

# BETTER WAY TO MAN'S HEART HAS BEEN FOUND

RECENT EVENTS THAT SEEM TO DISPROVE OLD SAYING

## SAY NO LONGER THAT IT IS "THROUGH HIS STOMACH"

LATEST LOVE ROUTE NOW IS "THROUGH HIS FINGERS"

New York.—The way to a man's heart—through his stomach—that's a dead letter now. The new love route is through his fingers.

If you doubt the suggestion read the facts.

All the pretty manicure girls seem to be winning husbands just now because they can polish and prink up the finger nails of the rich young men who wouldn't dare to be seen at any dance or dinner after candlelight without having their fingernails immaculately groomed.

The latest capture is William A. Dunlap, son and heir of the millionaire merchant—"Billy" Dunlap, as he is known around where men-about-town-most do congregate, says the World.

Just before Easter there was a tentative announcement of his engagement to Miss Lavender Byers, the prettiest girl in a fashionable manicure establishment on Broadway, which is conducted by Miss Mary E. Peart. And Miss Byers is not the first who has been won from that resort of the young men who feel that it is absolutely essential to have their nails carefully tended.

Two other pretty young women have already put aside the nail paste and the polisher for the pleasanter duties of running some rich young man's home. Two others of Miss Peart's staff have become the wives of wealthy patrons.

### Tried to Keep It Quiet.

Of course, inasmuch as Mr. Dunlap has been divorced once and sued for breach of promise by another young woman, he made every effort to have the engagement kept a strict secret. But somebody told it to somebody else, and that somebody else told it to a third person—and there you are! Finally Mrs. Byers had to tell it to a few of her intimates, and then everybody knew. Mother and daughter have gone to Chicago, where they have met Mr. Dunlap, just from Nevada, where he has been making all kinds of money. The rest is easy to guess. They were married in Milwaukee last week.

Young Mr. Dunlap, who has been around town now these fifteen years,

There was one quarrel after another. Finally after a particularly serious rupture, the young wife left her husband, and later there was a divorce.

For a time the young man devoted himself strictly to business. His father died, leaving a large estate, in which he shared very generously. He invested heavily in Nevada mining properties, and his judgment proved sound. He turned over the money his father had left him with such care that he largely increased his own wealth; he became one of the most prominent young men in the Western mining field.

Of course, he couldn't stay in Nevada always.

He heard the call of the Great White Way and he answered it. Some months ago he ran overland for a few weeks in New York, and of course he had to have his nails fixed up after so many months in the wilds of Nevada and its mining camps.

This was on March 7 last.

By chance Miss Byers was assigned to take care of young Mr. Dunlap's fingers. He found himself facing a tall, Gibsonesque young girl, barely 18, who treated his nails so deftly that he was captivated at once. He glanced for a second time at the young woman who held his big hand so lightly in her own, and he was smitten, very, very badly.

### Became Regular Visitor.

He paid his fee and went away. Next day he was back again. His nails seemed to be bothering him very much, though the polish which Miss Byers had put upon them had hardly worn off at all.

There was another polishing and another trimming, and the young millionaire went away neither heart whole or fancy free. In fact, he was very much in love. And so Miss Peart's parlors saw the young millionaire there every day.

But there was a fly in the ointment—not the nail ointment, which was irreproachable.

It was a much more serious proposition. Just about the time that the young man got ready to lay his heart and his fortune at the feet of the pret-

Mr. Dunlap promised to marry her, but that he eventually told her that he couldn't. So she sued. Unless the suit has been since settled in secret, just as Mr. Dunlap's divorce was obtained, the case is pending yet.

Then there was dainty little Miss Hannah Becker, who worked as a manicure in a John street shop, Sohmer Victim of Cupid.

There came there one day young Edward Sohmer, son of State Senator William Sohmer. He wanted his nails polished and Miss Becker was assigned to the task. He was 21, good look-

case of an aunt in New Orleans, who moved to New York.

When she was old enough to support herself Miss McDonald became a manicure and went to work in a barber shop. But she won't have to manicure nails any more, and she will bring the young man—his name she won't tell—enough dowry to keep the wolf from both the front and the back doors.

Then there was dainty little Miss Hannah Becker, who worked as a manicure in a John street shop, Sohmer Victim of Cupid.

There came there one day young Edward Sohmer, son of State Senator William Sohmer. He wanted his nails polished and Miss Becker was assigned to the task. He was 21, good look-



brought Miss Byers home after the theater. But so persuasively did her daughter plead and so ably did young Mr. Dunlap aid and abet her that Mrs. Byers readily gave in.

### Went to West to Wed.

Mr. Dunlap was suddenly summoned West. He went to Nevada, leaving word for Mrs. Byers and her daughter to meet him in Chicago. They were there on time; so was he. Even then the two young people tried to keep the engagement a secret. In fact, both denied it, and so did Mrs. Byers. But the flowers and the notes that were constantly going up to Miss Byer's apartments told their own story. So mother and daughter quit Chicago, and so did Mr. Dunlap.

That didn't keep Mrs. Byers and Miss Lavender from going to Milwaukee, and there the young millionaire met them. Mr. Dunlap promptly went to the proper authorities and got a marriage license. Then he went to the circuit court and induced one of the judges there to grant a special dispensation from the five day's limit. In a few minutes the young people were married. They took the first train for New York.

### Bride Is English.

Mrs. Dunlap No. 2 is considered one of the handsomest girls who has ever been a manicure in New York. She is tall, slender, with perfect poise and exquisite carriage. She was born at Hackney Downs, a suburb of London. Her family lost their money and came to this country when Miss Lavender was only a little girl in pigtails. When she grew up she found it necessary to support herself.

She will have to do so no more. Right on the heels of this comes the announcement of the marriage of Miss Annie McDonald, who has inherited \$25,000, and now intends to marry a poor young man to whom she had given her heart long before she ever dreamed of being an heiress.

For four years Miss McDonald polished nails at No. 57 West Twenty-third street, a barber shop, where she was the only woman employe. Last week she received a very formidable looking legal document from Duncan & Fitzgerald, solicitors, the Strand, London. It bore the comforting news that she had inherited 5,000 pounds sterling from her grandfather, Angus Kibbe, and that the money was waiting for her upon proof of identity. This didn't take long.

### To Marry Man She Loves.

"Now I can marry the man I love," announced Miss McDonald to the head barber as she resigned her position.

Behind all this, too, is a romance. Twenty-five years ago Miss McDonald's mother eloped with a poor young student, Henry McDonald. Old Mr. Kibbe promptly disinherited his daughter. As for his granddaughter, he never laid eyes upon her. Her father died before she was born and her mother followed him to the grave soon afterward, leaving the little girl to the

ing, rich. She was 28, good looking, poor. Wasn't that enough material for Cupid to work upon?

### Disparity of Age? Fiddlesticks!

Wasn't she the prettiest girl in New York?—that is, if young Sohmer's opinion counted. Well, at any rate, he fell head over heels in love, and he asked the pretty manicure to be his bride. She said the "Yes" he craved, but then there was the senator.

But with him the young man pleaded his suit equally well, and the father capitulated. He summoned his family, took them all to the "Little Church Around the Corner," and there Dr. Houghton tied the knot. Then in a shower of rice the pretty bride went away on a honeymoon trip to Atlantic City and Richmond, Va., where her people live. By this time the family must know well the young and ardent bridegroom, who carried his suit by storm from manicure table to the very altar. When they came home Mr. and Mrs. Sohmer will live at No. 60 West One Hundred and Twenty-eight street.

"If she can make biscuits as well as she can manicure my nails, she's the girl for me," laughed the young bridegroom, as they started on their wedding journey.

Then there was Spencer G. Prime, just graduated from the University of Syracuse. As soon as he got his sheepskin he married Miss Julia Burr, who had manicured his nails throughout his college course. Some day the young man will inherit the millions of his father, S. W. Prime. But what young Prime did was in no way different from another of his classmates, Homer Wheaton, who married a dainty little manicure, Miss Florence Carnahan.

### Wealthy Brewer Smitten.

Then there was Miss Lydia C. Moore, manicure girl of the famous Hotel Bellevue-Stratford, Philadelphia. Hers was a romance indeed. F. W. Schmidt is one of Philadelphia's millionaire brewers, and is regarded as one of the best dressed men in the city. He met Miss Moore at one of the Clover dances—among the smartest affairs in the slow city by the Schuylkill.

Imagine his surprise a month after when he went to the Bellevue-Stratford to have his nails fixed up to find that his collier partner was nothing but a manicure. Then he became interested.

He found it necessary after that to have his nails manicured every day. And so deftly did Miss Moore do it that finally she came into the hotel one day with a big diamond solitaire on the third finger of her left hand—she was engaged to Mr. Schmidt. That very afternoon she gave away all her manicure implements to the other girls and now she is Mrs. Schmidt, wife of a millionaire and mistress of a splendid country estate at Radnor, Philadelphia's smartest suburb.

And who'll deny now that the way to a man's heart is not through his finger tips?

### SAMSON'S PHILISTINE BRIDE

A STORY OF THE PERIOD OF THE JUDGES IN ISRAEL

By the "Highway and Byway" Preacher

(Copyright, 1907, by the Author, W. B. Elson.)

Scripture Authority:—Judges chapters 14 and 15.

Scripture Authority:—Judges chapters 14 and 15.

### SERMONETTE.

"Teach us what we shall do unto the child that shall be born." Samson had the advantage of God-fearing parents, and his training began before he was born. These are two conditions which exert a lifelong influence upon the character and destiny of a life. It is the heritage to which every child has right to lay claim, but oh! how seldom does it come into its right.

The coming of the child into the home is too often the unwelcome accident to be followed by haphazard rearing, with no positive religious training.

God has a claim on every life, and that claim should be recognized by the parents of the unborn child, it should inspire them to the faithful discharge of the parental obligations, and should guide them in planning the future of the child.

In the case of Samson his career was definitely indicated by Divine revelation before his birth, a privilege not vouchsafed to many, especially in this day; but notwithstanding this, there should be the definite consecration to the Lord and the seeking to follow the Divine will in the training of the child so that eventually he shall come to fill the place best suited to his abilities and the needs of the world in which he lives.

"The child grew and the Lord blessed him."—Does this sound like Divine favoritism? Has God those he picks as particular recipients of his blessing without consideration of the individual merit? Perhaps it would seem so from the superficial and imperfect knowledge of man, but recognition of the perfect love and perfect justice of God compels the conviction that God always blesses where the conditions of life and heart make it possible.

Some children are allowed to grow up like weeds of the meadow, and it is only by a miracle of grace through the saving and cleansing power of Jesus Christ that sometimes such lives are at last brought into harmony with God's will and in the way of divine blessing.

The development of the child should be Godward, so that it may receive God's blessing. The upward walk always finds the descending blessing. What Samson stood for in the war of righteousness and truth in Israel was the result of the early influence of that Godly home in which he was reared.

### THE STORY.

FROM his earliest recollection Samson had been imbued with the ambition to become a great general like Jephthah, or Gideon, or Barak. With his mother's milk as a babe he had drunk in an intense spirit of patriotism, and as he had grown into manhood and had listened to the stories of the mighty men of valor whom God had raised up to deliver Israel from her enemies the purpose had grown within him to some day march at the head of a conquering army as these other men had done.

His mother told him over and again the story of the angel's visit, of his birth, and of the promise that he should be a deliverer unto Israel from the power of the Philistines. She had told of the Nazirite vow and had by her faithful ministry inspired him with the same spirit of loyalty and devotion which had moved her own heart and kept her pure and unspotted from moral and spiritual decline which was manifest among her people on every hand. And in all this early training and discipline, the father, Manoah, had nobly seconded the Godly woman.

In such an atmosphere it was that Samson had been reared, and as he developed into young manhood, and felt the vigor of his strong physique, and the impelling motive of his deep spiritual life, the irresistible impulse moved him to go out among his people and seek to arouse their patriotism and begin the organization of an armed force that should drive the Philistines from among them and break the yoke of their oppression.

But spiritual conditions were at low ebb, and people did not seem to feel the need of or care for anything different. And while they felt the burden of the Philistine rule, there were compensating features, such as protection from other enemies, and certain commercial and social advantages, which appealed to them, and which rendered the efforts of Samson practically without effect.

What if he did perform deeds of prowess before them revealing his powerful physique? What if he did recount the history of the past in which God had given deliverance to

his people? Only a mere handful of men were gathered to him, and he felt that it were worse than folly to attempt the work of deliverance with such a force.

Disconsolate and well-nigh discouraged, he wandered forth one day alone. Questionings filled his heart. Had he after all been set for the deliverance of Israel? How was he to begin when the people were not with him in spirit? No, he did not even have the 300 which Gideon had so effectively used.

Thus occupied in thought he had not noted whither his footsteps were taking him until some voices at his elbow caused him to look up and he noted that he was just within the outskirts of Timnath, a town some three miles distant from his own home. Before him he saw two men struggling to lift a heavy burden from the back of a small ass, that, overlaid and weary from a journey, had fallen and was now crushed to the earth by the weight of the merchandise which he had been carrying. The exhausted animal had fallen in such a manner as to make the fastenings by which the burden was strapped to his back inaccessible, and the men were cursing and swearing and pulling at the helpless beast in an unsuccessful effort to raise him and loosen the thongs.

Samson took in the situation at a glance, and before the men fairly realized what had happened he had lifted the ass, burden and all, with one hand, while with the other he quickly unfastened the thongs, and lightly throwing the burden across his own shoulders, he indicated to the men that he would finish carrying the load if they would lead the way.

Such was the odd procession which passed up the one main street of Timnath that day and more than one person came to the door to see the man walking along with light quick step carrying an ass's load, while the patient beast trotted on by his side, and the two men led the way.

The novelty of the situation for the moment quite drove from the mind of Samson the thoughts which had been troubling him, but when he had deposited his burden at the door of the house where the two men lived and had turned to go, having refused the hospitality which the men were urging upon him, the whole unhappy train of thought returned. He resented those Philistines being in the land; he despised their overbearing and supercilious airs; and he turned impatiently from the door and hastened down the street.

"But," he asked himself, fiercely, "how is it to be changed? What can I do? The men of Israel will not stand with me against these Philistines."

He was looking into the doorways he was passing as he spoke, for the people who had thronged thither had not yet withdrawn, and he noted the expressions of wonder and admiration as their eyes followed him. His attention was especially directed to one young woman who had edged her way through the crowd and pushed herself to the front of a group of people standing in one doorway, and as his eyes met hers a blush overspread her face and in confusion she retreated within.

The incident started a new line of thought, and ere he had half retraced his steps toward his home he had made up his mind what he would do.

"If I cannot raise an army to fight against the Philistines, I will force a quarrel with them. I will take me a wife of the Philistines and will yet have occasion against them."

But when he had spoken to his parents concerning the matter, saying: "I have seen a woman in Timnath of the daughters of the Philistines; now therefore get her for me to wife," they chided him saying: "Is there never a woman among the daughters of thy brethren, or among all my people, that thou goest to take a wife of the uncircumcised Philistines?"

But Samson was deaf to his father's entreaties and his mother's tears, making reply always to their repeated appeals:

"Get her for me; for she seemeth right in my eyes."

And when they saw it was useless any longer to try to restrain him in his resolve, for they did not understand that it was of the Lord and that he sought an occasion against the Philistines, they did as he desired. So it came to pass that in time the young woman of Timnath became the wife of Samson, but ere the week of festivities had ended there had transpired those events of which the Scripture speaketh in detail, and which gave to Samson the occasion which he sought of inflicting upon the Philistines the punishment they so richly deserved, and of turning the hearts of his people back to the service of the true God.

### Cormorants Trained to Fish.

Cormorants are familiar enough objects fishing on the outlying rocks below the cliffs whereon they nest, or seated upon the posts which mark the course of the channel in a tidal harbor, their brilliant emerald eyes ever on the watch for fish.

But few people are perhaps aware that these great black uncouth looking birds were at one time trained in England to catch fish for the amusement of royalty. The sport was introduced into the country from the court of France in the time of Louis XIII., the French courtiers had been taught the method of taming and training these birds by a Dutchman, whose countrymen had already learned it during their voyages in the east. For it is to the Chinese and Japanese fisherman that European nations were first indebted for a knowledge of the sport



is just 36 years old. This will be his second matrimonial venture. Twelve years ago he met and married Miss Lulu Freer, of Monticello, N. Y. It was a romantic courtship, and so quietly did Mr. Dunlap go about his work of winning the young lady's heart and hand that it wasn't for months afterward that any one knew that they had been married.

Romance Soon Ended.

But the romance didn't last long.

ty manicure, there came a lawsuit. He had already had several with his former wife, but this one was the saddest blow of all.

Breach of Promise Suit.

Miss Florence Pitt, of Stamford, Conn., sued him for breach of promise. This made all sorts of trouble, and Mr. Dunlap and his mother were very much worried. Miss Pitt, who is rich in her own right, declared in legal papers that in September last