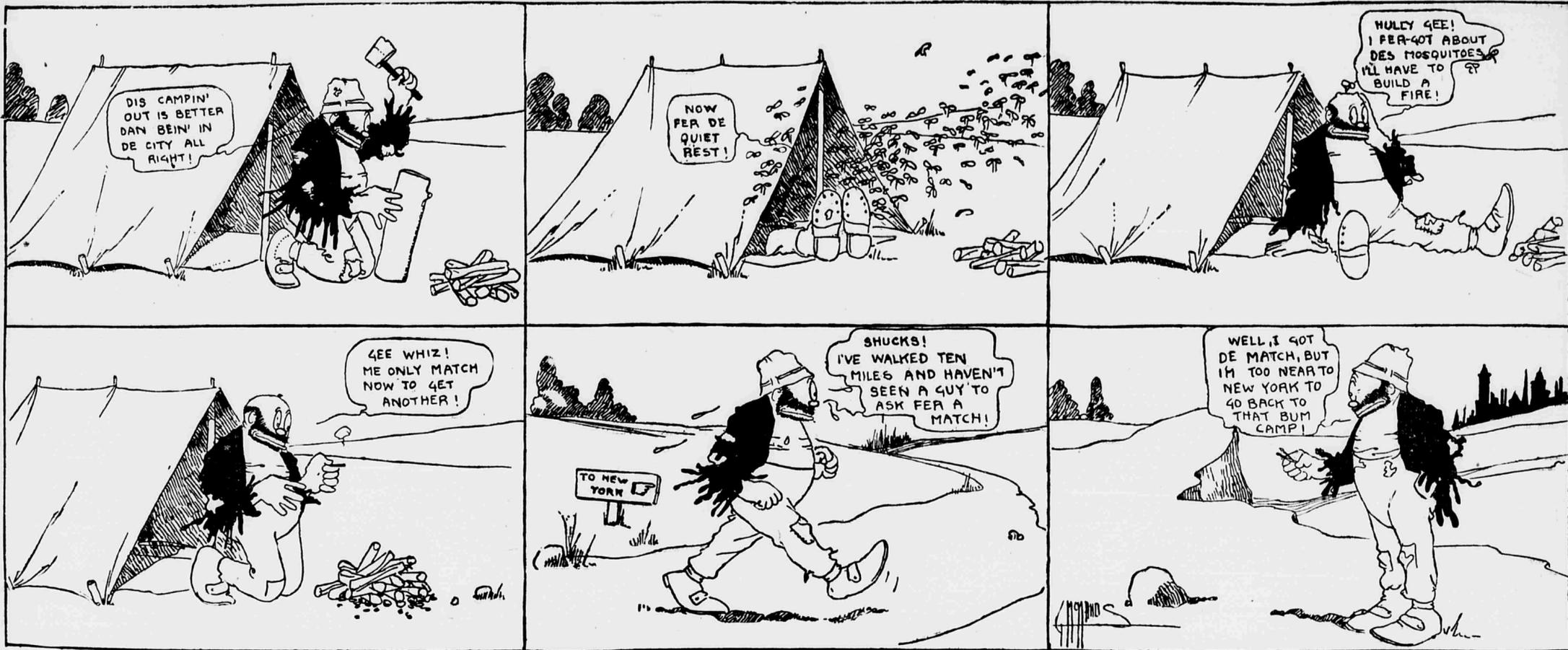


Panhandle Pete Tries Camping Life. . . . . By George McManus.



Richard Carle's Rules for Henpecked Husbands.

By the Long-Suffering Husband in "Mary's Lamb."

If you're afraid to go home—don't. There is safety in absence. Dodge the issue in an argument and dodge the flatiron in the kitchen. The latter is important. Don't sneak in quietly at 2 A. M. If your wife is in the habit of losing sleep on your account. Walk in boldly and slam the door. Thus will you bid defiance to the lashing tongue. To insure safety do your smoking on the fire-escape. When late for dinner, throw yourself wearily into a chair and remark, with a sigh: "I'm so worn out with work that I don't think I can eat a mouthful." A shrewd word turneth away wrath. If conversation should lag, don't start anything. Learn to let well enough alone. Should your wife ask "How do you like my hair tonight?" don't reply "It's a perfect match—where did you buy it?" Play sympathy for peace. It's the one best bet. When the bill for a new hat comes in, look patient but not peevish. If your wife thinks she can cook, don't tell her what you think. When playing cards with your wife, always ask her what's trumps. She MAY know. When your wife introduces you to her friends, appear to be interested in them, and glance at her admiringly from time to time. Don't belong to a club—that's your wife's privilege. Have a latchkey, but keep it to yourself.



THE MYSTERY OF THE DEVIL'S ACE

or, The Manor Mystery

BY FERGUS HUME, Author of "The Mystery of a Hansom Cab."

original of the portrait over the piano? "General Harry Clair. Yes?" interpolated the girl. "Had died in Bedlam." "She is Wrong!" "Yes, I know," said Dorothy unexpectedly. "I found some old letters one day and showed them to Willy. He suffered from sunstroke." "Has your aunt seen those letters?" "I don't think so. They were hidden in a secret drawer of an old escritoire. We found them on a rainy day, when we were hunting for some dresses in one of the old attics. Why?" "Well, you see, dear, Lady Panwin thinks that such insanity may be hereditary, and so did not want you to marry." "Oh!" Dorothy turned pale. "Surely she is wrong." "Quite wrong," Hallow hastened to assure her. "And I—" "Why am I wrong?" inquired a stern voice behind the pedestal, and the lovers started to their feet to see Lady Panwin, gaunt and grave, in her black dress. She looked like a blot of ink in the sunshine. "Oh, auntie!" faltered Dorothy, con-

May Manton's Daily Fashions.

THE square yoke nightgown is a favorite and a well deserved one, and this model has the advantage of allowing of high or square neck, of elbow or long sleeves. In the illustration it is made of lingerie batiste and is trimmed with embroidery, but it is adapted to all materials that are used for underwear, the fine thin laces and batistes and the dotted Swiss muslin and cross-barred muslin that make such a fancy of the hour. If a plainer garment is liked, the yoke can be made of the material of the gown and the trim and the frill can be omitted, while the neck can be finished with a turnover collar and the sleeves be extended to the wrists. The quantity of material required for the medium size is 7 1/2 yards 27, 6 1/2 yards 30 or 3 yards 44 inches wide, 4 yards of insertion, 1 1/4 yards of edging. Pattern No. 5990 is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inch bust measure. Call or send by mail to THE EVENING WORLD MAY MANTON PATTERN DEPARTMENT, No. 13 East Twenty-third Street, New York. Send in cents in coin or stamps for each pattern ordered. IMPORTANT—Write your name and address plainly, and always specify size wanted.



"Mr. Dooley" Talks on American Diplomacy.

By P. Finley Dunne.

"I'm not sure that I want to be an ambassador if I ever had to come home again," said Mr. Dooley. "The life is gay, but it isn't as gay as it used to be. A lawyer, a prominent politician, a professor by a college, or a politician who has lost his pull with the boys is sent over to sprout his country. He starts out a sturdy American, full of the Fourth of July and wearing the American flag as a hatband. But he hasn't been gone long before he begins to appreciate the discomforts of republican simplicity. He may not have been very much of a dignitary at home, but here he's a great fellow. He learns that a king, though following a detestable throne, may be a good fellow. The country is more finished looking. There are few frame houses. The lawns are better trimmed. Hedges surround the farms instead of hog-tight rail fences. The peasantry accept their proper position instead of chafing the landlord off the premises with a hoe. Everybody that amounts to anything at all is good to him. He is treated with consideration due to his rank. If he has been taught to reverence the military traditions of the old world, it's like being in Hiven, when he mentions the name of Shakespeare with bated breath, to hear the man settle next to him say lightly: 'Oh, yes, Shakespeare was a great friend of my grandfather till he got caught hookin' some of our deer. But his wife was impossible.' Or, if he speaks of the Jook Iv Mariborough some wan says: 'He married an aunt iv mine.' For a man that has been brought up in a land where there are no traditions older than the Chicago fire, it is wonderful to find himself in a place where he can't open his mouth without trippin' over a tradition. He gradually succumbs. Before long he sinks softly into his position as an aristocratic Englishman or Eytalian. He forgets about the public opinion of Cedar Rapids, an' begins to wonder whether his conduct is suitable to the sovereign. About this time he gets a short, crisp note sayin' that while not wanted at home he is still less wanted abroad. He comes back full iv mystery, avoidin' at the dock the reporters who bump him on their way to interview the new bally dancer, an' goes to Washinton. The forty-seventh Assistant Secretary iv State who takes him up in the elevator confides to him that the Secretary iv State can't see him that day as he is absorbed in a game iv checkers. What a comedown for the great statesman, reekin' with the glorious traditions iv the monarchies iv Europe, to have to go out to Cedar Rapids an' be greeted with a cry iv: 'Hello, Smitty, where have you been? I haven't seen ye lately.'"—American Magazine.

Betty Vincent's Advice on Courtship and Marriage

His Sweetheart Angry. Dear Betty: I am twenty-five and am deeply in love with a young girl of seventeen. I have known her six years, and during that time only went out with her and her parents, who like me very much. I told her recently that I loved her, but she will not listen to me, saying she is too young for such silly talk. She wants me to wait until she is twenty. I told her I would stay away until then. She began to cry and asked me not to go. She never allows me to pay attention to or go out with any other girl. Do you think I am too old for her? What shall I do? I love her dearly and could never give her up. M. S. The young lady is too young to love seriously, and you must wait until she is twenty. However, as she will not accept your attentions you have every right to go out with other girls. She evidently is interested in you, or she would not be jealous of you, but it is only fair to her to let her grow up before you make love to her seriously. Too Young to Take Her Out. Dear Betty: I am a boy of sixteen and am in love with a girl of the same age. I would like very much to take her to the theatre. What shall I say to her? I am very shy. A. B. You are too young to take a young lady to the theatre or to be really in love with her. Ask her if you may call and be friends with her merely until you grow up. For an Evening Wedding. Dear Betty: Will you kindly tell me the proper costume to be worn at an evening wedding (8.30) by the bridegroom, best man and bride's father? A. C. R. Men should wear at an evening wedding swallowtail coat, white lawn tie, white shirt, black or white waistcoat, black patent leather pumps and white gloves.