

FRIDAY, AUGUST 16, 1918

# Daily Magazine

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## Here Are Three Reasons Why Navy Recruiting Has Been So Brisk!

**When Beauty Calls "to Arms," Who Can Resist the Appeal, Especially When Beauty Is Personified by Nancy Palmer, Louise Ford and Lydia Burnand, the "Girls Behind the Posters" Howard Chandler Christy Drew?**

By Robert Neville.

WHO are the sirens of the navy who from every window and sign-board have for the past year called on the youth of the Nation to lend a hand to that service?

The navy says that there are three of them—a girl from England, a girl from our South and a girl from the North. Through the brush of Howard Chandler Christy they have gazed on every American citizen and have beckoned him to sea duty. The appeal has been stronger, perhaps, because these faces are familiar to all the reading public in the characters of the heroines of the most popular fiction.

Howard Chandler Christy, by virtue of having created most of the brass girls of the navy for the past decade, knows what men in the navy want and what men who should be in the navy want. For this reason he was able to give us two such posters as "Gee! I Wish I Were a Boy; I'd Join the Navy," and the "I Want You" pictures, as well as the popular "Join the Marines" poster. All three of the girls who posed for these pictures have hosts of friends and admirers in the service, while one of them is engaged to a naval officer.

Miss Nancy Palmer, who posed for the "I Want You" poster, has been Mr. Christy's model for six years. You have met her as Susan Lenox in David Graham Phillips' novel of that name when it appeared in serial form. She was the heroine in the "Valley of the Moon," one of Jack London's last novels, and she was all seven of the "Seven Dealings" of Gouverneur Morris, as well as the penalized victim of Moravia's "The Penalty." She has posed too for a "Food" poster and for a "Liberty Loan" poster.

Miss Palmer is a New York girl. She is about twenty-four years old and a decided brunette. At the Russian Bazaar last winter she was adjudged one of the five most beautiful women in New York.

Mr. Christy originally made the picture for the cover of the souvenir programme of a Hippodrome performance of the Navy Relief Fund. There the original of the picture sold for \$1,000 and it was later presented by the buyer to the New York Yacht Club. Autographed copies of the programme brought as much as \$200, while a copy signed by President Wilson was auctioned at nearly \$400.

Miss Louise Ford posed for the "Gee! I Wish I Were a Boy" poster. She is a comparatively recent acquaintance, having posed for only a

year. But she had been a frequent visitor during that time.

She is Touletta in Rex Beach's "The Winds of Chance," which is running serially now, and is Cleo Hammond, the girl whom "Henry the Ninth" marries. She also has appeared as one of the chief characters in "The Prowler," by Harris Dickson.

She too is a brunette. Miss Ford is only sixteen years old. She was born in San Antonio, Tex., but has passed most of her life in New Orleans. Her eighteen-year-old sister is Virginia Lee, one of the most promising of the young picture stars.

The marine poster girl is Miss Lydia Burnand. Miss Burnand is barely twenty years old, but for a year has posed for the most prominent artists. She is a niece of the late Sir Francis Burnand, for years editor of PUNCH. She was born in Portsmouth, England. Her family moved to Canada when she was about ten years old and thence to New York. Now she is engaged to a naval officer.

Miss Burnand is appearing at present as the heroine of Rex Beach's "Winds of Chance." She represented a number of the different "Loves of Henry the Ninth," and was the heroine of "A Woman of the War."

This young lady retired from posing last year and entered the motion picture world.

## "The Girls on the Navy Posters"

HERE ARE THREE OF THEM AS THEY LOOK IN REAL LIFE AND AS THEY APPEAR IN THE POSTERS DRAWN BY HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY.



## How a Modern Horatius "Kept the Bridge" Alone And Averted Italian Rout

**In a Most Striking Instance of Individual Bravery on Italian War Front, Capt. Guardabassi, Like Roman Hero of Historic Episode, Stood at the Bridge and Single Handed Checked Italian Army's Retreat From Advancing Austrians, and Set It at Bay in an Orderly and Stout Defense.**

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HOW well Horatius kept the bridge in the brave days of old" we all knew—and thrilled to know—in our school days. Some future Macaulay must sing the story of how well another Roman hero kept the bridge in the brave days of the present war.

For this story is a most striking instance of individual bravery, and its chief figure, Capt. Francesco Mario Guardabassi, is well known in New York, having been formerly a member of the Metropolitan Opera Company. He recently returned to this city on a special mission for the Italian Government, but he is a member of the Italian Grenadier Guards—the flower of the Italian Army. And it was while serving at the front last autumn that he emulated the Roman Horatius by holding almost single-handed the bridge of Latisana, on the Tagliamento, thus preventing the Italian retreat toward the Piave from becoming a disorderly rout. He inspired the troops of the Third Army to hold their ground when overwhelmed with panic.

For this exploit he has been awarded the Italian Government's silver medal for valor, virtually the highest military recognition that can come to an Italian soldier.

At the Hotel Vanderbilt Capt. Guardabassi finally was prevailed upon to tell his own story of "holding the bridge."

He spoke first of the magnificent morale of the Third Italian Army, which, because of its keenness, was correspondingly discouraged when ordered to retreat forty miles to the strongest natural line of defense on the Piave. To add to the depression came heavy rains, and the marshy roads were clogged with hurrying refugees. "Nobody knew what might happen. The feeling was growing that the war was lost," Capt. Guardabassi summed up. "That we would soon make a new stand and a brilliant one along the Piave and later retrieve everything, nobody realized."

As able-de-camp of Gen. Pettilo, the captain was close to a very important crossing of the Tagliamento, the bridge at Latisana, on the morning of Oct. 28, when the dismal retreat had just started.

"At any moment," he said, "our men were likely to break into a panic. The rain-driven air was filled with a sense of the unexpected and of gloom."

"Suddenly, from out of nowhere, down the rails came a locomotive, a locomotive alone, crowded with soldiers. They were waving and yelling. There was no sign of a train, just the locomotive. I never imagined so many men could get on a locomotive before."

"The locomotive shot over the railroad bridge. We tried to stop it, but it wasn't possible. It disappeared, leaving behind a great uneasiness and added depression. Then the cry arose: 'The Austrian cavalry!'"

"That cry increased. Everybody took it up. It spread through the ranks of hurriedly marching soldiers, it swept through the disorganized groups of country people crowded in among them. It was half believed, then believed, then it grew to be a certainty. Nobody knew, and the doubt made the fear. The panic began."

For all Capt. Guardabassi himself knew, the wonderful, hard riding



CAPT. FRANCESCO MARIO GUARDABASSI

enemy cavalry might be close at hand. But then was the moment when, consciously or not, his thoughts were the thoughts of brave Horatius—

"To every man upon this earth Death cometh soon or late; And how can man die better Than facing fearful odds, For the ashes of his fathers And the temples of his gods?"

"I knew that this panic must be checked at once," he continued his story. "I sprang forward through the soldiers, and ran to the front of the bridge. Fortunately I am big and strong and have a loud voice. You can see me and hear me. And I was the General's aide. That counted."

"You fools!" I yelled out, and again and again I said it, waving my arms. 'You fools, get into line. The Austrian cavalry is not coming. That is a lie.'"

"I didn't know whether the cavalry was coming or not, but that had to be said. It had to be repeated with motions of my whole body. I worked like a horse, with arms, legs and voice. I had to be believed. I had to make them believe me."

"It took hours, two, three, nearly four. I never left the bridge. I shouted and shouted. I yelled and declaimed. It was forcing an idea through the heads of a hundred thousand men. 'You fools, the Austrian cavalry are not coming!' Again and again, just like that."

"Why the soldiers and the country people did not sweep me down into the river, trample me, kill me in their excitement, I do not know. I never thought of that. All I knew was that the panic must be stopped. And it was. Before the morning was over the troops were moving over in an orderly way."

"That's why the Government gave me the silver medal. I am proud of it, more proud than I have ever been of anything."

## Dotted Line Shows Skirt Tide's Rise



YES, follow the dotted line! It's going up! You know how it is, girls, these days. We have to win the war somehow. Less wheat flour in the bread makes it less palatable; less sugar in the box of Schuyler's Billie brings round on Saturday nights. So, of course, less skirt in the skirts. Perfectly simple! Up three more inches, the latest word from Paris says. That will bring the fashionable skirt just below the knees, won't it? Just fancy! It wasn't so many years ago when they wore just above the instep. But where is the ascending skirt going to stop? What's that?

### Parental Resemblance.

(From the Omaha Bee.) "Bettie," said a mother to her naughty four-year-old daughter, "what is the reason you and your little brother, Sammie, can't get along without quarreling?" "I don't know," was the reply, "and it is because I take after you and Sammie takes after papa."

## How Geraldine Farrar's Dream Came True.

SOME girls, anxious for a peep into the future, consult fortune tellers. Not so Geraldine Farrar. She has proved her own best seeress. When she was a girl in her teens she would walk about the lobbies of the Metropolitan and confidently inform everyone she met that before long they'd be paying homage to her as a reigning prima donna. It was her dream and her faith, and it all came true. Some of those people who listened to her youthful assurances with a tolerant smile, to-day, all members of the "I know her when" club, take particular delight in boasting how "Gerry" is now, next to Caruso, the biggest financial asset of the Metropolitan Opera Company, and has a personal following proportionately large—especially among the matinee girls.

Sheer American grit has won Geraldine Farrar's place for her—a grit that is an inheritance from her father, Sid Farrar, once a famous baseball player. When Miss Farrar first appeared on the stage of the Metropolitan after her triumph abroad her American quality of "Get there" stood out. She was singing Juliet in Gounod's "Roméo et Juliette," and the immediate recognition of her was tame. Was she fazed? Not a bit! The slightest applause would bring her smiling and bowing in front of the footlights, and before the final curtain fell she had persuaded the audience to the belief that she was IT!

### Not In His Element.

(From the Pittsburgh Chronicle Telegraph.) Among the guests at a reception was a distinguished man of letters. One of the ladies present suggested to the hostess that he seemed to be out of place at such a party. "Yes," replied the hostess, with a bright smile, "you see, he can't talk anything but sense."

## Notes by an Ex-Kink

Everybody Is Entitled to One Guess as to the Identity of the Royal Scribe, and There's No Excuse for Going Wrong—The Autobiographical Wail Is All Due to the Fact That a "Guy Named Wilson Ticked the Cuckoo and the Darned Wooden Sparrow Jumped 3,600 Seconds"—Now This Kink Is Dog-Meat and They're Using His Crown as a Squirrel Cage—Can You Guess Who It Is?

BY ARTHUR ("BUGS") BAER

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THIS kinking game is flatter than a flounder's vest. Sweet cookies! but it is tougher than a dish of fried ukulele strings to be taking your air filtered through two-inch iron bars.

Seems only about three short cuckoos on the old Swiss clock since I was flatwheeled around with my royal bunnions embossing the imperial monogram on the public's neckpiece.

Now I am cold turkey. Two short months ago I had the works by the tail with a downhill pull. But that was before they jointed the clocks up an hour.

Then, I used to get sore feet from riding in bevel-edged limousines with three ply door knobs and quadruple folding doors. I was getting bald headed from pulling silk shirts on over my nose.

If I was thirsty all I had to do was to press a button on my valet's vest, who pressed a button which pressed another button which turned on a bottled in bond shower bath. Sweet cookies! I was so far ahead that the next guy was third. When I picked up the royal mace, the outfielders put their backs up against the Kokem Kola sign in centre field.

Then, all I had to do was to snap my handsome thumb and 600 claws would be killed in the rush. But that was before those Yanks stotted the dollar watches up sixty minutes.

It sure was soft gravy.

I was on velvet. If a sucker squawked, I knocked him for a goal.

That was before they invented police whistles. Suddenly some guy named Wilson tickled the cuckoo and the darned wooden sparrow jumped 3,600 seconds. I fell through my neckband and landed on my back collar button in eighth place.

I sure am dog-meat. Last night I buzzed some hard skulled jailer that I was still kink and he crowned me with a frying pan. The populace is howling outside for my scalp. I've got a future like three logheads of pickled herring. My eyes look like two shoe buttons.

Well, it's fifty-fifty. They are sure gumming my parade. But I tossed ashes on many another bird's slide.

I asked for food to-day and they tossed me a coconut. Darwin was correct.

I've gone democratic. There is only one toothbrush among 733 of us, and I am 619th on the list.

It's tough. I'm four hops behind the rest of the works and only one jump ahead of a fl.

And it seems only a minute ago that I was ace high and had egg on my chin.

## Bright Boys

How William J. Bryan First Started Talking—His Great Life Work

TWO events of seeming unimportance but destined to weave heavy threads through the loom of time occurred in the village of Salem, Ill., March 19, 1860. One was that William Jennings Bryan was born. The other was that Chief Hole-in-the-Pocket got bonded on Mother Moriarty's Pain Killer.



Chief H. Pocket was a Kickapoo native, and he assembled a bun on Pain Killer when over he had the chance, for in those days, before the Food and Drug Act established the presence of the Demon in certain nostrums, the worthy Chief used to clutter up the sidewalk in front of the drug store very often, he had a cigar.

That he did so on Bryan's first birthday was significant, however.

William was just five years old when his maiden aunt, who was a strict temperance woman, attempted to give him some of Mother Moriarty to cure green apples. The study had pushed aside the bottle.

"I will not take it," he wrathfully protested. "That is grasshopper medicine. There's a kink in it."

That same day he found Chief Hole-in-the-Pocket plastered with a bottle of Mother Moriarty gripped in his hand. The Young Columbus stamped on the bottle, propped the Indian against a bar-ber's pole on Main Street, stuck his right hand between the second and third button of his middie blouse and began to orate.

Little William talked for two hours on the evils of Mother Moriarty right there on Main Street and Salem knew there was a kink in it.