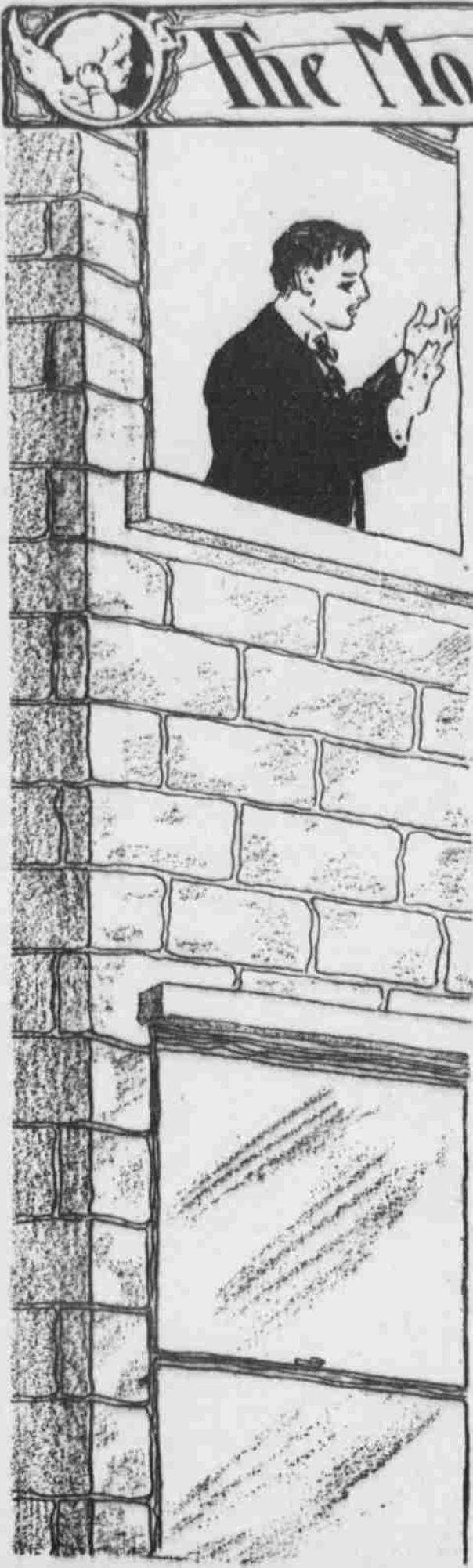


The Most Astonishing Courtship In An Office Building



THE wedding is announced of Howard Cooper of Sheridan Park and Miss Edna Bulger of Hyde Park, Chicago. Behind the simple announcement of the wedding there is a story of one of the oddest courtships ever recorded.

They fell in love with each other, conducted the courtship for over a year, he proposed and she accepted him, and they set the date for the wedding before they ever spoke a word to each other or were introduced. It is true that they may have spoken to each other—but if they did they did not know, or were not sure. At least, Miss Bulger did not know to whom she was talking, for the conversations, if they ever took place, were held over the telephone during Cooper's frantic efforts to get acquainted with the girl to whom he was engaged.

The story of the courtship reads like an imaginary romance. Cooper was—and is—assistant manager of a big brokerage house with offices in one of the great office buildings in La Salle street. Miss Bulger was confidential stenographer for the manager of another bond brokerage firm that had offices on the opposite side of the building. His office was on the seventh floor of the building and hers on the ninth. His desk was at the window facing into the courtyard and her typewriter was at the window exactly opposite, only two floors higher up.

Suitable Hero for a Romance.

Cooper is 24 years of age, tall, athletic looking, and has black, curly hair. He graduated from an eastern school two years ago and, starting in the office in which his father was a stockholder, he fought his way upward rapidly, winning favor and position by his cleverness as well as his happy disposition, which added friends to his retinue at every turn.

He became assistant manager a little over a year ago, and for the first time was given a private desk.

The day of his promotion he worked hard. Late in the afternoon, tired, yet confident that he had made a good start in his new position, he tilted back in his chair, lighted a cigar, and sat gazing across the wide alleyway idly, thinking of the work of the day and of his new duties and responsibilities. He became aware, suddenly, that he was watching the window on the ninth floor, where he could see the contour of a face and a crown of brown, rippling hair. He could not see, but from the attitude he knew that the possessor of the beautiful brown hair and the flushed cheek was bending over a typewriter pounding away earnestly at the keys. He watched idly for perhaps a quarter of an hour, smoking comfortably and half dreaming of his future.

Girl Realizes Youthful Dreams.

He confesses now that ever since he was old enough to think of such things he always dreamed of a brown haired, brown eyed girl sitting at the head of his table. But at that time he simply watched with curiosity until the figure at the typewriter arose, stretched itself into erectness, slowly doffed a black apron, smoothed down the waist line, and disappeared from view.

He noticed that she was tall, slender, willowy, and—as far as he could judge from that distance—distinctly pretty. After she disappeared from view he found himself wondering what she was like, what her voice sounded like, whether she powdered her hair and kept a powder rag in the drawer of her typewriter like his own stenographer did.

The next day when he reached his desk he found himself unconsciously gazing across the courtyard towards the window in the ninth floor. He kept gazing in that direction until the brown head appeared again, bending over the typewriter as if copying something.

He watched the head intently, and, perhaps half an hour later, he turned his gaze in that direction and caught a glimpse of a beautiful oval face. The girl was gazing out into the courtyard as if stopping to think in the midst of her work. He felt, almost, as if she were looking straight at him, and he smiled, and then like a flash the face disappeared and he could see nothing but the brown hair and the tip of a pink ear above the coping of the window.

Daily Target for His Eyes.

Every day after that his gaze turned naturally towards that window. Twice he caught a glimpse of the face—but they were only fleeting glimpses—and strangely each time that he saw the face he had an idea that the owner had been watching him, because she turned her face back to her work so suddenly.

Cooper, after six weeks, became so interested in the brown hair that he determined to make an effort to see the owner at closer range. He went to the ninth floor and attempted to locate the window which he had watched. There he met with an obstacle. He discovered that, instead of being one office, as his own was, there were five offices on that courtyard on the north side of the building, that part of the building being divided into small suites. Using different pretexts, he visited the two offices in which he thought the window was located, but he met with another difficulty. The private office in each of these offices was separate, and each private office had one window.

Besides, he felt mean at having tried to spy upon the girl, and he desisted, telling himself it was mere idle curiosity that prompted him. The day after this attempt he looked up from his work suddenly and discovered the girl standing at the window. Almost before he realized that she was watching him she flashed a brilliant smile across the alleyway and disappeared, and all that day he saw nothing but her head as she bent over her work. He saw her arise from her typewriter about 5:15, and, closing his desk rapidly, he hurried down the elevator and stood watching the elevators on the other side of the building, expecting to see her descend. He was debating within himself whether or not he would dare speak to her if he met her—but he did not meet her. In fact, he never caught a glimpse of her.

Smile That Made Him Feel Guilty.

But the next day he was rewarded with a smile that made him feel guilty—almost as if she were smiling mockingly at him because he had tried to flirt with her.

That sort of thing continued for nearly two weeks. Every day Cooper was greeted with a smile—and that was all. He made half a dozen attempts to meet the girl at the bottom of the elevator, but never could see any girl who answered the description. Twice he made excuses to visit the offices—in one of which, he knew, she was employed—but neither time could he get over a glimpse of the girl. He did not dare ask either of the managers about their secretaries, so he was forced to retire, baffled and puzzled.

After five months—during which he received an average of one smile every two days—warm weather came and the windows were opened. Then he began averaging about two smiles a day from the girl—at least he imagined the smiles were meant for him. He came near quarreling with Hendricks, who had a desk the second window from him, simply because he caught Hendricks grinning just after the girl smiled.

Finally he resorted to the telephone. He called both offices. A man responded to the first call and was told that it was the wrong number. A girl answered the second call. It may have been Miss Bulger, but if it was she never will know, for after he got her on the phone Cooper didn't know what to say.

Seven months after the odd flirtation commenced, Cooper one morning hit upon a new idea. He began studying the deaf and dumb alphabet, and one morning when he caught the girl with the brown hair looking out of her window he raised his fingers and said "Good morning." She gave no sign that she saw him. Two days later he thought she was looking at him again, and again he said "Good morning" and was electrified when she raised her fingers and made answering signs. Then he cursed himself because while learning to say "Good morning" he had forgotten to learn anything else and did not know what she said.

But he tried again. He bought a book containing the deaf and dumb signs and commenced making signs across the courtyard.

Beginning of the Wireless Courtship.

That was the beginning of the wireless courtship. They exchanged "Good mornings" for weeks. Then they began longer conversations, but every time he began to get personal everything disappeared but the brown head. He began begging for a personal interview, pleading with her to meet him at the bottom of the elevator.

One afternoon when he saw her leave the office he hurried down and waited, but he did not see her. The next day, however, she told him—on her fingers—that if he attempted to play unfairly again she would stop speaking to him.

Week after week they talked across the courtyard by sign language, as both were becoming expert. He begged her to tell her name, but she only shook her head.

Fall came, and the windows were closed down again. A dread seized Cooper—a dread that frost would cover the windows. He became more and more insistent, pleading and begging for an introduction.

One evening in October he studied his code book hard, and standing before the mirror he practiced.

The next morning, when they signaled the morning greeting, he commenced to talk with his fingers. The girl, standing by the opposite window, stood perfectly still, as if indignant, puzzled, distressed at once.

He was proposing marriage. He finished—and she disappeared, and for two days all he could see was the top of a brown head that was bowing industriously over a typewriter.

"Is It Yes or No," He Asks.

But on the third morning he caught a smile and a well fingered "Good morning." He returned the greeting, and then said, with his fingers: "It is yes or no?"

"I am thinking," came the answer, and he saw no more.

The next morning he spent half an hour pleading, until Wallace came into his room and interrupted. And the following day, just after the "Good morning," he saw the girl standing at the window. Suddenly she raised her hands, moved them an instant, said "Yes," and then disappeared.

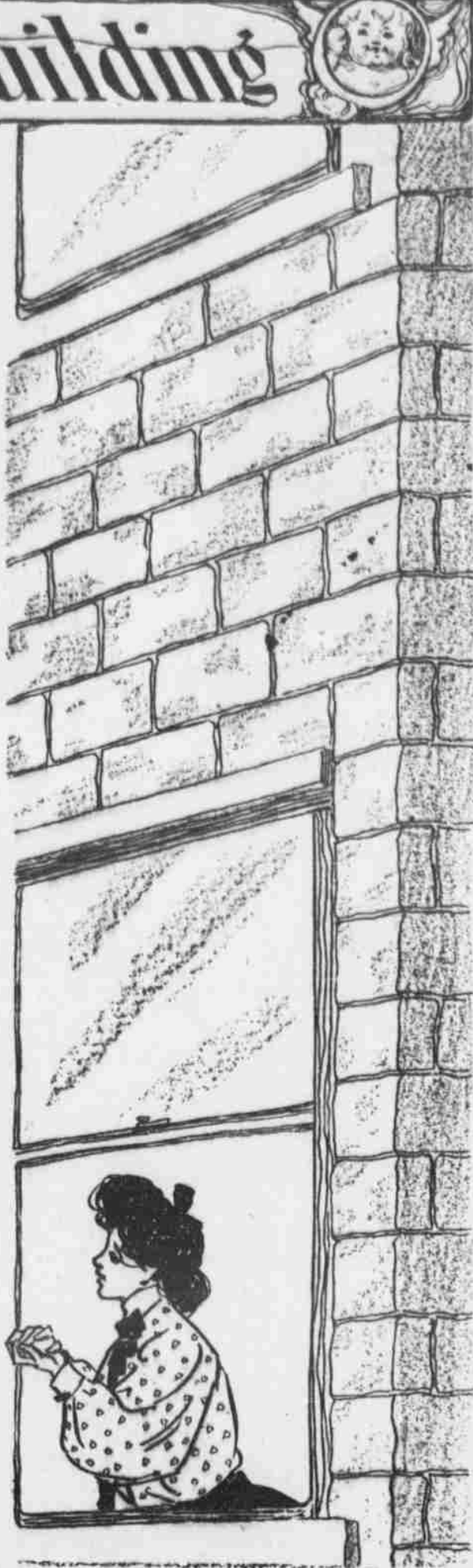
For two days he lived in doubt and hope, happiness and despair. Then he saw her again and with his fingers begged for a meeting.

"Meet me at the bottom of No. 3 elevator at 4:30," she said.

That afternoon they met. That evening he called on her at her mother's flat in Hyde Park, and after meeting they sealed the engagement in the proper way.

And it was not until then that Miss Bulger explained to him how she knew that he was trying to meet her at the bottom of the elevators, and, by crossing over and coming down on the same side that he came down, she had eluded him.

That is all—except that she has quit her position and they have been married.



NEW AQUATIC SPORT.

FROM NEAR AND FAR.



CARTS DRAWN BY CAMELS.



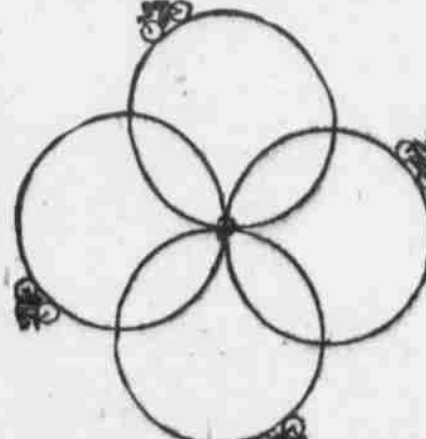
Pushball is a new English water game, the players in canoes try to make goals as in the gymnasium sport.



Can you do this pretty card trick, which made Miss Bertie Miller of the English vaudeville stage celebrated as a talented queen of hearts?



In southeastern Russia carts drawn by camels are a familiar sight.



The circles in the illustration represent four cinder paths. Four cyclists started together from the center C at noon for a run, each going round and round his own circle. Atkins went at the rate of six miles an hour, Brown at the rate of nine miles an hour, Cook at twelve miles an hour, and Dopper at fifteen miles an hour. They agreed to ride until all should meet together for the third time at the center C. The distance round each circle was a third of a mile. When did they finish their ride?



The sewing machine was invented in 1790 by Thomas Saint. It was of the chain stitch type, working with the single thread, and was specially designed for sewing leather.



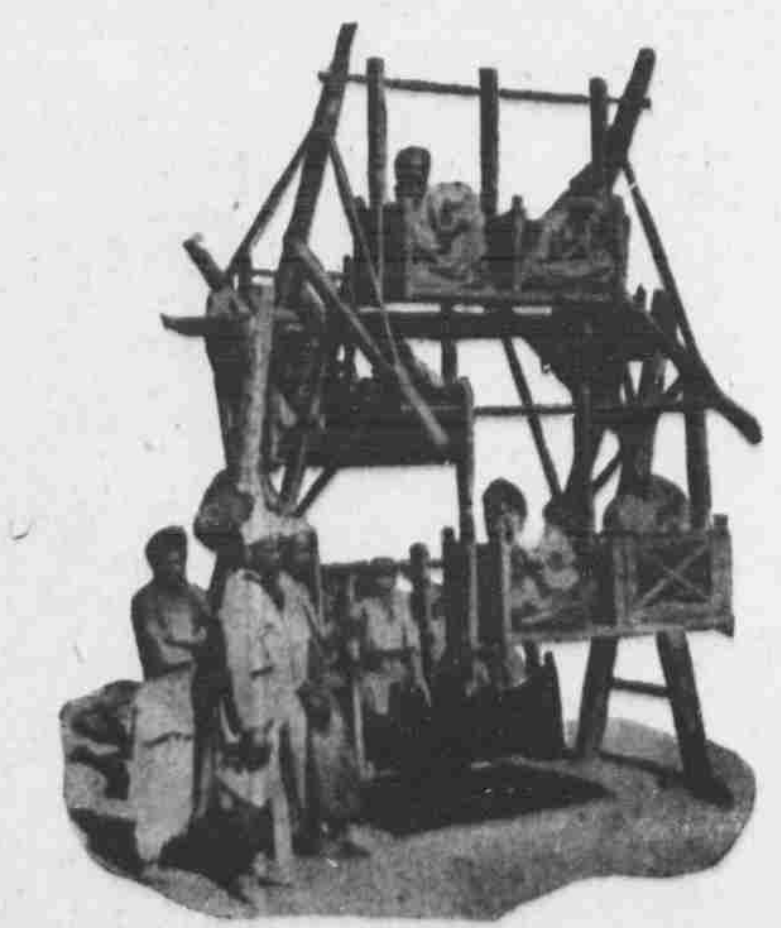
The clever cigar rollers of Seville have rivals in the insect world. By the aid of its tiny feet the Weevil rolls vine leaves into a cylindrical shape and hides itself inside.



All of these houses in a poorer quarter of Honduras' capital are of mahogany, which wood costs less than pine there.



In this little church in the Slupskine Luther preached his last sermon.



At the Coptic fairs in Egypt one can see little family groups disporting themselves in these primitive wooden forerunners of the Ferris wheel.



The mail man of 100 years ago was one of the important personages of a city or town. He not only was collector and distributor of all letters, but acted the rôle of news vendor, filling the place of the modern newspaper in circulating news, gossip, and information from door to door. His comings were important events in each household, and he was greeted everywhere as a welcome visitor.