

Copyright, 1913, by the Star Company. Great Britain Rights Reserved.

Miss Stallo's LUCKY Bad Luck!

The Unusual Romance of the Standard Oil Heiress Who Lost the Millions She Thought She Had, but Got a REAL Prince Who Actually Marries Her for Love and Not for Money

assisted by the Prince Michel Murat. When the fair Helen entered the ball room and saw the prince dancing with the beautiful Heloise Yane she did not dream that at last she was to meet her fate, that at last her girlish dreams were to come true.

The prince was presented to the little American girl. They looked into each other's eyes. They sat out two dances together. The beautiful and seductive Heloise, unused to being neglected, sent couriers to tell the prince that she was waiting for him. The prince hesitated. That very beautiful young girl with whom you were dancing is waiting for you? asked Helen (oh, wise Helen). Do not keep her

from that moment Helen knew that her prince had been found. "And just think," she happily said, the day her engagement was announced, "I am really marrying a nobleman whose history is intertwined with that of France. What I dreamed of when a wee girl has come true. For the history of the Murats is the history of France. My Michel is the nephew of the wonderful Eugenie, the woman I have loved to read about, and his mother was a Russian Princess, and we will spend much time on her estates in Southern Russia. Oh, how blissfully happy I am."

Miss Stallo might have said also that her prince was in part an American, for his grandmother was



Miss Laura Stallo and Her Sister Helen, Who Is to Marry Prince Michel Murat.

"BAD luck to lose my fabled fabulous millions!" exclaims Miss Helen Stallo, one of Alexander McDonald's granddaughters and heiresses. "Never! It was the very best kind of good luck. I have lost a huge fortune, of course, but what care I? Have I not won a prince who loves me for myself alone and not for my golden ducats? I have been loved before, at least men have said that they loved me, but that was in the days when I was supposed to be a \$30,000,000 heiress. Those men were in love with the idea of marrying my fortune, they did not think of me at all. In those days I was not a human being; a girl with a girl's heart; I was merely a bank account.

"Ah, how different it all is to-day. I am to marry the prince of my fairy-tale days, the prince who loves me and only me. What is my beggarly \$20,000 a year to Michel Murat, favorite nephew of the Empress Eugenie? The veriest bagatelle. He spends that in a month; it is only a hundred thousand francs. And how far will that go in keeping up our position in Paris? It is laughable. Why we have never mentioned money. We are in love with each other and that explains everything, does it not?"

"Why am I so sure that my prince loves me and not the remnants of my \$30,000,000? Ah, easily. Because I won him in a fair fight from the greatest beauty of Paris, the fascinating and ever-so-loving Heloise Yane, and you, who know your Paris, know what this means. But there am too busy being happy, too busy skating with my prince, too busy being in love to tell you any more. But wait, who was it said, 'Oh, to be in Paris and in love?' Well, he was very right. To be in love in Paris is the most wonderful thing in all the world."

This romance of which Miss Stallo speaks so happily and girlishly is the sensation of the day in Paris and has aroused a good deal of interest in this country, where the "Stallo sisters" are very well known. Their history reads like some wonderful fairy tale. Their mother, the only child of Alexander McDonald, a Standard Oil magnate, died when they were children, leaving them to her father. Naturally, the grandfather idolized them and they had everything in the world that they wanted. They did not know, however, that some day they would be called the greatest American heiresses of their day.

Their father, Edmund K. Stallo, did not live with them; he spent most of his time in New York and Chicago, and after Dan Hanna was divorced Mr. Stallo married Mrs. Hanna. After that marriage the two sisters saw very little of their father.

In their big mansion, Dalvay Clifton, near Cincinnati, these girls dreamed great dreams of what the future held for them; they would live in Paris when they could afford it. This was their keenest desire.

Then Mr. McDonald died and these girls found that they were credited with being worth \$30,000,000 apiece. They did not know how much they were worth, for they had been kept in ignorance as to their prospects. They had little idea of the value of money, and after they were given a share of their fortune they were most extravagant, as girls always will be under such conditions.

Helen, who is the heroine of this tale, was fourteen when her grandfather died. Immediately she and her older sister began to live up to some of their early ideals. They spent wonderful months in New York, they shopped, went to the theatres and gave parties for their young friends.

They were taught by highly paid tutors and governesses and finally the day came when they went to Paris.

At sixteen Helen said: "I shall marry a Frenchman. He need not have money, but he must be noble and have a noble history."

Helen, you see, devoured French history and in her secret soul yearned for the days of Marie Antoinette to return.

"I should have loved to have been a Duchess or even a Countess in those days," she would say. "Why, oh why, was I born in America! Even the days of Eugenie would have been better than these frightfully commonplace times!"

Thus the pretty Helen would re-pine, and she only became happy when she was presented with a beautiful home of her own in the city of her dreams.

Yes, her father, as her guardian, rented an apartment for her and her sister in Paris, and there Helen lived and dreamed.

But not always could she dream. She had also to live and go about socially. When she was eighteen she came back to New York and made her debut. At once she and

her sister were spoken of as the richest girls of their age in America, and, naturally, they were besieged with invitations and suitors. Great wealth always draws forth a crowd of suitors, whether the holder of the wealth be as homely as a hedge fence or as beautiful as an houri. Now little Miss Helen had charm, as well as money, and the result can be imagined. Suitors hovered about her as bees about flow'ers.

Because of her intense love for French history and her interest in everything French, it was natural that this charming heiress should be just a bit distraught when she found herself besieged by bustling young New York admirers.

"They are not a bit like the Frenchmen we know and I do not understand them at all," she would say.

"But you are American and Western, too," her sister Laura would answer, bluntly. "You ought to be happier here with your own people than in Paris."

Then Helen would shrug her shoulders in a truly Parisian fashion, and say:

"Well, if any man wants to make himself interesting to me he must talk to me in French."

What a brushing up of French there was among the gilded youth who yearned to share Miss Stallo's millions! After a brilliant Winter in New York the sisters went to Cincinnati. They opened their beautiful mansion and entertained in a delightful and, it must be confessed, an extravagant manner as well. But why not? Were they not worth something like thirty millions apiece?

At the close of their stay in Cincinnati the young bloods who had been devoting themselves to Helen were made most sad by the announcement that she would marry Nils Florman. And who is Nils Florman? asked her home friends.

New York did not need to ask



Mlle. Heloise Yane, the Beautiful French Actress, Who Lost the Prince Michel Murat to Miss Stallo.

this question, for young Mr. Florman was only too well known. He was a son of a Swedish lady of high rank and a Swedish masseuse. He was also a warm friend of the late Colonel John J. Astor, and before the Colonel's marriage was supposed to be engaged to Katherine Force. The announcement that he was to marry Helen Stallo was therefore a surprise all around. The engagement lasted several weeks. It was understood that Miss Stallo knew all about her fiance's parents, but her friends could not understand why she was going back on her decision to marry a Frenchman of historic family.

But Helen knew! "Nils is more like a French nobleman than any man I have met in America. He has the most exquisite manners, the most distinguished appearance and he is so chic in his costuming. I just adore the way he ties his neckties. And then, Nils is so in love with the French. He adores Paris and says that we shall live there always when we are married."

But a few weeks after this glowing explanation Edmund Stallo announced that his daughter had broken her engagement. He could not tell why, because he did not know Helen's reason.

"I found that we could never be happy together. It was impossible. Why, just think, Nils told me that he thought Eugenie was the real cause of the fall of the Empire and that she was only an extravagant little busybody. Of course I told him that it was all over between us."

It was just after this that rumors

spread thick and fast concerning the fortunes of the two sisters. Their father was removed temporarily from his executorship, and then the rumors were confirmed. The sixty millions shrank to one. Yes, the famous heiresses were worth but twenty thousand dollars yearly. It was simply another case of a man's securities shrinking after his death.

Their loss of fortune did not affect the sisters at all, apparently. They were as lighthearted and as fond of pleasure as ever. Helen, however, was firm in one thing.

"I am perfectly willing to be poor in Paris. We must make our home there for the rest of our lives. It is not unfashionable to be poor over there. Just think of the marquises and the duchesses who have to wear the same gowns season after season, yet they are the most important women in all France."

And so, with her lover lost, her fabled fortune lost, Helen still stuck to her guns. Back to Paris they went, where their apartment on the Rue Christopher Colombo was ready for them, and there they lived ever since.

The American women who are so important a part of the social life in Paris did not give up the sisters when their fortunes shrank. They have had just as many invitations as when they were supposed to have great wealth.

A few weeks ago they, in common with all the fashionable folk of the gay city, attended the magnificent costume ball given by half a dozen duchesses and marquises. The Cotillon was led by Mons. de Fonquieres



Mlle. Yane as She Appeared at the Costume Ball

waiting any longer. I think that I have several partners somewhere who are waiting for me, she finished, archly.

"Let them all wait," growled the prince. "We are so happy here. Tell me, will you skate with me tomorrow?"

"Yes, perhaps, but do go and dance with the beautiful Mlle. Yane."

But the prince would not go, and

Caroline Fraser, a Virginian, who declined several times to marry because she did not consider that the Murat family equalled her own. But the history of the Murat family in New Jersey is a tale by itself, and has no place in this romance of the girl who lost thirty millions and found a lover. The part of her prince's history that pleases her most is the fact that he is directly descended from the Marshall Murat.



Prince Michel in Costume He Wore When He Met Miss Stallo.

Stirring the Soil with Dynamite for Bigger Crops

FARMING with dynamite is not a new invention. It was discovered ten years or more ago in California by an indolent miner-turned-farmer, who found that it saved immense labor, and did not do any damage, to blow out tree stumps with cartridges.

In England, however, dynamite is being used more successfully for deep tillage than is possible by other means.

On Sir John Cockburn's farm at Harrietsham, England, in a bare hour two men "cultivated" a 1/2-d of land, prepared the ground for planting three fruit trees, and cleared away two tough old ash trees and two tougher oak roots which cumbered the ground. The last three operations, it was calculated by the farmers who came to wonder and learn, would have taken a full three days at the rate men work in Kent. Here they were done in an hour at a total cost of a little more than a dollar.

The first operation could not have been done at all by manual labor alone. The two men might have dug the land in two hours, or they might have ploughed it, but that is merely scratching the top to what was actually done. Sir John wanted to open the subsoil so that the deep roots of the corn would find an easy passage among fissured and loosened soil instead of having to fight every inch through stiff loam.

The method was easy. Jock drove a hole 3 feet 6 inches deep with a crowbar, and extracted the bar with a cunning lever. Then Couzens, who handled cheddite and gelignite with the certainty of experience, dropped in a 4 ounce cartridge of the former explosive with a detonator and a fuse attached. Nineteen of these mines were laid, each 10 feet from the other.

The soil where each charge went off lifted a little, and that was all. But when Jock got a spade and examined what had happened we found a hole 4 feet below the surface, and all the ground round it, both

downward and across, fissured and broken open for the young roots. The turf above was undisturbed, but all the subsoil was tilled at a cost of less than \$35 to the acre; and, according to a Canadian estimate, more than a double weight crop secured.

Next the men made holes for fruit trees at a cost of 20 cents each, which would have cost 30 cents with muscle and spade. The charge in this case—two cheddite cartridges—was placed 2 1/2 feet below the surface. The turf was lifted and the soil below and all around gave easy passage for the young trees' roots.

Next two trees and two oak stumps were extracted, but this time gelignite, which is more violent and less expensive, was used. A hole was driven with the crowbar under the root, and in the case of the larger trees a small charge was fired first. In the hole it made two pounds of gelignite were packed. When this was fired with a primer—the two hundred spectators having discreetly retired—the stump vanished.

In grubbing out old wood dynamite will do a month's work in a day at less than a third the cost.