

**"Sweethearts for Three"**  
By Roger Batchelder

will give you an insight of several dramatic characters of New York life. Begin reading to-day's instalment in The Evening World.

**The Spirit of Jenny Lind, the Greatest Soprano, To Live Again in Frieda Hempel on 100th Birth Anniversary of Barnum's Biggest Circus Act**



Miss Hempel Will Sing the Same Old Arias and Play Her Own Accompaniments on the Same Piano That Jenny Used. ::  
The Orchestra to Be Dressed in the Quaint Suits and Fritted Shirts of the "Swedish Nightingale." :: :: ::

THE LORD CHESTERFIELDS

**THE LORD CHESTERFIELDS**  
We Don't Claim Every Perfect Gent Is a Yeggman in Open-Faced Clothes. He Isn't. But a Bird That Knows the Right Manoeuvre for Every Signal on the Social Calendar Hasn't Learned All Those Rules for the Sake of His Health.

By Neal R. O'Hara.

POLITENESS never cost anybody anything except Walter Raleigh. It cost him a coat. Wait, you will remember, saved the Queen from getting her regal shoes spattered with mud. He pulled off his refter and smothered the puddle. He was always pulling off stuff like that. It was the first time the coat had been soaked that season, so Her Royal Niblets made Walter a knight and shot him over to Virginia to discover tobacco. That was the first tip folks got that politeness some-



Sir Walter Was the Gink Who Made Politeness Respectable.

times pays. But just to show what a raw deal Sir Walter got, the tobacco folks went and named a cigarette after his main rival, Chesterfield.

Politeness to-day has been cornered by the whipped cream boys that wear their handkerchiefs and wrist watches up their sleeve. They figure picking up a dame's napkin is half a day's work, and they think the Ten Commandments were the rules of etiquette. The same birds that think only the lower classes put milk in their colong. The fleece-lined Cutberts that are too modest to get ready for bed if the room is furnished with bird's-eye maple. You know 'em, kid, as well as we do.

There is just one recipe for guys that make politeness a business instead of a pleasure. Keep your lamps on them! For plenty of Elwyns that wouldn't pick their teeth in public won't hesitate to pick your pocket on any street.

We don't claim every perfect gent is a yeggman in open-faced clothes. He isn't. But a bird that knows the right manoeuvre for every signal on the social calendar hasn't learned

**The Jarr Family**  
By Roy L. Gardner

Mr. STRYVER had taken Mr. Jarr around to the garage to see his new imported car.

"Why, there's no gasoline in the tank!" he bellowed.

And Mr. Stryver jumped out of the driver's seat of the car and shook his fist in the face of the grinning garage mechanic standing by.

"Yuh oiduh was not to touch the boat," said the mechanic, his grin changing to an ugly scowl. "I won't doity my hands with it."

"There, you see!" cried Mr. Stryver to Mr. Jarr. "I tell you, this country is bordering on Bolshevism! Well," he added, turning to the mechanic, "give me twenty gallons—what is 'gas' a gallon now?"

"Thirty-four cents a gallon," answered the mechanic. "But yous has sutter douse your stogie folst."

Mr. Stryver went to the door of the garage and tossed his newly lighted Havana into the street.

"Isn't it enough to make a man let out a roar? Do you remember the time we were paying fifteen cents a gallon for gasoline? Then it went up to twenty and then twenty-five and then thirty, and now it's thirty-four in this den of thieves!"

"You should worry about the price of gasoline," remarked Mr. Jarr dryly. "Look at the money you've made in oil stocks."

But Mr. Stryver still grumbled at the price, as the mechanic filled the new car's tank.

"She's all right now," said the garage helper finally. "Shall I start her for you? Will you get in? Is everything all right?"

"You tend to your own affairs and let that machine alone," growled Mr. Stryver.

"Look out, you're in the reverse! Throw her neutral, shut her off!" shouted the garage helper.

But this warning came too late. The great machine uttered a sound like "Humph!" and pattered out backward. Mr. Stryver, losing his head in the excitement, jumped out of the machine and endeavored to hold it. But with the easy effort of a giant pushing over a child the great machine threw its owner over on his back in a pool of oil, and ran over his supine form without further harming him.

Out of the garage rolled the machine, with Mr. Jarr, who had not gotten in the car, being on the radiator, stopping on Mr. Stryver's oil-covered and florid face as the machine pulled him out on the street. Then it crashed into a fire plug on the curb and came to a standstill with a smashed tonneau.

"Why didn't you shut her off? Why didn't you stop her?" gasped and roared the anguished owner, rising to his feet and shaking his fist in the face of the again grinning garage helper.

"You told me to keep me hands off sger boat," said the helper coolly. "Hully gosh! Yer friend put his head in yer blinker an' you got a lovely mouse on it."

"How will we get the car back in?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"I dunno," replied the garage helper. "I got oiduh not to touch it. I should worry."

And whistling merrily, he walked into the shed and told the book-keeper to charge the fancy guy for twenty gallons of "gas" at 34 cents a gallon.

"Is that all?" asked the book-keeper. "For the price you've paid the reply, but you can start on an estimate for rebuilding the whole front works of the old crook's new car and half a gallon of 'gas' extra. It will take that to clean his clothes before he gets out of here!"

**Can You Beat It!**

COME LITTLE DARLINGS AND LET MOTHER PUT ON YOUR BATHING SUITS

COME LITTLE CURLY HEAD, LET ME TIE YOUR BATHING CAP

NOW DON'T QUARREL WITH LITTLE SISTER OR MOTHER WILL SPANKY SPANK

**Who Is Bide Dudley?**

By Maurice Ketten

STAND STILL SWEETHEART WHILE MOTHER FASTENS YOUR BATHING SUIT

YOU MUSTN'T GET YOUR PRETTY CURLS WET

DON'T RUN AWAY KIDDIES! WAIT FOR MOTHER

**The Evening World Oujia Editor Asks**

HOWINA like the illustration yesterday? Maybe it gave the Oujia-Boarders some inspiration, for lots of answers came in this morning on the daily hay-quitting contest. Anyway, time is getting short again for answers to this question. Furry how the end of the week comes every week isn't it? Only two more days for the final dose to arrive, so write out your answers immediately before you go out and try to find a trolley car home. If you get the question off your mind, you'll find that the little jaunt to Flatbush or East New York will be much easier. Wal-

**What Do You Know?**

1. By what name was the Athenian method of exiling prominent citizens known?
2. Who wrote the book "Jane Eyre"?
3. What is the real name of the writer, Ralph Connor?
4. Who was the monk that joined Robin Hood's band and who figures in Scott's "Ivanhoe"?
5. Who was the famous Greek general who invaded Italy and nearly conquered Rome?
6. In what city did Hanson meet his death by bringing down the hall of Dagon and killing 2,000 Philistines?
7. What is the outer bone of the lower leg called?
8. What is the westernmost time belt in America called?
9. Who began the Protestant movement in England?
10. What word is used to signify that music must be played quickly?
11. Who composed the opera, "Chimes of Normandy"?
12. What is the name of the American broad jumper who was unable to complete owing to a sprained tendon?

**ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS.**

1. Ostracism; 2. Charlotte Bronte; 3. C. W. Gordon; 4. Friar Tuck; 5. Pyrrhus; 6. Gaza; 7. Fibula; 8. Punic time; 9. Wycliffe; 10. Presto; 11. Pianquette; 12. Sol Butler.

**We Ask You, Aren't They Cute?**



MARY McCALMONT and J. HUNTLEY BYRNE in the Baby Parade at Asbury Park, N. J., these two kiddies romped away with much applause for their popular imitations. Consider the appeal of a baby vamp, or the envy of young America for Babe Ruth, is an infant.

**Going Down.**

DEAR DIS-couraged one: Have you ever divided this word discouragement in this way before? Would you call a dis-couraged person a coward?

The reason people do not rise to greater heights is because they are not able to recover quickly from discouragement, abuse, "bailing down," slander, worry, financial losses and so on—finish the list yourself.

When you realize that you cannot be killed for this or that or anything less than murder—when you must realize that whatever comes to you is to teach you a lesson and that the more you learn at it the more likely you are to get out of the difficulty the more you will rise to never fail.

Don't take anything seriously, I recommend. Yours truly,

ALFALFA SMITH.