

## The St. Valentine Wedding

By E. G. Bayne

Many strange things find their way to the editor's desk. Our city chief had had at various times and seasons "the largest potato in the Cypress Hills," a banana bug in a bottle, a loaf of bread made by an eight-year-old Roumanian girl, a horseshoe curiously twisted by a freak of lightning, a string bean nearly a foot long, a Breeches Bible, a German helmet captured at the Marne and a bunch of carrots that were shaped exactly like outspread human fingers.

Being of Scotch descent the editor had carried the eatables home, and he had sent the tarantula to its last long rest by the cyanide of potassium route. The other curios became office fixtures and were admired or anathematized in turn, according to whether their beholder were a visitor, or merely Louis Simolski, who daily dusted the sanctum.

One day the editor handed me a double sheet of stiff cream-colored paper that bore on its upper half the following legend in neat hand script:—

"Mr. and Mrs. Abraham Raschowitz request the honor of your co. at the marriage of their daughter, Ray Rebecca to

Moses B. Isaacstein  
Tuesday, Feb. 14, 8 p.m., Empire Hall,  
Poplarville.



**The Sister of Field Marshall Sir John French Killed by a Shell**  
Mrs. Harley, who was about fifty years old, had served since the outbreak of the war with the Scottish Women's Hospitals. She was first attached to their hospital at the Abbaye de Royaumont, where the above photograph was taken. Later she went to their French unit at Salonica. There, where the female chaffeur is indistinguishable in her work from the male—even to the carrying of wounded on her back—Mrs. Harley served with such distinction and bravery that she was decorated by General Sarraill with the military cross. Upon her return to England Mrs. Harley joined the American unit of the Hospitals and left immediately for Monastir, where she was stationed again as an ambulance chaffeur, although at the same time head of the section to which she was assigned. Besides giving herself to the service of her country, she gave her daughter, who is with the Scottish Women's Hospital at Salonica. Photograph shows Mrs. Harley, sister of Field Marshall French, commander in chief of the home forces, talking with a group of patients at the Scottish Women's Hospitals at the Abbaye de Royaumont. Mrs. Harley was killed at Monastir, Serbia. She was in town with an ambulance of which she was in charge when a shell burst near by. A fragment of the shell struck her in the head, killing her instantly. Her life was heroic and her death worthy of herself and of the cause she served so nobly.

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"Go, cover that event," said the chief. "It's to-night and you have just time to catch the five train. It is likely I shall have to let Louis off at nine so that he can be present—(Poplarville is his home town). There will be some prominent Jewish people there."

I wasn't society editor but promised to do my best.

Our Louis had been disappointed in love. He hadn't been with us a week until we all knew about the false and fickle but oh! so beautiful, Rachel Grossmann, who had jilted him two years before because the "movie bug" had seized her.

"And just so soon she goes by New York she forgets all about me," he had

told us mournfully. "I got no faith in women any more."

Louis worked in the composing-room, where he was a general favorite. He had eyes of a warm and limpid brown, and the general expression of the choir boy, and it was rumored that the peroxide princess in the business office was ready at any time to accompany him to a magistrate, or preacher, and go through a life sentence with him.

But Louis attended strictly to business.

As I passed out of the city room I met him carrying a sheaf of copy and hurrying towards the telegraph editor's desk. Seeing me he stopped short, guessing my errand.

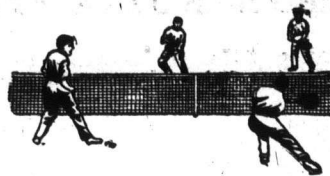
"Say," he said eagerly. "You know, my mother she keeps a nice clean rest-runt at Poplarville. Drop in. You would, maybe, see the twins too, already. I'm going up on the ten-ten. The rest-runt's across from Empire Hall. You got time, maybe, to call there for a cup of tea?"

"Perhaps," I said, being no tea fiend.

Poplarville is a small grain-elevator town about an hour's run from the city. I arrived about six o'clock and found Empire Hall without difficulty. Preparations seemed complete, and the interior was indeed most inviting. The walls had been draped with bunting and flags, and upon the platform, where the cere-

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