

## BOUGHT BY HOAX ACROSS ATLANTIC

Dutch Farmer Came Over to Marry  
The Original of Hand-  
some Portrait.

MAXINE ELLIOTT'S LIKENESS

Dutchman Sails For Home On  
Learning He Was Vic-  
tim Of Joke.

New York, April 16.—Displaying tearfully a photograph of Maxine Elliott, the actress, Dirk Van Baalen, Dutch farmer, sailed for Rotterdam yesterday on the Ryndam. Between spasms of grief, he said he had come over two weeks ago ill prepared to marry this beautiful lady, but alas! he had been the victim of a hoax.

Van Baalen said his home was in Meersterdyk, but that he had many friends in Holland, Mich. A least he always counted them friends.

Van Baalen has been a widower since he was a young man. He is now sixty years old, and as he has prospered in business, he has been thinking about marrying again. Eligible women in and around Meersterdyk did not seem to be plentiful, and in an unguarded moment he wrote to his friends in America and asked them if rich and beautiful women who would like to marry a farmer of sixty were plentiful in the new country.

Dirk had almost forgotten the letter when along came a reply from one of his old friends, who said he was living in Chicago, but knew an estimable woman of Holland, Mich., who had independent means, and who was already much interested in Dirk. His friends in Michigan had told her all about him. The letter contained a photo of a handsome, dark woman with glowing eyes.

Dirk immediately packed his trunk and set out for America. He did not stop to see the sights in New York but took the first train to Chicago and then to Holland, Mich., where he looked up his old friend, Adriaan de Jonge.

Adriaan looked at the picture rather suspiciously and then took it outside to a man who knew a lot about theatrical matters. When he came back he was laughing heartily—in fact, he was some minutes before he could speak. Dirk Van Baalen in very high Dutch: "Are you going to marry Maxine Elliott. That would be a good match for you, I should think, if you could make it."

Then Dirk began to realize the situation. Adriaan de Jonge assured him pleasantly that it was just a practical joke, and Dirk Van Baalen shortly thereafter started for home. This is no place, he said, for a farmer sixty years old.

## BASEBALL GETS KNOCKOUT BLOW

Fayetteville "Fans" Refuse To Put  
Team In The Proposed  
Association.

THE DECISION IS FINAL

Organization Was To Have Been  
Perfectured At Goldsboro  
Last Night.

Professional baseball will not be played in New Bern this summer. This was the announcement made yesterday by Clyde Eby, secretary of the local Athletic Association and who was also chairman of the proposed Eastern Carolina Baseball League, and he stated that this is final.

It was planned for representatives of the Athletics Associations in this city, Rocky Mount, Greenville, Goldsboro, Kinston and Fayetteville, to meet at Goldsboro last night and organize the Association. All plans for this meeting had been made and local fans were jubilant over the fact that baseball would probably be seen here during the season.

Then, without the least warning and like a thunderbolt from a clear sky, came a telegram from Fayetteville, stating that the "fans" in that town had decided that it was too late in the season to start playing ball and that they would not place a team in the proposed league.

Speaking figuratively this "knocked all plans in the head" and Mr. Eby notified the members of the association in the other towns that the meeting which was scheduled for last night was not to be held. It is generally regretted that affairs took this trend. For weeks the local enthusiasts have been making plans for the season and had anticipated a number of games on a local diamond.

## RURAL SCHOOL ENDS THE TERM

PLEASING EXERCISES MARK  
FINISH AT CLAY HILL  
INSTITUTION.

(Special to the Journal)  
Clay Hill, April 16.—On last Friday April 11th, school at Clay Hill closed. The term has been a wonderful success under the management of Miss Mary Guilford, a teacher whom any school may be proud of.

The exercises were opened with a song by the school, followed by recitations by the primary classes doing great credit to themselves and teacher.

The following program was rendered:

## SWAT THE FLY AND SWAT THE MAN WHO PERMITS IT TO BREED



Here are the mathematics of our greatest menace: The fly—the milk—the baby—the grave. The man who willfully permits the flies to breed on his property by not removing or screening all filth should be looked upon as a destroyer of human life and dealt with accordingly.

Recitation by Rowena Fulcher,  
Recitation by Minnie Rowe,  
Song by the school.

The South, a recitation by Wilbur Timstall,  
The Sword of Robert Lee, by Ralph Timstall,  
Lucivar, by Howard Mitchell,  
Universal Education, by Rudolph Caton.

Music by the band.  
Mr. C. F. Sawyer introduced with a few well chosen remarks the speaker M. B. D. Rowe, of Small, who delivered an eloquent address on education. Then dinner was spread on a long wise table, the dinner as well as the exercises, music and speaking was voted a perfect success by all present.

## A RUINED ROMANCE

Genevieve Ward's Story of Her  
Wedding Tragedy.

PARTED AT THE CHURCH DOOR

After a Dramatic Ceremony Following  
a Complication That Became an In-  
ternational Affair and Was Ended by  
Our Government and the Czar.

In Mrs. Tweedle's "Thirteen Years of a Busy Woman's Life" are some stories of Genevieve Ward, the famous actress.

One morning in March, 1908, came a knock on Mrs. Tweedle's door, and in walked Miss Ward.

"Out for my constitutional, my dear," she exclaimed. "So I thought I would just look you up. I have walked six miles this morning, and after a little rest and chat with you I shall walk another mile home and enjoy my luncheon all the better for it."

"You are a marvel!" exclaimed our author. "Seven miles and over seventy. I saw your 'Volnina' was a great success the other day when you played it with Benson."

"Yes," she said, "and the next day I started for Rome. I got a telegram saying one of three old cousins, with whom I was staying in Rome a few weeks previously, had died suddenly, so four hours after receiving the message I set out."

"Were you very tired?"  
"No, not at all. I knitted nearly all the way and talked to my fellow passengers and when I arrived, instead of resting, went at once to see to some business, for these two old sisters, one of whom is blind, were absolutely prostrated with grief and had done nothing while awaiting my arrival. I stayed a fortnight with them, settled them up and arrived back a few days ago."

Here is the pathetic story of Miss Ward's marriage tragedy as she told it to Mrs. Tweedle:

"I was traveling with my mother and brother on the Riviera in 1875 when we met a Russian, Count de Guerbel. He was very tall, very handsome, very fascinating, very rich and twenty-eight I was seventeen. He fell in love with me, and it was settled I should be married at the consulate at Nice, which I was. But the Russian law required that the marriage should be repeated in the Russian church to make the ceremony binding; otherwise I was his legal wife, but he was not my legal husband.

"It was arranged, therefore, that I should go to Paris with my mother the count going on in advance to arrange everything, and we would be remarried there in the Greek church. When we arrived in Paris it was Lent, when no marriage can take place in the Greek church, and so time passed on.

"He must have been a thoroughly bad man, because he did his best at that time to persuade me to run away with him, always reminding me that I was his legal wife. The whole thing was merely a trick of this handsome, fascinating rascal. He promised me that if I would go to him he would take me to Russia at once, and there we should be remarried according to the rules of the Greek church. Being positively frightened by his persistence, I told my mother. At the same time rumors of De Guerbel's amours and debts reached her ears, and she wrote to a cousin of ours, then American minister in St. Petersburg, for confirmation of these reports.

"My cousin replied: 'Come at once. We went, I, of course, under my name of Countess de Guerbel, which I had naturally assumed from the day of our wedding at Nice, and we stayed at the embassy in St. Petersburg. The count's brother was claiming to me he told us my husband was a villain and I had better leave him alone. That was impossible, however. I was mar-

ried to him, but he was not married to me, and such a state of affairs could not remain.

"It became an international matter, and it was arranged by the American government and the czar that we should be officially married at Warsaw. The count refused to come. The czar therefore sent sealed orders for his appearance. Wearing a black dress and feeling apprehensive and miserably sad, I went to the church, and at the altar rails, supported by my father and mother and the count's brother, I met my husband.

"It was a horrible crisis, for I knew my father was armed with a loaded revolver, and if De Guerbel refused to give me the last legal right, which was effected. He had completed his part of the bargain, and we had learned his villainy. At the door of the church we parted, and I never saw him again."

Two Vacations.  
Joe had not seen Bill for a long time. "Hello, Bill!" he said. "Still working, I see."

"Yes, Joe, but I am getting a little wobbly. I've had only two vacations in thirty-seven years. Joe, once to undergo a surgical operation and another time in order to buy a lot in the cemetery."—Indianapolis News.

Concerning the Uplift.  
"You are in favor of the uplift of Europe?"

"Yes," replied Farmer Cornstoss. "I haven't any special regard for a man who has a job of roof mending on his mind who refuses to climb a ladder to repair that same roof."—Washington Star.

A Life Feud.  
"Cannot this quarrel be patched between Mrs. Wombat and Mrs. Walaby?"

"No. This quarrel cannot be patched up. Mrs. Wombat offered Mrs. Walaby's cook \$2 more per week."—Pittsburgh Post.

Resolve to be thyself and know that he who finds himself loses his misery.—Matthew Arnold.

## THE MARKETS:

April 16 1913

COTTON  
(Quotations furnished by G. W. Taylor & Son.)

Middling 12 1/8  
Strict-Middling 12 1/8  
Good Middling 12 1/4

POULTRY, EGGS, ETC.  
(Quotations furnished by Coast Line Meat Market.)

Chickens—Grown, pair 60-80  
Chickens—Half-grown pair 40-70  
Ducks, per pair \$1.25-\$1.50  
Geese, per pair 50 1.00

Eggs, per doz. 13  
Hams, country, smoked, lb. 18  
Beeswax, lb. 22  
Wool, 16 to 17  
Wool, dressed, lb. 10-10 1/2

Beef, dressed, lb. 8-9  
Hides—G. S., lb. 9  
Green, lb. 8  
Dry Flint, lb. 12-11  
Dry Salt, lb. 10-12

FRUITS AND VEGETABLES.  
(Quotations by New Bern Produce Company.)

Irish potatoes, new crop \$2.50  
Sweet potatoes, bus. 50  
Rutabagas, hundred \$1.00  
Collards head .02  
Turnips bunch .03  
Cabbage, barrel \$1.00 to \$1.25  
Spinach, basket .50

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## THAT LITTLE LAMB.

MARY HAD A LITTLE LAMB,  
ITS FLEECE WAS WHITE AS SNOW—  
AND EVERYWHERE THAT MARY WENT  
THE LAMB WAS SURE TO GO

IT FOLLOWED HER TO SCHOOL ONE DAY  
AND CAUGHT AN AWFUL COLD  
AND MARY RUBBED ON GOWANS—  
GOWANS—GOOD AS GOLD.

WHAT MAKES THE LAMB LOVE GOWANS SO  
THE EAGER CHILDREN CRIED—  
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THE TEACHER HE REPLIED.

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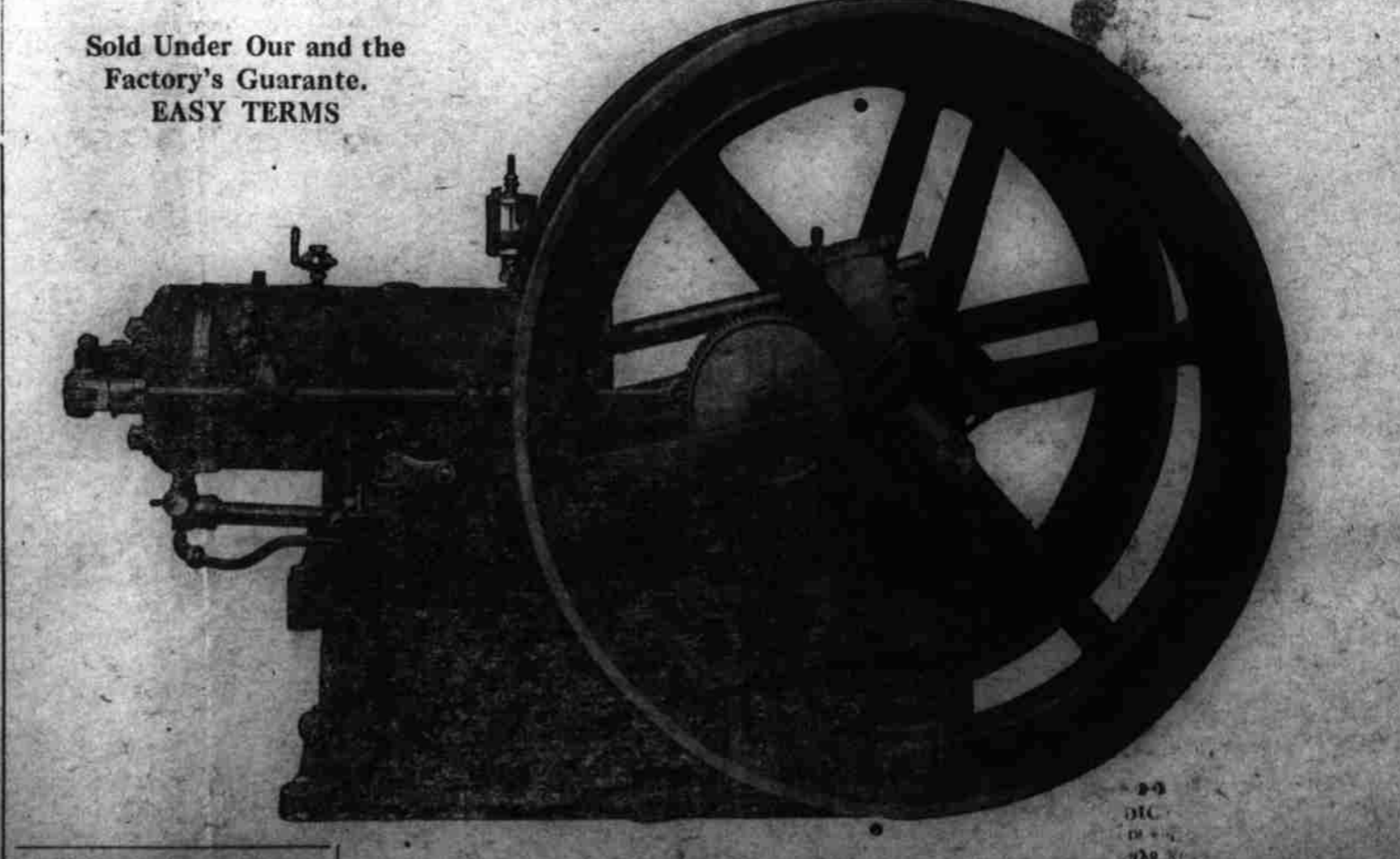
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