

When is Woman in Her Prime?

The Growing List of Women Who Marry Men Many Years Younger Than Themselves Seems to Show that Charms Are No Longer Certain to Wane Beyond Forty-Five and Even Fifty.

New York.—Is there ever a time in a woman's life when the possibility of romance is dead? Is her heart ever steered to Cupid's shafts? What is a woman's prime of life, anyway? These are serious questions. They have been asked since the beginning of time; doubtless they will be asked to its end. But never has an answer been more frequently demanded than right now in this twentieth century. Practical as it is, these times are far from being short of romance.

In youth, in age, woman's power of loving seems always just the same. One day we have maidenly May marrying hoary-bearded December. Next we have mustached May the blushing bridegroom of motherly December. It is all the same—the only safe answer to the question is that there doesn't seem to be any woman in the world who can finally put aside romance for the more practical things of life.

And who could have given more prominence to this very thing than Miss Ellen Terry, premier Shakespearean actress of two continents. She has recently taken to herself a third husband—James Carew. They were married on March 22 last in Pittsburgh by Justice of the Peace Campbell.

Terry's Youthful Husband. The Pennsylvania law requires certain questions. Young Mr. Carew said he was born in Indiana and was an actor by profession. He owned up to 32 years, but he looked younger. Miss Terry told that she had been married twice before—divorced once and widowed the second time. She gave her birthday as February 27, 1848.

Romance has always played a part in the life of Mrs. Charles T. Yerkes-Mizner. When as the beautiful Mary Adelaide Moore of Philadelphia she met Charles T. Yerkes he was not the multi-millionaire that he was when he died. He had been out of the penitentiary but a little while; still the golden-haired girl loved him and he loved her. They were married. Wealth came faster and faster.

Mr. Yerkes became one of the foremost traction men of this country and Europe. He had a beautiful Chicago home, but Mrs. Yerkes wanted another in New York. So the multi-millionaire built another one—a great brownstone pile in upper Fifth avenue.

He died on December 29, 1905. Within a month along came a handsome six-foot Californian, Wilson Mizner by name. He had a way with the women that was wonderful, and in the Golden West he had left a reputation as a lady's man which would be hard to duplicate.

He had known Mrs. Yerkes for about a year. He called to express his grief at her sorrow. Here again pity was akin to love. His sympathy was so apparently genuine, his solicitude so tender that the widow was touched very deeply.

Admits Mistake in Marriage. Young Mr. Mizner himself felt the call of Cupid. From commiseration he turned to courtship; he won an easy victory after a whirlwind attack on the citadel of the widow's heart. Within a month after Mr. Yerkes' death they were quietly married.

But here the romance died a-borning. Mr. Mizner soon shook the dust of Fifth avenue from his feet, and Mrs. Yerkes-Mizner declared that it had all been a mistake.

But now the case of Mizner vs. Mizner is even before the court.

Death alone robbed Mrs. Frank Leslie of a fourth marriage. When the Marquis de Camille, a Spanish noble, died in Paris recently, Mrs. Leslie—who is the name by which she chooses to be called—told to her friends that she had promised to be his bride. Her trousseau had already been made in Paris, the wedding set for early this month.

the late Ostar Wilde. She divorced this husband because he was too much of a spendthrift, among other things. Romance has always played a foremost role in the life of Patti, the diva. New York has known her these 50 years and more, but Europe has been the place where she has ever fallen prey to Cupid's darts.

The great diva was born in 1843, the morning after her mother, Mme. Barilli had sung Norma with great eclat. In 1861, Patti, at the tender age of eight, was also singing, but her real debut was in Paris city in 1859. Her singing made a furore; her success was instantaneous.

Seven years later she met the Marquis de Caux, of an honored French family. They were both in love and a marriage was arranged by no less a personage than the Empress Eugenie.

Won Heart of Diva. Then in 1871 she met the tenor, Ernesto Nicolini. For Patti he changed the whole current of the diva's life. Signor Nicolini was a singer of no very remarkable ability. The great songstress loathed the man, who persisted in following her all over Europe, though there was a Signora Nicolini and several little Nicolinis.

But Nicolini was persistence itself. He was a friend of the Marquis de Caux, who found out one day how matters stood. He forbade the singer the house. This made the diva furious. He also refused to allow his wife to sing. This was the last straw. They separated; a divorce was finally granted. But the marquis suddenly passed away. And now Mrs. Leslie has sailed for Europe to join the marquis' family.

Many Times Married. Mrs. Leslie was the beautiful Miriam Florence Folline of New Orleans. Her first husband was E. G. Squier, afterward United States commissioner to Peru, from whom she separated. She then married Frank Leslie, the rich publisher. After his death she became a bride for the third time, marrying "Willie" Wilde, brother of

was the daughter of Leonard Jerome, Wall street man, raconteur and bon vivant. Lord Randolph Churchill, one of England's foremost politicians, made a trip to America and fell in love with the clever New York girl. Their marriage in Grace church was a notable event.

The pair returned to England. Lady Randolph's tact and cleverness had much to do with her husband's success in statecraft, as all England knew. Lord Randolph Churchill died in 1895, leaving his wife \$250,000.

Four years later at Cowes Lady Randolph met young Lieutenant West, son of a family that had much pride but little money. It was love at first sight between the comely widow of 52 and the young officer of 25, younger than her youngest son.

The marriage of beautiful "Kitty" Dudley to Leslie Carter, millionaire, in 1880 proved unhappy. They were divorced in 1889, and the young ex-wife with the glorious Titian hair went on the stage, where she achieved not only fame but fortune.

Broadway is still talking about her marriage last summer while in Boston on an auto trip with a party of friends. It was all very sudden. Young Mr. Payne, only a trifle older than Mrs. Carter's son, Dudley, proposed one day; they were married almost the next.

Take Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, for example, author of "Little Lord Fauntleroy" and other successful works for old and young. Mrs. Burnett was Miss Hodgson in 1873 when she married Dr. S. M. Burnett at the age of 23. A quarter of a century later they were divorced; two years afterward Mrs. Burnett, then a woman of 50, fell in love with Stephen Townsend, Englishman, physician, author and actor. They were married in 1900.

Then another literary romance had its culmination when that talented writer, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, married Herbert Ward. She was the gifted authoress, her genius matured at



obtained in 1884. The Nicolinis were made twin, too.

Then Patti and Nicolini were married. It was then Nicolini grew in the estimation of the world. He loved his new wife devotedly. He was the lover-like husband always.

And Patti loved him, too. When Nicolini fell ill of cancer of the tongue no one could nurse him but she. When he died she was inconsolable.

Then came the Baron Cederstrom, a young Swedish nobleman, 35 years old. They met at Pau, ten years ago. He fell heels over head in love with the woman with the wonderful voice. What care he—or she for that matter—about a little difference in age?

They were married, Craig-y-Nos was sold and the happy pair retired to a new castle in Norway, where they dwell yet, happy as larks.

Churchill Won Prize. Another international love match with London for its focus was that of Lady Randolph Churchill and young Lieut. Cornwallis West. But in this case the bride was the American, the bridegroom the British subject.

Miss Jennie Jerome was one of the belles of New York 40 years ago. She

44. He was the Andover theologian of 27, eager to enter the ministry.

Professor Phelps of the seminary, liked the enthusiastic youth, and he invited him to his house. There Mr. Ward met the authoress. He was fascinated by her brilliancy.

Gradually the young student's aspirations turned from the ministry to literature. Miss Phelps was his inspiration. What followed was love. Their friends were amazed. They were married in October, 1888.

To-day Mrs. Ward is 62 years old and Mr. Ward is 45.

And in the news of only a day or two ago comes the announcement of two more such marriages. In Worcester, Mass., Mrs. Antoine Kielbasa, widowed three times, possessed of \$1,000,000 and 46 years old, married Martin Moneta, ten years her junior and a poor photographer. Here in New York Mrs. Ada Jaffray McVicker announces her engagement to Herman P. Trappe. Mrs. McVicker has five sons, two of them married. Mr. Trappe is 30.

Who now shall dare to say what a woman's prime really is, or when she can forget romance and Cupid's call?

Place for women, you know; for wealthy neurasthenics.

The physician wanted to ascertain why two of his patients failed to assimilate their nutriment. As I do in all such cases I inquired into their history.

"Two unhappy women, young and fair presumably, for I never met the ladies. Two sad stories of love. One was a wife deserted by a rascally husband, without whom—had she only thought so—she was far better off. But the trouble was that she did not think so. The other was a girl disappointed because some young flirt of a boy had married another."

"I found that the failure to assimilate nutriment was due to the fact that there had been no flow of hydrochloric acid in the alimentary tract of either of the patients. The physician said that they were moaning and pining themselves to death literally, waiting away. Medicine was useless, it seemed, for they did not digest, they were dying, as the old phrase runs, of broken hearts."

"And just why? For this reason—dark it well—their mental state was

accountable for what is called inhibition of certain glandular actions controlling the flow of hydrochloric acid. "I said to the physician, says I: 'Give 'em hydrochloric acid after meals, about so much.' He did so. Result: The heart-broken ladies began to digest their food."

"As their bodies received nourishment some of the strain on the mind caused by malnutrition was eased; consequently there was less morbidity, less gloom; this betterment of physical condition removed the inhibition of glandular function, the bodily hydrochloric acid flowed again; that great specific."

"Time aided the good cause, and in due course of time the heart-broken, love-lorn patients recovered tone and went out again into the world. "Do you know I feel rather proud of that job? But I wonder, I wonder what the young women would say if they knew? Have I sullied the romance of love? Well, I say so, love, like all other things human, will be the better for the light of truth—and that light shines from the workshop of science, my boy. Yes!"

THE GIRL IN THE PICTURE

By Elsie Carmichael

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It stood over the mantel in the oak-paneled dining-room, a portrait by Gainsborough of a slender dark-eyed girl in a white satin gown, with a necklace of milk-white pearls about her softly rounded throat. She was pulling the petals from a red rose and smiling roguishly out of the frame. I had always been in love with her from the time I used to spend my schoolboy holidays at the manor until, as a young man I ran down to Kersey for week-ends, ostensibly to see my Aunt Elizabeth, in reality to spend most of the time before the great fireplace in the dining-room, blowing rings toward the ceiling and dreaming as I watched Marianne dropping the petals of her crimson rose.

"I am going to have a house party on the 25th of June," wrote my aunt, "and you must not fail me, my dear Reginald. I shall refuse to take no for an answer."

This was of the nature of a summons to Windsor castle, and I dared not disobey. Besides, I did not altogether object to a house party at Kersey manor in rose time. However, at the last minute I was delayed, and it was not until the evening of the 26th that I drove up the oak-lined avenue in the soft moonlight. My aunt met me in the great hall.

"They are having tableaux in the music-room," she said. "Will you come there as soon as you have changed?"

The light was turned low as I softly entered and stood unobserved in the back of the music-room. There was a hush over the audience as the curtain was drawn to reveal a lovely picture. My cousin, Jeanne, smiled winsomely out of the frame as the Countess Potocka in the famous portrait that is familiar to every one. The clapping of hands drowned the little murmur of admiration as the curtain was drawn over it. My cousin, Jeanne, evidently could not endure the ordeal of keeping still to be looked at again, so the encores died away and the low murmur of conversation was resumed.

Suddenly the conversation ceased; the curtain was about to be drawn for the next picture, and I turned perfunctorily toward the little stage.

I gave a great start and clasped the back of the chair in front of me. I could see the sheen of her white satin gown, the long necklace of pearls about her snowy throat. It was Marianne, but a living, breathing Marianne.

Suddenly the lights flared up, the buzz of conversation grew louder, everyone was talking at once about the tableaux. One or two old friends saw me and came to welcome me, so it was several minutes before I could make my way to my aunt.

"Aunt Elizabeth," I demanded, present me, I beg, to the lady of Kersey manor. Where did you find her? Did she step down from the frame to-day? How did it all happen?"

Even as I spoke Marianne came by, Marianne in her white, satin gown, her shimmering pearls and the red rose still in her hand.

"Marianne," cried my aunt. "Stop a moment while I present your cousin, Reginald."

I bowed low. I felt that I ought to have a plumbed hat to sweep the floor before this lady of an olden time.

"Why did you not come down from your frame before?" I asked. "I have waited for you for years, centuries, aeons, and I have been so lonely, though I knew you would come at last, Marianne, lady of Kersey manor."

She smiled ravishingly and looked at my aunt questioningly.

"He is our court jester," the latter replied with a smile.

"But I am not jesting," I cried, with mock solemnity. "She is Marianne, Marianne of the portrait." I insisted. "Deny it if you dare."

"Yes, she is Marianne," my aunt acknowledged. "But, Marianne, the great-granddaughter of the lady of Kersey manor and your distant cousin."

"Not at all," I begged to differ. "She is Marianne herself, Marianne who sat to Gainsborough, Marianne who pulled a red rose and flung the petals at her feet—you are, aren't you, Marianne?"

Aunt Elizabeth smiled indulgently. "You must not mind your cousin," she said. "He is harmless, but I am convinced he is quite mad."

Then some young upstart bore off my Marianne for the cotillion. If I could not dance it with her I showed her with favors and danced with no one else. When she mischievously brought me a jester's cap and bells in one figure, I put it on reluctantly.

The next morning we walked in the garden together just as we used to do in the old days, and I gathered her roses. We flung bread crumbs to the trout that rose greedily to snatch them, and we pelted the cross old peacock with flowers, and then we leaned on the sundial, and Marianne's taper finger traced the letters of the carved inscription just as I had dreamed of her doing. Her hair curled riotously, bewitchingly about her face that was flushed like the petals of a pink rose, as she bent over the letters.

"Do you know, Marianne," I said, "that this is not the first time you and I have leaned on this sundial. Sometimes it has been in the pale moonshine when the garden was turned to silver and the roses, dew-drenched, filled the air with their perfume, and sometimes we have been here in the winter time when the snow lay deep on the terraces and the quaint bay trees and hedges were all carved from purest Parian marble. Always we have been here together, and always we will lean together on this old dial watching the sunny hours go by, Marianne, lady of Kersey manor."

She blushed ravishingly. "But I am not Marianne, lady of Kersey manor, stupid," she pouted. "You are in-

deed mad, madder than the maddest March hare."

"You may say you are not, but you are going to be," I said emphatically. "You have got to be. I have been in love with Marianne, lady of Kersey manor, since I went to Rugby, a little chap in knickerbockers, and I am in love with you and two things equaling the same thing equal each other."

"Not at all," she said. "It only proves you are a fickle creature. Fancy what a change of heart to admire my great-great-aunt one minute and the next to tell a girl whom you have known only 15 hours that you care for her. How could I ever trust you, Cousin Reggie?"

"As I said before you interrupted me," I went on tranquilly, "I love Marianne, lady of Kersey manor, and I love you, and two things equaling the same."

"Ah, you are getting too mathematical for me," she said, and ran swiftly



We Leaned on the Sun-Dial.

ly away down the garden path and I after her.

And then began days of uncertainty. Marianne teased me and tormented me and avoided me, choosing any little insignificant creature that was nearest her when I approached. But I was not discouraged. I had loved her too long not to feel that some day I must win out.

By great luck one day I found her alone in the library and boldly walked in.

"I want to speak to you about a little matter of business, if you will deign to listen," I said, stiffly to her back, as she sat at the desk writing.

"Oh, business," she said, coldly, though her lips trembled a bit at the corners, as though a smile were struggling through. "Well, be quick about it. I am immensely busy." A frown puckered her delicately penciled brows as she leaned her head on her hand to listen.

"It's about the succession and the property," I said, sitting down comfortably in the low chair beside her.

"Is this strictly business?" she asked suspiciously.

"Strictly," I answered. "It is very important. You see I am my aunt's heir and some day Kersey manor will belong to me, and do you know it doesn't seem to me quite fair. You have always been the Lady Marianne of the manor, and you know I feel as though I were doing you out of it."

"Oh, not at all," said Marianne politely, half turning back to her letter, as though she wished me to hasten. "I have no claim in any way, you know."

"Well," I said, reflectively, "somehow I feel that it's not fair and I have a proposition to make. I want you to keep on being the lady of Kersey manor."

"Oh, no, March hare," she said. "That would be doing you out of it. No, thanks very much, but I couldn't think of accepting such a present from you." She laughed. "What does Mrs. Grundy say? A young lady should never accept any gift from a young man, except books, flowers and bonbons, unless—"

She stopped suddenly and blushed adorably up to the little curls on her forehead and down to the collar of her frock.

"Unless what?" I demanded, but she laughed and blushed still more.

"Unless?"

"Oh, never mind," she said. "I know," I cried triumphantly. "Haven't I studied Mrs. Grundy's rules of etiquette? Unless they are engaged or married. Isn't that it, word for word, Marianne? That's the only way out of it," I said. "Come, Marianne, sweet. I have never loved anyone else but you. I have been faithful to my dream Marianne for so long and I waited for you, oh, ages and ages. Pray keep on being the lady of Kersey."

The pink stole up into her face again, her eyes were soft and winsome as she held out both hands to me in sweet surrender.

"Well, I suppose I shall have to, March hare," she said, "since you insist upon it."

Hatching chickens by artificial means is almost as old as history. The art was known before the dawn of the Christian era, and has been practiced continuously in Egypt, China and other oriental countries down to the present day.

Author says that it is not painful to starve to death, but as he has not tried it more than three or four times we will have to accept his statement and suspend judgment.

POSSIBILITIES OF ST. LOUIS BALLOON RACE



It is the ambition of the American aeronauts who will enter the contest at St. Louis next October in the effort to retain the international cup, which Lieut. Lahm won last year in his remarkable flight from Paris to the north of England, to make a new long-distance record. In fact long before the contest for the international cup, ascensions will be made to beat Count de La Vaulx's record, St. Louis will be the point from which these ascensions probably will be made, and before the great race it is not at all improbable that a new goal will have been set for foreign aeronauts to attain.

One has but to glance at the maps of Europe and of the United States to see at a glance how much greater is the opportunity for a long flight from St. Louis than from Paris. Whereas a long flight from Paris is not possible unless the wind is blowing approximately from the west, St. Louis is so situated at the heart of the United States that a balloon may fly hundreds of miles before reaching the sea, regardless of the direction of the wind.

In fact, the chance of equalling or exceeding the world's long distance record, which is now held by Count Henry de La Vaulx, is just twice as great from St. Louis as from Paris. From the capital of France a balloon must travel within a segment of a circle of only 110 degrees, having a radius equal in length to de La Vaulx's record flight, to avoid being carried out to sea, but from St. Louis the segment of such a circle within which Count de La Vaulx's record may be beaten includes 220 degrees.

Lieut. Frank P. Lahm's winning of the international cup last year, with a record of only 402 miles, is an illustration of the difficulty of attaining a considerable distance from Paris, except under favorable conditions. On the day set for the race the wind was blowing almost directly from the south and the balloons were carried to the channel and thence to England. For Lieut. Lahm to have attempted further flight would have been to court almost certain death by being carried past the coast of Norway and into the Arctic ocean.

That Count de La Vaulx's flight of 1,250 miles, from Paris to the province of Kieff, in Little Russia, made in 1900, still stands as the world's long distance record, in spite of hundreds of ascents made each season since then and determined and repeated efforts of aeronauts to wrest from him the title of world's champion, is convincing proof of the difficulties in the way of beating that record in Europe.

In America, on the contrary, the

door to opportunity is wide open. Until Count de La Vaulx's exploit the long distance record had been held in this country for 41 years by the flight of John Wise and three companions from St. Louis to northern New York in 1859, a distance of more than 800 miles. Had Wise's balloon not been caught in a terrific storm and wrecked it is quite possible that at that time a record would have been made at least equal to that of de La Vaulx.

American aeronauts have an added stimulus for establishing a new record through the contest for the Lahm cup, which is to take place some time during the summer. Various conditions are attached to the contest for this trophy, but the main thing is to exceed Lieut. Lahm's record of 402 miles, made last year, when he won the international cup for America.

If the wind is blowing directly from the north or west at the time of the ascension from St. Louis and the upper currents correspond with those close to the earth it will not be possible to exceed Count de La Vaulx's record. The balloons will be carried out to sea on the Gulf of Mexico or the Atlantic ocean in such circumstances.

It is not regarded as probable that a balloon would be carried across the Rockies from St. Louis because of the almost entire absence of east winds in that section of the country, but with a south wind or even a wind from the southwest a balloon could be carried not further than into northern Maine and still establish a new record.

With Canada stretching for hundreds of miles to the north, the opportunities in that direction are virtually without limit, and in spite of the chances of being lost in the wilds of the northland it is there that the eyes of aeronauts are turned most hopefully.

Men who are spending much money and time in making elaborate plans to add the world's record as well as the international cup to America's trophies are cheered by the knowledge that the science of aeronautics has so far advanced that there will be little difficulty in keeping a balloon aloft at least as long as Count de La Vaulx's was in the air when he made his record flight.

Foreign aeronauts who have entered for the international cup race are eagerly discussing this chance of establishing a new record. One of the leading writers on aeronautics in Paris recently went so far as to say that the question of making a new record from St. Louis is the feature of the contest of greatest interest to sportsmen.

NEWSPAPERS IN CHINA.

Increased Number in Last Decade—Respect for Printed Words.

"To-day there are more than 200 newspapers in China, where a decade ago there was almost none," said William B. Henry, an attorney of Los Angeles. Mr. Henry returned recently from a business trip to Hongkong.

"Since the awakening of the celestial kingdom began, after the close of the Japanese war in 1895, there has been a remarkable growth of public spirit, which has manifested itself largely in this growth of the press. It is an unquestioned fact that the people over there, after sleeping 40 centuries, are evincing a remarkable desire for information. At least that is what the English and American merchants in Hongkong tell me. They say that by another 15 years every city in China will have its daily paper."

A Chinese newspaper is a funny looking thing, about 12 inches from top to bottom and 10 inches from side to side. It is printed in Chinese characters, of course, on one side of the paper, in a sort of roll form, so that a man reading it can tear it off sheet by sheet and throw it away as he goes along. The paper is very thin. The Chinese public has great respect for the printed word, believing what it sees. In type it is absolutely true. Hence it has been too susceptible to some of the journals, which are printed merely in the interest of a propaganda against foreigners. But for the most part these papers are doing a great good in the way of educating the people up to what is going on throughout the empire. Between the railroads and the newspapers, China is going to do some waking up within the next few years."

In the cities of northern Mexico where American commodities are in use the native oils often are replaced by the tin cans of the Standard Oil company. The carriers, by attaching two or more cans to their yoke, carry double the quantity possible in the old receptacles.