

# SCIENTISTS FALL IN LOVE UNSCIENTIFICALLY

**W**HATEVER theories he may hold about scientific selection in evolution, the great scientist, even up to the latest and present time, is hopelessly committed to the doctrine of proximity when it comes to matters of love.

It would seem that the scientist of all people in the world would want to take exhaustive inventories of many maidens before he chose one who, according to his lore on the perpetuation of the species, he would deem suitable for a wife. He might logically be expected to select a life partner with a view to strengthening those qualities in his children which lead to the same kind of research for which he bewails his own years as inadequate.

So far from this, the annals of the love affairs of great discoverers and inventors show a disposition to go it hot or in a way which shows a wonderful susceptibility to the sweet feminine object and astonishing naïveté and silliness in falling in love.

There are two or three of the best known scientists who actually did marry women of scientific parentage, but in most every case it was when, as inexperienced young men, they were suddenly thrown into the society of that fascinating personage, "the professor's daughter."

## Lord Lister's Wife Not Scientific.

At the start of his scientific career Lord Lister met his romance. He went to Edinburgh with a letter of introduction to the famous Prof. Syme and fell straightway in love with the professor's pretty daughter, Agnes, whom he married. In spite of her parentage Lady Lister shared none of her husband's scientific aspirations, although they were devotedly happy during thirty-seven years of married life.

In the marriage of Virchow there have been remarkable omissions in the way of children with scientific bent, although the young man married Frau von Mayer fifty years ago was a case of mad infatuation rather than scientific selection.

When about 24 and while finishing his college course in Paris, he met this pretty daughter of a Berlin medical specialist and soon afterward when he went to Würzburg as professor of pathological anatomy, he took her with him as a wife. He has two sons who are eminent scientists in Berlin and two daughters married to men who hold scientific chairs in the universities.

## Marconi's Versatility in Love.

The happy faculty of falling in love with the nearest girl regardless of any ideas of scientific selection, scientifically does not seem to have lessened any with the younger scientific men. Marconi has shown a versatility in this way which is remarkable, especially on the part of one so signally devoted to his work as he is known to be. It began with Josephine Bowen Holman, who afterwards filled the same man. They went across together on the steamship Paul and met each other then for the first time. She was interested in his experiments, they became fast friends, I met afterward in Paris, only to become engaged.

Soon after the news came that the engagement had been broken by the young lady. Marconi went to Nova Scotia and it was thenceforward that he was to marry the beautiful Miss MacGillivray, whom he met there. Miss MacGillivray denied the report, saying that it was just a harmless flirtation and that "Marconi was the most flirtatious 'entor she ever saw,'" but it was another just as certain proof of the young man's susceptibility and readiness to enter into whatever matrimonial alliance fate might get ready for him.

Now he is safely married to the Honorable Miss Beatrice Brien, and it can only be held to happy accident that he has gotten the altogether lovely and charming wife which has. As it is, she is a gay society butterfly and not in the least such a wife as would be supposed to enter into the joys and projects of a scientist.

## Edison Fortunate in His Wives.

Edison, with equally sudden capitulations to Cupid, has in his marriages been wonderfully fortunate in finding those who have helped him in his work. His first wife was Miss Mary Stilwell, who was employed in his works at Newark, to which was due the fact, probably, that he happened to discover a wife at that time at all.

On the day that he was married he was called away to the oratory on an important experiment and plunged into his work. It got to be midnight when a friend came in and interrupted him.

"I guess I'd better go home," he said, as he put on his hat and hurriedly jammed his hat down over his head, "I know I was married today."

Mr. Edison's second wife is the daughter of an inventor who has helped him in his work and done independent work herself. His meeting with her was accidental, however, when at the house of his private secretary near Boston, when a young girl in the neighborhood of boarding school fell in love with her with promptness and proposed in equal suddenness.

Neither of these was his first love, in which he showed his facility for falling in love with the pretty girl next to him. He hoarded with a woman who had a pretty lighter, who sat next to him at the table. Noticing the but admiring glance which he cast in her direction, she led him on until one day, meeting her on the stairs, he tied out a proposal.

"Why, Mr. Edison, I like you very much," said the girl,



"but I cannot marry you because I am going to be married to Mr. ——— tonight." With these facts at hand the most enthusiastic would hardly attribute Mr. Edison's selection of a woman who inherited mechanical and scientific bent as anything but accidental, although the children of this second marriage have already developed strong signs of having succeeded to the double heritage.

## Some Men Choose Motherly Wives.

To go into a different realm of science it is found that some of the world's most famous men have married good motherly souls who have devoted themselves to helping them indirectly without having shared their work actively. The wife of Pasteur was a motherly creature devoted to her family and husband. During the terrible strain which she suffered at the time of his first inoculation for hydrophobia she passed the time in great anxiety, but solely on account of his health and for the way he should keep up under the "experiment."

"My dear children," she wrote to her family, "your father has had another bad night. He is dreading the last inoculation on the child and yet there can be no drawing back now."

Dr. Koch married a woman who was a fine pianist, devoted to music and a lover and critic of art. They have sumptuous apartments in Berlin, in which there is a magnificent grand piano and well selected paintings and masterpieces which bear evidence of Mrs. Koch's habits and tastes. He married her while very young and they have a daughter who is already married and whose husband, a pupil and co-worker with Dr. Koch, has shown in his own matrimonial selection the scientific habit of choosing the fair one who is in happy proximity without wasting precious time to stray into side paths.

## Prof. Newcomb's Wife Meets Interviewers.

There is not much scientific bent to the minds of either the daughter or wife of Prof. Simon Newcomb, who works with his family about and makes some of his most difficult calculations with his wife and daughter chatting in the room. They are both inclined to fashionable surroundings, living in one of the "good" streets of Washington. Mrs. Newcomb is devoted to him and sufficiently understands some of his work to be able to talk intelligently of it to interviewers, from whom his modesty withholds a great deal that is of interest.

She stayed with him and helped him in some of his records during his stay in Paris, which was for the purpose of altering the accepted standard of mathematical calculations then in use.

"When he was computing the changes of the moon," she said, "he would often keep on until he was tired out and would lie down with imperative directions to be awakened in fifteen minutes, or whatever time the state of his observations would allow him."

It was due to Mrs. Newcomb that he never missed returning to his work at the right minute during all that long time.

Sir Hiram Maxim married a woman whom he knew when she was a little, tow-headed girl at the time when he first came to Boston. She is an exceedingly clever woman and Sir Hiram himself believes that she is ahead of any other woman he has ever known for mentality and common sense. She has no direct scientific bent, but he talks over with her all of his experiments and inventions in their various stages.

Lord Rayleigh married the pretty sister of Sir Arthur Halloway, the German-American scientist, Prof. Jacques Loeb, married Miss Anne L. Leonard, a New England girl, who had no more idea of following his scientific discoveries than did Lady Rayleigh those of her husband.



# AMERICAN GIRLS DO NOT KNOW HOW TO WALK

**P**ARIS is full of fine walkers," said a man who knows, "but in all London there are not more than three women who walk well. New York has none at all.

"The reason American women don't walk well as a rule is that they are too dressed up to walk. Their heels are too high, their shoes too uncomfortable, their waists too tight, and their necks too pinched. Often the hat is too heavy for comfortable walking. The woman who has walked a dozen squares wants to sit down and rest. A French woman, dressed to kill, can walk all day.

"The American girl is graceful enough in other things, but when it comes to walking, even in so small a matter as entering a room, she shows her lack of perfection. She either drags her feet or else she flings them. She either lags or strides.

## French Women Ideal Walkers.

"The French woman knows how to glide into a room. But the women of other nations would not think it worth while to practice the glide. It isn't easy to glide around unless you're accustomed to it.

"If I wore a woman and had just two or three wishes to make, I would wish to be graceful, to walk well, to sit well, to stand well, and to be easy generally. There is no better gift for a woman. She becomes a pleasure to the eye."

"It is impossible for a woman to be awkward in her walk if she turns her toes out," said a gymnasium teacher to her class. "The act of swinging the feet out gives one a graceful gait."

## A Few Rules for Walking.

A few walking rules as laid down to a class of women are these:

"Have your shoes a little too narrow and a little too long. Don't wear tight short shoes. If your foot is wide and

fat it will gradually become long and narrow by this course of treatment. Have your shoes narrow and long and either pointed or square in the toe as nature has shaped your feet.

Wear thin stockings and have them of the texture which best suits your feet. There are those who can wear silk and those who cannot. Once in a while have a fresh white kid lining pasted in your old shoes. It will make them smooth inside and prevent blisters.

## Good Shoes a Great Help.

Have a dozen pairs of shoes. It costs little more and the shoe will wear better and your feet will be more comfortable.

Set your feet down at right angles.

Walk slowly. Skirt wind around your calves when you walk rapidly and you lose all semblance of grace. Walk in a leisurely manner, as though you were a princess, not a hurried, worried, overworked woman.

Don't swing your shoulders.

Don't swing your arms.

Don't twist yourself in simious motions. Don't contort. Don't try to wriggle when you walk.

## Should Hold the Chin High.

Hold your chin up. This is the most important thing of all. Once upon a time there may have lived a woman who could duck her chin and still look pretty. She isn't alive now. You may think that you look lovely with your eyes cast appealingly up and your chin lowered, but you don't.

Don't walk nor look nor act like an old person. There are no old people these days. Toss your head, throw up your chin, take a long breath, and be young again.

Step forward in sprightly manner, as if you meant it and were sure of your footing. Plant your foot as if you were walking in your bare feet, touching the ground first with the ball of the foot, with the heel striking an instant later. This adds springiness and life to the walk. It helps, even if you

are wearing high heels, which in themselves are ruinous to grace in walking.

## As to Walking Indoors.

The way to walk into a parlor is to move across the room slowly. Hold your head up and glide. Don't take long steps and don't make short cuts. See your path clear before you start. In these days the fashionable drawing room has little furniture. This is fortunate for the woman who walks through the room.

Hold your shoulders back. Don't try to draw them down. Merely hold them away back. That will give you an erect carriage. As soon as you can stand really erect you will begin to walk elegantly. That is the only way you will do it—by actual practice.

Learn how to be seated. Don't sit with your clothing wound around you. Don't sit with your knees crossed unless you are of the slender type with tiny feet. Don't sit on the jagged edge of things. Be seated squarely.

## Don't Mind the Criticism.

There are women who are called haughty. They hold the head so high. But you admire them just the same. There are women who are called stuck up, proud, exclusive, and names still more disagreeable. They set it by their erect, beautiful carriage. But all admit that it is elegant. Never mind a little criticism. Begin to hold yourself erect and to walk well. It will well repay you for the trouble which you had at first, trying to get used to it.

When you walk, consider your style of dress. If you are dragging a train, walk slowly. The longer and heavier the gown the more slowly you should walk. If your dress is light and short, you may take footsteps more rapidly. Study your gown before you set your pace.

Then study your figure. The little, brisk woman, the animated little person, may be cute, but she isn't graceful. Be dignified in your gait, no matter how short you may be.



Hold your head high and your shoulders back.



Plant your foot as if walking with bare feet.