

Why Do Women Marry the Wrong Men?

By Harriet Hubbard Ayer.

I once heard Mrs. Ballington Booth say that if she could abolish the drinking of intoxicants she would do away with most of the misery of humanity, and I am inclined to believe her.



other woman to regard her lot as happy if she has a temperate husband. The poor little mother who "would live in a cave with a self-respecting, sober husband and be content" and whose true womanly heart reveals itself in her last words, "I am married twenty years and living in hopes of a change for my child's sake."

One Poor Woman Asks Only Kindness and Selfdom Gets It.

Dear Mrs. Ayer: ONE who will stop to think of the vows he makes to his bride; one who has faith and love for his own family and who does not find all his pleasure hovering around some saloon or resort of frolic.

Let Parents Make Home So Happy Girls Will Be Content.

Parents who indulge in excessive use of strong drink are very often to blame for girls marrying the wrong man. They make home unhappy and girls are glad to leave it. They meet a man whom

THE EVENING WORLD offers three prizes of \$10 each for the best answers to the following questions:

BEST DESCRIPTION OF THE IDEAL HUSBAND. WHY WOMEN MARRY THE WRONG MEN? WHY DO WOMEN CONDONE THE FAULTS

they believe they love because he is kind. Never stopping to investigate his true character, but, blinded by love, they marry. It does not take long—perhaps a few years—for a wife to discover that she has left one misery for perhaps a dozen more.

More than Half the Women Marry for Name, Not for Love.

Why do women marry the wrong men? Because more than half the women are so craggy to have a lawful husband that they marry for the name, not for love. True love of both sides can not make anything else but a happy marriage.

At the End of Twenty-five Years Her Ideal is Her Husband.

My ideal husband must be one who can command my respect; firm, yet gentle and truthful; seeing my faults, help me with his love and advice to conquer and lay them aside. He must be strong to do the right, no matter what it costs, and above all must so live with me that we shall reach heaven at last.

At Last the Mother-in-Law Comes Into the Discussion.

The ideal husband is a man who fears God and one who would not compel his wife to have a mother-in-law live with her. Happy marriage exists where there is thorough congeniality.

Loveless Marriage Merits the Ensuing Punishment.

Not considering the countless women who for wealth or social advancement marry without love, or without respect for the one they link their lot with, and who most justly deserve all the sorrow meted out to them, the majority of unhappy marriages result either from parental interference or more often from the fact that a woman loves too deeply, she meets and learns to love a man who has been a friend in times of trouble, or some one who seems to understand her nature better than any one else, only to find it is she alone who loves. He only did the many

IN MEN THEY CONDEMN IN THEIR OWN SEX? A \$10 prize to the best answer to each question.

Letters must be written on one side of the paper only and must not be over 150 words long. Send letters to Mrs. Harriet Hubbard Ayer, Evening World, Pulitzer Building, New York City.

acts of kindness for friendship's sake alone. She sees him weep another, and woman that she in accepts and links her life with the man that offers, thus making herself and her husband miserable. When a woman loves it is for eternity. If men would only cease making women love them just for vanity's sake there would be less cause for divorce and more happy homes.

Watch His Behavior Before Marriage or You May Repent Afterwards.

LADY should be particular before she is married to observe the manner in which her fiancé conducts himself. He should behave with ease and courtesy when in conversation, never speak slightly of the sex, pay his visits regularly, show respect for his parents, attend divine services regularly, never indulge in pleasures low or vulgar or beyond his means, appear neat and clean, act gentlemanly on the street or when in the company of others, always make a confidant of his future helpmeet and above all never drink.

A Lover and a Gentleman Though a Husband.

My married life has been an ideal one, because I have a husband who loves his home and wife above everything else. Although a busy man, he finds time for the little attentions and compliments that mean so much to a woman. He will always sympathize with you when necessary and make himself helpful by his thoughtfulness. Is still a lover and a gentleman as well as a husband. If there were more men like him, matrimony would be an alluring land to strangers and not irksome to its inhabitants.

The Clever Summing Up by a Thoughtful Woman.

Many men are of many minds it is surely the feminine privilege to hold widely diverging opinions of the attributes and characteristics of the ideal husband. For the sum of our happiness does not make the same total, the requirements of different natures being vastly different. The first requisite of my ideal is strength, not so much physical as moral and mental. Character must be strong, clean, true, reliable and dependable; intellectual, loving and ambitious, holding high "aims that do not end in self," capable of attaining them. My place? Just to be his

fitting compliment to his stronger nature, the gentle influence "to urge man's search to vaster issues," his sunshine when the world looks dark; in troublous times his comforter. Three gifts only I require at his hands, these to form the basis of our union: Love, appreciation and consideration.

The Ideal Husband Always Remains His Wife's Lover.

My ideal husband is one who never drifts to ex-cess; who always treats me as a lover, telling me that same old sweet story from time to time; who pets, kisses and caresses me as much now as before marriage; who never goes to amusements without taking me with him; a man who thinks more of my pleasures and comforts than of his own; one who always treats me with consideration and as his equal; one who never forgets to kiss me good-by; morning and to greet me the same way on his return home from work; one whose responsibility does not end by simply providing the means to live with, but one who takes more interest in his home and would rather hold his baby than go with the boys. The above is a good description of my husband's conduct during the past two years of our married life.

A Brooklyn Girl's Very Common-Sense Estimate.

The ideal husband should be: Not afraid of work of any kind. In case he loses one position he won't be afraid to turn his hand to anything rather than see his family suffer. Fond of athletics and of a good show once in a while, so that he can see a little of the outside world; not inclined to gamble; temperate, but not necessarily a teetotaler. Will see that his wife gets enough of his salary to attend to the affairs of the house properly and not (as a great many men try to have her do) expect her to keep up as good an appearance in her house and her dress on about one-third of his salary as he is

doing with the rest of his money. A man with the requisites cannot fail to make a good husband, and husband to be ideal must be good.

A Good Son and Brother Makes the Ideal Husband.

I BELIEVE that a man who is a good son and brother will make a good husband. I do not believe in the man who tells a girl he loves her and cannot live without her. I call that selfishness. But I think that a man who really loves a girl ought to forget all about his own happiness and only wonder if he could make all the years of her life beautiful by giving himself to her; to plan everything noble and worthy for his own life, and make himself so necessary to her happiness that she cannot live without him.



Parlor Magic for the Foolish. Ways to Make the Long Winter Nights Unbearable.

Lesson 2. THE wild delirium with which my few tricks of up-to-date parlor magic already published have been received in thousands of hitherto happy homes incites me to give to the waiting world one or two more feats of an equally simple yet brilliant nature.

The Vanishing Magician. Ask some gentleman in the audience for a five-dollar bill. As he hands it to you, make a mental note of its number.

The Piano Trick. Strike a few notes on the piano. Then appear disconcerted with the sound. Lift the lid of the instrument, peer inside and exclaim excitedly: "I knew something was wrong. There is a two-karat diamond scarf pin in the piano."

strings of the instrument and other-whereby its interior mechanism while pretending to search for the diamond pin. After doing so, turn to the audience and say with a merry smile: "I was only joking. There is no diamond here." The joke is on the hostess, who will laugh as heartily as the rest at her own discomfiture.

Transformation Act. Ask your host for an ordinary glass and a decanter of water. Pour out a glassful of the liquid, hold it to the light and say: "This looks like a common glass of water. I will proceed, however, before your very eyes to turn it into something beautiful. Watch the transformation closely."

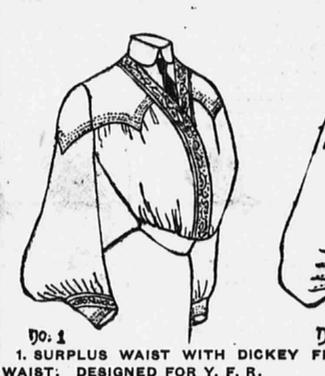
The Magic Hat. Ask your host for his silk hat and your hostess for a dozen eggs. Break the eggs into the hat. Then challenge any member of the party to put on the hat. Even the host will be afraid to do so. Thus you will, by a few simple means, have made an every-day silk hat as rarely unwearable. Difficult as this feat may seem, a little practice with paper's Sunday headgear will make you proficient.

The Home Dressmaker. By Mme. Judice.

If you wish advice concerning new gowns or the making-over of old ones, if you wish advice concerning home dressmaking, write to "Mme. Judice, Evening World, Pulitzer Building, New York City," and she will give it to you in this column.

A Winter Shirtwaist. Dear Mme. Judice: I wish for this winter beyond the regulation flannel or silk blouse? I want a few out of the general run. Will you kindly suggest some pretty ideas?

Royal Blue Etamine. Dear Mme. Judice: Please advise how to make a dress like sample. Shall I tuck the skirt lengthwise or around the skirt? Which is more fashionable? I want a lace yoke in it, and I have some very



1. SURPLUS WAIST WITH DICKEY FRONT. 2. TAILOR SHIRT-WAIST. DESIGNED FOR Y. F. R.

of cream Brussels net and sew your medallions on in a set design. The same idea is pretty in sleeve puffs. Have three circular ruffles of the etamine over the net from the shoulder to the elbow. Have sleeves or a tucked place correspond with balance of the dress allowed to hang plain and full.

Material is "Too Old." Dear Mme. Judice: I have a young married woman? E. J. P. Paterson, and I think your black silk and mohair

material a trifle old for a young woman, and very few trimmings would combine with it to make it more youthful without appearing incongruous.

Making Over a Skirt. Dear Mme. Judice: Please advise me as to the making over of a skirt, of which I send you a sample. It is a five-gored skirt, with a tucked founce set on around the bottom. I would also like to know how to lengthen it, as it is about three inches too short in front. I would like some style that would make me look taller.

An Eton Jacket. Dear Mme. Judice: Kindly advise me if an Eton jacket of inclosed sample would be appropriate for me cut by inclosed pattern. I am five feet four inches tall, have a forty bust and twenty-eight waist. Am I too stout for a three-quarter length coat?

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Doris Story of a Loveless Marriage.

CHAPTER I. A Strange Wedding. MY FATHER has given me to understand that that there is some hope for me. "Your father has doubtless told you that I am willing to buy your title with my fortune," replies Doris Costello, with a faint flicker of her white lids. She has sworn to herself that there shall be no petty pretenses about this business affair.

for (or at least are cared for by) somebody; she alone knows no answering heart. "May I help you?" says Lord Clontarf, indifferently, as she makes a step forward to mount the stile. Even as he says this Dicky Browne, coming suddenly to her side, makes the same request. Some unaccountable impulse impels her to refuse the latter. "Thank you, Dicky," she says, "Don't mind me, I'll go."

who have married from pure affection who ever ticked and fight. We shall be spared all that. "If your theory prove a correct one," you have your doubts. "Of our escaping the bickering and fighting," asks she, quickly. Clontarf laughs. "Well, no; that is hardly what I meant," he says; "but he does not pursue the subject. They have come up with the others now, at the further end of the field, and all stand for a moment to admire the pretty river that flows at their feet. The party stroll on, through the gathering dusk. This time it is Kit and Brabazon who fall behind. He is talking earnestly to her, and at length they come to a standstill.

sure? There is a long pause, and then, "After all, Kit," he says, with a sudden great access of honest hope, "I suppose I shan't be always poor. I shall get on, you know, with a sudden a dozen years. But I shall make something in my own way, and I shall never be content to despair again—I shall never be a rich man, how my uncle has married. Does that frighten you? Tell me truly, Kit." "There is only one thing could frighten me," says Kit, "and that is the thought of ever marrying any man but you."

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