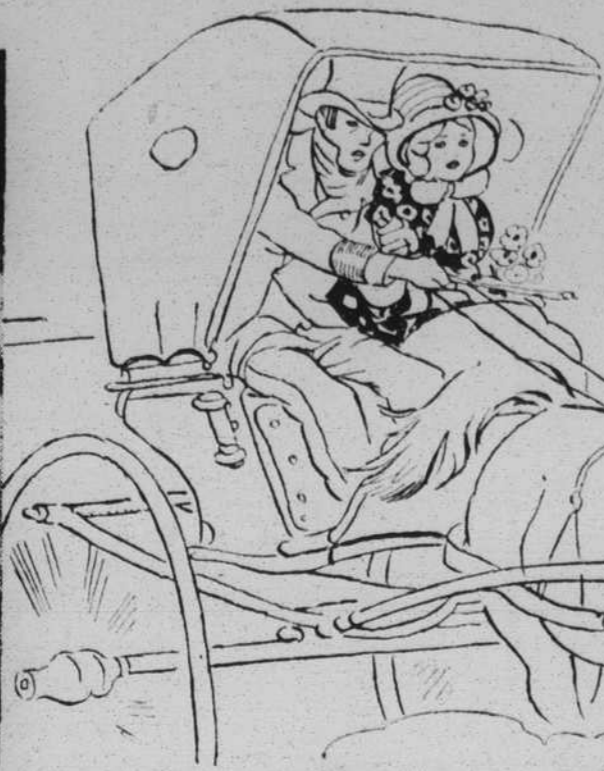


This Thrill Elopement Tickled England



HAD INSPIRATION
Rich Young Hector Mappin, British Collegian Who Proposed the Gretna Green Elopement to His Sweetheart, Olive Ridsdel, for "the biggest thrill of our lives."



"Gretna Green has provided a haven for fleeing lovers for generations."

Mappin had a fraternity brother named Bramwell Ridsdel. The boys became so chummy that Hector was invited to spend the holidays at Downham Grange, the magnificent country place of Bramwell's parents.

There Hector met, for the first time, Bramwell's sister, the petite and piquant Olive, heiress to the Ridsdel fortune. Instantly a warm attraction sprang up between the guest and his golden little hostess. Here were the ingredients of a match that the most capping would not be justified in sneering at; for were not both boy and girl rich—and was she not beautiful and handsome?

Certainly there was no criticism of this budding love affair on the part of Mr. and Mrs. Ridsdel, who—being modern, intelligent parents—never murmured a word about "the advisability of a long engagement," or "marry in haste and repent at leisure," or any of those tedious and often fallacious adages with which our grandfathers were stuffed. No, they nodded approving heads and wisely, as they thought, sat back and awaited logical developments.

The Mappin family, too, hearing from Hector's ecstatic letters that he had met the girl of his dreams, was quite adreptic. They knew of the Ridsdels' of their wealth, social consequence and refinement—knew, also, that the son and daughter were brilliant as well as nicely bred. So they, too, sat back and waited.

At first surprised at such broad-mindedness in the elder generation, Olive and Hector found that their

How Two Kids
Raced Off to
Gretna Green
—and Weren't
Pursued



The Impulsive Young Mappins Just After Their "Sealing" by the Registrar of Brentwood, Essex, England. The Bride Is Shown (Without Hat) Hurriedly Leaving the House by the Garden Gate (at Extreme Right.) While (Above) Are Seen the Bridegroom and Mrs. Mappin's Sister.

every wish was complied with. If, after the fashion of lovers from time immemorial, felt a hankering to sneak away from crowded parties and sit in the moonlight, there was no one to say them nay.

Or, if a dual gaiety beckoned them to polished dance floors and cozy tete-a-tete corners in rainbow-lighted restaurants, well, that was up to them. Casual patrons of the Hotel Splendide observed the good looking couple supping and trotting, and in the high-powdered roadster which Olive's indulgent parents bought her, she and Hector spun over miles of rustic moonlit roadway.

Everything they did was considered correct. This went on for five months. Then came the dawn of a great idea. They would put one over on everybody—elope.

The scene shifts to Gretna Green, most famous of English quick-wedding villages. Situated on the border of Scotland, it has provided a haven for

fleeing lovers for generations. And, in spite of agitation for its suppression, it has thrived. In 1928, for instance, no less than two hundred and fifty weddings were solemnized there. That is, if you can use such a pompous word for the simple ceremony performed by the village blacksmith, horny-handed, gnarled old Richard Rensson. The local name for this ceremony is, not appropriately, "forging the bonds of love." Olive and Hector had heard of this and thought it such a pretty idea.

In spite of Gretna Green's tolerance and encouragement of speedy nuptials, there are certain restrictions. One is that the pair applying for a license must have resided in the community for twenty-one days, with the banns proclaimed on three successive Sundays. Also each party must have attained the age of twenty-one. Olive's age plus Hector's age would have amounted to just thirty-eight, each being nineteen.

Just how they got around these



Gretna Green speaking. What was that, please? Not really married, after all? Good heavens! And Mrs. Ridsdel went into a swoon.

"But the license cost me a guinea," insisted Hector, as if the price of a document had anything to do with its validity. A local clergyman was hastily called in for consultation by the agitated parents of Olive. "The children" were not in the least agitated. They beamed at one another. "Then, do you mean to tell us," they chorused, "that we weren't really married?" They were assured that they really hadn't been.

"But this is too wonderful," exclaimed Olive, throwing herself into Hector's arms and sighing contentedly. "We have had a more marvelous romance, darling, than any we ever dreamed of." And replied Hector:

"Dearest, if you are not exactly a scarlet woman—and we'll see a lawyer about that—you have been one at least faintly tinged with pink."

Now Olive and Hector have been honest-to-goodness married and are just an adoring couple with benefit of clergy. But they will doubtless always treasure the memory of the time when naughty Gretna Green provided the biggest thrill of their lamb-like lives.

LONDON.
"It wasn't a real honeymoon, it was certainly the best imitation of one that ever happened."

In this jaunty sentence England's most astonishing baby bride compressed into seventeen words the story of her elopement and marriage—a marriage which portended distressing results, finally dissipated in a freshest of laughter.

It was all a question of craving romance, of two glamor-hungry youngsters who were disappointed when they found that fate just wouldn't throw obstacles in their path. What's a romance, they asked, without hurdles to leap?

"Let's elope to Gretna Green like lovers of old and be pursued," was the upshot of a hurried conference. "They'll chase us in motors, just as in Queen Anne's time they used to chase elopers in chaises." But there was a surprise finish which neither had foreseen. Nobody pursued them, thus robbing them of their pre-arranged thrill. But another thrill was unexpectedly lurking around the corner.

This was the start of the story: Hector Mappin, a wealthy college youth and son of the distinguished Major

There Is No Programme for Success—Rosenwald

JULIUS ROSENWALD, great merchant, great citizen and philanthropist, began his business career at the age of eleven by earning five cents an hour pumping a church organ. Today his fortune is estimated at from \$300,000,000 to \$400,000,000, and Sears-Roebuck Company, of which he was the actual head for years, does a business of \$300,000,000 annually.

Yet Julius Rosenwald preaches chance as an important ingredient in the formula for success. A chance conversation in a wholesale clothing establishment laid the foundation of his business career. As a clerk for his uncles, who operated a clothing store in New York, he heard a wholesaler describing the profits to be made in the business of supplying Summer clothing for men. "If in New



JULIUS ROSENWALD

York, why not a similar line in Chicago?" thought the twenty-three-year-old clerk. He established himself in a loft in the Farwell Building, Chicago. As the only maker of warm weather clothing in Chicago, he sold goods to Richard W. Sears, then operating a small mail order house.

This basis of his fortunes Mr. Rosenwald thus described as the grasping of an opportunity opened before him: "I have never supposed that any quality I possess had more than a minor part in what I have achieved as a merchant. Seeing an opportunity is not creating it. It is not a manifestation of genius, in my case it was purely through accident.

"The United States is filled with men who could get rich if they had the chance. General Grant was a leather merchant. The Civil War turned him into a hero, and made him President of the United States. No one would ever have known it had he been deprived of an opportunity to fight. And that is my argument.

"Every situation in life has a man, often a multitude of them, capable of meeting and filling it. My philosophy in the present instance stops at this point, but there are not enough situations to go round."

Julius Rosenwald every year distributes millions to charity, but he does not believe in distributing the cheapest thing in the world—advice.

"The commonest and shabbiest thing in the world—advice. The normal man does not require it. His intellect is sufficient. What he wants is an opening. He may seek it or he may find it. It may meet him face to face when he is thinking of something else. Many men who draw pay envelopes every week, and who live and die in comparative poverty, are millionaires in everything save money. Chance had not come knocking at their door. There is no programme. Had I had one and followed it I would still be in the clothing business."

As Julius Rosenwald had found opportunity in the conversation with the wholesale clothier, so he found inspiration for further success in his talks with Richard Sears. Visualizing the profits in the mail order business, he made an offer to Sears that he and his brother-in-law should buy partnerships. For \$35,000 they bought a half interest in the firm. Twenty years later that interest was worth \$150,000,000.

To attain success in merchandising, Mr. Rosenwald subscribes but to one policy. And he says that it goes, whether for a small country store or a giant mail order concern. He once said:

"I try to feel that I am always selling merchandise to myself. If the firm of Sears-Roebuck had a counter I would stand on both sides of that counter."

Julius Rosenwald was born in Springfield, Ill., in 1862, in a house close to the old home of Abraham Lincoln. Before he was ten he had taken little excursions in the sea of business. Although his father was proprietor of a clothing business young Rosenwald peddled pictures and chromos from door to door. Today he is more interested in his benefactions to charity and to the service of his fellow citizens than he is in making more money. "It is a crime," he once said, "to pile up money after one has accumulated a sufficiency. Piled up millions are not a proof of success. They are proof of an acquisitiveness that he has become a vice."

By CLARE MURRAY—Girl Poet—Artist
LAND-LADY
(On the Riverbank)



"In from the sea with the homing ships."

In from the sea
With the homing ships
Come my men,
My door is always open to the fleet.
I am hostess to the liners and the
tramps.
No day goes by but sees me
Welcoming ashore
Some rolling stone
Just hailing home from Shanghai.

I have comforted their sorrows,
I have listened to their love,
I have marvelled at their tales
Of remote and mystic lands.
Till my heart has been enthralled
And has followed in their wake
Down to Panama, to Rio, to Hawaii.

BUT one has a lien on my love.
For him his heart is bigger
than his ocean.
Today he sailed away
And I watched him from the pier
While his ship shrank small
And he was hidden from my view.
He is gone.
Already I am breathless in my
waiting.
When he comes to me again
Will he come as eagerly?
Shall I wait for his boat in vain?

Anyway I shall stand on the pier.
If his love is the same I shall greet
him.
If my hopes have been enthralled
They can die less painfully
If near where the next boat docks.

The ABC's of General Knowledge

The Ten Greatest Prize-Fights

Based on Their Gate Receipts
Source: Madison Square Garden Corporation
Chart by FRELING FOSTER

Of These Ten Leading Championship Battles, Dempsey Won Four, Tunney Three, Wills Two and Firpo One.

