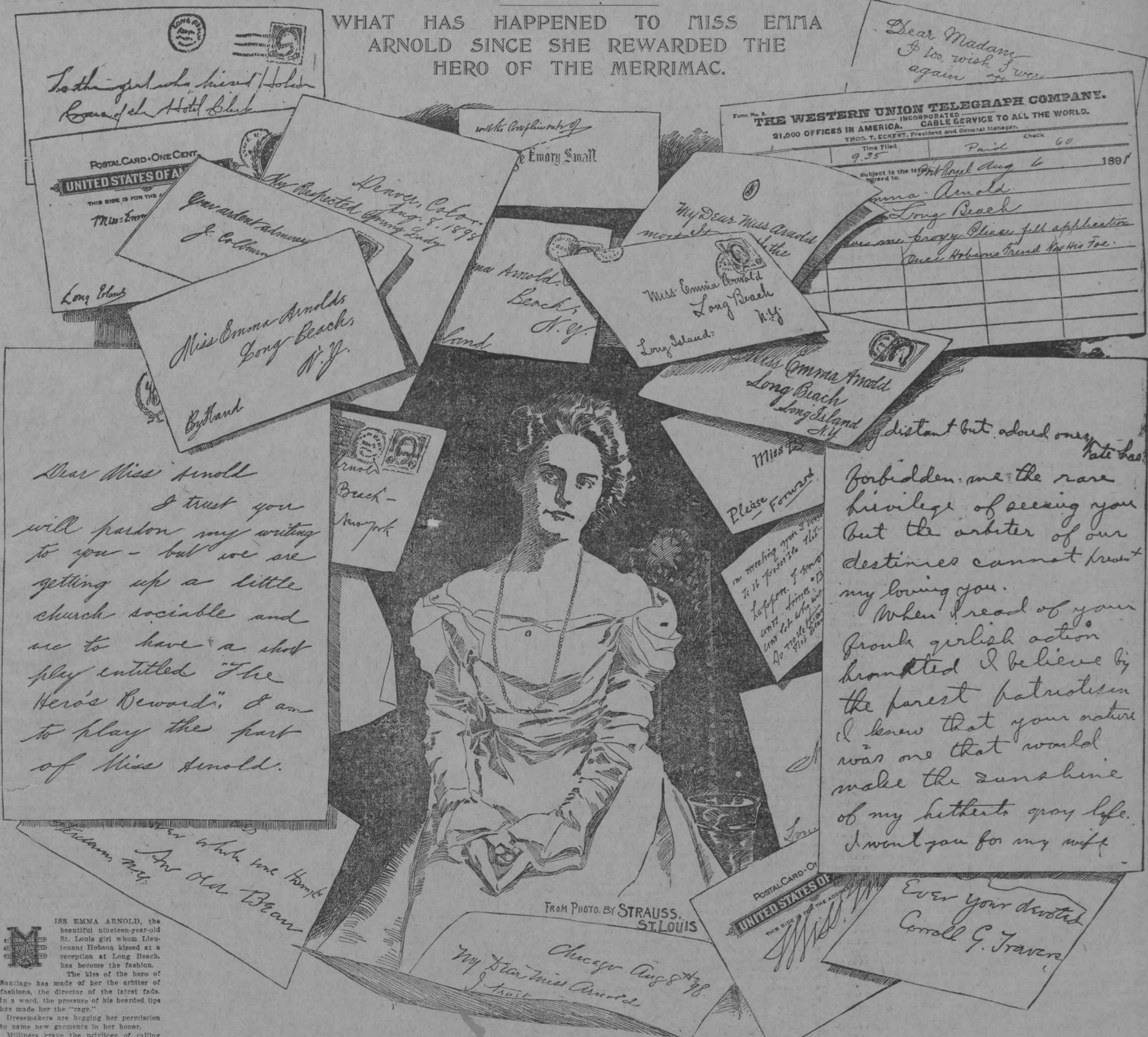


REMARKABLE RESULTS OF THE GREAT "HOBSON KISS."

WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO MISS EMMA ARNOLD SINCE SHE REWARDED THE HERO OF THE MERRIMAC.



MISS EMMA ARNOLD, the beautiful nineteen-year-old St. Louis girl whom Lieutenant Hobson kissed at a reception at Long Beach, has become the fashion. The kiss of the hero of Santiago has made of her the arbiter of fashions, the director of the latest fads. In a word, the pressure of his bearded lips has made her the "rage."

Dressmakers are begging her permission to name new garments in her honor. Milliners crave the privilege of calling their latest "shape" of hat by her name. Shoedealers want a new tapering heel on a novelty in dancing slippers to be known as the Emma Arnold.

A composer is at work upon the Hobson-Arnold waltz.

Poems have been inspired by her.

The Hobson kiss, a new barroom drink, is a rival of the famous gin rickey, tribute to a Missouri Congressman.

A famous cologne, valued at \$2,500, is no longer known as Golddust, but as Emma Arnold.

Letters and telegrams come to her in floods every day. They are requests for locks of her hair, inquiries as to how she dresses her hair, information that she is known as "The Hobson Kiss" or "How the Hero of Santiago Distinguished Himself" are being cast, petitions for her autograph and proposals of marriage; cadets and naval officers send jocose or serious telegrams, and a king of silver mines asks her to be the "sunshine of his gray life."

And the pretty heroine of the brief but delightful episode is bewildered and tired—and wondering, but not at all regretful.

Some of the letters Miss Arnold has given for publication on condition that the names and addresses should not be published.

"Please say through the Sunday Journal that I hold to my patriotism, and am still proud of the honor of having been kissed by Hobson, the hero."

This Miss Arnold declares to be her final message to the reading world in the matter of her playing the famous Lieutenant's opposite in a brilliant oculatory act.

The very next day a letter came from the Seminole Kennels at Philadelphia notifying her that "Golddust," "whose color was gold sable, white collar, blaze full, legs and feet," sire Egerton Marvel and dam Tonyburn Belle, the beautiful collier imported in 1898 and valued at \$2,500, "the

most perfect headed collier that ever crossed the Atlantic ocean" had been renamed in her honor.

Twenty-six telegrams, all anonymous, came from coast points, naval stations and from the Annapolis Naval Academy. The senders lauded "Hobson's choice" and deplored their own ill luck. They declared they would have sunk "a Merrimac or two before breakfast" for such a reward, and one young fellow told her to watch the papers for a new naval hero, declaring that he had never had a proper incentive in life before. Another reminded her that there were other Hobsons, and a fourth subscribed himself "Once Hobson's Friend, Now His Foe." Yet another frankly avowed himself "Jealous."

A New York dressmaker wrote at length of her having just returned from Paris, where the attempt to revive the severe garment known as the polonaise had been a failure. "But with your help, dear Miss Arnold, it can be made a go in New York, and my fortune and reputation will be established. I know from the pictures of you that have appeared in the newspapers that you will look a dream in a polonaise. Will you give me your permission to name it the Emma Arnold polonaise?" Another modiste, casting about for a "catchy" title for a new blouse, promised her a half dozen of her best specimens of the garment if she would lend to them the lustre of "the name now famous throughout America."

A New York milliner wants to christen a high-crowned Alpine looking hat the Arnold walking hat, and promises her an unlimited number of them in return for the favor.

A shoe dealer begged the same titular favor for a "new tapering heel on the prettiest dancing slipper in the market, I assure you, kind Miss."

The Hobson Arnold waltz, of which she has seen a "rough draft," is modelled on the time-honored "Il Bacio" (The Kiss), "Three writers have submitted to her as

VERSES TO THE KISS THAT SOUNDED 'ROUND THE WORLD.

Oh, Hobson, Mister Hobson,
Who sunk the Merrimac,
It seems you've other jobs on,
A-taking of the smack!
But you had best be careful
And mind what you're about,
Or your fiancée will catch you
If you don't watch out.

A miss from far St. Louis,
The chance you wouldn't miss;
With lips and blue eyes dewy,
She asked of you a kiss!
But you had best be careful
And mind what you're about,
Or your fiancée will catch you
If you don't watch out.

The girls will flock from Boston,
"Way from Chicago, too;
While your mustache has no frost on
They'll come from Kalamazoo!
But you had best be careful
And mind what you're about,
Or your fiancée will catch you
If you don't watch out.

Oh, Hobson, Mister Hobson,
We bet that you deplore
The pretty girls that eye you
And hang about your door;
But there's for you in store much
Worse;
Take care what you're about,
Or the pug-nosed girl will get you
If you don't watch out.

She loved all sailor laddies, Americans
Or Paddies,
And the thought of meeting Hobson
Made her smile;
So when she saw the kisses he gave to
Little misses,
She said she'd like to be a child
Awhile.

But that was unnecessary, for he was
Willing very
To salute her just exactly as she
stood.
But now her pride is wanting and she's
talking and profaning
And wishes she'd been proper, meek
and good.

For she says the naughty papers, with
their jokes and other capers,
Are enough to make her hide her
head with shame.
And she swears she'd never kissed him
if the Spaniards hadn't missed him,
And added fame and glory to his
name.

So no need of Hobson's thronging his
brain with hope and longing
For another and more confidential
smack,
For she doesn't need a man, sir, a deed
will fully answer,
And she'd "just as soon have kissed
the Merrimac."

many poems, one with requests for that had to be carried to her room on dishes, or will lessen my shrinking you may her morning bath or her afternoon nap, she naturally feel from seeing so dainty an ordered the chambermaid to "throw the act of your own exploited in halting staff out."

Miss Arnold left for Saratoga on Friday. Miss Arnold smiled bravely at the mall for the rest of the Summer.

SOME OF MISS ARNOLD'S LETTERS OF CONGRATULATION.

Dear, Sweet Miss Arnold:
I am a little Boston girl, nine years old, who loves you because you kissed Lieutenant Hobson. I would like to kiss him, too. I love him next to my papa. Don't you? Want you please answer this?
YOUR LOVING LITTLE FRIEND.

Beautiful Maiden:
I may never see you, though I admire you above all other women. Will you give me a lock of your bouncy black hair to preserve among a lone old bachelor's dearest treasures?
A DEVOTED ADMIRER.

Esteemed Young Woman:
I am a master of chirography, or the art of reading character by the handwriting. Will you send me your autograph on the enclosed card, that I may give you proof of my skill?

Brave, Lovely Girl:
I am the mother of your wondrously act of Friday evening has a precedent? Soon after Grover Cleveland's election to his first term as President of the United States he gave a public address at Philadelphia. A beautiful woman joined the throng that shook hands with him, and suddenly without warning, laid her sweet lips upon his in a fervent kiss. Having done this, she slipped away. Only a few of the persons present knew that this girl was a tender of Quaker City society. The papers of that city, however, were quite right. It is a kindly and natural feminine impulse to desire to embrace a hero. There is nothing that is carnal, everything that is sublime, in it. I am glad you kissed Hobson.

I am a novelist, and shall choose you for the heroine of my next book.

Dear Miss Arnold:
I am the mother of four lovely girls. I wish from the bottom of my heart that they stood in the enviable position in which you stand before the American public. You are a frank, natural, womanly patriot. Do not let your tender young heart be wounded by any venom from the malevolent tongues of envy. You are a typical young American woman. As such I bless and embrace you.

FROM PHOTO BY STRAUSS, ST. LOUIS

POSTAL CARD OF UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

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Dear Madam
I too, wish I were again

My Dear Miss Arnold
I am your proxy. Please fill application
Miss Emma Arnold
Long Beach
N.Y.

Dear Miss Arnold
I trust you will pardon my writing to you - but we are getting up a little church sociable and we to have a short play entitled "The Hero's Reward". I am to play the part of Miss Arnold.

distant but adored one
Forbidden, and the rare privilege of seeing you but the arbiter of our destinies cannot prevent my loving you.
When I read of your frank girlish action bronsted I believe by the purest patriotism I knew that your nature was one that would make the sunshine of my hitherto gray life. I want you for my wife.

Please Forward
in meeting you
is it possible to
before I know
and I will
Do not let
Miss Emma Arnold
Long Beach
Long Island
N.Y.

POSTAL CARD - ONE CENT
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
THIS SIDE IS FOR THE ADDRESSEE
Miss Emma Arnold
Long Beach
N.Y.

My Respected
Dear Miss Arnold
Long Beach
N.Y.

with compliments of
E. Emory Small
Miss Emma Arnold
Long Beach
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Miss Emma Arnold
Long Beach
N.Y.

Long Island

Miss Emma Arnold
Long Beach
Long Island
N.Y.

Miss Emma Arnold
Long Beach
N.Y.

Dear Madam
I am your proxy. Please fill application
Miss Emma Arnold
Long Beach
N.Y.

Chicago Aug 8 '98
My Dear Miss Arnold
I trust

POSTAL CARD OF UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

Ever your devoted
Correll G. Travers