

SAID "MY WIFE WON'T LET ME"

COMPLAINTS OF THE MEN AT THE ACTRESS' FAIR.

General Testimony That Dollars Were Hard to Lure Out of Their Hiding Places—Excuses the Actresses Heard When They Asked People to Take Chances.

Man was the subject of much adverse criticism during the week of the actor fair recently held at the Metropolitan Opera House. According to all statistics, he did not come up to expectations.

thing of some sixty odd summers could not understand why such a question should be asked. If anything she had difficulty in keeping men from buying too much. But that was always the way, every fair she attends. The men swarm about her. If the committee had put her at the flower booth instead of Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish, well, she could have raised all the money needful at that one place.



TAKING A CHANCE TO WIN.

lights turned down, but still he was not ensnared. This was the case, according to those engaged in luring the wary dollar from its hiding place. "My dear," said the beautiful blonde, when interrogated on this important question, "they're tightwads. It don't sound pretty, but it's so true you can overlook a few discrepancies of style."

said another, with a slightly satirical manner. "If you call it hard work to tie their feet and hands, chloroform them and sing them to sleep while you get somebody to search their pockets, why, yes, I should say it was a little difficult."



"TAKE IT HOME TO YOUR WIFE."

well invested, for you can always get back three times what you spent. The prosperous person assumed a very kitchy pose. He might be brought to the point of separating himself from 50 cents, but he was going to have a talk with a real live actress beforehand. He hadn't forgotten his salad days and the stage door and the greenroom at all.

of economics. "You pay 50 cents for a reserved seat in the gallery and you get the girl up there; there aren't but a few stray people and then you can tell her how much more you prefer that quiet corner with her by your side than the confusion of the maddening crowd. If she has to leave you, you say that the sight of other women is hateful to you; that you will wait for her there until she returns. It's easy, and it only costs 50 cents."



THE STINGY THING!

They took three steps and — "You certainly won't refuse to take a chance in the motor boat. It's only a dollar, only a dollar, think of that, and you are in imminent danger of getting a thousand dollar article, pronounced by experts and alienists to be the finest of the kind ever, warranted not to shrink or turn blue in cold weather. Can be used in a small house as a dining room table and stood on one end is an admirable beach chair. It —"

"Well, er—suppose I should skip a night occasionally. "Well, of course, if you should skip a night it would make a difference. But if you skip a night I have got the most wonderful skin food that you can put on in the day time. Don't you ever read the beauty articles? I write them. I tell in seven thousand different ways how to take wrinkles out of the feet and how to put dimples into the shoulders and how every working-man and woman by spending twenty hours a day can take the first prize in a beauty contest. You must know those articles, everybody reads them."



"NONE BUT THE BRAVE DESERVE THE FAIR."

one young man who had come against his will, the personal charm of the inviter waging warfare with his acquired science. Their way was blocked soon after by two heartless ones holding aloft a gray hat with down-dropping plumes. He turned to the young woman again confidently. If she helped him out of one scrape she certainly could help him again. But woman is ever inconsistent. She faltered, looked at him uncertainly, then at the gray hat and said: "Why, of course, girls. He'll take five chances. Make them out in my name, please."

"You could direct me to the smoking room perhaps?" asked a shy young man of the proprietress of some drinks at the foot of the stairway. "I could, but I belong to the Actors' Church Alliance and don't approve of the sacred Sunday concert non-smoking. Try apple juice. One glass and you'll forget the taste of smoke."

one boy'll do the trick for me. It ain't as if I lost had my beauty or was in danger of it. It's just a sort of preventive with me, you know. "And you'll recommend it to your friends?" "Well, I should say. They'll all be here to-morrow night getting skin food. They need it more'n I do. Thank you, miss. To think I might never have known about this."



THE REAL SPORTS AROUND THE PONIES.

"My dear, he got five dollars and then he got cold feet. "Don't bother with him. I have his last dollar. I don't care if he has millions outside, what we want is the man who has brought it with them. No promises for mine!"

"Next week, when the dinner invitations are on again, you find them on hand all right. There's nothing that a New York man won't sacrifice for you, time, aunts, other men, if you only throw a dinner in."

"The Western men are all right," said a Western girl. "I stand by my own section. They've got a breezy way with 'em, too, that I like. They don't take advantage of the situation as the New York man does who thinks because a girl comes up and asks him to take a chance that he can say all sorts of things to her, or who, if he takes a chance in something acts as if he is saving you from going superfluous to bed—as if you were working for yourself. No, the Western man spends and does it in a way I like. If he's only got \$5 he chuckles it away with an air."

Honor, Glory and Jokes for the Bearers of the Name, Especially at Jamestown. "I read a paragraph a few days ago to the effect that this would be a great year for John Smith," said the traveling man who was fixing up the cards in a game in the smoker. "It didn't appeal to me. As most of you know, that's my name. I am not ashamed of it, but I don't mind saying that I would like to trade it off until that Jamestown affair is over."

"I'm John Smith," I said, with the words "I'm not a fool," and I don't want any funny business. "The man at the window handed out four wires to my address and said in a quiet way that I was a fellow looking at a but on the sidewalk on April 1. Quicker than you got your cards I showed him my watch containing my picture and name, and then they'd down a bundle of old letters to the identification."

"I'm not the only one of the name that is dodging it, either. "I thought it was time for me to do the funny stunt. Seeing that I had anticipated trouble, I had scattered on the not end of my wire to the clerk, who looked over at the line of occupied chairs along the wall, and called out: "What's the matter with you Smiths over there? I know at least a half dozen of you are of that name, and here's a telegram for one of you. What are you afraid of?"

WANTED, A FIGHTING GIRL

MEN AT CORNELL WOULD OUST THE GIRLS, WOULD THEY?

Well, the Alumnae Are Aroused, and When They Find the Right Girl, and They'll Fight Her, Sure. Maybe Something Will Happen to These Proud Young Men.

If the male students of Cornell University, who the other day in the fulness of their springtime pride started what they were pleased to call "the coeds' war," had the coeds, fancied they were going to have an easy walkover they may as well be making up their manly minds to be disappointed. The coeds, alumnae and undergraduates, are going to fight, a-foot, a-horse, and a-automobile—not only fight for the privileges which are already theirs, but for that particular privilege that has heretofore been denied them.

For the purpose of gaining that denied and therefore highly prized privilege the members of the Cornell Alumnae Association are at this identical moment on the still hunt for a girl. Not just any sort of girl, but a very select and belligerent specimen of the genus girl. To be acceptable she must have good fighting blood in her veins, a first class war record in her past, and in her heart a seething determination to study medicine, the entire course, in that particular branch of Cornell University now situated, lying and being in the city of New York, in the State of the same name.

"The feeling against the coeds is always there, we always felt it, but this is the worst that has ever happened." The speaker was Miss Nora Stanton Blatch, a granddaughter of Elizabeth Cady Stanton. Miss Blatch took her degree as civil engineer at Cornell and is now in the employ of the American Bridge Company and the City Board of Water Supply.

"I was the only girl in the engineering class, and the feeling against me was so perceptible that at first it made me uncomfortable," she went on. "Finally I thought the matter over and decided that the trouble lay within myself; that was just the sort of girl that the men didn't like to have around. I was actually convinced that the objection was to me personally and that another girl would be well received."

"I expected to find the same conditions in the office when I went to work. Much to my surprise conditions were entirely different. "While my work keeps me rubbing elbows with men closely as ever did at college, I have never had the slightest discourtesy to complain of. Now the difference can't be within myself. I can't have changed so much in two years."

"I attribute it all to the position taken by the men at the head. The men at the head of my work let it be known that I came there with their sanction. "If the men in command at Cornell sincerely favored coeducation, believed in it as Ezra Cornell intended that all men occupying the chairs should do, the little undergraduates wouldn't take the position they do and the coeds would have an easier life. At least that is the conclusion I have arrived at, and I have given the subject considerable thought."

"Don't you think it a peculiar condition of affairs that one of the professors of university should get up at a meeting of undergraduates in a drinking saloon and put himself on record as being against the very stone on which the university was founded? Well, that is what one professor actually did. "If he did not believe in coeducation, why did he accept a chair at Cornell? The whole world would like to know for what purpose Cornell was founded. Why didn't he go to one of the universities where he wouldn't be troubled with both sexes? If he has been convinced by his experience in Ithaca that coeducation is not best, then let him resign and go elsewhere, leaving his position for a man who believes in coeducation."

of an always evident, ever present prejudice noticeable in the fact that it was planned for some time. The speakers were invited weeks beforehand to address the boys on the subject. "It seems to me an occurrence that every girl graduate of Cornell should consider very seriously. Those men wouldn't have dared to hold a meeting for the avowed purpose of expelling Jews or even negroes. But the coeds—it seems that we are set apart to get all the kicks and criticism."

"They can't turn us out, that is one consolation, and as for segregating the sexes—that would be coeducation with a vengeance, now wouldn't it? They should learn the meaning of the word and they might also find out something about the conditions named in the charter."

"Every girl who goes to Cornell should admit that there is a prejudice against her. The part of the male pupils. It is keenly felt in the college where the fewest coeds."

"This is the first time that such a pronounced feeling has been shown in Ithaca where a majority of the students were girls. I was the only girl in the veterinary course, and, strange to say, the men in the class were, or seemed to be, glad to have me. They were mostly of the farming class, and that may have had an effect on them, so little taste and so much gallantry."

"Here in New York? Well, the men wouldn't allow me to join their club. It was the only thing they had, the power to keep me out of and they used it. It was a harder time here in New York than in Ithaca. I had made up my mind to go, but I brought and I have my work, so I went ahead, caring as little as possible."

"No, I shouldn't make the same excuse for the professor," Miss Rhodes admitted. "I must admit that I think it was a peculiar position for a professor in a coeducational college to take. "Of course I don't know very much about the immediate circumstances, but I fancy they had all taken too much punch. I saw from the papers that it was at a class feed. Men will lose their heads under such conditions, you know, and perhaps that was the reason that the professor expressed such an aversion to the coeds."

"Oh, yes, there was a most pronounced feeling against the girls when I was in college. It was worse than that, but nothing of this sort ever happened. At least a professor never took part in denouncing coeducation. "It is rather irritating to have such little snips talk about turning us out, but then it is quite a waste of breath. The charter is for coeducation, you know. There is no danger of that being changed."

"Now if Andrew D. White were to come out and give as his opinion that coeducation was a failure, then it might be worth while. With these young students and this particular professor it is a matter of opinion, and I don't really think it is worth giving very serious consideration. "Nobody besides themselves and a few personal friends cares a fig for what they think. They are too immature and ignorant to be considered for a moment. If the thing hadn't found its way into the papers and received such publicity even the coeds in Ithaca would never have thought of it the second time."

NO FRESH AIR FOR THEM. Discouraging Experience of the Settlement Worker Who Sought to Be Good. The new recruit to the settlement family had been "sitting at the feet" of the member in charge of fresh air work. "Your work must be the most satisfactory of anything done here," she said a little bit nervously, remembering that only an hour or so before, when she had graciously extended through Sammy Malone's mother an invitation to Sammy to join her club for some boys she had had the door closed in her face. "The neighbors must always be glad to go to the country, away from these hot streets," she added. "Well, almost always," cautiously admitted the fresh air member, "but you can't be sure. The first year I lived down here the settlement had the use of a beautiful house with garden and greenhouse, beautiful shade trees, and we thought it would be a fine place for two families to use, keeping house just as they did at home. One of the families we decided to invite to occupy it was mother and father and six children—lived in two rooms, or rather a room and a half, in the dirtiest, noisiest tenement in the dirtiest, noisiest street I had seen before or have come across since."