# TO MARRY THE IDEAL HIS GENIUS CREATED.

## Anthony Hope Finds the Heroine of His Book (The Prisoner of Zenda) in Real Life and Falls in Love with Her.

Miss Evelyn Millard, Who Plays "Princess Flavia" ---

"The Lady with the Pale Face and Glorious Hair."

The author of that most stirring and charmingly improbable romance, "The Prisoner of Zenda," is going to marry a young woman who personifies the heroine of his story.

Anthony Hope is engaged to Miss Evelyn Millard, a young and beautiful actress, who created the role of the Princess Flavia in the dramatization of "The Prisoner of Zenda" in London.

Miss Millard was a great favorite with the public, but a greater one evidently with Anthony Hope, who had exceptional opportunities for appreciating her.

Night after night he sat at the play and watched her until the actress and the heroine of his imagination became to him identical. The Princess Flavia of his story, "the lady with the pale face and glorious hair," was surely before him in the flesh. Footlights and audience faded away, and he felt that he was in Ruritania, in the presence of his beautiful Princess, who loved so well and so truly, but who sadly placed her duty to her country above her love.

Afterward he returned to the world of reality, but with no sense of disappointment. He was able to congratulate himself on the fact that he was more fortunately situated than his friend Rudolf Rassendyll. No reasons of state interposed themselves between him and the lady who gilded his romantic ideal. An acquaintance followed, which more than ever satisfied Mr. Hope that the Princess Flavia had come to life. Miss Millard, on her side, was not less favorably inclined toward the original creator of that heroine, and also of her own fame as an actress. So an engagement has taken place and will be followed, it is understood, very shortly by a marriage.

No one who has read "The Prisoner of Zenda" can have failed to notice the extraordinary amount of feeling which Anthony Hope has put into his drawing of the Princess Flavia. Most of his women are charming but flighty persons. In the Princess he set out with much earnestness to give us as fine and noble a woman as he could possibly create.

One of the charms of this bewildering book is the sudden transition from scenes of fantastic peril and mortal combat to those in which the sweet and dignified Princess appears.

It may easily be seen from her portrait that Miss Millard is a very handsome young woman. She is very tall and stately, has regular features and dark hair of a red shade. Her face has a serious and almost sad expression.

But if we wish to have the most artistic and sympathetic description possible of her we must turn to "The Prisoner of Zenda." We now know on authority which it would be foolish to question that what is said about the Princess Flavia is applicable to Miss Millard.

The first time that Rudolf Rassendyll saw the Princess Flavia was when he impersonated the King at his coronation in Streisau: "Two faces only stood out side by side clearly before my eyes—the face of a girl, pale and lovely, surmounted by a crown of the glorious Elphberg hair (for in a woman it is glorious), and the face of a man whose full-blooded red cheeks, black hair and dark eyes told me that at last I was in the presence of my brother, Black Michael."

It will be recalled that Rudolf was forced by his impersonation of the King to make love to the latter's cousin, the Princess Flavia. She had never loved the King to whom she was to be betrothed, but fell deeply in love with Rudolf as soon as she met him, although she believed him to be the King. The two men were almost identical in personal appearance, but there was a difference which a woman could feel.

When the King had been saved from the consequence of his folly, and Rudolf was about to restore him to his throne, and had made known his own identity, he said farewell to Flavia in this scene:

"She made me sit on a sofa, and put her hand on my forehead.

"'How hot your head is!' she said, sinking on her knees by me. Then she laid her head against me, and I heard her murmur: 'My darling, how hot your head is!'

"Somehow love gives even to a dull man the knowledge of his lover's heart. I had come to humble myself and pray pardon for my presumption; but what I said now was:

"'I love you with all my heart and soul!

"For what troubled and shamed her? Not her love for me, but the fear that I had counterfeited the lover as I had acted the King, and taken her kisses with a smothered smile.

"'With all my life and heart!' said I, as she clung to me. 'Always, from the first moment I saw you in the cathedral! There has been but one woman in the world to me—and there will be no other. But God forgive me the wrong I've done you!'

"'They made you do it!' she said quickly, and she added raising her head, and looking in my eyes: 'It might have made no difference if I'd known it. It was always you, never the King!' and she raised herself and kissed me.

"'I meant to tell you,' said I. 'I was going to on the night of the ball in Streisau, when Sapt interrupted me. After that I couldn't—I couldn't risk losing you before—before—I must! My darling, for you I nearly left the King to die!'

"'I know, I know! What are we to do now, Rudolf?'

"I put my arm round her and held her up while I said:

"'I am going away to-night.'

"'Ah, no, no!' she cried. 'Not to-night!'

"'I must go to-night, before more people have seen me. And how would you have me stay, sweetheart, except'—

"'If I could come with you!' she whispered very low.

"'My God!' said I roughly; 'don't talk about that!' and I thrust her a little back from me.

"'Why not? I love you. You are as good a gentleman as the King!'

"Then I was false to all that I should have held by. For I caught her in my arms and prayed her, in words that I will not write, to come with me, daring all Ruritania to take her from me. And for a while she listened, with wondering, dazzled eyes. But as her eyes looked on me I grew ashamed, and my voice died away in broken murmurs, and at last I was silent.

"She drew herself from me and stood against the wall, while I sat on the edge of the sofa, trembling in every limb, knowing what I had done—loathing it, obstinate not to undo it. So we rested for a long time.

"'I am mad!' I said sullenly.

"'I love your madness, dear,' she answered.

"Her face was away from me, but I caught the sparkle of a tear on her cheek. I clutched the sofa with my hand and held myself there.

"'Is love the only thing?' she asked, in low, sweet tones that seemed to bring a calm even to my wrung heart. 'If love were the only thing, I could follow you—in rags, if need be—to the world's end; for you hold my heart in the hollow of your hand! But is love the only thing?'

"I made her no answer. It gives me shame now to think that I would not help her.

"She came near me and laid her hand on my shoulder. I put my hand up and held hers.

"'I know people write and talk, as if it were. Perhaps, for some, Fate lets it be. Ah, if I were one of them! But if love had been the only thing, you would have let the King die in his cell.'

"I kissed her hand.

"'Honor binds a woman, too, Rudolf. My honor lies in being true to my country and my House. I don't know why God has let me love you; but I know that I must stay!'

The last words of "The Prisoner of Zenda" are: "Shall I see her face again—the pale face and the glorious hair? Of that I know nothing; Fate has no hint, my heart no presentiment. I do not know. In this world, perhaps—nay, it is likely—never. And can it be that somewhere, in a manner whereof our flesh-bound minds have no apprehension, she and I will be together again, with nothing to come between us, nothing to forbid our love? That I know not, nor wiser heads than mine. But if it be never—if I can never hold sweet converse again with her, or look upon her face, or know from her her love, why, then this side the grave, I will live as becomes the man she loves; and for the other side I must pray a dreamless sleep."

If we may measure the happiness of Mr. Anthony Hope by the sorrow of Rudolf, it must be very great.

# NOW IT'S A TIME TRUST.

## The Western Union Receives $200,000 a Year from Its Electric Clocks.

Time is a commodity bought and sold every day, just like butter or shoes or bicycles. At least $200,000 worth of time is sold annually by the Western Union Telegraph Company, and the buyers are in every large town and city in the United States.

The great telegraphic corporation enjoys an absolute monopoly in the distribution and sale of time and the story of this traffic is of absorbing interest.

This trading in time is not relished overmuch by the men who own private astronomical observatories and who would like to conduct business in the way of supplying a first-class article of time.

For years these men have been vigorously protesting against the Government's lease of the right to sell time to the big New York company. The private observatories want to deliver genuine time to all purchasers and object to the methods of the powerful time trust.

Absolutely correct time is given away from the big Naval Observatory in Washington at noon every day to any one who wants it.

In the employ of Uncle Sam are a number of experts paid to make a careful computation of the exact hour of noon, and precisely at 12 o'clock every day one of these men presses a button and communicates the hour to the various departments of the Government in Washington.

In the room from which the noon hour is scientifically ascertained the Western Union Telegraph Company is permitted to have its instruments from whence the time news is flashed all over the country, from the northernmost part of Maine to the most southerly point in Florida and from New York to San Francisco.

This operation is performed in about one-fifth of a second, making an electric spark that rushes through more than 4,000 miles of wire—a thought—an idea as swift as lightning and as big as the map of America.

At four minutes before 12 o'clock each day every telegraph operator in the land ceases to send messages. They make all the necessary connections between stations so that an unbroken circuit may be established from the Capitol to every point of communication.

Several seconds before the time bell is to strike, a few warning ticks are sent along to each station, and at the instant when the sun crosses the seventy-fifth meridian a great current surges over wires throughout the length and breadth of the land. It is a throb from old Time's mighty heart, and its pulsation is felt from Chicago to New Orleans, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific. An expectant nation is informed that exact noon has arrived, and watches and clocks innumerable are set right for another twenty-four hours.

To clearly understand the immense profit which this simple daily practice yields the Western Union Company, it should be remembered that each clock connected by electricity with the central station in Washington is charged $15 a year for the service. Consider that the estimated number of clocks so attached in New York is correctly put at 1,500, and you have the sum of $18,000 derived from the metropolis alone.

Just how many clocks, public and private, that are set once a day throughout the United States by the Western Union Company, only the latter's account books can tell, and this interesting information is unobtainable.

On a fair estimate, however, at least $1,000,000 is the company's revenue on the sale of time during the year. Certainly an easy and lucrative business this trading in time.

Why the Western Union Telegraph Company enjoys a monopoly of the trade in time is explained not in the fact that they are especially favored by the Government, but because they are doing in a wholesale way what any citizen of the United States may do for himself or others. Any one can share in the same privileges enjoyed by the telegraph company and that without cost. Any individual or corporation being able to furnish an effective plant, varying in cost from $2,000 to $5,000 can have permission to transmit time from the Government's own market without a dime's expense.

This traffic in time is a part of our commercial life of which very little is known even by the thousands of telegraph operators who take an active part in the daily transaction.

All of which goes to show the possibilities of making money with an intangible commodity and a product—if time may be so termed—commonly believed to be unmarketable or at least unprofitable if handled.

# Bicycling Down from the Clouds.

## A Spectacular Combination of Balloon, Bicycle, Parachute and Boat.

It is claimed that inventive genius has found a way to ride a bicycle through the air, to the clouds and back again. Professor Charles J. Rhone, a student of aeronautics, says so, and sturdily asserts the machine he has invented will prove the statement to be a fact.

This strangest of all cycles is being constructed in New York, and its originator declares it will be given a thorough trial before snow flies.

The aerocycle will not enable the rider to start from the earth on a cycling trip to the moon, but will go as high as circumstances will permit by means of a balloon. Attached to this balloon will be a parachute, and this will be securely fastened to the wheel.

When the balloon and its freight arrive at the desired height the rider will loosen the ties that bind parachute and balloon, and then the journey through the air and to the earth will begin.

The aerocycle is being built at the Crescent Die and Tool Works, No. 308 Elizabeth street. It isn't like the ordinary safety, for of course riding on air is not like pedalling on land.

Starting with the safety bicycle as a basis of construction, imagine a cigar shaped hard rubber cylinder about eight feet long and fifteen inches in diameter, firmly fixed at each side of the machine and parallel to it a few inches from the ground. These are the floats. In this respect the aerocycle differs little from the familiar catamaran or water velocipedes.

The diameter of the wheel is considerably greater than that of the ordinary bicycle wheel, and the pedal shaft is set high enough to keep the rider's feet out of the water when afloat. The cylinders, and, in fact, all the parts of the odd machine, are carefully balanced, so that the equilibrium is no more difficult to maintain than that of the bicycle.

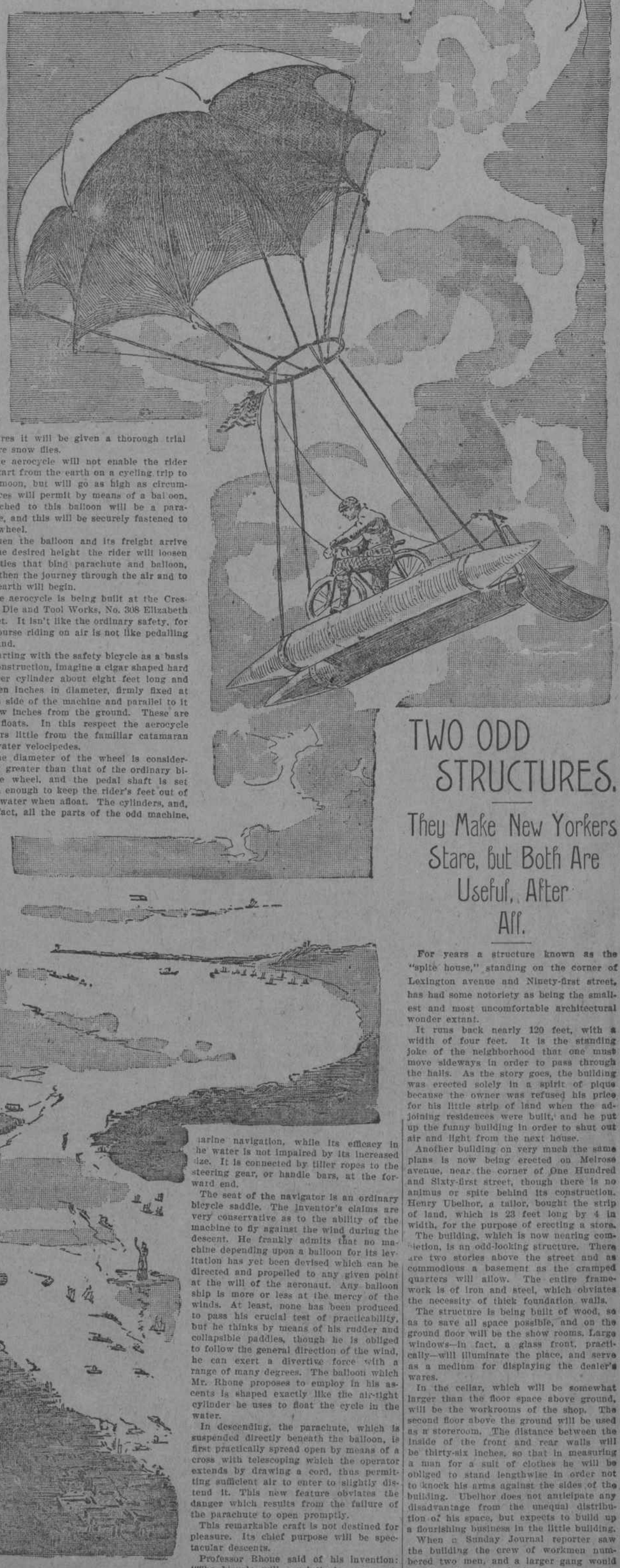
The front wheel has no paddles, all the power being applied to the rear, by the simple sprocket-and-chain device, and only comes into play upon the earth. The rudder appears disproportionately large, owing to the necessity of a much larger steering plane in the air than is required for marine navigation, while its efficacy in the water is not impaired by its increased size. It is connected by tiller ropes to the steering gear, or handle bars, at the forward end.

The seat of the navigator is an ordinary bicycle saddle. The inventor's claims are very conservative as to the ability of the machine to fly against the wind during the descent. He frankly admits that no machine depending upon a balloon for its levitation has yet been devised which can be directed and propelled to any given point at the will of the aeronaut. Any balloon ship is more or less at the mercy of the winds. At least, none has been produced to pass his crucial test of practicability, but he thinks by means of his rudder and collapsible paddles, though he is obliged to follow the general direction of the wind, he can exert a divertive force with a range of many degrees. The balloon which Mr. Rhone proposes to employ in his ascents is shaped exactly like the air-tight cylinder he uses to float the cycle in the water.

In descending, the parachute, which is suspended directly beneath the balloon, is first practically spread open by means of a cross with telescoping which the operator extends by drawing a cord, thus permitting sufficient air to enter to slightly distend it. This new feature obviates the danger which results from the failure of the parachute to open promptly.

This remarkable craft is not destined for pleasure. Its chief purpose will be spectacular descents.

Professor Rhone said of his invention: "The bicycle will revolutionize aeronautics. Think of a man riding downward from the clouds. Without moving the wheels, but by propelling the bicycle his descent will be more graceful."



A Bicycle Trip to the Clouds and Back.

# TWO ODD STRUCTURES.

## They Make New Yorkers Stare, but Both Are Useful, After All.

For years a structure known as the "spite house," standing on the corner of Lexington avenue and Ninety-first street, has had some notoriety as being the smallest and most uncomfortable architectural wonder extant.

It runs back nearly 120 feet, with a width of four feet. It is the standing joke of the neighborhood that one must move sideways in order to pass through the halls. As the story goes, the building was erected solely in a spirit of pique because the owner was refused his price for his little strip of land when the adjoining residences were built, and he put up the funny building in order to shut out air and light from the next house.

Another building on very much the same plans is now being erected on Melrose avenue, near the corner of One Hundred and Sixty-first street, though there is no animus or spite behind its construction. Henry Ubelhor, a tailor, bought the strip of land, which is 23 feet long by 4 in width, for the purpose of erecting a store.

The building, which is now nearing completion, is an odd-looking structure. There are two stories above the street and as commodious a basement as the cramped quarters will allow. The entire framework is of iron and steel, which obviates the necessity of thick foundation walls.

The structure is being built of wood, so as to save all space possible, and on the ground floor will be the show rooms. Large windows—in fact, a glass front, practically—will illuminate the place, and serve as a medium for displaying the dealer's wares.

In the cellar, which will be somewhat larger than the floor space above ground, will be the workrooms of the shop. The second floor above the ground will be used as a storeroom. The distance between the inside of the front and rear walls will be thirty-six inches, so that in measuring a man for a suit of clothes he will be obliged to stand lengthwise in order not to knock his arms against the sides of the building. Ubelhor does not anticipate any disadvantage from the unequal distribution of his space, but expects to build up a flourishing business in the little building.

When a Sunday Journal reporter saw the building the crew of workmen numbered two men, and a larger gang would have been in each other's way. The whole affair looks like a play house for children compared to the full-grown structures in the neighborhood.