

# YOUNG, WEALTHY AND HANDSOME GIANT UNABLE TO FIND WIFE

Painful Predicament Which Has Brought Woe to the Heart of August Barth, of Brooklyn.

## DEMANDS ONLY ONE REQUISITE IN BRIDE

Himself Seven Feet Tall, He Insists the Lady Must Be Six Feet, Seven Inches—Need Not Be Young, Beautiful or Rich.

Young, good looking, wealthy, and, perhaps, a bachelor: Such is the painful position of August Barth, of Brooklyn. And the cause—He is seven feet tall!

Somewhat sensitive on the subject himself, Mr. Barth has found that maidens who have won his heart are even more so.

Once engaged to a charming Chicago girl, herself six feet tall, the engagement was broken because the lady asserted she looked so small beside him that they attracted attention on the street.

**Bride Must Be Tall.** Now he insists that the companion of his honeymoon must be at least six feet seven inches in height. He says: "She need not be rich, she need not be beautiful. She need not even be quite so young as I am. All I ask is that she be at least six feet seven inches tall!"

Six feet seven inches of femininity! Six feet seven inches clinging lovingly, fondly to seven feet of masculinity! Is it possible that there is no way of effecting the ideal combination? It would seem not.

It must be understood that it is through no fault of his Mr. Barth remains, in the words of Rudyard Kipling, a "wild ass of the desert." He has tried hard. He has made a personal canvass of eligible womanhood, covering many miles. He has advertised, he offers a reward of \$100 to any one who will bring about such a match—and still the right girl has not appeared.

A number of the prettiest "show girls" in current New York musical plays were approached and asked if they would have any strenuous objections to marrying a man seven feet in height. If any demurred she was informed that this giant was proposing an episode again, and an unwilling to take chances.

Mr. Barth Fled. The day arrived. George Auger, who looks down on little folks of seven feet, was to make the introduction. The little group, including Col. Auger, "Tody" Hamilton, a New York Sunday World representative, and Mr. Barth, assembled in a room at Madison Square Garden. Across the room Miss Wedsted was in a little ante-chamber awaiting herself for the meeting that

go traveling, and set sail for London. Three years were spent in London, Scotland, Ireland and France. Whether or not he was in search of a wife he would not say.

Traveling, to Mr. Barth, means more of a sacrifice than it does to the ordinary mortal. His seven feet of height make the question of sleeping accommodations a serious one. In traveling quarters he always has to engage a room and have the paragon of the regular hotel bed, with a chair added to it. On such occasions he uses the bed sideways, if it is not so made he can stick his feet through an opening in the footboard.

It is most unpleasant for Mr. Barth to go to a theater for the people who sit behind him always object, that they cannot see the stage. He has, therefore, to take a seat in the back row, and, as he is a trifle near-sighted, this makes it unpleasant.

"During all your travels did you not find a woman who measured up to your requirements as far as height was concerned?" he was asked.

**Admires Scotch Women.** "Not in Scotland, England or France, I got into a little town in Scotland, I think they call it Peebles, where I met several large women, but when they stood alongside of me they looked small. The finest looking woman I met on my travels I met in Peebles.

"I don't think I am particularly 'finicky.' I don't want a beautiful woman—that is, I don't insist on it. I have seen scores of women who were willing to marry me, but there was an indefinable something lacking in each case.

"Perhaps it is my extreme height that militates against women wishing in droves to marry me, but then, again, there is Col. Auger, taller than I am. He got married all right.

"Maybe a woman would rather marry a little man. I noticed in the papers, the other day, the story of a dwarf in New York, only three feet two inches tall, who was arrested for bigamy! On that basis I ought to have had four wives by this time, for I am twice as tall as he, and more!

heavily interested in western mines. Barth holds enough shares in these Utah taken out between two berths, so that he can lap over, as it were, from one to the other. No hotel provides a bed big enough for him, so he has had one made that is long enough to receive all of his elongated stature. Sometimes, when he cannot carry the bed along with him, he has to use a mine to make him independent. He also owns property in the Bronx, in Jersey and at Plainfield and Riverhead, L. I.

After he had his first affair of the heart Barth promptly resigned his position with an electrical concern, shook the dust of Chicago from his feet, and went to New York.

**Traveled for Three Years.** Then he concluded that he would

like a pigmy beside me. Then I shall forget the discomforts of being a giant in the happiness of being a bridegroom. But where shall I find the woman?"

"Don't you think you will be able to find a wife in this country?" "I don't know. I have been on the lookout for some time, but my search has been unrewarded. As an indication of good faith, I am willing that the woman who becomes my wife may first look into my character; look into my financial responsibility. And while she is doing so I will give her all the assistance I can. I am sincere; no man was ever more so."

Barth has three brothers, one of whom is the same height; another is seven feet two inches, and still another is seven feet four inches. His

mother was four feet ten inches tall; his father a giant seven feet five inches in height.

**DEER IN DRY GOODS STORE**  
In Raid on Connecticut Town Animals Smash Plate Glass Windows.

Winsted, Conn.—Two deer, both does, of a herd of ten seen frolicking on the Wakefield boulevard, on the west side of Highland lake, entered Winsted's business district about six o'clock the other morning and, becoming frightened at an approaching team, jumped through the plate glass window of John S. Mycock's dry goods store on Main street. Both emerged, one bleeding, a few seconds later and ran up Main street, a distance of 500 feet, where they vaulted a low fence, crossed Mad river, and disappeared in the direction of Highland lake, where the herd of ten was seen about seven o'clock. Two, one a buck, swam across the first bay, a distance of nearly half a mile, and disappeared in the wood on the opposite side. The other eight played around the entrance to Highland lake farm for some little time before taking their departure down the lake.

The broken glass was five-sixteenths of an inch in thickness and cost \$65. The state will probably be asked to make good the loss, inasmuch as the deer dashed through the window glass awakened people in the vicinity, who thought that burglars were at work. Mrs. M. B. Hall and William Sullivan were the only persons who witnessed the unusual performance of the two deer, they being near the corner of Main and Lake streets when the animals appeared.

**Valuable Find.** While taking stock of the old machinery at the Calcutta mint the engineers found that a boiler, which must have been put down in the first half of the nineteenth century, was of the purest copper. Its value was enormously greater than when it was manufactured, because the great consumption of copper in electrical machines has raised the price of the metal. The boiler was melted down and converted into copper coils.

**Horrible Thought.** Mistress (after many remonstrances of unpunctuality)—Really, Mary, you must try to be more punctual about serving the meals. When they are late, your master blames me. Mary—Ah, well, mum, of course I can go, but you're a prisoner for life. —Punch.

**Bridget Has a Remedy.** "Bridget, you've broken as much china this month as your wages amount to. Now, how can we prevent this recurring again?" "I don't know, mum, unless you raise my wages."

**AN UNKIND KINDNESS.**  
Respect for Foreigner's Feelings Led Him to Make Ludicrous Blunder.

Politeness has never been counted the national virtue; but an Italian nobleman attached to his country's embassy in Washington would make one of its manifestations a national fault. The count has been in America long enough to have lost, with some of his accent, all sensitiveness about his early difficulties with the language. He tells this story of mistaken American kindness on himself:

"One of my greatest difficulties in learning English," he said, "was the politeness of my American friends in ignoring what you call breaks. At first my words were not always to say, on the spot; yet I was allowed to say many words that were wrong till the time came when a laugh could not be stopped.

"Once at Newport my hostess took me to drive. Bellevue avenue was crowded, and the horses were magnifi-

cent. I wanted to tell my admiration of the high-stepping horses, but could not think of the word. 'Madam,' I said, 'what should I call this,' and I laid my hand on my knee. 'Trousers,' she replied.

"Ah, now I can say my thought," said I. "The American horses swing their trousers magnificently high. Madam did not move an eyelash. 'I will remember,' I said to myself—'trousers, trousers.'

"Next day the guests of madam were taken to a picnic on the rocks by the sea; the hostess was carving a small fowl. 'What part may I cut for you?' she said. 'All I could remember of the body was the word I had learned on the drive the day before. 'The trousers, if you please, madam,' I said with promptness. For a moment there was silence, then one of the young ladies burst out to laugh, then everybody, and there were afterward many apologies, to my embarrassment.

"Now, would it not have been a kindness if madam had corrected my first mistake?"

**CHILD'S SIMPLE FAITH.**  
Two Husbands Near Paris, Ill., Make Novel Deal—Families Live Together.

A friend told this story from real life the other day, writes Rev. C. E. Mitchell, in the New York Observer. "A wild storm was raging around a prairie home one night. The windows were blown in and no lights could be kept burning. It was only with difficulty that the doors could be braced against the blast. The father was absent from home, and the mother, grandmother and three children sat in the darkness in a room on the sheltered side of the house, fearing that at any moment the house might be swept from the foundations by the force of the wind.

"Suddenly 11-year-old Walter was missed. He had been holding a whispered conversation with his grandmother only a few moments before. Frantic with fear, the mother called him at the top of her voice, and, receiving no reply, started to grope her way through the darkness and confu-

sion of the house, to find, if possible, the missing boy.

"She found him in his room—sound asleep! And when she asked how he could go to sleep when they were all in danger, he simply replied: 'Why, mamma, grandma told me God would take care of us, and I thought I might as well go to bed again.'"

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# THE RUSSIAN PEASANT



The Russian peasant must necessarily be interesting to the world today, for he is the key to the Russian problem.

In the myriad of villages scattered throughout this vast country live 120,000,000 peasants, no less than 90 per cent. of the whole population of Russia; and the portentous query looming larger in all minds as days succeed days is: What can this huge brotherhood effect, what will it effect, and when?

For centuries past, and especially since the time of Boris Godunoff, 1598-1605, have these peasants been refused the rights due to every man born of woman. Culture, education, knowledge of even the most elementary nature, has been denied them. The outside world has been a blank, and from childhood it has been instilled into their poor deluded minds that it is enough for them to know something of their immediate surroundings—no more!

From his birth the Russian peasant is dominated by two overwhelming factors, superstition and obedience to the tsar's will, the latter being observed indirectly, but none the less stringently, through the medium of the local authorities—to put it tersely and generally, without going into details of the numerous officials, the police.

Fear of the village orladnik (policeman) and the village priest is bred in the Russian; it is part of his inalienable birthright; and after countless superstitious ceremonies, both before and after birth, which the unfortunate babe is lucky if he survives, the first personage that his little eyes and body, which are destined to see and feel so much distress, are made aware of are the priest and the policeman.

And what of his surroundings, what of his bringing up? Both as bad as can possibly be! Breathing the foul, stuffy, vapor-laden atmosphere of the two small wooden-walled rooms of the Russian kuba (cottage), from which almost all light and certainly all fresh air are excluded, except that admitted by the occasional opening of the door, and in which congregate the fowls and other small beasts of the farmyard; feeding on the most meager food—black bread, vegetable soup, and small cucumbers, with now and then milk and tea for a treat; sleeping with so many of the rest of the family as can congregate—male and female—togeth-

er on the top of the large stove taking up a quarter or a third of one of the two small rooms—what wonder if the ultimate production is lacking in almost all respects the common attributes of God's noblest creation, man!

Stunted he is by the awful disadvantages to which he is subjected—physically, by the meager and totally inadequate sustenance doled out to him, and the lack of air; morally, owing to the method of his living as detailed above; mentally, through the ultra-paternal care bestowed upon him by the powers that be. It may be asked how it is that one sees so many fine specimens of the Russian race in the Russian villages, if the bringing-up is so bad, and if medical treatment is so hard to obtain and often not obtainable, the distance from the village to another where perhaps lives the zemski (doctor) being perhaps 20 miles, and the road often impassable? My answer is that it is only the very hardest who survive: the child-mortality in Russian villages up to date would appal the civilized world if a correct return were made public. Those who do survive are almost necessarily hardy specimens. That is the solution of the conundrum.

During the last few years gradual, very gradual, efforts have been made to improve peasant life; not necessarily because those in authority wished to, far from it; but because it began to dawn upon them that, despite all precautions to keep the peasant's mind dark, he was beginning to think, and new ideas were dawning in his long-obscured brain. It was felt that it would be wise to introduce reforms from above if they must come, and not wait till they permeated through from below. So that schools, books, papers, knowledge of the great outside world began to be doled out in infinitesimal quantities, perceptibly increasing in size each year until during the last two or three years there have been improvements out of all proportion. It is true, to those of previous years, but in no sense sufficient for the proper education of the Russian peasant. And the question—an intensely serious one, too—now is: Have these relaxations in the policy of mind-darkness pursued by the authorities during the past centuries come too late? That remains to be seen.

**Psychology of the Kiss**  
By BLANCHE RING, The Actress.

What does the stage kiss mean? How fraught with emotion may or may not be for the actor and for the actress? What of genuine passion does or does not it predicate of the man and woman immediately concerned? Ingenious queries these, frequently asked of us player folk who have the good fortune to so vividly impress an audience with the bona fide nature of our stage love-making. Indeed, they are so very ingenious that in spite of the obvious compliments to our powers of portrayal, we actor men and women are obliged to smile at the innocence, the childlike ignorance of human psychology, which makes the asking of such questions possible.

For it seems to me that of all problems of psychology that pertaining to the nature of a kiss ought to be the most thoroughly understood. The emotion which prompts the kiss of love and passion is such a democratic emotion—one so common to all humanity—that one would suppose men and women to be possessed of a certain instinctive knowledge ament the various and delicate complexities in which it is involved. One would suppose that they ought to be able to reason from the basis of their own personal emotional experience how real the actor's kiss must under the circumstances be, and how much it must thrill the actress, received as it is in full view of a theaterful of people.

But not a bit of it. They reject the evidence of their own judgment, of their own experience—an experience which has indubitably taught them that no matter how passionate the love between a man and woman may be, a kiss received or given in the presence of a third person is, and can be, only the merest hollow mockery of a kiss—so far as real feeling is concerned.

# Tulle in Millinery and Neckwear

Once again illusion bows before reality; this time they are worn at the front, the choux at the back utterly out. More bows of white have been noticed so far, but the season may presently show the variety that raged a couple of years back.

In millinery tulle is used a great deal. Evening hats especially are thus adorned, and a very appropriate trimming it makes. An old-rose voile costume was lately seen worn with an all-white hat, whose only trimming as observed from the back was a great ruche of white tulle, covering the wide bandeau and falling well over the hair. When the wearer

gayeries making us once solemn Americans a very gay people indeed—taking away the reproach that we take our pleasures too seriously, and making now for clothes appropriate to the diversions. Not only do carriage folk dress nowadays, but also the plebeian street car, the open trolley, shows its load of prettily costumed women. A voile suit of some delicate color answers admirably for wear at summer park and private party, and the volles of the season come in most beautiful shades, the material back in fashion with a certainty, too pretty long to be vanished.

The hat here pictured is typical of those seen on the summer girl of the day. It is a charming gray crin fluffly with tulle and with yellow roses, making beautiful contrast on the soft gray—a French combination and artistic.

Very smart and coquettish is the small hat with a ruche of tulle about the crown and at one side a tight bunch of roses and the ubiquitous quill, under the brim of course some more roses. Posies, posies everywhere adding their quota to the gayeties.

At present the sailors are considerably much trimmed, but before the summer's over we may have the simple old sailor back again, a strictly utilitarian protection for the head. But we must confess we like the rose and tulle bedecked ones; think them more becoming.

The other day we saw on a hat a half wreath of peach blossoms that looked so real we surely got a whiff of their fragrance across the car; wanted to ask the maiden where under the sun she found the tree where they grew. Artificial flowers never were so beautiful as this year, I am sure; never so natural looking.

And nowadays summer evening outings are so much the rule, summer

er on the top of the large stove taking up a quarter or a third of one of the two small rooms—what wonder if the ultimate production is lacking in almost all respects the common attributes of God's noblest creation, man!

Stunted he is by the awful disadvantages to which he is subjected—physically, by the meager and totally inadequate sustenance doled out to him, and the lack of air; morally, owing to the method of his living as detailed above; mentally, through the ultra-paternal care bestowed upon him by the powers that be. It may be asked how it is that one sees so many fine specimens of the Russian race in the Russian villages, if the bringing-up is so bad, and if medical treatment is so hard to obtain and often not obtainable, the distance from the village to another where perhaps lives the zemski (doctor) being perhaps 20 miles, and the road often impassable? My answer is that it is only the very hardest who survive: the child-mortality in Russian villages up to date would appal the civilized world if a correct return were made public. Those who do survive are almost necessarily hardy specimens. That is the solution of the conundrum.

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Now, there is absolutely no psychological difference between the kiss I have just described and its emotional import and the stage kiss. The one is just as lifeless, just as unfeeling, just as foreign to genuine passion as the other.

There is abundant truth in the saying to always be suspicious of the man who makes love gracefully and convincingly. The manifestations of real, genuine passion are neither graceful, nor, from a stage point of view, convincing, for the very good reason that they are not dramatic. Nor is the kiss of real love, of real passion, a convincing or dramatic kiss.

# In The World of Fashion



Soft mulls rather than stiffly starched lawn are the order of the day; these are a blessing to the laundress as they "do up" more easily and keep clean longer. The lingerie this season is even more fragile in appearance than the dress very affects the finest of materials and less elaboration of lace insets; this, too, is a blessing to the home dressmaker, who can keep in style without wearing herself all out in the attempt.

Long coats are few and far between, and the variety of short ones is marvelous—one would have thought all the ideas exhausted long ago. They are so much cooler for summer wear, and they allow of display of the exquisite present fashions make the streets very festive, so much white finery seen. Already numbers of white frocks have appeared, and though we may not have the white season of last summer repeated, there certainly is to be a great deal of white worn. White plumes are seen, almost always falling over the hair at the back, a novel and picturesque disposal. Last evening we noticed an attractive hat, one of the longish turbans with the only trimming a wreath of small flowers, the wreath elongated at the back and quite separated from the hat, lying on the girl's soft tresses like a garland. The arrangement of artificial flowers in this season seems to us more natural and effective than usual, and the flowers so pretty.

Silk is much worn this spring, taffetas and rough weaves both. The colored pongees are all made with short skirts, and shortest jackets, evidently meant for business; and their certainty do seem to be just the thing for summer pedestrianizing. The taffetas are usually made walking length in spite of dire predictions we see almost no

long trained gowns on the street. And, by the way, a trim taffeta or pongee suit, made latest mode, can be worn for almost any occasion. The summer may bring forth. Of course one may wear with such a suit the love-liest of lingerie blouses, which, with its elbow sleeves and fine handwork, will look parried enough for anything.

At the afternoon-tea shops one sees some of the prettiest of summer toilets. A charming one I spotted the other day at one of these places where I happened to drop in for a refreshing cup, and I wondered if the wearer gave the charm to the dress or the dress most adorned the lady—both were so worth looking at. The lady was one of those erect, slim women, slim without being in the least scrawny; her hair just touched with gray, softly fluffy about; a bright, youthful face and crowned with a black clip hat trimmed simply with a wreath of white roses. The skirt and short coat were of blue taffeta, the sleeves of the latter giving the unmis-takable style; they came above the elbow and a deep drill of creamy lace brought them down considerably longer.

The princess costume appears in all forms, some good, others indifferent, others bad. The one here pictured is an excellent model, designed by the Dry Goods Economist. The short, puffed sleeves give the correct shoulder line, the front panel and short waist line relieves what otherwise would be too severe for any save an absolutely perfect figure—which few of us, alas, possess. But both art and nature are coming to the assistance of poor woman with her unnatural mode of life; exercise and good dress-makers are building up deficiencies.

**EARTHQUAKE LITTLE KNOWN.**  
The world has not only wanted to know all about the effects of the great calamity at San Francisco but every man of science who is even remotely acquainted with the main facts of seismology has been imprompted to give an explanation of those disturbances. The public has learned at last, says the Philadelphia Ledger, how little is really known of the fundamental facts as to the causes of earthquakes: it has come to appreciate, as it perhaps never did before, that seismology is in its infancy, the careful and systematic observation of earthquakes being less than a quarter of a century old and the complete records having only about half that period. This limited knowledge is useful in that it will lead to a discriminating judgment as to what is and what is not scientifically accurate or trustworthy in the mass of material offered for the instruction of the people.