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## POVERTY?—THE INTERESTING HOROSCOPE OF—MILLIONS? LITTLE BABY GERAGHTY



PROFESSOR LEO BERNART, the celebrated astrologer, presents on this page his interesting reading of the horoscope of the baby boy lately born to Mr. and Mrs. "Jack" Geraghty. What the ordain for the child of this union, so emphatically in conflict with the social code of the rich and powerful, is, of course, bound to be rather out of the ordinary.

The marriage of Miss Julia French, whose family is one of the wealthiest and most influ-

ential in the Newport cottage colony, to "Jack" Geraghty, son of a Newport hack-driver, and himself a chauffeur, brought about her complete estrangement from her own people. From a petted society girl and heiress she became a poor mechanic's wife, suddenly transplanted from a palace, where she was surrounded with every luxury, to a cottage where she had to do her own housework. In this cottage the baby was born. What will its future be? Professor Bernart gives the answer which the stars have told him.



"The stars say he will be rich in his own right—but through his own efforts."

have and be the cause of a great deal of unhappiness and some of the friendships he will form. Some of these will work misery to himself and to other members of his family. This relates particularly to men friends, because all the indications are that the friendships of women will usually be fortunate.

The position of the planet Mars indicates that there will be a good deal of strife and conflict between the parents and grandparents of the child—not only about the baby, but also about property and other matters. Mars, being a war-like influence, indicates this clearly. It might even signify an ultimate separation of the parents.

The prominent and unusual position of Saturn indicates that this baby, if he grows to the estate of manhood, will be possessed of great ambition; he will crave power and will be determined to get it. He will certainly be successful in this, as all the signs point to the fact that, when he grows up, he will be rich in his own right—quite apart from any money which may be left to him or that may be coming to him from his mother. Leo and the Sun are the ruling planets which will most dominate his life. These are particularly good. There will be several tragedies in his life, but none of these will be of so crushing a nature but that he can overcome them. They will not crush him. Pride is indicated; and, because of his great ambition, he must be careful that he does not meet his " Waterloo"—like Napoleon—whose signs his horoscope closely resembles in some respects.

I see much intrigue and many cunning plots surrounding his life in all directions. He will meet many strange friends, under a variety of strange and ever weird circumstances.

Two women will figure in his life markedly. They will both influence him, but it will vary in different ways. One of these women will be dark—long black hair, dark eyes, dark skin, and a peculiar suppleness of body which appears almost reptilian. This woman will meet young Geraghty and will influence him in a way which will be bad for himself and for others. The other woman who will influence him is much lighter—almost blond; blue-gray eyes, fair, slim, willowy and graceful. The forces of these two women will be brought to play upon him at about the same time—one will pull him in one direction, the other in the opposite direction. For a while he will be torn in twain, and will not know which way to turn. Finally, he will yield to the right, and will veer over to his fairer companion, whose influence has always been good for him and his.

At the time of his marriage the world will be in a state of tumult and uproar. Revolution will be in the air. Injustice will have grown apace. The fair girl that I see written large across the face of the horoscope has great influence over the masses on the East Side. They love and trust her; she is one of them at heart and in sympathy—though it has been her fate to mix with the ultra-rich. Always she is performing some kindly action. It is upon one of these missionary trips that she encounters young Geraghty. Travelling alone one night—almost disguised, like Haroun Al Raschid, of the "Arabian Nights"—he has been in the habit of visiting a certain house on the far outskirts of the city on a secret mission connected with the diplomatic arrangements involving two countries. These secret meetings are attended by great danger, and it will devolve upon young Geraghty on every occasion to carry home with him the papers of that secret meeting in his inner breast pocket. One night the blow falls, the terrible thing happens.

I see suspicion arising in the breasts of some of those who are opposed to the plot which is being hatched. They attack him on his way home. Taken unawares, he is

stunned and taken captive before he can realize what has happened. When he recovers consciousness he finds himself gagged and bound, lying in the corner of a dark room. His precious papers have gone!

By the faint glimmer of a candle in one corner of the room he sees the door open. A beautiful girl enters the room, holding her hand to her mouth as a token of silence. It is she! The instant his eyes rest upon her he knows and realizes that she is the girl in all the world for him. In her hand she bears a package—it contains the papers he has lost.

Yes, there in the dim twilight, they hold their whispered and tender converse. They exchange glances, and, dim as the light is, they each realize that their souls have found and caressed one another; that love has triumphed! The intrigues of the dark woman have been thwarted; the vengeance of the hand has been prevented, and the happiness of two has been secured.

They escape! Long is the search for them, but they are never found, till it is safe for them to return. No gorgeous wedding, attended by scores of smiling friends and relatives will be theirs. It will be in secret, almost in darkness, but their love shall form for them a bond more unbreakable than any outward pomp or ceremony could possibly bring to them.

After that I see young Geraghty and his bride sailing away for a time—they glide off, out of sight, as though they sailed away on a dainty aeroplane. A golden halo surrounds them; all has prospered. I see prosperity, and the thanks of governments bestowed upon him. By his own force of character he has risen to a place of power and fame!

Such are a few of the signs of the life of Baby Geraghty—as I read them in the stars. Many more things will happen, but I cannot recount them. What I see most plainly and strongly I have revealed.

Such will be the life of the infant if I read the stars aright.

"Will he be a poor workingman like his chauffeur father?"

By Prof. Leo Bernart, the Celebrated Astrologer.

WILL the baby born of the union of Julia French, the wealthy Newport belle, and "Jack" Geraghty, the penniless chauffeur with whom she eloped about a year ago, be a millionaire or a pauper?

The stars will tell! They alone hold the secret of the life of the boy just ushered into the world. The science of astrology alone can foretell whether or not the baby who has just seen the light of day will be wealthy or a pauper; a blessing or a curse; whether or not he will be a "rich man's son," and, as such, recognized by Newport "society"; or whether he will remain poor and become a chauffeur or a cab driver—following the profession of his father and his paternal grandfather.

The circumstances surrounding the birth of this child have been dramatic in the extreme. His mother—a girl of eighteen—the daughter of wealthy parents, pampered and petted all her life, suddenly elopes with a penniless chauffeur, "Jack" Geraghty, and marries him before her family can intervene or object to the match. Geraghty's parents had always been poor but respectable residents of Newport—his father driving a cab, in which rode, from time to time, the visitors to that famous summer resort. His mother, a typical hausfrau, attending to the daily duties—washing the clothes, scrubbing the floors, darning her husband's socks, and all the rest of it! How could a young girl, accustomed as she was to everything which money could buy, expect to fit into those surroundings, and be happy as the wife of their son Jack?

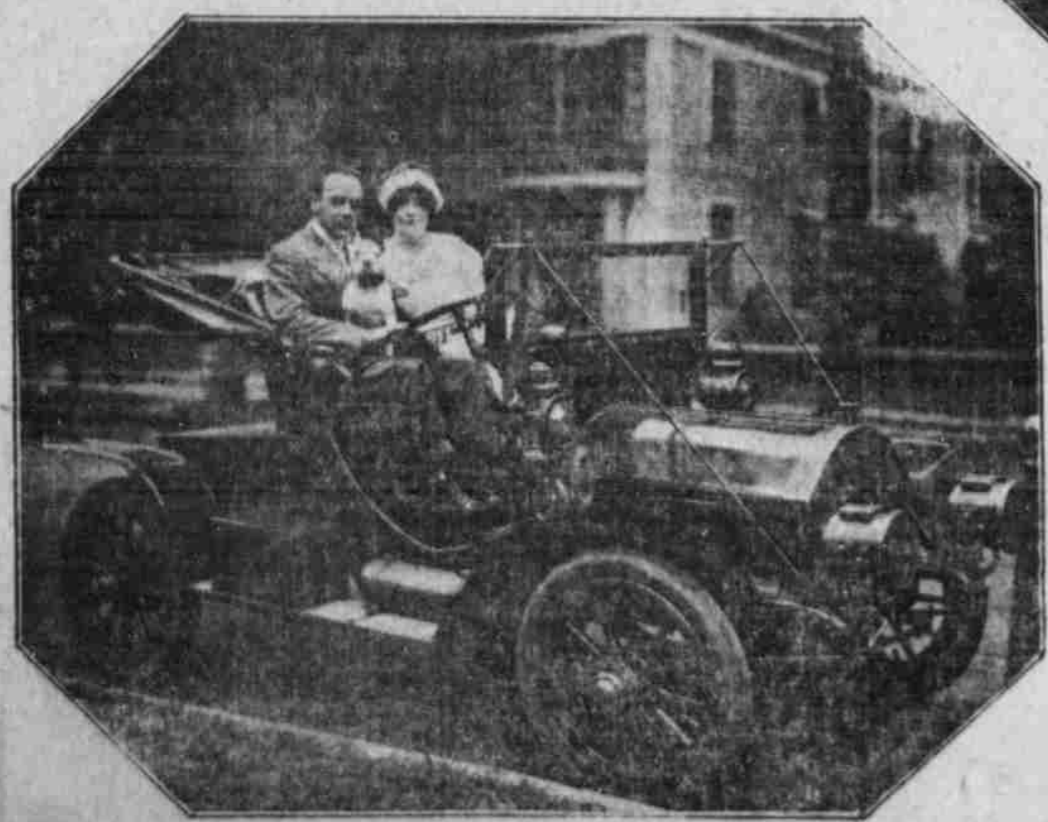
Yet she seems to have done so remarkably well. She certainly showed great pluck and determination in her newly chosen course of life. And when her parents and all her relatives disowned her and left Newport, shutting up their houses in order that they might not see her face, she bravely set to work to make her husband happy and adjust herself to her new surroundings. And now she is a happy mother. For, on the night before Election Day Miss French—now Mrs. "Jack" Geraghty—bore a son, a bouncing boy.

I have worked long and carefully over the horoscope of the Geraghty baby, and I feel sure that what I have to say will prove correct in all its chief essentials.

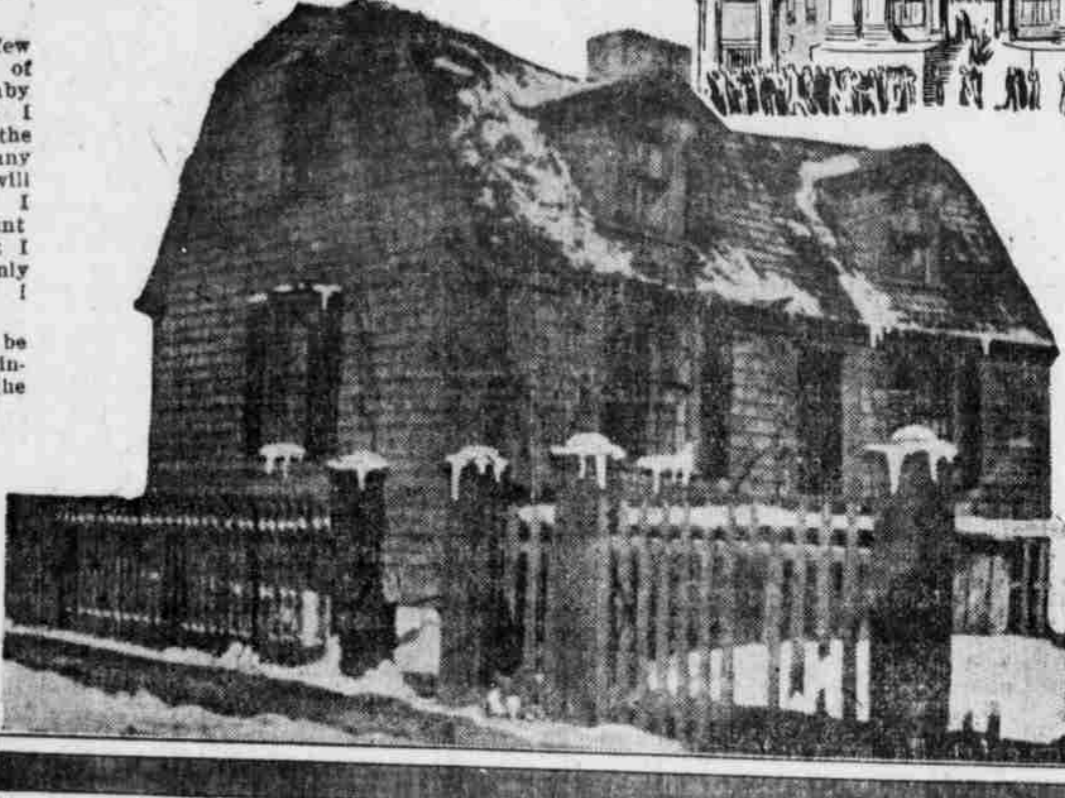
Leo is the ruling planet under which this child is born; this indicates a strong, fresh, straightforward character, brave and true. Saturn also occupies a prominent place in his house of life—being in the mid-heavens. This is a striking, significant and unusual position, being in exactly the same place as it occupied in the case of Napoleon Bonaparte. His life, therefore, as indicated by this, should be most successful—unusually so. The queer planet Neptune, which also plays a large part in his life, determines friendships, and shows me that there will be many hard feelings aroused in certain quarters on account of



Miss Julia French and Her Pet Collie. From a Photograph Taken at About the Time of Her Marriage.



"Jack" Geraghty, His Bride and the Pet Terrier in the Automobile in Which They Eloped.



The Humble Cottage in Which the Baby Geraghty's Father Lived Before His Marriage.

## Look Out for the Man of 40--- He's the Only Perfect Lover

AT last the man who is past forty is getting justice at the hands of the opposite sex. Fair ones of various ages have left him lying on the shelf for so long are taking him down, brushing him off, comparing him with exuberant, arrogant youth of his own sex and declaring him to be, after all, the only "perfect lover."

This belated discovery stands to the credit of Mrs. York Miller, a popular English novelist. She admits, however, that the truth might have been overlooked if the man of forty, or thereabouts, had not "found himself," by cheering up and airing his long-neglected powers of fascination.

"It doesn't matter," remarks Mrs. Miller, "if his hair is tinged with gray and his habits are fixed. He is still more charming than the youth of twenty or the self-satisfied man of thirty. He has few conceits, is very thoughtful and considerate, and, most important of all, knows his proper value in the world."

The chief advantages of the middle-aged man are catalogued by this writer as follows:

- (1) He is invariably a good talker. He has usually had a varied experience of life, and he knows what to say and what will interest his companion.
- (2) The young lover is usually wrapped up in himself. He gives a woman the impression that he is conferring a favor on her by his presence.
- (3) Not so the bachelor of forty. He has grown out of that. He always makes a woman feel that she is conferring a pleasure by seeing him at all.
- (4) The lover of forty does all he can to please you. He never neglects any social politeness, as do young men.

(4) Above all things, he is companionable. He is very seldom moody or low-spirited. Besides, being a lover, he is somebody upon whom a woman can depend.

The most significant advantage possessed by the lover of forty or over lies in the impossibility of "finding him out" after marriage, because he is so obviously himself during the period of courtship. When women marry young, inexperienced men, however, there is always the danger of their finding out afterward, when the sharp edge of love has worn off, that their husbands are not good companions and that they really have little in common.

In such cases the wife becomes a victim of the phenomena described by Karin Michaelis in her book of world-wide celebrity entitled, "The Dangerous Age." Reaching the age of forty, or thereabouts, herself, and suddenly realizing that she has missed in her life all that women hold most dear, she is liable to frantic moments of determination to grasp a few years of happiness at any cost.

But to whom does she turn for the companionship she craves? To another unformed youth of twenty-five? Never! When she holds out her hand in that "dangerous age" it is to the considerate, steadfast man of forty, even fifty.

As such a heroine of a tabloid emotional drama recently produced at a New York theatre, with the significant title of, "Rainbow Bridges," she says to the man of forty-five in justification of herself and of every other woman in similar plight:

"Oh, you men! How can we expect you to conceive the grief, the terror with which we approach the confines of youth and beauty still unloved? Every wrinkle, every hair is another dagger planted in our hearts. Oh, the mounting terror with which we realize the waning of our powers to attract the love we have missed! A clammy hand, with colder, yet fiercer grip, seems to clutch our hearts as we count the years that remain. It is the grim Reaper pronouncing our

sentence of doom a thousand times more cruel than death. Five years—four years—three years. The bell of our doom tolls ever louder, more relentlessly. Two years—one year! Then we are frantic, and we seek to cross to the shore of love by the rainbow bridges we have build-

ed! All this trouble because she picked a thoughtless youth of twenty-five to marry, instead of the settled and considerate man of forty-five!

In her enthusiasm over her discovery of the valuable and long-neglected qualities of the middle-aged man, Mrs. Miller interviewed women of different ages on the subject, with these results:

"I do not say that the middle-aged man is the most successful lover. But, if women only realized it, they would often do well to accept him in preference to a younger man.

"I know several men on the shady side of thirty-five who are the most charming companions and friends. There is a gentle melancholy about the middle-aged lover that no woman can resist.

"A girl of twenty gave me my opinion. 'I like middle-aged men because they make me feel I am somebody. They always say nice things. They notice how you are dressed, and compliment you. A young man has no time for rib or lace.'

"They have amusing views on things, and a soothing effect upon one. Sometimes they quote sweet little pieces of poetry and make you feel it is all about you.

"Young men have no qualities like that. They seem to have very little in them. They do not always make you feel happy."

"Probably much of the charm of a bachelor of forty depends upon his bringing up. If he has had a sister to look after him he is probably nice and likable.

"A good many young women nowadays prefer to talk to the middle-aged bachelor in preference to men of their own age. These things are to be noticed in society everywhere. The middle-aged, even the elderly, man is no longer on the shelf."