THE SERMONS OF A SINNER

By Roy L. McCardell.

Text: The Pathos of Being Rich.

ROY McCARDELL

"MONEY isn't everything in this world, but it's next!" seems to be the modern maxim.

The person who is poor but proud is generally proud that he is patronized by one or more men of means.

Even Shakespeare, who said all the good things years ago and left us naught but paraphrase, came out concisely on the question by putting in the mouth of the crafty Iago the words, "Put money in thy purse."

How tritely true to say that for money men strive and seek and cringe and cheat and toil and scrimp and save and perjure and slay as if it were the Elixir of Life itself! To make our age comfortable with money we shorten our lives for money. For it Honor is exchanged and Beauty bartered. Against Wealth in the scale Brains is made to kick the beam, for with the aid of money we can hire the brains of others, but the possession of brains itself seldom means the knowing of the way to gather gold.

After all, however, wealth may do us little good in this world and none in the next, for 'tis notorious that there is no pocket in a shroud. When all is said and done, we can only eat three times a day and wear one suit of clothes at a time. And next to having money in the bank, having it in your mind suffices.

Apply Heathen Science to your ways of life. Concentrate your thoughts and imagine you have millions, but that you are too stingy to spend them. The man of moderate means gets as much out of life as John D. Rockefeller. Yes, more, for he can appear in public without causing a crowd and a commotion and be compelled to flee from the jeers of "Tainted money!" and the ribald remarks of "Get your hair cut!" "Johnny wears a wig!" and the like.

As well off as Rockefeller? Pshaw! A poor man can enjoy a good dinner when he gets it. Rockefeller has dyspepsia. Wealth, as all things, is only comparative. If you are poor, some one is poorer; if you are rich some one is richer. And, to return to our Heathen Science, to prove that Wealth, like Love or Boston, is only a state of mind, consider the case of the The-Man-Who-Found-Out.

He stood in the Grand Central Depot waiting to take a train to his suburban home. There were plenty of trains. He knew that because he had just missed the rush hour bunch, so he had lots of time to spend. He also had a lot of money to spend. Ten whole dollars. Yes, sir, ten dollars! It was his very own. His wife didn't know he had it. It was his to lend, spend or throw away just as his fancy pleased. Think of it—ten dollars! A sum that astonishes the mind! He walked over to the book stand and glanced at the "best selling" books and the Muck Rake Magazines and the tame thirty-five-cent ones that nobody buys because they are like most respectable things—very dull.

The-Man-Who-Found-Out came to the conclusion that he didn't want anything to read.

Nearby was a candy counter. He languidly decided he didn't care for any sweets just then. There were cigars, too, but he didn't care to smoke. Across the way was the great and gaudy Hotel Belmont, with its cafe and restaurant and flunkies standing at the doors to welcome him in.

Say it over quickly: "They stood at the door a-welcoming him in!"

He wasn't hungry, neither was he athirst. As he stood at the depot door a cabman leered at him and asked him if he didn't want to drive around the town and "see the sights?"

And then he realized with a shudder of satiety that he did not want anything! Amid the poison flowers in the Garden of Dead Desires it dawned upon him for the first time the awful pathos of being rich!

For, cavil as ye will at this, it is much better to want things and not be able to get them than to be able to get them and not want them!

DOES ABSENCE CONQUER LOVE?

By Nixola Greeley-Smith.

DOES absence conquer love?

A young woman correspondent seeks an answer to this world-old query. Her fiance is going to Panama next month and she wonders what effect a prolonged absence will have on his affections.

"Does absence make the heart grow fonder of another?" is her plaintive question.

Or does it bind more closely together lovers who through long absence realize the value of written words to those whose thoughts must leap the distance that divides their lips?

Poets have rhapsodized on this subject; philosophers have gravely weighed it; cynics have derided it.

And the best and truest utterance comes from the prince of cynics, La Rochefoucault, who said:

"Absence, while proving fatal to minor passions, serves as a stimulus to great ones, just as the wind which extinguishes a candle fans a fire into a blaze."

So, that the only thing for the young reader to determine now is whether she has lighted in the young man's heart a San Francisco conflagration or merely a tallow dip.

She will not be able to tell this till the cold wind of separation blows upon the lover's heart. For then the candle, if it be a candle, must flicker and go out, but the fire blazes more radiantly than before.

Perhaps, on the majority of attachments, absence has a cooling, perhaps a fatal effect.

But true love—such as yours and mine, for instance—and you may have your doubts about mine—is so superior to time and chance, so independent of the propinquity that is the very life of more ordinary affairs as to be absolutely unaffected by months or even years of separation. Women are more faithful to long-distance love affairs than men. For while a man may really remain true to his absent ideal his heart is at best but a banked fire. A banked fire has infinite possibilities and man, they say, is prone unto evil as the sparks fly upward.

I don't say it, but the Bible, which takes rather an optimistic view of things as a rule.

Absence should have no effect on any love worthy of the name.

We can't any of us afford to doubt Love, for he is the most jealous god of all and on his altar demands the daily offering of a trusting heart.

HEALTH AND BEAUTY.

By Margaret Hubbard Ayer.

To Reduce Flesh.

M. W. AND C. R. — Here are rules for the reduction of flesh: Avoid all starchy and sweetened food, all cereals, vegetables containing sugar or starch, such as peas, beans, corn, potatoes, etc. Have your bread toasted; sprinkle it with salt instead of butter. Milk, I regret to say, if it be pure and good, is fattening. Hot water is an excellent substitute for other liquids. Add a little of the juice of limes or lemons to it if you choose. Limit your sleeping hours to seven at the outside. No naps. You must take exercise. If you cannot walk at least five miles a day and do not wheel go to one of the institutions where mechanical massage is given. Several of my correspondents report excellent results from this method of getting the vigorous exercise they require. The system is thoroughly wholesome and not expensive. To reducing flesh the one fact to recollect is that fat is carbon—oxygen destroys or burns out carbon. You must consume the carbon by the oxygen you take through your lungs. The more exercise the more oxygen and consequent destruction of fat by the one healthful method of curing obesity. The more starch and sugar you eat the more carbon to burn away.

For a Shiny Nose.

THANKFUL RIETTE.—Here is the lotion for a shiny nose, to which you refer. The remedy here given is often very successful. Take one dram of boracic acid and mix it with four ounces of rose water. Apply the lotion to your refractory nose as often as necessary.

Hair Turning Early.

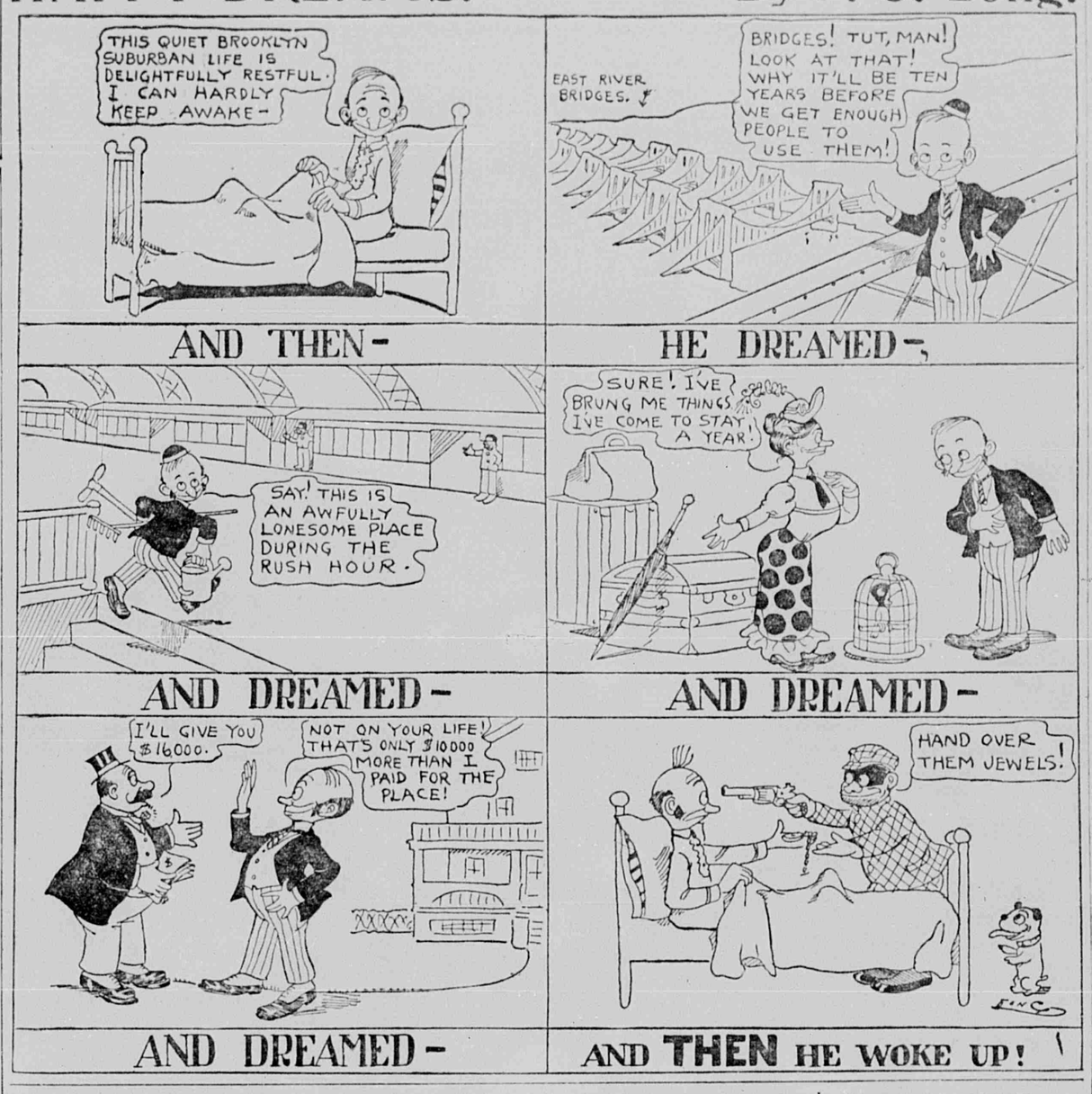
A.—I would not advise a dye at so slight indication of the hair prematurely turning, but would go to a reliable hair dresser and simply have the temple hair touched up.

CALLING IT OFF.

"Pa, what is an entente cordiale?"

"That's a polite way of referring to it when a couple of fellows who haven't been the best of friends decide to let bygones be bygones and step in to have a drink on it."—Chicago Record-Herald.

HAPPY DREAMS. ☙ ☙ ☙ By F. G. Long.



Little Comedies of Success ☙ ☙ ☙ By T. O. McGill

HOME HINTS.

Sweet Potato Pudding.

ONE and one-half pounds of sweet potatoes, one pound of sugar, six eggs, three ounces of butter, one wineglassful sherry, one wineglassful brandy, one-half teaspoonful allspice, one-quarter teaspoonful powdered mace. Boil and mash the potatoes and press through a sieve; while hot stir in the butter and sugar, then the beaten yolks of the eggs; mix in spices, wine and brandy, and lastly the whipped whites of the eggs. Bake forty minutes in a buttered pudding dish. Serve warm, not hot, without sauce.

Tortoni.

ONE pint cream, one dozen macaroons, three eggs, three-quarters cup sugar, three-quarters cup of water, one teaspoonful vanilla. Boil the sugar and water together till it threads; beat the eggs separately till light, then mix together; pour the hot syrup on the eggs gradually, stirring constantly till it is cool, thick and creamy; flavor with vanilla, and, when ready to free, whip the cream and add. Brown the macaroons in the oven and when cool roll fine; put half the macaroon crumbs in a mould, turn in the tortoni mixture, then the rest of the macaroons. Pack the mould in salt and ice and let it stand for four hours.

Oyster Salad.

SCALD oysters until they are plump and then put them in cold water while they are boiling hot, so as to make them firm; put them to one side and boil five eggs hard; take off the whites and chop fine; lay a bed of white lettuce in a long dish; place the oysters in this; cover them with a mayonnaise dressing; over them place the yolks of the eggs, which have been mashed fine, and lastly the chopped whites of the eggs. Do not let it stand long before serving. If you do the oysters and mayonnaise will become watery. Be sure the lettuce is thoroughly dried.

BETTY VINCENT'S ADVICE TO LOVERS.

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

By Betty Vincent.

HERE is but one of many letters written me by girls who call upon me for advice dealing with one of the happiest hours in a woman's life:

"I am a pretty blonde of eighteen, and am in love with a young man twenty-three years of age. I have been out with this gentleman many times and I think he loves me, although he has never told me so. How can I find out whether he does or not, as I have had a proposal of marriage from another man whom I like, but not as well as the former? J. J. E.

Some of them seem by their impatience—by requests that I teach them how to bring the great avowal to a man's lips—to trifle with this exquisite, perfumed moment.

I want to tell them—and you, J. J. E., particularly—not to wish to do these things.

Do not cloud the memory of his first "I love you" with the recollection that it was brought about by any artificial means. Be your sweet, wholesome, natural selves, and he will tell you in his own good time.

I say this to you, not in any critical spirit, but as your own mother might, to make the future happiness that is assured you perfect, and to keep you the sweet, unsophisticated girl that I know he wishes you to be.

A forced flower may be beautiful, but it withers early and can live only in hothouse air.

I want your hearts to bloom in the gradual sunshine of a sweet, naturally developed love.

Love will come to you soon enough. Let your purpose be to keep your hearts undefiled tabernacles that the little god may be proud to dwell in them when he comes.

Advice for a Friend.

Dear Betty:

I HAVE a friend who asked my advice. I thought by writing you that I might be able to obtain the advice from you. She is in love with a young man. She does not know whether he loves her or not, as he hasn't made any proposal. He lives out of town. She become acquainted with him through his sister while she was stopping up there. They have been corresponding for one year. Last summer he gave her his picture to put in her locket. Christmas he gave her a sort of jewel case, and Easter he gave her a flower. Now, his mother has invited her to come and stay with her during her vacation. Her father objects to her going. He told her if she goes she must leave home. Do you think this young man loves her? F. J.

I cannot advise the girl to leave her home, but I think the young man loves her.

Perhaps She Loves Another.

Dear Betty:

I HAVE kept company with a girl for the last six months that I care for very much. But she seems to admire another young man more than me. Will you please advise me what to do?

CONSTANT READER.

Be as kind and devoted to the girl as possible and do not seem jealous of the other man, and perhaps you will win.

He Wouldn't Look at Hats.

Dear Betty:

I AM a young man, twenty-one years of age, and have been going with a very pretty girl. I love her very much and I know she loves me, but she gets mad so often that I don't know what to do. We were walking along Third avenue and looking at the show windows. We passed a ladies' hat store, and because I would not stop and look at the window she got mad and would not talk to me all the way to her door. I would like to please her, but I have tried so often that I don't know what to do. A. P.

You might have looked at the hats with her. Try to please her by doing these little things she asks you. If they are all like that she is not unreasonable.

She Has Given Him Hints.

Dear Betty:

I AM a young lady nearly seventeen years old and am deeply in love with a young man five years my senior. Both of my parents know this young man, but do not know of my love for him. I have given some slight hints of my love to him, and I think he returns me the same. A friend of mine and also of his told me he likes me very much. How may I show my love for him more definitely; and also find out the same? HELEN.

Certainly not. You will have to wait for him to speak. He will do so more quickly if you are not too forward.

THE PERFECT CLIMATE.

We've yearned for it since days of old,
But somehow never strike it;
No matter if it's hot or cold,
There are some germs that like it.

—Washington Star.

In and Out of the Theatres

WITH a brand-new straw hat, not to mention a new Ann, Mr. Robert Loraine has started "Man and Superman" in the race for the warm weather stakes at the Hudson Theatre. Not to mention the new Ann, however, would be an injustice to Miss Ida Conquest, who is a delightful surprise in the role of Shaw's designing heroine. With all due apology for the odious comparison, she is much better suited to the part than was Miss Fay Davis. Although Miss Davis gave an interesting performance, she seemed too "good" for the part. Miss Conquest, on the other hand, is consistently and charmingly feline. For once her sweet, cooing voice has found its place, her attractiveness its own peculiar reward. She is the right actress in the right role. As much cannot be said for Miss Nellie Thorne, who has succeeded Mrs. Clara Bloodgood as Violet. Miss Thorne is a hard, brittle doll of a creature, who seems to have given most of her thought to dressing the part. That first delicious scene in which Violet figures failed to bring even a smile last night. Miss Thorne put it on ice, and the audience refused to thaw. Mr. Charles Gotthold, as young Hector Malone, is another mistake. Mr. Loraine has grown into the part of Tanner body and soul, but at times he borders dangerously upon the farcical. After the anaemic, brainless concoctions that have masqueraded of late under the name of comedy, "Man and Superman" is a relief and a blessing.

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"THE Vivisection of Bernard Shaw," a skit by Joseph Herbert, will be one of the features of the Lambs' Club annual ladies' gambol, which will begin at 1.30 on Friday afternoon, at the Broadway Theatre. By giving the proceeds of this "gambol" to the homeless Bohemian Club of San Francisco, the "Lambs" will be doing a thoughtful and graceful act, for the Bohemian Club has entertained many actors in its time; among them the late Sir Henry Irving. The bill insures a jolly afternoon. David Bispham will sing "Danny Deever," with Walter Damrosch, who composed the music, at the piano. A musical satire called "The Songbirds," treating of the grand-opera differences of Heinrich Conried and Oscar Hammerstein, will be offered in comic-opera fashion. The music was composed by Victor Herbert, with libretto by George V. Hobart. Other skits will be "The Star of Bethlehem," a problem study by Clay M. Greene, and a burlesque of current Western plays, by Glen Macdonough, entitled "The Squaw Gent and the Lady Barkeep." Orchestra selections will be played, with Reginald De Koven, Gustav Kerker and Theodore Bendix conducting.

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"HARRY" C. SHWAB, still in the hospital, is able to sit up and write:

"Another attempt to exhibit in America the three anthropoid apes side by side has failed, and Frank C. Bostock is mourning the death of a gorrilla and an orangoutang as a result of the awful voyage of the animal ship St. Andrew last week from Antwerp. In the cargo of animals were two chimpanzees and the above animals. The two died of fright, as shown by the autopsy. Every showman since Noah has had an ambition to exhibit simultaneously specimens of the three anthropoid apes, and Bostock was secretly congratulating himself on the accomplishment of this ambition when the sorrowful news reached him that the gorrilla and orangoutang did not survive the trip. The animals cost him thousands of dollars. Another severe loss as a result of the storm was the eating by the tigress, Cleopatra, of her cubs. They were born at sea and the mother seemed satisfied to let them live, but the storm started and the next morning the cubs had disappeared. There is yet to be a record of tiger cubs born and raised to maturity in captivity."

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THE Shuberts will produce three musical plays in the autumn. The first will be "The Snow Man," by Stanislaus Stange and Reginald De Koven. The second will be a comic opera, with the book by A. T. Cahn and the music by Julian Edwardes. Ludwig Englander will supply the music for a musical comedy written by Joseph Herbert and others.

CHARLES DARNTON.

LETTERS from the PEOPLE ANSWERS to QUESTIONS

Lost, One Thousand Gloves!

To the Editor of The Evening World:

What becomes of all the gloves lost by passengers on the bridge trains? I boarded a bridge train bound for Manhattan. As I was putting on a glove the train moved, so did the glove, down to the roadbed. I spoke very kindly and humbly to the man that turns the wheel. His advice was that I collect the glove from the starter on my way home alive in the evening. I tried it. The starter smiled long and loud, and said "yours is about the thousandth glove lost this week, but it has not come in to me." Now what becomes of these articles that men and women drop by accident from the bridge cars? If the man that picks them up don't give them to the starter, does he take them home and make bacon of them? I hope to hear from others who were unfortunate in this way, and learn their views of the mystery. DUMVAR MAN.

That Vanishing Buoy.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Kindly let me contribute my little knowledge about this buoy controversy. A writer speaks of seeing a spar buoy in the North River, and asks why on certain days it is not visible. A second writer, "Mac" by name, suggests "tide" as the cause. I think it is to indicate to ships that they must not cast anchor below that part of the river. At any rate, it strikes me that a big, long, heavy spar buoy which could periodically disappear under the water would be worse than a "derelict." As "Mac" has taken such liberties in guying us Hobokenites, I believe, without offense, that he must come from the Highlands and knows little about the North River for navigation.

BALTIC ANGLO-SAXON.

Gold and Platinum.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

In answer to Edwin E. M., who asks the weight of gold, I would say any engineer's pocketbook will give him the information he asks for, which is as follows: Pure cast gold weighs 1,204 pounds per cubic foot; pure hammered gold weighs 1,217 pounds per cubic foot. Platinum is the heaviest known metal and platinum wire weighs 1,313 pounds per cubic foot; rolled platinum weighs 1,415 pounds per cubic foot.

J. H. F.

A Point for Debate.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I was very much interested in reading the history article about Nathan Hale and Andre. So our debating society is getting up a debate as to "Resolved, John Andre was, technically, no more guilty than Nathan Hale." What history students can give me one or two brief and simple arguments on either side of this question? RICHMOND BOROUGH.

May Manton's Daily Fashions

SUCH a simple, pretty little frock as this one is sure to find its welcome, both from the young wearer herself and from the mothers who delight in everything fresh and dainty. As illustrated it is made with the slightly open neck and elbow sleeves, so becoming and peculiarly well suited to warm weather wear, but a yoke and deep cuffs can be easily added, when it becomes suited to all seasons. The double sleeves are entirely novel as well as graceful and attractive and the whole design is marked by individuality. In the illustration it is made of pale blue French gingham, with trimming of a simple banding. It is, however, appropriate for wool materials as well as for the washable ones, as it can be lined or unlined.

Girl's Dress—Pattern No. 5361.

The quantity of material required for the medium size (10 years), is 5 yards 27, 4 1-4 yards 36 or 3 5-8 yards 44 inches wide, with 2 yards of insertion and 7-8 yard 18 inches wide for the chemisette and cuffs when these are used.

Pattern No. 5361 is cut in sizes for girls of 6, 8, 10 and 12 years of age.

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.