

MODERN SCIENCE as First AID TO CUPID



HAT would you think of catching your heart's tender and sentimental overflow in the dots and dashes of the Morse code? You can't brush the parental parlor rug with your knees; you can't plead with your eyes, when words fail, with a calloused operator in Cupid's role—yet the thing has been done and successfully done. Only a few days ago a young man accompanied the impossible and brought his beloved back from a transatlantic trip by wireless. We hear of marriages by telegraph, proposals by phonograph, elopements by special trains, and airplane romances—now what, in the name of things old-fashioned, has become of the lad who used to call for a year, write on his knees from the post, and ask father's permission and blessing?

The most recent and flagrant violation of the strict old formulas was this wireless wedding in young Lawrence Critchell of Chicago, but it is simply an example of what one may expect in the future. This is the story. Miss Leslie Miller of Chicago went to San Francisco some months ago with her mother and there met a young man who eventually proved an enterprising Lochinvar. Lawrence Critchell saw Miss Miller in and about town for nearly a week. During this brief period he unconsciously—or to be more psychologically exact—subconsciously became enamored of the young lady. For some reason this did not dawn upon him until she who had inspired the unwanted tremors had gone. Mrs. George Miller and her daughter were bound for Chicago and New York en route for Paris. When Miss Miller disappeared from his sight Critchell for the first time realized that something was lacking in his life.

Wireless the Last Resource. He boarded the next train east and held up the special at a half dozen stations to send hurried telegrams after the mother and daughter. All his haste was of no avail, for when he reached New York Miss Miller had already sailed for Europe. There was nothing left but wireless. It was too late to pursue her with a tug or anything of that sort, so the wireless had to serve. His first message was rewarded with an answer. Yes—she liked him, but she was noncommittal. A few more heated messages scorched the ether and the proposal was accepted, also by wireless. She promised to return by the next boat and she kept her word.

She arrived in New York the first week of the new year and, of course, as the best sellers have it, they were ineffably happy in their reunion. They were married at the Chicago home in Prairie avenue with all dispatch and proceeded on their honeymoon according to the accepted conventions.

This, of course, is typically American, for no one could conceive of such a thing happening abroad, and it is of necessity characteristic of this age.

Opportunity for Thrilling Romance. Aeroplanes are still in the hands of demonstrators and experimentalists, but certainly the day is not far distant when the outraged parent of an eloping daughter will rumble down

the train for Pontefract Common. He asked the ticket seller for a ticket to the place, pronouncing it as it is spelled. "No such place, sir," protested the clerk. "Surely," the tourist retorted, "here it is," and, fumbling for his precious map, laid a triumphant finger upon it. "Oh, Pomfret!" said the pale-eyed ticket vendor, and smiled pityingly. "That's it—Pomfret," the visitor said bravely, and pocketed his heavy change.

At the station at "Pomfret," a quaint old omnibus stood waiting with a sign on the side announcing that it conveyed passengers to the St. Leger Inn and Wrensfordsley Hall for sixpence. The man from the west asked the sleepy-looking driver which was the smaller house, the St. Leger or the Wrensfordsley, but was met with that blank, dazed look which he had now learned to connect with his bad pronunciation.

"See here, my good man," he said, "how do you pronounce this name?" "Pronounced Klore, if you don't mind," and the ignorant American was very careful about it after that.

Down in Surrey he wanted to take

Now, for instance, if a young man a century or so hence finds it impossible to reach his beloved in the hour of his inspiration he is really committing no sin against convention by transmitting his immortal question through the medium of the impalpable ether. A proposal by telepathy, if it be properly directed and not permitted to wander astray and settle upon the wrong recipient, should be quite as proper and should be as impartially considered as a kneeling petition on the aforesaid parental rug.

What a boon this same telepathy will be to the separated lovers! The young woman sits in the parental homestead under a severe matronly eye. Suddenly a message begins to rattle upon the keys of her trained and receptive mind. "Hello, Mabel, this is John. I have a scheme for our elopement, etc., etc." "All right, John, dear," says Mabel, as she picks the lint of her father's coat and hands him his hat, "I think we can shut poor old dad's eye this time," and the elopement is executed or interrupted, according to the feasibility of John's scheme.

A more commonplace and yet a most modern and effective medium for romance has been discovered by the apple packing girls of the fruit growing west. The young woman who slips red apples into an crate wears of the society in which she has been placed. So she secretly tags the stems of several handsome apples, giving her name, address and intimating that she would be delighted to hear from the recipient if the recipient should happen to be a male.

Now these buxom maids of the healthy and hearty west often make good wives and the lonely bachelor who eventually purchases the apples is delighted with the prospect of coming in touch with a pretty girl, different from the staid and conventional maidens of his acquaintance. He writes a breezy letter and receives a cheery response and a picture. He picks a shirt and two collars into his grip and starts west. They meet, blithely, and talk through a meal. A week or so later they start east together—the happy culmination of an apple romance. Of course, they do not all end this way.

Missives Go Wrong. Unhappily many of these little missives fall into the hands of the unavailable. But romances have come from them and such affairs are not confined to apples, but apples are the latest and the girls behind the apples need little recommendation, if all accounts of the apple country are to be credited.

This is terribly piebald, compared with the future wedding of a girl in Chicago with an impatient lover in Hongkong by wireless telegraph and such things as submarine elopements. In this age of special trains and scores of gilded swains who can afford to ride in them, a man can pick up his beloved in one town, a justice of the peace in the next, and be married en route before the pursuers have run their automobile out of the shed. A troubled mother may endeavor to rush her daughter away from London to evade the attentions of a suitor who does not fit into the family ideals of a husband, but by taking a fast train to Dover or Plymouth and running out on a lighter, the energetic Lochinvar can get aboard and persuade one of the numerous pastors always to be found on a trans Atlantic liner to perform the ceremony while the watchful matron is congratulating herself on her cleverness.

Results Discouraging to Others. Everyone remembers that Linda Cavalleri was captured by cable, but this must not be dwelt upon, for the results of the Chauler wooing might be discouraging to those who contemplate a similar campaign upon the heart of a maiden far removed.

Lawrence Critchell's success in his pursuit of Miss Leslie Miller is a more wholesome example and in view of this episode it would seem that there are really no obstacles to true love any more. Every gain in speed of transmission and transportation is a gain of Cupid. Every obstacle overcome by science makes a breach for the clever and wily little invader.

Now think what would happen if there had been no wireless. Mr. Critchell would have had to wait for the next boat and continued his pursuit to Italy. By the time their stopping place had been discovered in Italy they would have returned to America and whatever the optimistic may have to say about absence and the fondness of the heart, love in these days of hurry and impatience is not as everlasting as it was in pastoral Arcadia.

Perhaps the wireless was wholly responsible for the success of a real romance—perhaps there would have been one anyway, but at least it saved time—enormously. And then it demonstrated beyond refutation that love is a god wide awake to advantages, not so highly perched among the mists of Olympus that he cannot descend to use the man made devices, without which the gods manage to get along somehow in their own relations, if tradition is worth anything.

Violin With Keys. Paterson, N. J.—A violin which can be played with keys, as a piano is played, is the novel invention of James L. Warner, of Roselle Park. Many inventors are said to have striven for what Warner alone has achieved. It is built like an upright piano. The keys and the sounding board are the same as the familiar parlor instrument. The violin effect is produced by a series of flexible rubber bows, one for each string, and operated by a hand which is set in motion by a treadle. As each key is pressed it brings the requisite bow in contact with the key wire and produces sound until released.

Spoke But Once In Fifty Years. English, Ind.—Insane for the last fifty years and not having spoken a word during that time, Philip Burkhart of this place is dead at the age of ninety years. During the Civil war he lost his mind. He became superstitious on the subject of witches and kept a gun loaded with needles to shoot them. Three days before he died he broke his long silence and predicted that he was to die. He passed away within an hour of the time he named.

Eighty-five thousand square miles of land are drained by Lake Superior.

IN TRAGEDY OF GOLD Death and Mystery Watch Over the Sharon Millions.

So Far There Have Been Four Murders, Three Suicides and Two Disappearances in the California Case.

San Francisco.—Frederick Fermo, Hesketh, lieutenant Ninth Lancers, British army, on seven days' leave, stood on the pier at Queenstown, Ireland. The next day he was lost to the world. Thus another tragedy is linked with the name of Sharon, or, as they phrase it on the Pacific coast, with the long-dead argonaut's money-bags. Striking wide the list there are disclosed four murders, three suicides and two disappearances. Lieutenant Hesketh, in the latter classification, was Sharon's grandson.

William Sharon was one of the Gold Hills pioneers. He stepped out of cowhide boots into patent leathers; from a mountain shack to a city mansion, from the Crown Point and Belcher mines in Nevada. He became a senator from that state. The wealth he left behind made a pyramid of millions, and likewise a pyramid of trouble.

William C. Ralston, who often had shared the output of his battered coffee pot with Sharon in his roughshod days, started the list. When the financial pinch caught Sharon's bank and frightened San Francisco didn't know whether his money was good, bad or indifferent, Ralston accused Sharon, and then took his own life.

Ralston's son, Samuel, went to Siberia, where he believed there was another El Dorado. He failed to find it, returned and killed himself. Two of his friends were murdered, another died in a duel.

Getting back to Sharon, the Forty-niner. Some time after the death of Mrs. Sharon Senator Sharon was sued by a woman known as Sarah Althea Hill. She entered into the contest for Sharon's money with every zeal. Her counsel was David S. Terry.

Terry was elected chief justice of the California supreme court, and had served just long enough to become



Lieut. Fermo-Hesketh.

familiar with the judicial routine when he and Senator David C. Broderick, entertaining conflicting opinions, adopted the hair-trigger method of settlement at the prescribed fifteen paces. Broderick waited for the second. Terry split it and fired. Broderick fell dead.

Terry pleaded the cause of his robust client before Justice Stephen J. Field. Sharon died, but Sarah Althea Hill's suit lived on. Terry one day surprised his friends by marrying his client.

Justice Field ordered the cancellation of the marriage contract on the ground of forgery. Justice Field stepped off a train. Terry and his wife coincidentally stepped from a train at the same time. Terry stepped behind Field and slapped his face with the back of the hand. A marshal shot Terry dead.

Charles Livingston, who was a protégé of Sharon's, became manager of the Palace hotel in San Francisco. Livingston had boarded at one time with a certain Sarah Mitchell, when the fight to get at the Sharon millions was at its height. Miss Mitchell came to the front with a package of mysterious letters. She demanded \$50,000 for them, but she didn't get it. There was talk of a conspiracy. Livingston's name was mentioned unpleasantly in that connection. One morning he was found dead in his room in the Palace hotel with a pistol shot in his heart.

Sharon's two daughters grew to womanhood surrounded by luxury. One daughter fell in love with Senator Newlands of Nevada and became his wife. The other, Florence Missy Sharon, was married to Sir Thomas George Fermo-Hesketh. Lady Hesketh had two sons, both soldiers. The lieutenant of Lancers who disappeared was the younger.

The Palace hotel and hundreds of other pieces of Sharon property were burned in the fire which followed the earthquake on the Pacific coast.

USE FOR THE NEWSPAPER
Story That Contains a Moral It Might Be Well to Keep in Memory.

A little King Charles dog, a pet in a family where he had been the playmate of a little boy, slipped through an open door some time ago and disappeared. Servants and the children of the house searched everywhere, asked questions at all places where it was thought possible the dog might be in hiding, but to no avail, and the animal was finally given up for lost and there was deep mourning in the nursery. One day recently the woman who owned the dog met a neighbor at a florist's shop, who had on a leash a dog strangely like the lost pet, and asked where he came from. "Why, he ran into our house a few days ago and we don't know where he belongs." The dog knew his old mistress and he quickly surrendered. "You might have had him sooner, had you advertised," said one woman. "And you could have found the owner sooner had you advertised," said the other—and the newspaper man who heard the story added the moral.

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CURED HER BABY OF ECZEMA

"I can't tell in words how happy the word 'Cuticura' sounds to me, for it cured my baby of itching, torturing eczema. It first came when she was between three and four weeks old appearing on her head. I used every-thing imaginable and had one doctor's bill after another, but nothing cured it. Then the eczema broke out so badly behind her ear that I really thought her ear would come off. For months I doctored it but to no avail. Then it began at her nose and her eyes were nothing but sores. I had to keep her in a dark room for two weeks. The doctor did no good, so I stopped him coming.

"For about two weeks I had used Cuticura Soap for her every day, then I got a box of Cuticura Ointment and began to use that. In a week there was a marked improvement. In all I used two cakes of Cuticura Soap and one box of Cuticura Ointment and my baby was cured of the sores. This was last November; now her hair is growing out nicely and she has not a scar on her. I can not praise Cuticura enough, I can take my child anywhere and people are amazed to see her without a sore. From the time she was four weeks old until she was three years she was never without the terrible eruption, but now, thanks to Cuticura, I have a well child." (Signed) Mrs. H. E. Householder, 2004 Wilhelm St., Baltimore, Md., May 10, 1910.

No Need to Be Good. A Little Shaker Heights girl surprised her parents last week by refusing to be scared into being good. "It's no use telling me Santa Claus won't come, or that the angels will write it down in their book if I'm naughty, mamma," she said. "I might as well tell you that they think up in heaven that I'm dead."

"But why should they think that, dear?"

"Because, I haven't said my prayers for two weeks."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

His Labor-Saving Device. "I have discovered a great labor-saving device."

"I always said you were a genius. What is it?"

"I'm going to marry Miss Bullion, the heiress."

Give Defence Starch a fair trial—try it for both hot and cold starching, and if you don't think you do better work, in less time and at smaller cost, return it and your grocer will give you back your money.

Cause Enough. "What's the bearded lady so mad about?" inquired the armless wonder.

"Somebody sent her a catalogue of a safety razor factory," said the living skeleton.—Chicago Tribune.

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In Boston.

Mrs. Beams—How rapidly Emerson grows!

Mrs. Cod—Yes; he will be in short specs very soon.—Harper's Bazar.

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Let us make the best of our friends while we have them, for how long we shall keep them is uncertain.—Seneca.

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Angelfood cakes seldom make boys angelfood.

Smokers like Lewis' Single Binder cigar for its rich mellow quality.

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THE ONE REMEDY so good that its makers are not afraid to print its every ingredient on each outside bottle-wrapper and attest to the truthfulness of the same under oath.

It is sold by medicine dealers everywhere, and any dealer who hasn't it can get it. Don't take a substitute of unknown composition for this medicine or know your own loss. No counterfeit is as good as the genuine and the druggist who says something else is "just as good as Dr. Pierce's" is either mistaken or is trying to deceive you for his own selfish benefit. Such a man is not to be trusted. He is trifling with your most priceless possession—your health—may be your life itself. See that you get what you ask for.

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It is better to be a dark horse than a black sheep.

The very best advice: take Garfield Tea whenever a laxative is needed.

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New drug will return money if PAZO UNPROMISING fails to cure any case of itching, itchy, burning, or protruding files in 6 to 14 days. 50c.

In the fulfillment of duty by a sense of blessedness, even in hours of weariness and simple endurance.—Taylor.

Not for Mortal Understanding. What fond mother has not, at some time, said: "My child, you are much too young to ever understand; you will find out when you get older all you wish to know will be explained." And how many of us are still waiting for the reason, for some one to explain—are we still too young? Perhaps we are, and again, perhaps we are not—perhaps it never shall be explained to us; there are things wrapped in voiceless mystery.

Runs on the Bank of England. Even the Bank of England has not been entirely free from runs nor from the necessity of saving itself by strategy. In 1745, for instance, it was forced to employ agents to present notes, which were paid as slowly as possible in sixpences, the cash being immediately brought in by another door and paid in again, while anxious holders of notes vainly tried to secure attention. In 1825, too, only the accidental discovery of 700,000 £1 notes saved the bank from stopping payment.—London Chronicle.

How Fat Proved It. An Irishman was once serving in a regiment in India. Not liking the climate, Pat tried to evolve a trick by which he could get home. Accordingly he went to the doctor and told him his eyesight was bad. The doctor looked at him for a while and then said: "How can you prove to me that your eyesight is bad?"

Pat looked about the room and at last said: "Well, doctor, do ye see that nail on the wall?"

"Yes," replied the doctor.

"Well," then replied Pat, "I can't."—Chicago Tribune.

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