

At Last—The Jilt By Wireless!

"Next," Said Fickle Miss Stallo, the Standard Oil Heiress, Killing in Mid-Ocean Her Fifth Fiance's

Hopes and Taking Prince Rospigliosi as Sixth



MISS LAURA STALLO, daughter of Edmund K. Stallo, granddaughter of the late Alexander McDonald, of Standard Oil and Cincinnati, and also a \$10,000,000 heiress, is an extremely modern young woman. She likes to be the first to use any new invention, to adopt any new fashion. There is no telling what unusual thing she will do next. But when she broke her engagement to Jefferson Patterson Crane, son of Joseph Crane, multimillionaire of Dayton, Ohio, by wire-

or trot. He wanted to stay by his "lonesome," the better to think of his future bliss. When the orchestra the morning of the third day out insisted on playing "I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now" Jeff stamped the desk indignantly. The words of the song did not fit in with his thoughts at all. Every once in a while he would stop at the wireless room; he was interested in the apparatus that made travelling on the water so comparatively safe. In fact, he seriously thought of wirelessing his distant bride-to-be, but something made him hesitate. It may have been the words of the



Miss Laura Stallo and Her Unfortunate Fiance, Mr. Jefferson Patterson Crane—From a Photograph Taken Just Before She Sailed to Buy the Trousseau.

less, even her ultra-modern friends in Paris thought that she carried her modernity to an extreme. Was there ever anything so cruel? The announcement that she would marry young Mr. Crane on June 23 had already been published in the papers in Paris and in this country. The happy lover sailed on the Imperator early in May to join his charming fiancée, who was in Paris completing her trousseau and bidding farewell to her many friends there. The plans for the wedding were all made. It was to be celebrated in Cincinnati; there were to be eight bridesmaids and two flower girls. John Patterson, of Dayton, one of the foremost men of this country, and an adoring uncle of the groom, had already bought them a splendid house in Dayton and father Crane had settled a large fortune on his son. Everything was ready for the return of the bride. "Jeff," being a devoted lover, cabled his inamorata that he was leaving on the Imperator to bring her home. The first three days out Mr. Crane, who is as good a sailor as he is a lover, spent happy hours walking the decks or sitting in his steamer chair, ever dreaming of his meeting with his love and of the marriage only six short weeks away. He refused all invitations to tango

song; it may have been telepathy or just indigestion; but something suddenly made him think of other men to whom his fiancée had been engaged or who had been openly devoted to her. He counted them. "I am the fifth," he muttered. "Well, there's luck in odd numbers, and, anyway, the wedding day's been made public and the cake's made. Wish that old hand 'ud stop its infernal racket." "Sssh crack crack ass," sputtered the wireless. "A message for you, Mr. Crane," said a deck steward in his starboard ear. "It's just come in." "Business of looking puzzled and carelessly tearing open the blue envelope. "Am going to marry Prince Rospigliosi. See letter mailed to London today." "No, Crane did not swoon. He swore; swore it could not be true, swore at the wireless, swore at the hand. "Hope it is not bad news," murmured the deck steward. "Er, that depends on how you look at it," muttered Crane. "It sounds bad to me," and off he stalked to his stateroom. The remainder of that voyage was a horrid nightmare to devoted Mr. Crane. He railed at fate and at the Prince. He hoped, subconsciously,



The Princess Murat and Her Prince. The Princess is Miss Laura's Sister.

that his uncle would not take the Dayton house away from him and that his father would still leave that goodly fortune in his name. In every way possible he tried to heal his broken heart and to see the bright side of the horrid episode. When he received Miss Stallo's letter on his arrival in London, he read it many times. But there was no



Mr. Nils Florman, Who, After Being Jilted by Both the Stallo Heiresses, Found Another Heiress Who Married Him.

getting away from it. The wireless had told the truth. His Laura was positively going to marry the Prince. "If she had not been able to reach me by wireless perhaps she would have repented; oh, these detestable modern inventions," was poor Jeff's plaint. And so said Miss Stallo's Paris friends and her happily married sister Helene. "Why be so hasty, Laura? Remember you have already changed your mind four times. Better wait and see Jeff once more before breaking things off. And even if you don't change your mind again, it would be kinder to explain things and let him down easy. Don't use that horrid wireless. It sputters so," urged her sister, the Princess Murat. "But what are inventions for if not to be used?" asked Miss Stallo, "and anyway, why prolong the agony. I always break off an engagement as I would cut off a leg, were I a surgeon; a quick, clean stroke is always kinder to the victim." And so she wirelessed the Imperator, completely spoiling Jeff's appetite for the last three days of his voyage.

The Stallo sisters have long been interesting to American and European society. Their mother was a daughter of Alexander McDonald, a wealthy Cincinnati representative of the Standard Oil. When she married Edmund Stallo her father settled a fortune on her and when her children were born he promised that his millions would be willed to them. The mother died, and three months later the father married the divorced wife of Dan Hanna. The grandfather took the two girls, who were in their early teens, to his great mansion in Cincinnati, and finally adopted them. When Mr. McDonald died all his fortune was left to his beloved granddaughter. The millions had shrunk from twenty-five to one and a half, but the shrinkage did not affect their social successes. They came to New York and immediately were besieged with offers of matrimony. The first man to attach himself to their train was Henry Duggold, a bittheous young Westerner, whose father had struck it rich in oil in Texas. His attentions speedily centred themselves on Laura. That they were engaged was finally believed by their friends, and even Sister Helene admitted that "it" looked serious. This engagement, or "mutual agreement," was broken by the heiress while she was motoring through California, just two months after sister Helene admitted its seriousness. With this affair as a starter, the elder Miss Stallo speedily developed much dexterity in handling her "victims." In succession, during the following three years, she disposed of Nils Florman, Henri Harnickel, Henri de Sincay and half a score of other motes who fluttered about her. Florman and De Sincay have since married, and Harnickel is engaged to Katherine Force. "It is perfectly wonderful how Laura can switch from one man to another and get away with it," said the Princess Murat when she was in New York last fall. It was during this visit that Laura's engagement to young Crane was announced. So sure was the heiress that this time she was caught "for good" that she had her picture taken with her fiance. Er, by the way, she regrets this very much just now.

What is it that makes Miss Stallo so difficult to manage matrimonially? Is she hard to suit? Did she find that, on long acquaintance, these men did not measure up to her preconceived standards? Has she an ideal man? Or is it that a man, once acquired, speedily becomes wearisome to her? Who can tell? Let us glimpse rapidly through the histories of her various love affairs. Henri de Sincay, a young Frenchman of wealth and position, bored her horribly after three months' devotion. The only reason she ever gave for breaking with him was that she did not like the color of his hair and the way he frequently told the same joke two and three times over. He speedily fell in love with Marie Logan, a granddaughter of the late General John Logan, and is as happy as can be, and so is Marie. Nils Florman had engaged himself to Helene Stallo, only to find that he really loved Laura. Helene cast him off, and later, when her wounded vanity was soothed, Laura permitted herself to become engaged to him. At the end of six months the engagement was broken, Laura merely say-

ing that she had found out that she did not love him. "And never, never will I marry a man I do not love," she averred only last month after breaking off with Crane. "If I was standing at the altar and discovered that I did not love the man at my side I should turn and walk out of the church." "Well, breaking an engagement by wireless, after the date is settled and your trousseau bought is almost as bad as leaving him at the church," reproachfully answered her good friend, the Countess de Lubersac. "Florman, de Sincay, Duggold, Crane. Were there others? Indeed, yes. There was Henri Harnickel, who basked in the light of her blue eyes for two months, only to be cast into outer darkness with the blighting knowledge that he, too, wearied Miss Stallo because he talked only of herself and stocks and bonds! "And I am not interested in myself nor in Wall Street," came sweetly over the telephone the day she decided that Harnickel was impossible as a husband. He is now engaged to Miss Force, Mrs. John Jacob Astor's sister, and is extravagantly happy. "Will the Prince Francesco Rospigliosi be able to hold this fickle young heiress' heart?" asks Paris, New York and Cincinnati. Time alone will tell. He is partly American and the part thoughtfully Italian. The Rospigliosis are an important family, one of distinction and wealth. Three other princes of the house have married American girls, and the wives have been tremendously unhappy. "It is on the knees of the gods," the future princess is reported to have said when her sister, the Princess Murat, asked her if she expected to be happy. Paris also asks this question, and several others as well. Having been "nearly married" five times, what has this fickle maid done with the five trousseaus? Has she acquired a new one each time she decided to marry, or does she have a "stock" trousseau which is ready to wear whenever she decides to turn "nearly married" into "wed at last?" Paris would dearly love to know the fate of the wonderful lingerie which the Princess-to-be ordered six months ago, when she was positive that she would marry "Jeff." "I won't want a whole lot," she confided to the Countess de Lubersac. "You see, I have a whole lot left—er, that is, you see, I already have some things." "Now, Paris takes this to mean that Miss Stallo marries the Prince who will have in her trunks lingerie and negligees that were ordered, well, that were meant to grace the figure of Mesdames Florman, Harnickel, De Sincay, Duggold and Crane! "Laura is too thrifty to discard her two last trousseaus, anyway," says Paris. Mr. Jefferson Patterson Crane, at last reports, has given orders that he will never again receive, open or read a wireless telegram.



Miss Laura McDonald Stallo, the Changeable Standard Oil Heiress Who Is the First Girl to Use the Wireless to Jilt a Fiance.

Building a Railroad with Cannibals in "Juju-land"

A NEW railroad is being constructed by the British through the territory of Nigeria, in West Africa. It will penetrate the region known as "Juju-land," so called because the inhabitants were long enthralled by a horrible idol known as "Long Juju," white flesh is the finest kind of rice. It will be built by cannibal natives who have shown themselves the most intelligent and industrious workmen. It will open up the last region of Africa where white men have not yet settled. The new line into Nigeria will be 500 miles in length and will take four or five years to build. It will cost about \$15,000,000. It is being built by the Colonial Government, of which the head is Sir Frederick Lugard. The country which is to be opened up is rich in palm oil and coal, which the British expect to yield a handsome revenue on the money invested in the road. Fifty thousand natives have been hired for the work of building the road. They will work under the direction of British engineers and foremen. Doubtless some Americans will be associated with the enterprise. These natives of Nigeria are noted for their obstinate cannibalism. Although the practice has been suppressed wherever possible by the British officials, the Nigerians in the depths of this wild country frequently find an opportunity to indulge in their peculiar taste. They attack an isolated village, destroy the houses and feast upon the inhabitants. Sometimes they take their victims to a lonely part of the forest, keep them in a corral and fatten them up for a great banquet. Several times the white men have accidentally stumbled upon the hiding place of these destined victims of the cannibals. Many explorers and scientists have asserted that the cannibal tribes of Africa were more industrious, courageous and intelligent than their innocent neighbors. The brutal and unscrupulous exploiters of the Congo Free State, under King Leopold, took advantage of this fact by employing cannibals to lead and drive the other natives. The white men, it has been asserted, deliberately encouraged cannibalism and offered portions of hu-

man flesh as a reward for bringing in large quantities of rubber. The white engineers and workmen will have to guard themselves carefully, for the cannibals believe that white flesh is the greatest kind of meat. By eating it they imagine that they will acquire the cleverness and other qualities of the deceased person. Very few natives are daring enough now to attack white men, but there is no knowing what they might do in a moment of excitement. Half a dozen white men in a jungle 500 miles from help may be in a delicate situation. Danger from lions and other wild animals will be very great. During the building of the Uganda railway hundreds of laborers were carried off by lions, and in recent months the beasts have walked into railroad cars and snatched off defenseless travelers. In Nigeria lions are even more numerous than in Uganda. Their numbers depend largely on the amount of food they can find. Elephants, antelopes and other game of various sizes are so abundant in Nigeria that the lions find inexhaustible food. Sometimes as many as fifty or sixty lions lurk in a patch of jungle a few acres in extent, near a drinking place where the food animals gather. The new railroad will run along the river banks and will cross the favorite hunting places of the lions. There will be a tremendous disturbance among the animals. Twenty miles from the new harbor of Port Harcourt is the gloomy forest where the hideous idol "Long Juju" formerly held sway. In the heart of the forest there was a great pool of black water. At one end of the pool was a temple and upon the banks stood the houses of the so-called priests. In the temple stood the idol known as Long Juju. When a man was accused of any action by another he was taken to the temple and compelled to plunge into the pool. If he was innocent he was able to swim away. If he was guilty he sank, no matter how good a swimmer he was. It is said that the priests kept an aquatic monster in the water that seized the victims by the legs and dragged them down and devoured them. This devilish cult supported an immense number of priests. Every man could be subjected to the ordeal on the most trifling accusation. Thousands of victims were sacrificed every year.