

STORIES OF AMERICAN CITIES

Queer Gypsy Custom That Is Hard on Newlyweds

NEW YORK.—The kidnaping of Mrs. Lena Stevens from her home in Cleveland by her father, who held her for her young husband for \$500 ransom, has been explained. Instead of finding a villainous parent, Newark detectives learned of a gypsy custom which made the "ransom" legitimate, so to speak.

George Stevens married Lena Judson, a gypsy, about a year ago. They hit the gypsy trail by automobile, slept outdoors, cooked their meals in the fields and enjoyed a prolonged honeymoon.

Through a mysterious channel Ephraim Judson, father of the bride, was informed that his son-in-law was mistreating his daughter. Thereupon he set out to find the couple and ascertain the truth or falsity of the report.

When he found them he admitted that the reports were false and said they had been spread by a rival for the girl's hand.

Nevertheless, Judson demanded \$500. He said he had spent this amount of money in ascertaining that his son-in-law was the right kind of husband. Stevens promised to pay, and the couple returned to their Cleveland home.

But the money was not forthcoming, and Mrs. Stevens disappeared. The husband told the police, and they decided it was a case of kidnaping when he showed a letter asking \$500 for the return of his wife. Stevens searched and finally found her with her father at 127 Mott street.

Judson explained the circumstances of the "kidnaping," and the son-in-law wired his father in Cleveland to send \$500, so he could get his bride.

The Newark police found the young husband living with gypsies in a small store at 37 Charlton avenue. He explained that his father-in-law, by gypsy custom, was entitled to the \$500.

So Stevens is in Newark, hoping his father will send \$500, while Mrs. Stevens is in New York, hoping her father gets the \$500. And husband and wife are hoping to be reunited soon.

Church Has "Lovers' Loft" for Lonesome Couples

CHICAGO.—While the elder parishioners of the Immanuel Baptist church are raising their voices in harmony with the clarion peal of the organ to that patriarchal psalm, "Let the Lower Lights Be Burning," the juvenile generation cuddled comfortably in "Lovers' Loft," is paraphrasing the lyrics in a whispered appeal to the janitor to "Let the Lights Be Burning Lower."

Following a recent suggestion of Rev. John Thompson that all churches should be equipped with "cozy corners" for the accommodation of the young people of the community, the Rev. Dr. Johnston Myers, pastor of the Immanuel Baptist church, 2320 South Michigan boulevard, has established such a haven of happiness for the lonely hearts of the neighborhood.

All the conventional comforts of home are guaranteed to these hostages of Cupid who can't find refuge in other quarters.

A library, a piano, floor lamps, stationery, writing desks and other "non-essentials" in little Danny's lexicon of success are there, together with such absolute requisites as downy davenport, a myriad of soft pillows and adjustments on the lights that permit of a graduated shading of illumination.

The "Lovers' Loft" is open to the matrimonially ambitious swains of the community all day and every night of the week. In real desperate cases the janitor has been advised not to invoke the closing law.

"I always have heartily approved of the idea of making the church an attractive rendezvous for young people," said Doctor Myers last night.

"In our congested urban life there are many respectable young girls living in hall-room bedrooms and splendid young men, similarly situated, who have no appropriate place where they can entertain friends. The church should provide just such a haven.

So, even if some Chicago matches are not made in heaven, they will be made in a church.

"Specimen of Perfect Physical Young Womanhood"

SAN FRANCISCO.—Absolutely perfect girlhood—this is the discovery made in San Francisco. Miss Gloria Tevis has been "discovered" by physical culture experts as a specimen of perfect physical young womanhood.

Miss Tevis is a former student in the girls' high school. She is eighteen years old, and is an all-around athlete, an accomplished swimmer, a good horsewoman, adept at fencing and an "outdoor girl." Miss Tevis is an enthusiastic advocate of the simple life. She lives in the open as much as possible and follows the classical Grecian ideal of a simple and more or less austere way of living. This does not mean that she is puritanical, for she loves dancing and believes that it is one of the secrets of her health. Not only ballroom dances appeal to her, but she studies and practices classical dancing roles as well.

"What is the secret of my health?" she laughed. "Why, there's no great secret. I do not drink coffee or tea. I drink a lot of milk. And I eat only two meals a day—lunch and dinner. I try to get a couple of hours' sleep in the afternoon, but that is because I'm up late evenings in my work. I think everyone ought to have a good eight hours of sleep.

"And then there's exercise. If you want to sleep and eat heartily you've got to have exercise. I hike, swim a good deal, fence a little and ride horseback whenever I get a chance. Dancing is fine exercise and I love it. If you get pleasure out of your exercise it is much better than doing it as a duty."

Miss Tevis is what is known as a "perfect 36." She is 5 feet 4 inches tall and in general follows the proportionate measurements of her height and weight.

Faithful Housemaid Is Rewarded by Her Mistress

BOSTON.—Once a housemaid; today a wealthy woman in the Roxbury section of Boston and owner of the home in which she formerly worked—this is the fortune of Miss Agnes McNevin, as \$250,000 has been bequeathed to her by her late employer, Mrs. Mary C. Knight.

Twenty-five years ago a slip of a girl knocked at the door of the big house at 46 Perrin street, Roxbury, and timidly applied for a chance to do housework or any odd jobs that might be open to her. The girl said her name was Agnes McNevin. The butler, who answered the doorbell, took the message to Mrs. Knight, and as luck would have it she had been looking for a maid for months.

So Agnes McNevin was engaged. She was not afraid of work and soon attracted the attention of her mistress by her diligence. She was efficient, too. She won promotion after promotion and gradually rose to the position of housekeeper. After the death of Mr. Knight in 1908 Miss McNevin became a companion to the widow. As time passed Mrs. Knight depended more and more upon the counsel and advice of the girl.

Agnes McNevin was loyal, too. She had suitors, but she refused several offers of marriage. She loved her mistress and would not leave her.

Mrs. Knight died a short time ago. In recognition of loyal service and companionship Miss McNevin was made chief beneficiary in the will of the mistress she had served so faithfully for a generation.

FIFTY-EIGHT FIFTY

By R. RAY BAKER

It did not look like a good investment that Hilda Caruthers had made. No, Hilda had not taken a flier in copper, oil or motors. She had simply bought a dress.

Clothes being a necessity, the purchase of a dress when one is needed is an investment. But Hilda was fairly well supplied with wearing apparel that was pretty enough, but suited only to everyday wear.

The reason the dress in question did not look like a good investment was that she wanted it for one special occasion, and it cost \$58.50 of the \$60 she had in the bank.

It seemed like downright foolishness but she just had to go to Anne's wedding, and as Anne's wedding was to be an event of stellar social importance common clothes would be out of place.

Anne was the best girl friend Hilda ever had. They had been chums in school and had been together so much they were taken for sisters, and even began to feel that way themselves.

In their senior year at high school the two girls became separated when Anne's parents moved with her to a near-by city. However, the two girls corresponded regularly and were as good friends as ever, spending most of their vacation periods together.

Hilda was graduated from high school, took a business course and became a bookkeeper in a department store. Anne took a position as stenographer in a broker's office.

Three years later came the surprising news from Anne:

"I'm going to marry a millionaire!"

It seemed that Anne's employer fell in love with her and she with him, and there could be only one natural result. In the midst of preparations for the wedding the Moorehouse home burned to the ground, and plans were upset for a short time.

Then Anne got the idea she would like to be married in the little church she used to attend in her old home town; so the two families most concerned motored thither.

It was to be an elaborate function, and consequently when Hilda received an invitation she knew it behooved her to adorn herself suitably for the occasion.

The wedding was set for eleven o'clock in the morning, and at nine Hilda set out afoot for the church. It had been raining hard, but had cleared off, and the sun was shining brightly.

Two blocks from the church she stopped at a corner to let a big coupe roll past. The machine was closer to her than she had calculated as she stood on the walk, and the rear wheel churned up a sea of mud and hurled a tidal wave at Hilda.

As the auto vanished round a corner a block away the girl stood with her fists rubbed wet dirt out of her eyes and looked down at her dress to see that it was ruined.

Hilda realized that as far as her presence was concerned the wedding might have been on Mars. She simply could not attend in that mud-bespattered costume. There was only one thing to do—retrace her steps, take off the \$58.50 worth of ruined goods and spend the day in misery in her room.

As she walked dolefully toward her home, trying vainly to brush the clinging mud from her, a feeling of rage gradually rose within her. She remembered how she had seen a young man driving the coupe, and she recalled that he had smiled at her as he drenched her with mud.

For a moment the smiling face had attracted her and she had wished that she might know the young man. Now she had the same longing, but for a different reason. She would like to present him with a slice of her mind.

Fretting and fuming, Hilda wended her way homeward, while the wedding guests crowded the church, and the bride-to-be, with the assistance of a maid, got into her gown in her room at the hotel, and the groom-to-be sat in his room with his father and smoked black cigars to steady his nerves.

In the midst of these preparations the telephone in Anne's room summoned her, and when she turned from the instrument she displayed excitement.

"Get mother," she ordered the maid. "Gwendolin has had a nervous collapse and can't act as bridesmaid. Anybody would think she was going to be married, instead of her cousin. I was afraid she'd do something like that, she's so high-strung. Mother insisted on having her, though. Now maybe she'll consent to Hilda Caruthers, if it's possible to get word to Hilda this late, and if she'll consent to playing second fiddle."

So Mrs. Moorehouse fluttered onto the scene, and when she had been made acquainted with the situation she fluttered to the young man who

was about to become her son-in-law. The latter's brother, who was to act as best man, had just driven up in his machine.

"Fred," directed the prospective groom, "take a run up to the church and yank Hilda Caruthers out of the audience and bring her here. She can wear one of Anne's dresses."

"I don't know her," Fred objected. Mrs. Moorehouse fluttered back to her daughter and returned with a picture of Hilda. Fred's face took on a queer, elated expression as he studied it.

"That's funny," he remarked. "I passed that girl just a little while ago on a corner a few blocks from here."

He went away, muttering. "The real funny part of it is, though, that she struck my eye and I nearly ran over an ice wagon, because I was looking back at her."

Fred was unable to find Hilda among the guests assembled at the church. He asked the church ushers and they stated positively that Miss Caruthers had not arrived. So he got her address and went to her home.

Hilda had entered her room and was on the point of taking off the mud-ridden dress when her aunt called her. Hilda's parents had died within a year of each other shortly after Anne moved from the city, and she was living with her uncle and aunt.

"There's a young man here to see you on important business," said the aunt. "He wants you for bridesmaid at the wedding. He's the brother of the groom."

Hilda began to unfasten her dress. "I won't change," she decided suddenly. "I'll just show them that I did have a good dress, even if it is ruined now."

When she saw Fred her feeling of anger returned, but the smile with which he greeted her made it impossible for her to harbor her wrath. So she smiled in return and said:

"You're to blame for this mud. Your old car did it, and that's the reason I'm not at the church now."

"Never mind," he returned. "Come along in the car, and I'll apologize on the way. They'll fix you up at the hotel."

But Fred did not take the shortest way. Instead he drove several blocks in the wrong direction. The truth is he was captivated by Hilda—well, you can't get around it. There is such a thing as love at first sight, and mud can't alter it.

At the hotel the bridal party waited in vain for the bridesmaid and best man.

Mrs. Moorehouse was all aflutter and was for telephoning the police and the hospitals to ascertain whether there had been an accident. The mother of the prospective groom was little more composed, while the two fathers held an excited conference and the young man who was to become a husband smoked black cigars and dug his finger nails into the palms of his hands.

For half an hour the bridal party waited, and the assemblage at the church grew restless, and some of it left. The tension at the hotel ended when Anne was called to the phone.

"This is Fred," said the voice on the wire. "Say, I forgot all about your wedding. I was so interested in your friend Hilda. You'll pardon me, but I couldn't help taking her for a ride, and we had a mishap. Oh, we didn't get hurt, but we got pretty well acquainted. We'll be right up to the hotel. Better get those clothes ready for Hilda, because she's going to be your attendant, all right; but what's more interesting to me—there's going to be a double wedding."

Considerable Peiting. While motoring with a party of friends in the far West our car crashed through a wooden railing on a high embankment along a drive near the Oregon river.

The car ran 50 feet down the bank and landed in the midst of a picnic party which was just beginning to have a feast. The big car dashed among the picnickers, made them scatter, and demolished the spread.

We congratulated ourselves that the car had not turned over and tried to explain matters, offering to pay for all damages, but the picnickers, none of whom understood English, assailed us with the mangled remains of their banquet.

We hurried away and found ourselves considerably disfigured by the pies, cakes, pickles, jelly, chicken and broken dishes with which we were pelted.—Exchange.

Good Reason. A colored girl applied to W. C. Quimby, manager and owner of the Jefferson theater, Fort Wayne, for a position as usher. Mr. Quimby told her that no permanent position was open but that she could substitute for another girl that day. She told him that she would return in "about an hour" ready for work, but was told that she must start at once if she wished the position.

"But, you see, I can't start right away. My car's outside," was the answer.—Indianapolis News.

Newest Styles Are Very Colorful. The general styles which stand out with great prominence are decidedly colorful and varied in theme. The colorful and varied in theme. The colorful and varied in theme. The colorful and varied in theme.

Steam Away Wrinkles. Wrinkles in silk waists, mused from being packed in a traveling bag, or lying in a drawer, may be easily removed without ironing, by shaking out and hanging over a hot radiator or register for a few minutes. The steam makes the wrinkles disappear as if by magic.

PEOPLE TALKED ABOUT

HORACE WADE, ELEVEN-YEAR-OLD AUTHOR



In a locked room, lying flat upon his stomach, with a stub pencil held firmly, Horace Atkinson Wade, the eleven-year-old novelist, writes stories of terrifying mountain bandits, hairbreadth escapes, and heroic rescues. His mascot is a teddy bear who watches him in his hours of literary effort and regards critically his tales of boys who, regardless of the press of most exciting circumstance, always find time to eat.

Horace, son of Mr. and Mrs. Edward I. Wade of Chicago, was born in St. Louis, March 26, 1908—possibly with a pencil in his hand. Anyhow, according to his parents' statement, he has been writing most of the time since then and last August he spent three weeks on a novel entitled "In the Shadow of Great Peril" which, prefaced by George Ade and praised by Irvin Cobb, was published in Chicago February of this year. To quote from the preface, "Master Wade's lads wear freckles and aim straight for the jaw with every punch."

Horace is a pupil in the Carter Practice school. He is a year ahead of his class and expends surplus energy in the excitement of football, baseball, skating, and hiking with the lone scouts. He is a thoroughly red-blooded American boy.

Those agreeing with Irvin Cobb who says, "To my way of thinking he has imagination, he has balance and proportion most marvelously unusual, considering his age, and he has a wider choice of words than I should have believed it possible for a boy of his age to have," will be glad to know that Horace is planning a sequel to his published volume, and they eagerly await "The Heavy Hand of Justice."

ROOT AND THE COURT OF NATIONS

Elihu Root (portrait herewith), beloved by many people to have one of the most commanding intellects of the day, is doubly in the limelight at present. For one thing, he is a sort of unofficial spokesman on policy for the Republicans. He has just announced, however, that he will not be a delegate to the Republican national convention.

The reason that he will not be a delegate is that he expects to attend the international conference for the establishing of a court of nations, which is scheduled to meet in Paris in June.

Elihu Root is one of a number of distinguished men from various countries who have been invited to become members of the committee to prepare plans for the constitution of a permanent court of international justice.

The list was announced at a session of the council of the League of Nations.

A. J. Balfour, presiding over the council sessions, after reading the names of the men invited to become members of the committee, said:

"Maybe, for one reason or another, Mr. Root may not deem it desirable to accept the council's invitation. The council hopes he will always remember that he will be welcome at whatever stage of our sittings he may be privileged to accept to add to our deliberations the great weight of his learning and name."



S. T. MATHER AND NATIONAL PARKS



Stephen T. Mather, director of the national park service, has been awarded a life membership in the National Geographical society in recognition of his eminent services for the "increase and diffusion of geographic knowledge." His service consists in upbuilding the national park system, in stimulating national interest in our natural beauties and wonders and in making these public playgrounds popular with the people.

When Secretary Lane of the interior department assumed office in 1913 he made Mr. Mather an assistant to the secretary and put him in general charge of the national parks. When the national park service was established in 1917 Mr. Mather was made director. Since 1913 the national park system has grown from 13 parks to 20, and the attendance has increased from 251,703 to 755,325.

Mr. Mather is rich and generous. Personal friends estimate that he has expended more than \$100,000 out of his own pocket on park service.

Mr. Mather's wealth comes from borax. He maintains his Chicago home and office, but is in Washington or the national parks practically all the time.

MRS. C. C. CATT, SUFFRAGE LEADER

Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt (portrait herewith), was probably the dominating figure of the recent suffrage convention in Chicago. After seven days in convention, the women of the association finished up the business which the newly-organized League of Women Voters will carry on.

After having served as convention chairman for the League of Women Voters, Mrs. Catt relinquished control of the woman suffragists of the country, her resignation to take effect as soon as the suffrage association of which she is president, dissolves upon ratification of the amendment.

Mrs. Maud Wood Park of Boston, congressional chairman, who lobbied the amendment through the senate and house of representatives, was chosen chairman of the league. Mrs. Catt was named honorary chairman.

The other officers of the new organization will be: Mrs. George Gellhorn of St. Louis, vice chairman; Mrs. Richard Edwards of Indiana, treasurer, and Mrs. Solon Jacobs of Alabama, secretary. They will be assisted by regional directors.

