

YOUNG AND HANDSOME GIANT LONGS FOR LIFE PARTNER

Painful Predicament Which Has Brought Woe to the Heart of August Barth, of Brooklyn.

DEMANDS ONLY ONE REQUISITE IN BRIDE

Himself Seven Feet Tall, He Insists the Lady Must Be Six Feet, Seven Inches—Need Not Be Young, Beautiful or Rich.

Young, good looking, wealthy, and, perforce, a bachelor: Such is the painful position of August Barth, of Brooklyn. And the cause—He is seven feet tall! Somewhat sensitive on the subject himself, Mr. Barth has found that maidens who have won his heart are even more so. Once engaged to a charming Chicago girl, herself six feet tall, the engagement was broken because the lady asserted she looked so small beside him that they attracted attention on the street.

Bride Must Be Tall. Now he insists that the companion of his honeymoon must be at least six feet seven inches in height. He says: "She need not be rich, she need not be beautiful. She need not even be quite so young as I am. All I ask is that she be at least six feet seven inches tall!"

Six feet seven inches of femininity! Six feet seven inches clinging lovingly, fondly to seven feet of masculinity! Is it possible that there is no way of effecting this ideal combination? It would seem not.

It must be understood that it is through no fault of his Mr. Barth remains, in the words of Rudyard Kipling, a "wild ass of the desert."

He has tried hard. He has made a personal canvass of eligible womanhood, covering many miles. He has advertised, he offers a reward of \$100 to any one who will bring about such a match—and still the right girl has not appeared.

A number of the prettiest "show girls" in current New York musical plays were approached and asked if they would have any strenuous objections to marrying a man seven feet in height. If any demurred she was informed that this giant was proportionately rich. This seemed to settle the matter, and several of these divinites agreed to meet Mr. Barth. He saw them, but did not even ask for a nearer interview.

"They're all very pretty," said he, "but not tall enough. I'll tell you why I insist on the six feet seven inch clause.

His Lost Happiness. "I was once engaged to a very pretty girl. I was just out of college and enjoying myself in Chicago. I met this young woman, and we fell in love. She was tall—nearly six feet, in fact—but when we went out together she looked so very small alongside of me that we attracted attention. She was sensitive, and could not stand the notoriety, so that, although she loved me, she asked me to break the engagement.

"Now, I don't want to go through

uses the bed sidewise, if it is not so made he can stick his feet through an opening in the footboard.

It is most unpleasant for Mr. Barth to go to a theater for the people who sit behind him always object that they cannot see the stage. He has, therefore, to take a seat in the back row, and, as he is a trifle near-sighted, this makes it unpleasant.

"During all your travels did you not find a woman who measured up to your requirements as far as height was concerned?" he was asked.

Admires Scotch Women. "Not in Scotland, England or France, I got into a little town in Scotland, I think they call it Peebles, where I met several large women, but when they stood alongside of me they looked small. The finest looking woman I met on my travels I met in Peebles.

"I don't think I am particularly 'finicky.' I don't want a beautiful woman—that is, I don't insist on it. I have seen scores of women who were willing to marry me, but there was an indefinable something lacking in each case.

"Perhaps it is my extreme height that militates against women wishing in droves to marry me, but then, again, there is Col. Auger, taller than I am. He got married all right.

"Maybe a woman would rather marry a little man. I noticed in the papers,

sentive about the discrepancy myself."

As a last resort, arrangements were made to have Mr. Barth meet the only woman in America who could come up to his standard—Miss Rosa Wedsted, the Finnish giantess, also with the circus.

Miss Wedsted is exactly seven feet tall, and while not exactly a beauty, she has a pleasant face. She is a distinct blonde, while Mr. Barth is the opposite.

Miss Wedsted, when approached on the subject, at first was diffident. She is, strange to say, extremely sensitive about her height. She feared an advertising "scheme" of some sort, but was assured that Mr. Barth was not connected with any circus or side show, and, in fact, had never yearned to be "billed" as a giant. So finally the giantess consented to meet him.

Mr. Barth Fleed. George Auger, who looks down on little folks of seven feet, was to make the introduction. The little group, including Col. Auger, "Tody" Hamilton, a New York Sunday World representative, and Mr. Barth, assembled in a room at Madison Square Garden. Across the room Miss Wedsted was in a little ante-chamber arranging herself for the meeting that might be so fraught with importance to both the interested parties.

Suddenly Mr. Barth remembered that he was in a hurry, and, excusing himself, fled incontinently.

Was it bashfulness? Who knows? The lady was disappointed, anyway.

When Mr. Barth was 21 years of age he was as tall as he is to-day. His father is Maj. Gen. Barth, who retired from active service a quarter of a century ago, and who is now heavily interested in western mines. Barth holds enough shares in these mines to make him independent. He also owns property in the Bronx, in Jersey and at Plainfield and Riverhead, L. I.

After he had his first affair of the heart Barth promptly resigned his position with an electrical concern, shook the dust of Chicago from his feet, and went to New York.

Traveled for Three Years. Then he concluded that he would go traveling, and set sail for London. Three years were spent in London, Scotland, Ireland and France. Whether or not he was in search of a wife he would not say.

Traveling, to Mr. Barth, means more of a sacrifice than it does to the ordinary mortal. His seven feet of height make the question of sleeping accommodations a serious one. In traveling at night he always has to engage a stateroom and have the partition taken out between two berths,

the other day, the story of a dwarf in New York, only three feet two inches tall, who was arrested for bigamy! On that basis I ought to have had four wives by this time, for I am twice as tall as he, and more!

Confident He Will Find Affinity. "Some day I am sure I shall find my affinity—a tall woman, who won't look like a pigmy beside me. Then I shall forget the discomforts of being a giant in the happiness of being a bridegroom. But where shall I find the woman?"

"Don't you think you will be able to find a wife in this country?" "I don't know. I have been on the lookout for some time, but my search has been unrewarded. As an indication of good faith, I am willing that the woman who becomes my wife may first look into my character; look into my financial responsibility. And while she is doing so I will give her all the assistance I can. I am sincere; no man was ever more so."

Barth has three brothers, one of whom is the same height; another is seven feet two inches, and still another is seven feet four inches. His mother was four feet ten inches tall; his father a giant seven feet five inches in height.

DEER IN DRY GOODS STORE

In Raid on Connecticut Town Animals Smash Plate Glass Windows.

Winsted, Conn.—Two deer, both does, of a herd of ten seen frolicking on the Wakefield boulevard, on the west side of Highland lake, entered Winsted's business district about six o'clock the other morning and, becoming frightened at an approaching team, jumped through the plate glass window of John S. Mycock's dry goods store on Main street. Both emerged, one bleeding, a few seconds later and ran up Main street, a distance of 500 feet, where they vaulted a low fence, crossed Mad river, and disappeared in the direction of Highland lake, where the herd of ten was seen about seven o'clock. Two, one a buck, swam across the first bay, a distance of nearly half a mile, and disappeared in the wood on the opposite side. The other eight played around the entrance to Highland lake farm for some little time before taking their departure down the lake.

The broken glass was five-sixteenths of an inch in thickness and cost \$65. The state will probably be asked to make good the loss, inasmuch as the deer dashed through the window glass awakened people in the vicinity, who

thought that burglars were at work. Mrs. M. B. Hall and William Sullivan were the only persons who witnessed the unusual performance of the two deer, they being near the corner of Main and Lake streets when the animals appeared.

CROWS MISS THEIR REPAST

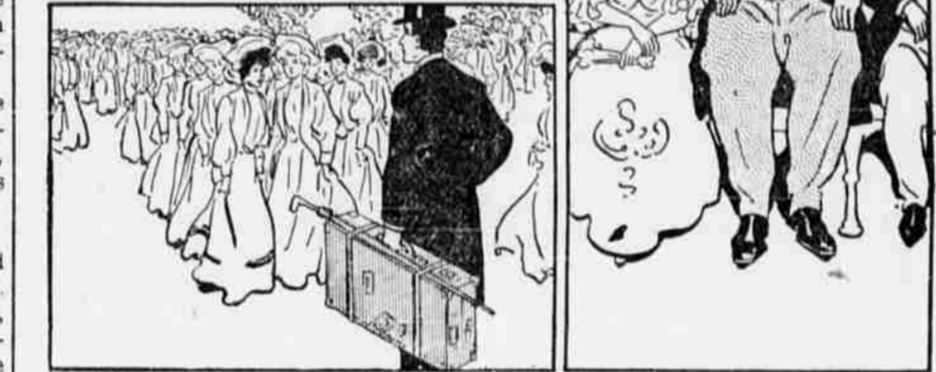
Little Girl Saved from Birds Gathered for Feast by a Searching Party.

Anoka, Minn.—Crows fluttering in the air and ceaselessly calling and croaking directed a searching party from this city and the surrounding country to the spot where the daughter, but 3½ years old, of Henry Pelling, who lives near Round lake, had spent the night and was lying in a stupor. The ill-omened birds seemed to be gathering for a feast upon the delicate flesh of the little girl.

The child wandered away and the father conducted a search as best he could until two o'clock in the morning. Then, feeling that his child had probably perished, he came to Anoka and aroused the officials.

The search was then taken up by the sheriff, chief of police, the county attorney and county auditor, who hurriedly drove to the lake, and bright and early in the morning found the

THE SHOW GIRLS WERE MORE THAN WILLING TO WED THE RICH AND HANDSOME GIANT



child lying on the ground with the uncanny birds flying about her and making their dismal calls.

Rain which had come through the night fell upon the little girl and she was drenched to the skin. However, she soon recovered and called for her mother, and, after being fed, sank into restful sleep. Despite her fearful experience it is believed she will experience no harmful effects.

TRADE WIVES AND CHILDREN

Two Husbands Near Pana, Ill., Make Novel Deal—Families Live Together.

Pana, Ill.—Two men who live on a farm near this city have exchanged wives and children, supposing the transaction was legal, and the families have lived together in the same house since March 24. At Christmas Fred L. Jackman took his wife and five children to visit J. M. Mosby. Jackman found that Mosby's wife, aged 21, and her baby were more attractive to him than his older spouse and his more numerous brood. Mosby, finding in Mrs. Jackman a matured charm which his own wife lacked, was willing to separate and common-law marriages were drawn up, and were signed by the four parties to the transaction, the children being included in the "swap." A lawyer was called in to prepare the documents in proper form. Mosby went to the state's attorney to make sure that the arrangement was recognized by law, and was arrested. Jackman is still at large.

Lion Attacks Its Trainer.

Toledo, O.—With her right breast nearly torn from her body, an artery in the left arm severed and her hand chewed almost to a pulp, "Princess Pauline," animal trainer, whose real name is not known by her associates, lies at the point of death as the result of a savage attack by a lion hybrid cat. The beast, which is a cross between a lion, leopard and jaguar, was being caged after a day's training in the pit of a zoo here, when it sprang upon "Princess Pauline" without warning. As she fell she knocked a wooden bench between herself and the beast, and this saved her from instant death. One paw of the beast tore off her breast, another tore her arm, while the animal viciously grasped her hand in its mouth. After a terrific fight Fred Trainer MacPherson and Col. Ferrari drove the beast away with hot iron pikes. The woman has small chance of recovery.

Seasonable Entertainments and Suggestions for Social Functions

By EDITH A. BROWN
Society Editor of the Chicago Record-Herald.

Growing Popularity of Luncheon—A Pearl Birthday Luncheon with White Menu—"Jewel Story" Contest—Card Party on the Porch—Place Cards with Real Flowers.

June favors those born within its weeks by giving them the rose for a flower and the pearl for a birthstone. The combination makes possible one of the prettiest of birthday luncheons. The luncheon has grown in popularity, for in America, women hold the social world and they have become so tired of the endless teas and receptions that the luncheon where a few congenial friends may gather together at mid-day is greeted with fervor.

For a June birthday everything should be in white and with white rosebuds to represent pearls, the flower and the stone of the month may be combined. The table should be laid wholly in white, with plain white china for service. For the centerpiece use the pure white cake which will serve as a birthday cake, and instead of placing the candles on the top of the cake, make a large wreath of rosebuds wired to stand erect like large pearls, and place the candles among the buds. The wreath should be large enough to stand well out on the table, forming a large circle about the cake. The place cards may be pure white cards with the name and an appropriate inscription, a white rose having been run through one corner of the cards.

For such a luncheon, of course, the menu should be in white. The first course may be a cream bouillon; the second white fish; creamed spaghetti, the white part of the chicken, creamed potatoes; white asparagus salad, and ice cream with white cakes. Instead of coffee, the coffee frappe may be served.

For a contest to follow the luncheon, the following "jewel story" could be used, the blank spaces to be filled in with the names of the jewel whose color has been described:

When Mrs. Rich went in to buy
Her necklace of rare stones,
The news was passed with such a cry
The noise e'en waked the drones.

In turn each gem held high its head,
As Mrs. Rich drew nigher,
The — blushed a deeper red—
The — flashed fire.

"She'll pass you all," the — cried—
"She wants a baby blue."
"A blue, perhaps," the — sighed
"But the sparkling kind, not you."

Twas then the — turned green,
And discord filled the place
The — 'twas plainly seen
Turned purple in the face.

And the —, too,
In jealousy grew yellow,
The — changed to every hue,
And the — turned right mellow.

A stifled sound came from the place
Where lay the deep red —
A sound, kind friends—'twas such a disgrace
'Twas very much like "darn it."

New Mrs. Rich was innocent
Of the fuss she had created,
And, gazing as on pleasure bent,
With each was quite elated.

At length she stopped and bowed her head
With the pleased smile of a girl,
"Ah, here's the one I want," she said—
She pointed to the —.

"It's purity appeals," she cried,
"Of all the most serene—
A joy to widow or to bride—
Among the stones, the queen."

The moral to this tale, you'll see,
"That of the things of earth—
'Tis not just what they seem to be,
But what they are—spell's worth."

The key to this little story is as follows: 1, ruby; 2, diamond; 3, turquoise; 4, sapphire; 5, emerald; 6, amethyst; 7, topaz; 8, amber; 9, opal; 10, moonstone; 11, garnet; 12, pearl.

For the one whose guesses are most correct, a small jewel case may be given as a prize.

Porch Card Party.

The time of year now approaches when porch parties are popular. It is the "in-between" season when in-door card playing is not comfortable and lawn affairs are a bit premature, and the porch card party is an ideal and happy medium.

Nothing is simpler to arrange than this affair, for the house takes but little attention, and with a few rugs laid about, some comfortable rattan chairs and pretty tables, everything in the way of attractiveness is possible for the porch itself.

This is a good entertainment for the month. Invite the guests for ten o'clock or even earlier in the smaller towns and cities. The porch, no doubt, will have vines just putting forth leaves and among those roses may be garlanded. The game should be progressive—euchre or whist or cinch, or even hearts for a guest of honor who is to be a future bride.

To find partners for the games, have a great bouquet of roses in the hall. As the guests pass to the porch ask each to take a rose. On the very end of the stem will be found a floral score card, duplicated for partners, every one bearing the number of the table at which the one who draws is to play.



such an episode again, and am unwilling to take chances." In the hope of cheering him Mr. Barth was informed that Col. George Auger, Barnum & Bailey's giant, who is seven inches taller than the Brooklyn man, has a loving wife of medium height. "I can't help it," said he. "I am too

so that he can lap over, as it were, from one to the other. No hotel provides a bed big enough for him, so he has had one made that is long enough to receive all of his elongated stature. Sometimes, when he cannot carry the bed along with him, he has to use the regular hotel bed, with a chair added to it. On such occasions he

When the game is closed and it comes time to serve, the hostess may do one of two things. She may spread the card tables with dainty lunch cloths and serve the players as they were sitting at the end of the games; or she may have a series of small tables laid ready for service in the house. If the latter idea is chosen, every table should have a centerpiece of some spring flower and the place cards should be decorated with the flower in which the table is done. Four may be seated at a table. The cards may be floral place cards to be found in the shops or they may be plain, with the flower run through the corner and bearing a bit of flower verse.

Serve much the same menu as is prepared for a luncheon. A bouillon, a variety of thin sandwiches, a salad, nuts, olives and coffee, with an ice and wafers makes a good service for such an affair. The winner of the games may be given a prize of a floral fan.

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MEMORIES OF TWO MEN.

One Was Correct as to Details as May Be Inferred from This Story.

It is generally the unusual thing which is the easiest to remember—but it seldom happens that exactly the same elements in any situation are most unusual or most striking to any two onlookers. A man who has traveled many times up and down the Mississippi stood on the levee at Cape Girardeau, Mo., one noontime, waiting for the arrival of a downbound packet. Another prospective passenger stepped up and accosted him, says Youth's Companion.

"Pardon me, sub," he said. "You and I have met befo', but you do not remember me."

"Doubtless if you will recall the circumstances I shall do so," said the other.

"Well, sub, it was at Bahfield, Arkansas, one evening five years ago."

"I remember Bahfield and the evening perfectly," said the man accosted. "It was a frightfully stormy night. The mud at Bahfield was deeper than I had ever seen before. I had moored my boat at the bank in front of town, but the bank was so soft I could not climb it. I shinned up a rope to the top, waded over my shoes in mud to a store, bought some groceries and returned to my cabin by sliding down a lumber chute. My wife cooked supper and we spent an evening reading aloud from Mark Twain's 'Life on the Mississippi.' A raft of logs broke loose and went down stream, and as I had no skiff to follow them with, I shouted an alarm and others went. The rain turned to snow before morning, and the next morning, which was Sunday, the steamer Ferd Herold came in from Memphis at daybreak."

"Yes, sub," said the man who remembered him. "Yes, sub, I reckon all those things ah so. I do not recall them, however. Bahfield is always muddy when it rains, the Ferd Herold comes in every week, logs often break away, and none of those things is fastened into my memory."

"But, sub, I was settin' in the sto' that evenin' when you entered. Wher you come from no one of us knew you bought, sub, two pounds of rice and a can of tomatoes. Now, sub, I never knew a gentleman to buy just that combination of groceries at the same time befo', and not one of us could imagine, sub, jes' what a man who, so fah as we could see, didn't live theh and didn't have any home fob usin' them, was goin' to do with two pounds of rice and only one can of tomatoes."

"I have remembered you ever since, sub, and have always wonderhed what you did with them."

CLOSSON'S QUEED CLOCK.

Freak Timepiece Whose Hands Went Round the Wrong Way.

"Don't hear much of Dowie or Ingersoll or anarchy nowadays," remarked Capt. Bill. "I suppose they're run down, like a clock I once saw when I was a boy. Ever hear about Closson's clock?"

"Well, Closson was a watchmaker, and one year, when business was dull he made this clock I'm telling you about. It was a good clock in its way, with an extra strong mainspring; its wheels were sound and healthy, and you couldn't tell it from a regular clock. But Closson put it together backward, for he enjoyed his little jokes once in awhile, although lots of people who claimed to know him best would never admit that he had a sense of humor."

"So his clock started out in life with a click and a buzz to do great things, I suppose; and its hands went round the wrong way. People that had time to waste would loaf in front of the window all day and watch the hands going wrong; and a lot of busy folks set their watches by it till they learned better, which they did pretty quick, because a clock that has only four lucid moments in 24 hours isn't going to be standard very long. There were a good many folks, too, who stood up for the clock and governed their movements by it, making a complicated arithmetical calculation always to find what the real time was; but that got to be a nuisance, and one by one they dropped away and returned to the old clock over the church that had served them pretty steady before Closson's clock appeared."

"After that the new clock waved its hands the wrong way and chimed revolutions all the harder, and wondered why its trade was failing off. And by and by it ran down, and nobody took the trouble to wind it up again."—Newark News