



**Geniuses Should Not Wed.**

**A**CCORDING to Mrs. Kate Upson Clark, an eastern writer, who talked to the North End Art club of Chicago on "The Relation Between Art and Morals," the way to be happy, though a genius, is never to marry.

Emotion is the outpouring of genius that knows neither conventions nor restrictions, nor so-called morals, and the person of genius who marries imagines his helpmate lacks sympathy and has a tendency to "nag."

"The poet's wife," said Mrs. Clark, "does not care for poetry after the first week any more than the grocer's boy does for figs. She never wishes to tell of the neighborhood gossip, but she interrupts some great thought of her husband. Then he imagines he is bereft of sympathy and looks for it in the wives and daughters of his neighbors, and, if he be handsome, he usually finds it. The genius should not marry. A woman wants her husband, not his art."

"Genius is insanity," said Mrs. Clark. "In order to be genius it lives most of the time in a world of deep emotion. It is hard for people of artistic temperament to conform to ordinary rules. Thus, divorcees, suicides, drunkenness and impulsive vices are found among people of genius. The irrepressible temperament seems to be absolutely necessary to art."

**Love and Prison Bars.**

Mrs. Lucy E. Perkins, a young Iowa widow, waited four years at the door of the Fort Madison penitentiary for Emil Jeannett. Then she married him, in spite of the fact that he had been a convict. Now they are on their way to Switzerland, leaving behind them unhappy memories, to find peace and happiness in a little home in the old country.

Jeannett was at one time a resident and merchant of Bonaparte, and while there met Mrs. Lucy E. Perkins. He befriended her when she was in trouble. Her first married life had not been happy and she learned to love the young Swiss.

Trouble came to Jeannett about this time. It was financial trouble. He forged a check, was apprehended, convicted and sentenced to serve four years in the state prison at Fort Madison.

But Mrs. Perkins did not forget him, and her love for him remained true. She waited for his release from prison.

He was liberated Tuesday evening and she was the first to greet him as he came out into the world again a free man.

A marriage license was procured, with the assistance of the county attorney, T. H. Johnson, and the prison chaplain performed the ceremony making them man and wife.

**Romance on the Prairies.**

The society event of this season in Sycamore, Ill., took place at the home of Mrs. Benjamin Nilson on March 1, when her daughter, Bertha Edessa, was united in marriage to August Peterson of Harvey, N. D. This event was the culmination of an experience both romantic and interesting. Miss Nilson is a native of Sycamore and in her home town she is a great favorite. She is of Swedish parentage and, like the sweet singer of Sweden, Christine Nilsson, to whom she is related, she is a vocalist of great merit and widely known.

About three years ago, in a joking way, she suggested that some of the young women go west and take up government

land. The idea was so foreign to her manner of life that a great deal of amusement was created, but she was in earnest and went to North Dakota and took up 100 acres of land. She had a "shack" put up and the first year remained there, according to the requirements of the government. She then returned home to spend the winter, fully intending to return when the allotted time came. When her friends learned of her intention of returning to her "shack" in the wilds of Dakota they gave her a "shower" party of farming utensils (in miniature). Everything in the implement line was presented her, but they could not daunt her. She said she would complete what she had started to do and have a farm. Her experiences were varied and not one young lady in many would display the pluck that she did. She stayed in her "shack" when storms raged that not only flooded her little room, but when winds would sway the hut and she would expect at any moment to be swept away.

Storms molested her, she had prowlers around her building, hoping to so frighten her that she would give up staying there, as the claim was an extra good one, but her nerve, determination and firearms won the day. Nor were her charms lost upon the people in that sparsely settled part of the country, for the friends that she made were many. In October last she proved up on her claim and the land was deeded to her. The previous summer she had it plowed to wheat and flax, which netted her a neat sum. She came back to her home at Christmas apparently "heart whole and fancy free."

She is one of Sycamore's finest soloists. For years she was the leading soloist in the choir of the First Congregational church. February 18 a ripple of surprise passed over the city when her friends received invitations to her marriage. August Peterson, one of North Dakota's respected citizens, had stolen a march on the many Sycamore admirers and won her heart. Mr. Peterson is a member of the state legislature of North Dakota. He is popular in his home town, both in business and social life. He is cashier of the First National bank. They will be at home to their friends at Harvey, N. D., after April 1.

**Mock Wedding Revealed.**

The strange problem of a mock wedding, hatched from a conspiracy on a lake steamer last summer and performed at St. Joseph, Mich., was given to the Chicago courts in a bill for annulment filed by Mrs. Emma Reid, 631 West Seventeenth Place.

If Mrs. Reid's story is true, she is not Mrs. Reid at all, but Miss Emma Jakes, and she has been duped into believing that she was a principal in the wedding in which she was only a witness under a different name, and in which the contracting bride assumed her name without her knowledge. Miss Jakes is 18 years old.

Charles Reid, 6 years old, ostensibly her husband, is charged with having originated the conspiracy. "Jack" Wetter and his wife, whose addresses are not known to Miss Jakes, are charged with having figured in the plot by impersonating Miss Jakes and her alleged husband in the ceremony.

Until a decision is reached Judge Tutill has issued an order forbidding Reid visiting or disturbing his supposed wife, who is now at the home of her sister, Mrs. Mary Richter. In addition he is charged with having another wife.

One day last August Miss Jakes, or Mrs. Reid, relates she crossed the lake in com-

pany with the Wetters—who, as since discovered, were married at the time—and Reid. On board, Reid is said to have told her that the Wetters wished to marry at St. Joseph, and proposed that they act as witnesses. To conceal from their relatives at home the fact that they had taken part in the ceremony he prevailed upon her to take the name of Mary Dirtna, while he took that of J. Jones.

Miss Jakes says she consented. She knew nothing of the arrangements for the ceremony, and, as she understood nothing but Bohemian, was not aware of what was said.

A few days later her sister, discovering her name in the list of wedding licenses issued at St. Joseph, reproached her. Subsequently Reid appeared and declared that they had been legally married and that she was obliged to live with him as his wife. Fearing him, she did so until February 27, when, she declares, she discovered he had another wife.

In the meantime, she also says, she discovered that in the wedding in which she was a witness Mrs. Wetter had taken her name and Wetter had posed as Reid, explaining the appearance of the license.

**Loses Diamonds, Finds Husband.**

May Joyce, the actress in the "Four Cohans" company, lost a diamond ring at Williamsburg, N. Y., and while seeking it found a husband. That is, she lost the ring two years ago and found the husband a few days ago, but the intervening two years is a part of the story.

The romance began behind the scenes of the Amphion theater two years ago. Miss Joyce was filling an engagement at the playhouse with the "Four Cohans," and while changing her costume lost a diamond ring. She searched everywhere for it, but in vain. She was heartbroken because of her loss and appealed to Treasurer MacFadden.

When the company left the Amphion theater MacFadden made another search for the ring. He found a knothole in one of the boards in the dressing room floor, and with a crowbar removed the board. There lay the missing ring. He sent it to Miss Joyce and received a letter warmly thanking him. Many letters were exchanged between them, and last week she gave up the stage and they were married.

**Hatching a Romance.**

If Robert Dowd of 145 Berry street, Brooklyn, N. Y., hadn't liked sherry flip, and hadn't been a bachelor, and if pretty Emeline Merry of Columbia, Ia., hadn't written her name and address on the rounded surface of an egg, this little romance might not have been written. But all these things happened, undoubtedly, just as Cupid planned that they should. And now Robert Dowd declares that his fate has been sealed.

It was on the coldest night of the last cold spell when Dowd, who is 24 years old, sat before a cheerful grate fire in his bachelor quarters. His eye fell upon a bottle of sherry on a stand nearby and he decided he needed a sherry flip. His landlady, at his request, sent him two eggs. Just as he was about to break one of them on the edge of the glass he saw the girl's name neatly penciled on the shell.

It was written in a woman's hand and was enough to set the bachelor's ideas moving in new lines. There was something sacred about that big, white egg and it was set aside. Another was used to make the bachelor's flip, and he sat down

to think the girl's name over as he quaffed the savory decoction.

Twirling the egg about in his hands, Dowd examined the name from every point of view. "Bet she's a beauty," he mused sentimentally. "Farmer's daughter, maybe, with the red cheeks, blond hair and laughing eyes full of health and life." Soliloquizing in that fashion, he fell in love with the name and the vision he had set up as its owner.

The next step for a man thus smitten is to write to the unknown charmer. That is what Dowd did, and, after waiting like some gallant standing on a cold corner watching for his belated mistress, he received recently a coy and well studied letter, which bears none of the earmarks of the farmer's daughter, addressed "Kind sir."

Never mind what was in the letter. Emeline refused to send her photograph until he had sent his own first. He has sent it, and is now waiting for the end of the romance.

**Leap that Won a Husband.**

Several years ago a tall, slender young man arrived at Provincetown, Cape Cod, to take charge of the little district school there. Pretty soon a number of young women of the place called on him in a body, ostensibly to give him welcome, but just possibly with some idea of having a little innocent fun at his expense. However, they had not been with him long when any notion they may have entertained of playing pranks on him gave place to respect for his evident superiority over other teachers who had come and gone. For his part, he thought he had never seen another such bevy of fresh, bright, buxom girls as those Cape Cod beauties were.

By way of prolonging the visit he proposed that they all take a walk; so they set out merrily along a country road. Now, this poor young man, scrimping along on the scant salary of a country schoolmaster, had not yet begun to consider marriage as even a prospective possibility. But these girls with their rich out-door complexions, their unfeigned and unrestrained vivacity and their simple good sense were a temptation to him, as well they might have been to any real man. And, naturally enough, there was one among them who seemed to stir even deeper emotions than any other did.

They had not walked half a mile—the entire acquaintance had not exceeded half an hour—when this particular temptress, presumably urged by that fate which directs the course of romance, coveted some flowers that grow beyond the roadside fence. If she had only mentioned the desire to the schoolmaster he would have been glad to bring the flowers to her. But that was not fate's way. No sooner had the young woman wished for them than she laid a hand on the top rail and, without stopping to think how such an act would impress the dignified young man, vaulted the fence as easily and as gracefully as a professional athlete could have done it.

Ex-Governor Frank S. Black of New York tells me that the schoolmaster instantly said in his heart: "I am going to marry that young woman." And ex-governor Black ought to know what he is talking about, for he was that tall, slender young schoolmaster and Mrs. Black was the young woman who leaped the fence without stopping to think—leaped the fence after pleasing flowers—and got them.—Brooklyn Eagle.

