

CUPID ABANDONS BOW FOR HORSE IN SETTING STAGE FOR MATHILDE M'CORMICK-MAX OSER ROMANCE

Hymen Races Under Wire a Victor by Three Lengths as Chicago Heiress Answers Love-Call of Swiss Riding Master

MUTUAL INTEREST IN ART, MUSIC AND BOOKS MAKES FOR HAPPINESS, THEY SAY

Great Difference in Ages No Obstacle, Says Child of Millions as She Prepares to Wed Forty-four-Year-Old Suitor

LOVE has its own peculiarities. They are unaccountable, unexplainable, and—horses!

Horses are not the least powerful, for they seem to have been most recently successful in the romance of seventeen-year-old Mathilde M'Cormick and her Swiss riding master.

Rumor comes that they already are on a honeymoon somewhere in Switzerland, though this has been denied—rumor also has it that Max Oser, the suitor, is negotiating the purchase of a love-palace.

And yet, although Cupid doubtless is ready to check up one more triumph, what pair apparently could be less fitted for each other than Mathilde and Max?

Mathilde is seventeen years old; Max is forty-four, on his own statement—twenty-seven years his fiancée's senior, and two years older than her father.

Mathilde is the granddaughter of one of the world's richest men, John D. Rockefeller, and Max, it is said, owns \$4000 in cash and has coming to him monthly the round sum of \$100.

In addition to that, history suggests that Max's ancestors were candlemakers. And even they know that Mathilde's grandfather, having made his fortune in oil, is sworn enemy of anything that belongs to the candle family.

Cupid Rode Horseback in McCormick Romance

In spite of these difficulties, Cupid did the trick. How did he do it? The answer is "horses." Not any horses, perhaps not even sleek champion-hot thoroughbreds, but just plain riding academy quadrupeds.

No one would have supposed that Cupid had his weather eye out so far back as eight or nine years ago for the particular ultimate island to which winds of destiny were sweeping these two, one a mere child, the other a man older than her father, and both separated from each other by thousands of miles.

But Cupid had his eye up unquestionably, and there he was, he had as much to do with little Mathilde's weak chest as anything had. Mathilde, although living luxuriously in her father's home, Chicago, developed a serious cough. Her condition became grave, and her mother, Mrs. Edith Rockefeller M'Cormick, took her abroad to Switzerland for examination by the famous Dr. Muelter. And the learned doctor advised that Mathilde be sent to a sanatorium for tuberculosis, at Davos Platz, Switzerland. She remained here for five weeks, her mother in the meantime being in Zurich.

At the end of the five weeks Mathilde was well, but her chest was so weak that she was unable to turn to her father's home in Zurich.

Intimacy Sprang Up From Daily Riding Lessons

A year or so passed, and the riding master became a daily visitor. The riding school was well run, and Max M'Cormick got up every morning along the mountain paths, leading her to ride in the morning. He also taught her to ride in the afternoon. He also taught her to ride in the afternoon. He also taught her to ride in the afternoon.

It was developed that Mathilde rode with a light touch, and her seat was strong, and that she had a light but cavalry leg. He soon discovered that she was a natural rider, and his eyes looked kindly out of a square-jawed face.

Swiss Riding Master Is Courteously Dapper

When he did not wear English riding breeches and high, pointed boots and silver spurs, he wore smart, tailored clothes, a dark, well-cut suit, and leather shoes.

He had a countenance that was as bright as the sun, and his eyes were as blue as the sky. He could speak French, German, Italian like a native and English with a slight, fascinating accent. He was Max Oser.

He belonged, moreover, to a long line of Osers who—had they had no other loved horses. His father had managed several large estates in Hungary, where he acquired a love for horses that was transmitted to his son. Later the older Oser went with Casanova, internationally known lion hunter, who was known to have living animals for Casanova's own use. The hunting party was captured by natives, Casanova died there and Oser's father remained the only survivor of that expedition.

Returning to Europe, the older Oser established the first public tramway in Basel, and later opened the riding academy at Zurich, which some time afterwards passed to the care of his son.

said that he wanted her to be happy—that she could do as she wished. He knew Oser and found him a gentleman of character and charm.

But that helped Mathilde little. She has a firm jaw, has Mathilde, and a gas will of her own. She knew that the marriage laws of Switzerland made it necessary for a young maid under twenty to gain consent of both mother and father, or of guardian, before she had the right to marry. And she wanted to marry in Switzerland.

She Likes Switzerland Better Than America

"I love Switzerland. I want to live in Switzerland," she said. "Where the snow in Switzerland is better than American snow, American snow melts."

Mathilde realized that she would never get the consent of her mother, although she didn't understand why. She read the newspapers, and the newspapers were suggesting a possible marriage between her mother and a young Austrian architect, Edwin Krenn, who came to this country to build a zoo which Mrs. McCormick gave to Illinois. Besides that, it was rumored that her father was going to marry Ganna Walska, a foreign opera singer. Why couldn't they all be happy with their respective foreigners?

She determined to make her father her guardian. Although it was not so stated by any of the principals, it was an accepted opinion that Mathilde, if it was announced at that time that Mr. McCormick had withdrawn his consent temporarily. That he wanted first to be certain that Max really loved his daughter.

There was no doubt, however, in Mathilde's mind that she would marry Max.

"I Hate Society, and Don't Like American Boys"

While over in Switzerland, among his horses, Max insisted that he wasn't after Mathilde's money.

"I never was a dowry hunter," he said, it is reported. "Our romance began with mutual respect and friendship. When questions of eventual marriage arose, I gave Mathilde every liberty. I told her to go into the world—to make new friends and see life. Then if she still wanted me, I was always here."

When Mathilde had heard that she took up her bag and baggage and went for a short trip to America. It was the only rift in her nine solid years of life in Switzerland.

Max Oser himself was schooled at Basel and then studied art in Geneva. Later he became a professional artist, painting the books, and a sculptor for sculpture. It has been his job was the artist's studio.

With the little bit of gold-tipped money that Mathilde and Max brought with them, Mathilde had a very comfortable life. She had a very comfortable life. She had a very comfortable life.

Max Oser, it is said, is a very handsome man. He is a very handsome man. He is a very handsome man.

Mathilde, it is said, is a very beautiful girl. She is a very beautiful girl. She is a very beautiful girl.

They are said to be very happy. They are said to be very happy. They are said to be very happy.

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gating the physiognomy of Mathilde. They declare that since she has made up her mind to marry Oser, she will do it, especially since she has met with such opposition. And perhaps she will, if she hasn't already.

To return to the horses, however, Mathilde is not the only maiden in this wide world who have given their little kingdoms of American dollars for a horse, or, rather, a horseman.

There was Gulla Morosini, heiress to New York millions, who fell in love with a mounted policeman in 1908. Arthur Werner rode a horse like all the four horsemen of the Apocalypse put together, and one day he rescued the beautiful Gulla. They married and lived unhappily.

Louise Beaver Webb, daughter of a New York millionaire, and horsewoman, married Thomas J. Leonard, a crack mounted cop. Her sister, Edith Beaver Webb, married George O. Miles, a groom and former jockey.

In 1884 Victoria Morosini, daughter of a millionaire New York banker, ran away with Ernest Schilling, her father's coachman. She afterward entered a convent.

It is interesting that Parisian editors are convinced that Mathilde's marriage will be a happy one. And they state it will be happy because of a trait in the character and personality of Miss Mathilde herself.

An Old-Fashioned Girl With Mature Judgment

Mathilde is gentle, sentimental—the old-fashioned kind of girl that men used to love, they say. She is not ill-mannered, nor self-assertive, and she has the judgment of a calm, mature woman.

And they predict happiness is in store for any woman with that fashion of mind.

But, oh, the glooms! They simply quote Bill Shakespeare, and because he is such an extraordinary poet, they be-

Mathilde McCormick

Max Oser

John D. Rockefeller

Mrs. Edith Rockefeller

Miss McCormick at Hot Springs, Va.

Miss McCormick in outing suit

lieve him. And Bill wrote, you know: "Cubbed age and youth cannot be whirled they were actually married before Mathilde's recent trip to America."

Mathilde's Face Proves Strength of Character

Psychoanalysts have been investi-

gating the intentions of Max and his friends in Paris; it even goes so far as to whisper they were actually married before Mathilde's recent trip to America.

Cupid knows just what the situation is, no doubt, but, of course, he won't tell. Any more than he would admit that it was not his love and arrow that did the trick—but, rather, Max Oser's horse.

Youth is full of pleasure, age is full of care; Youth like summer moon, age like winter bare; Youth is full of sport, age's breath is short; Youth is nimble, age is lame; Youth is hot and bold, age is weak and cold; Youth is wild, and age is tame; Age, I do abhor thee; youth, I do adore thee!