

How a Welsh Rarebit won a Bride

MRS. JEROME N. WALKLEY, belle of the wealthy young Connecticut corporation attorney, who was the beautiful Letitia Thomas, belle of the Shenandoah valley, served Welsh rarebits at her wedding luncheon. The ushers, friends of the groom, wondered, the groom blushed and frowned when interrogated, and the bridesmaids and friends of the bride, laughed heartily and begged her for the recipe.

"The Welsh rarebit romance," as everybody in the "valley" calls "Lettie" Thomas' marriage, has become public property, and the Welsh rarebit has taken the place of all other dishes among the belles of the valley from Charlottesville to the Potomac.

"Lettie" Thom's lost and then won Jerome Walkley through the medium of the dish concerning which the Yiddish poet says:

"Welsh rarebits are detestable,
Because they're indigestible."
The poet evidently never connected with the right kind of Welsh rarebits, and perhaps fed his muse on the kind that Jerry wanted the trouble between Lettie Thomas and "Jerry" Walkley.

Began with a Hunt to Hounds.

The Welsh rarebit romance began at a meeting of the Henry County Hunt club, up in the hills above the beautiful Shenandoah valley, and the handsome young Yankee attorney was the guest of the club. He rode some, after the manner of busy men who ride electric cars and automobiles better than they do the trained hunters. The meet was

arranged for a Thursday in last November—in the Virginia fall, when the chinquapins were falling and the foliage of the trees had turned to gold and russet, and the air was keen with the first frost of the mountains.

The young northerner was the guest of one of the first families of Martinsville, and it was there that he first saw "Lettie" Thomas, the belle of the entire countryside, the best rider, the most daring, the gayest, the most beautiful of all the girls in Henry county. They were introduced at the meet, and they rode together that day, fence after fence, the young northerner doing anything and winning the admiration of the fair southern girl by his reckless riding. The fact that he knew but little of the fine points of horsemanship, and was riding a borrowed horse, made her respect his nerve more than ever.

At the next meet they rode again, and that day Walkley, riding too recklessly, went down at the fourth jump, fell under his horse in the ditch beyond the worn fence, and lay unconscious. And when the grooms came they found him, apparently dead, with the beautiful Lettie Thomas, her habit stained with mud, kneeling beside him and bathing his face in water with her handkerchief.

Where the First Rarebit Came In.

Any one in Henry county could have told that day what would happen—and it would have happened without any more ado had it not been for the Welsh rarebit—the first one.

It was while Walkley was recovering that the Welsh rarebit entered the plot. Walkley thought the Welsh rarebit was a cold weather food, to be made of white cheese, of stern mustard, of strong ale, and to be eaten standing, by men and women, flushed with cold air, and followed by strong old ale, mulled. He could not conceive of a Welsh rarebit in a mild southern climate, made by the beautiful hands of southern girls. It may have been all right for him to believe these things, but he made the mistake of telling them, and "Lettie" Thomas resented his statements and declared she would make a Welsh rarebit that would disabuse his mind of such ideas.

Walkley had the opportunity of his lifetime to swallow any leathery concoction she might make and declare it the food of the gods, and he made up his mind to do so. He was morally certain that "Lettie" Thomas, with all her accomplishments could not make a Welsh rarebit. Yet he determined that he would eat whatever she made and declare it good.

Now, as a matter of fact, Lettie was famed all over the "Top Leaf" country for her chaffing dish cookery, and she could make a Welsh rarebit that would make any one forget

words and talk entirely in consonance. She surmised, too, that she would give Walkley a surprise that would make him forget all other Welsh rarebits he ever tasted. So, when the young Philadelphian was mended so as to be around the neighborhood, she gave a chaffing dish supper in his honor.

She secured the best of American cream cheese and grated it fine, and she staled a bottle of strong ale, and prepared the best of ground mustard, whipping it into a paste with a small amount of stale ale, and she placed her stiver chaffing dish on the mahogany table that came with her great grandmother to the colony of Virginia, and prepared for a triumph.

But somehow everything went wrong; perhaps because Walkley, whose broken arm had mended, proposed to her

After another Welsh Rarebit nearly spoiled the romance

and was accepted just before the gay crowd arrived. The feast burned, the rarebit turned to solid leather, and was stinky enough to attract the attention of the coroner's trust. Tears of vexation filled Lettie's eyes, and the sight of Walkley, eating away as if on angel food, filled her with just wrath. The others gave no attention to the trouble that was brewing.

Angry Because He Praised the Stuff.

Perhaps it was not Walkley's fault. Perhaps the leathery compound tasted to him as delicious as anything in the world, but, under the conditions, he took the wrong tack. He praised the stringy mass, swallowed lukewarm ale (the ice-man forgot to stop), and declared that never before in his life had he tasted such delicious viands.

And Lettie, her temper already strained, declared she would never marry a man who deliberately prevaricated, and dismissed him peremptorily, stormed away to her room, leaving him hurt and astonished, only half realizing what had happened.

The next morning Walkley bade the Thomas family a hasty adieu and went back to law and Philadelphia—which are not synonymous, although many persons think they are. And Lettie, when alone, and tossed her head higher when she rode with the merry field after the fox. But, although suitors came by the score, she rejected them all, and the family, in distress, began to fear that Lettie, the beauty of the Thomas tribe, was to be an "old maid."

That was four years ago. During the last Washington season Walkley was at the capital. The fact that he was handsome, wealthy, and distinctly a "catch" brought him into demand, and one evening he returned from a reception with a gay crowd of young men and women for a midnight lunch and a "rarebit" at a mansion near Dupont circle.

Identified Her by the Rarebit.

There were eight in the party, and they stood in the dining room, lifting their glasses of strong old ale while the colored maid brought in the crackling rarebit.

Walkley, after one taste of the startling, crackling delicacy, turned to his hostess and inquired, almost rudely: "Who made this rarebit?"

"Why do you ask?" laughed the girl.

"Because, there is a taste to it that reminds me of another rarebit that I once ate—and the girl who made it."

"Cousin Lettie made this one," said the girl. "She is visiting with us, but she is in mourning and did not want to appear, but she offered to make the rarebit."

"Lettie," said Walkley, "where is she? May I see her?" The girl who made the other rarebit was named Lettie, he added, lamely exclaiming:

Three minutes later Walkley and "Lettie" met, he stepping into the room where she, directing a negro maid, was manufacturing Welsh rarebits. And while the merry party in the dining room waited, Walkley assured her that the "rarebit" was the most delicious he ever tasted, and that, this time, he was honest about it. He pleaded and argued his case with all the skill of a Philadelphia lawyer.

Twenty minutes afterward Walkley led her into the dining room and announced their engagement, blessing the Welsh rarebit that had brought them together again.

And, when the wedding took place last week, "Lettie" Thomas could not forego the temptation to take pleasant revenge, and she, in her going away gown, made the "rarebit" which astonished the guests at the bride's table.

And Walkley, munching away, declared the third "rarebit" as delicious as the other two.



Mrs. Jerome N. Walkley

The Problem of Holding Your Head.

THE woman who studies her own style is just now confronted with a fresh problem. Shall she or shall she not adopt the new fashion of holding the head?

To the keen eyes that discover the most subtle changes in feminine practices it has for some time been apparent that many pretty women are discarding the fashion which has been aptly described as "holding one's face on top of one's head."

The new way is to hold the chin in and the head forward just to that perceptible degree which results from lifting it a little bit to one side. It is just the opposite of the "Alice Roosevelt pose," and except for the addition of the "little tilt," which adds immensely to its becomingness, it is the carriage affected by Queen Alexandra.

Some say that the new way originated in the fancy of making a fad of whatever is associated with the queen. At least it is true that the fashion prevails particularly in the set which may be called Anglo-American.

American Beauties Adopt New Pose.

One of the most conspicuous followers of the new style is Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt, who was Miss Kathleen Nelson. Another is Mrs. De Lancey Kohnke, who was the southern beauty, Miss Martha Johnson. To both of these women it is exceedingly becoming. To Mrs. Vanderbilt especially it has become a new and charming attraction.

Others have adopted it with less happy effect. It is a

question whether Emma Eames Story, who for years has been held to achieve half of her beauty by the high holding of her chin, has not lost half of her regal look since she has adopted the little droop of her head. It emphasizes the length of her face by throwing into relief the pointed outlines of the lower part.

Alice Roosevelt, who at one time tried the new fancy by holding her head as in the picture printed herewith, in her hat and fur, decided that it was not so becoming to her as the old way, which she now affects to a degree if anything more emphasized than before.

Generally speaking, the true sense of the artistic will recognize that whether the new carriage of the head is becoming to her will depend upon her general style, and, to some extent, upon the various little things that modify it. An excellent idea of these points may be gained from studying both poses as they are shown by the different types of women in the pictures.

Generally speaking, the truest test of the matter is in the length of the neck. To the long and slim necked woman the new style is almost invariably becoming. It gives her naturally that turn to the head which is desired the short necked woman, and which always has a peculiar fascination and charm. This is always absent when the head is held high.

Defects of Chin Are Hidden.

Another point to study is the chin. If you are inclined to a double chin the high carriage is the only salvation. A too broad and heavy chin is also less prominent, just as is

the case with the one that is exceedingly pointed, when the head is well up.

The shape of the eyebrows ought also to be taken into consideration, a fact which is usually lost sight of. To her who has the least suggestion of an oval contour to the upper part of the face, and the slightest arch to the brows, the high carriage of the head, even to the point of throwing it well back, is the most effective method of throwing it into relief. On the other hand, she who has the straight brows that "narrow in," so that they give the eyes their piquant expression, loses her greatest charm if she does not hold her head at an angle which permits her to use her eyes with the least bit of an upward look. It is this that makes the new pose infinitely more becoming to Mrs. Vanderbilt than the method she formerly used.

Length of Neck May Be Concealed.

From the profile view the matter resolves itself into the length of the throat. To the short necked woman the trick of throwing the head well back gives the arched throat so much admired in Ada Rehan. When the long necked woman holds her chin in this manner the length of her throat becomes a disfigurement.

A rule given to those who are trained for the French stage says: "The head should be held in such a position that the top of the collar shows in front to those who are on a level." This can be accomplished and still give the new and fashionable tilt to the head by simply stiffening the muscles at the back of the neck and holding the chin well in.

Why Nurse Gave Up \$50 a Week and Trip Around the World

IN the popular imagination and in fiction the trained nurse figures as a white capped, starched fairy who flits about the bedside, easily earning a good salary and eventually winning the love of a handsome and wealthy patient whom she marries, living happily ever after.

In reality, however, the trained nurse follows an exacting profession, and sometimes, if the public's health is good, earns a salary not greater than that of the girl in the office or store.

In addition to the exacting solitary toll of her profession they are confronted by difficult and dangerous situations. Two Chicago nurses recently resigned from a case which paid \$50 per week and involved a tour of the world in a private car and yacht.

"We couldn't get relieved from it too soon," said one of them. "Of course the salary was all right, and the tour would have been nice, but after two weeks' trial I found neither was a sufficient consideration. In another two weeks I would have been crazy myself."

The patient, the daughter of a New York broker, suffers impulsive insanity, and although famous specialists had pronounced her incurable the father desperately hoped she would be benefited by an extended tour, and was willing to pay almost any price for nurses to accompany her, providing they signed a contract for two years. All applicants were permitted a two weeks' trial before signing.

Futile Search for Nurse.

Three years have been spent in the search, and none of

the hundreds of nurses who have been on the case has been found willing to take the two years' contract. The broker has employed an agent whose only duty is to secure nurses to relieve those who attempt the case.

"If it had been just a mania-religious of something like that," said the nurse who had just been relieved, "we would have retained the case, but it was homicidal. We had to watch night and day to keep her from killing herself or one of us, and, although my nerves have stood the strain of horrible sights on the operating table, they were unequal to such a continuous tension, and I do not believe there's a woman who can stand it."

"In the two weeks she made five attacks, and once had it not been for the quick wit and courage of the other nurse, probably would have succeeded in killing me. When we took the case, in Denver, the nurses whom we relieved cautioned us never to relax vigilance for a second, warning us not to be deceived by the patient's apparent mildness. But after four days' acquaintance with the patient, during which we found her a delightful companion, we conducted our predecessors had overestimated the danger, and sometimes unconsciously we were off guard."

Struggle with Homicidal Patient.

"It was my love of nature which nearly cost me my life. Our car was running on the end of one of the Rio Grande expresses, and the grandeur of the gorge through which we were passing tempted me out on the rear platform. "Suddenly I felt myself seized by the legs and lifted until one foot was over the rail. I clung frantically to the rail

and screamed. The other nurse, who had been awake during the night, was asleep in the forward end of the car, and with the train running on a down grade through a cañon, which concentrated the roar of the train, from which no scream could be distinguished, there was little hope that she would hear. The thought that then terrified me was an awful thought—that through my negligence the other girl would lose her life, for had I been buried from the train the maniac undoubtedly would have attacked her also.

"But the roar of the train, which I thought fatal, saved us both; it awakened the other nurse. She was frightened for a minute when she saw my plight, but quickly gathered her senses, seized a skirt, and, approaching from behind, she threw it over the head of the patient. I hardly had strength enough to climb back on the platform, where a nurse ought never to admit it—I fainted."

Saved from Death, Quits Case.

"When I regained consciousness the nurse was holding the patient—completely submissive—by the hamper hold, which she had been taught by her brother. At Salt Lake we telegraphed her father for relief, and were glad when it came. The other four attempts were not serious, as we were on the alert and quickly subdued them."

"Fifty dollars per week is remarkable pay for a nurse, and the girl who has a chance to travel is envied, but I would rather stay in Chicago and take the risk of the public being too healthy than to have that case on a two years' contract."



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MRS. REGINALD VANDERBILT POSE.