

# Love Still Makes THE World Go Round

## A Filipino Bride.

**C**LAD in the uniform of a United States marine, Horace Hester McCall, a native of Baltimore, stood in the parlor of his brother in Philadelphia, one day last week and swore to "love, honor and cherish" a Filipino girl who traveled half way around the world to wed him, and endured hardships that would have stifled every human emotion save love. She swam out to sea and went aboard an army transport as a stowaway. She went days without food, and suffered torments for the want of water in the dark, dark hold of the transport.

Junlata Castro, belle of the little island Isabella de Basilan, had won a heart and dared death to have that heart her own.

A few mariners from the League Island barracks, some everyday folks from round about Wisler street, Germantown, and two or three relatives of the bridegroom were the witnesses of the wedding ceremony, and when it was over the dainty little Malay denied them all a bride's kiss, and crossed herself with a sacred oath that no man save her husband had ever touched his lips to hers.

The big marine tells a straightforward manly story of his wooing in the Philippines, of the elopement, the peril of bringing the girl at sea, the difficulties encountered and overcome on the way to San Francisco, the struggles there, and the supreme effort that finally brought his loved one here—half way around the globe for love.

The little woman tells the story of her romance as follows:

"With the ships came the lovers, and with the ships the lovers went again and never see no more.

"I see girls cry and cry and cry. Sick some days. One time they die. Baby die, too. All very sorry. Lover far away with ship. All bad; all sad. My love, one hot day, say boss make ship go away. He must go on ship. I not cry. I say: 'You go, I go. We laugh. Next day I go on ship sell fruit. My love leave big hole for me in ship. When night come I swim out to ship. Hold tight on rope. Get fast in hole. Make no noise. Long time in hole. All dark; all hot. No water. Rats in hair.

"Some time I sleep; some time can't sleep. Choke. Make no noise. Not cry out. Wake up some time, he there with bottle water. I love him. He say: 'Be brave.' Long time without water. Long time not eat. Some day he come again. Long time away. Then say 'Frisco.' Next night all dark. Can't stand. Can't see. Awful bad. He come to me say must swim more. He pitched me far out in water. Then fellows he know pick me up in little boat. Big place 'Frisco. Little boat some time stop by big place. We wait. Then he come. So happy.

"Some day I go for work. He must come away that day. I work. He send me money. Some day, long time, I come here. Now we marry, I not work. No cry like girls home. Long time in ship. Long time in cars. He give rifle up soon. No boss then. Some day, maybe, we go back. Then no hope in ship. No dirt. Water and meat, and he. Maybe too far. Not go. Happy here, not happy there."

## Beans and Romance.

There isn't much romance in the common or garden variety of beans. Anybody will be willing to admit that, but when baked in the Boston manner they seemed to promote

matrimony if in the meantime they do not swell the membership of the suicide club. Otto L. Stoeffler formerly lived in Jersey City. Not long ago he went to Boston—that is, most of him did—and obtained a position.

His heart—as the story books tell it—was left behind in the keeping of Miss Josephine Staubinger of Griffith street, Jersey City. They were both young and were to have been married in two years.

But they had reckoned without the Boston baked beans. Otto took up the burden of life in Boston and daily the burden became increased by baked beans. This went on for some time and then he sent a call of distress, headed towards Jersey City. A letter from him to a friend announcing that he is to be married soon throws light on the subject. It is as follows:

"Dear John: I cannot stand Boston baked beans much longer. For a year this dish has been set before me at breakfast, dinner and supper. As you know, I have strong will power, but it has been broken down completely by the everlasting and ever present baked bean. After due deliberation I have decided to get married at once, so that I may have something else for meals besides beans. Josephine has consented, and thank goodness there is a prospect of my sitting down to a table and not finding beans on it. The Boston baked have no more terrors for me now. Rejoice with me for my lucky escape."

## Thirty Years Before Deciding.

Thirty years ago Charles McKee of Kentucky was undecided whether he wanted to marry Miss Elizabeth Plummer or Miss Matilda Wheat, who were chums and lived in the same neighborhood of Fleming county. Finally he decided on Miss Plummer, who died three years after the wedding.

His second wife was Miss Elizabeth Humphries, who died several years afterwards. Then he married Mrs. Margaret Haggarty, who died at the age of 50. After a proper season of mourning the still undiscouraged man took a fourth wife, another widow, Mrs. Olive Davis, who died in the second year after her marriage to him.

After his second marriage McKee had moved to Indiana. He decided that for the fifth wife he would go back to Kentucky. Back in Fleming county he called at the Wheat homestead and was introduced to a Mrs. Doyle. He was asked if he recognized her and after some time succeeded in doing so. She was Wheat's daughter, one of the two women he had been undecided about thirty years before.

She had married soon after he had chose Miss Plummer and her husband had died about the time he married his fourth wife. In about four weeks from the time he met her again he asked her to marry him and she consented. They went back to Indiana.

## Drexel Belle to Wed.

The engagement of Miss Josephine Wharton Drexel, the heiress, to Dr. Duncan Emmet of New York is announced in Philadelphia. The date of the approaching marriage was not made public, and coupled with her announcement of the approaching marriage Mrs. Drexel foreshadowed what may be a new fad among the fiancés of the well-to-do.

Miss Drexel, she said, had destroyed all the photographs of herself in her possession when she pledged herself to Dr. Em-

met. All of them from the time she was in pinafores to those taken a few months ago her daughter had torn up. "Why?" said Mrs. Drexel. "Oh, just a girlish whim, perhaps."

Miss Drexel is the daughter of the late Joseph Drexel, whose father, Francis M., started the banking firm of Drexel & Co. in New York. She is worth some millions in her own right. Mrs. Eric Dahlgren and Mrs. Harry Lehr are her sisters. Dr. Emmet is a son of Dr. Thomas Addis Emmet and a direct descendant of Robert Emmet.

## Played Dead—Won Husband.

Mrs. M. Shuttleworth rushed into the Liberty avenue station, East New York, and excitedly announced that her husband had run away with their year-old baby.

She gave the name of her husband's employer and the police sergeant, going to the telephone, called him up and was informed that Shuttleworth was working on a new building in South Brooklyn, several miles away.

"We know all about it," answered the person at the other end of the phone, "and have sent for him."

"For what?" asked the sergeant.

"We've just received two telephone messages to get him; that his wife has dropped dead. Guess he is on his way home now."

"Did you telephone that you were dead?" asked the sergeant of the woman.

"I did," the woman replied triumphantly. "It was to make my husband hurry home. Please don't notify him that I am alive."

Shortly afterwards Shuttleworth, grief-stricken and with tears gushing down his cheeks, reached his home. Upon opening the door his wife, well and beaming, was there to greet him. Then he hurried to the home of a friend and got the baby.

## No Safeguard in Years.

Sedate men who figure out at the age of 40 that Cupid can do no harm to them might well take care. There is no age of immunity and no disposition which is entirely proof.

To substantiate this it is only necessary to tell the story of William Vannote of New Brunswick, N. J.

For thirty-five years Vannote had not spoken to a woman. The other day he was married. For nine years he had boarded with Mrs. Mary Hendrock, a widow, and Jacob Agan, her son-in-law, and her daughter. He did not speak to the two women. He had nothing to say, he has since explained.

Suddenly, however, Vannote awoke to the fact that he ought to have a wife, and so at the breakfast table he remarked, breaking his long silence:

"Mrs. Hendrock, ma'am, will you marry me?" Adding thereto by way of an afterthought: "And will you have corned beef and cabbage for dinner?"

Evidently he thought that while he was speaking he might as well make two requests as one and get a dinner to his liking as well as a wife.

The buxom German widow was startled, as she might well be, at hearing the words of a man celebrated for miles around as a woman hater, but she recovered her composure quickly and stammered:

"Yes, sir."

It was left to Vannote to decide whether this meant that she would be his wife or whether she would provide him with the cabbage dinner. It might have meant both or either one.

Vannote thought over it a moment and then asked what she meant.

"Both," she said.

"Then put on your hat," said the sudden bridegroom. In a quarter of an hour they stood before a justice of the peace. After they had been married they moved into a tiny house which Vannote had built. Evidently he had been thinking of matrimony.

Since they have been married the husband has not spoken ten words to the wife, but with the experience of knowing him ten years without hearing him speak at all Mrs. Vannote is quite reconciled to her silent husband.

## Elope and Wed Over 'Phone.

Two young people in Virginia were put to much trouble to accomplish their matrimonial intentions. They were W. P. Randall and Miss Minnie Brown and were beset, as true lovers frequently are, with watchful parents.

They planned to elude the latter, but planned to no purpose for some time. Finally it occurred to them that an elopement could be conducted without exciting any suspicion.

Miss Brown made arrangements to visit friends about 100 miles from Louisa, Va., her home. Randall went to Buffalo, W. Va., also, to visit friends. There he procured a marriage license and then went to the long distance telephone. Miss Brown was ready with witnesses and the minister engaged by Randall married them.

In the midst of these elopements it may be interesting to know that white young men and women are not the only ones who can direct such an affair. A party of young Indians in Minnesota have just completed a get away which for complications would have puzzled the most daring young people of paler color.

The word "party" is used advisedly, as in one case the young man who started the elopement did not finish it. His girl was taken in tow by another Indian, who proved the more fascinating. He was deserted and the girl married No. 2.

## Ice Water Aids Romance.

A romance centering about a pitcher of ice water had its culmination in Chicago the other day when Miss Jean Montgomery, an actress, was married to Frank B. Peck, a bell boy at the Wellington hotel. Miss Montgomery is 24 years old and her husband is two years her junior.

They went to the marriage license clerk together and were married by Justice Murphy within two minutes after obtaining a marriage license.

Miss Montgomery told Justice Murphy she was the daughter of G. H. Montgomery, an officer of the Montgomery Coal company at Covington, Ky. Her parents are said to be prominent in Covington society and are wealthy.

Miss Montgomery arrived in Chicago from the west several weeks ago to begin an engagement in a downtown theater. She was a guest at the Wellington, when she met Peck, who is a bell boy. Miss Montgomery explained the meeting this way.

"I rang the office bell and asked for ice water. Frank brought it to me. I liked him at first sight. I soon noticed that he was a young man of good habits. His black hair was always combed evenly and neatly and he was always dressed neatly. I rang for ice water frequently after I learned to like him and after our engagement two weeks ago I left the hotel to arrange for our marriage."

