



Chases "Her William" Around the World, and He Doesn't Want Her

The Puzzling Escapade of Beatrice Hebert, Canadian Girl, Who Alienists Declare, Is the Victim of a Love Hysteria Which Caused Her to Throw Herself at the Feet of a Married Man.



Miss Beatrice Hebert the "Thunderbolt of Passion," Who Says She Will Go to the Ends of the Earth to Keep Close to the Man She Loves, Although He Rejects Her Advances.



"In the Land of the Cherry Blossom She Declared Her Love for Him."

THERE is only one man in the world for Beatrice Hebert—and he is William Zinser of Philadelphia. That William doesn't want her, that he is moving heaven and earth to keep out of her sight, that he has yelled for the police to protect him and has besought the aid of two governments in staying her further pursuit of him, doesn't stop her for a moment.

Beatrice Hebert has been placed in a cell; thrice she has been deported to her home in Toronto, Canada, but even the whole force of the United States government cannot keep her from forcing her attention upon Zinser. Once she hired an airplane to carry her across the border so that she might lay herself at the feet of her adored one. And the next time she will come in a submarine, she says. If she finds that necessary. Her tears, her pleas, her entreaties are in vain; William Zinser, like Joseph of old, is unresponsive.

Alienists who have examined this Toronto girl declare that hers is the strangest case in modern history. On every subject she is sane; because of her attachment for a man who spurns her, they call her mad. In her pursuit of Zinser she has followed him across the Pacific, importuned him under the glow of an oriental moon, haunted him on the streets of his native land, forced her way into his office. And she does not find favor in his eyes.

"This woman is sane," declared Police Surgeon John Egan of Philadelphia, who has made a close study of the case. "She is as sane as any person can be—in love. She is determined to capture a man who does not love her and it has become an obsession with her."

"You don't understand," is the reply of Miss Hebert. "There is no other man in the world except Will. He is my ideal; the most wonderful man in the world."

Rich Canadians have offered their hearts to the young woman. When, a few days ago, she turned up at Zinser's office after having been deported and was once more arrested, she told the police that half a dozen men, all of them handomer than Zinser, had sought her, but she rejected them and she faced prison to be by the side of her adored one. Zinser is married. He is a trifle too short to have a good figure and he is only passably good-looking. But to Miss Hebert he is "the most wonderful man in the world."



"There Was Miss Hebert, She Had Smuggled Herself in a Lifeboat of the Ship as a Stow-away."

In my life! Speak a word of affection and I shall be happy." Zinser fled. He boarded the first steamship back to San Francisco and breathed a long sigh of relief when the vessel plowed its way out of the harbor. It was the first time in weeks that he felt safe. Next day, when he came on deck he was shocked—for there was Miss Hebert. She had smuggled herself in a lifeboat of the ship as a stow-away! With a yell of dismay Zinser fled from the love words of the girl. He hunted up the captain and told him that something had to be done; the pursuit was getting on his nerves. Miss Hebert frankly informed the old skipper that she would never rest until she had won "her Will." She was placed under the eye of a stewardess, but Zinser feared she might evade her watchers and was in dread until the ship put into Honolulu.

There Miss Hebert was turned over to the British consul, who agreed to send her back to Vancouver by another line, and the tourist manager was not bothered on the final run to San Francisco.

Love Flew With the Birds. Now all of this happened in the spring of 1920. During the summer Zinser did not meet Miss Hebert, and he had forgotten the nightmare of the Pacific. But in September, just about the time that the birds were preparing for flight south, the wild girl from Canada boarded a train and arrived in Philadelphia. She had not been in the city an hour before she telephoned Zinser and announced her intention of calling upon him. She made good. Zinser begged her to return home, but she replied that her love was so deep, so lasting, so eternal, so overpowering that she proposed to remain until she had won him away from family, from business associates, from everything—and held him as her own.

Finding that he could not reason with her, Zinser sent for the police and the young woman was sent to a hospital. At the end of several weeks, finding that guards had been employed to protect this modern Joseph, Miss Hebert consented to go back home. She changed her mind several times and in the end was deported.

More months went by. During the merry yuletide season last year Zinser's Christmas holiday was badly broken up by long-distance calls from Miss Hebert. Amid the wildest protestations of affection she declared that she would swoop down upon him again and make him her love prey. Detectives were employed, and when of a January morning the "Canadian thunderbolt of passion" arrived in Philadelphia she was arrested. The police were curious to know how she had fled from Canada after having been deported.

"Oh, that was easy," was her reply. "I came by airplane. It cost me \$100 to fly across the border, but it is worth ten times the price to be near my loved one." At the court hearing she sought to embrace Zinser, but unfeeling policemen kept her away. She called Zinser "my handsome American" and begged him to melt under her hot tears. He declined.

"Let them deport me," she cried. "I will come back to you again and again. You cannot resist my love forever. You must eventually yield to me." The commissioner of immigration considered the case. Noted alienists were consulted. Dr. William Bernhardt of the United States health service spent days trying to convince Miss Hebert that she was suffering from a delusion. He finally gave it up and reported:

"She is an unusually well educated and brilliant woman. In most respects she has a splendid mind. She discusses scientific and political subjects with an air of certainty. She is suffering only from an acute case of 'loveitis,' and I do not know of anything that can cure her." For the second time Miss Hebert was deported to Canada, and Zinser went back to his office routine, cheerful and whistling. Once or twice he received letters, but he felt sure that the law could protect him against Miss Hebert, and was convinced that she would never annoy him in person. He did not know.

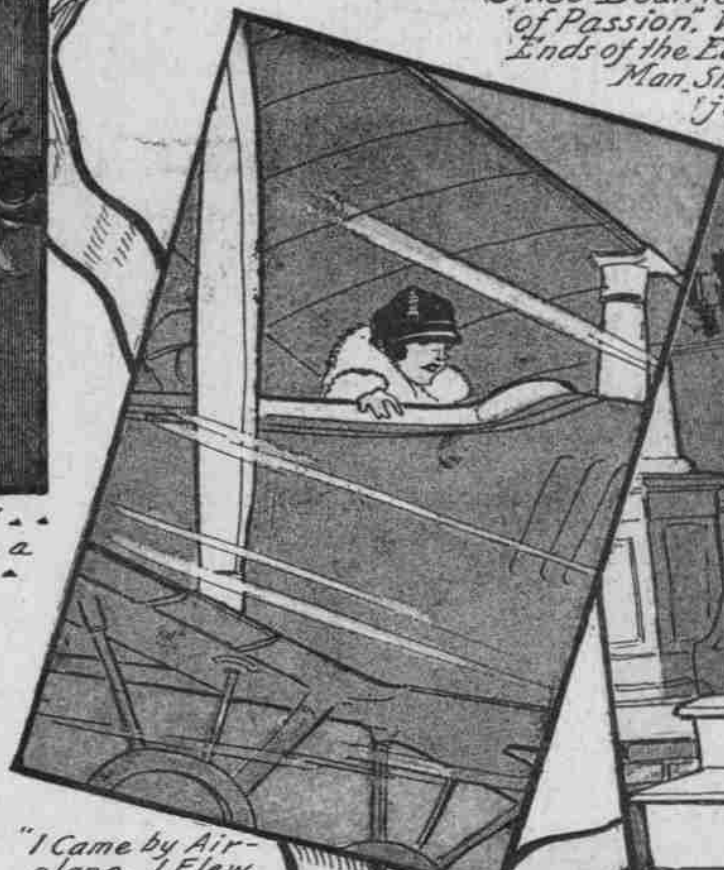


"The Mystic Touch of Hawaii—Her Love for Zinser Became a Sirocco of Intensity."

Another summer went by and again the birds began their flight to a sunny south. A few days ago Beatrice Hebert was seen in the vicinity of the Zinser home. Then came more telephone calls and finally frantic attempts to speak to him. Zinser raised the cry for aid, assistance and succor and the girl, whose passion years could not cool, was once again under arrest. And now for the third time she has been deported, but she declares that she will find ways to break through the international barriers and offer her love and her life to Zinser.

"I tried so hard to forget him during these weary months," she told the police matron in Philadelphia, "but I cannot. He is the only man who has come into my life that I can love and it is a crime for him to reject me. Other men have sought me, but I do not love them. Only Will is my hero. I shall cling to him until the end. Faith can move mountains; faith must batter down the marble walls of his heart and finally love shall conquer." Meanwhile, poor Zinser is hopeless. He feels that if the combined efforts

of the United States and Canada are not sufficient to check the passionate devotion of the girl his life is sure to be one long trail of agony. He recounts how on several occasions when he went to work he found Miss Hebert sitting on the steps of his own home waiting for him. He recalls how she took rooms a block away from his home to feast her eyes upon him. He dreads to answer a telephone call so long as this present-day Potiphar's wife is at large. To be the object of such a tremendous affection is a strain that few men are able to stand up against. That is why Zinser is praying that the Canadian authorities will place Miss Hebert under lock and key or find some way to cure her of an excess of love concentrated upon him. He says he really does not deserve such affection and has done nothing to entitle him to it. Miss Hebert is in the care of her brother at Toronto.



"I Came by Airplane, I Flew Across the Border," She Explained."



"He Found Miss Hebert Sitting on the Steps of His Own Home, Waiting for Him."



"Thrice She Has Been Placed in a Cell."



"The Next Time She Enters the U.S. to See Zinser She Will Use a Submarine."

Wives Often Sarcastic.

Everybody's Magazine. Mr. Budger and his wife were continually at variance regarding their individual capabilities of making and keeping a good fire. He contended that she did not know how to make a fire, or how to keep one after it was made. She, on the other hand, maintained that he never meddled with the fire that he didn't put it out—in short, that he was a regular fire-damper; and, as he was always anxious to stir up things in the various fireplaces, she made it a practice of hiding the poker just before it was time for him to come into the house. One night there was an alarm of fire in the village, and Budger flew for his hat and coat. "Where are you going?" asked the wife. "Why, there's a fire, and I'm going to help put it out." "Well, my love," responded Mrs. Budger, "I think the best thing you can do is to take the poker with you."

Unlucky Tom.

A real old-fashioned Yankee was telling a friend of the ill luck experienced by his son Thomas. "Take the last case, as an example," he said. "Just as soon as he went to Boston to work, Tom fell in love. She lived in one of the suburbs, and directly Tom made up his mind he liked her, he went and bought a 50-trip ticket to her place and—'Well, what happened?' 'What happened? Why, he was turned down at the second call and the ticket was left on his hands. If that isn't hard luck, please tell me what is!'"