

# When the Wooden Man married the Skeleton Lady

## The Strange and Fashionable Affair Which Took Place in a Berkeley Studio



BRIDE AND GROOM

THE WEDDING IN THE STUDIO

By Willard Wood

ON PYNKNEE-BONYTOES, In Berkeley, by the Rev. Geo. Kegg, Herr Gastroemius von Pynknee of Munich to Miss Fibula Metatarsus Bonytoes of Chicago.

This announcement appeared recently in the marriage column of the San Francisco daily journals and was read probably by hundreds of people. The majority of them glanced at it idly, blinked their eyes over the extraordinary cognomens of the happy couple, and read on, totally oblivious of the fact that one of the most remarkable and unprecedented weddings ever occurring in the state had taken place in the peaceful precincts of Berkeley; while others paused long enough to read it through, probably expressed themselves as did one scornful observer: "Some more of them d-d foreigners."

Back of fiction lies the fact, and back of the singular names of the marriage notice lies the truth. The groom had just arrived in the city from abroad and the bride did come from Chicago (though her girlhood days were spent in sunny France); but—ah, that fatal but—both bride and groom lacked startlingly the pride, the joy, the blushing, the smiles which greet the ringing of wedding bells the world over. Both the principal figures in the ceremony remained cold, lifeless, apathetic. Literally dragged to the altar, pale and nerveless, the knot that bound them was finally tied though the happy couple almost fell apart into the arms of supporting friends.

Extraordinary wedding! Out with the secret. The bride was a skeleton, the groom made of wood. And now, the story.

The junior students—both young men and women—of the life class of the California guild of arts and crafts, Berkeley, were sorely in need of human skeleton, and also of a large figure or manikin for use in their daily art work. Schemes were planned to acquire them, hints were given in due time, and soon enough money was on hand to purchase the needed figures.

A large anatomical museum in Chicago shipped a tall and beautifully white bleached female skeleton and a well known firm in Munich sent promptly to order a curious male manikin.

By a singular coincidence both figures arrived in Berkeley on the same day. The joker of the class thereupon, conceiving a really brilliant idea, shouted enthusiastically: "Oh, joy! Oh, joy! Let's marry the two! What say you all?"

The committee jumped at the bait, preparations were begun and but one proviso made: "That the public at large must never, never hear or know of such a ghastly thing."

Once it was decided to have an evening wedding, invitations to cover the membership of the school were sent out, as well as to a few interested

friends who loved to behold and delve into things uncanny. But as the most secrets, meager particulars gradually leaked out until there were quite a few requests from "friends of friends of mine" for permission to view the ceremony. Seventy-five more invitations were issued to the marriage, and 150 more guests were bidden to the reception which was to follow. Nearly all sent acceptances, and then the presents began to pour in. The bride, who by this time was blushing, received a full share of the world's goods, for packages addressed to Miss Fibula M. Bonytoes began to arrive at the Studio building, not by prominent ways, but by dozens. By mail, express and messenger service they came. These were opened by her bridesmaids and properly displayed with the sender's cards on specially provided tables. The gifts numbered fully 100 and it is stated as a fact that the 5, 10 and 15 cent stores did a rushing business.

The wedding gifts were not merely numerous; they were varied. Among the largest might be mentioned a merry widow hat, gorgeously decorated with marvelously glowing and parti-colored hand-made flowers; a washtub and board, several unframed pictures mostly caricatures of prominent members of the guild; among the lesser, a box of hairpins, a mustache cup, a package of corn cure, a menthol pencil, an engagement calendar, a toupee (alas, the mankin was bald), a satin face mask of delicate pastel or pinkish shade, a bottle of machine oil (the mankin's joints were screwed by cranks and really needed oiling), a spotted palm, a door mat, a small Turkish rug, a tall vase of decorated porcelain, a pair of old roller skates, the donor evidently having in mind the undeniable fact that many a man likes to go on an occasional skate; a cut glass carafe with two tumblers to match and two new chairs. The chairs, carafe, door mat and palm were bestowed on the same principle as that which causes a wife to present her husband with a tablecloth and a dozen damask napkins at Christmas time—"they would come in so handy about the house." These articles were needed in the school; hence they were willingly offered to the bride.

The hour of the ceremony approached, the spacious hall was filled, when the best man, Sheldon Cheney, reported to the waiting ushers the sudden indisposition of the groom. Herr von Gastroemius von Pynknee is really, said Mr. Cheney, "unable to stand upon his feet to walk up the aisle." A pair of skates were quickly buckled to his shoes, and with the assistance of his best man he was wheeled to the altar where his waiting bride stood clasping in her hand a bunch of immortelles. She, too, it seemed, had been taken deathly ill. Ordinary methods of restoration proved ineffectual. But the assembled guests were not to be balked of witnessing that ceremony. A wire was stretched across the room, and by the aid of a pulley and the assistance of the bridesmaid, Miss M. Parish, the bride was enabled to slide somewhat uncertainly to her proper place.

While the two were being led to the

"slaughter" as one guest remarked, a quartet composed of the Misses Phelps, Riordan, Wilkinson and Earl arose and sang with much feeling the wedding march from "Lohengrin." The melody was exquisitely rendered, but the words were parody indeed.

Now the bold and doughty justice of the peace of the occasion, George Kegg (a student of the life class), stepped forward and with book in hand addressed the guests: "Our ringleaders in the guild of arts and crafts, associated skiddoos and busted bohemians, have rounded us up here in the face of art, that this here and that there (pointing to each figure) may be joined together in the bonds of padlock, signifying the mystical union that is betwixt the frame and the form. Therefore enter ye all into this presence discreetly, unadvisedly and lightly. Into this realm of art, these two things present come now to be joined. If any one can show just cause why they may not be joyfully joined together, let him now speak or hereafter forever hold his peace."

Facing the two pale and expressionless faces, he continued: "I charge you both as ye will answer at the dreadful day of examination, when the secret weakness of your knowledge shall be disclosed, if either of you know any impediment why ye may not be awfully joined together in composition, ye do now confess it; for be ye well assured that if any things are joined together otherwise than as a master's hand, their union is allowed to be unfair."

"Herr Gastroemius von Pynknee, by what right have you entered upon these premises? Are you out of bondage? Have you passed the custom house? And in entering into the bonds of composition, have you ever been drawn before?"

(Here, the best man produced credentials—the bill of lading, custom-house receipts, etc.)

"Fibula M. Bonytoes, is it really true that all Chicago skeleton bellies have such large feet?"

The maid of honor here spoke up: "Pardon me, but it would seem that this question is irrelevant, incompetent and immaterial, and has nothing whatever to do with the issue at hand."

Justice of peace: "Fibula, are you now free to enter into this frivolous state?"

Here the ceremony was threatened with an abrupt ending, for an insignificant guest in the rear of the hall

whispered in the ear of his nearest neighbor that he had heard there was colored blood in the bride's veins, and asked if there was any truth in the report. This bit of rumor reached the best man's ears, and he at once ordered an investigation. It was proved by the bride's credentials, however, that she had merely been the trainer of an African lion in a cheap traveling circus in France, and so after some discussion, the ceremony went on.

Justice of Peace: "Wilt thou, Gastroemius, have this dignified, ossified, mortified, bonified, petrified, hollow-eyed, classified, ramified, Benjamin Ide, specified, stupefied and peroxide damped to be thy American beauty, to live together in art's atmosphere? Wilt thou love her, comfort her, honor and keep her in night class and in night class, in day clothes and in night clothes, and, forsaking all others, keep thee only unto her, despite professional jealousy on the part of the real live model so long as ye both shall hang together?"

Gastroemius: "Und I vill."

Justice of peace: "Fibula, wilt thou have this puffed up and stuffed up dummy to be thy still life steady, to live together in art's atmosphere? Wilt thou obey him and serve him, love, honor and keep him also in night class and in day class, and, forsaking all others, keep thee only unto him so long as ye both shall hang together?"

Guest: "Poor thing, she must be frightfully nervous; why, she can not even speak."

A faint "I will" is heard.

Justice of peace: "Who giveth this here to be married to that there?"

Voice of guest in rear: "It's a dead give away!"

Guest: "I, Gastroemius von Pynknee, do take thee, Fibula Metatarsus Bonytoes, to have and to hold—as long as I can—from this forward, in transverse spinous processes, in supinations or pronations, in segregations or articulations, till dissections and life class do us part, and therefore I plight thee my troth."

Guest: "With this here cigar ring (paper) I thee wed, and with all my foreign titles, and the various names I have heard called me tonight, the sawdust from my family tree and the family coat of paint, I thee endow."

Justice of peace: "Those which traditions and custom have joined together, let no three ply, gilt edged pelican of antiques pull asunder."

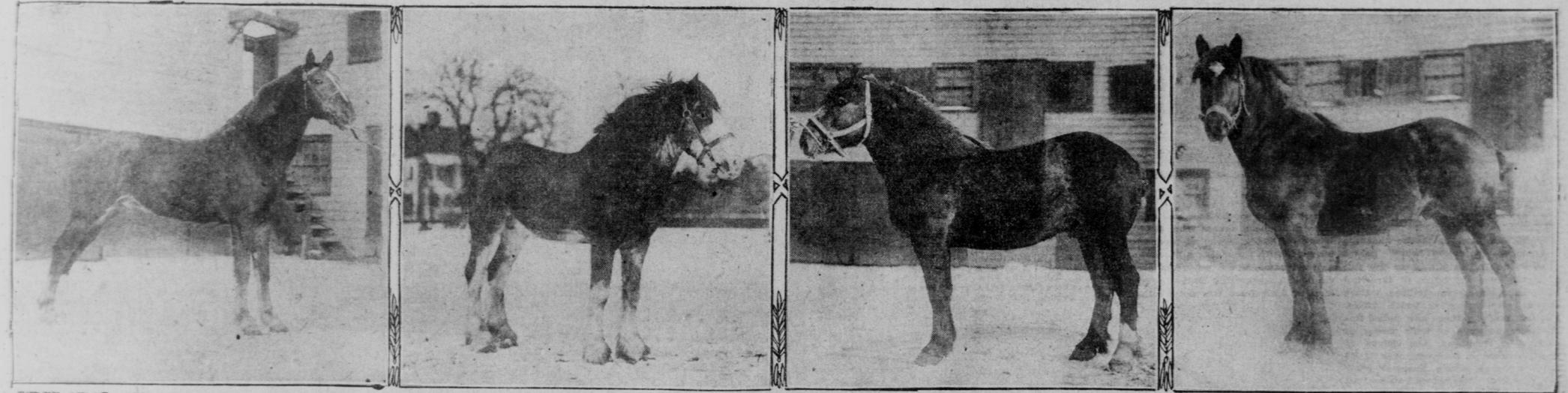
"Forasmuch as Pynknee and Bonytoes have consented to be duly padlocked, and have witnessed to the same before this assembly of serious students, I pronounce them, by decree of the associated skiddoos, sentenced for life class to be hung hereafter on the same hook, unless through unforeseen circumstances they stray off on their own hook."

The ceremony ended, a cozy corner was found for the now united couple, and there, canopied by the rarest flowers and ferns, they received congratulations, jeers, gibes and comments of students and guests.

Nor was the minor ceremony of kissing the newly married couple dispensed with. The school's clever book plate designer, Miss Lucy Pierce, advanced boldly to the embarrassed groom and saluted him firmly on the cheek, while the maid courageous enough to embrace the deathly looking bride was found in the person of Miss E. M. de Loor, the men present having announced as a unit their refusal of the proffered honor.

This ended the most unique, amusing and startling marriage ceremony ever performed amid Berkeley's green glades. The close of it was more in keeping with the reputation of that merry and hospitable town, however, as the waning moon beheld the revelers dancing, talking and supping with unrestrained gaiety, though ever and anon casting a glance over their shoulders toward the corner where, enthroned in their gorgeous costumes, with their ghastly, white faces turned stiffly toward each other, sat Fibula and Gastroemius, unwitting assistants on the student road to fame.

# NEW JERSEY SETS OUT TO BREED A BETTER FARM HORSE



THREE YEAR OLD HACKNEY - 1775 LBS      THREE YEAR OLD CLYDE - 1775 LBS      THREE YEAR OLD PERCHERON - 1690 LBS      THREE YEAR OLD PERCHERON - 1740 LBS

IMPORTED stallions are to be distributed among the farmers of New Jersey, with a view to producing the perfect draft horse. The stallions, the first photographs of which are shown on this page, are now at the New Jersey state experimental station, New Brunswick. They will be distributed through the state, under the direction of the farmers' breeders' associations, organized in the several counties of New Jersey, to encourage the farmer to breed animals that will be more select than some of the mongrel breeds that are now being produced in the state.

The live stock commission under whose direction the stallions have been obtained from Europe was established by act of the legislature during its last session. The investigation of the commission showed that the Jersey farmer was more concerned in producing a horse with a record than one that would be a credit to the race of farm animals. The Jersey productions were the result of mating with inferior sties, and this gave the state a breed of horse of a high nervous disposition, lacking in size, sense, substance of bone, muscular activity and in the majority of qualities necessary to the ideal farm horse. As a result it was found that the colts did not stop until they were 4 or 5 years old; that they were too unsightly for the market, too nervous for the available farm help to manage, and, as a consequence of these inferior qualities, were necessarily produced at a great loss to the farmer.

There was found to be an alarming scarcity of genuine draft breeding stallions in the state, several countries being included in the list where there was a total absence of really sound and serviceable breeding draft stock. This being the case, the live stock commission was given \$20,000 and told to purchase and maintain stallions for distribution in the various counties of the state, where farmers owing sound and breedy mares might organize, with the intention of improving as well as increasing the number of farm work horses.

Rather than the disgust of American owners of native stallions the commission decided that Europe offered a better choice of animals. Three members of the commission, Dr. T. E. Budd, veterinarian, former Assemblyman Ephraim T. Gill and Prof. F. C. Minkler were delegated to go abroad and make the purchases of future sires, and the result of their expedition is now seen at the New Jersey experimental station.

The commission purchased eight Percherons at County Perch, Normandy, France; three Clydesdales and an English hackney at Stranvier, Scotland; and one heavy harness or coach horse from near York, England.

All these horses will be loaned to farmers' breeding association, and the result will be watched with interest by horse lovers all over the country.

# The Loves of Napoleon, and the Women Who Repulsed the Honor of His Attentions

By H. C. Williams

TWO sorts of writers have tended to obscure the principal actors in the Napoleonic family. One, like Abbott, shows them almost incapable of any of the sins of ordinary mortals; others, like Scott, as possessing none of the virtues. It may be said that they were better than the average of the society in which they moved, but not good enough to represent the ideals of the hypercritical morality of our own days. Duels have been fought in defense of the good name of Josephine, when her traducers have not insisted on any stronger charge than that she was not exactly a prude.

Although scandal had been busy with her before her marriage with Bonaparte, as, indeed, it had with everybody of note, there is no certain knowledge that Josephine was imprudent after her reconciliation with Napoleon on his return from Egypt over a difference occasioned by her shady relations with one M. Charles. Napoleon set out to take command of the army of Italy a few days after the marriage, and it was not until Napoleon had established almost a regal court at Milan that she could be induced to share with him the scene of his brilliant conquests, and only then by command

of her spouse, who sent Junot to escort her from Paris. Charles was introduced to her in the Serbelloni palace. Napoleon was absent most of the time with his army and did not see anything. His sister Pauline made up for this by keeping close watch over a sister in law whom she hated, and was not long in observing that M. Charles and Mme. Bonaparte were in close communication.

All this finally came to the ears, and some of it to the eyes of Bonaparte, and it was suddenly announced that M. Charles had been arrested and would certainly be shot. This last was commuted, but Charles was obliged to quit the army, and returning to Paris entered the banking business through the interest Josephine secured for him. This liaison was continued at intervals until Napoleon's return from Egypt, where news of it was carried to him by returning officers. He then seriously considered a divorce. Josephine on her part was considering the same thing in her residence of Malmaison, where Charles had installed himself almost in the capacity of master. She had become hostile to the policies of Napoleon, fearing that his was the setting star, and had attached herself to Gohier, who was the leader of the anti-Napoleon faction, and had been put forward by the Jacobin party to accomplish the downfall of Napoleon, and the more hostile he was to Napoleon the better it suited Josephine. She confided to him her passion for Charles and was counseled to apply for a divorce in order to espouse her lover.

The scheme was progressing finely when the house of cards came suddenly tumbling down by the unexpected landing of Napoleon on the shores of

France. Josephine realized that she had not a moment to lose if she would save herself, and set out to meet him. Napoleon entered Paris by another road, fully determined upon divorce. During her journey Josephine realized the horror of her course. If she failed to reinstate herself she had nowhere else to go. After a long struggle Napoleon not only forgave her, but forgot the incident and ignored her accomplices. He took the blame upon himself for having left her so long alone; but he never repeated the mistake—ever afterward Josephine found herself under espionage and no further imprudences were recorded of her. His own relations with Mme. Fourès were recent and notorious and Josephine used the fact to her advantage.

The memoirs of the duchess d'Abantes are full of spicy anecdote. She was but 17 in the summer of 1802, and but recently married to Napoleon's favorite, Junot. She was the daughter of a man who had once offered himself in marriage. Both families being Corsican, they had been intimate since her babyhood. She says: "One morning I was in profound sleep, when suddenly I was awakened by a slight noise near me, and perceived the first consul beside my bed. Thinking I was in a dream, I rubbed my eyes, which produced a laugh from him. "It is really I," said he, "why so astonished?" "I was now awakened entirely, and by way of answer I extended my hand toward the open window, where the sky disclosed that deep blue which succeeds the first hour of dawn. I looked at my watch and found it was not yet 6 o'clock. "Really," said he, "not later than that? So much the better; we are going to

chat," and taking an armchair, he placed it at the foot of my bed, seated himself, crossed his legs, and established himself in a position of ease. He held in his hand a package of letters, on which was written, 'For the First Consul—personal,' saying as he looked, 'I must not be ignorant of any want, any complaint.' The first letter was from a woman whose son had been killed in Egypt; she had written 10 letters to the war minister without answer.

"You see it is necessary I should myself read all the correspondence," and he made a private mark for his secretary, which resulted in relief to the mother. "Ah, here is a trap," taking off one, two, three, four envelopes, each highly scented with roses. When he had looked at the last a laugh burst from him. "It is a declaration, not of war, but of love, from a beautiful lady who has loved me, she says, since the day she beheld me present the treaty of Campo Formio to the Directory. 'I wish to see her I have only to give orders to the sentinel at the iron gate on the side of Boulogne to let a woman pass dressed in white and giving the word 'Napoleon!' and (looking at the date) this very evening.' I told him to beware. It might be a snare by his enemies. 'You may be assassinated.' "I said it in joke. Do you think me so simple, so stupid, as to nibble at such bait? I am receiving such letters every day, with meetings appointed at the Tuilleries, at the Luxembourg, but the only answer I make to such epistles is that which they deserve." With this he wrote a few words, referring to the minister of police. "The deuce, it is 6 o'clock," he exclaimed, and approaching the bed he

collected his papers, pinched my foot through the bedclothes, and with a gracious smile went away 'singing in his squawking voice.'

The following morning she was awakened by the same knock at her maid's chamber door and Napoleon entered, as before, with a packet of letters in his hand. The subject of one of these was the scapegrace prince of Wurtemberg, who had just created a scandal by the seduction of a high born young lady. After some talk about it he again pinched Mme. Junot's foot and left the room. She then called her waiting maid and prohibited her from ever opening the door for any one so early in the morning. "But, madame, if it be the first consul?" "Do as I bid you, she was the reply.

She awoke early the next morning with a feeling of uneasiness, determined that these morning visits must cease. Arising and crossing her maid's room she was surprised to find the door unsecured and the key outside. She double locked the door and returned to bed, taking the key with her. At 6 o'clock the same knock was heard and after a little another. The maid told her mistress had taken the key. Napoleon then went away.

"Are you afraid of being assassinated?" Napoleon inquired, as he broke into the room an hour later. "Tomorrow there is a hunting party at Buzard. I shall come myself to wake you, and as you are not among a horde of Tartars do not barricade yourself against me. You see your precaution against an old friend has not prevented him from reaching you." Asking her maid why she had disobeyed her orders, she was told that the door had been opened with a master key and that she had

not dared to hinder him from entering. A few hours later her husband, Junot, appeared. The feverish eagerness of her reception told him something had gone wrong. Being desirous of protecting herself without arousing a scandal or the jealousy of her husband she resolved upon strategy. Junot, as governor of Paris, was not supposed to sleep outside its limits; she entreated him to take her away, even if they must go clandestinely. This was refused, so she remained no other course than to persuade him to stay. "Here," she naively says, "I was much more strongly armed," and using the wiles of the young woman and wife he consented to stay, saying, "You will procure me a scolding."

She double locked the maid's door, leaving her own shut, with the key on her side. At half past 5 Napoleon's step was heard in the corridor. The door opened noisily. "What, still asleep on a hunting day? I told you that."

Using her own words: "At the hunt Napoleon rode out in a phaeton, and seeing me asked, 'Mme. Junot, will you honor me with your company?' I got in and we rode for some time in complete silence. Suddenly he turned to me and said: 'You think yourself very clever. I made no reply, and he repeated in a louder tone, 'You think yourself very clever? Can you explain why you made your husband stay?'"

"The explanation is clear and brief, general. I love Junot; we are married, and I thought there was no scandal in a husband remaining with his wife." "You know that I prohibited it, and you know that my orders ought to be obeyed."

"Your orders do not concern me. When the consul signify the degree of intimacy that may subsist between a husband and his wife, the number of days and hours that shall be allotted to their interviews, then I may think of submitting. Till then I confess my good pleasure shall be my only law." I was growing angry, and continued: "You accuse me of distrusting you. I have not, but I have perceived that your visits at such an hour in the chamber of a young woman would compromise me strangely in the eyes of other inhabitants of this house."