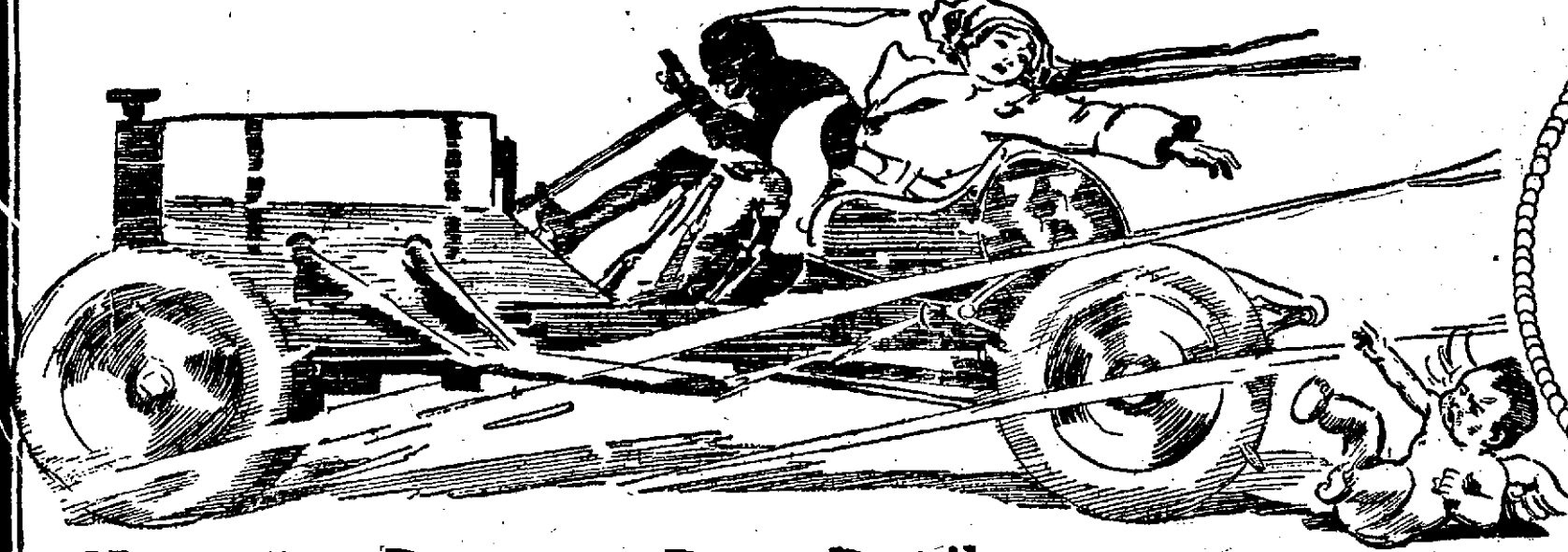
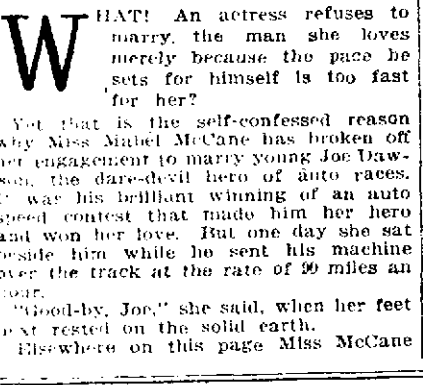


He Was Too Fast for an Actress



How Joe Dawson, Dare-Devil Auto Racer, Won Mabel McCane by Breaking a Record, and Then Lost Her by Giving Her a 90 Mile-an-Hour Spin at His Side.



Mabel McCane, in one of her stage poses.



Joe Dawson, whose fast driving lost him an actress bride, and Mabel McCane, who sacrificed love rather than marry a speed maniac.

WHAT! An actress refuses to marry the man she loves merely because the pace he sets for himself is too fast for her?

Yes, that is the self-confessed reason why Miss Mabel McCane has broken off her engagement to marry young Joe Dawson, the dare-devil hero of auto races.

It was his brilliant winning of an auto race contest that made him her hero and won her love. But one day she sat beside him while he sent his machine over the track at the rate of 90 miles an hour.

"Good-by, Joe," she said, when her feet slipped from the solid earth.

Elsewhere on this page Miss McCane tells the circumstances of her sudden determination not to wed a high-speed hero.

Her statement, analyzed, means that 90 miles an hour, which it is Joe Dawson's business to better, if he can, is far too fast for her, or for any man who will accept as a husband.

What do you think of that? And actresses constantly figuring in the newspapers as enthusiastic autoists, as inveterate joy riders, as ladies about whom there is nothing slow; who, as a class, are famous for their nerve and daring; who cultivate a good "punch" for the benefit of "mashers," and use it, too; who love to go up in an aeroplane, who have joyfully danced on the steel top of the

unfinished Singer building tower, and who in many other ways accomplish results of speed and daring quite beyond the powers of ordinary men.

Why, there's "Polly" Chase, the "pink pajama" actress, perfectly delighted to marry Graham White, one of the most intrepid of all the dare-devil birdmen. And it is just now announced by herself that Miss Grace LaDue, star in "Madame Troubadour," wants to fly so badly that she is having an aeroplane specially built for her.

Actress Bride for Strang.
You remember that it was an actress who married Lewis P. Strang, most famous of all dare-devil auto racers, Miss Louise Alexander, and as if this experience was too slow for her, proceeded to make the fastest pace ever known on the stage, in her "Vampire dance," done with Julian Mitchell as a partner, and with the result of getting herself named in Mrs. Mitchell's suit for divorce.

Quite a number of professional auto speed maniacs have let out an extra link in a race because the heart and hand of an actress were the main prize to be won. This, too, has been a feature of several six-day bicycle races.

As above mentioned, Miss McCane, while a spectator at an auto speed contest, fell in love with its hero, Joe Dawson, who first got into the racing limelight barely six months ago.

He is a brilliant young driver of racing cars, with great skill and no knowledge of fear.

Next act—end of the romance. For, after that ride, the engagement of the boy and the girl was no more. And he said he had no more to say to her. There is only the dream of success as a driver. For her—only regrets.

At first Dawson could not take the end of his romance seriously. Somehow he could not seem to realize it when the news was first broken to him. But he would hardly talk of it. He thought there was only the dream of success as a driver. For her—only regrets.

BY MABEL McCANE.
Seeing Joe Dawson win an automobile race, falling in love with him, and accepting him as a future husband is one thing—sitting by his side while he drives his car at a speed of 90 miles an hour is quite another.

After this nerve-racking experience there was nothing for me to do but say "Good-by Joe."

You see, I had not realized what racing really meant—either to Joe or to myself. But when I sat in that car while it killed space at the rate of 3 miles every two minutes, I knew that I could never marry the man who drove it. My dream of happiness for us both was over then and there.

When I sat in that speeding car with him, Joe was no longer my Joe. He was not the man I had grown to love. He was changed utterly.

No Longer Human.
He was another being. As I looked at him, I realized that I was no longer with the man whose picture I carried in my heart, but with a man who was no longer a human, reasoning being. I was sitting beside a man to whom, at that moment, the world meant nothing, to whom I meant nothing—to whom there existed nothing but speed, speed, speed. Joe had become a sort of demigodical part of that mammoth, crouching piece of mechanism, his racing car. I was something foreign, useless, unrecognized, forgotten.

I was completely in the power of that rushing, grinding piece of mechanism. I could do nothing, and it would be useless for me to say anything. I knew that if I had cared to open an argument with Joe about possible danger to us in the trifling speed we were making, I might just as well have pleaded with the powerful, pounding machinery which responded to his hand on the wheel.

Rather Be in Back Row of Chorus.
Only a few weeks ago it seemed to me the summit of my desires to marry a dare-devil hero of automobilized speed. But not since that ride at his side—that ride which made the landscape a blur, which gave me a sensation of trees and houses and people standing on their heads.

Capital Not First to Honor General Steuben

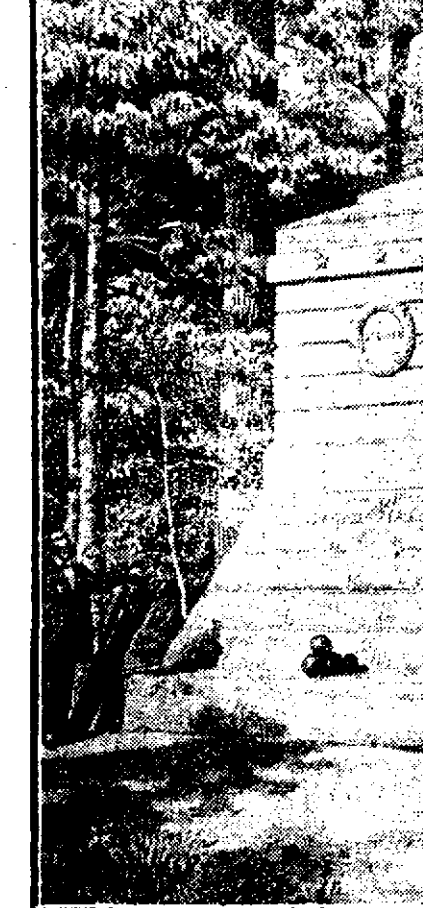
THE memorial to be placed, on December 7, in Lafayette square to Maj. Gen. Steuben, Inspector general of the Revolutionary army, is not, as has been asserted, the first, nor does his body rest in an unmarked grave, it becomes known here as a native of Onondaga county, N. Y., to correct the impression that the citizens of that great State had so overlooked the patriotic duty of manifesting respect for the memory of the great and distinguished soldier.

of which he had been president held in his honor a funeral service in the German Reformed Church in Nassau street and were borne for six weeks. Col. William North, a dearly loved friend and colleague with Benjamin Walker, placed in the same church a beautiful mural tablet, which was subsequently removed to the new church on Forsyth street. The slab of obelisk form and the square frame are of bluish clouded marble. The tablet is a representation of the Order of Fidelity. The inscription: Sacred to the Memory of Frederick William Augustus, Baron de Steuben, a German Knight of the Order of Fidelity, Aide-Camp to Frederick the Great, King of Prussia. Major General and Inspector General in the Revolutionary War. Entered, Respected, and Supported by Washington.

He gave Military Skill and Discipline to the Citizens Soldiers Who, Pulling the Decree of Heaven, Achieved the Independence of the United States.

The Highly Polished Members of the Baron were Graced by the Most Noble Feelings of the Heart. His Hand, Open as Day to Meeting Charity, Closed Only in the Grasp of Death.

This Memorial is inscribed by an American Who Had the Honor to be His Aide-Camp, the Happiness to be His Friend. Obit. 1785.



Monument erected over the grave of Baron de Steuben by the Steuben Association and the Legislature of New York, 1870-72. From an old lithograph.

of which he had been president held in his honor a funeral service in the German Reformed Church in Nassau street and were borne for six weeks. Col. William North, a dearly loved friend and colleague with Benjamin Walker, placed in the same church a beautiful mural tablet, which was subsequently removed to the new church on Forsyth street. The slab of obelisk form and the square frame are of bluish clouded marble. The tablet is a representation of the Order of Fidelity. The inscription: Sacred to the Memory of Frederick William Augustus, Baron de Steuben, a German Knight of the Order of Fidelity, Aide-Camp to Frederick the Great, King of Prussia. Major General and Inspector General in the Revolutionary War. Entered, Respected, and Supported by Washington.

He gave Military Skill and Discipline to the Citizens Soldiers Who, Pulling the Decree of Heaven, Achieved the Independence of the United States.

The Highly Polished Members of the Baron were Graced by the Most Noble Feelings of the Heart. His Hand, Open as Day to Meeting Charity, Closed Only in the Grasp of Death.

This Memorial is inscribed by an American Who Had the Honor to be His Aide-Camp, the Happiness to be His Friend. Obit. 1785.

One of the last generous acts of the old baron had been to deed a piece of ground near his home to the Welsh Baptists for a church. The minister, having been at the burial, kept in mind the location of the grave. When several years after it was decided to change the line of the county road to avoid an unnecessary detour, it was ignorantly cut dangerously near to the sacred spot. Fearing the exposure of the body the old minister walked the 18 miles to Utica to acquaint Col. Walker with the situation. Without delay the body was reinterred in the wooded lot of several acres east of the residence and marked by a simple headstone of slate. Forty years ago there could still be found fragments of this headstone, but the inscription could not be deciphered. At that time Col. Walker placed what remained of the farm, about 200 acres, I have been told, in charge of the congregation of the little Welsh church, with the stipulation that the grave should be kept undisturbed in the wooded reservation.

Thirty years after the death of Steuben, Miss Sophia Mappa and Bertha Stein

Der Kemp, with descendants of other old friends, aroused public sentiment and secured contributions to a monument, which was placed in the fall of 1834 with appropriate ceremonies. The address was made by the Rev. Mr. Pierce, pastor of the Unitarian Church in Olden Barnetville. Gen. Lafayette was at the time in Albany, invited to be present, but he declined. It has been said, on account of an ill feeling that had existed between them when officers in the army. I prefer to think it was an account of the distance, the rough journey, and the time it would occupy. This monument is pictured in Lossing's "Field Book of the Revolution" and in "Forty Years of American Generals." It consisted of a tablet of limestone resting on four columns of piled stone 2 feet high. The tablet was about 8 feet long by 4 feet wide, and 4 inches in thickness, inscribed:

Major General Frederick William Augustus Baron de Steuben.

In December of 1858 the St. Charles Democrat, of Missouri, a German paper, published an appeal from Theodore Bruere to the Germans in the United States for funds to erect a suitable monument in honor of Steuben in New York city. Several thousand dollars had been collected in 1858. Some years before the civil war the New York legislature appropriated a sum of money for the same purpose, and the two amounts were subsequently turned over to an association of admirers of the hero, who completed the work in 1870. A large measure of the credit was due to Gov. Horatio Seymour for the success of the undertaking.

On the morning of the first day of June, 1870, there was an unwonted animation in the sleepy little Welsh village of Reesen. From every approach came backboards, democrat wagons and buggies without other occupants than the drivers, to gather about the railway station. Shortly before noon the wheeled platform engine steamed up with a crowd of more than 1,500 persons bound for the grave of Baron de Steuben. It had been a difficult matter to haul so long a train up the heavy grades from Utica. The next problem was the 5-mile climb of the Steuben hills. Convoys were provided for distinguished guests and ladies; others walked, escorted by the entire population of the village. Up the procession went, past the old stone meeting house at the crossing of the road; past the little white church of the Welsh Baptists, with two flags crossed over the gateway; still upward to the farm where hundreds of country people from far and near had assembled. Steubentown never had and never will again see such an occasion. In the crowd about the old monument, which had not as yet been disturbed, and the excavation for the cornerstone of the new, in the somber depths of the forest which retained its original features, were ex-Gov. Seymour, Gen. Franz Sigel, S. Karl Kapff, the New York Liederkranz, the Utica Citizens' Corps, accompanied by the City Band and many other distinguished citizens of the State.

After music by the band and a prayer in Welsh by the Rev. Robert Everett, Seymour introduced Mr. Kapff. He spoke in behalf of the Steuben Schuetzen Society of New York, and gave a brief history of the city and progress of the movement having for its object the erection of this monument. Following Mr. Kapff, Deacon D. M. Crowell made an address of welcome in behalf of the citizens of Steuben and Reesen to the distinguished guests and admirers of Baron de Steuben. The 25 members of the Liederkranz Society sang the ode, "Der Tag des Herren."

After the Prussian national hymn Gov. Seymour performed the ceremony of laying the cornerstone, while the semblance stood with uncovered heads in profound silence. Immediately after the ceremony, Gov. Seymour proposed that a vote of thanks be given by the Steuben Association to the Welsh Baptist Church for the fidelity and care with which they had carried out the request of Col. Walker in preserving and protecting the grounds made sacred by the dust of the great soldier. Gen. Franz Sigel followed with an eloquent address in German.

The monument was designed and executed by Henry Beck, of New York. The base and body are of Trenton limestone, surmounted by a shaft of granite. The base is 14 feet square, total height 10 feet. Within a wreath cut in relief in the granite upon one of the faces is the simple word "Steuben." Four Parrott guns are placed on reverse at the angles.

In the summer of 1872 the completed monument was unveiled with simple ceremony by representatives of the Steuben Monument Association. The tablet of the older memorial had been broken in removal and "lies in ruins" at the base of its successor.

Seeing Joe Dawson win an automobile race, falling in love with him, and accepting him as a future husband is one thing—sitting by his side while he drives his car at a speed of 90 miles an hour is quite another.

After this nerve-racking experience there was nothing for me to do but say "Good-by Joe."

You see, I had not realized what racing really meant—either to Joe or to myself. But when I sat in that car while it killed space at the rate of 3 miles every two minutes, I knew that I could never marry the man who drove it. My dream of happiness for us both was over then and there.

When I sat in that speeding car with him, Joe was no longer my Joe. He was not the man I had grown to love. He was changed utterly.

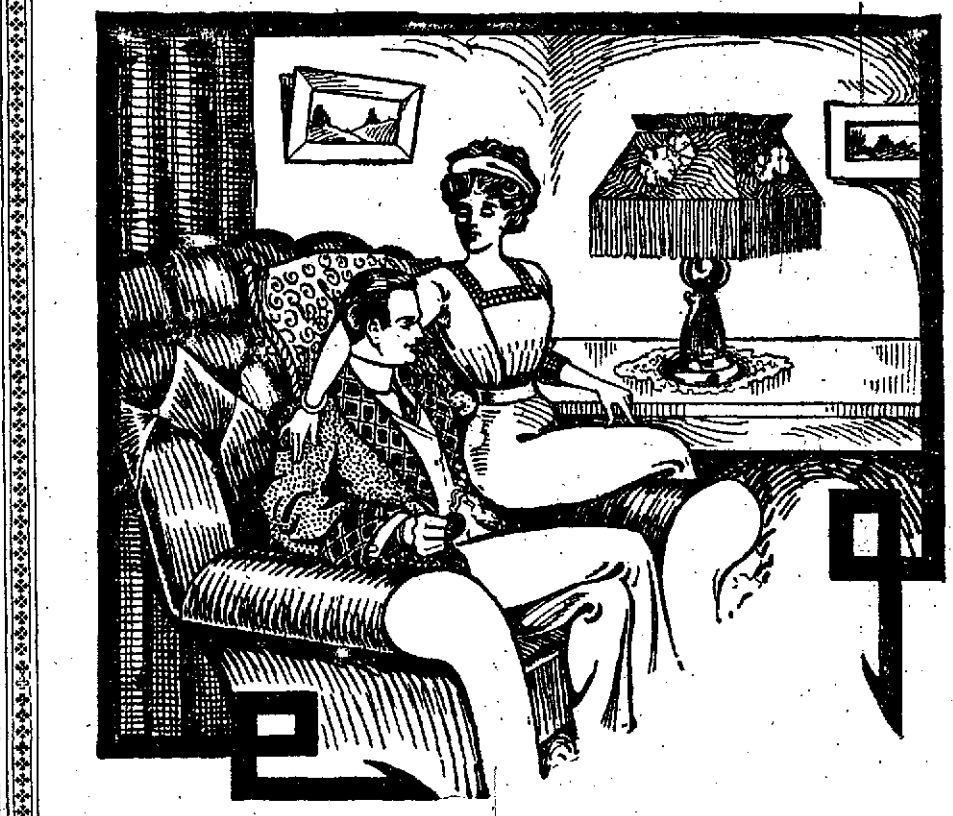
No Longer Human.
He was another being. As I looked at him, I realized that I was no longer with the man whose picture I carried in my heart, but with a man who was no longer a human, reasoning being. I was sitting beside a man to whom, at that moment, the world meant nothing, to whom I meant nothing—to whom there existed nothing but speed, speed, speed. Joe had become a sort of demigodical part of that mammoth, crouching piece of mechanism, his racing car. I was something foreign, useless, unrecognized, forgotten.

I was completely in the power of that rushing, grinding piece of mechanism. I could do nothing, and it would be useless for me to say anything. I knew that if I had cared to open an argument with Joe about possible danger to us in the trifling speed we were making, I might just as well have pleaded with the powerful, pounding machinery which responded to his hand on the wheel.

Rather Be in Back Row of Chorus.
Only a few weeks ago it seemed to me the summit of my desires to marry a dare-devil hero of automobilized speed. But not since that ride at his side—that ride which made the landscape a blur, which gave me a sensation of trees and houses and people standing on their heads.

No, indeed! Now I am educated to what life with such a man would be. I would rather take a chance in the back row of a chorus at \$18 per week than live in luxury purchased in any such way.

I do not want a husband who is always shaking dice with death; who may any day be returned to me on a stretcher, the broken and bleeding shell of the man whom I love and obey. As I would want to love and obey a husband, I cannot do it, and I am stopping now, before I bring heartaches upon myself and my beloved—heartaches that cannot be cured any more than the craze for speed can be cured.



The house of plainly marked prices

This picture of a happy, comfortable home illustrates the foundation of our business success.

We have made it possible for thousands to have just such home surroundings before they were able to spare a large amount of cash, and we're willing to do the same for you.

In almost every department of our great housefurnishing store we offer you some special attraction, such as the making, lining, and laying of Carpets without extra charge. But these are mere details compared with the broad proposition of allowing you to furnish a home completely and enjoy the use of goods which are simply charged to you on an open account.

This account is arranged in divided payments at intervals and in amounts that will suit your circumstances. You sign no notes and pay no interest.

We give you our personal guaranty that every purchase shall be made satisfactory to you or replaced without question.

We mark every article in plain figures, and you buy according to these figures before we ask how or when you wish to pay.

Peter Grogan and Sons Company