# THE DEFINITION OF THE WORD "HUG."

By Nixola Greeley-Smith.

To my mind a hug is a deliberate embrace for the pure joy of embracing. It is given only by intent.—Principal George Lassell, of Ridgefield Park.

THIS is part of the defense of a school principal charged by a young teacher whom he was instrumental in discharging with hugging her.

As a definition it is well enough. Some people may deem it adequate, others in a midsummer mood to construe that exceedingly active verb may find it poor in descriptive powers.

It prompts me merely to ask this question: Why should the frightful word "hug" and the still more frightful "buss" be still employed to designate the loftiest forms of sentimental expression known to mankind?

"Buss," thanks to the fastidiousness of our times, is practically obsolete. Our Anglo-Saxon forefathers and mothers "bussed" each other without apparently perceiving the unsuitability of the word to the action. But unless we read out-of-date novels about them we need have no fear of offending our eyes and ears by encountering the unseemly syllable.

"Hug," however, is on every lip. It is in vain that bifalutin novelists have endeavored to substitute the poor French word "embrace." Of course the fact that embrace in that language more particularly means to kiss rather recommended it as a synonym for "hug," the underlying principle of adaptations from foreign languages being that of hopeless inaccuracy. But, even so, it is such a remote, feeble-sounding word that it has failed utterly of popularity.

Whatever a "hug" may be, I think it will be universally admitted that by any other name it would seem a good deal sweeter.

One may, to be sure, attain such heights of emotional bliss as not to care what the name of that ecstatic proceeding may be, but in an ordinary lukewarm state of mind we are apt to ask of those exceedingly harsh three letters, "Oh, Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou Romeo?"

Leaving the sound for the meaning of the word, I don't consider the young principal's definition a very good one. A hug, he says, is "a deliberate embrace." Now, the very best authorities agree that any emotional demonstration should be spontaneous. A skyrocket might as well deliberate, a snowflake ponder, a lightning flash philosophize, as a "hug" deliberate.

The savor of sentiment lies chiefly in its suddenness, its unexpectedness. The hug that deliberates is lost to all the finer shades of feeling. The Jersey principal should be convicted of the charge of hugging in the first degree, since by his own confession wilful premeditation has been shown.

# BETTY VINCENT'S ADVICE TO LOVERS.

SO many letters come to me with the following question that I have decided to answer them all by this paragraph:

The question is, "Should there be any kissing before we are engaged?"

No, there should not. The kind of a girl a man wants to marry will not allow it, and on the other hand the kind of a man the girls should want will not try to.

If kisses and the usual conversation that accompanies them are allowed to occur the man will soon get tired, and then he will say to himself: "If I can kiss her I wonder how many others can?" He gets an idea that most of his friends have the same privilege, and ten to one they have.

It is a well known fact that in all cases of this order the man gets tired and the girl cares more for him. Just as she is beginning to like to be kissed by him very much he will not care to do the kissing.

You cannot be too careful about curbing your enthusiasm on the subject, girls. Even after you are engaged it would be just as well to be a little stingy once in a while just to keep him interested. I admit it may be difficult, but it is in a good cause.

You know it is not the hottest, roaring fire that burns the longest, not by any means.

A little indifference goes a long way. In fact, there is nothing that will do the same work and do it so quickly as indifference. If you don't believe, try it and see. It is just as much a rule in the game of love as "when in doubt play trumps" is in the game of whist.

It is just as well to keep in mind that, although many things have changed in the last century, some good old-fashioned ideas are still in use among the right sort.

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 1351, New York.

### *What Is the Matter?*

Dear Betty:

ABOUT a year ago I became acquainted with a pretty young lady, and we became firm friends. About four months ago she became angry, and since then has not looked at me nor spoken to me. I have never said anything about her that was wrong, nor done anything to her.

PUZZLED.

Go to her and ask her what had happened. It looks as if a mischief-maker had been at work.

### *She Loves Another.*

Dear Betty:

I AM in love with a man who professes to care for me very much. He is a very good fellow in every way and comes from a good family. I could have anything I desire from him, but I have been engaged three months to a man I don't love and would very much like to break the engagement. LORY.

If you are perfectly sure you do not care for the man to whom you are engaged tell him so frankly. It is the easiest way. Do not act hastily, however. So many of us act quickly and repent at leisure.

### *Love or Presents?*

Dear Betty:

NEARLY a month ago an engagement was cancelled with a young lady whom I have known for some time. Later I wrote to her begging her pardon for my portion of the trouble. I received a reply later. Her wishes were that everything should be as formerly, and she also stated that she would name an evening for an interview. I have received no letter since, and she will not return the engagement ring or personal effects, which I believe, as a lady, she should do. At least she should tell me when I can see her. What would you infer from her silence of two weeks? I stand ready to do my part, but certainly cannot consistently call until invited to do so. JACK.

Do you care for the girl or for the presents you have given her? You have known her well enough to call on her whether she invites you or not. She said she "wished things to be as they were formerly," so go ahead.

### *Teach Him to Dance.*

Dear Betty:

THE annual dance of a society will be held some time during this month and it is the general custom for girl members to invite an escort. For this reason I am sadly perplexed. I love a young man very much, but he cannot dance, so I have asked another friend to accompany me. I have been told that it is wrong for me to do this. F. B. M.

The thing for you to do is to teach him to dance, so that he can accompany you.

### *Sweets to the Sweet.*

Dear Betty:

I HAVE been calling on a girl my age (fifteen years) for seven months. What would you advise me to give her for a birthday present? Do you think a five-pound box of candy would be a good and suitable present? As I will be in the country when her birthday arrives, would you advise me to put my card or a birthday card in the box when I send it? T. B. C.

The candy would be a very nice present if she is fond of it. Put your card in the box.

### *Late for Formality.*

Dear Betty:

I HAVE been calling on a young lady for the past few months, although I have never been introduced. I do not know how I can obtain an introduction as our friends know of our acquaintance. Kindly advise me whether or not I should stop calling. I think a great deal of her and I think my feelings are reciprocated. Please tell me an honorable way to receive an introduction. J. V. D.

If your friends all know that you are acquainted with each other, and you are good friends, I think it is rather late for the introduction.

# HEALTH AND BEAUTY.

By Margaret Hubbard Ayer.

### What Causes Wrinkles?

C. B.—This is a difficult question, and the best advice is to leave off the habits, emotions and grimaces which cause contortions of the face. At the same time use this wrinkle lotion: Rose water, 200 grammes; thick milk of almonds, 20 grammes; sulfate d'alumine, 4 grammes. Dissolve and filter for use.

### Orange Flower Lotion.

GUSSIE.—Here is the orange flower lotion you ask for. It is very soothing and is made as follows: Glycerine, 1 ounce; orange flower water, 1 pint; pulverized borax, 3 drams.

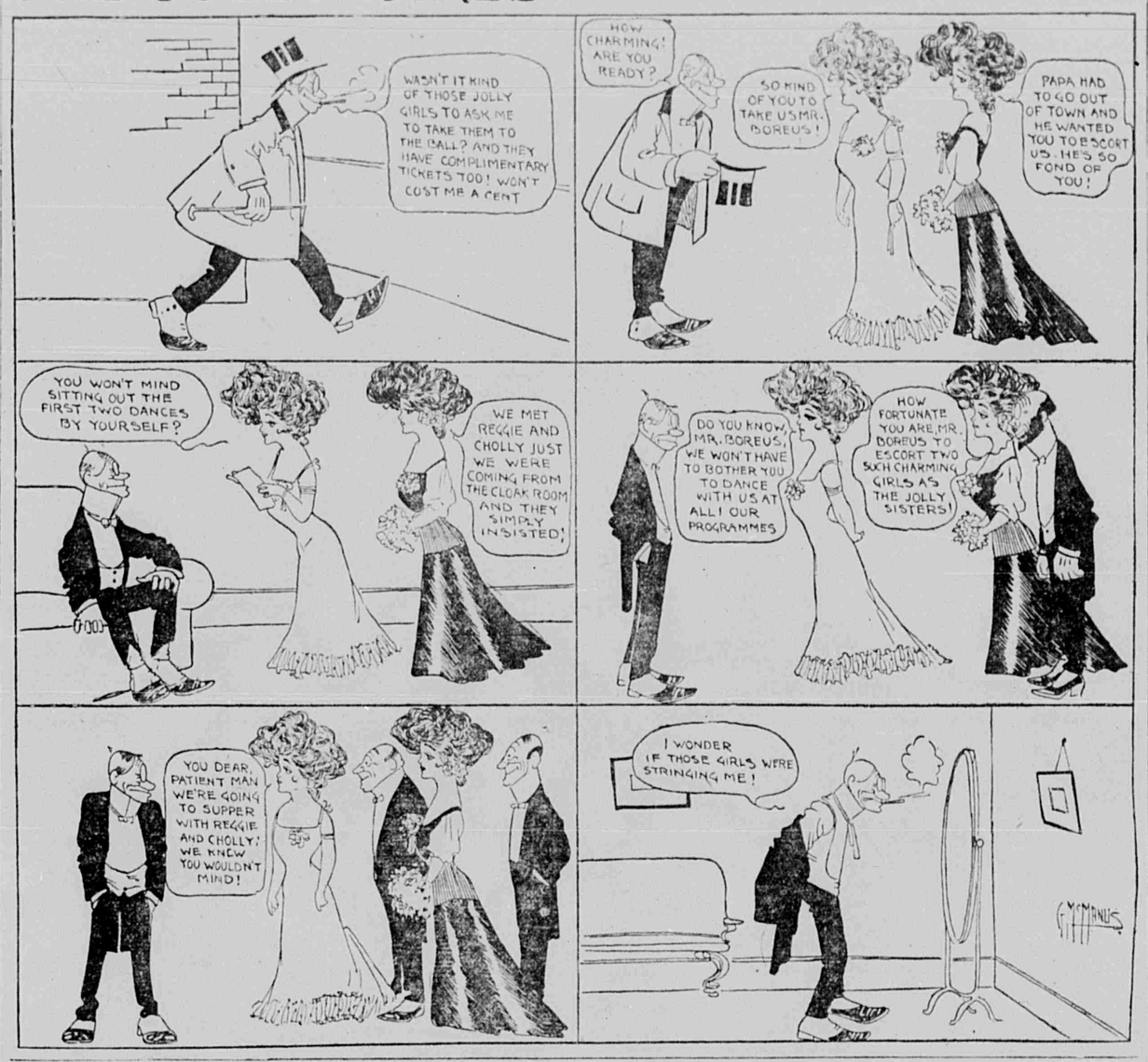
### For Callous Spots.

A. M.—Callous spots are caused by pressure from tight boots and shoes, and the condition is nothing more than what you may call a diffused corn. When on the bottom of the foot an adhesive plaster will often relieve, as it induces perspiration, which softens the hard skin. Be careful to have the plaster smooth, or it will increase the trouble.

### Puffiness Under Eyes.

JENNIE.—Puffiness under the eyes may be due to some chronic trouble; if so, your physician will advise. Or again, it may be caused by inflammation of the lower lid of the eyes. If so, wash with this common remedy: 10 grains of borax and 2 ounces of camphor water. Bathe the eyes frequently.

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




# Stories About People—By Tom Watkins

APROPOS of the packing-house exposures Herbert W. Fanning, of Chicago, tells about an experience he had with the man who began the business that has made the Armour plant the stupendous thing it is, Philip D. Armour, senior.

Fanning was a contractor and speculator at the time the incident occurred, and had contracted with the War Department to furnish a certain amount of "fitch" as bacon was called in those days, to the Commissary Department for soldiers in the field in the civil war.

Fanning had a big supply of the stuff on hand in a big warehouse in Indiana, and was waiting orders to ship it when the warehouse caught fire and made a fine mess of sizzled bacon and smell. The next day Fanning got the order to ship the bacon to Pennsylvania.

He got on a train and went to Chicago, and saw Armour, whom he had known for a long time, and told him his troubles. Armour said: "That's good. I'm glad to hear that. You and a fellow in Ohio are the only two men who have prevented me from getting a price the Government ought to pay for that class of goods, and I would have had the whole business by now if it hadn't been for you two fellows. How much of a forfeit do you lose by not delivering?"

Fanning said he stood to lose $3,500, a big sum for those days.

Armour said:

"File a protest against the seizure of the bond due to an unforeseen act of Providence and come to work for me. I want a good man to handle my business in Nebraska and Kansas, and I'll make you rich. I have experts ready to prove that that other fellow's 'fitch' is unfit for use, and if he don't come to work for me I'll get the business sooner or later, anyway."

Fanning, being broke, went to work for Armour, and Armour not only got him the amount of the bond from the Government, but later made him a partner.

"And," continues Fanning, "no man ever had such luck as did Armour. If he started to work out a big deal, the men who opposed him seemed either to encounter bad luck, or else some unforeseen good luck aided him. Just as my fire and the illness of the other man made it possible for Armour to dominate the fitch market for that part of the world during the war, so did other events help to make him what he became.

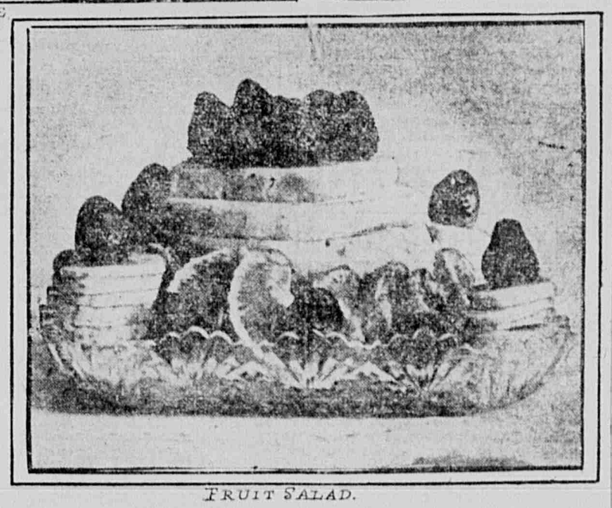
He never stayed up after 10 o'clock at night, but was always up at 5 in the morning, and I remember one day the late Allan Pinkerton, the detective, standing in front of the old Sherman House, in Chicago, said as Armour passed us:

"'Armour is building up quite a business, and I shouldn't be surprised if he had one of the biggest butcher shops in this part of the country before he is through.'"

# THREE PRETTY AND UNUSUAL "HOT-WEATHER DISHES."

CELERY STUFFED with CHEESE

EGG SALAD.



FRUIT SALAD.

WITH the advent of the really hot weather of latter June and of July comes a distaste for heavy, plain foods, such as seem all right in colder months.

Steaks, roasts, &c., go badly with a thermometer that registers 90 in the shade, and there are more valid objections to them than the Beef Trust exposures supply. The mind turns to daintier fare that shall tempt the summer appetite and appeal alike to the eye and to the jaded palate.

A trio of such unique hot weather dishes are here illustrated. Two are salads, the third a dessert:

The first is celery stuffed with cheese, and garnished with parsley. Cold, white, plum stalks of celery are laid on the dish, and their long grooves filled to overflowing with Roquefort or crumbed parmesan, or some other light yet spicy cheese. Serve with crackers.

The cheese, of course, is merely an accompaniment to the celery and should be in sufficiently moderate proportion to the latter. Especially so if parmesan be used; in which case a mere "dusting" of the stalks is sufficient.

For those who enjoy highly flavored cheeses Roquefort is perhaps best for this purpose.

American or cream cheese may be used in place of the Roquefort. This is very palatable for late suppers.

Be certain the celery is ice cold. It should be in pieces about five inches long. Two pieces are usually served to each person.

For egg salad eggs require to be boiled a quarter of an hour. Crack and remove the shell. Take the yolk out whole if possible.

Put a few lettuce leave on a dish, then cut the white of the eggs very thin and place around the dish one layer on top of the other.

Fill the centre with the yolks of the eggs, which will resemble birds' eggs. This is a very atractive luncheon dish, and is also known as "Eggs in the Nest."

Fruit salad consists of four different kinds of fruit, which are now in season. First a pineapple is peeled, cut in very thin slices and put on the plate so as to resemble a whole pineapple.

Then oranges are quartered and arranged around the pineapple. At each end of the square dish sliced bananas are placed.

Large perfect strawberries stand on top of the pineapple and oranges. This salad must be served ice-cold and is very suitable for the Sunday night supper.

# HINTS FOR THE HOUSEWIFE.

### Corn Fritters.

GRATE the corn or cut it from 7 ears into a deep bowl, and to this add 1 pint milk, 1 egg beaten, ½ teaspoon salt, and to this add flour enough to make a light batter. Have a kettle of boiling fat (as for doughnuts) ready to drop the fritters by the tablespoonful into the boiling lard, letting them fry till they are a light brown.

### Raspberry Tapioca.

TO ¾ of a cup of pearl tapioca add 1 quart of cold water. Let it stand on the fire until it is cooked clear, stirring often to prevent burning. Sweeten and flavor. Let it cool a little. Pour a little in a glass dish, then add some red raspberries, then more tapioca, then berries, and so on till all has been used; set away to cool and serve with whipped cream.

### Baked Hominy.

WHEN there is any cold hominy left from yesterday's dinner it can be utilized for luncheon by baking. To a cupful of cold boiled hominy allow two cups of milk, a heaping teaspoonful of butter, a teaspoonful of white sugar, a little salt and three eggs; beat the eggs very light, yolks and white separately. Work the yolks first into the hominy, alternating with the melted butter. When thoroughly mixed, put in the sugar and salt and continue beating while the batter softens gradually with the milk. Be careful to leave no lumps in the hominy. Lastly, stir in the whites and bake in a buttered pudding dish until light, firm and delicately browned.

### Lemon Syrup.

TAKE six pounds of granulated sugar, twelve large ripe lemons and (without cutting them) grate the yellow rind upon the sugar. Then put the sugar with the lemon gratings and two quarts of water into a preserving kettle and let it dissolve. When it is all melted boil it until quite thick, skimming until no more scum rises. It will then be done. Have ready the juice of all the lemons, stir it in and boil ten minutes more. Bottle and keep in a cold place. This makes a delicious drink in summer in proportion to one-third lemon syrup and two-thirds ice water.

### Fruit Pudding.

TAKE a small can of sliced peaches, peel and slice 2 bananas and 3 juicy oranges. Then line a pudding dish with a layer of oranges and alternate layer of bananas and peaches until all fruit is used. Cover each layer with sugar, coacoanuts and chopped walnuts. Over all pour a cup of peach syrup. Let stand several hours on ice and serve with whipped cream.

# *THE SERMONS OF A SINNER.*

By Roy L. McCardell.

*Text: There'll Come a Time.*

ROY L. McCARDELL.

SO many of us, Dearly Beloved, are going to have a good time "some day." What is the matter with having it now?

To-day is yesterday's future and to-morrow's past. The three phases of happiness are Anticipation, Realization and Retrospection. Therefore, it behooves us to be happy to-day, for if we are happy to-day we will have the pleasure of remembering it to-morrow—and that makes two happy days—even if we did not anticipate it yesterday.

Too many of us are prone to believe that we are going to have a good time some time. Yet, no matter how much we hunt for Happiness we cannot find it unless we take it along with us.

You are tired of the town, of your work. Tired of everything, but you are going to have "a good time" when you go away on your vacation. So you will, if you take the good time with you.

How often have we prepared for a good time to come, and when it came it wasn't a good time at all?

As we retrospect upon pleasures past we will fully realize that it was the unpremeditated pleasure, the joyance that was unexpected, that gave us the most happiness. Impromptu speeches are the best; therefore we who make them cannot prepare them too carefully.

It is the same with happiness—because happiness is all we live for. We think money will buy it, and we work for money. Then we imagine, as we take stock of our money from time to time, that we haven't enough to buy all the happiness we need, now that we have gone so long without it. And so we work for more money.

Most of us never have any money, and so we imagine we can never have happiness. Those of us who do get money enough to buy the happiness find that it is nowhere for sale, and that we have grown old and the happiness that we might have had for nothing we can't go back after because it is too late.

Some of us think that success is happiness. When we achieve success we find it is not happiness, because the success we achieve isn't really success. Success is the reward that some other fellow is reaping.

The possessions we have to-day would have gladdened us greatly ten years ago, but what are they worth to us now? Not much, for we pass by them day by day unnoticing, striving to gain something now that will probably only be reached ten years later, and when we get them then we won't care for them.

Therefore, dearly beloved, you see the futility of it all.

The pursuit of happiness is guaranteed to us by the Declaration of Independence. But our patriotic forbears, wise as we think they were, after the lapse of time, could not guarantee us the capture of it.

That depends upon ourselves. The more you pursue happiness the farther it is away. It is the pot of gold at the rainbow's foot. Stand still and resolve it shall be yours, and lo, you have it!

To those that have shall be given. Resolve to have it now, or you won't get it in the future. If you can't extract it from the materials you have in hand you will not find it in the possessions of a later day.

The color of Hope is the same as the color of Depression—Blue.

Happiness is what you think you have. Think you have it.

# Race Track Rhymes by Barnes.

*A Study in Expression.*

WE were crowded in the pool-room,
And it seemed to us like home,
For we knew there was no danger
Of police, or Bill Jerome.
Riley's features told a story,
For he wore a look of bliss—
When he bet five hundred dollars
On Hot Air he looked like this:

They were off, with Hot Air leading
At the quarter and the half—
Riley's grin became much broader,
Then exploded in a laugh.
See if you can guess what happened
On that well-remembered day—
Here's your cue: Mike Riley's features,
In two minutes were this way:

# May Manton's Daily Fashions.

SUCH a pretty, simple little frock as this one is sure to be in demand at all seasons of the year. For the warm weather it can be made with the low neck and elbow sleeves as illustrated, while for cooler days yoke and cuffs can be added. In this instance it is made of pale blue French gingham trimmed with banding and frills of white embroidery, but it will be found charming in linen, in madras and the like, in white as well as in color; indeed, in every seasonable material. The bertha is a most becoming one and is cut in one with the plastron at the front that gives something the effect of a wide box plait and makes continuous lines with the skirt, while at the back it is simply round, meeting at the centre.

The quantity of material required for the medium size (10 years) is 6 5-8 yards 27, 5 5-8 yards 36 or 4 1-4 yards 44 inches wide, with 3-4 yard 8 inches wide for yoke and cuffs when these are used.

Girl's Dress—Pattern No. 5391.

Pattern 5391 is cut in sizes for girls of 6, 8, 10 and 12 years of age.

Special Announcement—A special supplement will be issued with The Evening World June 20. Contains a color page of May Manton summer fashions of interest to women.

**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.