BARGAIN BARONS AND THE LUXURY OF LOVE.

By Nixola Greeley-Smith.

MUCH has been written in the last few days about a foreign nobleman who, it is said, refused to marry a Pittsburg girl to whom he was engaged until her wealthy aunt had put up a dower of $100,000 for her.

Apparently this proceeding is altogether identified in the public mind with the higher classes of Europe.

It does not seem to have occurred to any of the persons wailing about "bargain barons" and the barter of American heiresses for titles that it is quite as rare for the men of our moneyed aristocracy to marry women most frequently described as poor, but honest as it is for European noblemen to take unto themselves dowerless brides.

Either the gilded son of Midas marries Croesus's golden girl, with whom he has been associated from childhood and with whom he naturally falls in love, and we have a real romance in high finance, or else he contracts an alliance with some fair siren of the stage. A mental survey of recent marriages of millionaires will certainly bear this out. The ordinary home girl with ordinary income and opportunities has generally no more chance at the American Croesus than if he were a bargain baron and she didn't have the price.

This is contrary to conventional romance, of course. But facts generally are. No doubt the dower system of Europe is inexpressibly distasteful to the American mind. But like most European customs it has a basis of fact and common sense.

Our facts must be sugar-coated for us to swallow them. And even harmlessly homoeopathized, as the process makes them, we sometimes have to shut our eyes and have our noses held like little children to make them go down.

Love is a luxury of life, not a necessity. And like that other luxury of children, only the poor seem really to be able to afford it.

That is why it is so distinctly an infringement of copyright for the King of Spain to be marrying a woman he loves. What is the use of not being a king if he is going to usurp the last privilege of the poor?

Neither kings, barons nor millionaires can afford to love. To choose a woman for her own true worth, or to be chosen by her, is the greatest right of all of us who are still poor enough to do as we please.

No doubt the right will be taken away from us. No doubt there will some day be a gigantic Love Trust before which we petty, independent operators must inevitably go down.

But, meantime, who is so poor that may not be rich in the loyal tribute of a heart loving and beloved?

But if Love is, certainly, the poor man's luxury; realizing it, one can't help sympathizing with the man who said: "Give me the luxuries of life and I'll dispense with its necessities."

BETTY VINCENT'S ADVICE TO LOVERS.

A DISCONSOLATE and unhappy wife asks what she can do to counteract her mother-in-law's influence over her husband. "Every evening," she writes, "he visits his mother before coming home after work, and she sets him against me, so that I can't get him to stay at home. When he doesn't go to see her he seems happy with me."

If the wife's mother is treated as a time-honored joke, the husband's mother is quiet as often at the bottom of a family tragedy. No woman likes to see her son's affection turning toward another woman. She feels that she is being robbed of something, and it takes endless tact and affection on the part both of the son and the daughter-in-law to teach her that one heart can encompass the love of wife and child without robbing the mother of what is hers.

The mother-in-law must abdicate her supremacy if there is to be peace and happiness for the children. A mother who really loves her son will do this, for motherhood spells sacrifice.

In the case of the unhappy wife, she, too, might make a sacrifice of her pride and try to win over the mother-in-law, with whom she seems to be on terms of enmity.

Like two hostile armies, they can at least meet on common, neutral ground. This is the love they both have for the husband and son.

If the wife will make an effort to meet the mother-in-law half way and will explain to her husband that she is willing and anxious to do so, he should be man enough to appreciate it and to close his ears to any unfriendly insinuations against his home. He will surely be honest enough to do this once she has done her part toward bringing about a reconciliation.

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 1334, New York.

He Would Win Her.

My Dear Betty:

I AM a young man. I would like to get acquainted with a young lady that I see most every day when I go home to lunch. There is nobody that is acquainted with her that I know and I do not like to pass any remark to her for fear of insulting her. I think that this young lady would like to know me, also, as much as I would like to know her, because when I come home with my friend she makes it her business to either look out of the window or go to the store just as as I am coming along. I think that I could learn to love this girl very much and I will thank you very much if you could give me a little advice as to how to win her heart. A. Z.

Find out what store she goes to and get to know some one there who could introduce you.

He Was Rude to Her Friend.

Dear Betty:

I MET a fellow about three years ago and we have kept almost steady company ever since. He has always shown me the greatest respect.

The other evening a friend of mine came in and acted exceedingly forward. On the impulse of the moment he was exceedingly rude to her, although we thought a great geal of each other, still he refused to apologize to her. I thought a heap of his friendship and had to drop him for looks sake.

What would you have done if you had been in my place. 1906.

Being rude to your friend in your home was insulting to you. You could not have done otherwise.

She Has Two Beaux.

Dear Betty:

I AM a young girl eighteen years old; I have been going with a young man my own age. A short time ago I had a quarrel with him; then I was introduced to a nice young man. I like him very well and he wants me to keep company with him. I like both of them very much, so please advise me which one I should go with? M. A. F.

Go with the one you like best. If you have no choice, be nice to both of them. In time you will discover which you prefer.

He Pawned Her Ring.

Dear Betty:

I AM a young man twenty-eight years of age, and for a few weeks have been keeping company with a young lady twenty-one years of age. I have found out that she kept company with a young man before. He took her watch and diamond ring away from her and pawned them. Do you think it would be proper for me to marry her, as she wants to get married? I love the girl very much, and she also loves me. I really don't know what to do, give the girl up or keep going with her. T.

That one man should have treated the girl badly is no reason why the whole sex should follow suit. By all means, marry her.

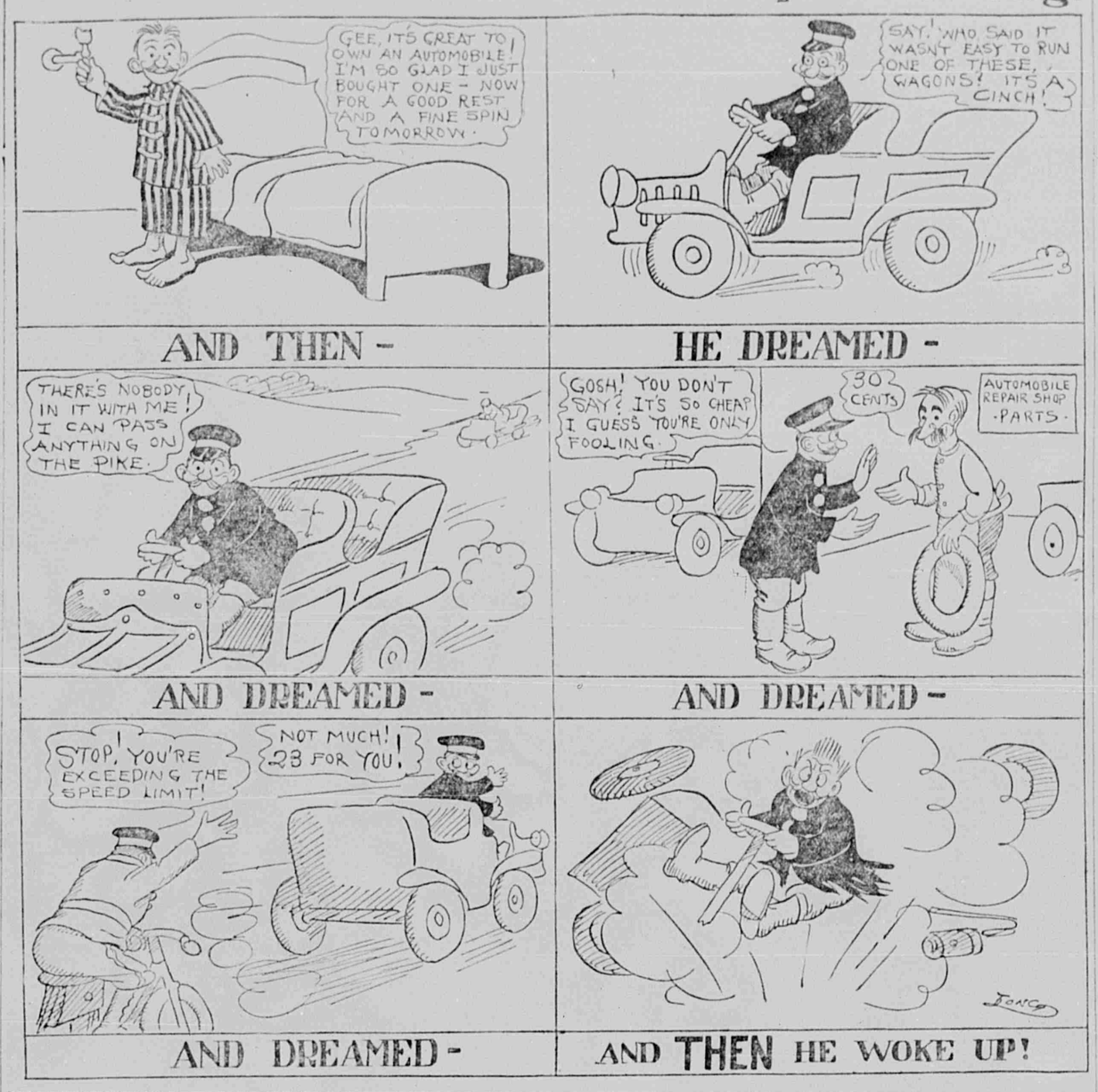
Twenty-three for Her.

Dear Betty:

I AM a young man twenty-three years of age and am in love with a widow forty-five years of age. I love her, and she loves me. Is she too old for me to marry? P. A. S.

"Twenty-three" for her, but not forty-five for you. She is far too old.

HAPPY DREAMS. By F. G. Long.



Binks, the Bellboy. By Mark Madigan.

"THIS 'stoking' game has grown to be the ideal business," said Binks, the bellboy, this morning as he inspected a new trunk he had purchased to keep his automobile make-up in.

"What's 'stoking?'" inquired Snitz, the cigar-stand man.

"Stoking is the real name for the work of getting 'pull,' 'boosting' and warming up a Lifting Iron."

"Wait a minute," said Snitz, "you go too fast for me. 'Lifting Iron' is something in golf, ain't it?"

"Lifting Iron means a good man who can 'boost' you along after he's been 'stoked!'"

"How do you do that stoking?" inquired Snitz.

"Kind words, my boy," lofty answered Binks. "'Con' words fixed up by the shovelful and handed out to some one that can help you along.

"Now here's a case in point," continued Binks as he handed the porter a five spot for taking his trunk away. "That young fellow who has the suite on the fourth floor, where he had the paper all changed to match his wife's hair, owns some stock in every company that's been formed in the last ten years and makes money so fast that he don't have time to be insulting to anybody. He got an idea that I was a pretty good sort of a fellow, and said I might be an assistant manager here or something like that.

"He owns some stock in the hotel, and he goes to work 'stoking' for me by saying to the manager every once in a while something like this: 'That boy Binks is a bright fellow and ought to be behind the desk,' or he says when he's buying some theatre seats for the manager, 'You ought to put that young fellow Binks behind the desk,' and so he goes on making a fire and working up steam for me with the manager till one day the manager called me in and said, wise and grouchy as though he had made a big discovery:

"'Binks, how'd you like to come behind the desk?'

"Then I tells him that I am doin' too well on the bench, with a chance to get tips from the careless rich that beats his pay roll mark for a man behind the desk all to pieces, and he says, 'Very well.'

"But supposin' I'd needed that job? That stoking that fellow did would have fixed me more than all the real work I could do if I lived to be a hundred and twenty-three."

IF WISHES CAME TRUE! By Howard R. Cort.

MAZIE found it very lonely
With a doll for playmate only.
Till she said (just joking, maybe),
"How I wish you were a Baby!"

The doll that Mazie loves so dearly
All at once behaved most queerly.
Mazie with delight was wild,
For it changed into a child.

But, alas! it pulled her hair;
Hauled her here and tugged her there.
Till poor Mazie cried in pain:
"PLEASE unwish yourself again!"

HEALTH AND BEAUTY.

By Margaret Hubbard Ayer.

A Lip Salve.

MRS. S.—The salve I give you will stain the lips, but the imperceptible rouge is better. Here is the salve recipe: Spermaceti, 1 1-4 ounces; white wax, 1 ounce; almond oil, 4 ounces; alkanet root, 3 drams. Melt all in a water bath. Let it nearly cool and add balsam of Peru, 4 drams; oil of cloves, 20 drops; essence of ambergris, 8 drops.

A Tooth Powder.

MRS. C.—This is a good formula for tooth powder. I give you one also for the eyelashes. Yes, dilated nostrils may be contracted by the use of an appliance for this purpose which is to be obtained at some of the shops where they keep surgical instruments. Here is the tooth powder formula: Areca nut charcoal, 5 ounces; cuttlefish bone, 2 ounces; raw areca nuts, pounded, 1 ounce. Pound and mix. Two or three drops of oil of cloves or of cassia may be added if a perfume is required. This is the eyebrow and eyelash grower: Cologne, 2 1-2 ounces; glycerine, 1 1-2 ounces; fluid extract of jaborandi, 2 drams. Agitate ingredients till thoroughly incorporated. Apply to the eyebrows with the brush and to the lashes with a tiny camel's-hair paint brush. The brush must be freed from any drop and passed lightly along the edge of the eyelids, exercising extreme care that no minutest portion of the lotion touches the eye itself.

Cream Marquise.

ADA—Here is the Creme Marquise recipe: 1-4 ounce of white wax, 2 1-2 ounces of spermacetti, 2 1-2 ounces of sweet almonds, 1 1-2 ounces of rose water, 1 drop of attar of roses. Shave the wax and spermacetti and melt it in a porcelain kettle. Add the almond oil and beat slightly, but do not let boil. Remove from the stove and add the rose water to which the perfume has already been added. Beat until creamy and put into jars. Cease beating before the mass becomes really hard. Be sure that the wax is weighed carefully, for too much of this ingredient will spoil the cream by making it too firm.

HINTS FOR THE HOUSEWIFE.

Uses for Stale Bread.

THERE are so many ways to use stale or broken bread that it seems a pity to throw it away. Toast them, have a bowl of hot salted water, with butter melted in it. Dip into that. Or break one or two eggs add a little milk, salt and pepper. Have some hot fat in spider, ham, sausage, pork or any good sweet kind, and dip the crusts in the egg. Brown on both sides. Takes the place of meat. Then there is butter and milk toast and plain dry toast, as well as puddings and crumbed and dried, to use for fish, oysters, &c.

Vegetable Salad.

PASS the yolks of three hard-boiled eggs through a sieve into a basin. Season with celery salt, pepper, a dust of curry powder and a little sugar. Add two tablespoonfuls of oil, working it into the yolks of the eggs by degrees with a wooden spoon. As soon as a perfectly smooth paste is formed pour in a dessertspoonful of vinegar. When the ingredients are thoroughly mixed add very gradually three tablespoonfuls of thick cream and sufficient chopped parsley to give the dressing a speckled appearance. Remove the skin from some new potatoes which have been boiled and allowed to get cold. Then cut them into moderately thick slices. Cut up some peeled tomatoes in a similar manner. Dress the potatoes with the egg mixture and arrange them neatly in a salad bowl. Place the slices of tomato among them and, if desired, garnish the salad here and there with pieces of fresh watercress. This is better if kept in the ice-box a number of hours before serving.

Fishballs Without Eggs.

PUT fish to soak in cold water and a tablespoon of vinegar on the back of the stove; do not let it get hot, just warm. When the fish is soft drain the water off and remove all bones and skin if there are any. Chop the fish fine and add potatoes (while hot). With a silver fork mash all together. Heat quarter of a cup of milk and piece of butter as large as a good-sized walnut, add to potato and fish and beat thoroughly. Season with a little pepper. Wet the hands in cold water and shape into round flat cakes. Fry in pork or bacon fat a nice brown on both sides. Use twice the quantity of potatoes that you have of fish. Do not roll them in flour. Very fine cracker crumbs are nicer. Don't have the mixture too soft—just so you can handle and shape it.

Ice Cream Cake.

TO the whites of five eggs, lightly beaten, add two cups of sugar and two-thirds of a cup of butter. Heat to a cream, then add one cup of milk and three cups of flour that has been sifted three times, with three level teaspoons of yeast powder. Bake in thin layers in peppered tins. Here is a recipe for the cream:

Two and one-half cups of sugar and one-half cup of water. Boiled until it hairs from the spoon. Pour it into the whites of three eggs that have been beaten stiff. Beat vigorously until thick enough to spread. Flavor with one-half a teaspoon of lemon and one teaspoon of vanilla. Spread between the layers and over the top.

OUT OF THE MOUTHS OF BABES.

VISITOR—So you are going to visit your cousins in the country this summer, eh?

Little Elsie—Yes; mamma says they are not stylish enough to visit us.

Mamma—Oh, Johnnie, you have spilled your bowl of milk all over your new suit!

Small Johnny—Well, don't worry about it. You can take 3 cents out of my bank and buy another pint of milk.

Teacher—Suppose I were to give you five pennies and your father gave you two more, how many would you have?

Small Tommy—Eight.

Teacher—Eight! Why, how do you figure that out?

Small Tommy—I've got one in my pocket to start with.—Chicago News.

THE SERMONS OF A SINNER.

By Roy L. McCardell.

Text: The Folly of Doing Favors.

SOUTHERN merchants have a maxim that costly experience has proved beyond dispute to them: "Trust a Coon and You Lose a Customer." Yet, why specify creed, color or past or present condition of servitude in citing instances of benefits forgot? It is not alone the irresponsible Afro-American who forgets a favor. All of us have the habit.

Yet, we cannot agree with the cynics who hold that the easiest way to turn a friend into an enemy is to do him a favor. That is wrong, inasmuch as it exaggerates the real facts.

Experience and observation satisfy us that in measuring men and matters with the Golden Rule a safe plan to follow is to do one favor for each friend we have, as occasion warrants—and no more.

Nothing irritates a friend more than being constantly done good turns. He is not consciously aware of it, perhaps, but when you have done one hundred favors for a friend and weary of well doing at the one hundred and first—or find it impossible to comply—then it is that the recollection of all the insults in the way of favors he has suffered at your hands stirs the soul of your old pal with acrid animosity, and, hidden or open, generally the latter, his whole life is given up to fattening his grudge against you.

The ill turns you do others will be pardoned and condoned. The last favor you couldn't do will never be.

This is very reprehensible, My Brethren, and loud doth mankind cry out against it.

As late as yesterday Chandler rasped his protest, and as long ago as Dante's Cook's Tour to Hades it was noted by him that the most shameful spot in Sheol was set aside for those who betrayed their benefactors.

The sin of doing evil to those who have done us good is as a transgression of all time.

Men may rise on their dead selves as stepping stones, as the poet sang; but more often they rise on the prostrate forms of those who, coming to assist, they trample down.

Be careful in giving a helping hand to the man in the quicksand. He often drags himself out by pulling you in.

"I put him in the business, and now that I am down and out he passes me up." "I lent him the money to bury his mother, and now he gets the job for his brother-in-law that he knew I needed."

These are common complaints.

It is true that these cries are emitted by the unsuccessful mostly. But we all have experienced ingratitude, and perhaps have handed out some ourselves.

For there is a strange perversity in the best of it, deny it as we will, that makes us wrong those to whom we are indebted.

It is the careful creditor who gives us no chance to get mad at him. With what a relief Mr. Bad Pay says, "Now, since you have been so nasty about this little bill I won't pay you at all!"

One of the most popular men in Wall street, hailed as "the best fellow ever!" far and wide, is a man who openly says he never does a favor except under compulsion.

The philosophy of negation is best. Andrew Carnegie has more enemies than Hetty Green.

But blessings on all kind hearts! Even though such things be, let us be tender-hearted rather than hard-headed, though it be proven fifty-fold that a good action is bad business.

CONVERSATIONS OVERHEARD.

By Alice Rohe.

THE train was just pulling out of the Ninety-third street station when the Plump Person in the Raspberry Eton suit grasped the arm of the Plumper One in the Alice Blue Princess and shrieked aloud:

"Oh, the brutes! Stop the train! What shall I do?" she gasped.

The Plumper one followed the direction of the Plump One's gaze and then she began, too.

"The poor, poor things!" she gurgled. "Oh, why doesn't the S. P. C. A. interfere? How can people be so cruel. I know it's a brute of a man's fault. The heartless wretches!"

By this time all the passengers who could look out of the windows or get a peep through the dodging heads of the other strap-hangers caught a glimpse of a bird-cage on the window ledge of an apartment-house, with the hot sun pouring down on two helpless little canaries.

As the train increased in speed the indignation of the plump ones grew apace.

Their hysterical tones vied with each other until the Plumper One's eyes were dimmed and two fat tears made little pathways through the rosy bloom of health on her cheeks.

"To think of any one being so cruel to birds—our little feathered friends!" she cried with fervid sentiment. How any one could be so lacking in heart or common decency as to allow a dear little bird to suffer!"

A plain-looking person in a ribbon-trimmed hat was gazing at the two indignant ones with disapproval written undisguisedly on her face, but the Raspberry-Tinted One and the Lady in the Alice Blue Eton continued their indignation meeting till the whole car was listening with varied shades of interest.

The train was rounding the curve at One Hundred and Tenth street when the voice of the guard by some strange psychic flash of understanding conveyed to the Plumper One's mind that their station was at hand.

She roused the Plump One, who was still in a talking trance, and led her from the car. As they stepped upon the platform their voices rose in horror-stricken excitement at the crime against the birds, and as their heads nodded violently in their denunciation the osprey on the hat of the Plump One and the aigrette on the hat of the Plumper One trembled with indignation and rage.

May Manton's Daily Fashions.

Double-Breasted Shirt Waist—Pattern No. 5369.

ONE of the latest variations of the shirt waist is the one that gives the suggestion of a coat. It is double breasted, plain, finished with tailor severity, and is altogether chic and smart for certain occasions. Made from linen, French pique, duck or similar material, it makes a most satisfactory waist for golf, tennis, riding and the like, and also for general morning wear. Made from the lightweight flannel, it is admirable for outings in the mountains or by the seashore, while it suits both the separate waist and the entire gown equally well. As illustrated white butcher's linen is used, held by pearl buttons.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is 4 yards 21, 3 1-2 yards 27 or 2 3-8 yards 36 inches wide.

Pattern 5369 is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 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.