

IF IT hadn't been so really serious it might have been laughable—this 48-hour romance of pretty little Ethel English, just turned 15 years, and Clark Breckenridge, big and 23. It was a wedding, a spanking and a forgiving—all within the brief span of two days. And more than that—the angry father began proceedings at once to have the marriage annulled, and to boot had the youth arrested for perjury, only to find that the perjury charges could not be sustained and that annulment was impossible.

The old story—a schoolgirl falling in love with the first young man who came along and was good-looking and said tender things and talked of flowers and moonlight. Half of Brownsville, Pa., says that Dr. H. J. English, the bride's father, did perfectly right in tearing the romantic Mrs. Breckenridge away from her indignant young bridegroom. The other half, with equal emphasis, feels for the young man. Why shouldn't he marry the girl of his heart, seeing that she had money of her own and he a good position and a good salary for one of his years, and is heir to a nice fortune besides?

#### The Wedding.

It only began the other day, when Ethel English, school over for the term, went to Carmichael's, Pa., to



The Beginning.

visit her cousins, the Baileys. At the same time young Breckenridge had a vacation and he went to Carmichael's, too. And there he met pretty Miss English—vivacious, clever, pretty as a picture and young and romantic to her finger tips.

He had met Miss English casually before, in Brownsville, where he lives, but there were plenty of other young chaps around then and he was only one of fifty. But here at Carmichael's the field was clear for him. Miss Ethel did not know a single other soul in all the town except her relatives, the Bailey family, and when young Mr. Breckenridge touched his hat in the street to the pretty little girl from Brownsville she colored a bit and stopped to speak to him.

"What brings you here?" she asked, interestedly.

"Oh, I'm just on a vacation," said the young man.

"Isn't that nice?" exclaimed Miss Ethel. "I'm here, too, for a visit with my cousins, the Baileys. Won't you come up and see me, and we'll talk over Brownsville?"

"I'll only be too glad," replied the young man, flattered at the invitation from such a pretty, likable girl as Ethel English. "I'll come around tonight."

Now, most Brownsville folks say that this was pure chance, this meeting of the two young people in another town. But there are a few who declare that young Breckenridge had fallen in love with the girl the first time he saw her at Brownsville and that he had gone purposely to Carmichael's, where he could have the field alone to himself. At any rate, there had been another girl to whom he had been engaged, but three weeks before he had given her up—the reason he gave at the time was because she had danced with another fellow.

So that very night the young man called on pretty Miss Ethel. They sat out on the porch and talked of many things. Next morning it was a stroll through the quiet lanes of the countryside and in the afternoon a drive. There was candy, too, whenever the young man came, and flowers very often.

And all the time the Baileys didn't suspect a thing—the young people were just enjoying their vacation.

#### The Elopement.

There was a garage in Carmichael's and occasionally young Breckenridge got a speedy roadster for an afternoon's run. Nothing was thought of that, either, by the Baileys, for often when the two went out for a spin they took along Miss Annie Bailey, the young daughter of the family where Miss Ethel was visiting.

So, when an auto spin was proposed one bright afternoon the other day and Miss Annie was invited to accompany Miss Ethel, nobody had the slightest objection. But Annie Bailey was in a little secret, too, and her

# WOODED, WEDDED SPANKED and FORGIVEN all in 48 HOURS

going was only to be with her cousin on the most momentous occasion of her life.

Ethel English was eloping with Clark Breckenridge! And Annie Bailey knew they weren't coming home until little Miss English was Mrs. Clark Breckenridge.

From Carmichael's they started to motor swiftly to Washington, Pa. For the moment luck was against them. The car broke down and the bride-to-be was in tears.

For an answer to her pleadings to hurry, for fear they would be caught, young Breckenridge telephoned for another car, and in half an hour it chugged up and once more little Miss English smiled. They hurried along swiftly in the second car to Washington, and there put the auto in a convenient garage, all three taking the train to Steubenville, O.

And here their troubles really began. Fearing pursuit all the time, the youngsters wanted to get married just as soon as they could. Meanwhile the angry father of Miss English and the angry father of Miss Bailey began to think that something was wrong

going back to Brownsville and make a clean breast of the whole thing. And Annie Bailey went along. It was ten o'clock at night when they got back, tired out, dusty, hungry and happy, though a little frightened at what they had done. The news had gone ahead of them. Friends of both bride and bridegroom, the families and relatives and a big wagon drawn by mules and filled with serenaders was at the station. Besides, there were the two sisters and two brothers of the bride—the sisters to give her a piece of their mind and the brothers to take it out of Clark Breckenridge.

The sisters started toward young Mrs. Breckenridge the moment she stepped off the car. True to her new dignity the bride resented their interference. The sisters sought to drag her home. The bride wouldn't have it at all and there was a hair-pulling match right in front of everybody.

It was rather a sad ending for such a pretty little romance. The bride's family were all trying to get her to home; the Breckenridges and their friends were equally determined that Clark's bride be let alone. The bride-

can do in your case. If I can do anything to punish you, you may be sure I will do it!"

Next day Dr. English had Clark Breckenridge, his new son-in-law, arrested on a charge of falsely swearing to his daughter's age. Then he sent a messenger to West Virginia to look up the facts and find out the law of the state regarding the marriage of minors. He was going to have it annulled, if it were possible.

#### Begin Legal Proceedings.

Clark Breckenridge sued out a writ of habeas corpus, in turn, to regain possession of his bride, getting out on bail on the perjury charge. The town took sides; it was going to be a fight to a finish, whether or not a father might forbid the marriage of a 15-year-old daughter, and whether or not a husband, after the marriage, could not take his bride from her father and bring her to his home.

The English family threatened all sorts of punishment for the bridegroom; the Breckenridge family promised the poor little bride, deprived of her husband of an hour, was weeping away at home as if her heart would break.

And that was the final straw that broke the camel's back of the father's hitherto unrelenting resolution. Dr. English couldn't bear to see his pretty little daughter weeping all the time and begging to be allowed to see her young husband.

"Do you really love him?" demanded the doctor, when he found that imprisonment at home was doing not a bit of good. "More than anything in the world," sobbed the girl. "Oh, can't I see him for just a little minute? Won't you see him? Won't you talk to him?"

For just a day Dr. English held out. Still little Mrs. Breckenridge kept on weeping. Then he gave in.

"I'll forgive you," said Dr. English, taking the girl wife in his arms. "I guess you love him and I guess he loves you. We'll send for him right away."

#### The Forgiveness.

The next minute Dr. English was at the telephone calling up the Breckenridge home, and finally he got Clark Breckenridge himself on the wire. He had learned that under West Virginia law the marriage was perfectly legal, and it was the father-in-law, not the son-in-law, who found himself forced to give in.

"Come over," he said. "You're forgiven, but don't do it again." It took young Breckenridge only a few minutes to dash over to Redstone township to claim his bride of 48 hours before. There were kisses and handshakes all around and off went the bride, sufficed in smiles and tears, to make her new home with her young husband.

Now the perjury suit is dropped and the habeas corpus proceedings are quashed.

"After all," says Dr. English, "I can't blame them so much. I might have done the same thing myself."

The bride is the youngest daughter of Dr. English, a very well-known physician. He has a magnificent farm, well kept and stocked. The mother is dead. All the family are high-spirited. There are three daughters, all bright and vivacious. The eldest is the wife of Charles C. Carter, a leading young lawyer of Prowsville. Josephine, the second daughter, is single. A son, B. J. English, M. D. died recently.

The children inherited money from their mother's relatives, and a recent sale of coal acreage gave Ethel \$47,000 from that deal alone. And she has other money. The father wanted the girl to go to school, but she opposed, and it is believed fear of being sent to some tight-laced institution had much to do with this elopement.

She was approaching the romantic age and took the first man who asked



The trio had only been going ostensibly to the Dawson races near by, and why had they not returned? Soon the telephone wires in all directions were made hot by the two fathers, trying to locate the fugitives.

By this time they were at the county clerk's office in Steubenville. But even before that Dr. English had got wind of their direction and telephoned by long distance wire to Steubenville.

"Nothing doing," said the clerk, laconically, when Clark Breckenridge brought Miss Ethel in for a license. "We've heard from papa!"

The three turned and fled.

"Why, father might get here any minute," gasped the girl; "we must get away somewhere!"

Young Breckenridge was resourceful enough. He bundled the two girls aboard a trolley car and in a few minutes they were over the state line into West Virginia, where it isn't so hard to get married. Dr. English's phone hadn't reached that far, and by hard work they got a license and found a parson who was willing to tie the knot.

#### The Home Coming.

Then the young culprits decided to

groom's friends won out and the Miss Ethel that was found herself triumphantly escorted to the Breckenridge home.

#### Thrashed by Bridegroom.

When Dr. English heard how things had come out—he was scouring the countryside for any trace of his missing daughter by that time—he sent his two sons to bring her home. Clark Breckenridge promptly thrashed both for attempting to interfere in his family affairs.

Dr. English was furious. "I'll bring her home," he declared, and he drove right over to the Breckenridge place from his farm at Redstone township.

He stalked boldly in and was confronted by the bride. Then he did what fathers have done before, but perhaps never to a bride. He took Mrs. Clark Breckenridge—if you please—right across his knees, and gave her a good, sound, old-fashioned spanking.

"Now come home where you belong," added Dr. English. "As for you, young man," he shouted, turning to the bridegroom of less than a day, "I'll see what the law



The End.

her. In this case the man was quite attractive. He is a handsome young fellow, immensely popular with young women. He is the eldest son of William Breckenridge, a rich retired hotel man. The lad has always had a free hand with money and his latest exploit was to drive his father's automobile to the point of exhaustion in running away with his bride.

but the native tongue depends almost entirely upon inflection; what may be praise when uttered in the key of C is blame when spoken in B flat—which is where I erred.

"I began famously. Everyone applauded me and the girls smiled. Then, as I went on, I noticed bewilderment in the faces of my hearers. This emotion gave way to consternation, and finally bringing myself to an embarrassed halt, I turned to a native friend of mine beside me.

"What's the trouble?" I whispered to him in English.

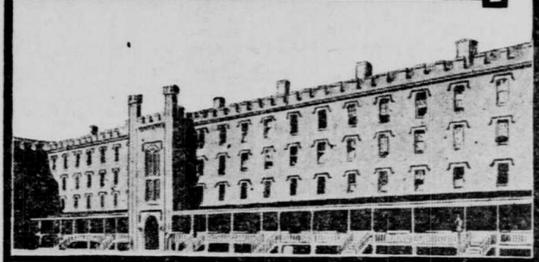
"Trouble?" he repeated. "Why, the trouble is what your excellency is saying."

"But," I protested, "I am saying: 'I am delighted to see so many young noblewomen rising to intellectual heights, with fine brains and large appreciation.'"

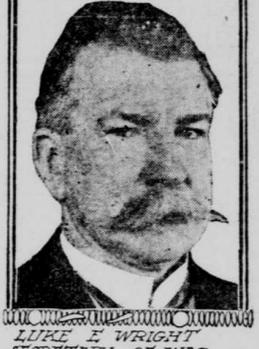
"Oh, no, you're not," corrected my friend. "Your excellency is saying: 'I am pleased to see so many small lionesses growing large and fat, with big noses and huge feet.'"—Saturday Evening Post.

# HAZING AT WEST POINT

## CADETS CLING TO PRACTICE IN SPITE OF REPRESSIVE MEASURES



WEST POINT MILITARY ACADEMY.



LUKE E. WRIGHT, SECRETARY OF WAR.

The recent case of hazing at the West Point Military Academy has again drawn the attention of the public to the fact that the practice still prevails among the cadets despite the earnest and determined efforts of the officials of the academy to stamp it out. It is a disease of long standing, dating back for a century, and no doubt the germs of the disorder so saturate the grounds and buildings that it will perhaps take another generation to fully destroy the vitality of the hazing microbe and completely eradicate the disease.

The recent outcropping of hazing has been in spite of the voluntary agreement on the part of the corps of cadets in 1901 to quit the practice and in direct violation of the drastic laws passed by congress in the same year, but as we have said, a century of seed sowing is still producing its fruitage. There are original documents in existence to prove that hazing began in the early life of the institution. For instance, away back in 1814 Gen. Ramsey wrote that the "new cadets sweep out the rooms and shovel the snow, but there is no hazing."

From this rather innocent beginning developed the practices that resulted in the cadet episode of a few days ago, when Col. Scott, the superintendent at West Point, in obedience to the mandate of congress as expressed in the law on hazing, sent to their homes eight cadets who had been convicted of hazing, there to await the action of the secretary of war, who, under the regulations, as prescribed by congress, had no alternative but to "summarily expel" the offenders.

That the hazing which began with the ludicrous acts that characterized it before the civil war grew into the tortures that caused the congressional investigation of 1901 is a matter of history. In the cadet days of Lee, Grant, and Sheridan, and the other great martial figures in American history, the plebes, of course, had their stunts to do, but those acts were as mild as can be imagined when compared with the modern ways of doing things that were laid bare in the investigations.

Gen. John M. Schofield is on record as having told the cadet corps, when he was superintendent at West Point, that if the acts that the young men of that day were guilty of had occurred before the war there would have been bloodshed before such things would have been submitted to. Other older officers have talked the same way, and they tell how, according to the tradition, Ulysses S. Grant, Robert E. Lee, Phil Sheridan and Stonewall Jackson used to brace themselves as plebes walking about the plains, "with chin drawn in and shoulders thrown back." But they didn't drink tobacco sauce, a neither did they do eagles till they fell from exhaustion, as did young Douglas MacArthur and Pegasus of Virginia, the latter a son of the confederate officer of the same name.

Of course, in the history of West Point hazing the case that stands out above all others was the hazing of young Oscar Booz of Pennsylvania, to the rigors of which treatment his family went before the congressional investigating committee and swore was

due the tuberculosis of the throat that eventually caused that poor young fellow's death.

When Booz died the cause of death was given as throat tuberculosis, and on December 11, eight days after his death, the matter was brought up in congress, and after the warmest sort of debate the congressional committee was appointed to investigate conditions at West Point.

The father of Cadet Booz told the Brooke board that his son had refused to his dying day to disclose the names of the cadets who had tormented him with such relentlessness that the boy was finally compelled to send in his resignation as a cadet. He said that his son told him, in addition to the tobacco treatment, that one of the things they did to him at West Point was to pull the bedclothes off of him at night and then pour melted wax on his bare body. His mother testified that her son wrote her that the cadets at West Point were "brutes and bullies."

But the boards that investigated had their hands full getting the cadets to talk, as is shown on every page of the records of the proceedings. Cadet after cadet would admit having been subjected to the melted wax treatment, and other innocent tortures, but they were loath to tell the name of the young man who melted the wax and did the pouring.

"I put my finger in the sauce," said one cadet witness, "and was told to lick it. I made an awful face, and licked the wrong finger."

"I officiated at a rat funeral," said another cadet.

"What is a rat funeral?" asked a member of the investigating board.

"A rather simple little affair," answered the cadet with a smile, "and it didn't do anybody any harm. The rat was caught and killed, and we were ordered to give him a funeral. The rodent was placed in a little box that looked like a coffin, and this box was placed on a table and surrounded by four lighted candles. Then a white towel arranged to look like a shroud was placed over the box, and the funeral ceremonies began. We read a few extracts from the 'black book,' (the cadet name of the book of regulations). Then we placed flowers on the casket. There was a song or two, and then the rat was taken away to be buried."

The cadets admitted that they were compelled to cook like roosters; that they had to climb the ridge pole, brace, exercise, one fellow admitting that he stood on his head in a bathtub full of water, and adding that it did not hurt him. The investigation also made public for the first time what a cadet has to do to qualify, as the cadets put it, for the mess hall. Here is how a cadet explained dining room qualifying:

"First we were given a large dish full of prunes, the exact number of which was 85, and we were required to eat all of them at one sitting. Then we were given a bowl of molasses and told to swallow that, after which we tried to eat six slices of dry bread. The molasses test sometimes took two or three trials before we could accomplish it."

Young Phil Sheridan had to ride around the campus on a broomstick, the exercise being intended to remind those that saw him that he was a son of the commander made famous in "Sheridan's Ride." Ulysses S. Grant, 3d, used to get up and shout: "I will fight it out along these lines if it takes all summer," while J. M. Hobson, Jr., a brother of the naval commander, had to tell over and over again the story of his brother's exploit at Santiago. Of course there were singing, speaking, bracing, and exercising galore, besides all this.

Of the officers who have grown up since the civil war, all tell of their experiences as plebes, but it is interesting to note that almost to a man they have forgotten about the real strenuous things they had to do.

## NOT STRONG ON FORMALITY.

Western Squire Put Unique Questions to Young Couple.

James Ten Eyck, great oarsman and great coach, is teaching the sons of E. H. Harriman to row. He hopes that they will do in rowing what Jay Gould has done in court tennis.

Mr. Ten Eyck, discussing rowing one day in Syracuse, said success depended on form. He explained what he meant by form. Then, by way of illustration, he added:

"Everything, everything, goes by form. Thus, out west, in the old days, it was the essence of form to be informal. My father used to tell about a squire who would marry the young couple that came to him in some such form as this:

"Bill, do ye take this gal whose hand ye're a-squeezin' to be yer lawful wife, in flush times and in skim?"

"I guess that's about the size of it, squire."

"Mame, do you take this cuss ye've fined fists with to be yer pard through thick an' thin?"

## What is Pe-ru-na.

Are we claiming too much for Peruna when we claim it to be an effective remedy for chronic catarrh? Have we abundant proof that Peruna is in reality such a catarrh remedy? Let us see what the United States Dispensary says of the principal ingredients of Peruna.

Take, for instance, the ingredient hydrastis canadensis, or golden seal. The United States Dispensary says of this herbal remedy, that it is largely employed in the treatment of depraved mucous membranes lining various organs of the human body.

Another ingredient of Peruna, carydalis foemina, is classed in the United States Dispensary as a tonic.

Cedron seeds is another ingredient of Peruna. The United States Dispensary says of the action of cedron that it is used as a bitter tonic and in the treatment of dysentery, and in intermittent diseases as a substitute for quinine.

Send to us for a free book of testimonials of what the people think of Peruna as a catarrh remedy. The best evidence is the testimony of those who have tried it.



WHAT DID JOHNNY MEAN?  
Johnny's Pa—See here, young man. How do you expect to get on if you never see things? You must look for things—always keep looking as I do. Johnny—Gee!

#### CURED HER CHILDREN.

Girls Suffered with Itching Eczema—Baby Had a Tender Skin, Too—Relied on Cuticura Remedies.

"Some years ago my three little girls had a very bad form of eczema. Itching eruptions formed on the backs of their heads which were simply covered. I tried almost everything, but failed. Then my mother recommended the Cuticura Remedies. I washed my children's heads with Cuticura Soap and then applied the wonderful ointment, Cuticura. I did this four or five times and I can say that they have been entirely cured. I have another baby who is so plump that the folds of skin on his neck were broken and even bled. I used Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment and the next morning the trouble had disappeared. Mme. Napoleon Duceppe, 41 Duluth St., Montreal, Que., May 21, 1907."

#### Baseball Technicality.

A few weeks ago some boys were playing ball in an apartment house yard. A colored waiter came out of the kitchen and in a very cross manner told them to stop right away. One boy, who had gone to get a drink came back and found the others making ready to leave; he asked, wonderingly, "What is the matter?" and another one calmly answered, "the game was called off on account of darkness."

#### GATE OF OHIO CITY OF TOLEDO, O.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & CO., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State of Ohio, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

A. W. GLEASON,

Notary Public.

HALL'S Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonial, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by all Druggists, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

#### Heard in the Rain.

Seeing the sun shining through the rain a Georgia youngster said to Brother Dickey:

"Is the devil beating his wife behind the door?"

"I dunno, honey," said the old man. "Hit's my opinion dat ef de devil got a wife he ain't sayin' a word ter nobody!"—Atlanta Constitution.

#### Important to Mothers.

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the

Signature of *Wm. A. Ritchie*

In Use For Over 30 Years.

The Kind You Have Always Bought.

When a rich man is seriously ill he sees a lot of people standing around waiting for his old shoes.

## Habitual Constipation

May be permanently overcome by proper personal efforts with the assistance of the one truly beneficial laxative remedy, Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna, which enables one to form regular habits daily so that assistance to nature may be gradually dispensed with when no longer needed as the best of remedies, when required, are to assist nature and not to supplant the natural functions, which must depend ultimately upon proper nourishment, proper efforts, and right living generally.

To get its beneficial effects, always buy the genuine

Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna

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THE DUTCH BOY PAINTER STANDS FOR PAINT QUALITY

IT IS FOUND ONLY ON PURE WHITE LEAD

MADE BY THE OLD DUTCH PROCESS

## SECRETS OF BURMESE DOCTORS.

Cures for Cobra Bite and Hydrophobia They Will Not Divulge.

Everyone knows, of course, that the bite of the Indian cobra is fatal. But what Europeans do not actually know is whether or not the natives of India really possess the cures they claim to have both for cobra bite and for hydrophobia.

A few years ago an Indian civilian in Burma strolled out with his gun in the evening. When scarcely a hundred yards from the zayat or shelter in which he was camping S— was bitten in the leg by a cobra, which he promptly shot. He at once returned to the zayat and scrawled a pencil note to be carried by his orderly to his chief, the deputy commissioner, and then resigned himself to the attentions of a couple of Burmese medicine men who happened to be passing the night there and to the death which he accepted as absolutely inevitable. Meantime his superior officer proceeded direct to headquarters on receipt of the news to seal up the

unfortunate man's effects, after which he set out for the zayat to see to the burial of his subordinate.

On the road he met the "dead man" comfortably jogging along toward headquarters quite recovered. The Burmese medicine men had scarified the wound and rubbed a certain paste into it. They had also given the patient certain infusions to drink and had cured him. Nothing, however, would induce them to give away the secret.

Our own medicine men have many cures of hydrophobia to their credit, but cures of cobra bites are almost unknown. An English officer in the Shan states kept a number of dogs, one of which recently went mad and bit one of the sahib's servants. The station was an isolated one. The services of a Shan doctor were called in and the servant, after passing through all the severe stages of the terrible disease, was absolutely and completely cured by the Shan doctor.

The English officer offered 1,000 rupees for the secret of the treatment used, and to a Shan this would, of course, be a large sum of money. But the secret was never divulged.

## THE FLOWERS OF SPEECH.

One Time When John Barrett Didn't Say Just What He Had in Mind.

Worthily or unworthily, Hon. John Barrett has the reputation of being the champion amateur broad-jump and hardie speechmaker of the United States. He used to be the American minister to Siam; he has since been made the director of the bureau of American republics, and is still hopping. But his friends say he can talk, and will talk, if you only ask him, on anything between Siam and Brazil, and won't mind guessing at a few more things besides.

Yet even Hon. John himself admits that he has had his setbacks. One of these, he says, occurred in Siam.

"Along about 1905," he recently remarked, "when I was in Siam, I was honored by an invitation to deliver the graduation address at the commencement exercises of that country's only and most select ladies' seminary. I had studied the language hard, and thought I knew something about it,