OUR DREAM DEPARTMENT.

Great Success of Our Every-Other-Day Nocturnal Vision Section! Tell Us Your Dream and We Will Tell You What It Means.

By Roy L. M'Cardell.

ROY L. M'CARDELL. PHOTO BY HALL BROS.

IN order to give all a fair opportunity to win the valuable prizes offered by this department for the best and worst dreams and nightmares we hereby append a sure cure for insomnia: Hydrate of chloral, five parts; laudanum, three parts; chloroform, three parts. Take a wineglass of this mixture before retiring and empty it out of the window.

For the best dream a portrait of District-Attorney Jerome; for the worst dream a canned welsh rabbit; for the best nightmare a serviceable gig. Long dreams barred owing to lack of space. Only dreams unlisted in our Dream Book and Oraculum of Fate considered. Here is our alphabetical list of interpreted dreams (continued):

Letter "C."

Camel—Warning for the indolent. Hump yourself. To the convivial, stop drinking for a week and a day.

Candy—To dream you are all the candy means that you think well of yourself, and when some one tries to feed you taffy you will say, "Oh fudge!"

Cannon—To dream of seeing one is a sign that you will be sentenced to serve two years in Congress and will meet all the big guns at Washington.

Cards—Warning. Don't four-flush; be always on deck.

Cat—To dream you own a cat is a sign that you will win at cards, especially if it is a young cat. To dream of an old cat is a sign you will be disinherited by your rich aunt.

Cattle—A bully dream.

Cataract—To dream of one is a sign that Mr. Maddy will give you a pass to Niagara, but it will be all in your eye.

Church—Bad dream for the married or single. You will be married or buried.

Cigarette—You will speak of the motto of the Pinkerton Detective Agency, "We Never Sleep," to District-Attorney Jerome, and he won't be friends with you after that.

Clock—To hear one is a sign that you will buy things on credit.

Club-Footed—To dream you are club-footed is a sign that you will enter some social organization uninvited and be kicked out.

Coat-of-Arms—To dream of having one is a sign that you will not wear a waistcoat this summer.

Coal—To dream of buying coal is a sign that great wealth will be yours.

Coffin—Beware of taking cold.

Corsets—To dream of corsets is a sign that you will be around a lot of girls.

Crepe—A sign of death.

Creditors—This is not a dream, it is a nightmare.

Letter "D."

Dam—To dream of damming a river is a sign that, after a cursory examination, you do not think the Hudson River tunnels will be completed for many years. If you live in Jersey it is a sign you do not believe in ferries.

Darn—A sign that an attempt will be made to blackmail you, but you will not give anything.

Debt—To dream you are in debt is a sign that you will wake up and find the dream has come true.

Devil—To dream of seeing one is a sign that you will get a book published or that you will enter the newspaper profession.

Diamonds—To dream you are given diamonds is a good dream if it comes true.

Digging—Some one will borrow money from you.

Dipper—To dream of this is a sign that you will be hit in the face or go to Weber's Music Hall often. In either case you will see stars.

Doctor—To dream of a doctor is a sign that some one is trying to poison you.

Dogs—A trip to Coney Island. To see a tin can tied to one is a sign that something is bound to occur.

Duck—To dream of chasing one is a sign that you will live in Harlem near a saloon.

THE 'JOLLY' GIRLS—*THEY Win!* By George McManus

In and Out of the Theatres

THE Hippodrome is getting ready to shut up shop. After a week or two the big amusement place will enter upon its summer vacation of rest and quiet. Thompson & Dundy know when to stop. Instead of tiring out their large and faithful public they give it a rest, confident that it will rush back refreshed and eager for new wonders in September. Meanwhile they give a large portion of it something different down at rackety old Coney, and they own all of Luna Park. There they reckon without the stockholder. But at the Hippodrome the stockholder can't reckon without them. This year the circus for the first time gave the Hippodrome a hard run for its money. It was an interesting fight. Even with cut prices there were empty seats at the huge Sixth avenue house, while down at Madison Square Garden every inch of space was occupied. The prophecy of wiseacres that the Hippodrome would kill the circus proved just as wrong as the prediction of certain theatrical managers that the Hippodrome would not drive their spectacular productions out of business. The death of "The White Cat" might be laid at the Hippodrome's door. The Hippodrome has made history at great cost to others.

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LUNA PARK will be a blaze of Old Glory on Flag Day. Thompson & Dundy have issued a general invitation to the children of the land to come down there on June 14 and walk right in without handing anything to the man on the gate. The only stipulation is that they dress in red, white and blue and carry an American flag. The free circus, under direction of Frank Melville, will outdo itself to entertain the kiddies. Most of its participants come from abroad and make their initial New York appearance. Already the youngsters are manifesting a patriotism that threatens a famine in national colors warranted not to run if kept perfectly dry.

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GEORGE H. BROADHURST is rejoicing in the fact that Chicago has taken him seriously in his new play, "The Coward." Brought to bay at the point of a pencil, he boldly said:

"'The Coward' has shown me that I can write a serious play. And I'm going to write more serious plays. Of course I'm going to write comedies, too. I need the money. And the trouble I do have getting a serious play produced! Do you know that I had a contract once with Charles Frohman under which he agreed to produce every play I wrote for five years? And the first one I took to him was a serious play. He looked at it a moment and then he said: 'But, George, this is a drama.' 'I know it,' I said. 'But I want you to write farces,' said he. 'There is no such clause in the contract,' said I. 'Oh, well,' he agreed, 'I'll live up to my contract. But you're a farce writer.' 'If you feel that way about it,' I said, 'we'll call the contract off.' And we did.

"The first play I ever wrote was a serious play. That was ten years ago. I was keeping books and clerking in a broker's office over on La Salle street. I thought I could write a play, and I tried it. I called it 'The Speculator.' The story was woven around the wheat corner that Parker, of Cincinnati, tried to run about that time. And I had Crane in mind when I wrote it. Well, I took it to Crane and read it to him. He thought it bully. I read it to his manager, Joe Brooks, and he said great. Well, there I was, way up in the clouds. My first play, and Crane was going to present it. We talked about terms. They agreed that as I was an unknown playwright I didn't deserve royalties, but they would pay me $20 a performance and $10 a matinee. I was getting $30 a week and that seemed like an awful lot of money to me. One day Brooks telephoned me to come over to the Auditorium and sign the contracts. Over I went, and my feet never touched the ground once. I walked on air. I soared with the elevator. I waltzed into Brooks's room. 'I'm very sorry, Mr. Broadhurst,' said he, 'but we've changed our minds.' Bumped! I kept at work on the Board of Trade. After a while I read 'The Speculator' to Tom Seabrooke. He wanted to try a serious role. He took the piece, paid me royalties and I quit my job. I was a playwright."

One raw, gloomy day last winter Mr. Broadhurst paused on his way to a tailor's and unburdened his soul. 'I'll never be a great playwright," he said, "for the simple reason that I wear my hair the regulation length, have my clothes cut like other people's and refuse to pose even when I go to a photographer's."

CHARLES DARNTON.

MR. HAPPIHOME By Walter Wellman.

HOME HINTS.

Apple Custard Pie.

PEEL, core and stew sour apples; mash them fine and for each pie allow one pint of apple sauce, the yolk of one egg, one cup sugar, half a cup of butter and one-fourth of a nutmeg grated. Bake with only one crust, the same as pumpkin pie, and use the white of the egg as frosting, to be spread on after the pie is done. Whip the white of egg to a stiff froth and beat in half a cup of sugar. After spreading on pie return to a slow oven and brown slightly.

Scalloped Potatoes.

WASH, pare, soak and cut five medium sized potatoes in quarter inch slices. Put a layer in a buttered baking dish, sprinkle with salt and pepper and add a few drops onion juice; dredge with flour and dot over with a half tablespoon butter; repeat. Add hot milk until it may be seen through the top layer. Bake one hour. You can use cracker crumbs or bread instead of flour.

Brussels Sprout au Gratin.

BOIL until tender in salted water, drain and cut each sprout in four pieces. Cook together a tablespoon each of butter and flour and when they are smoothly blended pour upon them a scant pint of milk. After this has been stirred into a smooth sauce add the quartered sprouts, season to taste, turn all into a greased pudding dish, strew thickly with crumbs and bits of butter and bake until a light brown. Serve in the dish in which they are baked. This is especially nice for luncheon with a cold vegetable and a light meat.

Canned Pineapple.

FOR six pounds of fruit when cut and ready to can make syrup with two and a half pounds of sugar and nearly three pints of water; boil syrup five minutes and skim or strain if necessary; then add the fruit and let it boil up; have cans hot, fill and shut up as soon as possible. Use the best white sugar. As the cans cool, keep tightening them up.

TALKS WITH NEW YORKERS.

By T. O. McGill.

"THE worst reputation a man can have in New York City is that of a 'dead one,'" said former Superintendent of Buildings Thomas J. Brady.

"The New York that is doing things hasn't any time to spare, and it especially has no time to waste in pausing to inquire how good or how clever a man is, and unless he's rattling his tools on some job or other and lining up at the pay window regularly he's not going to get very much consideration from his neighbors.

"The pace is too swift and too exacting to stop and find out whether he's got a pedigree or not, and it doesn't make any difference whether he's a selling plater or not. If he can get in a stake race and win it there may be some who will emit a yell of chagrin at his winning, but that is only the yelp of envy and disappointment of those whose vanity is hurt by their lack of judgment. The rest of the crowd shout for him, and he counts in the calculations ever afterward until he proves a mistake, and then he's done forever. If he has the goods no one ever bothers him afterward.

"I was in a banker's office recently and a mutual acquaintance of the banker and myself was finishing some business when the banker spoke up and said, 'I have a proposition from a man by the name of —— —— (mentioning the man who wants us to carry an operation for him). It looks fairly good, but I don't know much about the man. He gives you as one of his recommendations. How about him?'

"The acquaintance said:

"'He's a Live One, and while he hasn't got much just now he'll get it because he's a hustler.'

"'That's good,' said the banker, 'we like to deal with live ones, and I guess we'll take the matter up with him.'

"Fifteen minutes later during the course of my conversation the name of a once well-known politician came up in reference to a transaction and when the name was mentioned the banker said:

"'Oh, he's a Dead One!' and the expression settled the matter at once, because in that expression as made by the banker was a volume of words, but no combination of them could so thoroughly have disposed of the man's fate so far as it lay in that direction.

"It is a terrible sentence to pronounce on a man, and when it was used by a man in a party at Delmonico's the other evening, and referring to another man who wasn't present, an acquaintance of the absent man said:

"'I knew Jim was not as "strong" as he used to be, but if he's got to the stage where a disinterested party will refer to him as a Dead One I'm afraid it's worse than I thought.'

"'It don't need a lot of money to be a Live One,' said another friend of mine, 'but you've got to have a little sting in you ready to hand to any one who picks you for a Dead One.'

"There are as many different explanations of what constitutes a Live One as there are types of them, and it doesn't make much difference how it is manifested, so long as one has enough of any quality to stand off that fatal verdict: 'He's a Dead One!'"

THE EPIDEMIC IN MATRIMONY.

By Nixola Greeley-Smith.

EVERYBODY is getting married—that is, of course, everybody still unfettered.

Our young women friends glow and gurgle over the whispered confidence that the dearest fellow in the world has at last put the fateful question, our men friends confess a similar emotional crisis in their affairs, not with fine feminine triumph, to be sure, but timorously, shame-facedly, as if they had stolen sheep.

And perhaps those of us who have not yet succumbed to the general spring epidemic sit back and gnash our teeth and feel as altogether out of it, as we used to at boarding school when everybody had chicken-pox and we didn't.

How forlornly we used to linger about the closed doors of the infirmary behind which the happy and distinguished victims were segregated, hope battling against reason to convince us that perhaps, after all, some little microbe might flutter through, only to realize at last that we were armor-proof against even the most beneficent bacillus. The theory of microbes, I believe, is that they find their favorite lodgement in a body weakened and run down. Love being conceded a mental disorder and suspected of microbic origin, it might be logical to conclude that its chosen tabernacle was a mind similarly debilitated. But that would be cynical. And, besides, we may want to fall in love ourselves sometimes. How in the name of romance and idealism did that expression "falling in love" originate? What lover will not feel the gross inappropriateness of such a term applied to his translation to the rarified heights of bliss. Let us in the name of all true lovers declare its abolishment and speak henceforth of our "ascension" into love quite as if we were a star or an airship.

Every man knows that every unmarried woman wants to marry. Rosy, happy, ebullient in our singleness as we may appear, he knows that our gayety is a huge bluff, and that deep down in our hearts is the gnawing cankers of unwilling celibacy, a hopeless, husbandless discontent.

Of course, we all do want to marry—the Right Man. But suppose he does not appear as promptly on the nineteenth birthday as the popular novelist is won't to make him? I believe latter-day writers have kindly extended the limit of possible heroineship to thirty, and one or two daring innovators have even let a woman go unwed beyond that period.

Unfortunately, we don't take our emotions for granted any more, which, after all, is the only way to take them, and so marry later than our grandmothers or not at all. Yet, assuming that every woman is domestic, as Bernard Shaw once remarked, is like thinking that just because we see a parrot in a cage dutifully croaking that "Polly wants a cracker" we have gained a final insight into the mature and whole duty of the bird. Perhaps, after all, every Polly does want a cracker, but she is getting a little more fastidious as to the brand, and sometimes she can't find any that she likes.

HEALTH AND BEAUTY.

By Margaret Hubbard Ayer.

Flushed Face.

RUTH W.—I would not advise the cream of tartar remedy for a flushed face, but would drink plenty of cold water between meals and apply the formula I give you externally for the troublesome condition. The following wash will sometimes be found very effective: Glycerine, 1 ounce; rosemary water, 1-2 ounce; carbolic acid, 20 drops. Mix thoroughly and apply to the face with a soft bit of linen or a velvet sponge.

Freckles Trouble Her.

KATHERINE M.—It is a common thing for the freckles to hide in the winter. Now is the season for their reappearance. Try this formula for obstinate freckles: Distilled water, 12 ounces; dextrine, 1 ounce; glycerine, 4 ounces; oxide of zinc, 320 grains; oxychloride of bismuth, 120 grains; mercuric chloride, 12 grains. This being a powerful application, it should be used very sparingly and applied to the parts affected with a soft camel's hair brush. Keep away from ignorant persons and children.

Her Hands Perspire.

B. S.—This remedy for perspiring hands is effective in many cases. Try it: Salicylic acid, 2 drams; impure carbonate of zinc, 2 ounces. Dust over the surface.

Lips Too Fat.

I. S. A. V.—The astringent I give you may be of service to reduce thick lips. I hope you do not bite your lips or fold them in between your teeth, as this would tend to overdevelopment. Melt an ounce of any of the cold creams, add one gram of any of the verized tannin and alkanet chips; let macerate for five hours, then strain through cheese-cloth. Apply to the lips when necessary.

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 1854, New York.

He Prefers Her Sister.

Dear Betty:

I AM a young girl of eighteen and I know a young man of twenty. I know that he liked me, for he gave me many presents. Of late he has been going out with my sister. Kindly advise me as to whether I should keep up my love for him or drop him, as I love him dearly. S. M. E.

If you love him you will not be able to drop him so suddenly. If he prefers your sister, however, you must do your very best to forget him.

Which Should Write First?

Dear Betty:

I HAVE been keeping company with a young man for the past three months. He got a position quite far away from me and comes to see me about once in two or three weeks. He has asked me to marry him several times, but I always told him there was time enough, and he says he loves me very much. Is it right for me to write first, as he never writes until I do, and I go out with other young men, and one night he came unexpectedly and I was out with another fellow and he was very angry? Do you think there is any harm in going out with others? M. L.

If you love the young man and expect to marry him you should respect his wishes in this matter. It makes no difference which writes first.

A YOUNG man writes me that he has been going with a girl for a year but that his parents have heard some gossip about her and wish him to give her up. He says he does not believe the gossip and that the young woman denies it, and asks if he must sacrifice her to his parents' wishes.

I would not advise any young man or woman to sacrifice a sweetheart because of evil report, which has infinite resources and very often no sources at all.

We owe respect and duty to our parents all our lives, and obedience so long as we remain dependent upon them.

If the young man is in a position and of an age to marry, let him do so after assuring himself that his own judgment confirms his choice. But he must respect his parents' wishes in the matter so long as he remains in their home.

More of the troubles of true lovers are caused by gossipping tongues than by all other combined agencies of dissension.

And many of these tongues, unfortunately, belong to gossiping girls, who are only too apt to sacrifice a friend's reputation to point a joke or adorn a humorous narrative.

Very few girls are intentionally malicious. I know none of the girls who write to me are. But sometimes, through sheer exuberance of spirits, or perhaps from a keen sense of the ridiculous, a girl tells some little anecdote about a friend that is passed from one to another, and finally so distorted by unfriendly tongues that when it reaches the ears of the friend's fiancee it is a very ugly story, indeed. And trouble and tears and perhaps separation are the result. None of us are so free from the spirit of tittle-tattle as not to have brought home to us at one time or another a garbled version of some perhaps innocent remark that has caused much perturbation of spirit to some person it concerned.

But it is better if possible to avoid gossip from human kindness than from unpleasant experience that teaches us its folly. To be a wholesome, womanly woman we should seal our eyes against scandal and our lips from repetition of it.

Her Uncle Interferes.

Dear Betty:

I HAVE married a young Western girl, whom I dearly love. She has developed one great fault since she has been brought here. She wishes to be brought to the theatre three times a week, and if she does not get what she wishes she writes home to her uncle, who has been her guardian, and he immediately writes back and calls me down for abusing his niece. What would you advise me to do, as I do not like the idea of her uncle interfering with my business. He seems to me to be worse than a mother-in-law. A B.

Your wife is very unreasonable and very foolish. I would pay no attention to the letters from her uncle, not even answer them. His attitude is most impertinent.

Her Friend and Her Beau.

Dear Betty:

I AM nineteen years of age and have been going with a young man two years my senior. I go with a girl friend who wanted to be introduced. I introduced her. Ever since she has been calling for me every evening, and she comes with this young man, and me. He sometimes makes dates with her. I would like to know whether he likes this girl better than I. C. M. B.

He seems to prefer you. But I think your girl friend is very forward. Let her make her own "dates," but don't allow her to share yours.

Sunday World Wants Work Monday Morning Wonders.

May Manton's Daily Fashions.

THE princesse slip, or the slip that combines the corset cover and the petticoat, is much worn this season beneath the thin gowns and is always a pretty and altogether satisfactory garment. This one, designed for young girls, can be made as illustrated, with low neck and short sleeves or with high neck and elbow sleeves, so that it fits every occasion. In the illustration the material is white batiste with trimming of embroidery and Valenciennes lace. But here again is opportunity for choice, for the slip is equally appropriate for white or colored fabrics and can be made from lawn, cambric or from the thinner silks that are so much used with trimming anything that one may like. The low-neck waist is particularly pretty beneath the lingerie blouses and is trimmed after a quite novel fashion.

The quantity of material required for the medium size (14 years) is 6¼ yards 21, 4 yards 36 or 3¼ yards 44 inches wide with 4¼ yards of embroidery 7 inches wide, or 1½ yards of additional material 21, 1¼ yards 36 or ¾ yard 44 inches wide, for the frill, 5½ yards of insertion, 4½ yards of narrow edging and 4½ yards of beading to make as illustrated.

Pattern 5360 is cut in sizes for girls of 12, 14 and 16 years of age.

Misses' Princesse Slip—Pattern No. 5360.

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.