

\$25,000 IS WAITING FOR PRETTY BAKER GIRL TO FIND HER IDEAL BEAU AND WHISPER "YES"

Ruth Spanier Continues to Bake and Sell Cakes as Suitors Galore Come but Get Quick Rejections

IF YOU receive \$25,000 on condition that you marry.

In her bakery, surrounded by pies and cakes and charlotte russees stood Miss Ruth Spanier, of Corona, L. I., when like a thunderbolt this news broke into her placid existence.

Small wonder some of the customers received soggy cakes and doughy pies that day, for the shock of the tidings swept the boss of the bakery completely off her feet.

It sounds simple and easy. All Miss Spanier has to do to earn \$25,000 is to detain the first eligible young man that happens along, rush to a marrying parson, have the knot tied with a hasty "I will," dash into the broker's office, triumphantly announce, "Here we are," and collect the cash.

The money was left to Miss Spanier by the will of her uncle, Benjamin Spanier, of California.

This old uncle had a horror of old maids, and he must have thoroughly enjoyed his plunge in the matrimonial sea, for waving \$25,000 high in the air, he calls to his niece: "Oh, Ruth, come on in, the water's fine."

But—

Miss Spanier has ideas of her own on the subject.

To the point-blank question, "25,000 or love, which?" she answers gravely, "Love."

Love and love only will cause her to tuck a "Mrs." before her name; she will let the fortune slip right through her fingers rather than marry without the powerful thing that makes the world go round.

Page Dan Cupid!

What a chance for that chubby little chap to pull out his tiny but mighty bow and a handful of arrows and get busy.

And while Miss Ruth is voyaging for love only, shaking her head "No," and turning up her nose at \$25,000, others are thinking how they would jump at the chance of such easy money. They think of the long, weary years, years of hard work necessary to gather into a neat little pile 25,000 shiny silver dollars—and then they think of this girl who gets it by the whim of an old uncle and says, "No, thanks." It is a case of easy come, easy go.

Not that Miss Spanier intends to sit back and calmly relinquish the fortune, just because she does not happen to be in love—not a chance. She is watchfully waiting, with an appraising eye and cool judgment for Mr. Right One to come along, for she is confident that sooner or later she will take the fatal slip and fall in love.

\$25,000 Fortune Inspires Fervor Far and Near

And how many men would like to be Mr. Right One. Going on the principle that it is easier to marry money than to make it, youths, and some past the first bloom of youth, from all over the country write fervent letters, burning with love, to Miss Spanier whom they have never seen.

Even some from the staid old Quaker City have taken a hopeful fling at the \$25,000 heiress. They have taken their pens in hand, and set them down and bared their souls—told what cold, cheerless lives they lead, and how they would enjoy the love of a real girl. And some few forward Philadelphians have had them to a photographer's and posing prettily, with eyes glued on the birdie, have had their picture taken. The pictures they inclose in the letters to Miss Spanier, hoping that their faces will be their fortune.

But, men of Philadelphia, here is a message to you, directly from Miss Ruth Spanier, of Corona:

"Tell the men of Philadelphia not to waste their time writing letters to me. I will never marry through a letter." And Miss Ruth, the blaster of hopes, said it with a most determined air and she really means it. So, men of Philadelphia, waste no more money buying two-cent stamps or posing before the camera.

"They write me letters like this and expect me to believe that they are really in love with me—that the thought of money never enters their head," and Miss Spanier laughed gaily as she handed over a letter:

Miss Spanier—

No doubt you will think this is a proposal of marriage—but not assured, young lady, it is not. I am not in that foolish class of men.

I was on my way from Philadelphia to New York when I picked up a newspaper with the article concerning you. I did not believe there was such a thing as a girl marrying for love, especially in the City of New York, and that a why I have never married. I am surprised to learn that such a girl exists. I have had many chances to marry—even widows up to 60 years of age and wealthy—but what decent man with high ideals would throw away a life of happiness for money? I would rather have the love of a real wife than all the money in the world. I keep no money, but have real friends.

Whenever I have had a chance to

meet a real girl there was always money to spoil it. You seem to be a very pleasant girl, according to your picture, but of course you cannot tell a person's character from a picture. You must know them.

Perhaps some day you and I will both find the happiness we are looking for—it is only one word—LOVE. Although we may never meet, I sincerely hope you will find your true love.

Very truly yours,

Miss Spanier Is Wise and Up to All Tricks

A masterpiece, is it not? Could any one be so cruel as to suspect the sincerity of the writer, when he himself admits he is not in the foolish class of men that proposes to girls? But Miss Spanier merely remarks:

"They can't fool me. I know them. I'm sly and know all their tricks. Here is another."

It follows just as written:

Rochester, N. Y., November 7, 1922.

Miss Ruth Spanier,
Corona, Queens, N. Y.

Dear Miss Spanier,

If this should be a fortunate opportunity, I would like to express myself in a way as might make this letter a little unexpected surprise for you.

Indeed I feel only so flattered as to think of addressing you a few lines. Which may no doubt create your interest in the way of exchanging correspondence.

Should I not be mistaken, I would like to say for you, in my candor thoughts. That you will not spurn my unrespectfulness for you. But so much I will say that you no doubt may welcome my message.

You Dear Miss Spanier. You are waiting for L. O. V. E. True Love. Such as I have been waiting for. I don't know when my dreams are going to come true. I have no expectation. But more hopes.

I am beyond reach of such expectations, less you be the one to make it come true. You unknown little girl, to me. It can only come true through the will of God's Blessed hand. So will I abide. All others can not help us.

So Dear little G. I. R. L. I can but hope but let me hear A few words from you. Less I shall be weary. so be kind, and I will abide. As ever,

Your Unknown Friend.

Naive and interesting, but is he sincere?

Miss Spanier had left the room for a few minutes to call down stairs. "Hey, Schults, deliver 2 dozen rolls to Miss Catherine around the corner," and coming back settled down comfortably to tell her story. Swathed in a big white baker's apron, all spick and span and smoothing her wavy glistening black hair, she began.

Bred in the Bakery and Always on Wagon

"I was bred and raised in the bakery business," she announced. This was very funny, but Miss Spanier did not seem to realize that she had punned beautifully and continued quietly:

"And when I was young I was always on the wagon. Again a word with a double meaning—water wagon or bakery wagon? But the next few words cleared all doubts as to her meaning.

"I used to ride on the wagon every day, collecting bills and making deliveries. Mother says I have never had any childhood—I never played with dolls, but have always been in for bus-

ness. This worried him and one day he said that he would give me \$25,000 if I would get married, but I thought that he was only joking and it never entered my head again. Excuse me," and out she darted and called down stairs to an invisible Herman:

"Herman! Herman! Start this minute on your route. You should have gone five minutes ago," and back Miss Spanier settled.

"No," she continued exactly where she had left off. "You can imagine just what a shock it was to me to hear that Uncle Ben had remembered me in his will. He died here in New York. Yes, he fell dead from acute indigestion in February. He was a dear," and Miss Spanier sat in thoughtful silence for several minutes, toying with a fly-swatter. Her bakery was no Happy Hunting Grounds for flies.

Never Been in Love, But as to Future?

"I have had lots of chances before I got this money. Nobody never think that I didn't," said she with her big black eyes flashing. "No, I have never been really in love, just sort of in and out of it, but I have gone with some fine fellows and some wonderful young men, but always I would not give up my business for them. Excuse me—they are after me again," and this time Miss Spanier disappeared down stairs.

Her little sister, Rosalind, aged ten, was in the room, and gave her views about her sister, brave in her elder's absence.

"Course she should get married and get the money. She's got lots of beaux. And she gets too much clothes—she dresses like a prime-er-donner," and Miss Spanier, probably thinking, "While the cat's away the mice will play," and determined to nip such playing in the bud.

"Mrs. Dora Spanier, who helps in the bakery, shrugged her shoulders and smiled with a slight foreign accent. "Ruth should wait, even though it

do is to buy it. I can bake a little bit—a fairly good pie and a cake that you could eat, but that is all.

"I am not one bit domestic—I hate to cook and make beds and all that sort of stuff. And I do hate girls, don't you? All they talk about is clothes and they have not another thought inside their heads besides fixing their hair in the latest style and what kind of a dress they will make or if they will get a turned up hat or a turned down one. They don't know the first thing about business and never could talk for five minutes about anything besides themselves," and having delivered this tirade against the fair sex, Miss Spanier lapsed back into her talk of the business.

"I know the bakery business from A to Z and nobody ever tries to fool me at it. From when I was so little I learned the insides of the business, and now I am going to night school to study accounting and when I am through there I guess I will know enough. I have been actively in the business for six years now, so though father died last April he knew that I could take care of myself all right.

"My Uncle Ben, the one that left me the money, liked me because I was so crazy about business and could talk to him intelligently about it. He used to say it was a treat to know a girl like me who knew something besides the new dances and had some gray matter inside of her head.

"Uncle Ben used to think I was pretty," and Miss Spanier smiled and proved that her Uncle Ben knew what he was talking about in this case. "He would always tease me about getting married and thought that perhaps I was too much interested in business, so he began to get scared about me being an old maid and maybe being a business woman for the whole of my life. He didn't like the idea of me spending the rest of my days behind a counter selling cakes and pies.

"Two years ago my Uncle Ben came on from California and he took a great liking to me. Uncle Ben was a grand looking man—tall and stately, and he looked like the President of the United States." Unfortunately Miss Spanier failed to specify which President, so

Ruth Spanier, baker and philosopher, concludes that a mere husband is not worth \$25,000

Biscuits and buns are Miss Spanier's chief interest in life and will continue to be unless young Mr. Cupid changes her mind

Miss Spanier personally conducts her bakery, from kitchen to a storeroom, and she does not hesitate to use verbal lashes when necessary to keep the business moving. However, a smile is her most effective weapon

ness, business and more business. My father had the business for thirty-five years, and now since he is dead, all I each will have to picture him as he he would say: 'Ruth, a girl blooms like beauty is gone, if she is not married, a rose until she is twenty-three, and then all of a sudden she fades, and her



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Gets Legacy Day She Is Wed but Wants "Dark, Business Man With Ideas"

man. I hate blondes—hate them. All blonde men are conceited, and just like women. You watch blonde men, and you will see them fixing their faces pretty and they never miss a chance to look in a mirror. They all use powders and creams and lots of cosmetics. Ough! I can't stand them," and she produced the picture of a blonde that had arrived in the last mail, with a charming, hopeful smile on his features. Little did he know just how much of a chance he stood with the lady of his heart's desire, or the smile would have faded speedily.

"And, what is more, I do not like professional men—except lawyers. They are generally pretty clever, but give me a good business man any day. He would have to be brainy, too, and be able to keep me listening. He would have to have lots of new ideas all the time, because I hate stupid men. I like a man to be always one jump ahead of me. Once I went with a grand young man—a doctor—for six months, and I was beginning to think that perhaps I could like him, when his ideas gave out. Yes, after six months he ran out of new ideas, so I dropped him. I am sort of fickle, and so I do not want to get married until I am sure about my man. I do not want to marry just to get a divorce."

Is Fully Decided as to Kind of Husband

It seems that twenty-one years in this world have been ample time for Miss Spanier to know just the sort of a man she could manage to love.

"He would have to be a man who is

means \$25,000. She is not a cripple and is not stupid. She does not need to hurry. There is a lot of time and Ruth is very young—and a ch, so good in the business. She keeps things going like when her father was here. All the men mind her. Her uncle was in the cloak and suit business and he liked Ruth because she was such a good girl with the business and was so much like a man. Here she is back again," and Mrs. Spanier slipped out, to take her turn at playing cat and watching that the mice did not get too playful. The mice were ten big bakers employed by her and her daughter to help supply the appetites of Corona and thereabouts with cakes and bread and all sorts of dainties—lady fingers and chocolate eclairs and fancy things that make the kind mother used to bake look flat and tame. No mother in her palmyest days could mix together such delicacies as those the ten big bakers batter up.

Has Had Many Beaux, But All Fell Short

And such is Miss Spanier, heiress to \$25,000 the day she marries. Fancy free, she protests her interest in business and business only. No mere man is worth the taking, without love to help him along and to make her blind to his defects. She has had her beau aplenty—the "affaires de coeur" of a village belle—doctors, lawyers, fire-chiefs and merchants; then on the other hand the butcher, the other baker and the candlestick maker—all the populace that goes



to make up a little village less than forty-five minutes from Broadway. But none of them is equal to her ideal of a man, and to none of them will she meekly promise love, honor and obedience.

A short two weeks ago, her choice would have been limited to this very village and the swains that hang around the drug store ordinary nights, and tea off to New York to celebrate Saturday. Now how times have changed! Miss Spanier, if she so will, can take her choice in any part of the country for a residence—she can trip out to Nebraska and live on the plains with a man who professes to be a big, strong, red Western man, or she can go down to sunny Florida with a young gentleman who claims to have a flourishing orange grove in that State.

And to all of these, just what does the girl in the case reply? She merely shakes her head and says "Nothing doing."

Suppose the right man never comes along?

But Miss Spanier knows he will and knows that she will know him when he waltzes into view. She doesn't doubt for one minute that her heart will tell the sincere and true and real man of her dreams from all the so-called men, attracted to her by the shiny dollar. Why all her years in business, if she isn't able to detect a fraud? She is not a romantic girl, thrilled by a well-phrased letter, but a practical, common-sense girl, schooled in experience and human nature. Miss Ruth knows that the day she marries, she gets \$25,000, but she also acquires a husband and he will feel that, since she could not get the money without him, he should have some little claim to it; knowing all this, she sits back for her counter calmly holding her suitors at bay, while she upbraids her errand boys or praises her bakers or merely smiles a cheery "Good morning, nice day" to whoever chances in to sample the day's offering of cakes and cookies.