

Seven Times Shalt Thou Be Married!

Said The Fortune Teller



Husband, but Has to Consider Two "Destined" Reservists

DOOMED to have seven husbands. Fated to be seven times a bride, and six, perhaps seven, times a widow. All the fuss and bother of seven weddings, and all the heart wrenching of six or more undolings of the marriage bonds. Seven problems in human nature to solve, and at exceedingly short range, for no two men being alike in characteristics, every new husband is a new problem.

It is a strange fate that has no equal, save in that of the much married and captious Henry VIII., King of England. It is not a matter for surprise that Miss Nance Gwyn, who is to take unto herself on Christmas, a new and fifth husband, should look and feel extremely grave.

Miss Gwyn, who was once a dancer, and a most alluring one, is so weighted by her responsibility as a much married, and more to be married, woman that she has given up dancing. Under their matrimonial overweight her toes may be said to have lost their cunning. Her famous high kick has been converted into a staid stand pat attitude, comporting with the dignity of her five ply marital experience, with two more ply impending.

Miss Gwyn began marrying and being married when she was sixteen. When fate bestowed her Christmas gift of Husband No. V, the dancing bride will be twenty-seven. In eleven years she has had five spouses, five times as many as most women acquire in a lifetime, and five times more than some women want or than others can get.

Why? Miss Gwyn is comely, but not as beautiful as Rachel, who never married. She

is gifted, but not as gifted as Charlotte Cushman, who never took upon herself the burden of the marriage yoke. She is charming while she dances, but there has been more than one dancer as charming who has never married. Miss Gwyn knows all this, and being questioned, answers that she doesn't know why, but believes it is all the fault of "that Hindoo fortune teller."

Note that she says not credit, but "fault."

Note also that among Miss Gwyn's convictions is the belief that woman has very little to do in the matter of marrying and being married. She is not a free agent, the many husbanded Miss Gwyn says. For herself, for instance, she has the habit of saying she might have been once a widow, twice at most, but for what the fortune teller said. Suggestion is all powerful in forming the marriage habit.

"It was at Hong Kong, while I was on my first wedding tour, that my fortune was told for the first time," said the many bridled bride. "My bridegroom and I were making the rounds of the bazars and saw an old witch standing in one of them, looking very tall and commanding. Instead of bright colors, like those around her, she wore a long black silk robe and a black turban, beneath which showed long, snow white hair. She had remarkable eyes, like black beads, but as though they were transparent. She paid no attention to David Stuart, my husband, but just looked from my palm to my face and then back at my palm. She uttered an exclamation of surprise. She said: 'You will have seven husbands. Seven times shalt thou marry and only with the last will you find perfect happiness.' My

young husband flew into a rage. Even though I was just married to him and deeply in love, I thought he cut a ridiculous figure. His face was red as an angry surk's and he shook his fist at the old witch, who only smiled with her eyes and turned to read the fortune of a fat English woman of fifty.

"That fortune made trouble from the first. My young husband fretted and swore about it. I laughed at him and joked about it, but I believe the idea took hold upon him and sapped his life. 'I'd like to see you have any other husband than me. I would never divorce you, no matter what happened.' Poor Davy. He never thought of the highest divorce court. Two months after I heard that prophecy in Hong Kong my husband died. I was a widow before I was seventeen.

"I might have remained a widow for a long time, or always, had it not been for that fortune teller. My husband had told his chum, Eric Traffordwyrr, about it, and Eric believed it. He took it seriously. When Davy had been dead for six months Eric said to me: 'You are young and pretty and alone in the world. You ought to have someone to take care of you.'

"But I don't want to marry. I should like to be free," I said. "You can't really help it," reminded Eric, who was superstitious. "You know what the fortune teller told you. You haven't anything to do with it. It is Kismet." I began to look so myself. We were married. Eric didn't live long either. I was for the second time a widow before I was twenty. Both my husbands had served in the Boer war and their hardships had predestined them to early death.

"I determined to shake off the spell of the old prophet's words and stay single. But on shipboard on my way to Australia I met Thomas Caffrey, a witty, entertaining Irishman. We talked of our travels and in a foolish moment in a gay little party at a cabin dinner I warned everybody against Hindoo fakirs.

"Don't let one of them tell your fortune," I said. "They seem to cast a spell over you."

"It is the power of suggestion," said a man who was going to Australia to give lectures on psychology. "Some of the best physicians treat their patients by means of suggestive therapeutics. They put the thought of health into their patient's minds. The Hindoo has put into your mind the thought that you will marry seven times."

"And you think I will?" I flashed at him.

"If the power of the thought is strong enough in you," he said.

"Nonsense, I have seven husbands? Two have been more than enough. I shall enjoy my freedom as long as I live." But, somehow, that very night, Tom Caffrey and I, while leaning on the deck-rail, grew sentimental. He proposed; I wavered.

"Come, me darlin'," he said, with his delicious Chauncey Olcott brogue, "you'd better take me. After all, there's no escapin' me. You know what the old witch said."



Mrs. Gwyn-Stuart-Traffordwyrr-Caffrey-Williams Thinking, No Doubt, of the Hill That Is to Be Added to Her Name.

Unusual Perplexities of Dancer Nance Gwyn, Who Has Just Taken Her Fifth Husband, but Has to Consider Two "Destined" Reservists

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"I might as well make off and leave ye free, Nance," he said. "Sure it's only a matter of time. Ye raymber what the Hindoo fortune teller said." He divorced her. Her precipitation might have been regarded as Gilpin's opportunity. Perhaps the Philadelphian might in time have availed himself of it. But upon the matrimonial horizon simultaneously appeared Charles Romer Williams, once an officer of the British army.

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"Miss" Gwyn in the Costume of a Dance That Thrilled Even a Mrs. Gouraud Ball.

Miss Gwyn didn't like the English flavor of the mixed nationality matrimonial banquet. She, an Australian, had wedded a Scotchman, a Welshman and an Irishman. After two years of being Mrs. Williams she said of Husband No. 4:

"Mr. Williams is a nice man, but he's an Englishman. An Englishman is a perfectly dreadful person to marry. He'll do anything in the world for you before he gets you. Afterward he is willing to buy you two black dresses, one for day and one for evening wear. His attitude is a supercilious, 'Is it possible you are not content? Preposterous. Why, madam, you have the honor to be my wife.'"

There were material reasons why the oft-wedded dancer should cling to her fourth husband. He was sole heir to several large fortunes and would ultimately become a multi-millionaire by the easy road of inheritance. Further, he had a tidy income of \$25,000 a year with which to fend the howling wolf from the door. But Mrs. Stuart-Traffordwyrr-Caffrey-Williams snapped her fingers at mere pecuniary considerations. She was tired of being the wife of an Englishman. And "just to be horrid," as one of her dear enemies cooed, she revenged herself upon fate for having been "named" by herself, naming a correspondent, Nanette Sucre Femme (the sugar girl) suffered that indignity. The courts freed the dancer.

Fifth to be in the tandem galley driven Great Britain Elights Reserved.



"Miss" Gwyn as She Was When She Took Destined Husband No. 3.

by the still girlish-looking dancer is Collins Suter Hill, a retired mining operator from Cape Town, South Africa. The genius of her many marriages was at work fashioning her changed future, even while the present argued a pleasant and undisturbed future. So, brief is the vision of mere mortals in matters that involve matrimony.

"Mr. Hill was a dear friend of my third husband," she explains. "I met him while Tom and I were on our honeymoon trip to Cape Town."

Mr. Hill, who is considerably his wife's elder, has an unshakable preference for the quiet life. To that preference his experienced betrothed cheerfully subscribes.

For her, she says, there will be no more of the fevered, changeful sort of existence. No more character dances like those given by the former Mrs. Jackson Gouraud and the present Edmund Russell, where Miss Gwyn thrilled the guests by her Salome dance of the seven veils. No more admirers like Arthur Carey, who, because their love was spurned, tried to commit suicide on the dancer's doorstep. No more jealous Philadelphia wives, nor wives of any other city.

"My husband abhors dancing, and I am going to give it up. He says he loves me despite my dancing instead of because of it as so many fools have done. I am quoting Mr. Hill. He's so forceful. I have promised to lead with him the quiet life he loves. We will live near Los Angeles. Our honeymoon will be a world tour. I have given away all my dancing costumes and my jewels. I am quite a plain woman decked with jewels. He says she is as interesting as a dummy in a jeweler's window and no more. He says jewels only detract from a woman's beauty. He is the first man who ever understood me. In gratitude for that understanding I mean to be a serious-minded wife."

No doubt Miss Gwyn's speech had its root in a sincere purpose. But there are

cavilers who would bar that world tour. "Men admire dear Nance so much. Mr. Hill would better put her in a Blue Beard closet than take her on a honeymoon tour of the world. Didn't she meet him on her third honeymoon? And may not she meet No. 6, and, who knows, maybe No. 7, on her world honeymoon tour as Mrs. Hill?"

Also, so suspicious is imperfect human nature, some there be who see an omen in the Cape Town man's betrothal gift. There was no engagement ring, no engagement bracelet, because Husband-elect No. V. dislikes jewels and the bride has eschewed them. But he gave her what she asked, two dogs, the list of whose perfections the writer will spare you. Some of their friends find comfort in the fact that Princess Pils and Princess Tau, the Pekinese Chinese spaniels, get on amicably together.

"If she had asked for a cat and dog it might have foreshadowed the end of No. V.," said a raven-like bachelor.

Yet it cannot be denied that according to the Hindoo soothsayer two more husbands of the quota of seven impend. Unlucky lies the head of the husband that, according to the palms and stars, is not the last of the matrimonial series. He is not necessarily a coward if, his number being less than seven, he grows anxious when he catches cold, and loses his nerve lest his gun be untrustworthy when he goes hunting. Death may be preparing to give his wife her next interval of freedom. He is not a churl if he grows peevish when his wife shows weariness at his stories or supplements his conversation by means of words of one syllable. She may be clearly seeing what he fears he perceives, the Damoclean sword swinging directly above his unlovely more than human, much higher than man, who did not reflect upon his four predecessors and the methods of their passing.

Death or divorce, which? He loathes the thought of the men who have gone before, but he quakes at the thought of those who may follow him.

Why Brown Bread, Not White, Is the Real "Staff of Life"

ONE of the most difficult tasks that confronts the family physician is to induce his dyspeptic patients to break themselves of the white bread habit. Usually it is useless for him to tell them that the "staff of life" got its name long before the invention of machines that made white bread possible, and that to utilize as food only the white starch particles of wheat is to devitalize and "denature" the most valuable of nature's food materials. Science shows that the grain of wheat contains, in organic form, all of the twelve mineral substances needed by the animal body. Chickens, guinea pigs or monkeys fed on whole wheat bread will thrive, but the same animals fed on an exclusive white bread diet will die. In order to obtain white bread three-fourths of the minerals, including the phosphorus, iron, lime, chlorine, silica, sulphur, potassium and magnesium are discarded.

These elements—as explained by a writer in the Herald of Health magazine—are contained in the brown outer skin of the wheat berry, called the bran, and in the "shorts," "middlings" and "tailings," which are sifted and boiled out of the ground meal, leaving principally the white, starchy part of the interior part of the berry.

The millers admit that they do not give the people white flour or white bread through their own choice, but that because the people think they want white flour and white bread they are obliged to pound to them.

The millers in their consternation at the thought of our eating the bran of the wheat fall to warn us against eating corn on the cob. Every time we eat a "roasting ear" we eat the "bran" of the corn, and every time we eat beans or peas we eat the "bran" of the bean and the "bran" of the pea, and it is well that we eat these things, because while they are not digested in themselves, they surrender to the body the invaluable mineral salts which they

contain. Accordingly, while it may appear to the dullard that they have no place in the diet of man, they contribute wonderfully to the life-giving properties of his food.

Just as chopped meat surrenders its mineral salts to the water in which it is immersed, through the processes of osmosis that we have described, so also does the bran of the wheat surrender its minerals to the body in the same way. But—the bran not only furnishes indispensable mineral salts to the body, but its chief virtue is as a regulator of the peristaltic action of the alimentary tract by which its contents are kept moving onward.

In Dr. Albert Westlake's new edition of his book on "Babies' Teeth to the Twelfth Year," he says:

"Babies' teeth should receive consideration at least six months before the child is born. Necessary elements in their building up are furnished at this period by the mother's blood, hence the need of the purity of the latter."

"Teeth require more organic phosphate (particularly phosphate of calcium and carbonates of lime than other parts of the body; therefore, bone food is necessary for the mother (cow's milk, eggs, especially yolks, peas, beans, lentils, whole wheat, outer grains, etc.)."

"Dietetic treatment for the mother is very important at this period, while bone is forming."

"The intestines of the child are also undergoing vital changes at this period and earlier. This includes the primary fixation of the child's intestine in the left hypochondriac region."

"It is, therefore, vital to the offspring to get perfect peristalsis of the mother's intestines. Elimination should be regular without drugs."

For this reason alone the mother should not be robbed of the potassium, sodium, magnesium, iron, phosphorus, sulphur, silica and chlorine which genuine whole wheat bread affords.