E. F. If the young lady is old enough to know her own mind, that is, over twenty, tell her of your love and let her decide. If she is younger it would be unfair to take advantage of her inexperience.

Letter-Writing.

Dear Betty: I AM writing to a young lady, which is more formal. "Dear Miss Jones" or "My Dear Miss Jones." B. The latter is more formal.

"Limerick" Prize Winners.

EVERY DAY until further announcement THE EVENING WORLD will give three prizes of \$5, \$3 and \$2 for the three best last lines for uncompleted "limericks." Today the prizes are awarded for completing the limerick published last Tuesday: An old man from Pompton, N. J., Took a ride on the Subway one day. As they passed City Hall, The guard heard him bawl: FIRST PRIZE—\$5. Some blackguard has taken me pay. Catherine Fitzharris, No. 835 Sixth street, Brooklyn. SECOND PRIZE—\$3. Send a tray of fresh air down this way. Elliott F. Raymond, No. 42 Hart street, Brooklyn. THIRD PRIZE—\$2. Is it Chinese you speak or Francois? Harry Lichtenstein, No. 856 Seventh avenue, New York City. Prizes for the "limerick" here printed will be awarded Thursday, Oct. 17. There was a young maid from Pavonia Who daily grew bony and bonier. Lunch, breakfast and dinner All made her grow thinner. With the link it completes this "limerick" and send to "LAST LINE" EDITOR, Evening World, P. O. Box 1854, New York City. It is not necessary to use this coupon in sending in your answer, but you may do so if you desire.

May Manton's Daily Fashions.

Advertisement for May Manton's Daily Fashions featuring illustrations of women in various styles of dresses and hats. Text includes: 'Such pretty little frocks as this one are always needed for the small folk who have an unconquerable habit of destroying garments with amazing rapidity. In the illustration is made of fine white lawn and is trimmed with frills of the material and embroidered discs, but it is appropriate both for all the lawns and other pretty washable materials which are worn at all seasons and for cashmere, challis and similar light weight wools, while the fact that it can be made with either the half low or the high neck and with the short or long sleeves means that there are practically two designs in one. Cashmere with ribbon frills makes an exceedingly serviceable and pretty dress for the cool weather, while both white and colored wash materials are charming and if something very dainty and very pretty is desired the front portion and yoke could be embroidered in some design suited to it or could be made from all-over embroidery. The quantity of material required for the medium size (four years old) is 2 3/4 yards (2 1/2 yards for 2 1/2 years old) with 5 yards of ruffling to trim as illustrated. Pattern No. 5,805 is cut in sizes for children of 2, 4 and 6 years of age. 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.' There is also a 'Horoscope for To-Day' section.

Buck McKee, "Bad Man" of "The Round Up," Tries to Shift His Guilt to the Hero.

The Round Up. (A Romance founded on the great play of the same name.) By John Murray.

(Copyright, 1907, by John Murray.) SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS. Jack Payson, a young Arizona ranch owner, marries Echo Allen, daughter of a neighboring cattlemen. Echo, who is believed to have been murdered by Dick Lane's younger brother, "Buck" McKee, is alive, but keeps the news from Echo's father, Dick Lane, who is secretly loved by "Slim" Hoover, the fat sheriff of Pinal County. Soon after the marriage Echo notices that Jack has some trouble on his mind. During a birthday celebration at Jack's ranch, the latter is much perturbed and asks Dick Lane to see him. Dick Lane has just paid a \$1,000 mortgage on the ranch.

men floated in from the corral. Bud heard them and comprehended their significance. He tried to get up, but he was too weak. "Buck McKee" had stirred up the suspicion against Jack Payson. Jack paid off his mortgage, and they went to know where he raised the money. Well, Jack can tell. If he can't I'll confess the whole business—I won't let him suffer for me. Buck shan't let innocent man hang for what we've done. The sound of footsteps on the piazza and the opening of the door drove Bud to take refuge in an adjoining room, where he could overhear all that was happening. He closed the door as the cow punchers entered with Slim at their head. CHAPTER XV. Frontier Justice. BUCK MCKEE had not been idle in the days following the slaying of Old Man Terrill and Payson's wedding. Slim and his posse had traced the murderers as far as the river. Here all clues were lost. Beyond the fact that a pacing horse had been ridden to the ford and that Jack rode a pinto pinger, there was no one at whom to target the finger of suspicion. Buck McKee took full advantage of this fact. In the cow camps, the bagrooms and at the railroad station he flitted at first that a certain person every one knew could tell a lot more about the death of the old man than he cared to have known. After a few days he began to bring the name of Payson into the conversation. His gossip became rumor and then common report. When it became known that Jack had paid off the mortgage on his ranch, Buck came out with the accusation that Payson was the murderer. Finding that he was

listened to, Buck made the direct charge that Payson had killed old man Terrill and with the proceeds of the robbery was paying off his old debts. Gathering his own men about him and joined by the idle hangers on who are to be found about every town, Buck led his party to the ranch on the Sweetwater to accuse Jack and throw off suspicion which might have attached themselves to him. Fortunately Slim happened to be at Jack's ranch at the time. When he entered the corral, he found the accusers and defenders of Jack rapidly forming a battle. Jack was taking the charges coolly enough, as he did not know what support McKee had manufactured to uphold the charges he made. Slim informed McKee he would listen to what he had to say, and if he thought Jack guilty, afterward, he would place him under arrest. For all concerned, it would be better to go into the house. The Sweetwater boys surrounded Jack as they followed Slim into the living room. Lining up in opposite groups, Slim stood in the centre to serve as judge and jury, with Buck and Jack at his right and left hand. The foreman shouted, "Keep out of this!" Buck sneered at the defense Jack made. "Nobody saw you over that way," he said. "There wasn't anybody at Terrill's. I didn't meet anybody." Jack showed no trace of temper under the interrogation. "Maybe you didn't meet old man Terrill," McKee said, "but you were at the station and blew him with a 44." The charge raised Saxe Brush's fighting blood. Drawing his gun he attempted to get a fair shot at the notorious Fresno and Show Low grabbed him by the arms, holding him back. "I'll swear he didn't—but there'll be some one slipped right now if you all make another break like that." Slim waved his hands over his head, driving the men backward as if he were shaking away a cloud of children's angry tears. "He didn't shoot me," he cried, "there ain't a goin' to be nothin' doin' here, cop law an' justice." He sneered contemptuously at the waving of the men. He would have to do something to put more heart into them and regain the ground he had lost. "There ain't nothin' doin' here," he said, contemptuously. "Well, it's lucky I brought some of my own outfit with me." "Maybe you'll need them if you get too careless with your talk," answered the young ranchman. Turning to Jack, Slim said: "This fool thing can be settled with one word from the wedding together—an 'I was out'." The young ranchman listened to the Sheriff earnestly. He wished to clear himself forever of all suspicion. He did not want Echo ever to hear that there was a false impression abroad that she was the wife of a slayer. "What is there he asked Slim?" "Why, you all paid off a mortgage of about \$1,000 last week, didn't you?" "Yes, what has that to do with it?" he asked. "Buck broke in at this point. Here was the strongest card that he had in his hand and the Sheriff had dutifully used it to his own advantage. "Plenty!" Buck shouted. "Old Terrill was shot and killed and robbed and the man who did it got over three thousand dollars." "An' you mean to say that the boys here?" asked Saxe Brush, in his anger making a dash at McKee. He was held back, but the disturbance attracted Echo and Mrs. Allen from the kitchen. Echo hurried to her husband's side. He slipped his arm about her waist and together they faced his accuser. "You got to say to where did you get that money?" cried Buck. "Why it was paid to me by"—then Jack stopped. He could not tell who gave him the money without revealing to Echo the return of Dick. The whole noticeable he would then come out. Echo noticed Jack's hesitancy. "What is it? What's the matter?" she asked in frightened tones. "Nothing, nothing," he answered lightly to lessen her terror. "Hairs off everybody," commanded Slim in deference to the presence of Echo. "Who are these men? What's wrong bleated Echo.

Buck bowed to the trembling woman, who had thrown her arms about her husband's neck. "Nothing," he explained, "only we want to know where your husband got the money to pay off his mortgage on this ranch." The request seemed a very simple one. "Echo, all the talk of harping on the high words—there's sure could be silenced easily by her hero. Smiling into his eyes, Echo said: "Tell them, Jack, his name." "I can't," he faltered. "It was paid to Echo by a friend," bravely began Echo. "A friend to whom he loaned it some time ago." Buck interrupted her explanation. "Then let Slim tell his friend's name and where ye can find him." Turning to Jack, he bellowed: "Come on—what's his name?" Jack closed his eyes to shut out the sight of his wife. In his agony he clinched his fists until his nails sank into the flesh. "I can't tell you that!" he cried in his misery. "Of course he can't," sneered Buck. "He can't account for himself on the afternoon before the wedding. He rides a pinto horse, he gets \$1,000 paid him and he can't tell you who paid it. What's the verdict?" Buck did not wait for an answer. Raising his voice he shouted: "Guilty!" "I can't!" bellowed Saxe Brush, lunging toward him, only to be held in restraint by his associates. "Buck!" he bellowed. "What have you to say?" "Nothing," was his only answer. (To Be Continued.)