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AND EVERYWHERE THAT MARY WENT

Just Like the Old Nursery Rhyme, This Relentless Pursuit in Sloop, Yacht and Submarine, of One of Our Richest Widows by the

Most Gallant Society

Sea Captain in America

WILL Mrs. Henry Redmond, one of the wealthiest widows in society, finally reward Captain Franklin Plummer for his years of devotion and for his persistent, if peculiar, method of wooing? Some men have won their sweethearts by means of flowers, lover-like letters, deeds of heroism, or by being one hundred per cent efficient as lovers. Captain Plummer, vice-commodore of the New York Yacht Club, and one of the best amateur skippers in the yachting world, will win his suit because of his reversion to type. He is, in a way, the modern prototype of the cave man.

He has literally chased his beautiful soon-to-be-fiancee to earth, although his chase has been in the water. It has been a long chase and mostly a stern chase, this yachting courtship. The beautiful widow on her beautiful steam yacht. The sailor aboard a dashing white schooner. It is bound to be a successful one, and society in this country and England, where both have many friends, is counting on sending wedding presents before the snow flies.

Every once in a while we are brought face to face with a courtship so unusual, so sentimentally interesting that we pause, in this busy modern age, and say, "Ah, ha! Gad zooks! the good old days of romance are not dead." This is one of those pause-making courtships. We must begin at the beginning this tale of a love affair that would have inspired Dumas, one that might well fit in with the life story of the Three Musketeers.

Mrs. Redmond, the heroine of this "chase," is a charming young widow, blessed with several million dollars, and a rare sense of humor. She is passionately devoted to yachting, and has spent seven-eighths of the last ten years on board her big steam yacht.

A year after Mr. Redmond's death a sailor appeared on the horizon. It was just at the opening of the yachting season that Captain Plummer's yachting cap began to seek a permanent hook in the cabin of the Redmond yacht. The widow was delighted to renew an old acquaintance with the vice-commodore. There were many visits, tea was drunk in gilded cups nearly every afternoon on the deck of the "Julie," which was the name given his yacht by the late Mr. Redmond.

Before the summer ended society began to notice that wherever the "Julie" dropped anchor, the Plummer yacht speedily dipped her colors at a neighboring mooring. Thus began the chase, three short years ago.

After the Newport Horse Show that year Mrs. Redmond weighed anchor on the "Julie" and sailed for parts unknown. As the "Julie" steamed out of the harbor, the sailors on board the big white "Sea Fox" were busy at work making sail. Ten minutes after the "Julie" dropped out of sight, the "Sea Fox," looking like a great white Nemesa, was flying before the wind, with Captain Plummer in the lookout's nest anxiously scanning the horizon.

The next night the "Julie" anchored in Boston Harbor. Early the following morning Mrs. Redmond, in the most fascinating white yachting costume, sat on deck, sipping her chocolate and keeping her eyes fixed on the top of Bunker Hill Monument. She sighed. What did she say to her pretty companion, Dorothy Kane, of the red-gold hair? Well, what would a heroine of a Dumas novel say?

"It is well done, Dorothy, my pretty maid, we have escaped our suitor. It is, you see, just a thought too early for me to settle on the partner of my future. It is well that we stole away without making our plans known to our suitor. He can—Ye Gods, my pretty Dorothy, what varlet enters here!"

And, leaping lightly over the port rail, Captain Plummer joins his runaway sweetheart.

"Good morning, Mistress Redmond. It is a pretty morning, and a fine sail we had over the bounding billows. Gad zooks! didst you think to lose me so soon?"

Thus spoke the heroine and hero of this romance as they met in Boston Harbor. Thus closed the first leg of a chase which was to extend over three years and many, many waters.

The "Julie" stayed in Boston Harbor ten days. There was much to do in the town and many short trips

to make to nearby places on the north shore. Sometimes they all gathered on the deck of the "Sea Fox," other times they steamed about in the "Julie." But always there was a twinkle in Mrs. Redmond's gray eyes.

One night a heavy fog blew in from the sea. At its thickest, the "Julie" weighed anchor and slipped away, headed for Bar Harbor. The next morning the skipper of the "Sea Fox," in immaculate flannels, ordered his launch to take him to the "Julie."

"She's gone, sir, gone these many hours like a thief in the night. Sure I thought you knew," replied the first mate.

"Gone! Am I again undone?" cried Captain Plummer. "Pipe all hands on deck and make all sail at once!"

(Scene of great bustle and confusion on board. Captain Plummer, glowers over the starboard rail, but the cold, gray waters give him no clue.)

"Where away, sir," asks the mate.

"Um—um—er—something tells me to head straight for Bar Harbor."

It is cold for those northern waters, nearly October, but the "Sea Fox" makes splendid headway, and two days later floats placidly on the bosom of Frenchman's Bay.

All is quiet on board the "Julie." It is mid-day; there is no one on deck. The beautiful widow and her guest are lurching daintily in the dining room. Heavy steps are heard descending the stairs. "We seem to have eluded him," says Mrs. Redmond. Do we hear her sigh?

"May I have some luncheon?" asks a brave, manly voice, and Captain Plummer stands before her.

"Why how, oh, how did you find us?"

"To me you were never lost. My heart told me that you were here, and I came."

Another period of pleasant days, spent in each other's company. Then another sudden disappearance. This time the "Julie" headed for New York, arriving three days later. Mrs. Redmond stepped from her launch to the dock at the foot of East Thirty-third street, almost into the arms of Captain Plummer!

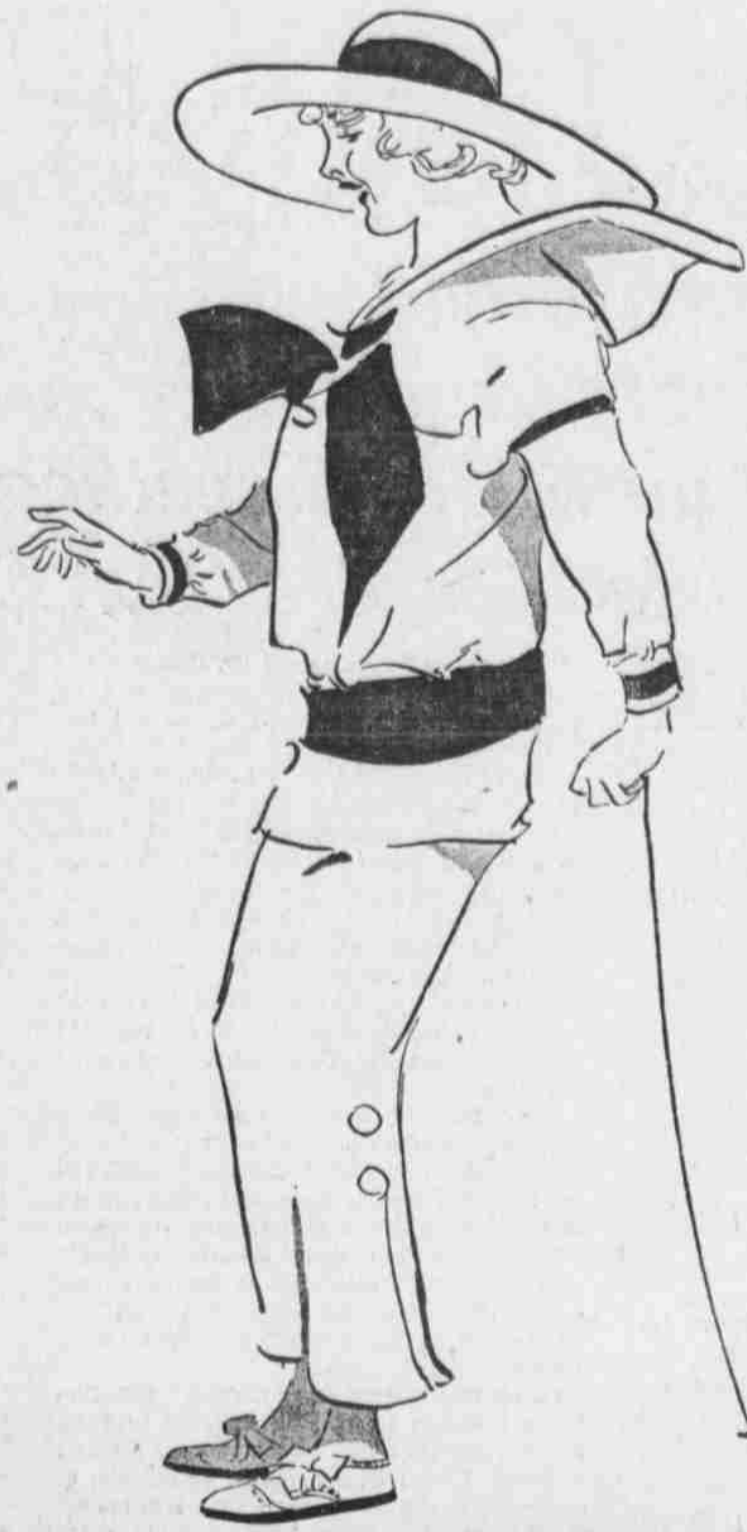
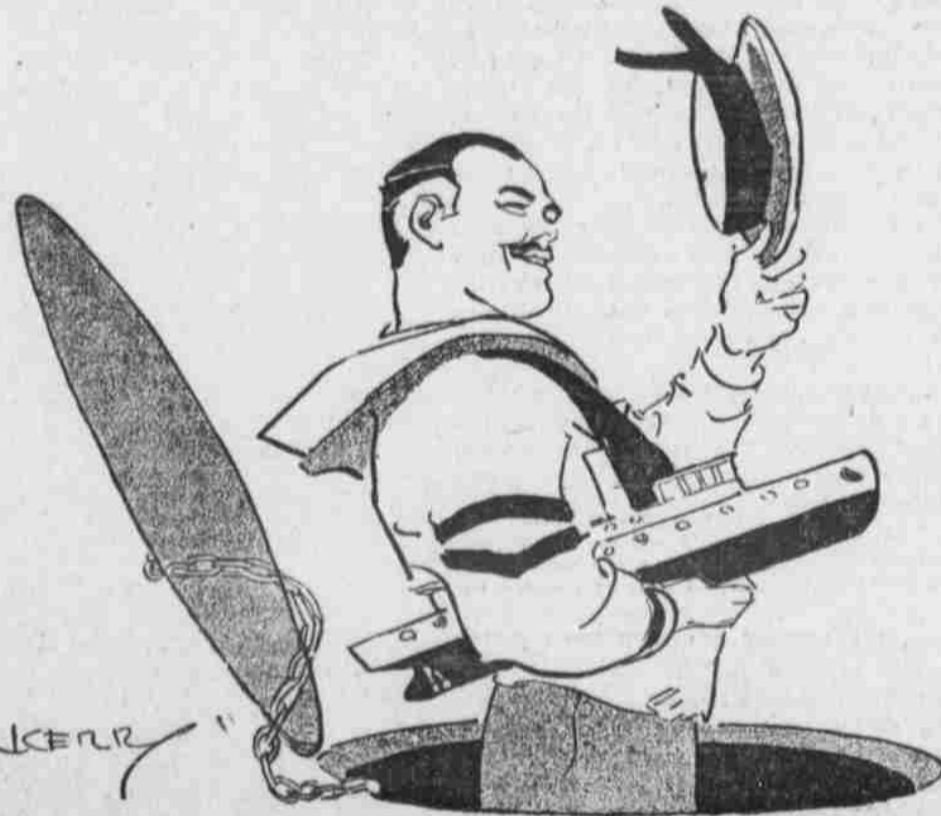
"You are a wizard, you could not have sailed here, have you a magic carpet?" asked the heroine.

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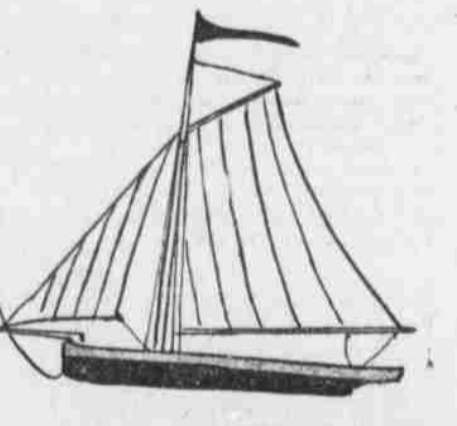
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"Mary had a little lamb,
Its fleece was white as snow,
And every where that Mary went
The lamb was sure to go."—

"Thus runs Mother Goose, and Captain Plummer, although not at all a lamb, behaved just like the historic one. Everywhere the Widow Redmond went on her yacht there was Captain Plummer bobbing up out of the sea."



"Came by train, have been waiting here since yesterday," replied the hero. "It is useless to try to escape me, always I will follow you to the ends of the earth."

"I see it is useless," and the heroine shrugged her beautiful shoulders wearily, but her eyes twinkled.

Then came weeks on shore, with the gallant Captain forced to share his lady with other suitors. It was only on the water that he could be alone with her. But Christmas brought better things.

"I sail for Florida within an hour," whispered the heroine to the hero. "Sorry you cannot follow me in the dear old 'Sea Fox.' By-bye." Oh cruel heroine!

When the "Julie" arrived in the harbor at Miami, there was not a sail in sight. "Ah ha, I have escaped my hero! Where, oh where is the gallant Tar?"

"Right here, at your service, Madam. I came down the coast on a fast freight train." And up stepped the Captain, with a big bunch of orchids in his left hand, and a young alligator in his right hand. Then began another love chase. The Captain hired a fleet motor boat, and everywhere that the heroine went, the Captain followed. It was a most amusing game of tag, with Mrs. Redmond always "it."

In desperation one day, she slipped north to Savannah, and there to greet her was the Captain, smiling and debonair. Then back she went to Palm Beach, the Captain arriving the next day and all the world by this time smiling and betting on the gallant Tar.

But again the Newport season rolled around, with no matrimonial announcement in sight. The Captain's bronzed face was strained and his eyes looked worried. "I feel like the Wandering Jew, never two minutes in the same place. Give me peace ere I die."

"I sail for Newport to-night. Shall I see you there?" was the heroine's only reply.

And the jolly chase began again, with the heroine looking prettier than ever. The "Julie" had been sold in the meantime, for the heroine needed a faster yacht. She chartered the "Admiral" because a yacht with such a name is sure to win any race. But to date, the "Admiral" has not once been able to elude the Captain. One day in July, when to hide for at least a day from the "Cave Man" Mrs. Redmond sailed over to a secret island in the outer bay for a picnic luncheon with two jolly girl friends, Roberta Willard and Elizabeth Sands, the Captain followed them in a submarine and frightened them almost to death by rising from the water at their feet.

Another day he literally dropped from the sky, having flown across country in an aeroplane. But usually he was content to use his yacht. It seemed more harmonious.

From Newport to Bar Harbor, then to Portland, then back to New York, with stops in between to throw the Captain off the scent, kept the "Admiral" busy until Christmas came again, and then the Southern waters saw the same old merry-go-round.

"Why doesn't Julie Redmond stop her fun and marry the Captain?" asked society. "Because the chase is sport and matrimony is not," answered a Gentle Cynic.

"Why don't I marry?" repeated the heroine; "simply because I am having so much fun being chased. After marrying, I will have to do the chasing. The very fact that the hero never knows where I will be keeps him interested. And in the meantime, this flying about and hustling to keep ahead, is giving me a wonderfully slim figure."

Which is all very true. Here at the end of the third Newport season Mrs. Redmond stands, a slim, dainty sprite of a creature, her figure as slender as a flag pole, and with the hero more abjectly devoted than ever.

The "Admiral's" log for this Summer of eight weeks shows that fifteen times she, with the heroine on board, has slipped out of the harbor with one of her three pretty favorites, Dorothy of the red-gold hair, Roberta of the golden locks, or Elizabeth with rosy-red cheeks to bear her company. Fifteen times, from Labrador to Bermuda, the "Admiral" has made port, but never once has the Captain failed to bob up serenely.

"The man is bewitched," the heroine often says.

"Indeed he is not," replies fair Dorothy, "he is in love."

"He adores you," sigh Roberta and Elizabeth. "Such adoration must be rewarded."

And it will be rewarded. The heroine now whispers that she is simply waiting the result of the last chase, and then she will say "Yes." The last chase will be a long one. It will be across the Atlantic and through the Suez Canal to India. If the heroine reaches the mouth of the Ganges first, she will greet the hero with open arms. If the hero reaches it first, the heroine will fall into his waiting arms.

And they will then sail home together. The chase ended. The real romance of life just begun.



This is Mrs. Henry Redmond Whose Heart Has at Last Been Won by Gallant Captain Plummer's Pursuit. On the Left is Dorothy Kane Who Has Long Tried to Help Her Escape the Captain; on the Right, Roberta Willard Who Shared in the Submarine Adventure.