

# CUPID IN MERRY MOOD

## Mischievous and Impractical Little God of Love Seems Never to Take a Vacation From His Pleasing Duties.

**Among His Latest Victims Are an American Mining Engineer and a Grecian Countess—John Bull Shows How Love Laughs at Law—Hospital Ward Made the Scene of a Pretty Romance.**

New York.—Within the space of a brief few days, Cupid has played more pranks than the most romantic school-girl could ever conjure up in her wildest dreams!

He has brought together an American mining engineer and a Grecian countess at the mouth of a Mexican mine. He has married off a rich young fellow to the nurse who pulled him through appendicitis. He has presided at a midnight wedding at which a dashing young naval officer and a pretty chorus girl were the principals. He has hired a special train so that a New York millionaire's son could marry a divorcee in another state.

And last of all, but not least, he has arranged a wedding on the high seas, outside the international three-mile limit, so that an impatient young couple wouldn't have to wait two weeks for the banns to be published, this single-handed setting aside the stern and implacable majesty of the British common law.

It has been left for Miss Alice Whyte and Mr. Hall Cowan to show John Bull how love laughs at law. They just couldn't wait two weeks longer, so they were married according to the rites of the Church of England far out at sea. That saved the two weeks banns and made happy two young persons very much in love, says the World.

The two young people come from Windsor, Ont. The young man popped the question four years ago and got his whispered "yes," sweetest word in the world. But they couldn't be married then, for the fact that the young man hadn't been graduated from the University of Michigan and hadn't established himself in business.

Sent for Promised Wife. He was graduated in 1904. Soon after

a steamer chair on the deck of the good ship just before she sailed from the Brooklyn dock recently. Her mother and father were there to bid her Godspeed on her strange wedding journey, and so were several friends.

"You see," she explained, "Mr. Cowan couldn't get away and it came down to a point of my going to Trinidad. We had been engaged for four years and we didn't want to wait any longer. But at first everything seemed to go wrong.

"When Mr. Cowan sent for me first I was too ill to go. The second time I couldn't make the Maraval. Then he sent for me to come on the 6th of August, but that made it too long. So at last we arranged for this trip of the Maraval and Capt. Hunter is going to give me away.

"Well, all our plans were made for this voyage," continued Miss Whyte, "when suddenly Mr. Cowan discovered that we would have to wait for two weeks until the banns could be published. Here I was, all ready to sail, without any chaperon except the stewardess, and I must wait two weeks before I could be married.

"We expect to reach Granada on Monday and we plan to be married while the ship is far out at sea at eight o'clock that evening. Now, you know, the sea belongs to everybody and marriage laws—stupid things!—don't concern Father Neptune. So when we land at Trinidad on the next morning—it is 180 miles from Granada—we shall be legally married and the horrid old banns can't bother us."

It all came out as they planned. Three cheers and a tiger for Cupid this time!

Blindly Led by Cupid. What's a trip to Mexico where love is concerned? How could the Countess de Rilly, a charming young widow, or George A. Schroeder, a handsome young mining engineer, guess that it was Cupid who was leading them to the mouth of the Ventura mine in Mexico?

Mr. Schroeder is engineer for the Ventura corporation, of London, and also for the rich Stratton Independence mine in Colorado. His corporation sent him to the mine in Mexico just as the handsome young countess

the American. The rest was easy, because Cupid had his mind made up. Mr. Schroeder pleaded his case and the Greek countess agreed to become the plain American "Mrs." So they came back to Brooklyn to be married. There a few days ago they were wed. But this didn't end the ceremonial part of the wedding. The countess wanted also a wedding in the faith of her fathers, so all the party jumped into automobiles and were whisked over to Manhattan and up to the Little Greek church, Seventy-second street, near Lexington avenue, where there was a regular wedding, according to the full ritual of the orthodox Greek church.

There was a crowd of the couple's



friends to see the beautiful ceremony, which included hymns and chants by a full vested choir. The ceremonies ended with the crowning of the couple with flowers.

And Cupid had come out victor again.

Love God at Work in Hospital. The doctors shook their heads. The lad that lay on the operating table before them was pretty far gone. He had gangrenous appendicitis, and the poison had already set in.

"One chance in a hundred," said the operating surgeon as he prepared the instruments and motioned to his assistants to administer the anaesthetic. "And now, Miss Vanhorn, if you please," he said, turning to a pretty trained nurse who stood ready to help.

Soon the ether had done its work and the knives began. An hour later Carl A. Jaeger, the patient, was back in bed, slowly coming out of the influence of the anaesthetic. At his side sat the trained nurse, Miss Vanhorn, with a look of concern upon her fair face, for the case was very grave.

Would the young man's temperature slowly fall and recovery set in? Or would his heart give out under the tremendous strain of the ether and the shock, and he pass away as a tale that is told?

The young man stirred and moaned. The nurse fanned his forehead, beaded with cold drops of sweat. He moaned again. She watched him as closely as a cat watches a mouse.

He slowly came back to consciousness.

"I'm thirsty," he moaned. The nurse gave him a spoonful of hot water. A full drink of the cold water he craved might have meant death just then. When he asked for food he got a sip of milk, nothing more.

The days went by and the young man slowly improved. Finally the surgeon made his last visit.

"Young man," said he, "you owe your life to your nurse, not to me."

That was a year ago. Cupid, the cunning rogue, got in his work at once. Young Mr. Jaeger didn't want to give up the acquaintance of Miss Vanhorn when he was discharged, cured. He asked permission to call, and got it. It doesn't take the wisdom of a Solomon to guess the rest.

They were married the other day at the Presbyterian Manse, Hackensack, by Rev. C. Rudolph Kuebler. Dr.

David St. John, head of the Hackensack hospital's corps of physicians, and the young man's father, Gustav L. Jaeger, a rich New York manufacturer, were the only witnesses.

Miss Margaret Vanhorn came from Mahwah and young Mr. Jaeger has a home in Maywood, N. J. They are now away on a wedding trip to Halifax.

Cupid even presides when the surgeons use their knives.

Cupid Behind the Scenes. Up the bay several weeks ago came Admiral Evans' fleet and the big Indiana, one of Uncle Sam's crack battleships. They cast anchor in the North river, where Admiral Evans directed, and soon officers and men were ashore stretching their legs.

Now, some of those gay young fellows of the fleet hadn't seen a pretty girl for so long that they just ached to go to some show. So what could be better than "The Social Whirl" at the

Casino? No sooner said than done. All hands took a box and the one closest to the stage chanced to be Ensign Freeman Hall, paymaster. All of a sudden Cupid took a hand. Ensign Hall spied dashing Miss Eleanor Lund on the stage and promptly lost his heart. He secured an introduction and paid ardent court.

The rest of the story was told before Rev. Dr. Henry Marsh Warren, the "hotel chaplain," when a cab drove up before his home, No. 48 West Ninety-fourth street, a few nights ago—or rather morning, because it was well after midnight. In the cab were the young naval officer and Miss Lund.

Now in common with most clergymen, Rev. Dr. Warren retires at an early hour. This particular night was no exception. But the furious jangling of the bell awoke him and Mrs. Warren.

"We want to get married," announced Ensign Hall.

"Not so fast," cautioned Dr. Warren. "I'll have to ask a few questions."

But he was soon satisfied. He found that the officer was 35 years old and his bride 22. Then Mrs. Warren was summoned as a witness and the knot was tied.

Het Contest. A Scotch minister on going to preach to his congregation one Sabbath morning met with the following accident: Leather breeches being the style, and having hung his in the loft during the week, he hastily donned them and went into the pulpit. While they were in the loft a few busy wasps had built their nest in them, and as the good man walked to and fro, preaching to his people it annoyed the wasps so that they began to sting him. He stood the attack as long as possible, getting more excited every minute and gesticulating wildly. He finally shouted to his astonished congregation:

"Brethren and sisters, the word of the Lord is in my mouth, but the devil is in my breeches!"—Buffalo Times.

Expert Swimmer at 72. Mary Wheatland has been giving exhibitions of fancy swimming and diving in the sea at Bangor, England. Mary is 72 years old, and has been an expert swimmer for 57 years.

# Lady Newdigate's Finger.

BY EDGAR FAWCETT.

Flora Newdigate had other devotees, but none so prominent as Proigne.

Sir Ralph, her husband, by this time, had ceased to be discussed at all. Nobody ever said, nowadays, "Does he care?" "Is he bothered?" Everybody realized that, even if he hated the whole proceeding, he was quite too emotionless a person (outwardly) to give a sign.

Proigne "did nothing," and did it with conspicuous luxury. Had not his parents died genteel paupers? Who gave him his sumptuous flat in De Vere Gardens? It was his aunt, the wealthy Mrs. Clavering. And evidently this lady didn't mind about Lady Newdigate any more than Sir Ralph minded about Proigne.

But Mrs. Caverley did mind. She had been a London belle in her day, and had cherished the man whom she married.

In her Curzon street drawing-room we find her sipping tea and talking with the daughter of a dear dead friend.

"Now, Amelia," she was saying, "I know that I can confide to you that I detest the whole thing terribly. I want it to end. It must end."

"I think there might be a way," Lady Wheatheaf mused aloud.

Then she told Proigne's aunt what the "way" was.

Mrs. Caverley was nodding solemnly when she finished. "Not at all bad, my dear; not at all bad. You're the sort of woman who could bring them together. Adela Strafford; of course; yes; your step-sister, and just ready to appear in the world. Only 18, too; and Flora Newdigate is 30, if a day. Is the resemblance so striking?"

"It's really wonderful; though Flora, you know, is much more beautiful."

Lady Wheatheaf rose to go.

"Bring her here to tea on Friday; don't fail!" pleaded Mrs. Caverley.

"I'll have Cyril. I positively promise him. And you must positively promise me Adela."

Adela Strafford met Proigne at many places besides his aunt's house in the near future. Lady Wheatheaf had all the resources of a gay, rich woman. She sometimes contrived that meetings which in reality had been artfully arranged should seem products of mere coincidence and accident. One day, at a Belgravian afternoon crush, Lady Wheatheaf drew Mrs. Caverley aside.

"My treasured young sister has fallen in love," she said.

"What! With Cyril? So quickly?"

"It isn't so quickly, after all. It's been several weeks, you know."

She was sorrier when she went home that afternoon, to her house in Portman square.

"You didn't go anywhere to-day, then, Adela?"

The girl turned from a window through which she had been gazing down at the feet-driven cabs and victorias. Her eyes were wide-begone, but her gaze looked brave, though harshly pained.

"Mrs. Pomfret has been here, Amelia. We have had quite a long talk."

"Merciless little scandal-monger," thought Lady Wheatheaf.

"She has told me everything," Adela went on.

"What—what?"

"That Mrs. Caverley and you are conspiring to steal from Lady Newdigate her adorer, her vassal. That you have been using my so-called 'resemblance' to her as a lure. That Lady Newdigate laughs at the whole affair, and has made it plain that she need only lift a finger to have him repentantly back at her side."

Here Adela's wrath blazed out. "I, s all true!" she cried. "I don't blame you, or Mrs. Caverley either. You both had your motives. You, Amelia, have always wanted me to marry what you call 'well.' Besides, I—I love you too much to blame you for anything."

The girl paused, and drew in a long breath. "But Cyril Proigne! I should like to meet him once more, and I shall!"

"Adela! Why—why?"

"To tell him how infinitely I despise him for having dared to use me as his makeshift, his 'cat's paw'!" She gave a laugh of mingled bitterness. "As if the finger of his idiot couldn't have been lifted without employing a poor, young country girl like myself as the lever force!" She echoed her own laugh again, and caught up a mantle and hat which had evidently lain in readiness near by.

"Adela!" panted her sister, "where on earth are you going? Surely not to him!"

"No," shot the dogged reply, "as if I would! I'm going to her."

"One moment, Adela," threw out Lady Wheatheaf.

But the girl darted away. To Grosvenor square from Portman was only a short drive.

"I think, Miss Strafford," said the butler, who had a long-remembered memory and recognized Adela as having called one day with her sister, the ultra-smart marchioness of Wheatheaf, "that Lady Newdigate is just at present in the library."

Lady Newdigate, a dream of loveliness in clinging violet silks, rose as she entered.

"Ah, you're alone," said Adela, glancing here and there and finding that only coils of shadow and patches of brightness encircled that one enchanting figure in the half-gloomed chamber.

Lady Newdigate of whom it had been declared that an active volcano could not (not plus her) merely answered: "Won't you have a cup of tea?"

"No, thanks. I don't care to sit down, either. I simply came to tell you, Lady Newdigate, that as far as I

am concerned, you may lift your finger at once or not at all."

"Really? Lift my finger? But I don't understand." The exquisite face looked decorously astonished—no more.

"Oh, yes, you do understand," said Adela, with far more quiet than she felt. "I never knew till to-day that Mr. Cyril Proigne had paid you court for years. I never knew till to-day that the attentions he has shown me were caused by his wish to regain your favor."

Adela was turning away when a shape rose from a sofa half screened by copious palms. Instantly the girl recognized Cyril Proigne. He had turned very pale, but his usually placid voice was never more composed. Looking straight at Adela, he spoke.

"You didn't see me when you came in, and no matter what might have been the nature of your visit, I should at once have discovered myself like this. I have been here but a short time, and I came here to tell my old friend, Lady Newdigate, a somewhat important matter."

Adela's lip was curled. "Really, I am not interested in your confidences to Lady Newdigate."

"For the best of all reasons," Proigne answered, somewhat sadly, "I had hoped that you would be. My 'important matter' was the deep wish that I feel, Miss Adela, to ask you to become my wife, and my intention of approaching you to-morrow with this (to me) very momentous request."

Adela crimsoned, and drooped her eyes.

"Why haven't you told me this?" Lady Newdigate said to Proigne, turning toward him with a fragmentary coo of laughter, and looking as beautiful as he had ever seen her.

Proigne took out his watch and glanced at it. "I have been here just five minutes, dear lady, as you'll admit. I really haven't had time."

"But I have time," burst from Adela, "to tell you that, to-morrow or at any future day, Mr. Proigne, you need make no such request of me as that which you have just described."

At once Adela slipped from the library. Cyril Proigne made several swift pursuant steps. Then he receded from the doorway through which she had passed. While Adela's unheard

cab rattled off along the big square, Cyril and Lady Newdigate stood staring, so to speak, at one another's mutual stares.

"You meant it?" she said.

"Absolutely."

"And now she has just refused you."

"I have hope—much hope. Eventually, I am certain, she will pardon me."

"Cyril," she went on, "you mean that you really love her? Well, if you do, she's refused you. Pray, forgive me for laughing, but it struck me as so droll."

"So droll?" he wavered.

"To think of you as a married man! And married to her! Why, she'd bore you to death in six weeks, with her moralities and prophecies. Am I not enough for you as regards both? I hate her. I hate every one who would separate us. No one shall; no one shall! Poor dear old Ralph is ten years older than both of us. If he should die, I'll—I'll wait a year, and then I'll marry you—there!"

"This girl—a nice girl, but a trifle bourgeois, you must admit—said that I'd boasted of how I need only lift my finger to have you back again. It's not true. Still, I lift my finger now, Cyril. You've been terrible. I didn't dream you could be so terrible. But never mind; I forgive you this once, and see: I lift my finger."

Cyril stood quite motionless. But he might have made some answer if Sir Ralph Newdigate had not entered the library ten seconds later, red-faced, massive, perspiring hot.

"Bless my soul," he cried, "I met Lady Jenny Smythe as I was coming home in my cab, and Lord Lymelynde was with her; he usually is, you know—'hat hat hat.' I asked 'em to drop in for dinner—pot luck, you know—and go with us to-night. They accepted (including old Smythe, of course—'hat hat hat!'). How old Smythe can stand his goings-on with Lady Jenny, I'm blessed if I—well, never mind. You will stay and dine, Cyril, that's a good old chap!"

"I—I was just trying to remember," murmured Proigne, pulling at his chestnut mustache nervously.

His eyes again met Lady Newdigate's.

And Cyril Proigne stayed and dined that evening in Grosvenor square. (Copyright, 1901, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

# SOME CHICKEN RECIPES.

Several More or Less Elaborate Dishes—The Directions for the Same Given in Full.

## CHICKEN CUTLETS WITH RICE.

—A teaspoonful of rice, some good stock, one onion, salt and pepper, some cold ham and chicken, egg, breadcrumbs. Boil a teaspoonful of rice in some good stock and pound it in a mortar with an onion that has been cooked in butter, with salt and pepper. Pound separately in equal proportions cold ham and chicken; form this into cutlets; cover them with egg and bread crumbs and fry. Serve with a sharp sauce.

CHICKEN LOAF.—A chicken, two ounces of butter, pepper and salt, egg. Boil a chicken in as little water as possible until the meat can easily be picked from the bones; cut it up fine; then put it back into the saucepan with two ounces of butter and a seasoning of pepper and salt. Grease a square china mold, and cover the bottom with slices of hard boiled eggs; pour in the chicken, place a weight on it, and set aside to cool, when it will turn out.

PRESSED CHICKEN.—Two chickens, boiled until the meat leaves the bones easily; then pull to pieces and chop fine, letting the liquor, in which they were cooked, boil down until only a cupful remains. Add about one-half as much chopped ham as chicken; roll two soda crackers, pour the stock over, season highly. Mix well together, put in a deep, long pan, pressing down hard with the hand. Fold a cloth several times, put over the top, and put on a weight. It will slice nicely if prepared the day before using.

CHICKEN RISsoles.—Some remnants of fowl, ham and tongue, butter, a pinch of flour, white pepper, salt, nutmeg, parsley, eggs, a few drops of lemon juice, flour, water, three pinches of sugar. Mince very finely some remnants of fowl, free from skin, add an equal quantity of ham or tongue, as well as a small quantity of truffles, all finely minced; toss the whole into a saucepan with a piece of butter mixed with a pinch of flour; add white pepper, salt and nutmeg to taste, as well as a little minced parsley; stir in, off the fire, the yolks of one or two eggs beaten up with a few drops of lemon juice, and lay the mixture on a plate to cool. Make a paste with some flour, a little water, two eggs, a pinch of salt, and two or three of sugar; roll it out to the thickness of a penny piece, stamp it out in round pieces three inches in diameter; put a piece of the above mince on each, then fold them up, fastening the edges by moistening them with water. Trim the rissoles neatly with a fluted cutter, dip each one in beaten up egg, and fry a golden color in hot lard.

CHICKEN TERRAPIN.—Place a stewpan on the fire with a small tea-cup of water in it; when it boils add the flesh of tender boiled chicken, picked fine. Mix smooth a quarter of a pound of butter with a tablespoonful of flour. When the chicken has boiled three minutes add the butter and flour, stirring it all the time.

Season with salt, cayenne pepper, a small blade of mace and half a pint of good sherry wine. Let it simmer over a slow fire ten minutes; then add a gill of milk and serve in a hot dish.

CREAM CHICKEN.—Four chickens, three cans of mushrooms, four sweetbreads. Boil chicken till tender and cut as for salad, removing all skin; boil and chop sweetbreads. Mix chicken, sweetbreads and mushrooms, and bake in alternate layers with bread-crumbs, seasoned with pieces of butter and cream dressing given below. This is sufficient for 20 people.

CREAM DRESSING.—One and one-half pints of cream, one grated onion, three tablespoonfuls of flour, four tablespoonfuls of butter. Heat cream, rub flour in butter and put in the cream; cook till it thickens; take off and stir in onion. Put the first layer of chicken, sweetbreads and mushrooms in a dish and season each of the layers with cayenne pepper and salt. Let the top layer be of bread-crumbs.—Chicago Tribune.

Bride's Watch as License Fee. John Burns and Miss Gertrude Dowling, a young couple, came here from Philadelphia to be wedded. Upon applying at the office of Magistrate Brozman for a marriage license the bridegroom was surprised when told it would cost three dollars. His total amount of cash was \$2.75.

The license was made out and the bridegroom prospective was in a quandary. Suddenly a bright idea struck him. After a hasty conversation with the bride-elect the latter produced her gold watch and handed it to the young man. He left in a hurry, pawned the timepiece with an acquaintance, and returning, paid for the license.

The couple departed, all smiles, for the home of Rev. George L. Wolfe, the "marrying parson," where they were wedded.

The husband had enough left to give the preacher his fee. They then returned to Philadelphia.—Wilmington Correspondence Baltimore Sun.

Why Indian Is Beardless. The American Indian is not absolutely beardless. The growth is small, and because of this smallness they pluck it out. Beards differ very much among different nations. Climate, food, etc., have much to do with it. In hot and dry countries, such as Arabia, Ethiopia, East India, Spain and Italy, the beard is generally dark, dry, hard and thin. Persons of a mild disposition, well nourished, have a light-colored, thick and slightly curling beard. The curls of Turkey, who have been such from childhood, have no beard. It is generally considered a sign of development.

Furniture Stains. Have ready three pieces of woolen cloth; dip one into linseed oil, rub the spot briskly, wet the second with alcohol and apply to oily surface, rubbing quickly, as too much alcohol will destroy the varnish, and finally polish with the third cloth, moistened with oil or furniture polish. Another way is to use equal parts of vinegar, sweet oil, and spirits of turpentine; shake all well together in a bottle; apply with a fannel cloth and rub dry with old silk or linen.

To Remove Varnish. Alcohol will remove varnish from fabrics.



er he got a position with Hiram Walker & Sons' oil interests in Port of Spain, Trinidad. He went away and did well. He sent for Miss Whyte. She was too ill to take the journey. So the impatient bridegroom-to-be had to wait.

But let Miss Whyte tell her own story just as she told it reclining in

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# The Immodesty of the Peek-a-Boo Waist

By LALLA SELBINI, French Actress.

IT IS far easier to give a definition of immodesty than of modesty. Immodesty can be typified by two words, in my estimation—the "peek-a-boo waist."

While I appear every afternoon and evening on a roof garden in a tight-fitting bathing suit, I must confess my sense of modesty would never go so far as to wear a peek-a-boo waist.

There is nothing more immodest than one of these suggestive, half-revealing, half-concealing garments that women have taken as a part of their costuming.

Some one has said that for me to criticize peek-a-boo waists is a little strange, since my appearance is so utterly unhampered by conventional clothing. Let me make one point clear; there is nothing

more immodest about a woman's figure clothed in the tight-fitting bathing suit than in a statue. While a woman may appear on the stage in a costume which accentuates an act she is giving, it is a part of her stage profession. So long as it is not vulgar from an aesthetic sense, it cannot be vulgar at all. Real vulgarity or immodesty can only exist where the artistic sense is shocked, and to a pure mind with artistic instincts dominating it there cannot be susceptibility to immodest suggestions.

The Venus of Medici is an exquisite figure. I am sure there are few people who would admit being shocked at this old Greek statue. Yet how infinitely vulgar and suggestive she would be if some shocked lady would garb her in a peek-a-boo waist.

On the street I think women should wear street clothes. The peek-a-boo waist with its multitudinous holes, its glimpse of lingerie and colored ribbons is far more immodest than the so-called outrageously low-necked gown of the English society woman or the strip tights of the beautifully formed actress.

American women have gained a reputation of discretion as compared with French women, but I must say that we would never be guilty of going the lengths of displaying our persons as the apparently conventional American women do in the peek-a-boo waist.

# QUICK START.

O. W. Nickerson and J. S. Baker were residents of Harwich. Capt. Nickerson, as he was called, was a man of means and very shrewd. Joe was less fortunate.

One day the captain met Joe and said: "Come over to-night." Joe did so, and as soon as he entered the captain's home the captain took him into a distant room, closed all the windows and doors securely, and said: "Now, Joe, I will tell you the secret of get-

ting rich, and you can pay me \$25. Be saving, of course, and when you do make a bargain with anyone be sure that no one hears you, and then if you get the worst of it, or want to back out, you can. Now hand me the \$25."

Joe thought a second, and then said: "Did anyone hear us make this bargain, captain?"

"Not a soul," replied the captain. "Well, then," Joe said, "I guess I'll begin on you."