

LOVE BEYOND THE LIFE-LINES.



MISS NEWKIRK IN AN ART POSE.

Very Unusual Romance of Miss Emma Newkirk, the \$1,000 Prize Beauty, Who Won a Young Klondike Millionaire in the Ocean Surf.

BEGUN in the sunny waters of Santa Monica Bay, the romance of Miss Emma Newkirk and Mr. Edward Willis, the Klondike millionaire, was consummated in the snow wastes of Alaska.

Beginning when both were poor and unknown, their romance has culminated since Miss Newkirk became one of the most famous women in the United States and Mr. Willis one of the richest men in Alaska.

Last December, by a popular vote, Miss Newkirk was acknowledged to be the most beautiful woman in this country. Her measurements, it was discovered, coincided with those of the Venus de Milo, and straightway the former American Venus, Miss Clara Best, was dethroned and a new American Venus sprang into fame.

Miss Best, the critics said, lacked by one thirty-second of an inch perfection, the large toe of her right foot missing just that much of the classic length. Miss Newkirk, they said, lacked nothing at all of perfection. Miss Newkirk's figure, in every particular, conformed to the canons of health and beauty, therefore Miss Newkirk won over all competitors the \$1,000 prize for a perfect womanly figure at the Physical Culture Exhibition, Madison Square Garden, New York.

The romance of this latter day Venus was revealed in the announcement of her engagement in a San Francisco newspaper.

Her Santa Monica Shadow.

"Mr. Edward Willis, of Dawson City," read her friends, puzzled by the not familiar name.

One of them with active memory said: "Can it be the young man who was her shadow at Santa Monica Beach?"

"But she had so many," objected the others. "Unlike common, material bodies, Emma cast more than one shadow. Wherever she went she had at least a dozen."

"But the young man, the record swimmer, who brought her back the day she fainted? Don't you remember?"

And with this prompting all of them have, at last, remembered.

Emma Newkirk was a native of California. Her name was proudly enrolled in that large and brilliant society, the Native Daughters of the Golden West. Further than that, she had always lived at Santa Monica, the pretty little city of the surf, fifteen miles from Los Angeles. She grew up, as do most California girls, in the untrammelled life of the great outdoors—the free manner of life that is the color and the buoyant grace of the women of California; the manner of life that developed Spill Sanderson and Blanche Bates and Dorothy Tennant.

She walked and ran, and rode and drove, and played basketball and baseball and football. During part of her childhood, which she would like to forget, she was known and dreaded as the tomboy, because she beat all the boys in town at tree climbing and leapfrog.

Except when hated lessons claimed her, Emma Newkirk lived out of doors. Whether the sun was shining in the hot, radiant sky, or the rain was falling steadily, she was out there, with no faintest rumble of thunder underfoot, and no dimmest dash of lightning, in that season which is elsewhere called winter.

Miss Newkirk might be found out of doors, in California, in the rainy season. A ten-mile walk left her flushed and bright-eyed, but it required a fifteen-mile gallop to give her an added appetite for dinner. She strolled on her feet, or sat on the rocks for hours every day, a pretty figure of a sea nymph, with her lithe and girlish, tenderly curved figure, and her golden brown hair floating loose to her waist, as the girls of Santa Monica chose to wear their hair.

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Miss Emma Newkirk.

Mr. Edward Willis, the Hero and Plannee.



Santa Monica Beach, California.

Why Girls Can't Find Dancing Partners.

By an Indignant Young Man.

THE conduct of girls, nowadays, is enough to make all the grandmothers, who have lived and died, turn in their graves; such behavior is so now regularly and openly practised would have scandalized them.

Without beating about the bush, I will proceed to point out a few of the very many circumstances in which dancing girls may immediately change their ways, and I will add that unless they do so, they will, at no distant date, drive away what is left of the once happy throng of dancing men.

Don't arrive at the hall, where the dance is to be held, half an hour late and follow that up by spending another half hour in the dressing-room. If you do so you can't be surprised to find, on finally arriving in the room, that the original order of the men is somewhat damped.

Don't on entering the room, walk straight up to another lady, who is a friend of yours, and begin an animated conversation relating to some domestic matter. If you do so the men will quite naturally think that you do not wish to be disturbed, and will hang about the door rather than seem to intrude.

Don't smile from ear to ear when a tall, dark and handsome man asks for the pleasure of a dance, and then frown from scalp to second chin when a short and rather plain man pays you the same attention. Remember that it is as yet to be proved that good looks go hand-in-hand with good dancing.

Don't watch the young lady who is dancing with the man to whom you are engaged to be married, as if you were a real live cat. If your jealousy is beyond all bounds, and you are determined to make the man feel uncomfortable, but the mere fact of hearing of an ailment jars him, for he gathers from the woman's grimace, stick to your decision. If only for the sake of the feelings of the one to whom you have said "Yes."

Don't go to a hall if you are an invalid; it is a mistake of your own making, and the men are not at all to blame for it. One woman in three complains of a headache or dizziness on being escorted back to her seat; she may not intentionally wish to make the men feel uncomfortable, but the mere fact of hearing of an ailment jars him, for he gathers from the woman's grimace, stick to your decision. If only for the sake of the feelings of the one to whom you have said "Yes."

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That is obvious to underestimate their dancing. Don't pretend to work up a flirtation with the young man whose dance is an old enemy of yours in the hope of paying off an old score; if you do you may meet with a well-deserved rebuke. In any case you will lessen the number of dancing men by one, for the offended dancer will give her intended no more opportunities of being weak.

Don't, if you are a stout girl, smile till the water drips from your temple bulge, on seeing a stout lady attempt too much. If you must be so bold, raise your fan to hide the lapse, or, better still, go behind a screen and stay there until the possibility of offending the one of generous proportions has passed.

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"I was never so mortified in my life," she confided to one of the feminine conveyors. "Blink it is a disgrace to faint. Any healthy woman should be ashamed of herself who even thinks of it."

That afternoon the stranger ventured to present himself at the door of the Newkirk cottage.

"Pardon me, I merely called to learn how Miss Newkirk is."

The maid stared. "Miss Emma! Oh, she's all right. She's gone to Los Angeles on her bicycle."

They met next day in the surf, and the next, but the young man received little encouragement. Miss Newkirk was grateful, but she was likewise humiliated, and humiliation, as every proud woman knows, is a barrier difficult of surmounting.

"Some Day She'll Forget You."

"Never mind, old chap," he said to himself by way of comfort one night. "Some day she'll forgive you for being a better swimmer than she is, but it will take time."

The next morning he was summoned to San Francisco by telegram. There was not time for a farewell dip in the surf, not even a stroll on the beach. But he looked from the car window and thought he saw a bobbing cork of gold on the waves near the life line.

Emma Newkirk came to New York and posed for classic studies for some of the most eminent artists. One of them told her of the thousand-dollar prize offered for a perfect female figure.

"Compete and win," he advised.

Modestly the Pacific Coast girl entered the tourney against beauties from the East, the middle West, the lake region and the Gulf bordering States. There was only one competitor who was in any sense a rival. That competitor won the second prize.

Fortune Pursued Him.

In Dawson City a young prospector lately, by the turn of a pan of gold, became a millionaire, read of this triumph of a Santa Monica beauty. The half hour he spent in a haze of pleasant thoughts. Then he wrote a long letter, which he carried to the post office himself.

"Yes, yes, Mr. Willis. It will certainly leave on the steamer in the morning," the postmaster assured him.

The new American Venus read the letter in a cozy New York apartment. As the writer urgently requested she "replied at once." By a coincidence she, too, posted her letter. Hilly, the hall boy, seemed not quite trustworthy, under the circumstances. Other letters followed, and last month the announcement of the engagement.

Mr. Willis met Miss Newkirk in St. Louis, where they will be married in June. The handsome house in Dawson City is building for his bride.

Miss Newkirk in Swimming School.