

NOTHING STOPS AGED ROMEO'S WHO'D A-WOOING GO. NO, NOTHING!

But Brides Are Usually Youthful

Marriage of Millionaire Flagler and Death of Millionaire Oyster Recall Ten Other Similar Romances—Some Happy, Some Sad—Yet All Romantic.

By Marguerite Dean.

FIELD MARRSHAL CUPID continues to recruit the ranks of elderly Romeos.

In the same grist of news which tells of the death of seventy-two-year-old George W. Oyster, bridegroom of three months, we also read of the marriage of seventy-year-old John H. Flagler. The late Mr. Oyster was a multi-millionaire; so is Mr. Flagler. The widow of Mr. Oyster is a beautiful young woman of twenty-five. The wife of Mr. Flagler is described as a charming young woman of thirty-three.

Truly, there is no age limit on romance—or on Romeo. Nor does the cynic's observation that the old man who marries a young wife buys a book for some one else to read put any damper on such marriages. Did not white-haired Henry Flagler, twice a widower, slip off, last week, to the little town of Copake Falls, in the Berkshire foothills, there to fill out a licence and take as a bride Miss Beatrice Frances Wenneker, half his age?

The late Mr. Oyster, whose death from heart failure occurred at the Ambassador Hotel, Atlantic City, first met his youthful widow, Miss Cecil C. Ready, a Syracuse society girl, at the New York State Fair last autumn. Apparently, there was a romantically impulsive courtship, for the two were married in Washington on January 15. Some weeks ago there were reports of a separation, from Syracuse and Washington. Mrs. Oyster is now in Washington, and was not with her husband during his last illness of several days' duration at his bedside when he died. His fortune is in the millions, and he is reported to have cut off his bride without a cent.

Another elderly Romeo who has been much in the public eye of late is W. E. D. Stokes, clubman, turfman and financier who was sixty when he married Miss Helen Elwood, of Denver, a pretty girl only a little more than a third his age, and whose sensational suit for divorce from her is now being tried in New York courts.

His brother, Col. Thomas Stokes, a retired financier, also was admitted to the Roman's list. He was married, when, at seventy-three he became a bridegroom for the second time. He married, in the Town Hall at Patuxent, L. L. a young woman of thirty, named Lilyan Marie Louise Kuennmann.

A romance of January and May which went from courtship to the courts last month, that of Mr. and Mrs. William P. Ruffin. He is seventy-four. She is nineteen. He sued at Atlantic City for an accounting of funds he says he placed in the hands of his wife and of Mr. and Mrs. Matthews, her uncle and aunt. The story in court was that he had been stripped of \$50,000 since his marriage two years ago.

Joseph Martin, a seventy-year-old San Francisco capitalist, recently qualified as a Romeo in New York, where he first met twenty-eight-year-old Lilian Spalding at the home of Dr. Edward S. Cowles, No. 591 Park Avenue. She is described as a young woman of great charm and beauty, a former nurse and social service worker. She and Mr. Martin were married on Washington's Birthday.

When sixty-nine-year-old William Gilman, a rancher of Miles City, Montana, was married in the Municipal Building last autumn to Miss Madalena Sabido, twenty-six, the Juliet in the case was an Italian as the original Juliet. He met her abroad and sent for her to come here and marry him, although she spoke no English and he no Italian. But love has its own language even for elderly Romeos, and the newly married pair left New York's marriage bureau hand in hand.

One of the happiest matrimonial unions of youth and age seems to be that of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Croker. He was seventy-three when he married twenty-three-year-old Bula Benton Edmondson, an attractive young woman of part Indian ancestry, at the home of Nathan Straus, No. 27 West Seventy-second Street. In the intervening six years he and Mrs. Croker appear to have enjoyed life together at his Palm Beach "wigwag" and on his Irish estate.

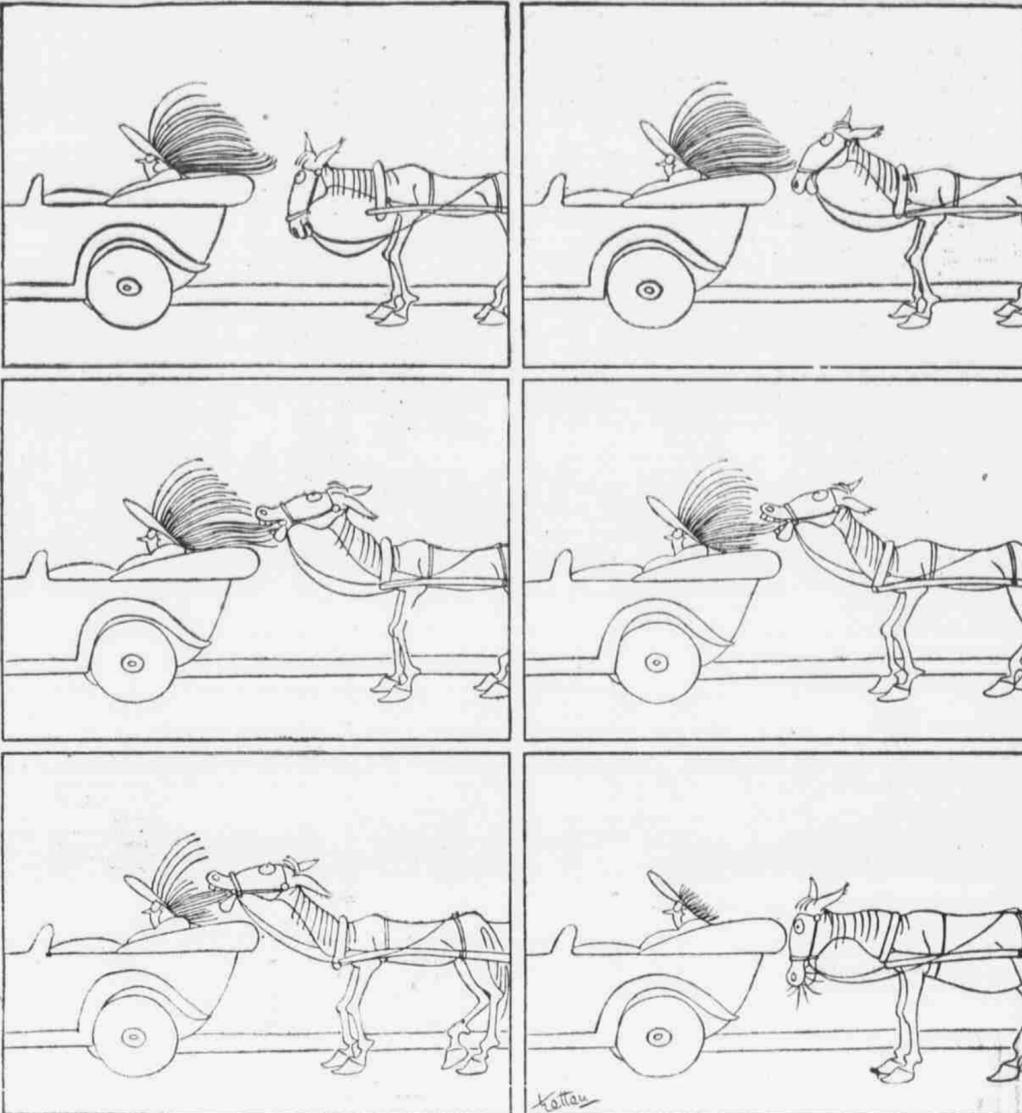
That well-known American, Luther Burbank, was sixty-seven when he took as his wife his attractive young secretary, Miss Elizabeth Waters, who was twenty-eight at the time of her marriage.

An elderly Romeo who with his Juliet created ever so much excitement in New York some eight years

DAILY MAGAZINE

Can You Beat It!

By Maurice Ketten



GOING DOWN! DEAR FRIEND: What are you thinking about? St. Paul advises thinking about things that are TRUE, HONORABLE, JUST, PURE, LOVING and of GOOD REPORT. These suggestions give us a standard of thinking whereby we may abolish FEAR and worry. Every attitude of life is based on BELIEF, and to believe all things and persons are true, honorable, just, loving, and of good report will eventually lead to YOUR peace of mind, which is, after all, what you want—is it not? Yours truly, ALFALFA SMITH.

ago was the millionaire steel man Edward Brown Alsop, and his bride, Miss Edie Type Hill. At the time of their marriage in Trinity Church he was seventy-two and she was twenty. Mr. Alsop had two sons in Harvard, one twenty-two and one eighteen. Two months later the first was in a sanatorium and Mr. Alsop was transferring \$1,000,000 of his property to his sons. In 1916 Mr. Alsop sued for divorce in Pittsburgh on grounds of desertion and the referee recommended a decree.

Another latter-day romance of youth and age which went to the courts for solution was the marriage of James Harvey Hart, a wealthy retired jeweler of Brooklyn, to Catherine Wolf, a manœuvre girl. He was eighty-three and she eighteen at the time of their wedding two years ago. He asked for an annulment less than a year later, but the suit was dismissed and it was his young wife who won alimony and a decree of separation.

The elderly Romeo usually picks a youthful Juliet, but A. Preston Williams, octogenarian bridegroom of Roseland, N. J., chose a more mature bride, last spring. Her first husband was Mr. Williams's son Frank, who died in 1911.

One of these dozen romances of elderly Romeos, some have been sad failures. But contemplation of the latter apparently has no deterrent effect on other old gentlemen who would a-wooing go. Their motto is, "While there's life, there's hope."

Courtship and Marriage

DEAR Miss Vincent: Extreme loneliness impels me to write. I am a high school girl of sixteen. I am quite certain I have a pleasant manner, for I am acquainted with quite a few girls at school. Still, when I invite these girls to my home they always politely refuse. I have no girl or boy friends. Can't you please advise me?

DEAR Miss Vincent: I am nineteen and often go to a dance in a certain hall. I met a boy there whom I really love, but one time my girl friend met him and she has gained his affection. I have talked to her, but she gets very angry. I would like to know how to find out if he still cares for me.

DEAR Miss Vincent: I am deeply in love with a young girl, but recently we had a quarrel. At first I did not care, but lately I have felt so lonely that I want to make up with her at once. Her parents do not object to my going with her, but please tell me how to fix it up with her.

DEAR Miss Vincent: I am twenty, in which part of you were to blame, just go around to see her again as if nothing had happened. If, on the other hand, you feel you were mostly or wholly to blame, write her a little note of apology and ask if you may call again.

DEAR Miss Vincent: I am keeping company with a young man whom I dearly love. He wrote to me every other day. All at once he stopped without explain-

ing why. I have written two or three times but have received no answer. The last time he called he bade me good-night in the usual way and we have never quarrelled. What shall I do? FAITH.

DEAR Miss Vincent: I don't seem to be as popular with boys as other girls. A very good pal of mine heard this remark passed about me. She's a good looking kid, but she's too independent. Now, Miss Vincent, I don't seem to be able to behave like other girls who allow every Tom, Dick and Harry to hug and kiss them and make love to them. Is it the only way to attain boy friends? RUTH R.

No, indeed, Ruth, and every girl who has beaux does not play the Tom, Dick and Harry kissing games to which you refer. I think when your friends said you were too independent they were referring to your manner. Are you a good listener? Do you take pains to entertain your friends and talk about the things which interest them?

DEAR Miss Vincent: Have been going around with a young lady for one year and giving her the best time my means would allow. Lately she has been telling me that she is going to dance with her girl friends. However, I am inclined to believe she is going with other young men. What do you advise? J. H.

Unless you have seen her with these young men you certainly have no right to surmise this. Many girls are dancing and getting up their own little parties.

THE JARR FAMILY

Copyright, 1921, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World.) WELLS, I see you got a new spring hat? said Bepier, the butcher. "I need a new hat, because I can't get no time to go out of my store, but this tie floor wears out shoes and hurts the feet." "I should think the tiled floor would give you cold feet," said Mr. Jarr, who had dropped in to shop for kidneys. "I got them good thick socks what was made by my wife in her war knitting," replied the butcher. "Was I telling you my brother Louie, who lives uptown, was in trouble? Not Well, Louie was called into court for being against the rules of the Board of Health and was discharged with a countermand." "A reprimand," said Mr. Jarr. "Don't he know what it was?" asked Bepier. "He was just in here telling me about it." "What did he do to violate the rules of the Board of Health?" Mr. Jarr inquired. "Why," said the butcher, "but it will not be permitted to patch his teeth there again while Cyrus Perkins Walker is Mayor. Mr. Walker is incensed over an incident that occurred Saturday evening during the performance. He believes it was meant to harm him politically. At one point in the show the ringmaster brought out a donkey and said: 'Ladies and gentlemen, this little animal has no name. Any boy who can stick on his back two minutes may name him. Come one, come all!' Little Mickey Blugg, son of an Anti-Walker Democrat, performed the feat and was asked what he cared to name the donkey. After consulting with his father he replied: 'I name him Cyrus Perkins Walker.' Hours of laughter followed. When the Mayor could make himself heard he said: 'This is an insult. It is Constable Peloo Brown in the tent. Right here, sir!' sang out Brown. 'Arrest that man!' Brown flew at the elder Blugg. A fight followed in which the constable was knocked down four times and rolled in the sawdust twice. He succeeded in snaring his man, however, by giving Blugg a lolly-pop. The incident has set the whole town talking. There is much indignation.

THE MAYOR OF DELHI

Copyright, 1921, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World.) THE Great Northwestern Circus showed in Delhi Saturday last, but it will not be permitted to patch its teeth there again while Cyrus Perkins Walker is Mayor. Mr. Walker is incensed over an incident that occurred Saturday evening during the performance. He believes it was meant to harm him politically. At one point in the show the ringmaster brought out a donkey and said: 'Ladies and gentlemen, this little animal has no name. Any boy who can stick on his back two minutes may name him. Come one, come all!' Little Mickey Blugg, son of an Anti-Walker Democrat, performed the feat and was asked what he cared to name the donkey. After consulting with his father he replied: 'I name him Cyrus Perkins Walker.' Hours of laughter followed. When the Mayor could make himself heard he said: 'This is an insult. It is Constable Peloo Brown in the tent. Right here, sir!' sang out Brown. 'Arrest that man!' Brown flew at the elder Blugg. A fight followed in which the constable was knocked down four times and rolled in the sawdust twice. He succeeded in snaring his man, however, by giving Blugg a lolly-pop. The incident has set the whole town talking. There is much indignation.

FABLES FOR THE FAIR THE LAST ILLUSION PASSES

BY MARGUERITE MOOERS MARSHALL MORAL: There Is No Santa Claus, No Cinderella, No Prince Charming—There Is No Irresistible Don Juan, Mocking at Home, Heaven and Husbands—There Never Was!

Copyright, 1921, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World.) LIFE for every modern woman is just one discarded illusion after another. First of all, She learned the moon was simply unobtainable. No matter how hard she cried for it. Then some bad little boy, about two years older than herself, Told her the closet in the guest room was locked for a month before Christmas

NEW SUBMARINE S-49 LAUNCHED LAST WEEK AT BRIDGEPORT, CONN.



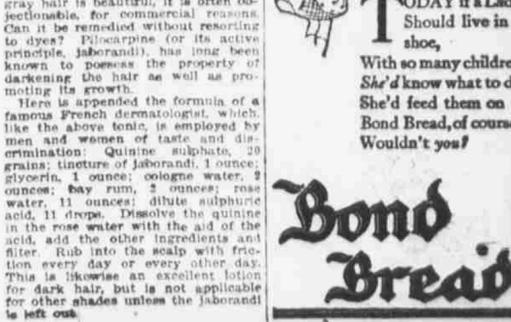
The U. S. S. S-49, latest addition to Uncle Sam's fleet of submarines and one of the latest type, was launched last Saturday at Bridgeport, Conn., sponsored by Mrs. J. E. Austin, wife of Lieut. Commander J. E. Austin, operating manager of the Lake Torpedo Boat Company.

BEAUTY AND HEALTH

BY DR. CHARLOTTE C. WEST. Copyright, 1921, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World.) Falling Hair. WOMEN are not as a rule confronted with that bête noir of middle age, baldness, although the hair grows thinner with years and at times does fall out enough to require special care. This is often the case after a severe illness, especially typhoid fever. The custom of cutting the hair close and even shaving the scalp to combat this condition is now antiquated. Singeing has absolutely no effect upon falling hair or in strengthening what is left. This is a fallacious popular idea. Clip the broken ends, of course, as they look unsightly, but treat the scalp. Very often no amount of local treatment avails when the constitution is at fault. The following preparation is highly extolled by a noted specialist for all conditions of scant, thinning and falling hair: Quinine sulphate, 75 grains; tincture of cantharides, 2 ounces; weaker tincture of orris, 4 ounces; cologne water, 10 ounces; water, 10 ounces; alcohol, 5 ounces; tincture of curcuma, enough to color. (This can be omitted.) Dissolve the quinine in the cologne water and alcohol, add the tinctures, coloring and water, let stand a day, then filter clear. Use with a medicine dropper or spritzler stopper and rub briskly into the scalp every night, then two or three times weekly. The hair may become gray prematurely as a result of illness, nervous conditions, neuragic headaches, or this may be a family trait. While gray hair is beautiful, it is often objectionable for commercial reasons. Can it be remedied without resorting to dyes? Pilocarpine (or its active principle, jaborandi), has long been known to possess the property of darkening the hair as well as promoting its growth. Here is appended the formula of a famous French dermatologist, which like the above tonic is employed by men and women of taste and discrimination: Quinine sulphate, 20 grains; tincture of jaborandi, 1 ounce; glycerin, 4 ounces; cologne water, 2 ounces; bay rum, 2 ounces; rose water, 11 ounces; dilute sulphuric acid, 11 drops. Dissolve the quinine in the rose water with the aid of the acid, add the other ingredients and filter. Rub into the scalp with friction every day or every other day. This is likewise an excellent lotion for dark hair, but is not applicable for other shades unless the jaborandi is left out.



TODAY if a Lady Should live in a shoe, With so many children She'd feed them on Bond Bread, of course, Wouldn't you?



FIVE OF THE YOUTHFUL BRIDES WHO HAVE MARRIED AGED ROMEO'S



MRS. E. W. OYSTER, JR. MRS. JAMES HARVEY HART. MRS. W. E. D. STOKES. MRS. EDWARD BROWN ALSOP. MRS. RICHARD CROKER.