

## WEDS AT A WEE, SMA' HOUR.

Young Andrew Crawford Is Married in St. Joe Hotel at 3 A. M.

### EVELYN WRIGHT IS HIS BRIDE

Lake Romance of Two Yachts Grows During the Summer and Autumn.

Andrew H. Crawford, a rich young man of Lake View, and the youngest son of the late Andrew Crawford, capitalist, chose an extremely late or a remarkably early hour for his wedding.

He was married at 3 o'clock yesterday morning in St. Joseph, Mich., to Miss Evelyn Wright, 219 Jackson Park terrace. Miss Wright is a member of the Chicago Yacht club and is an enthusiastic and daring sailor.

The wedding took place in the parlor of the Whitcomb hotel, in St. Joseph, and none of the relatives of either Mr. or Mrs. Crawford was present at the ceremony. None, indeed, knew of its imminence. The reason that the wee sma' hour was chosen for the ceremony was the happy pair's failure to catch an early train from Chicago Wednesday evening. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. H. S. Roblee of the St. Joseph Congregational church, who was called from his bed for the purpose.

#### Romance Starts Near Mackinaw.

The romance which culminated in the wedding began in a storm on Lake Michigan early last summer, near Mackinaw island. Mr. Crawford's yacht is the Nannie, and Miss Wright's is the Aileen.

The Aileen was being buffeted severely by the high wind, and Miss Wright was having difficulty in tacking toward the shore. Sighting the girl at the helm with his glass, and fearing that her boat would be capsized, Crawford tacked slowly toward her in the hope of being of assistance.

A favorable shift in the wind took the smaller craft quickly in toward the shore, but not until Miss Wright had lost two of her life boats, one of which she had attempted to launch.

One of the boats was picked up by Crawford after the wind had subsided, and he delivered it to its owner.

#### Yachts Side by Side.

During the early autumn they saw less of each other, and the adventure which brought affairs to a climax and a 3 a. m. wedding is said by their friends to have taken place in St. Joe last week. Miss Wright took her boat to the Prescott dock in the dusk of the gray day which preceded the big gale on the lakes, and moored it with a lot of other craft. It was nearly dark when she left the boat and she had noticed that it was scraping sides with the long, rangy "Nannie," which had been moored at the dock by its owner.

"It's strange how they found their way together," said a voice as she stepped from the boat. She stood a moment, radiant against the gray colors of the forbidding sky, as the romantic novel might say, before she recognized Crawford, who had heard of her arrival and had come down to the dock.

"Yes, it is strange," replied the girl.

"Perhaps we had better let them stay together," he said.

#### Hotel Clerk a Witness.

On Wednesday young Mr. Crawford came over to Chicago and arranged with Miss Wright to go with him to St. Joe. They missed the afternoon train and took a late night express. The wedding ceremony was witnessed only by the hotel clerk, W. J. Leslie, and Miss Sarah Carey, a Chicago acquaintance of Miss Wright.

The Crawford family, who dwell at 109 Pine Grove avenue, expect to receive a visit from the bride and groom today.