



**Finds Ideal in a Picture.**

**T**HERE is quite a romance connected with the recent marriage of Francis Burton of New York, the bride being a young woman belonging to a well known Louisiana family. Mr. Burton, it is said, fell in love with a picture, "The Son's Last Greeting," in the royal gallery of Dresden.

The picture represents a mother and her daughter listening to the last fond message of their loved one as borne to them by his comrade. The devoted mother, prostrated with grief, is sinking into a chair, covering her face with a handkerchief. The comrade of her dead boy stands, hat in hand and with bowed head, having apparently just broken the sad news.

The young girl, resting her hand on her mother's chair, gazes wide-eyed and immobile straight at the young man. She is an old-world girl, quaint—a Botticelli Madonna type, with great sorrowful lips, eyes darkly luminous, features classic in outline, her hair hanging in braids over her shoulders. Her attitude at once suggests grief for the dead brother and attentiveness to his friends. Her beauty is still and unassuming. She would appeal to none but one of a thoughtful temperament, careless of the modern, unmoved by dash and brilliancy, seeking happiness in understanding and tranquillity.

The young man lost his heart completely to the maiden in the fine old painting and, being endowed with patience, resolved never to marry until he could encounter at least an approximation of her in the actual, every-day world. He waited in vain for several years, but last summer he met the living presentment in Miss Edith Dupre of Louisiana. They were married and their honeymoon was a romantic as their courtship, for they went to Dresden to see "The Son's Last Greeting."

**Long Distance Courtship.**

A romance that had its beginning in Philadelphia two years ago recently ended in Honolulu with the marriage of Dr. Ralph Gardner Curtis and Miss Jane Mae Blair, both of whom are well known in that city. Miss Blair is the daughter of Henry W. Blair a prominent business man of Syracuse.

Much against the will of her parents Miss Blair deserted society in Syracuse and New York and went on the stage. It was while a show girl in "Miss Bob White," playing at the Chestnut Street theater, Philadelphia, that she met Dr. Curtis. He pressed his suit and was accepted.

A lovers' quarrel, ensued and Dr. Curtis went to the Hawaiian Island, where he soon built up a lucrative practice. Miss Blair spent the last summer at Saratoga and Asbury park, where she was a recognized belle, with many suitors for her hand.

Early in November, after a long silence, she received a letter from Dr. Curtis. It said:

"Let's forget our little quarrel. I love you more than ever. Won't you come and be my wife?"

A few letters passed between them, and then Miss Blair left New York alone and sailed from San Francisco for Honolulu.

**All Men Must Marry.**

Kansas has always been notorious as a breeding place for cranks of every description. Perhaps it was this fact that induced a California woman, Ernestina Schmindt, whether she is entitled to the

prefixing designation of "Mrs." or "Miss" does not appear—to write a dispatch to a San Francisco official declaring that all bachelors in that city must get married during the year or be expelled from the town, which has already had its effects in that city. A few days ago there was filed with the clerk of the Board of Supervisors the following communication:

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Jan. 18.—To the Honorable Board of Supervisors, City and County of San Francisco: Gentlemen—I beg leave to call the attention of your honorable board to the fact that now in Kansas they have already taken action with reference to the single men who reside in the town of Severance. Inclosed you will find the extract to which I refer. In this city it is a notorious fact that there are hundreds of single men in all walks of life of marriageable age, well qualified to take unto themselves a wife.

I think that there should be a law in this city making it a misdemeanor for any man to refuse to marry a young woman who proposes to him, so long as it does not interfere with the principles of his religion. And I think it is in accordance with God's ordinance that every man should be married. This being leap year, a young woman would have the excuse to make the proposal. I beg leave to request you pass the following ordinance:

"Be it ordained by the people of the city and county of San Francisco as follows: That any male person over the age of 21 years, unmarried, who shall, upon being proposed to by an unmarried female, over the age of 18 years, and who is of the same religion and is not engaged or prohibited by law from intermarrying, refuse to accept such proposal and to marry said female shall be guilty of a misdemeanor."

Hoping that your honorable board will see the justice of my request, I am, very truly yours, ERNESTINA SCHMINDT.

**Romance Ends in Wedding.**

The termination of a romance which began in Chicago last summer took place at Muncie, Ind., when David Tarrant, the eastern poloist, was united in marriage to Miss Margaret Heuchans, daughter of Mrs. Emma Heuchans of Muncie City.

Tarrant was with the Muncie roller polo team en route to Racine, Wis., when he accidentally met Miss Heuchans, then of Chicago, on a crowded train. The gallant young man was successful in securing a seat for the young woman and her mother, and showed them other courtesies. When the girl's mother learned that her daughter and the Muncie poloist were carrying on a correspondence, she objected, but Tarrant, not to be outdone, went to Chicago and manfully asked for the pleasure of writing. This was finally given, with the result that Mrs. Heuchans and daughter later left Chicago and moved to Muncie. Mr. and Mrs. Tarrant will reside in Anderson, the groom being a representative of the Anderson team in the Western Roller Polo league. He was formerly from Salem, Mass.

**Insisted on Union Carriages.**

For a time it looked as if the well laid matrimonial plans of Miss Freda Weltz and Charles Broehl of St. Louis would "gang aglee" owing to the strike of the carriage drivers of the World's fair city, but the couple, after surmounting many obstacles, were married at St. Marens' Presbyterian church, Third and Souldard streets, last week, Rev. Ellis performing the ceremony, and now think their difficulties are over.

The only change made in the arrangement was to postpone the reception to their many friends announced for Schonlau's Grove club house immediately after the ceremony for a month and substitute a reception to the relatives at the home of the bride for the evening.

One difficulty was the carriages, Miss Weltz and her mother conduct a store in

an intensely union neighborhood and they did not care to offend their patrons by having nonunion carriages brought into the neighborhood and Miss Weltz and Mr. Broehl were determined not to postpone the ceremony. They had decided to use horses used for their store and such conveyances as they could borrow, when they learned that carriages could be obtained from the strike headquarters and that difficulty was settled.

Fear that the street car lines would not have clear tracks to the distant club house caused the postponement of the reception.

The wedding is the culmination of a two years' acquaintance.

**Told Mamma by Telephone.**

Two young people of Brooklyn have been hunting for the same article of parental forgiveness, with prospects of having it extended to them. Sterling Tomes, aged 18 years, and Miss Laura Williams, aged 17, a school girl, ran away to be married without taking the trouble to find out what their parents thought about the matter.

Miss Williams left home ostensibly to go to dancing school. That was the last time that Mrs. Williams saw Miss Laura Williams. The next morning the mother was called to the telephone and was told the startling news that it was her daughter at the other end of the wire, but that she was no longer Miss Laura Williams. It was Mrs. Sterling Tomes.

The two had slipped away to New Jersey, where they had been married. Now they are hunting the parental forgiveness with every prospect that it will be given them.

**Suitors Talks Business.**

The young man invaded the old man's office briskly, relates the Brooklyn Eagle. "Mr. Ballings," he said, "I have come—"

"Oh, I can guess what you've come for," broke in the old man, warmly.

"That's good," said the young man. "It saves time. I was never much good on those rigmarole speeches about trying to give her a happy home and all that. I'll do it, of course, to the best of my ability, but I'm more of a business man when it comes to talking with men. Do I get her?"

"As a business man, sir, I will give you a direct reply. You do not."

"That's what I expected you to say," remarked the young man.

"Then why did you come to me?" demanded the old man.

"Well, I thought we might talk it over as business men and get together—figuratively speaking, of course. When it comes to getting together in reality I prefer your daughter to you every time, and I'm not saying anything against you at that."

"That's nothing to talk over, sir," insisted the old man. "You have my answer."

"Then you must take the consequences," said the young man.

"Do you mean to threaten an elopement?"

"Certainly not. But I suppose you know that I'm an oculist?"

"What has that to do with it?"

"I've been looking into your daughter's eyes on an average of three nights a week for nine months."

The old man grew pale.

"Lovers are proverbially reckless in the matter of eye examination," the youth went on. "Of course, if I am accepted as a lover I can make no charge; if not—well, sir, other people pay me good fees for

doing that, and I don't see why you shouldn't. I can get \$5 for a five-minute examination in some cases, but even allowing ten or fifteen minutes, I can run up a pretty good bill in an evening."

"I never engaged you, sir," protested the old man.

"But your daughter did," returned the youth, calmly, "and she is prepared to pay with herself, and if you interfere with that payment, of course you'll have to assume the bills. But I give you fair warning of one thing."

"What's that?" asked the old man, weakly.

"I'll take her in payment, but I won't take you—not in a thousand years. With you it's cash at the top rate."

The old man—well, what else could he do when he had a chance to get such a son-in-law?

**The Forgiving Father.**

Recent elopements—and what a lot of them there have been—disclose the American father in his favorite role of check signer, bill payer and general forgiver, comments the New York Mail and Express. It may not be a glorious role, but it gives the daughters of his household who have run over him all their days, with the dotting old creature's enthusiastic assent, a last chance to hold him up before the community as an easy and ridiculous mark. Without his consent he is thrust into the post of a "stern father," a practical, un-sentimental, dollar-worshiping, but easily outwitted proposition, while his spoiled child cinches public sympathy and carries away all the laurels as a romantic young woman who travels whither her true heart listeth.

We submit, it is rather hard on the old man, who is a very good sort despite his weaknesses. Why make him look like 30 cents by a runaway match, when his "sternness" never reaches beyond the expostulatory admonition: "Better wait, Mamie, until you get dry behind the ears and that white-haired boy you call your 'young man' pays his laundry bills with money he makes himself." Is that a thing to sulk about or a reason to plot secretly under his nose and, by a runaway declaration of independence, announce in effect that "a long train of abuses and usurpations" from that old skinflint, your dad, has driven you to fly from the nest that through all your young life had shielded and kept you warm?

"Youth will have its way," of course, but really marriage is more serious than a cakewalk, and if the old man has a right to a look-in anywhere in a girl's life, it is when she is repeating before a minister, with as near an approach to seriousness as she has ever got, "until death do us part." But let that point go. What we maintain is that inasmuch as the young lady counts on more than forgiveness, and fully expects the old man to set her husband up in business, shelter both under his roof and enter them in the society of his friends under the prestige of his own venerable and honored name, she ought not to go out of her way to offend him. He has further possibilities as an easy mark. Why, then, whisk her heels skittishly in his face?

Why give him no notice of her intentions more formal than a telegram from a winter resort begging forgiveness signed "Mrs." and sent "collect," followed by a letter enclosing an unrecd hotel bill?

