

BETTER WAY TO MAN'S HEART HAS BEEN FOUND

RECENT EVENTS THAT SEEM TO DISPROVE OLD SAYING

SAY NO LONGER THAT IT IS "THROUGH HIS STOMACH"

LATEST LOVE ROUTE NOW IS "THROUGH HIS FINGERS"

New York.—The way to a man's heart—through his stomach—that's a dead letter now. The new love route is through his fingers.

If you doubt the suggestion read the facts.

All the pretty manure girls seem to be winning husbands just now because they can polish and prink up the finger nails of the rich young men who wouldn't dare to be seen at any dance or dinner after candlelight without having their fingernails immaculately groomed.

The latest capture is William A. Dunlap, son and heir of the millionaire merchant—"Billy" Dunlap, as he is known around where men-about-town-most do congregate, says the World.

Just before Easter there was a tentative announcement of his engagement to Miss Lavender Byers, the prettiest girl in a fashionable manure establishment on Broadway, which is conducted by Miss Mary E. Peart. And Miss Byers is not the first who has been won from that resort of the young men who feel that it is absolutely essential to have their nails carefully tended.

Two other pretty young women have already put aside the nail paste and the polisher for the pleasanter duties of running some rich young man's home. Two others of Miss Peart's staff have become the wives of wealthy patrons.

Tried to Keep It Quiet.

Of course, inasmuch as Mr. Dunlap has been divorced once and sued for breach of promise by another young woman, he made every effort to have the engagement kept a strict secret. But somebody told it to somebody else, and that somebody else told it to a third person—and there you are! Finally Mrs. Byers had to tell it to a few of her intimates, and then everybody knew. Mother and daughter have gone to Chicago, where they have met Mr. Dunlap, just from Nevada, where he has been making all kinds of money. The rest is easy to guess. They were married in Milwaukee last week.

Young Mr. Dunlap, who has been around town now these fifteen years,

There was one quarrel after another. Finally after a particularly serious rupture, the young wife left her husband, and later there was a divorce.

For a time the young man devoted himself strictly to business. His father died, leaving a large estate, in which he shared very generously. He invested heavily in Nevada mining properties, and his judgment proved sound. He turned over the money his father had left him with such care that he largely increased his own wealth; he became one of the most prominent young men in the Western mining field.

Of course, he couldn't stay in Nevada always.

He heard the call of the Great White Way and he answered it. Some months ago he ran overland for a few weeks in New York, and of course he had to have his nails fixed up after so many months in the wilds of Nevada and its mining camps.

This was on March 7 last.

By chance Miss Byers was assigned to take care of young Mr. Dunlap's fingers. He found himself facing a tall, Gibsonesque young girl, barely 18, who treated his nails so deftly that he was captivated at once. He glanced for a second time at the young woman who held his big hand so lightly in her own, and he was smitten very, very badly.

Became Regular Visitor.

He paid his fee and went away. Next day he was back again. His nails seemed to be bothering him very much, though the polish which Miss Byers had put upon them had hardly worn off at all.

There was another polishing and another trimming, and the young millionaire went away neither heart whole or fancy free. In fact, he was very much in love. And so Miss Peart's parlors saw the young millionaire there every day.

But there was a fly in the ointment—not the nail ointment, which was irreproachable.

It was a much more serious proposition. Just about the time that the young man got ready to lay his heart and his fortune at the feet of the pret-

Mr. Dunlap promised to marry her, but that he eventually told her that he couldn't. So she sued. Unless the suit has been since settled in secret, just as Mr. Dunlap's divorce was obtained, the case is pending yet.

But this didn't seem to upset the young wooer. He told all and proposed to Miss Byers. She confessed her love then and there, and promised to marry the young millionaire any time he choose, no matter what came of the breach of promise suit.

It was all a whirlwind courtship.

There was a dally manureing and dinner or the theater at night.

Then the young people told Mrs. Byers. She was taken completely by surprise. She hardly knew the man any more than that he sometimes

care of an aunt in New Orleans, who moved to New York.

When she was old enough to support herself Miss McDonald became a manure and went to work in a barber shop. But she won't have to manure nails any more, and she will bring the young man—his name she won't tell—enough dowry to keep the wolf from both the front and the back doors.

Then there was dainty little Miss Hannah Becker, who worked as a manure in a John street shop,

Sohmer Victim of Cupid.

There came there one day young Edward Sohmer, son of State Senator William Sohmer. He wanted his nails polished and Miss Becker was assigned to the task. He was 21, good look-



brought Miss Byers home after the theater. But so persuasively did her daughter plead and so ably did young Mr. Dunlap aid and abet her that Mrs. Byers readily gave in.

Went to West to Wed.

Mr. Dunlap was suddenly summoned West. He went to Nevada, leaving word for Mrs. Byers and her daughter to meet him in Chicago. They were there on time; so was he. Even then the two young people tried to keep the engagement a secret. In fact, both denied it, and so did Mrs. Byers. But the flowers and the notes that were constantly going up to Miss Byers' apartments told their own story. So mother and daughter quit Chicago, and so did Mr. Dunlap.

That didn't keep Mrs. Byers and Miss Lavender from going to Milwaukee, and there the young millionaire met them. Mr. Dunlap promptly went to the proper authorities and got a marriage license. Then he went to the circuit court and induced one of the judges there to grant a special dispensation from the five day's limit. In a few minutes the young people were married. They took the first train for New York.

Bride Is English.

Mrs. Dunlap No. 2 is considered one of the handsomest girls who has ever been a manure in New York. She is tall, slender, with perfect poise and exquisite carriage. She was born at Hackney Downs, a suburb of London. Her family lost their money and came to this country when Miss Lavender was only a little girl in pigtails. When she grew up she found it necessary to support herself.

She will have to do so no more. Right on the heels of this comes the announcement of the marriage of Miss Annie McDonald, who has inherited \$25,000, and now intends to marry a poor young man to whom she had given her heart long before she ever dreamed of being an heiress.

For four years Miss McDonald polished nails at No. 57 West Twenty-third street, a barber shop, where she was the only woman employe. Last week she received a very formidable looking legal document from Duncan & Fitzgerald, solicitors, the Strand, London. It bore the comforting news that she had inherited 5,000 pounds sterling from her grandfather, Angus Kibbe, and that the money was waiting for her upon proof of identity. This didn't take long.

To Marry Man She Loves.

"Now I can marry the man I love," announced Miss McDonald to the head barber as she resigned her position.

Behind all this, too, is a romance. Twenty-five years ago Miss McDonald's mother eloped with a poor young student, Henry McDonald. Old Mr. Kibbe promptly disinherited his daughter. As for his granddaughter, he never laid eyes upon her. Her father died before she was born and her mother followed him to the grave soon afterward, leaving the little girl to the

ing, rich. She was 28, good looking, poor. Wasn't that enough material for Cupid to work upon?

Disparity of age? Fiddlesticks! Wasn't she the prettiest girl in New York?—that is, if young Sohmer's opinion counted. Well, at any rate, he fell head over heels in love, and he asked the pretty manure to be his bride. She said the "Yes" he craved, but then there was the senator.

But with him the young man pleaded his suit equally well, and the father capitulated. He summoned his family, took them all to the "Little Church Around the Corner," and there Dr. Houghton tied the knot. Then in a shower of rice the pretty bride went away on a honeymoon trip to Atlantic City and Richmond, Va., where her people live. By this time the family must know well the young and ardent bridegroom, who carried his suit by storm from manure table to the very altar. When they come home Mr. and Mrs. Sohmer will live at No. 60 West One Hundred and Twenty-eight street.

"If she can make biscuits as well as she can manure my nails, she's the girl for me," laughed the young bridegroom, as they started on their wedding journey.

Then there was Spencer G. Prime, just graduated from the University of Syracuse. As soon as he got his sheepskin he married Miss Julia Burr, who had manured his nails throughout his college course. Some day the young man will inherit the millions of his father, S. W. Prime. But what young Prime did was in no way different from another of his classmates, Homer Wheaton, who married a dainty little manure, Miss Florence Carnahan.

Imagine his surprise a month after when he went to the Bellevue-Stratford to have his nails fixed up to find that his cottillon partner was nothing but a manure. Then he became interested.

He found it necessary after that to have his nails manured every day. And so deftly did Miss Moore do it that finally she came into the hotel one day with a big diamond solitaire on the third finger of her left hand—she was engaged to Mr. Schmidt. That very afternoon she gave away all her manure implements to the other girls and now she is Mrs. Schmidt, wife of a millionaire and mistress of a splendid country estate at Radnor, Philadelphia's smartest suburb.

And who'll deny now that the way to a man's heart is not through his finger tips?

Washington Day by Day

News Gathered Here and There at the National Capital

FAT AND SLIM FOLKS GET UNCLE SAM'S HELP



WASHINGTON.—There are too many fat people and too many thin people in the country, and the government, through the agricultural department, is conducting experiments to show them how to strike an average. C. F. Langworthy, chief of the division of nutrition investigation, is conducting investigations which include dietary studies, digestive experiments and various other things in connection with food.

green vegetables the path of the fat man who wants to reduce is made easier.

To fat ones the government says: "Eat little, sleep little and drink less." To the thin man it says: "Drink all you can, eat all you can and sleep as much as you can."

The thin man who wants to get fat must eat and drink everything that he can stomach. He must eat plenty of potatoes, bananas and bread; most important, he must drink before and after his meals.

The experts say it is principally what a person drinks and not what he eats that makes him fat. Fat is mostly water, it is asserted, and the more water or other liquids a person stows away the more likely he is to gain weight.

Above all, a thin person who wants to spread out must sleep ten or eleven hours a day. A nap after each meal is offered as an excellent inducement for fat to come and stay. On the other hand, the man who is trying to lose weight is advised that he keep moving after a meal to thwart the dread adipose.



SWELL SOCIETY BARS THE PERRY BELMONT

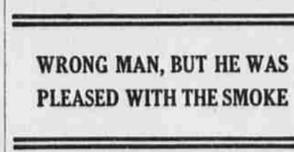
IT has developed that the Perry Belmonts have suffered a rebuke in their attempt to "break into" Washington society. Mr. Belmont has been rejected as a member of the Chevy Chase Hunt club, and this action has brought to a climax a sensational social situation.

Jockey club, Turf and Field, Coaching club, and similar organizations in this country, but he is a member of the Reading room at Newport and was one of the two Americans elected to the Paris Jockey club. To cap the climax Perry Belmont is president of the Allied Hunt club, of which the Chevy Chase organization is a subordinate member.

The fact that there has been all winter a social campaign for and against Mr. and Mrs. Perry Belmont into which all their New York connections—the other Belmonts, Sloanes and Astors—have been drawn, makes this social tempest of wider proportions than those which are ordinarily discovered in teapots.

The divorce records of the Belmonts is believed to have something to do with their rejection. Mrs. Belmont was formerly Mrs. Henry T. Sloane. Sloane secured a divorce from her in 1899, and she was married to Belmont the day the decree was granted. Perry Belmont also has a divorce record. He married a Miss Sarah Whiting when he was a young man, and the two went to Paris on their wedding trip. Mrs. Belmont came back alone and secured a divorce. A baby was born after the divorce was granted.

What is, perhaps, the most curious part of the situation lies in the fact that Mr. Belmont is an active member of many clubs far and away more exclusive than the Chevy Chase. He is not only a member of the Knickerbocker, Manhattan, New York Yacht club, Metropolitan, Army and Navy,



WRONG MAN, BUT HE WAS PLEASSED WITH THE SMOKE

AMONG the numerous employes of one of the government departments in this city are two men whose names, though they differ in the way of spelling them, are not altogether unlike in the manner of their pronunciation. Both of them have the good fortune of being close friends of a prominent druggist, and the elder of the two has frequently obtained from the medicine man a supply of medicated cigars, which he finds to be of value in giving him relief from a catarrhal affection.

catarrh, who was disposed to be indignant, and the porter who had been dispatched with the cigars was called up. He said that he took them to the office and handed them to a messenger, who promised they should be delivered without any delay. They had not been, however, and it became necessary to investigate the mystery.



An explanation came next day, when the other friend with a name sounding like that of the sick man called on the druggist and thanked him for what he thought had been a present to him. He wanted to find where he could procure another box, as he had used all of these. There was a peculiar flavor to the tobacco, he said, that he liked very much. He didn't know they were medicated cigars until the druggist told him, and the matter was set straight by the other gentleman being promptly supplied with his catarrh remedy, and then they all enjoyed the joke.

MRS. IDA M. VON CLAUSSEN, who came all the way from Stockholm prepared to upset Uncle Sam's diplomatic corps because Minister Graves would not present her at King Oscar's court, even when Oscar, whom she had "jollied" at Wiesbaden, was "just crazy to see her"—got as far as the waiting-room at the White House with her complaint the other day.

NEW YORK WOMEN OUT AFTER ENVOY'S SCALP

She couldn't even get as far as Secretary Loeb, who sent an assistant out to meet her and direct her suavity to the state department. Thereupon Mrs. von Clausen retired from the White House, after leaving a communication requesting that the president appoint a commission to inquire into her sanity before she proceeds further.

she will return to Sweden and be presented to the king.

"Mr. Graves stated a deliberate untruth when he said I did not offer evidence of an invitation to be presented to King Oscar and that I did not have the proper credentials," declared Mrs. von Clausen, when shown the dispatch from Stockholm to the effect that Minister Graves had written an open letter explaining the controversy. "He knows I was invited to be presented to the king, and he says what is false when he states I had nothing to identify me. I had a cablegram from President Stires of one of the leading trust companies of New York."

Mrs. von Clausen is much in earnest in proclaiming her grievance, and believes that what she regards as an insult to herself was an insult to the whole American people. She declares

strongly that perhaps Mrs. Graves was jealous of the gowns Mrs. von Clausen wore, and that that fact might have operated to prevent her husband presenting an American visitor to the Swedish king.



is just 26 years old. This will be his second matrimonial venture. Twelve years ago he met and married Miss Lulu Freer, of Monticello, N. Y. It was a romantic courtship, and so quietly did Mr. Dunlap go about his work of winning the young lady's heart and hand that it wasn't for months afterward that any one knew that they had been married.

ty manure, there came a lawsuit. He had already had several with his former wife, but this one was the saddest blow of all.

Breach of Promise Suit.

Miss Florence Pitt, of Stamford, Conn., sued him for breach of promise. This made all sorts of trouble, and Mr. Dunlap and his mother were very much worried. Miss Pitt, who is rich in her own right, declared in legal papers that in September last

Romance Soon Ended.

But the romance didn't last long.