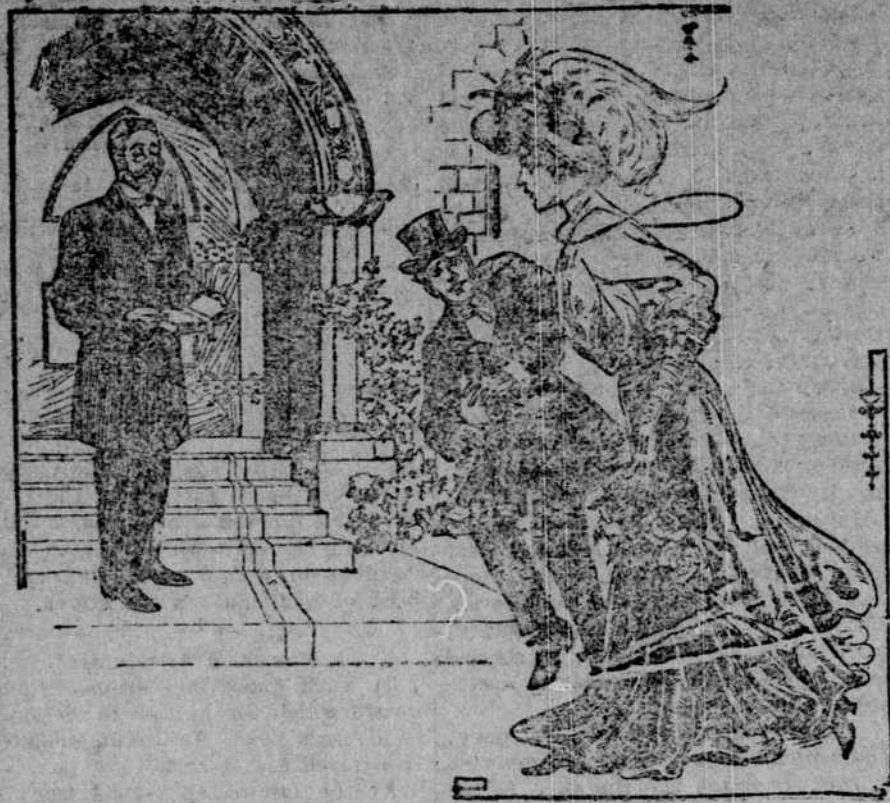


# "WAITED AT THE CHURCH SIX TIMES— AND THEN"



Chicago.—"There she was, waiting at the church."

And one could repeat the oft quoted words of the erstwhile popular song, not only once more, but five times more, to hint at the story of the patient and loyal girl who waited in vain at the house of worship to hear the wedding bells ring for her.

Six times, actually, sweet, sensible and attractive Inga Lindquist waited at the church for Alfred Rasmussen, the man who was to be her husband. But some strange fate intervened to blast the hopes of the blushing bride-elect.

Each and every time the bridegroom-to-be proved recalcitrant and either failed to appear at the church, or fled after the bridal party and guests had assembled. Four times the faithless Alfred made his "get-away" just before reaching the sacred edifice, and twice he quietly slipped away while those present waited for the minister to come to the altar.

On each occasion the heart-broken bride was left in tears of shame and anguish, while the wedding guests raged at his heartlessness in deserting the trusting girl and depriving them of the promised sumptuous feast and merry-making that were to follow the ceremony.

Yet this recalcitrant fiance really and truly loved the confiding and patient young woman who had given her all of the passion of her heart. And she—well, she had such unbounded faith in the genuineness of his professed affection for her that the bitter denunciations of her friends and relatives could not shake it, and she readily granted him forgiveness each time he pleaded for her pardon. He was so eloquent, this handsome Alfred Rasmussen, and he sued for her womanly indulgence with such eloquence and protested his deep, undying love for her with so ardent words of endearment she could not deny him the clemency he craved. So it was that she consented four times and then twice more to "give him another chance."

And only after the last chance did she triumph by a ruse.

**Heroine No Silly Girl.**

Miss Inga Lindquist, the heroine of the "waiting-at-the-church six times" romance in real life, was not a giddy young thing or either "sweet 16," or even 18, for that matter, when her romance began. Indeed, full 30 summers, and like as not, as many winters, had been recorded in her life history up to that time.

Inga Lindquist for a number of years was an expert milliner, and as fore-woman in a big millinery house, earned and was paid a good salary, one that many an able man in mercantile life would be only too glad to receive for high-class service. The young woman's employers valued her services so highly that several times she hinted at giving up her position to engage in the millinery business for herself they induced her to remain and gave her a substantial advance in salary.

Early in the present year she came into a very nice inheritance through the death of a relative in Sweden. She resigned her position to engage in business for herself, opening a handsome store on the northwest side of Chicago, where dwell the "Wall-to-Wall" Swedes, Germans and German-Americans.

Business from the start was a splendid success with Miss Lindquist, for first-class trade came to her unsolicited. Her success in business pleased her friends very much, but the state of single blessedness was the one source of annoyance and disappointment to them.

**"Handsome Al."**

It was when the fair milliner's close friends—the feminine ones—were about giving up hope that she

would ever become a bride that the good-looking young pharmacist, Alfred Rasmussen, came on the scene and fell in love with Inga Lindquist. It was a real surprise to the friends of both. "Handsome Al," as he was called—and is yet—by his intimates, was generally regarded as a good fellow.

In the course of the engagement of Inga Lindquist and Alfred Rasmussen was announced to their friends and relatives. Then the date was set for the wedding. Despite the protests of their friends the couple decided to have a quiet wedding at church, with only the bridal attendants and a few close friends and relatives to witness the ceremony, though there was to be a grand feast at the home of the bride's aunt, Mrs. Cederquist. After the latter the newly wedded pair were to take a trip to New York and other eastern points.

That was in April last. Miss Lindquist, her bridesmaid, two young women friends, three male friends, a cousin and her aunt, and Rasmussen's best man and six of his friends, waited at the church. Rasmussen did not come, and the bride-to-be and the bridal party retired—Miss Inga broken hearted. Nothing was heard from Rasmussen, no one knew where he was. Mrs. Cederquist, the bride-elect's aunt, and several of her gentlemen friends were anxious to notify the police of the fiance's disappearance, fearing that maybe he was a victim of foul play. But intimates of the missing man protested that it would result in sensational notoriety for all concerned, and their objections prevailed. Three weeks later, or in the early part of May, "Handsome Al" reappeared and called on his weeping sweetheart. He pleaded hard for forgiveness, alleging that he suddenly became frightened at assuming the responsibilities of married life, and was so worried about this while on his way to church that yielding to impulse, he fled and went to Milwaukee.

**Secured Forgiveness.**

So eloquently did the recalcitrant lover plead that his sweetheart forgave and took him back. Then new plans were made, and it was decided that the wedding should be the last week in May. Again the milliner was "waitin' at the church" for the second time, but the faithless lover came not. Once more the bride-to-be returned home to put away her wedding dress and then, shed tears, wing her hands—and plan new occasions for her rich customers. Several weeks later Rasmussen turned up at Miss Lindquist's home, but the indignant Mrs. Cederquist, in her wrath, refused to admit him, and drove the trifling fellow away; he had brought sadness and disappointment too often to that home, she declared, to be permitted to again enter its portals.

But Rasmussen was not to be denied, and again his pleadings won forgiveness. For the third time the wedding day was set, and again the bridegroom came not. What explanation he made that caused his restoration to favor can but be guessed, but again he was forgiven, and again were preparations made for the nuptials.

History repeated itself on this occasion and on another that followed, and then for the sixth time the bride arrayed for the ceremony, confident that at last she might rely on the fervent promise of her lover.

But, no. Again the wedding procession was marshaled at the altar, and the bridegroom was "conspicuous by his absence."

**Bride at Last Aroused.**

Everybody was too dumfounded to utter a word; even the repeatedly deceived minister was so stunned that

preme effort, the ship shook herself free and jumped upward till her propeller showed above water. The big floe snapped against the edge of the ice-floe forward and aft and under us, crumpling up its edge and driving it in shore some yards, then came to rest, and the commotion was transferred to the outer edge of the floe, which crumbled away with a dull roar, as other floes smashed against it and tore off great pieces in their onward rush, leaving the Roosevelt stranded but safe.

On another occasion it required 35½ hours of incessant strain and struggle to clear a way through the obstructing ice-floes to the open water beyond. Mr. Peary says: "The Roosevelt fought like a gladiator, turning her full weight against the heavy floes whenever we could get room for a rush, and rearing upon them like a steppelasher taking a fence. Ah, the thrill and tension of it, the lust of battle, which crowded days of ordinary life into one! The forward rush, the gathering speed and momentum, the crash, the upward heave, the grating snarl of the ice as the steel-shod sleds split it as a ma-

son's hammer splits granite, or trod it under, or sent it right and left in whirling fragments, followed by the violent roll, the backward rebound, and then the gathering for another rush, were glorious."

At such times the physical tension was intense: "Everyone on deck hung with breathless interest on our movement, and as Bartlett and I clung in the rigging I heard him whisper through teeth clenched from the purely physical tension of the throbbing ship under us: 'Give it to 'em, Teddy; give it to 'em!' More than once did a fireman come panting on deck for a breath of air, look over the side, mutter to himself, 'By —, she's got to go through!' then drop into the stokehold, with the result a moment later of an extra belch of black smoke from the stack and an added turn or two to the propeller."

**Cost of Producing Tea.**

One tea company in India has under cultivation 1,450 acres, while another has 1,303 acres. It costs to produce the tea and place it in the market at Calcutta from 3 to 5 cents a pound.

He could not vent his anger in words. When the others recovered the power of speech there was a babble of indignation talk. Only the bride was silent—for a time. She smiled faintly, but her face showed a grim determination, which the others could not read. Hiding her aunt, the bridesmaid, attendant and her gentlemen could enter the carriage, she informed the rest of the party that there would be the feast at her home that day, but later on they would receive an invitation to dine with her and her "husband." Then Miss Lindquist drove home, leaving her guests to wonder what she meant.

The patient milliner was aroused. She said little, but seemed to have some plan of action ready. There was much going and coming on her part in a way that smacked of mystery and promised a great surprise. Evidently she contemplated a strategic move and like a rood general she kept silent until the time came.

**Plans Carefully Laid.**

It was the latter part of September when Miss Lindquist had her plans ready. She called on the pastor of her church—the church at which she waited six times in vain. She had a brief talk with the wise man of the cloth and came to an understanding with him. Then she had a conference with her standing bridesmaid and her cousin and Rasmussen's permanent best man. A few days later a carriage drove up to the door of Mrs. Cederquist's house. A servant came out with a small trunk, which was placed on the foot rest at the driver's seat. Then Inga, her aunt and her bridesmaid entered the carriage. Another conveyance drove up to the door and into it quickly "plied" Miss Inga's cousin and the best man. Miss Inga and her party were driven in one direction and the other carriage in a different one.

The rig containing the milliner and her friends drove to the home of "Handsome Al." It was early evening and he was there. The driver rang the doorbell and when it was opened asked for Mr. Rasmussen. He appeared quickly and as he did Miss Lindquist called to him from the carriage. He hastened to her.

**Were Married at Last.**

"Get in, Al," she said sweetly. "I'm going on that wedding trip of ours. It's been put off so often I'm just heart sick to make it, even if I have to go alone. Besides, business is quiet now and I can spare the time. Come and drive with me to the depot. Al, won't you?" coaxingly.

"A!" got in quickly, and was not a little astonished to find there were other occupants—the aunt and bridesmaid. But their presence did not abash him and he renewed his old style of love-making. Very earnestly he pleaded with Inga to not go away,



Miss Inga Lindquist.

vowing that he would wed her without any further delay if she consented to remain. The young woman pretended to be obdurate and let the artful dodger go on with his pleas and vows. So intent was Rasmussen he did not notice the direction in which the carriage was being driven. But Inga had laid her plans carefully, so carefully that they would go amiss. The driver had his instructions, and before "Handsome Al" knew what was in "the wind" the carriage stopped before the door of the parsonage of the church at which Inga had waited so many times. In his bewilderment the bridegroom failed to note another carriage at the curb. In a few minutes Miss Lindquist and Rasmussen were standing before the minister and around them stood the rest of the bridal party. And the ceremony followed. It was brief. When the minister shook hands with the newly wedded couple and gave them good advice and extended his congratulations, the "wedding welcher," as his friends had dubbed Rasmussen, was all smiles, kissed his bride with fervor and gave the "glad hand" to all of the wedding party. A few moments later all entered the carriage and were driven to the home of the bride—this time a real and smiling bride.

# At the National Capital

## Gossip of People and Events Gathered in Washington

### STRICT RULES FOR VISITS IN WASHINGTON SOCIETY

WASHINGTON.—Just at present matters are dull socially, but there is an air of expectancy and enough people are in the city and more are returning every day to keep up the interest.

Houses and visiting lists are being overhauled, as visiting is the joy as well as the bete noir of the Washington woman and has to be attacked scientifically as well as diplomatically to accomplish all that is required by an exacting public.

There is a regular etiquette in regard to visits, and who betide the unlucky stranger who unconsciously sins against the cast iron rules laid down in this supposedly most democratic of cities.

The judges of the supreme court must be called on by the cabinet, senators and representatives first. Then the members of the cabinet call on one another and on the senators and house members. The senators make their supreme court and cabinet visits and finally reach one another. But a senator's wife whose husband has been in office six years cannot demerit herself by calling first on the wife of



### ROOT-GRANT WEDDING TO BE MOST SIMPLE AFFAIR

It probably will be a relief to the great masses of the people to know finally and positively that Miss Edith Root, daughter of the secretary of state, and Ulysses S. Grant III, are to have an extremely simple and quiet wedding at the home of the bride's parents on Rhode Island avenue. The children of the big ones, especially in Washington, ordinarily, have enough spent on the gawgaws of their weddings to keep them in household supplies for 10 years. The only social affairs in Washington more costly than funerals are the weddings.

The daughter of the secretary of state is to marry the grandson of a resident and the greatest soldier of his time, and few people are to be gathered together to witness the ceremony. It is a fine and an appealing arrangement. There probably will be a lot of presents. Neither the bride nor the groom, it is supposed, can prevent the flood of gifts which the prominence of their families will start.

Young Grant is a quiet, unassuming studious fellow, with a bent of mind for mathematics, for he graduated into the army's engineering corps. She has been comparatively little known in the swirling circle of Washington society. It is said that she has good sound sense, and her disinclination to go the rounds seems to prove the point.

It is understood that young Grant has no money beyond his pay. He is a first lieutenant of engineers and his wage is about \$125 a month. He gets an allowance for quarters, however, provided he is on detached duty where there are no army quarters. The government will give him and his wife three rooms to live in, or if he is away from an army post it will give him the equivalent of the rent of three rooms.

It is said that Edith Root, although the daughter of a rich man, is perfectly capable of keeping house in three rooms, and keeping house there contentedly.

Lieut. Grant has an enormously wealthy aunt, who lives part of the time in Chicago, but he has no expectations from her, and he is too much of a Grant to take anything if it were offered. Edith's father was a college professor, who was earning about \$1,500 a year, perhaps less, when Edith was a boy.

It isn't at all probable that he will contribute largely to the household funds of his future son-in-law. He doubtless would prefer to let the young couple go it alone for some time to come. This wedding promises to be entirely satisfactory from every intrinsically valuable American viewpoint.

### ROOSEVELT CELEBRATES FORTY-NINTH BIRTHDAY

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT celebrated his forty-ninth birthday a few Sundays ago. He spent the day, as is his custom, attending church in the morning, and spending the afternoon in the open air.

In the afternoon he received a committee of ten representing the Hungarian Republican club of New York, of which the president is an honorary member. The custom of the club of extending its congratulations to Mr. Roosevelt on his birthday began when he was governor of New York. He became a member on his return from Cuba in 1898, and during his first campaign for governor of the state of New York the club took an active part in New York city. The committee extended congratulations on the president's successful hunting trip and heard a partial description of it.

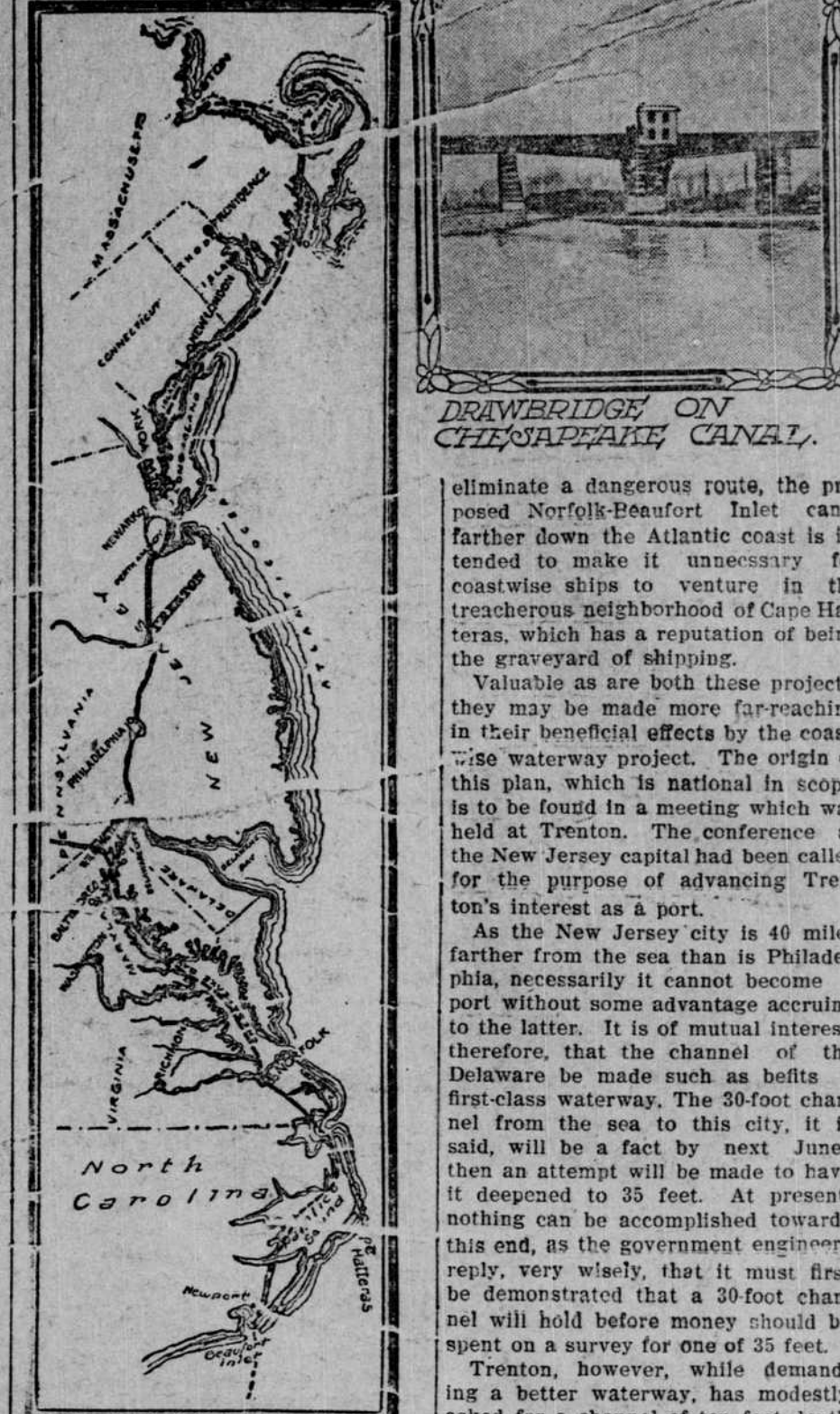
No news regarding the maneuvers to be conducted on the trip around South America will be allowed to filter through to the American taxpayer. Newspaper correspondents will be rigidly excluded from the war vessels.

The journey of Rear Admiral Evans' large squadron will be virtually on a war footing, for the only information that will be allowed to reach the people who are paying out millions to keep the navy up to the highest state of fighting efficiency will be in the

form of meager reports furnished by naval officers specially appointed for that purpose and who will carefully avoid references to those things in which the public is interested.

These decisions were arrived at by President Roosevelt after a consultation with Secretary Metcalf, Rear Admiral Evans and Rear Admiral Brownson, chief of the bureau of navigation of the navy department.

# A COAST-WISE CANAL



PROPOSED CHAIN OF WATERWAYS

The most ambitious waterways scheme ever planned is that which would give to the Atlantic seaboard states a coastwise canal and create for the east a new era of commercial independence. Even the most careless reader in these days must have noticed the renewed and even lively interest in the subject of canals, which, so far as they are projected, surpass in extent and importance even those schemes for canalization which a century ago fired the imagination of everyone who had the prosperity of the nation at heart. Throughout the country waterway improvement schemes are being prosecuted with more earnestness than ever, and some idea of their extent may be gained by the simple statement that the schemes for these improvements already approved by the federal government engineers represent an outlay of \$500,000,000.

It has become plain, especially to those business men who have to ship freight, that at present the railroads are unequal to the task.

In the northwest the great lakes, forming a natural outlet for transportation, are being more and more utilized. Generally speaking the country is well watered, and consequently better waterway transportation may be said to be a potentiality. But all the water courses in the United States are not naturally fit for the traffic. They must be made fit, and this, in most cases, is a simple matter of expenditure. President Roosevelt has given his approval to the schemes of the middle west to make the Mississippi a deep water route from St. Louis to the gulf. This will cost, simply to start the plan effectively, \$100,000,000. But those who know the value of water transportation do not hesitate to say that it is worth it. New York is spending more than that amount to resuscitate the Erie canal which, by the way, 50 years ago, was said to be responsible for the commercial degeneracy of Philadelphia.

A canal is being cut through the isthmus which connects Cape Cod with the mainland. This will bring Boston 74 miles nearer New York, to say nothing of the elimination of a route through Nantucket sound, which is dreaded because of its dangerous shoals. Within three years, it is expected, this canal will be ready for the passage of coastwise vessels, for it is comparatively simple task. The cutting necessary from Buzzard's bay to Cape Cod bay will be about seven miles in length. A regrettable feature of the undertaking is the necessary destruction of the beautiful houses of President Cleveland and of the late Joseph Jefferson.

While this scheme is designed to eliminate a dangerous route, the proposed Norfolk-Beaufort Inlet canal farther down the Atlantic coast is intended to make it unnecessary for coastwise ships to venture in the treacherous neighborhood of Cape Hatteras, which has a reputation of being the graveyard of shipping.

Valuable as are both these projects, they may be made more far-reaching in their beneficial effects by the coastwise waterway project. The origin of this plan, which is national in scope, is to be found in a meeting which was held at Trenton. The conference at the New Jersey capital had been called for the purpose of advancing Trenton's interest as a port.

As the New Jersey city is 40 miles farther from the sea than is Philadelphia, necessarily it cannot become a port without some advantage accruing to the latter. It is of mutual interest, therefore, that the channel of the Delaware be made such as befits a first-class waterway. The 30-foot channel from the sea to this city, it is said, will be a fact by next June; then an attempt will be made to have it deepened to 35 feet. At present, nothing can be accomplished towards this end, as the government engineers reply, very wisely, that it must first be demonstrated that a 30-foot channel will hold before money should be spent on a survey for one of 35 feet.

Trenton, however, while demanding a better waterway, has modestly asked for a channel of ten feet depth at low water and 300 feet wide. It will have to be cut through a bar over four miles long, which at present prevents approach to the New Jersey capital to all but barges of the shallow draught. Trenton's manufactures and commerce are constantly increasing, and the railroads appear to be entirely unable to prevent the freight congestion experienced at this point.

It was at this conference, to which the Philadelphia congressman and Mayor Reburn had been invited, that the subject of the Atlantic seaboard waterways route was first broached. Congressman J. Hampton Moore electrified his audience in the Trenton chamber of commerce when he proposed the scheme. The conference had been called to hear a report on the removal of a sandbar in the river and heard one of the most ambitious and encouraging schemes for waterway improvements that had been proposed for many years.

The plan suggested by Congressman Moore for deeper waterways on the Atlantic seaboard is said to offer no especially difficult engineering features. Neither is it believed that it will require anything like the sum about to be expended on the Mississippi. The waterways, for the great part, are already here. What is needed is improvement. The route of coastal waterways as planned would make possible an entirely safe voyage from Boston to Beaufort Inlet, in North Carolina, for average sized coastwise vessels, for it would be entirely "inside," thus avoiding the dangerous shoals in Nantucket sound and the treacherous sands off Cape Hatteras. In addition to these advantages, it would materially shorten the distance between many points on the route.

Storms, which now necessitate the seeking of shelter, or a run out to sea, would be avoided, thus shortening the time. Freight carrying vessels could make the trip at any time of the year in perfect safety and on schedule time. Delays would seldom occur and certainly no more frequently than on railroads. Philadelphia would be a gainer, according to the belief of Mr. Moore, by the adoption of his plan, for it occupies the geographical center of this waterways route.

**To Stop Use of Opium.**

Consul-General Straigt, of Mukden, says that Chinese authorities have been active in enforcing the provisions of the anti-opium edict and it is expected that all dens will be finally closed by the early part of June, 1908. Proclamations in the vernacular have been posted everywhere throughout the city urging the people to abandon the use of the drug. There have in the past been 1,600 dens in Mukden, the daily consumption averaging 200 packets, or about 1,000 pounds a day.

### FIGHTING WAY THROUGH ICE.

Graphic Description of Perils of Arctic Exploration.

One of the most striking passages in Robert E. Peary's "Nearest the Pole" is his description of the action of an ice-floe which threatened his ship. He writes: "This slow, resistless motion was frightful, yet fascinating. Thousands of tons of smaller ice which the big floe drove before it the Roosevelt had easily and gracefully turned under her sloping bilges, but the edge of the big floe rose to the plank sheer, and a few yards back from its edge was an old pressure ridge, which rose higher than the bridge deck. This was the crucial moment. For a minute or so, which seemed an age, the pressure was terrific. The Roosevelt's ribs and interior bracing cracked like the discharge of musketry; the deck amidships bulged up several inches, while the main rigging hung slack and the masts and rigging shook as in a violent gale. Then with a mighty tremor and a sound which reminded me of an avalanche taking his breath for a su-

### Common Fault of Many

It Doesn't Pay to Talk About the Carelessness of Others.

"Don't talk to me about carelessness," said a young woman, smarting under a rebuke on this score. "Everybody is careless about something, and it doesn't behoove people in glass houses to throw stones. It's only that certain ones of us—myself included—have a most distressing habit of being found out, and so we are made scapegoats for a general sin. I am careless—and it's a very bad trait. I am free to admit—about social obligations, keeping up calls, sending cards and all that sort of thing. I know it is a lack in my make-up, but I realize that my being reproached all the time for it is because my sins of omission are so dreadfully obvious.

I console myself, however, with the thought that those who set themselves above me in this regard are very probably decidedly careless about things

over which I may exercise special care—the keeping of accounts, for example. I have learned that there is apt to be a hole in the armor somewhere, and so it doesn't pay to be censorious. How many of us have known people, the soul of business honor so far as trust reposed in them is concerned, but reckless to a degree in their own financial affairs? Haven't we had brought to our attention time and again the woman who is punctiliousness itself with regard to the appearance of her children, but who is singularly blind as to the state of her husband's raiment? And there are others," she added significantly.

**New York City Railways.**

New York city railways carry more passengers each day than do all of the other railways in the United States.

**For Married Men.**

He knows little who tells his wife all he knows.—Fuller.