

"Dream Babies" That Would Perplex a Modern Solomon

"He's Not My Son," Say American Professor and British Nobleman, but Englishman Is Mistaken Says Court.



Professor John Tiernan of Notre Dame university and his wife, who revealed her "love" child and seeks revenge on affinity who jilted her.

BY WINIFRED VAN DUZER
ENGLAND'S famous "Dream Baby" is flesh and blood. A fusty old London court has said so and the "Miracle Child" is spending this first period of really authentic existence with his still doubting parents, the Russells—Christabel Hart and John Hugo—in grooming for heirship to the proud estate of his grandparents, Lord and Lady Amphihill!

Out in South Bond, Ind., another "surprise infant" is awaiting the word of the law as to just who he may be. The wife of Professor John P. Tiernan of Notre Dame university acknowledges motherhood. But is Harry Poulin, prominent and popular and close friend of the Tiernan family, the father of the youngster, as she says, or is Tiernan to be congratulated, as Poulin states? Each of the men declares for the other. Excepting that the boy lies in his bassinette, kicking and crowing with small regard for courts or parents of any sort, he might be denied as non-existent altogether.

Human nature changes as the years change. Parenthood proudly proclaimed in a gone generation is repudiated. The first recorded case of disputed parentage was settled by simple appeal to the most primitive of all human emotions by Solomon, who knew his public. Today the emotion of humans is struck out of legal procedure as unreliable and in its stead is established the "oscillophore," relentlessly truthful as science which contrived it, to determine by test of blood cells what protester is sire!

Tiny "Dream Child" Russell escaped the indignity of having his blood taken to determine whether he were indeed Russell or offspring of one of the three co-respondents the heir to Amphihill named in his suit for annulment of his marriage to the fascinating war-worker, styled "super-woman" by members of her family and others who know her well.

During the litigation, which exploded sensation after sensation and set all England a-shiver with interest, it was suggested that the test invented by Dr. Albert Abrams of San Francisco, for comparing the electric vibrations in blood cells of father and son be brought in to settle the Russell controversy for good and all, but the judge ruled without aid of science.

A Modern Challenge for Blood.

The story of "Sonny" Tiernan—or is it Poulin—read similarly, since Professor Tiernan challenged the betrayer of his home to devote a few drops of blood to the oscillophore. So for the third or fourth time in the history of law, dispassionate science may be called where wise Solomon once figured, to hand down decision of parentage.

No stranger case for dissolving family ties ever has been conceived and traced and presented for trial than the one by which John Hugo Russell hoped to free himself of the "Dream Mother."

The Russell family is an old and illustrious one in Britain. Odo Russell, father of John Hugo, was the ambassador to Berlin in 1877 who, with Lord Beaconsfield, negotiated the treaty of Berlin. Bertrand Russell, a brother, is considered one of the most brilliant living mathematicians. Lord William Russell, son of the



John Russell and father, Lord Amphihill, leaving British court, where Russell was adjudged father of his wife's baby on her explanation that he "walked in his sleep" and acted "Hunnishly."

first duke of Bedford, an immediate ancestor, was condemned as a participator in the Rye house plot.

But Mrs. Russell herself springs from no mean line. Her father was colonel of the celebrated Leinsters, and the product of an imposing array of soldiers.

Just why the two took on vows of celibacy simultaneously with their marital obligations is one of the questions that set England gasping. It seemed so frightfully modern, no sort of day-after-tomorrowish that one just couldn't associate it with staid Russell dignity!

The handsome young matron, who thrilled courtroom spectators with her daring sartorial effects, explained her marriage in a word:

"I thought if I married him it would prevent my being pestered, as there were many young men worrying me. After marriage some of his personal habits rather repelled me. He never said he would give me a shaking or a beating or anything like that. I would have thought more of him if he had. I would have admired him more!"

Perhaps it was because the Honorable John failed to meet with her ideas of proper vivacity in a husband that Mrs. Russell visited Switzerland on a vacation of sorts. According to her letters from that country, she managed to carry on much of the gay life she had led as a resident of the Paris Latin quarter, where she was reared.

"Your wife has a vast following of adoring young men," she wrote her husband in one letter. "who fight each other for the pleasure of dancing with her. There are Greeks and slim, silky Argentinians. Also a professional dancer with whom I do tangoes every night. I have four young men in the Oxford and Bucks Light Infantry. They are priceless and so naughty. And so is your wife!"

This was the situation between the two, man and wife, when this remarkable woman, characterized by her counsel, Sir Ellis Hume-Williams, as a "curious product of the age," approached the man with whom she had made her kissless marriage, and informed him that a child would be along shortly. She first had been informed of its coming by a fortune



The Russell "dream" baby, declared heir to Lord Amphihill's estate.

teller and a physician had confirmed the kypsy's prophecy.

"But that's impossible!" declared the husband.

"I'd have thought so too a week ago. But now I remember you came to me one night in a dream. You behaved Hunnishly, too!"

And that was that!

Only after he had conferred with his mother, Lady Amphihill, wise in the ways of women, and his father, Lord Amphihill, equally informed as to characteristics of men, did the husband decide that he was no somnambulist. There followed the litigations which finally established the "Dream Child" as a Russell, and heir to the Amphihill estates and titles.

Is It Feminine Pique?

Out in Indiana the infant of doubt has stirred a conflict of emotions chaotic as the waters below Niagara. Sensational charges, denials, threats, defiance, ultimatums and plain, hard language have forced the dwellers in the community to a frenzy of sympathy for and against the infant's mother. That lady now professes hate for Poulin, for whom she formerly felt love; she so desires his downfall that she is willing to sacrifice herself and the futures of her little daughters, Virginia and Irene, 4 and 6, to obtain it; her energies are bent upon inciting her husband to act for her in bringing punishment to the man in whose wrongdoing she shared.

Poulin, seemingly, is plunged into hate for the entire Tiernan family. The college professor is thrown out of the orderly arrangement of life which was his dominant characteristic and now is pulled hither and yon by impulses primitive as they are foreign to his nature.

Strangest of all phases of this case, stranger than any element in the strange story of the Russells, is Mrs. Tiernan's extraordinary attitude toward the entire affair. To an outsider it might appear that she has brought about the entire fiasco of revelation, accusation and prosecution because of mere feminine pique. This is her statement:

"I want to stop the whole thing! But when I think of stopping I think, too, of Poulin and how his pleading promises of love turned to worse than indifference."

"I loved him more than I believed it possible for one to love another. Now I hate him with a ferocity which I did not believe possible. I want him to suffer the punishment of those who lead others into sin."

"I asked him, when the baby came, to

come to our house and see it. He would not come. He did not dare look at the innocent face of that child, his child. And then he refused even to speak to me. He used to call me Gus; he thought it a wonderful name. Then he passed me coldly and turned away when we met. My love turned to hate and it is a real hate for the man who destroyed my peace of mind."

Confessed to Her Husband.

"His wife pleaded with me not to tell Professor Tiernan. But I did tell him. He might have forgiven me for the sake of our two little girls but I taunted him day after day with the fact that this baby

is not his. I did not care for myself then. I could not forget that the man who once ardently pleaded with me to meet him had refused even to talk to me, leaving me with his back at my breast to remind me each day of the terrible chapter in my life. He must suffer as I am suffering."

Tiernan, who seemed at first to bear no resentment toward his wife, finally has looked at the tragedy from the viewpoint of his two little daughters, who have played, neglected, about the house through all the weeks their parents were giving themselves up to thoughts of revenge.

Almost at the minute his rival was

mounting the stand for a hearing, the college professor announced that his wife, who had regained her strength after her ordeal, was able to take care of herself, and he would expect her to do so.

"Up to this time I have issued all statements on her behalf," he explained, "and looked after her interests because of her weakened condition. Now she has recovered and, being able to take care of herself, I am at liberty to cease my connection with this matter."

"Following the disposition of the case we will separate." The disputed infant, it is understood, will be cared for by Mrs. Tiernan.



Mrs. John Russell, who, after taking vows of celibacy with her husband, gave birth to son.

Mrs. Tiernan's baby, whose paternity was indignantly repudiated by a former close friend of the Tiernans when the professor demanded the blood-cell test.

NUMEROUS OBSOLETE NAMES OF TRADE SURVIVE AS SURNAMES

Whether Original "Pussyfoot" Was Called "Drinkwater" Not Determined—Even Articles of Attire Not Uncommon.

SOME obsolete names of trade survive as surnames, such as Webster, Lister, Walker. In the 14th century the weaver was known as "the Webster," the dyer was "the Lister," and the workman who trod the cloth in the dye-vat was "the Walker."

The Arkwright made the arks or chests in which clothing or meal was stored, and the Smith, although he has given the name of his calling to the most numerous family, possibly, in the world, was frequently dubbed "the Faber," this being a rare case where the Latin name of a craft has become a surname.

When the cotteler had forged an edged tool the Bloomer finished it off, or put the "bloom" on it. The Chapman traveled with goods from door to door. The Coke baked cakes and sold them.

One of the most curious things about surnames occurs in connection with Salmon, Chubb and other fish names. None of them have anything to do with fish. Salmon is really Solomon, Chubb is only another form of Job, and the first Roach was simply one who lived at or near a rock.

Two Welsh names, Pugh and Pritchard, are very curious. A boy might originally have been Richard ap Hugh, or Hugh ap Richard; that is, Richard the son of Hugh, and Hugh the son of Richard. The same names today would read Richard Pugh and Hugh Pritchard.

Almost all the common birds have given human beings surnames in England,

such as Finch, Sparrow, Drake, Duck, Crow, Nightingale, Lark, Starling, Partridge, Martin, Pigeon, Dove, Rooke and Cockerill.

Of course, the case of the peculiar Welsh names mentioned above is matched in other British surnames by such as Johnson, Jackson, Thompson, Williamson, Judson, Wilson, Christopherson, Margerison, Polson, Harrison, Peterson, Patterson, Jensen, Roblason and a host of others.

Some general place names are peculiar. Gilbert at the Wood, say, gave us the name Atwood, and William at the Water gave us Atwaters and Waters. Then there are a host of real names originally obtained from towns and villages where certain families dwelt, such as Preston, Poulton, Chester, Burton, Glossop, Litchfield, Holmwood, Blackburn, Leeds, Barnbury and Feltham.

Almost every dignity in church and state has supplied a surname, such as King, Bishop, Duke, Earl, Lord, Priest, Major, Sargent, Dean, Constable, Friar, Chancellor, Prince, Sheriff, Judge, Jury, Cardinal, Pope, Prior, Marshal, Chamberlain and Knight.

The great example of Smith, the name of a man's occupation, is followed in numberless cases, some of them, as already shown, quite obsolete in their original use. Others are Carpenter, Bee-man, Honeyman, Fisher, Miller, Barber, Wheelwright, Falconer, Dyer, Hornblower, Groom, Goldsmith, Porter,

Cooper, Packer, Woodman, Baker and Painter.

Even articles of attire are not uncommon, as Hood, Coates, Capes, Boots, Hose and Doublet. Head, Foote and Hands represent parts of the body, whilst trees and flowers are by no means uncommon, as Hawthorn, Blossom, Birch, Ash, Beech, Primrose, Rose, Hazell, Berry, Cherry, Pear, Peach, Pine, Nutt, Bay and Flower will show.

Undoubtedly some of the strangest surnames have arisen out of mere nicknames which must have sounded originally—at least in some cases—as insults rather than patronymics, such as Proudfoot, Cruikshanks, Redhead, Whitehead, Shortman, Heavyside, Redman, Merriman, Strongtharm, Meek, Idle, Hogg, Lightfoot, Strat, Springfellow and Stormer.

Others, such as Wise and Wiseman, Cleverly, Profit, Love, Charity, Patient, Fullslove, Nice, Reason, Jolly, Bright, Bonney and Sweet may perhaps be regarded as more or less complimentary.

Hole Acts Like Reverse Camera.

Sitting on the old shot tower at Fayette and Front streets, of which he had been commissioned to paint pictures, Howard A. Frech, Baltimore artist, was startled by the apparition of a man walking along the wall, serene in spite of being upside down. The phantom reached a spot of shadow and vanished. Mr. Frech investigated. He found that opposite the spot where the uncanny vision appeared was a small hole in the brick wall an inch or two across, where once a padlock hung. Through this aperture the images of persons passing on the walk outside are thrown on the wall life size, and with all colors exactly reproduced, but legs in the air.