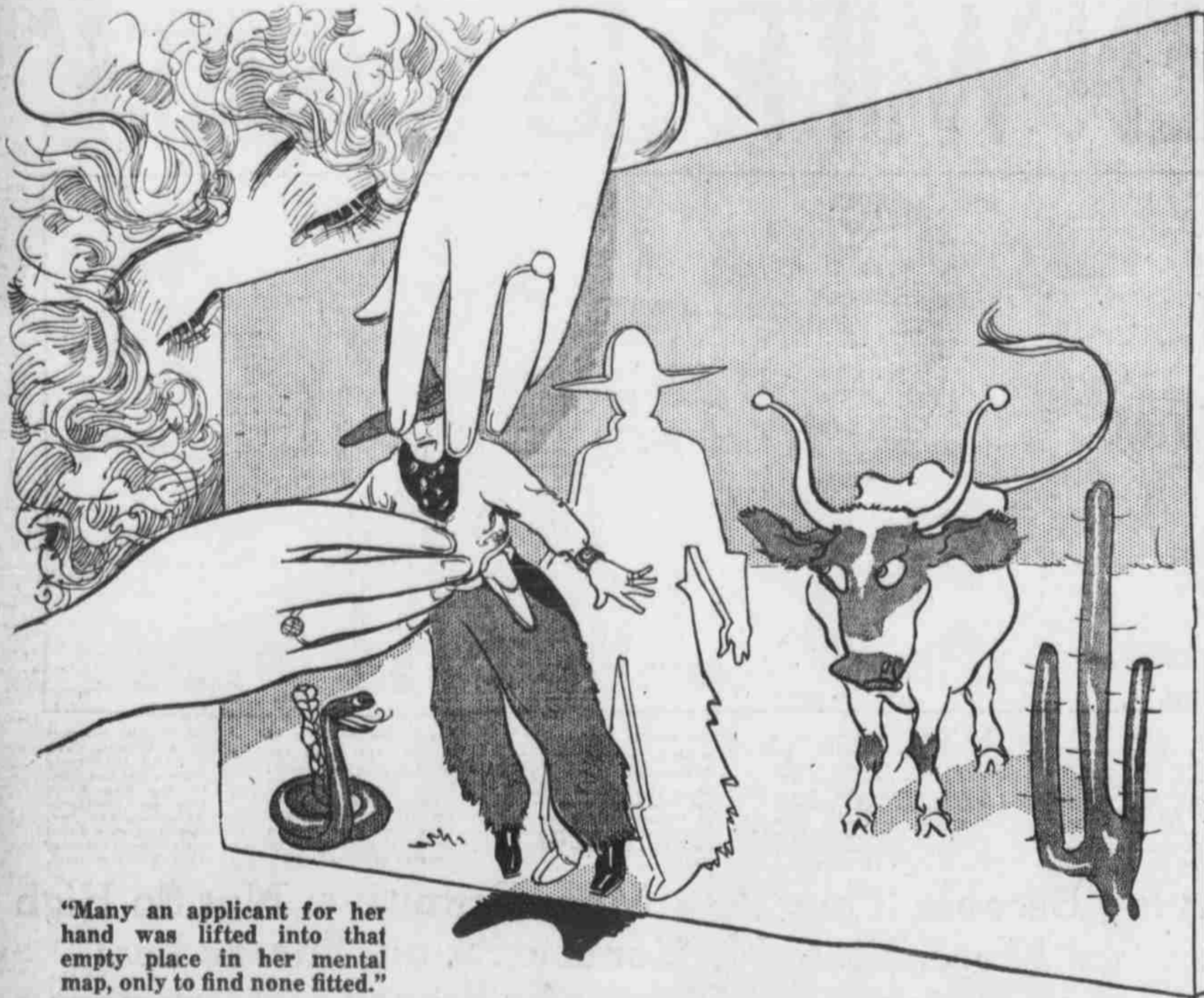


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"Many an applicant for her hand was lifted into that empty place in her mental map, only to find none fitted."

MISS BESSIE YOAKUM, the younger daughter of Benjamin Yoakum, the Texas railroad man and multi-millionaire, has picked out a husband at last. Behind her recently announced engagement to Mr. Francis Larkin, a Princeton graduate, member of a fine old family and millionaire in embryo, lies the story of an interesting, devoted and unusual five years' quest on the part of fair Miss Yoakum. And here is the story of that search and the answer to the question of those of her friends whom she had not taken into her confidence—why did she wait until she was twenty-three before choosing her husband?

"Because say the friends in whom she has at last confided, because she wanted a mate who would fit her Texas ranch! Who would, as an artist would say, compare well with the scenery; one who would look well riding a bucking bronco, and also look well falling off said bronco; one who could wear "chaps" with ease and a sombrero with distinction, be able to kill a rattler on the trail and lasso the fleeing coyote. Most of all, a man who would be big enough to take the big West seriously, the ranch just as seriously and who would take hold and run it up to a 100 per cent efficient standard.

But—said prospective mate must also fit well a city drawing room, be able to drink tea without spilling it or making a face, wear conventional evening clothes without looking like a waiter, and dance the Tango. Because of these last conditions, Miss Yoakum naturally sought her future husband in the Newport-New York set.

"Surely," she thought, "among all the men here in New York I will find my ideal. In Texas, of course, I could easily find the man to fulfill the first conditions, but where could I find the Texan who could drink tea without making a face?"

Miss Yoakum's five-year quest and its present happy result makes a most interesting tale as she tells it to her intimate friends over the tea cups in her pink and white boudoir. Only her sister, the handsome Mrs. Pauline Fosdick, has known of her glibotic search. Her parents, who have urged her to marry young, have complained that "Bessie was hard to please," but even they did not know why. They did not know that all the time that Miss Yoakum was experimenting with various members of the Newport set, way back in her mind she felt very certain that Mr. Larkin would eventually prove the ideal one.

Five years ago the Yoakums took a large and expensive house in Newport. They wanted to lease "Crossways," the Stuyvesant Fish estate, but had to be satisfied with one on the Cliffs. They were welcomed with open arms, for there were two remarkably pretty girls in the family and Benjamin Yoakum was noted as one of the richest railroad men in this country. It was speedily seen that Paul Fosdick, the tall, good-looking son of Mrs. Charles Childs, had the inside road to Katherine's heart, and the young backers of the Circus Set turned to the younger sister.

A steady stream of suitors has since wended their way to the Yoakum drawing room, but one and all they, like the King of France, turn and march home again. In this procession were Cyril Hatch, one of Newport's millionaire bachelors and usually devoted to Eleanor Sears, the Burke-Roche twins Mrs. Burke-Roche's sons Charlie Sands, "Stuyve" Fish, Jr., oldest son of Mr. Stuyvesant Fish, Ralph Thomas, Henri Martin, the Swiss Attache, and a dozen other men of all ages.

In the days when the two sisters were small girls running about the big ranch they showed the disparity in their tastes that is still so marked. Katherine, the older, cared not a bit for the ranch; in fact, she hated it and all that it meant. She would not learn to shoot, she would not ride the broncos and ran away from cowboys and rattlers.

Bessie, the younger, was much braver. She learned to shoot before she was ten years old and rode the worst horses on the ranch before she was twelve. When she saw a rattler she killed it, and when she saw a cowboy she smiled at him. The scenery that made Katherine shudder with dread, made Bessie thrill with joy.

When she entered society she was unhappy because she was compelled to live the life conventional. It was the great difference between the ranch and the men she met in Newport and New York that made her decide to marry only a man who would fit her ranch.

Said Miss Yoakum once: "You see, I was born in Texas, on the most beautiful ranch in the world. There are thousands of acres of the most wonderful hills and rocks and grass fields, and the scenery is thrilling. I always feel like kicking up my heels when I go back. It is nothing like Fifth avenue or ways known that it would be.

"The man I marry will have to love the ranch as much as I do and he'll have to fit into its life." Therefore, when Cyril Hatch, dark eyed, mysterious looking and a whacking good tennis player, came up the path leading to her heart she put him to a severe test.

Over the garage in her several homes Miss Yoakum has a gymnasium and shooting gallery fitted up. When Mr. Hatch began to show his interest in her, it is said, she took him into the gym and said:

"Any man who hopes to win me must fulfill these conditions." And she pointed out a printed list pasted on the wall. Mr. Hatch went over, and his dark eyes grew darker as he read—

- What I expect HIM to do:
- Live with me on my Texas ranch.
- Wear "chaps" and sombrero.
- Compose well with the scenery.
- Hide a bronco.
- Lasso a coyote.
- Kill a rattler.
- Keep the trail for twenty hours at a stretch.
- Kill and dress a steer.
- Throw and brand a calf

Dress for dinner every night. Shoot a deer on the run. When Mr. Hatch read this remarkable list he turned and bravely said that he could but try, and what should he do first?

Mr. Hatch's experience was typical of each man. Some suffered more than others, but all materially went through the same things. He was willing to live on the ranch, he could shoot very well and was a good rider. In these two last things the Newport-New York men excelled anyway. But his voice broke when he attempted to sing, and when he tried to lasso the Yoakum's pet cat in place of a coyote he missed and lassoed the chauffeur, who was peering through the door. The cat ran away and stayed for three days.

This was sad, but not half so sad as Mr. Hatch and his later competitors looked when they tried to throw and brand Miss Yoakum's Scotch collie.

Mr. Hatch did fairly well until he had to don the chaps and sombrero and pose for his photograph before Miss Yoakum's camera. Sadly she shook her head and said: "Go away, you won't do. You do not fit."

"Neither do the chaps," muttered Mr. Hatch. And he went away. Sad—and not much wiser.



"What a bad influence for the live stock if the suitor did not conform to the ranch standards."

Each man oddly enough failed on a different count.

Francis Roche, for instance looked perfectly adorable in the chaps and sombrero; he rode well and sang well, too, but he could not swear in the vernacular, and he utterly refused to go down to the slaughter house on East River and kill a steer.

His twin brother, Maurice, did not even qualify to that extent. He failed to lasso one of the neighbor's hens, and stopped right there.

Charlie Sands out through the entire list until he had to stand up against six cactus trees placed in one corner of the gym and lean nonchalantly against their stems. Charlie has always been considered rather handsome, but he did not look so under the shade of the cactus. He lost his chance utterly.

Ralph Thomas, who has since married Mrs. Frank Gould, looked so perfectly improper in the chaps that he stopped there and would go no further.

Henri Martin, being attached to the Swiss Legation in Washington, refused to live on the ranch, and he was out the very first count.

With all these admirers going through their paces, Miss Yoakum was a very busy person. It takes little time to tell, but these adventures and a few others took five years. But all this time there was another who was steadily qualifying for the place of ideal husband. No one realized it, for Frank Larkin began when he was a student at Princeton.

He went through his paces in the gym at the Yoakum estate in Long Island.

When the day came, last November, when he could slip into his chaps, toss his sombrero perkily

## Picking A Husband To Fit The Ranch

How Ended the Romantic Quest of a Multi-Millionaire Railroad President's Daughter to Find a Mate Who Would Combine the Virtues of a Chesterfield and a Buffalo Bill

Miss Bessie Yoakum, the Newport-New York - Texas Heiress Whose Unusual Requirements for a Mate Have at Last Been Fulfilled.



Photo by DAVIS SANFORD.

### How the Fireflies Flash Love-Messages With Their Little Lanterns

THE problem that has interested psychologists for centuries, the mysterious question as to whether such insects as the grasshopper and the cricket hear, or whether lightning bugs and moths see, has at last been answered in the affirmative by two noted scientists of the day. At least, that is the interpretation that may be deduced from the recent observations and experiments of Professor Mast, of Johns Hopkins University, and Dr. Karl Peters, of Berlin, Germany.

The instrumental music of crickets, grasshoppers, locusts and other insects is heard and appropriately responded to by their mates, according to the researches of Dr. Peters. The melodies of these little creatures may be merely noises to birds and man, but they contain the love lyrics and tones of wedding hymns to them.

Professor Mast's discovery has to do with the lightning or firefly and seems to indicate to many learned savants that these "beautiful illuminants of the living Summer nights" really are possessed of eyes that see.

Professor Mast studied the behavior of lightning bugs for some time, and his observations led him to the conclusion that the female firefly did not wander far from her own brood, but remained more or less in the exact neighborhood where you found her. In brief, the lady bug with the lantern placed amidships, does not fly at all. It crawls or moves about sluggishly. The patrifamilias, that is to say, the male gentry of the firefly community, are the foragers, gallants, lovers and voluptuaries. It is the gentleman firefly that goes flying around, seeking what he listeth, finding adventures and making love.

Professor Mast found that the gallivanting male insect would fly about, when suddenly it would flash its living lantern. If a feminine member of the tribe was sticking to a tuft of grass, a twig, or at rest upon the ground, anywhere within a nearby area, it would flash a shy, modest response in the way of a flash of light.

First the female, then the male would signal in this way one to the other. This would continue until the lover discovered its timorous mate hiding in the dell. Once they caught up with each other, and found their heart's desire, theirs would be sparking of the true-lovers kind.

The conclusion that may be drawn from a great series of experiments by Professor Mast is that fireflies make animated love by the glow of their wonderful little lights. They must have eyes that see, otherwise the one sex could not respond to the light signals of the other sex.

When all is said and done there is really little difference after all between love-making and the amours of these little insects. The butterflies, crickets, cicadas, and grasshoppers make love with their little lutes and lyres, man makes love with stringed instruments and "little lars."

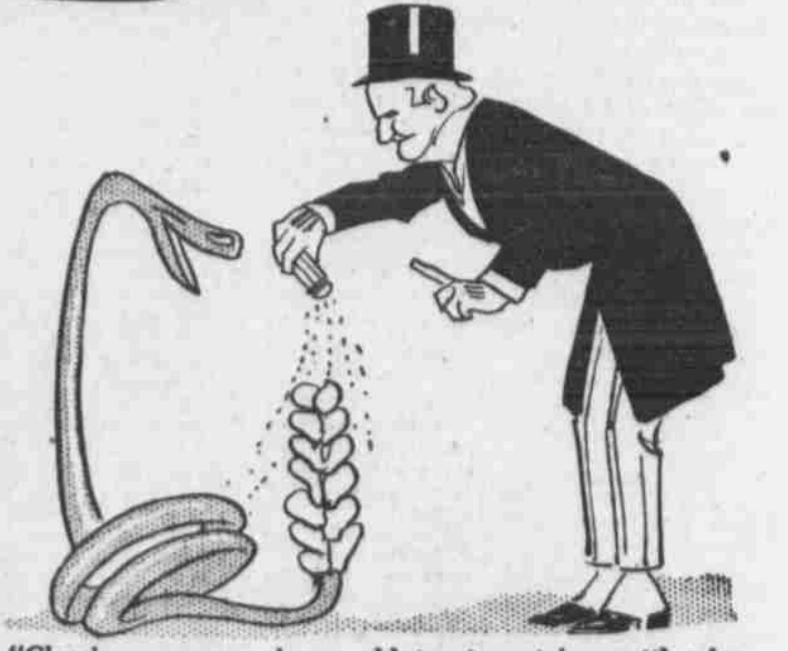
Lightning bugs make love with the winking love-light of their glowing lanterns. The love-light in the eyes of the human lover, the flashes of color in milady's gowns and millinery are much the same sort of thing.

Nonchalantly Mr. Larkin leaned up against the cactus trees, rolled a cigarette with his left hand, sang a cowboy ballad with his tenor voice, and, when he heard a suspicious sound back of him, twirled around with the song still on his

lips and the cigarette still in his left hand, he leaned over and killed a rattler with the gun in his right hand.

"You are to be my husband," cried the pretty girl who had put him to this test. But there was more to follow before they reached the ranch house.

On their way home, riding among the clouds, so to speak, a group of wild hogs broke through the bushes in front and charged down on them. The javalina is a ferocious beast, and attacks humans as readily as small beasts. Mr. Larkin had never seen one, but he had heard of them, and swiftly he jumped his horse and with his new rifle shot six of them. The rest ran away.



"Clearly any man who would try to catch a rattler by putting salt on his tail wouldn't do on the ranch."

The head of the largest hog has been mounted, and will have a place of honor in the future house of the adventurous Larkin.

Thus has pretty Miss Yoakum, one of the wealthiest young women in this country, and all-around sport, picked her husband to fit her ranch.