

## LETTERS OF A SUCCESSFUL SUBPOENA DODGER TO HIS SON

By Roy L. McCardell.

Palm Beach, Fla., The Other Day.  
MY Dear John: I take it most unkind that you should send me clippings from newspapers about an alligator being seen on the beach here, scaring everybody, and the pencil annotations "Ah, there! Stay there!" True, I am here incognito, but is there any semblance of a saurian about me? I have been called an octopus for many years, but I won't stand for this alligator allusion. No, not even if you were to allude to me as an amiable old alligator. I want to chide you also for the stigma you cast upon that plastic and absorbent article, the sponge, in a recent address to your Bible class. You said "Don't be like a sponge!" Why not? Think of all the water a sponge will hold! Where would we be if we hadn't cast water upon our oil?

Any news of that Attorney-General from Missouri? Say, is he from St. Louis? Is that his town? What is he bothering me about? I never did anything to his town. Does he think I am the man Mark Twain wrote about—"The Man Who Corrupted Hadleyburg?" My son, it is simply pitiful the way your dear old dad is annoyed! That Ida Tarbell started it, Lawson took it up, and now the penny press bothers the life out of me. I could have stood for that, but when the subpoena-servers got on my trail I made myself hard to catch. I saw by the papers that I was thought to be on young Rogers's yacht, the Diana. I saw one newspaper article that was headed "John D. in a Pirate's Lair." I read it to see how they had it doped out that I was still at No. 26 Broadway, and, what do you think? It wasn't that at all. It was figured that I was on the Diana anchored in a cove of one of the Caribbean Islands that Morgan (not dear old, kind old, sweet old J. Pierp, but the elder buccaner of the name) used as headquarters. What lot!

But this Palm Beach is all right, all right. These Florida hotels cannot be styled "pirates' lairs," but they are certainly the strongholds of robber barons. But don't you care. They all belong to Flagger. He's one of our set. He's a Standard Oil. He owns all the hotels down here, all the railroads and the Legislature. The Florida Legislature is a poor asset. In New York it wouldn't even be listed on the curb. Another thing; there is no Florida Water in Florida other than the same barbershop variety we can get at home. I always used to think it was a product of the Florida everglades and that I could see it bottled at the springs.

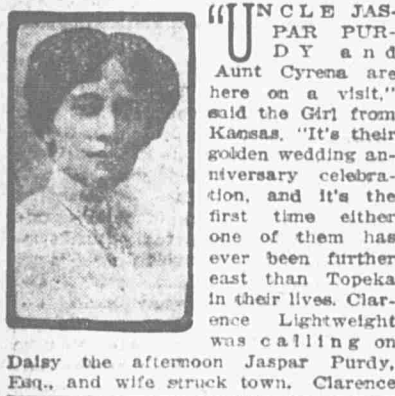
If you order Florida Water in Florida after a hair-cut they only rub it in on you. They don't rub it in on me. I found out long ago that a hair-cut wasn't a permanent operation. It was a constant expense, so I stopped cutting it off and cut it out. Maybe that is the reason that in spite of the envious and of enemies, not a hair of my head has been touched. You are still the only heir I have.

Gather the Bible class around you, and tell them that the falsehoods of the common people are lies, but fibs about father are only evasions. Give them good advice and ice-water. Don't forget that everybody works for father, even the subpoena-servers. Your Artful Dodger Dad,

JOHN D.

## THE GIRL FROM KANSAS.

By Alice Rohe.



Daisy, the afternoon Jaspur Purdy, Esq., and wife struck town. Clarence

### A Horrible Example.



Rev. T. Rooster—What made you become a vagrant, my man? "Daisy Bantam—To give pious folks something to crow over."

"UNCLE JASPAR PURDY and Aunt Cyrena are here on a visit," said the Girl from Kansas. "It's their golden wedding anniversary celebration, and it's the first time either one of them has ever been further east than Topeka in their lives. Clarence Lightweight was calling on him."

Is a Well street broker, and you can't keep him from talking about his seat on the Stock Exchange. Clarence is a grand talker, but James Van Orden Smith says the only seat he ever had in the vicinity of the Exchange must have been on the curb. Anyway, Uncle Jasper was all agog when Clarence began to talk.

"When Uncle came home last night he was saying things no perfect gentleman would even think of."

"Lots your Mr. Lightweight knows about stock!" he snorted. "Why, there wasn't anything in sight but a lot of screaming lunatics, tearing around like Comanche Indians. I looked around everywhere to see them watering the stock, but there wasn't so much as an Alderney calf drinking out of a wooden tub. There wasn't a trough in sight except some marble fountain looking things and the only ones drinking out of them was the Comanche Indians when they got through doing a war dance."

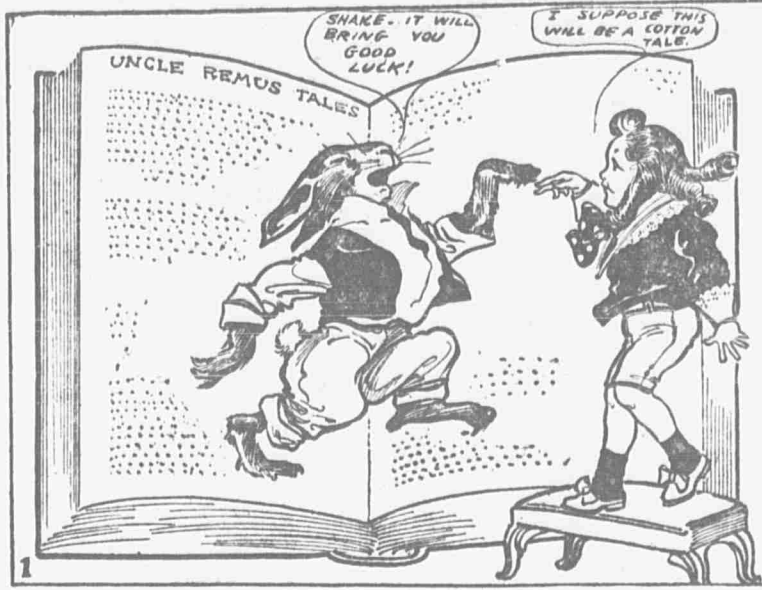
"Uncle's so disgusted. He says New York is the biggest fraud game he ever ran up against. If there was anything he would love to have seen it was a good high-class stock exhibit with improved methods of watering stock, everything up to date. Who ever heard of keeping stock in a white marble building with scandalously attired creatures standing on the top?"

"You say you've heard all this in vaudeville? I don't see how that's possible. Uncle Jasper only struck town last week."

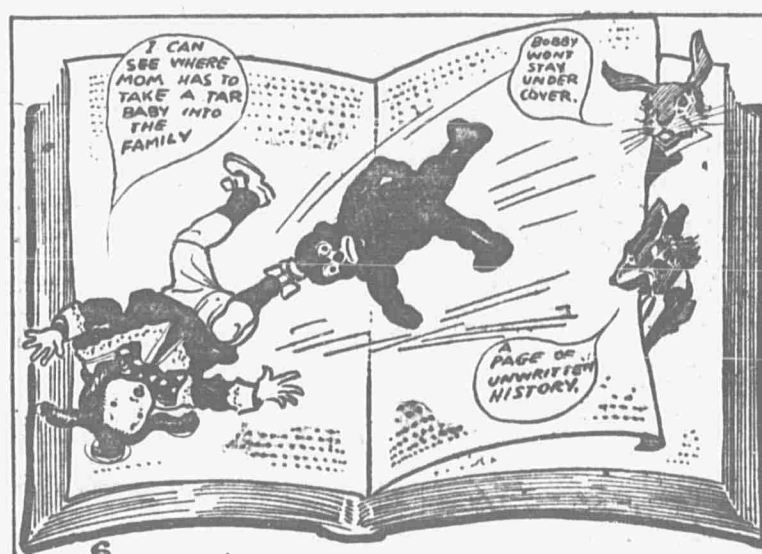
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## Bobby and His Books

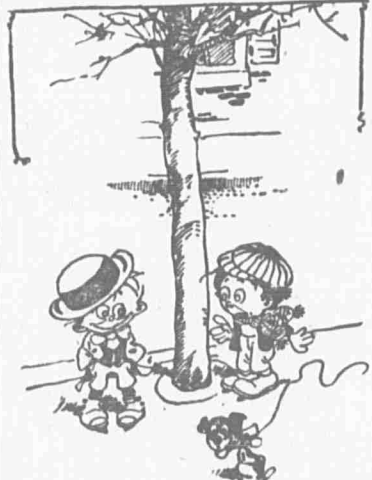


## He Spends an Exciting Day With Old UNCLE REMUS.



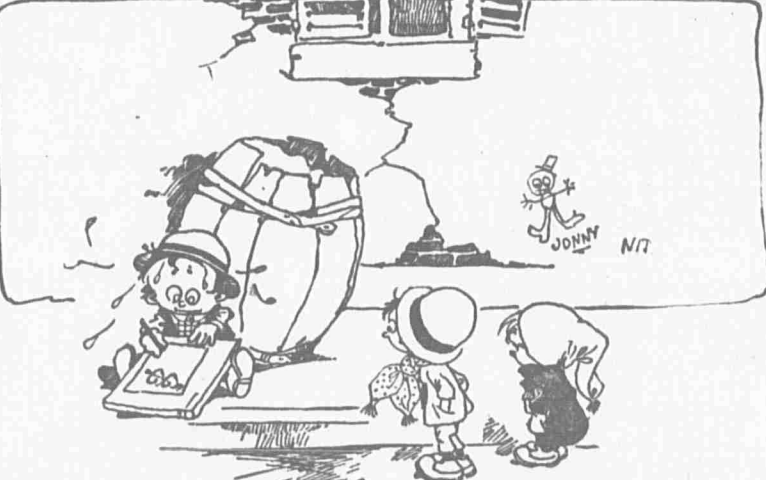
## Valentine Echoes.

By W. F. Marriner.



"Gee! you orter seen de valentine I sent Mag! It cost—"

"I've seen it, Willie. She sent it to me dis mornin'!"



"Is it hard work writin' valentines, Eddie?"

"Well, I guess yes! Why, I've been over three hours tryin' to git a woid wot'll rhyme wit' 'Glady's'!"



The Carrier—Nothin' for Miss Mary Jones.

The Lady—Oh, there MUST be! I saw Jommie Jinks prin' valentines only yesterday!

## THE NEW PLAY

'George Washington, Jr.,'  
a Red-White-and-Blue  
Success.

It pays to be patriotic. That nifty young jack-of-all-theatrical-trades, Mr. George N. Cohan, found this out singing through his nose and dance as only he can dance. His principal achievement in this line is a slinky tribute to "The Grand Old Rag," during which he waves a torn and tattered banner brought on by G. A. R. gentlemen of the chorus. It's a song after his own style and rouses more enthusiasm than a Fourth of July speech at Tammany Hall. Later on Mr. Cohan braves a stage snowstorm to sing of what might happen "If Wash-

ington Came to Life," which hits many a nail on the head. Singing in a snowstorm is the funniest idea in the play, but it does seem like usurping the rights of the poor, homeless heroine who has so loved to suffer there.

Miss Ethel Levey takes advantage of better weather to sing and dance with Mr. Cohan. At other times she is busy trying to keep a Southern accent on the right side of Mason and Dixon's line. Eugene O'Rourke has the same difficulty as the sanctimonious Senator from Virginia.

Harry Montgomery as an old dorky in the "acorn business" at Mount Vernon is very amusing, and Miss Truly Shattuck is as gorgeous as a peacock in the role of the aristocratic "lady detective." Jerry J. Cohan seems as innocent as Rockefeller despite the tainted money of Senator Belgrave, and Mrs. Helen F. Cohan as the Senator's widowed but hopeful sister completes the pleasant family circle.

A chorus that knows what it's about and can look a camera in the face without blushing for itself figures in several clever songs and dances.

It is safe to say the decidedly enterprising "George Washington, Jr." will live to celebrate several birthdays of his own. CHARLES DARTON.

When George's rich but dishonest parent informs him that he has chosen a wife for him, a lady of the English nobility no less, the undutiful son kicks over the traces and gives father to understand that he has reached the age where he no longer "rolls hoop, jumps rope or speaks pieces in the parlor." He will choose his own wife, and he already has his eye on a Southern girl who he thinks will answer the purpose very well. Father speaks right up and says he will no longer be a father to George in that case.

This is where the red light illuminates the plot.

"The only father I know," declaims the defiant George, "is the father of my country. I'll take his name!"

This christening is sanctified by loud applause.

George, however, doesn't desert his father, who is a Senator, and therefore needs protection. The English lady and her brother have interrogation points after their names on the programme, and although George has no programme to guide him he guesses that they are part of a plot to land father in the penitentiary. This plot has been arranged by a sanctimonious Senator, who is determined to put George's father where he belongs. The plan is to trap the ambitious Belgrave by getting him to turn over certain incriminating bonds which, he is to buy the English lady for himself now that George won't have her. But, thanks to George's wonderful intuition, nobody "works" father. The interrogation point turns and reveals the putative English pair to be detectives in the employ of the sanctimonious Senator, who, aside from his craving for reform and retribution, has a naturally sweet disposition. He seems quite out of place in Washington.

## Strangest Freak of Science.

It is generally supposed that Prof. Garner is the first man to study what has come to be called the speech of monkeys. As a matter of fact, the honor belongs to Sir Richard Burton, the famous orientalist, who translated the "Thousand and One Nights." Lady Burton tells in her biography of her distinguished husband that Sir Richard believed firmly in monkey speech; that he had forty apes continually with him for several years, and that he had written down a monkey vocabulary of sixty words. This vocabulary, unfortunately, was lost. Prof. Garner can make a strange monkey drink by saying a certain word, and with another word he can make it eat, and with another word he can frighten it. But Sir Richard Burton could do all these things, too. His vocabulary, furthermore, was larger than Prof. Garner's. Ernst Haeckel, the great German scientist, is in hearty sympathy with the study of the monkey language. He says he believes firmly that such language exists.

## May Manton's Daily Fashions.



Empire House Gown—Pattern No. 5278.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is 91-2 yards 21, 81-2 yards 36 or 61-2 yards 44 inches wide. Pattern 5278 is cut in sizes for 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40-inch bust measure.

How to Obtain These Patterns: Call or send by mail to THE EVENING WORLD MAY MANTON FASHION BUREAU, No. 21 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.

# HEART and HOME PAGE for WOMEN

EDITED BY  
NIXOLA GREELEY-SMITH

## JEALOUS WIVES.

By Nixola Greeley-Smith.

THE only true test of a sense of humor is the ability to see the point of a joke at one's own expense. Not many women have it, but the other day a young newspaper woman told me a story that left no doubt at all in my mind that she was among the number.

"You know," she said, "two years ago I was sent to interview old Mrs. Blank (mother of a lightweight champion of the ring) on her son's defeat. She lives in a little wooden house with a large yard filled with hen houses, and she was gathering eggs and placing them in two vegetable dishes when I opened the gate and walked in. 'The old lady's fame is a termagant was known far and wide in her neighborhood, but, unfortunately, I didn't know it. It was a couple of days after the fight and the whole family had been having over the ex-champion's defeat left her with what I believe is called technically a hold-over jar of large proportions.'"

"I have no son," she said, when I mentioned my errand—no son at all. I've nothing in the world but the chickens and me eggs. Love me alone! and as her dishes were both full walked into the house. While I stood wondering whether to go away or follow her to the house, the most bruised and battered individual I had ever beheld—a man whose face bore a rainbow of bruises crossed by a lattice work of court-plaster strips—came in the gate and announced himself as the termagant's second husband.

"I may not be as gentle as you, young lady, but I'm more gentle than her, though you may not know it by the looks of me. But last night, as I was lying dead drunk on the sofa, she and her son laid hold of me and done me up."

"But just as he was growing eloquent over his wounds, re-enter from the house his terrible bride with two empty dishes in her hands."

"Perceiving her husband talking to me, she made one wild rush, threw one dish at him, and the other after my rapidly retreating figure. But that wasn't all. The other day another newspaper woman caught the old lady in a sober moment, and she said: 'I didn't like that last woman they sent over here. She was one of them kind that gives their eyes to men. She tried to flirt with me husband!' Think of it. Poor little me!"

Here is the ludicrous aspect of a very unpleasant phase of feminine nature. I know of no sensation more uncomfortable than that of meeting the husband with the jealous wife, who keeps her eyes glued on him incessantly while he is talking to you, who so impresses her fear of suspicion on you that you sit up in your chair rigidly, like a jointed doll, and answer his remarks in monosyllables, knowing all the while that the wily gaze is on you, and that, like the prize-fighter's mother, she will surmise that you are planning an elopement if you shift the conversation from the weather.

## HOME HINTS.

Orange Sherbet.

SIX oranges, two lemons, three pints milk, half pint cream. Sweeten to taste. Freeze same as ice cream.

### Lemon Pie.

ONE cup sugar, one lemon, one egg, one-quarter cup milk, one-half cracker rolled fine, small piece butter, one large spoon flour. Grate in the rind; bake with two crusts. Use tin measuring cup.

### Shortcake Dip.

ONE quart flour, 3 tablespoons baking powder, little salt, butter size of an egg. Wet with milk or water to soft dough, roll out, cut in squares and bake. For the dip: One quart milk, 2 cups butter, 2 or 3 minutes; split the cakes and put into dip; when soaked through put in a dish and pour dip over them.

### Crab a la Creole.

BOIL the crabs in salt water until red. Remove from the fire, pick out the meat carefully and set aside. Brown over fire one small onion in one tablespoonful of butter, stir in one tablespoonful of flour, and when thoroughly browned add one cupful of hot water and one can of tomatoes. Season with salt, pepper, cayenne pepper one saltspoonful sugar and one table spoonful tomato catsup. Boil this mixture until it is thick, then add crab meat and let cook a few minutes. Serve hot on a platter lined with toast. Allowing one slice of toast for each person.

## BETTY'S BALM FOR LOVERS.

All perplexed young people can obtain expert advice on their tangled love affairs by writing Betty. Letters for her should be addressed to BETTY, Evening World, Post-Office Box 1354, New York.

### He Only Wrote Once a Week.

DEAR BETTY: I HAVE been receiving the attention of a gentleman who called on me once for it and should I recognize him in case we meet. Where I am employed there is another gentleman who is very devoted, but I don't care for him as much as the other.

A. L.

Don't send for your picture, and be as nice to the man when you meet him as you ever were. One letter in a week is doing very well. Take all the proper attention you can get from as many nice men as offer it to you. You can be sure they do the same. He don't give up the first man so long as you love him, and don't encourage the others too much.

### A Foolish Adventure.

DEAR BETTY: I WILL soon be eighteen years old and have not kept company with any one as yet. I have just got acquainted with a very nice fellow. I see him almost every day and we have

spoken quite a few times. Do you think he could learn to love me, as I am determined to love him. He has written me a very nice letter and has also sent me two comical postal cards, which I did not care for. He asked me for my name and I gave it to him. I have

asked him many times for his, but he seems as if he does not want to give it to me. From what I hear I think he has a girl of his own. Do you think I could win his love?

A. M.

I rather from your letter that you have let a young man "pick you up," since you don't know his name. This was very foolish, to say the least, and you ought to drop his acquaintance. If he cares for you he will seek a way of making your acquaintance legitimately.

### An Up-State Lover.

DEAR BETTY: I live here in the city. I have been corresponding with a young man who lives up the State. Where he lives is a young girl whom he takes out. He has told me he likes me better but only takes her out because I am

## BEAUTY HINTS.

By Margaret Hubbard Ayer.

### Mustache Grower.

A. W.—This is conducive to the growth of a mustache. Try it. Red vaseline. One ounce; tincture cantharides, one-half ounce; oil of lavender, oil of rosemary, is drops each. Apply to the root of the mustache at night. Let it remain until the following morning, when it be washed away with a neutral soap and warm water. It may be used as long as required.

### For the Hair.

S. E. M.—Yes, the chamomile application is the final one after the hair has been washed and dried. The hair is simply washed in the hot and left to dry.

### Peroxide Bleach.

S. M.—If the superfluous hair is not particularly noticeable I would not bother about it. The peroxide bleach will do no harm if you wish to use it so often as has been described. It lightens the hair and finally destroys its constitution.

Sunday World Wants Work Monday Wonders