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Winning A Husband by 'Waiting'

How the Pretty Daughters of the New Haven Prudent Mothers' Club Hope-- Like "Naomi, My Restaurant Queen"-- to Capture Millionaire Husbands by Serving Hot Butter Cakes and Coffee with "Special" Cream to Yale Boys

The buckwheats now are flat and stale,
The coffee's turning gray;
The milk is sour, the soup is pale--
Naomi's gone away!
Oh, sweet Naomi Campbell Stearns,
You've busted Cupid's darts,
You've stirred a fire that sears and burns,
You've broken all our hearts!
--Butter Cake Chorus of Yale Freshmen.

THEIR last faint spark of hope has expired. Never again will the ears of susceptible Yale freshmen be charmed by the dulcet tones of sweet Naomi Campbell at "Old Eli Lunch," warbling:

"One dark! Fry two! Rush them there butter cakes!"

When sweet Naomi eloped with George Sullivan Stearns, a freshman in the Sheffield Scientific School at Yale, the shock was hard to bear; but they bore up, saying to each other:

"She'll be back on the job. George's old man's a millionaire. Business of proud family spurning blushing bride--charge of cradle-snatching--marriage annulled. 'Tis ever thus--no chorus girl, no candy shop girl, no butter cake-tosser, need apply. Consult the newspaper files. Oh, yes, Naomi'll be back on the job--we should worry and get an indigestion!"

Blasphemy, alas! It was barely a week ago that the news reached the Yale campus and the New Haven Prudent Mothers' Club that the happy couple had been received into the bosom of the opulent Stearns family. Sweet Naomi, erstwhile lovely hustler of butter cakes at "Old Eli Lunch," is mistress of a handsome mansion in the smart set district of Capitol Hill, in Denver, Colo. Far from feeding butter cakes to Yale freshmen, she is now serving afternoon tea to the elite of the Rocky Mountain metropolis. And she has a husband who is now a solid factor in the mattress manufacturing industry which, in Cincinnati, made a millionaire of his father, Edwin R. Stearns, of that city.

In the Prudent Mothers' Club, of New Haven, this news, while it scatters war in the ranks of Yale freshmen, is received with exclamations of rapture. It justifies the purpose of their organization. It promises opulent husbands for other daughters of the Prudent Mothers. It demonstrates the principle that, among Yale men as well as among all other men:

"A man's affections are reached, retained and controlled through his stomach. Don't rely on your beauty," say the members of the New Haven Mothers' Club, "but feed the brutes. Venuses of the chorus and Hebes of the candy shops have won these Yale sons of rich fathers, but they knew nothing about the important art of feeding them."

What happened? Honey-moon bliss succeeded by the pains of dyspepsia. Bride could live on marshmallows; young husband couldn't. He appeals to father, crying "help!" Father asks, "Can she cook?" Learning the fatal truth, he telegraphs: "Come home--but come alone! Bride goes back to her old job. It's all off."

Thanks to the Prudent Mothers' Club, and to the triumphant example of sweet Naomi, the tide has turned. The sons of rich men who flock to Yale are saved from entanglements with marshmallow brides; they can get nutritious butter cakes and capable wives at the same shop.

No longer will the pretty daughters of New Haven, with an eye on freshmen of the famous "Gold Coast," seek positions in the musical comedy chorus. The Prudent Mothers will see to that! They will find light and congenial employment at "Old Eli Lunch" and other restaurants popular with freshmen, and will see that the butter cakes are well buttered, the "ham and" hot off the griddle, the soup fragrant and nourishing, and the cream in the coffee skimmed only on one side. They are already doing it.

The romance of sweet Naomi was the prompt reward of her perspicacity. She would have graced any musical comedy chorus that ever turned the heads of Yale freshmen. But she was wise, and got a job at "Old Eli Lunch." It is true that, four years ago, at the age of fifteen, pretty Naomi Campbell left school and went to work at a New Haven soda fountain; alar-

trise that even then the Yale boys sung her charms and brought much trade to the shop so graced by her presence.

But soda water is not "filling," college boys have ravenous appetites and cannot live by soft drinks alone. Accordingly, sweet Naomi took counsel with her mother--that was before the Prudent Mothers' Club was organized--and took the step that was to make her mistress of that Capitol Hill, Denver, mansion.

She applied to "Sig" Hartenstein, proprietor of "Old Eli Lunch"--a favorite Yale students' eating place established by his father more than sixty years ago--and he lost not a moment in engaging her services. He had already heard of Naomi's winning ways, and his wisdom was identical with that of the founders of the Prudent Mothers' Club.

From that day business at "Old Eli Lunch" boomed as never before. Rich students who formerly knew butter cakes only in theory now received them eagerly, from the soft white hands of Naomi, deserting the gilded cafes to become steady customers.

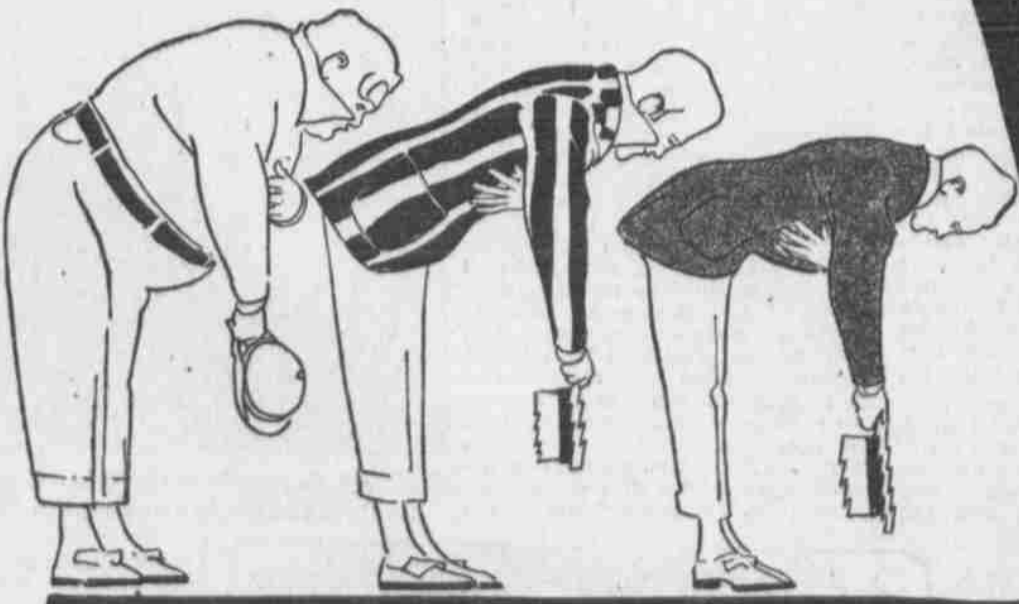
Up to the beginning of the last Fall term at Yale it could not be seen that Naomi's graciousness had specially marked any individual among the scores of her college devotees at "Sig's." She treated them all alike. Evidently something was needed to fire their competitive spirit. And that "something" arrived in the person of George Sullivan Stearns.

This fine-looking, manly and enthusiastic son of the rich Cincinnati mattress manufacturer looked upon Naomi when his first order of butter cakes was fresh from her hands and lost his heart completely. From that moment he haunted the place. A Yale poet has immortalized that first meeting in verse:

"George Stearns, a 'Dauntless Durham' bloke,

One day meandered in,
And sat among the other folk
Amid the crash and din;
And as Naomi wandered by
I saw him start and stare
With admiration in his eye--
For she was passing fair.
I noticed, too, that when she came
To ask him what he'd eat,
Her dimpled cheek burst into flame--
Oh, my, but she looked sweet!
I saw her fair hands tremble, too;
Her voice took on the shakes

"Evenings the fellows all gather around to see Naomi smile. That's what they're about while she hands the victuals out--dressed in the latest style."



And when you gaze in her eyes divine,
Like them all you'll say:

"(Spoken.) 'Well, what WILL you say, fellows?'"

"Oh, gee, Naomi, my lunch counter girl,
Praps it's your size, dear,
Praps it's your eyes, dear,
Sets my heart awhirl.
Kiss me, Naomi!
Oh, hon', don't be mean!
Oh, you beautiful big blond baby,
Naomi, my restaurant queen."

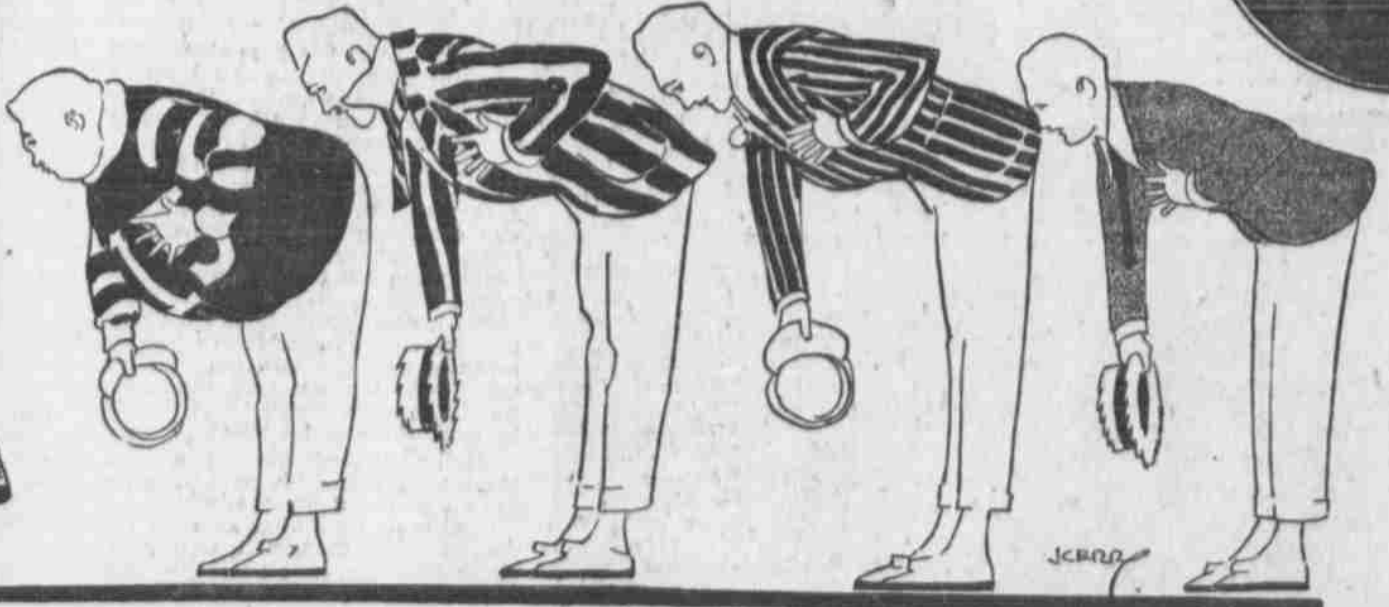
In the meantime young Stearns was concentrating all his faculties on segregating the lovely waitress at "Sig's," if not as a waitress, at least as a sweetheart, with the purpose of making her his very own for life. Too late his fellow freshmen were



Mrs. George Sullivan Stearns, Who Was Naomi Campbell, and, Below--Yale Boys in Front of the "Old Eli Lunch" Where She "Waited."



George Sullivan Stearns, the Yale Freshman Who Was Won by the Prettiest Waitress at "Old Eli Lunch."



In calling forth: "One dark! Fry two! Rush them there butter cakes!"

George never put the soft pedal on his enthusiasm for Naomi. He let it be known from the start that he was "in to win." Like an electrical wave his enthusiasm set the whole freshman contingent aflame. Verily, George had his work cut out for him!

"Sweet Naomi," with a hundred verbal variations, was on every freshman lip. Songs were written about her. At least one was published in regular sheet form, entitled "Naomi, My Restaurant Queen." Here are the inspiring words:

"Down in a restaurant not far away,
Where peaches bloom so sweet,
There's a little queen that has it on them all.
Pretty and trim and petite,
Sandwiches, "special" cream, "ham and" on toast,
She hands out all day.

to learn that this could happen to the popular idol.

Now, alas! they remember how she would lean over his shoulder a bit lower than necessary as she served him, while her lips moved inaudibly--inaudibly except to George. Now they realize that she was remarking, tenderly:

"You like 'extra' cream for your coffee, don't you?"

"Are the butter cakes hot enough--hush! the boys are rubbering!"

"Cook? Of course I can cook. What does a girl amount to if she can't cook?"

Suddenly one day in February George Sullivan Stearns was absent from class. He failed to show up on the campus. Agitation among the "freshies." Dark suspicion. Grand rush to "Old Eli Lunch." Worst fears realized--Naomi mysteriously missing.

"They've eloped."
"They're raged. Gnashing of teeth, but

not on butter cakes. Then news from Stratford, Conn., that on February 27 the Rev. N. Ellsworth Cornwall, rector of Christ Episcopal Church, had applied the bonds of matrimony to Miss Naomi Campbell, of New Haven, and George Sullivan Stearns, Yale freshman.

General stupefaction, succeeded by a flicker of hope--as mentioned near the beginning of this story.

"She'll be back. Rich paps won't stand for it."

They took comfort in recalling the "Lefty" Flynn-Irene Leary case; the case of Howard Sykes, football centre, who also eloped; and also had his allowance cut off. They resurrected quite a number of such incidents. Was it not an unbroken tradition that sons of rich men at Yale couldn't marry "beneath their station" and "get away with it"? Besides, wasn't it an open secret that Stearns' parents expected him to marry an aristocratic young heiress in

the Cincinnati "400"? "Plish, tush!" Naomi would be back again on the job at "Sig's." Nil desperandum.

In the meantime they tried to "save their faces" with published congratulations. The Spring vacation started at Yale on March 19. On the day before there appeared on the campus a bright little anonymous sheet called "The Eavesdropper." It contained this comment on the culmination of the Stearns-Campbell affair:

"Naomi.--It would be hard to over-estimate the terrible loss that our Yale community has recently suffered. The sudden departure of Naomi from our very midst has created an aching void that cannot be filled in a hurry.

"Suffice it to say that Cupid has once again succeeded in spanning one of the gulfs of society. The Eavesdropper wishes the young couple godspeed, and begs leave to quote for the benefit of the readers Mr. Hartenstein's touching tribute

to his former employe:

"She was a girl, take her for all in all, I shall not look upon her like again." Now you will understand the shock--verily, the paralyzing shock--of the news just received on the Yale campus from Denver, that Naomi basks in the approval of her husband's rich and powerful family; that she is an established factor in the social life of fashionable Capitol Hill; that Yale's musty tradition is shattered; and that, to wit:

If you want a Yale husband--win him by waiting.

To which the minutes of the New Haven Prudent Mothers' Club add:

"A good waitress cannot fail to become a capable cook. No father of a Yale man is too rich to understand the advantages of having a capable cook in the family. Ergo --" etc. 'Nuf said.
The Prudent Mothers' Club is attending to the rest.