The Romance of Mary Harriman

AVERY much mud-bespattered young man got off a very tired horse. His best friend would not have known him.

"Well, we won at last!" said he.

And that was the beginning of the romance of Mary Harriman. She has recently married young Charles Cary Rumsey of New York and Buffalo. He rode her horse that eventful day—for him and for her—two years ago at August Belmont's race track, Belmont park, on Long island, just outside the limits of New York city.

The races were private. All the young bloods of New York's smartest set, and some of the young woman, had their horses entered, and Mr. Belmont had given them the use of his track. Among others who had entered was Miss Harriman, eldest daughter of E. H. Harriman, then very much the master mind of American railway finance.

Twice before had Miss Harriman tried to win a race with this same horse. Twice before had young Mr. Rumsey ridden—only to be beaten. This time he won—not only the race, but a bride. And against the protests of Miss Harriman, who didn't want him to ride. Why?

It was an awful day. The rain was falling and the track was fetlock deep in mud. Miss Harriman suggested that her horse be withdrawn she didn't want young Mr. Rumsey to take a chance with Fate and perhaps be hurt, or even worse.

"You don't know him," said some one, when she suggested that she withdraw her entry.

If the truth must be known, Miss Harriman's horse was no wonder. He got off last and every minute the big field ahead was kicking up the mud in the faces of horses and riders. But young Mr. Rumsey kept on the job despite his handicap of bad horse and worse weather. One horse fell; another quit. Miss Harriman's entry crossed under the wire a nose ahead, thereby gaining great eclat—for the horse. And when he came back to Miss Harriman to tell her about the race, Mr. Rumsey was just about as unromantic a figure as could be. Nevertheless he won the heart of Miss Harriman.

Mutual Tastes Knit the Hearts of Young People.

The race was two years ago. Mr. Rumsey had already known the railroad man's daughter for two years. A few months ago Mrs. Harriman, widow of E. H. Harriman, formally announced the engagement of her daughter Mary to young Rumsey, and Miss Harriman spent some time in Buffalo as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Laurence D. Rumsey, father and mother of the next Harriman son-in-law.

The young people met for the first time four years ago at Meadow Brook, L. I., where those who love the horses best like to foregather. Young Mr. Rumsey, out of Harvard four years before, had just returned from Paris, where he had spent four years at the Beaux Arts, studying sculpture. He had taken a little studio in New York, at 55 East Fifty-ninth street, in a little old-fashioned building, between Park and Madison avenues. An artistic colony dwells there and those who didn't know very much put down young Mr. Rumsey as just another struggling artist—a poor sculptor.

But young Mr. Rumsey is not poor. He comes of an old and distinguished Buffalo family, which is wealthy, too. His home, where dwell his father and mother today, is one of the show places of Buffalo. Though in the heart of the city it backs up on a beautiful private park, with trees and lawns and shrubbery, a lake and a boathouse, which would make John D. Rockefeller's private garden in New York city look like the backyard of a tenement house.

His father inherited the home from young Rumsey's grandfather, Bronson Rumsey, one of Buffalo's leading citizens for half a century. His wealth was made in leather, real estate and railway enterprises. Like the rest of his family, Charles Rumsey went to Harvard and was a member of the class of 1902. Like his father before him, he became a member of the Institute of 1770, the Porcelain club and the Hasty Pudding, the best organization at Harvard.

Even at college Rumsey, '02, showed his artistic bent. As a junior he modeled a statue of an Indian on horseback—it was entitled "Welcoming the East"—which was accepted officially by the managers of the Pan-American exposition, Buffalo, in 1901.

New York Studio After Long Study in Paris.

When he was graduated he decided to take up an artistic career instead of going into business. Se he went to Paris and there studied for four years Always a horseman, like the rest of his family, he won the Concours Hippique. Fond of athletics, he took the gold medal for boxing among the students of the Beaux arts, France's premier artistic institution, frequented by so many young Americans.

Then young Rumsey came back to New York and set up his studio. Among the first people he met were the Harrimans. Mr. Harriman was building his wonderful estate at Arden, N. Y., and he wanted some one to do a little sculpture for him. It happened that Mr. Rumsey got the billet. He did it well, too. Then Miss Harriman—devoted to horses—thought that a frieze of bas-reliefs of horses would look well in the library.

Charles Rumsey got that commission. One of the handsomest rooms at Arden today is the library. Of course, Miss Harriman often came to see the young sculptor at work. Then they got to know each other better and it chanced that Mr. Rumsey told of his love of horses. There was a common ground at once. Miss Harriman is quite as much a horsewoman as he is a horseman. Both liked polo—Mr. Rumsey has played it ever since he was a youngster; Miss Harriman has always watched it. And so it transpired that he rode Miss Harriman's horse at the private races and after falling twice, finally won.

Miss Harriman wanted a horse modeled. So she gave the work to young Rumsey. Then she wanted a sculptured relief of herself on horseback. What was more natural than that Mr. Rumsey should do it? So with her mother or some other relative she visited the little studio in East Fifty-ninth street day after day.

Mr. Rumsey worked well with his clay and his bronze, and Miss Harriman's commissions were executed just to her liking. And there were other ones, too, at the same time. Mr. Rumsey did a fountain for one of the Buffalo parks, to follow it up with a bronze plaque of his sister, Mrs. Charles Goodyear of Buffalo, on her favorite horse, with her dog playing in front.

He did a bronze of a calf and a colt saying "Good morning!" This was highly praised by the critics. He did another bronze of a horse and rider drinking from the same spring on the desert, and this he named "Found." "The Horse Trainers" was his next bronze, a spirited representation of two men breaking in a pair of native horses. Then he modeled a "Bacchante," which won high encomiums. He was seeing Miss Harriman almost daily, too.

Time of Engagement Not a Public Affair.

All this time Rumsey was riding horses and meeting people, and Miss Harriman was there to see him. The young woman loves polo, and few play that strenuous game better than Mr. Rumsey, who learned it from his polo playing uncles, Trumbull Cary, Thomas Cary, Doctor Charles Cary, George Cary and Seward Cary, all of Buffalo. They brought the game to this country more than 30 years ago and are at it still. One of Charles Rumsey's proudest possessions is a souvenir photograph of himself on a team with the sons of John G. Milburn, formerly of Buffalo and now of New York, with H. Townsend Davis, playing against a team of four of his uncles. It might be mentioned that the uncles whipped the youngsters to a frazzle. Occasionally Miss Harriman saw Mr. Rumsey play polo.

Newspaper representatives are not present when young people decide to become engaged. However, it might have been his polo or his riding or his sculpture—or just perhaps himself—but, anyway, something was said one pleasant day when Mr. Rumsey and Miss Harriman were riding together that induced Mrs. Harriman to announce an engagement.

It was a quiet wedding because of the mourning of the Harrimans. It took place at Arden, N. Y., in the presence of the two families, with a few friends. Afterward Mrs. Harriman went to Europe.

A short time ago Miss Harriman went to Buffalo to visit the family into which she has married. There she saw many new faces. Her unaffected manner, her girlish ways, her apparent desire to make friends wherever she might be, added to her prestige. Being in mourning, she was not able to see Buffalo society. Her visit was a most quiet one. Nevertheless she made a most favorable impression.

She was distressed at the publicity given to her coming marriage, as were the family of the young man himself, because of her mourning. At the Rumsey home, where she was staying, all information was refused.

It may be said, however, that Mr. Rumsey has three sisters, two of them married and a young brother. Miss Harriman is an executor of her father's estate and is worth perhaps $100,000,000. She has one married sister, Mrs. Robert L. Gerry, and an unmarried one, Miss Carol. She has two brothers, W. A. Harriman and Roland Harriman. She and her mother have managed Mr. Harriman's estate since his death, and to her has fallen the conduct of the 45,000 acre place at Arden, where she was married.

It might happen that some day young Mr. Rumsey might take his wife to his home in Buffalo, there to make their abiding place. It was built before the Harrimans had a penny, even if the bridegroom-to-be is just a sculptor.

STEPS HASTENED BY LOVE

Sight of True Devotion Repaid Gatekeeper for His Violation of the Rules.

She was rusing through the gate past Bill Gibson, the gateman, like a passenger train by a flag station, but Gibson stopped her.

"Let's see your ticket, lady," he asked, politely enough.

"Oh, I have no ticket," she said, "but won't you please let me through I want to—"

"It's against the rules," cut in Gibson.

"Yes, but I want to be there on the platform"—all this breathlessly—"I'm so anxious to meet him."

"Well, go on through," Gibson told her. "I guess it'll be all right." Then to himself he soliloquized: "Why not? Perhaps she won't always be so keen to meet him. Probably hasn't been married but a month or so. Mebby isn't married yet at all. Far be it from me to interrupt her in such nice little attentions."

The train came in. Gibson sort of looked out of the tail of his eye for a chance to witness the happy reunion. Such sights illumine the dark recesses of the dingy old depot.

In a moment he caught sight of her. But her husband or sweetheart—if she has one or the other—was not with her. However, she was not alone. Under her arm she clutched tightly a compact brindle English bulldog with a countenance like a dissipated gargoyle.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Better Still.

Invalid—The things I want to eat my doctor says are not good for me.

Friend—So you'll have to change your bill of fare, eh?

Invalid—No; I'm going to change doctors.

PROOF POSITIVE.

Hix—My son must be insane.
Nix—What makes you think so?
Hix—He got married yesterday and he only gets $10 a week salary.

16 YEARS OF SKIN DISEASE

"For sixteen long years I have been suffering with a bad case of skin disease. While a child there broke out a red sore on the legs just in back of my knees. It waxed from bad to worse, and at last I saw I had a bad skin disease. I tried many widely known doctors in different cities but to no satisfactory result. The plague bothered me more in warm weather than in winter and being on my leg joints it made it impossible for me to walk, and I was forced to stay indoors in the warmest weather. My hopes of recovery were by this time spent. Sleepless nights and restless days made life an unbearable burden. At last I was advised to try the Cuticura remedies [Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Pills] and I did not need more than a trial to convince me that I was on the road of success this time. I bought two sets of the Cuticura Remedies and after these were gone I was a different man entirely. I am now the happiest man that there is at least one true care for skin diseases. Leonard A. Hawtof, 11 Nostrand Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., July 30 and Aug. 8, '09."

At the Bovine Faucets.

"I sent my little boy on his first visit to the country last week," said a Washington Heights milk dealer. "Although my boyhood was passed on the old farm, Willie has grown to the age of eight in the city. He had been watching Uncle Hezekiah milk the cow on his first evening, and when he returned to the house his aunt asked him:

"'Is Uncle Hezzie through milking yet, Willie?'

"'Not yet,' answered Willie. 'He has finished two faucets and has just begun on the other two.'"

Casey at the Bat.

This famous poem is contained in the Coca Cola Baseball Record Book for 1910, together with records, schedules for both leagues and other valuable baseball information compiled by authorities. This interesting book sent by the Coca Cola Co., of Atlanta, Ga., on receipt of 2c stamp for postage. Also copy of their booklet "The Truth About Coca Cola" which tells all about this delicious beverage and why it is so pure, wholesome and refreshing. Are you ever hot—tired—thirsty? Drink Coca Cola—it is cooling, relieves fatigue and quenches the thirst. At soda fountains and carbonated in bottles—5c everywhere.

An Average.

"Doesn't it annoy you to be baldheaded?"

"Not at all," replied the genial citizen. "When we go out evenings my wife wears more than enough hair for two."

Still a Chance.

"Have you ever loved and lost?" asked the sweet young thing.

"Not yet," replied the man who had been divorced three times.

For Any Disease or Injury to the eye, use PETTIT'S EYE SALVE, absolutely harmless, acts quickly, 25c. All druggists or Howard Bros., Buffalo, N. Y.

You will not get to heaven any quicker by provoking your neighbors to wishing you were there.

PERRY DAVIS' PAINKILLER for all sorts of cuts, bruises, burns and strains. Taken internally it cures diarrhea and dysentery. Avoid substitutes. 25c, 35c and 50c.

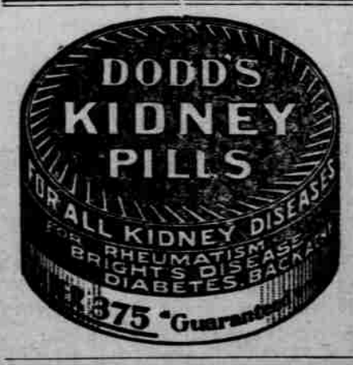
The aeroplane chauffeur has some excuse for feeling uppish.

DON'T SPOIL YOUR CLOTHES. Use Red Cross Ball Blue and keep them white as snow. All grocers, 5c a package.

The deeper love's roots the less it runs to flowers of rhetoric.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets first put up 40 years ago. They regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Sugar-coated tiny granules.

Even a charitable pugilist is sure to be close fisted.



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GNAT CAUSES PELLAGRA.

Committee on Disease in Europe Says Corn Is Not to Blame.

London, May 14.—Dr. Sambon, a member of the Field committee which has been investigating the disease pellagra, telegraphs from Rome that the committee has definitely proved that maize or Indian corn is not the cause of pellagra.

The committee finds that the parasitic conveyor of the disease is the "simulium repans," a species of biting gnat.

Good Work Proceeds Slowly.

At the present rate of increase nearly forty-five years must elapse before sufficient hospital accommodations to provide for all the indigent consumptives in the United States will be provided, declares the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis. Although over 7,000 beds in hospitals, sanatoria, camps and wards for tuberculous patients were established last year, there are fully 300,000 indigent consumptives who ought to be placed in such institutions and a total of only 22,720 beds in the entire country. On May 1, 1909, there were 15,244 beds for consumptives and 294 institutions. The annual report of the national association shows an increase of 99 institutions and 7,500 beds.

Up to Pa.

"Papa, sister's a liar!"

"Why, why! Jennie, you mustn't say such things."

"I can prove it by your own self. Last night I heard her say, 'Charlie, I'll call papa if you dare to do it again!' And he did it twice more. Did you hear her call?"

Important to Mothers

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it

Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher.*

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Placarded.

A pretty good joke was that played on a rotund alderman, who wandered about the streets bearing a placard on his broad back inscribed:

"Widened at the expense of the corporation."—Tit-Bits.

Question of Precedent.

"What makes you doubt that all men are born equal?"

"The absolute confidence of every parent that his baby is superior to any other in existence."

Lewis' Single Binder cigar is never doped—only tobacco in its natural state.

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Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

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W. N. U., Kansas City, No. 24--1910.

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