

FOLLOWING MARK TWAIN An Innocent Abroad London Suffers From Partial Prohibition of Tobacco

By Neal R. O'Hara

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You Can Buy a Drink Up to 11 P. M., but Cigars Must Be
Bootlegged After 8 O'Clock.



LONDON, Aug. 14.

THESE British folks can kid our Prohibition and laugh at the way we have to torture our throat, but if you want a Volstead version of something just as bad in London, try to buy a cigar after 8 P. M. Just try it! All the local cheroot stands have to be licensed like the late lamented saloons in the U. S. A. And one of the items in the tobaccoist's license is that his joint has to fold up by 8 o'clock. Cigar stands in hotels and railway stations all have their curtains nailed down by then, too. The only way you can grab anything to puff at night is to tip a bellhop to bootleg you a panatella or else get yourself by ordering a full-course meal. Nope, Pussfoot Johnson hasn't got 'em tied up here yet, but it looks like Lucy Page Gaston's league of nicotine demons had carried the empire 20 to 1.

The Londonese not only have an accent—they've got a trick system for pronouncing words. "Half-penny" is pronounced "happunny." Cholmondeley is pronounced "Chumley" and "meningitis" is pronounced incurable. A shilling is a bob, a pound is a quid, and, for all we know, a guinea is a blah. The wise cracks these Londoners have for their loose change sure makes Latin and Sanskrit look easy to learn. If anything you buy costs a shilling and a half, the clerk says the price is "one and six." At first you think she's giving you the latest cricket score, but "one and six" means one shilling and sixpence—sixpence being half a shill. A copper penny is only as big as a pancake. If you get three or four of them for change, you flat to the side you keep your money on.

The ticket-scalping agencies here are called libraries. That's a sweet term for pastebored specs! If they called 'em libraries in New York, certain gentlemen we could name would be more famous than Andrew Carnegie. Incidentally, paying two shillings extra to the duet-scalping boys is not the limit of theatre fees. They've got that programme-selling racket here in London, too. You pay \$4 for a seat at a show and then they hold you up for 12 cents more before you can find out the name of the piece and who are playing in it. (Papers in Jesse James's home county please copy). If you check your coat in the theatre lobby, that's 12 cents more you get set back. And that 12 cents isn't a tip—it's a charge! Try and duck it! The only thing you don't pay for in a local showshop is to read "Asbestos Curtain" on the fireproof drop. That's absolutely free.

King George is supposed to set the fashion in local male attire, but the fact is, the natives pay no more attention to Geo. than New Yorkers model their clothes after Horace Greeley's statue. When the King goes out to some crowded match with a pearl-gray derby on his head, all the papers get out extras on His Majesty's latest wrinkle—the fashion writers blurb about the ecstatic innovation, and all the smart set haberdashers lay in overwhelming stocks. But that's about as far as it goes. Nobody else in London has worn a pearl-gray derby since George M. Cohan was in town almost a year ago.

That idea that George Rex Windsor sets the style is nothing but the bunk. He's been wearing his pants pressed sideways for going on 10 years now, and the only ones that have snapped at the fad are the clowns in the London music halls. The only way King George and his subjects have agreed this year is in the matter of hats. George V. hasn't put a single straw lid on this summer and neither have the London boys. But the reason isn't that they're following the King—it's because they're dodging the rain.



Feed the Brute

Favorite Recipes
By Famous Men.

BY HUDSON MAXIM.
Spaghetti.

ONE of my best recipes is for the preparation of vermicelli or spaghetti. Take one package of vermicelli or spaghetti and put it in a saucepan, crushing it in the hand, then put in hot water and salt a little more than will suit the taste and boil for an hour.

While the vermicelli or spaghetti is cooking take a quart of milk and heat three-quarters, or twenty-four ounces, of it until it boils. Then stir into the eight ounces of cold milk a level cupful of flour, or two tablespoonfuls of flour, pretty well heated, and then stir the thickened milk into the boiling milk and cook slowly for ten minutes.

Then add three-quarters of a pound of good, ripe, old American cheese and about half a pound of butter. Then drain the water off the vermicelli or spaghetti and put in from one and one-half pints to a quart of canned tomatoes. Heat the vermicelli or spaghetti to the boiling point and while the mixture of cheese, butter, milk and flour is still hot, stir the two together; then keep hot and serve hot. Do not boil any more because further boiling would tend to cause the tomatoes to coagulate the milk in the mixture. I prefer the use of spaghetti and vermicelli instead of all spaghetti or all vermicelli.

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SUMMER RASHES AND IVY POISON

By Dr. Charlotte C. West.
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WHEN away in the summer a child's delicate skin is sometimes severely burned and blistered by exposure to the sun. It is well to be prepared for this with a bottle of linseed oil and limewater and some bandages or old linen or soft cotton cloths. This mixture is also used on burns of any description, from fire, acid, steam, &c., and a wise mother usually keeps it on hand.

When children are bathed freely (at least once each day), kept cool and carefully fed, they are not so likely to suffer with skin eruptions, and especially when an occasional laxative is given to keep the stomach and intestines sweet and clean. An occasional dose of calomel and soda or castor oil is necessary, and a nice way to take castor oil away with one in the summer is to make it up in the form of molasses candy. To a pan of candy add a teaspoonful of the oil, stir briskly and set away to cool. Once a week some of the candy can be given the children, who never detect the presence of the oil, especially if it is flavored with peppermint, taffery or some similar substance.

Calomel and soda can be procured in phials containing 100 pellets. The usual dose is one-tenth or one-eighth of a grain given every hour or two until eight or ten doses are taken. Many children suffer greatly from summer rashes—hives, nettles rash, &c. A most effective wash contains: Powdered borax, half an ounce; glycerine, one ounce; camphor water, one quart. Dab with a little medicated cotton on affected parts several times daily.

A sure cure for poison ivy is a solution of: Quinine, two drams; to six ounces of water applied on cloths. Dr. Shoemaker gives the following: Phenol, half dram; alcohol, four drams; camphor water, six ounces.

Milestones on the Road to Health And Beauty

"SIXTEEN TO TWENTY-ONE" (The Fourth Mile)

By Doris Doscher.

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TWENTY-ONE, the goal to which longing eyes of youth eagerly turn, the year of full maturity. It should be the time of life when you are your very best.

The years between sixteen and twenty-one are decisive years in many ways. There is usually some important choice of career to be made. School books are by this time cast aside and the serious business of living is undertaken. It makes no difference into what channel your energy is directed, your good health means efficiency and success.

If you have entered on a business career you have learned to work, but I want to tell you that it is just as important to learn to play. A girl between sixteen and twenty-one confined indoors must have the proper kind of recreation.

It is a significant fact that the courts have proved beyond dispute that wherever there is a recreation centre offering opportunities for normal associations in sport life there is a noticeable decrease in delinquency. This conclusively proves that young people need to have opportunity to play together, that not only is the body strengthened by the sports but the association of both girls and boys of their own age has a stimulating effect on their morals and character as well as being a splendid antidote for overwork, nerve tension and confinement indoors.

Just a few weeks' vacation granted to an employee always repays the employer for the time spent by renewed energies and the brighter outlook of the worker. If this were not true, vacations would not have become such a permanent institution in our commercial life. But a week or two once a year has not the same beneficial effect as learning to relax after each day's toil.

Overwork and loneliness of the girl of twenty-one are the underlying causes of nervous breakdown and general debility. It is simply a matter of a little effort in seeking out your opportunity. As this city offers so many chances for recreation of all kinds, no one need go without a pleasant hour spent with other young people. Swimming, tennis, golf, even brisk walking, if enjoyed, by a group has a marked benefit on your health, and singing lustily is a splendid developer for hollow chests and weak lungs.

So see to it that you treasure every moment of your leisure as an opportunity for healthful recreation and you will be rewarded by good looks and good health.

I have urged you to enjoy actively your moments of recreation, but there is also the overdoing of all these things. Do not try to burn the candle at both ends if you would enjoy life to its fullest and, above all, learn to relax if you wish to keep the freshness and beauty that you have at twenty-one until you are twice that age.

Many of you have hesitated to assume the responsibilities of married life and have refused the joys of motherhood, not simply because you felt that it was too great a physical burden. Living in cramped quarters and using motion pictures and the dance hall exclusively as your recreation are robbing you of the fullness of life.

No one of you can know what real living is unless you have developed your physique as nearly as possible to the perfect standard of sane living, the proper diet and exercise.

Is the burden of your studies or business life or the elusive search after fame weighing your bodies and depressing your spirits? If so I want you to learn to relax. Look at the illustration in which you will see the body simply bent over with every muscle relaxed. Just "letting go" in this fashion is a wonderful refresher, as you will see for yourself, if every time you feel fatigued, you will allow yourself to take this exercise that I call the "Droop."

You all have to concentrate on whatever your task is for many hours a day. Try the backward stretch, as illustrated, and see if it has not the effect of lessening the feeling of fatigue and depression which comes from hours of concentration on one task. Whenever possible assume a costume as simple as the one illustrated, go out of doors if you can and do these few relaxing exercises.

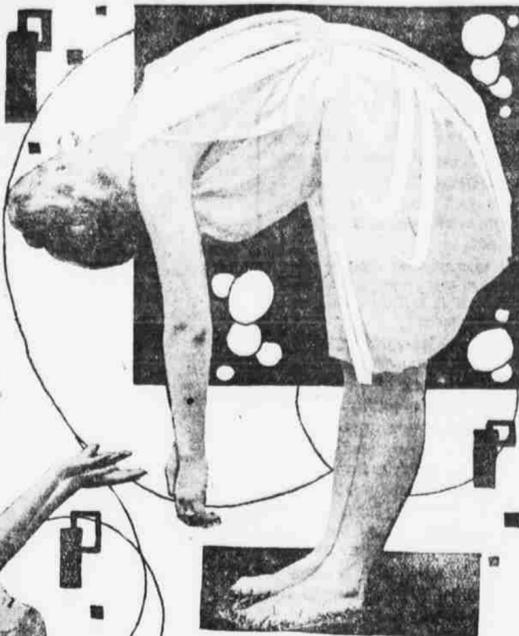
Sitting on the ground and reaching over to touch the toes, as in the third illustration, is another splendid opportunity for stretching taut and tired muscles. See if you can reach even further while maintaining the legs as straight as possible on the ground.

You're always prodigal of youth and flings away with a wasteful hand its strength and energy, and so I want to impress upon you the need there is at this age to concentrate your energy by keeping your body well toned-up. If you think I feel sure that the dissolutions of the modern flapper, such as the forbidden drink or the continual cigarette smoking, will not retard you. For if the body is well toned-up by these natural means, there is no need felt

for artificial stimulants, and after all natural stimulants are the only kind that have a lasting effect.

Twenty-one is indeed the year of decisions. Make your choice of marriage or a career, or both, wisely, by following physical culture ideals. No one can expect life's happiness with a partner who is a chronic invalid, and the pill box is the surest way to a life of unhappiness, and if you are going to do as so many modern girls do and combine both business and marriage, all the more need for a strong, healthy body to undertake the double responsibilities.

An appetite forgotten by your work and the proper kind of play is usually a sure guide to the right kind of



The "droop" exercise, illustrated above, helps you to relax every muscle and helps to refresh you when you are fatigued.

The "backward stretch" shown at the left, relieves the depression which comes from hours of concentration at one task.

The sitting exercise, posed in the lower photograph, stretches taut and tired muscles.



foods. It is only when you have to tempt the appetite that you fall into bad habits of eating which spoil your digestion, as well as your complexion. Try not to be finicky, but enjoy the plain, wholesome foods that nourish and satisfy without overloading your system.

Remember, at your age there are

many physical defects that can be overcome by scientific physical culture work. Do not get impatient with these defects if they can be removed by a little systematic exercise. Remember that you are going to be successful and happy in all walks of life in proportion to how you spend your health and time and energies at twenty-one.

Courtship and Marriage

By Betty Vincent

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"DEAR MISS VINCENT: To begin with, we are three pals and quite lonesome. We are all between the ages of twenty and twenty-one and have no regular escorts. We live out on Long Island and in order to meet some young men we spent our vacation at Coney Island to sort of break the monotony. But, Miss Vincent, we did not meet any young men and we would like to know how to make friends without flitting. One of the girls is so discontented that she depresses the rest of the crowd and makes us all believe we are doomed to be old maids. Please help us. "C. F. S., M. E. and A. K."

There is nothing to be disappointed about since you are all in the early twenties. There is no such word as "old maid" in the million-year vocabulary. Of course, you can secretly expect to pick up worthy while friends at a beach. If you wish to meet refined, eligible young men,

Do You Know MIDDLE ROAD?

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TO a whole lot of people who have never seen New York there is only one street in the entire city. The little girl out on a ranch in Wyoming dreams of the time when she will inherit a million, and, like the girls in the moving pictures, buy herself a real hat on Fifth Avenue. The young man who gets his first job clerking in an Illinois grocery store dreams of the time when he will take his wad and build himself a mansion on Fifth Avenue.

Even New Yorkers, born and bred, if there be such, are somewhat bamboozled about the avenue. Its grandeur and permanency make it appear to be a place which existed always. Yet a little over a hundred years ago there was no such place as Fifth Avenue.

The nearest approach to the avenue was Middle Road, which forked from Eastern Post Road at what is now 29th Street and Fourth Avenue, running northwest to what is now Fifth Avenue and 43d Street, where

it joined Lowes Lane, a rural highway which led on to the east, connecting Bloomingdale Road with the Eastern Post Road.

At just the point where the man with the blue coat and the white gloves gives you the royal high sign which permits you to cross Fifth Avenue at 43d Street, Middle Road ended. Beyond was a barren, rocky country, with a rapid stream rising from living rock which is now bounded by Fifth Avenue and Sixth Avenue, 46th and 47th Streets. The old stream, by the way, is still there, as hollows on Fifth Avenue will agree to, but nowadays its pretty cascades are buried under tons and tons of asphalt and bricks.

Middle Road was a popular drive in the old days, just as Fifth Avenue is today, only today many of the drivers seek the avenue to be seen; whereas in the early times they sought the Middle Road to see. It rose gradually to an impressive height, skirting Murray Hill and giving a splendid view of the surrounding country, which in those days was all farm land owned by the Murrays, the Schellings, the Cruigers, the Kips and other prominent families.

The most famous farm was the country place of John Murray, called Inelberg. It was located at what is now Fifth Avenue and 21st Street and was bordered by a beautiful brook. It was here that Mrs. Murray entertained the British officers with her charming presence and some of the contents of her cellar—both of which served to make them forget that Putnam's army was beating a retreat north to join Washington's troops at Harlem Heights.

But let us think of Revolutionary days as prehistoric we have only to glance at the avenue a little more than fifty years ago. Even at that late date it showed signs of being the smartest avenue in the metropolis. Opposite the reservoir the rocks were covered with shanties; between 13d and 4th Streets was located the Colored Orphan's Home, and between 13d and 4th Streets were the cattle yards.

And over the trail that your limousine or your dune has followed last night, fifty years ago they drove the cattle home.

Answers to Housewives

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"MRS. L.—If you family will not eat the fresh fruit, serve it otherwise. Fruit is so essential to the well-balanced diet that it should be served daily. Try it in the form of a salad or as a dessert in combination with gelatine, tapioca, rice, custard or bread pudding. The tart fruit may be cooked and served with the meat course. For this purpose gooseberries, rhubarb, green apples and cranberries are good. Fruit is refreshed on a hot day. You can make fruit cookies, suetcakes, pies or tarts. There are so many delicious ways of serving fruit that they seem to excuse you for omitting it from the daily menu.

"A. C.—Ask for corn cobs. They are obtainable where commercial photography is sold. You can get them punched to snugly fit all sizes from one to fifty cents, with spots for all sizes. They are the latest means for mailing coins.

"MADGE"—There are many good ways for presenting the gifts at a bridal shower. Why not give a shop whose decorative articles, for which purposes are displayed, are of a nature helpful suggestions for the bride. They are the efficient suggestions very ready to give you the benefit of their knowledge in such matters. I might prove "a surprise" to the bride if she is invited to a box party. Each gift should be included in a box either as ornate or original

MAXIMS Of a Modern Maid

By Marguerite Mooers Marshall.

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What keeps some men hovering is a curiosity as to "just HOW far" they can go; when they find that they can go only "just SO far"—they go elsewhere.

AFTER two months of living up to his bachelor reputation as a gay old boy, more than one summer widower will sink thankfully into the Morris chair and the evening papers when his wife comes home next week.

When a widow and a flapper read the same man it's another of those contents between the professional and the amateur—and the professional all ways wins!

It must be so nice to be a man; even after being late for dinner five nights in succession he can summon up a healthy grouch when, on the sixth night, dinner is late for him.

For men, their club is sanctuary; for women, theirs is a social service factory, a political ward, a battle-ground.

Women cry at weddings for two reasons: because they know what a job the bride is up against, or because they never have known.

"What care I how fair she be," sneers the Contemporary Cake-eater, "if her silk stockings wrinkle at the ankle!"

The sad sea waves are running in competition just now with the sighs of the summer resort lovers-yet-leavers—who would be so much MORE miserable if they were stayers!

A divorced man will know better next time—than to be found out.

The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

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ALTHOUGH the spiked prohibition punch had given out at the Summer Night's Festival that Mrs. Jarr was tendering the Misses Cackleberry of Philadelphia, its general effects were lacking, for the dance went on and joy was unconfined. Then Gertrude, the maid, came in to Mrs. Jarr with a frightened face, and agitatedly whispered that there was a policeman at the door who said he had summonses for all present for disturbing the peace.

"Summonses?" remarked Mr. Jarr, who had overheard. "Tell him we don't want any to-day."

An Detective McGonigle of the Bootleg Squad was present as a self-invited guest, and was now dancing the Varsity with the plump and amiable Mrs. Stryver. Mrs. Jarr, with no alarm at the intelligence Gertrude conveyed.

"Never mind any policeman and his old summonses," said Mrs. Jarr. "What I want to know is where you have been all the evening, Gertrude, and me with the house full of guests and no one to give me a hand!"

But at this point she was interrupted by the intrusion of a different policeman in uniform, who remarked nervously: "Excuse me, ladies and gentlemen, but I got summonses for one John Doe and Richard Roe and Jane Doe and Mary Roe for disturbing the peace and disorderly conduct." "Hey, what's the matter with you?" cried the plain clothes guest coming forward and displaying his badge that he carried in his trouser pocket like a souvenir coin. "I'm Detective McGonigle of the Bootleg Squad, and these are all friends of mine."

"Well, complaints have come in the station house that it's all right, and it is now 3 in the morning, about five o'clock, and in this flat," explained the policeman. "The night watchman at the new battery apartment house is being built down the street also, some around and told the Captain he hadn't been able to get a wink of sleep for noise here, and the Captain sent me with these summonses." John Doe and Richard Roe and Jane Doe and Mary Roe—the same being fictitious.

"You give them to me," interrupted the detective, "and go back and tell the Captain that it's all right, and that I'll see that order is preserved and that all disperses quietly."

"Can it be really 3 o'clock?" Mrs. Jarr asked. "I thought it was 11 o'clock." "No, it's 3 o'clock," said Mrs. Stryver as the uniformed policeman departed.

"But where is my sister, where is Irene?" asked Miss Cackleberry, bringing in Jack Silver from where she had been petting him in the hall, and after she had taken his star-sapphire steekpin, his gypsy diamond ring and his gold cigarette case.

"She went off with Dr. Gilbert Gunn in Jack Silver's racer," explained Mr. Jarr.

"Maybe they have run off and got married!" cried Mrs. Murrage-Smith.

"I'm going to give up motoring; it's fraught with too much danger!" gaped Jack Silver.

"Please, ma'am," said Gertrude, the maid, looking in, "somebody is telephoning that Miss Cackleberry and Dr. Gunn has been arrested for speeding, and want to be called out."

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Mother's Helps

A child should never be forced to go into the water against its will. If persuasion fails be content to let the kiddie frolic along the edge of the sand and water. In due time the proper confidence will come. It may not be until the child has reached the fourth year in age. Likewise, in swimming, experts maintain a child should not be forced to attempt swimming, and no efforts to teach this sport should be made until after the child is six years old.