

CHILDREN MARRIED.

Interesting Experience of Love Stricken Pair Who Finally Won Out.

New York.—Home sickness temptly checked the romantic plans of Arthur Edwards James and Ruth Jane Day, 14 years old, who eloped from 18 South Orange N. J., last Saturday. They returned to their homes one right this week, having tried in vain to obtain a marriage license. Although footsore and dispirited, the children begged to be permitted to marry, and the wedding will probably take place in a few days in the Episcopal church at South Orange, which both have attended since they were mere babes. The parents have consented to the union.

Young James was hardly more than a shadow of the gallant lover of a few days ago when he accompanied his weeping sweetheart to her home last night.

"Can I Come In?"

"Can I come in," said a weak, girlish voice, as the front door of the Day home, at No. 320 Valley St was opened by Mrs. Charles Day.

"Why bless you, my little doll," cried Mrs. Day, who was overjoyed, "of course you can come in, and you also," she concluded, reaching one hand to young James, who stood hesitating in the doorway.

"Mother, it was all so different from what I thought it would be explained the girl as she, dried her tears. "I love Arthur, but I was homesick for you. I wanted you to tuck me in bed and look after me as you used to do."

The hearty manner in which he was received at the Day home encouraged James, and he slipped out of the back door, through a hole in the back fence and into the yard of his father's home No. 317 Academy street.

Just Wanted Clean Handkerchief.

"I want a handkerchief, the one I took with me is all soiled," he said to his mother, Mrs. Henry James, who opened the door in response to his summons.

"Are you married, Arthur?" she asked.

"I'll tell you about it later, mother. I must get back to see my girl," he replied and ran from the house.

The young adventurers made a brave, but futile, struggle against homesickness. Since leaving South Orange last week they had spent most of their time in Long Island City and Far Rockaway. At first they were as happy as during the time they had spent together after school hours. But as the authorities of Jersey City and Long Island City, resisted in their determination not to permit them to marry without the written consent of their parents, the beautiful castles of their dreams began to fade.

Although consent to wed was received from their parents, the elopers failed to meet the requirements prescribed by City Clerk, George Frenz, of Long Island City, when they, for the second time applied to him for a license. James presented the regulation legal form that had been filled out by their parents. His bride-to-be, who held him by the hand, laughed as the clerk scanned the document.

"Let's have the license and be done with it," said James.

"Not yet," said Clerk Frenz. "I see that the signature in this certificate are acknowledged by J. Charles O'Brien, a commissioner of deeds, of South Orange, but I do not know his signature. It will have to be certified to me by the county clerk of Orange county."

Wee Bride-Elect Weeps.

The girl dropped into a chair and began weeping.

"Let's go home," she said woefully. "Let's go home," she said woefully, and got married right.

They left the courthouse, the girl crying on her sweetheart's shoulder, and started for South Orange.

The couple appeared at Far Rockaway on Monday. The boy was hired as an apprentice by D. H. W. Benson, a painter.

"He was on the job early Tuesday morning," said Mr. Benson. He did good work. I promised to give him \$2.50 a day. The next morning he came to me and confessed his troubles. When he was leaving he said he might return and work for me again."

At Far Rockaway Tuesday night the couple engaged two rooms at a hotel conducted by John Gaffney, No. 226 Central avenue.

Was Good Little Housekeeper.

"Although she was just a child, she was a good little housekeeper," said Mrs. Gaffney last night. "I knew she was green at the work because her hands were white and soft. She had never done much labor. She cooked supper that night and breakfast the next morning for herself and that boy. She stood

over the gas stove and went at the work as if she were determined to do it right.

"In the morning she made up the beds, washed the windows and mopped the floors. Why, I thought they were going to stay here all winter from the thorough manner in which she cleaned everything."

"When they came here they said that they wanted the rooms for a week. The boy paid me \$2; half the rent money. Tuesday night they received a special delivery letter from South Orange. The next morning another letter came. Afterward the girl came knocking at my door and said her mother was ill and that she would have to go back home. They looked happy when they left here."

WHEN EARTH STANDS STILL.

In About 3,320 Years one Side of The World Will Be a Burning Desert.

Washington Cor. St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

A discovery of tremendous import to the human race has just been disclosed by Prof. Louis A. Maunder, of the Carnegie Institution Washington.

The world is slowing down in its daily rotation and the days are getting longer. Magnetic storms are putting a magnetic brake on the earth, and if they continue to constrict this brake, at the rate measured for the past ten years, in just 3,320 years this good old earth will no longer be turning like one o. Mathewson's curved balls, but will settle down, with one side in perpetual sunshine, blasted by withering heat, and the other side in endless darkness and cold, corresponding to the extreme frigidities of interstellar space.

Observe, it is not claimed that the earth positively will come to a standstill in this year 5231 A. D., but simply that it is being subjected to brake that may stop it by that time. Probably most scientists would argue that magnetic storms will be less violent in future; that other forces will intervene, and that the stopping of the earth will be postponed a great many years beyond the date named.

But all scientists will acquiesce in the statement that the earth is slowing down and sooner or later will come to a stop.

When the earth stops turning the side toward the sun will become overheated, and water will dry up and blistering deserts will cover the surface. Near the edge of the sunlit side there will be a temperate zone, where the sun will always be one hour high or thereabouts, remaining at the same height above the horizon year in and year out. Every hour will be like 6 o'clock in the morning of a summer day. To this delightful region the world's population will flock.

A little removed from the hot area will be the twilight one, also quite habitable, with the sun unending at the horizon.

Though life in the torrid or hot zone will be insupportable, as a rule, yet on the outer edges, where the sun is but two or three hours high, people may live in a temperate of 100 to 140 degrees by means of various cooling contrivances.

On the dark, cold side of the earth all the water will be frozen solid—even mercury will freeze in that awful chill. It will be impossible for human beings to penetrate more than three or four hundred miles into the dark and frigid zone, which will be far more inaccessible than are now the polar wastes.

During the period when the earth's days are lengthening perceptibly great social changes must come about, due to the difference in hours. When the days get to be 40 hours long it will surely be necessary to arrange for a period of rest and sleep in the middle of the day. Think of a long day in which it gets light only at 10 o'clock and we arise and go to work at 12; at 16 o'clock we are allowed a recess and lunch. At 20 o'clock we stop and dine and take a nap. At 22 we go to work again; recess at 24, with more lunch. At 29 we quit—and this is the rush hour for street cars. At 30 o'clock we are home for our night dinner; at 32 we go to the theater. At 36 o'clock the people begin to go to bed, and by 38 or 39 o'clock the last night prowler should be tucked in his little couch.

As the days lengthen until they exceed a week's duration all sorts of complications will ensue, and the days, weeks and months will become hopelessly mixed. Scientists agree that the lunar month will lengthen as the day lengthens, though the day will increase the more rapidly. According to Prof. Ernest W. Brown of Haverford College, who has given special attention to this subject there will come a time

when the month and the day will both be of the same duration or about 1,300 hours, or 55 of our present days.

As the earth's days get longer and longer, the time will come when a day is a year long. Then there will be no more days and nights, no weeks and no months. The earth always will have one side to the sun and the moon will have one side to the earth, and the two will turn around the sun once a year as if fixed on arigid bar. There will be no more seasons of the earth—no spring, summer, autumn or winter. The weather of the several seasons can be experienced only by traveling to and fro between the hot or cold zones, for one half will be perpetually hot, dry and parched; the other will be like the polar regions during the long Arctic night.

It is clear that property values in more than half the planet will be wiped out. Cities and farms throughout the dark half of the globe will be buried under perpetual glacier. Correspondingly values will rise enormously in real estate on the inhabited strip that lies just on the cool edge of the hot hemisphere. No one knows, nor can calculate at this time, what part of the earth will be included in this habitable strip or beat any more than they can predict which half of the world will be hot and which cold. All that science can forecast is that men will migrate to that rim.

ACKNOWLEDGE IT.

Oxford Has to Bow to the Inevitable—Scores of Citizens Prove It.

After reading the public statement of this representative citizen of Oxford given below, you must come to this conclusion: A remedy which cured years ago, which has kept the kidneys in good health since, can be relied upon to perform the same work in other cases. Read this:

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