

The Evening Globe Daily Magazine

Is Carol, the Prince of Romance, Trying To Forget His Morganatic Marriage?

New York Welcomes Soldier-Prince, Who Preferred War Sweetheart To Taking Chance on the Throne

King Ferdinand and Queen Marie Tried to Annul Their Son's Union With Mlle. Zizi Lambrino.

By Fay Stevenson.

Copyright, 1920, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World). HAT has come over Prince Carol of Roumania? Has he given another call from Paris? A few days ago the Roumanian Prince, who is also called the "Prince of Romance," was in San Francisco. There he had his picture taken with a number of society girls, among them Miss H. Elite, Miss Beulah...



PRINCE CAROL AND HIS WIFE, ZIZI LAMBRINO

Written, Miss J. Hous and Miss Beulah Hodges—and was a "regular prince." But now that he is in New York things are altogether different. The Prince is quiet, he wishes to hide behind the broad shoulders of "Bill" Nye, his personal conductor, and he is—oh! so shy.

To be sure we know the Prince is traveling incognito, and the only pre-arranged affair in his honor was a dinner which was given last night in the Ritz by James W. Gerard; we know of the parental influence of King Ferdinand and Queen Marie in his life over his marriage to twenty-year-old titleless, dowryless Mlle. Zizi Lambrino, and we know that his present tour of the world is an effort to drown his affections for his bride, whom he claimed was dearer than his crown. But with all that, the Prince has managed to enjoy his trip and smile at the young ladies quite as sweetly as the Prince of Wales. At least he smiled while in San Francisco, but now what has happened?

Has papa wired him to be reserved while in New York?

Why is Prince Carol so shy? Although the "Princes of Romance" offered at one time to renounce his status and perogatives as heir apparent to the crown, the offer was never accepted. Neither the Roumanian Government nor the King recognized this offer. Nor, on the other hand, was the Prince's marriage at any time sanctioned by the King or Queen.

Prince Carol made a wonderful record for himself and endeared himself to the hearts of his countrymen by his bravery, and, in fact, it was during his war service that he met his bride. In 1918 at Jassy, when he was twenty-five and Zizi Lambrino twenty, they met as soldier and nurse sweethearts. Just as many other lovers met during the war. She was the daughter of Brig. Gen. Alexander Lambrino, a middle class girl with no claim to name or fame, unless through her cousin, Prof. Telemach Lambrino, the clever violinist, who toured America. But she was very beautiful and young and she wore a nurse's uniform, so Carol's heart went out to her.

SUMMER GIRLS OF 1920

Diagnosed From a Dicky-Boy's Diary. No. 7—The Beach Girl

HERES is Kathryn, the tempting, dark-eyed, Irish lass, whose presence on the white sands of the beach has the inn caused my heart to flutter. My first three weeks at the inn have been lively enough, and after glimpsing Katie I can rest assured that the remainder of my stay will be pleasant.

How did we meet? You ask. Well, I'll admit it wasn't one of those out-and-dried formal introductions. You know how it is during vacation time. Friendly, like high school, is laid on the shelf in the summer time. 'Twas just one of those come-on-in-the-water's-great introductions. So there, Kathryn is stopping at the cottage next to the inn. During the night this morning she intimates that she wants a nice ankle in the waded arena. But— if she dances as gracefully as she swims, then I'll say she's good, is she pretty? Take a peep, and judge for yourself. She's just coquettish enough to draw several glances from some of the other females on the beach. I am reading the life of Archbishop Menni in order to make a home run in her affections. Wish me luck!



Here Are a Few of the Pretty Prize Winners At the Annual Costume Ball, Narragansett Pier



THE LURE OF FIFTH AVENUE

Copyright, 1920, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World). A YOUNG woman, only eighteen, has confessed to being an abettor on the East Side, who spend only a fraction of the amount that the High young women spend. And when you come to realize what a boon it is to have peace of mind as against constant worry in securing finery by hook or crook, the wise girl will choose the one way.

Just think what this foolhardy thing has meant for this young woman, who is now in prison and arraigned as a common criminal. Just think of the chance she took for the purpose of having fine clothes. What has it done for her? It has only brought misery to herself and her family.

It is a lesson she will never forget. She took the chance of marrying her whole life for a few gew-gaws. Other girls find other and more pathetic ways for securing bits of finery, only to regret it some time, somehow. Better far the simple things that bring security and peace of mind, even if not entire satisfaction, than all the clothes of Fifth Avenue, if secured in a dishonest way.

The girl pays, every time. In the first place, the girl of moderate means, who puts on finery beyond her honest earnings, feels only herself. In common parlance, the people she would attract are "wise" to her.

Instead of their being attracted in a beautiful way, they are suspicious of her, and she lays herself open to all kinds of advances. Her clothes do not give her the kind of attraction that the nice girl wants eventually. On the other hand, the young woman who lives entirely within her income, if she will only put forth as much energy in carefully selecting her clothes and in discriminating as to style, will prove just as attractive as her rich sister of Fifth Avenue.

In a city like New York, where there is such a great selection and such a wide variance of prices for the same things, most any girl of average income can look most attractive if she will only be studious about it.

For example, I have seen girls dressed in the height of fashion on Fifth Avenue who have bought everything they wear on Grand Street or the lower East Side. About this I shall write another story. Suffice it to say, with a little forethought and some politeness in the matter of choice, there is no need for any girl to look unattractive, even as the girls of Fifth Avenue. I have known young women of wealthy families, who spend fortunes on their clothes, who do not look half

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The Jarr Family

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And, after a moment's hesitation, the visitor was heard to clump away. "Dorothy! Why don't you pay people?" asked Mr. Jarr, testily. "How would you like it if you were told?"

"Now, you mind your own affairs!" said Mrs. Jarr, sharply. "I pay my bills a great deal more promptly than a lot of other people that live around here and put on a lot of airs. There's Mrs. Stryver, she lets her tradesman wait and wait. The milkman told me the Stryvers owed his company over a hundred dollars!"

"I want my money when it's due," said Mr. Jarr, and the tradesman have their bills to meet, too. What they do about the Stryvers is nothing to me, so I wish you'd pay the bills and not have people coming here like this!"

"Didn't I tell him to come to-morrow?" said Mrs. Jarr. "That was the grocer's boy, wasn't it?" asked Mr. Jarr. "You should have paid the bill. You had the money, hadn't you?"

"Yes, I had, but why should I inconvenience myself?" said Mrs. Jarr. "My pocketbook is in the upper bureau drawer, and I have mislaid my keys. I haven't time to stop what I am doing and drop all my work just to hunt keys to get my pocketbook to pay a bill I can pay to-morrow."

At this point the children, who were dressing, commenced to quarrel violently. "My gracious!" cried Mr. Jarr. "Can't those children get dressed and get their breakfast any single morning without having this fighting, whining, crying and confusion?"

"Well, you attend to them, then," said Mrs. Jarr, and she attended to the tradesman when they came. "All right, I will," said Mr. Jarr. And he went to the children and, after many threats, followed by the payment of blackmail in the form of money for candy, got them to the table in peaceable form and hurried them through breakfast. After which he was preparing to deposit himself when the doorbell rang.

SHAKESPEARE

Shakespeare Wrote Plays When It Took More Than Swinging Doors and Clinging Nighties to Start a Run on the Box Office Window.

By Neal R. O'Hara.

Copyright, 1920, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World). LIFE and drum music is the only stuff written 300 years ago that is still being played. Except Shakespeare. And you have to tilt your lid to Shakespeare. He's just as old as Plymouth Rock and just as solid with the public. He wrote plays when it took more than swinging doors and clinging nighties to start a run on the box office window. The best lines of his shows were cloaked in poetry instead of pink tights, and it took more than a sextet of chickens to put 'em across. Yet Shake's stuff lives today. His Richard III, still cries for a horse while the other producers are looking for ponies.

The critics agree that the kid is clever. For Shake not only wrote thirty-six shows to keep the wolf away from the stage door but he trained



the all-star cast as well. Shakespeare was actor, author and manager—only he couldn't dance. And that's where George M. Cohan has it on him. But George won't be dancing 100 years hence unless he arranges a harp orchestra.

Shakespeare worked under a handicap. In sixteen hundred and umpty-ump there was no scenery to change between acts. The stage was blank, the same as his verse, and only the costumes had to be shifted. Which goes to show how art has progressed. To-day it requires forty-two stevedores to grapple with scenery and an armless cripple to put on the costumes.

And in Shakespeare's time the hens laid eggs instead of moulted, and they weren't worth \$1.10 a dozen then. Which simply meant that an audience of farm hands could make a guy that played Hamlet look like an omelette if he didn't satisfy.

Shakespeare put on shows in 1610, and they've been running for 290 years. It sounds almost as long as Bryan's been running. But old Shake found what the public would stand and then had 'em standing four rows deep! He didn't discover the eternal triangle, but he filled up the jolly old orchestra circle. And you want to figure he was writing successes when uptown New York was where Fulton Street crosses Broadway!

The London bambino wrote his villains without mustaches, his heroines without curls and his juveniles without tennis racquets. And that's some job. He also wrote "The Merchant of Venice" before "The Merry Widow," and "Twelfth Night" before "Seven Days." You said it—some kid! He wrote Richard I. to III. inclusive, and plenty other successes. And not a single manuscript called for lingerie except the sleep-walking scene of Lady Macbeth.

Yep, the Bard of Avon certainly loaned a quick pen. He furnished everything for the plot, from love interest in "Romeo and Juliet" to 12 per cent. interest in "The Merchant of Venice." And Shake was always surprising the public—like when he gave "Twelfth Night" to the first nighters, and got away with it too! For in those days they had no dramatic critics, because the dress suit wasn't invented then.

And don't forget that Shake grabbed off his rep with pen and ink. All his knockouts depended on plots instead of animals that make our American hits. For what would "Uncle Tom's Cabin" be without bloodhounds or a Ziegfeld show without four dozen calves? We ask you! Yes, indeed, Shakespeare's the goods with platinum trimmings, and there's only one revival we're waiting for now. That's "As You Like It," with Johnny Walker.

Lucile the Waitress

Copyright, 1920, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World). I WISH somebody would buy some common sense and put it in my noodle," said Lucile, the Waitress, as the Friendly Patron

loosened his belt preparatory to tackling the watermelon. "What's the matter now?" he asked.

"Oh, I got too gabby again this morning." "A little old gray-haired woman comes in here about 3 o'clock, and after I bring her some coffee and a ham sandwich she begins asking me questions.

"What's the old lady's name that used to be across the street?" she asks first.

"I don't know, lady. I tell her. 'If they was ever a livery stable there it has folded its tent like the Avaral and snuck away in the night.'"

"Well, what's become of Kingstone's grocery store that was up the street?" she asks.

"Never heard of it. I says, 'And the blacksmith shop that was over in the next block?'

"I begin to think this old person is either crazy or kidding me. I give her one look.

"Madam, I says, 'I ain't got any time for riddles. Seems to me you ought to confine your attitude to eating in here, not asking about everything in all four points of the dictionary.'"

"Then I turn on my heel and do a glide to the kitchen-kitch. When I come back to the table she asks me, 'What you want to know now?' I ask.

"Nothing," she replied. "I want to tell you why I was asking so many questions. Fifty years ago me and my husband was married near here and a year later we went West—to Colorado. We've never had money enough to come back until this year and then we only had enough for one to make the trip. Jim insisted I come, so I did. I was just trying to find out some things about the old home neighborhood sets to be able to tell Jim. He won't never get down here to see it. Jim's seventy-nine."

"When she got through she gave me the sweetest smile I ever saw on the face of human mortality. 'Now, do you understand why I was asking so many questions?' she says.

"I put my arm around her. 'Listen, dear, I says, 'When you see Jim, tell him they ain't nothing down here to see except, maybe a fresh waitress who's just a fool and—who's sorry.'"

"Look out, there!" Lucile suddenly said to the Friendly Patron. "Put down that coffee cup. I just noticed a dead fly in it. Gee, but I coddled you just in time, old kid!"

Here is one of the fancy gowns seen recently at the Autouil races, France.



Glimpses into New York Shops

THESE who saw the wonderful displays of furs in the shops recently were impressed by the unusual variety in styles. There were 36-inch length Hudson seal coats, others were full length. There were dolmans, full length capes, tedlingotes—very much like our mothers were in the eighties—coapes in terra, roomy wraps, &c. The Hudson seal coats had collars of squirrel, Australian opossum or Canadian Marten. There were smart dolman wraps combining mole and squirrel, luxurious evening wraps in chinchilla. Gorgeous wraps in ermine had deep borders with the belt running in opposite directions to rest of garments, thus giving a contrast in color. A coat in baby lamb had collar and cuffs of white fox. Leopard skin and elvet were mostly employed for sport coats.

In fur trimmings black seems to be in strong favor, as Persian lamb, baby lamb, fox, black squirrel and caracul were all seen in quantities. Also the mungelle, which is long goat's hair, in colors, gray astrakhan and brown dyed squirrel and rabbit, either in natural gray or black or brown dyed were prominent. Anything in imported pelts bears such a high price, that it is no wonder women looked with favor upon the domestic skins exhibited, and really the pelts of the cat, deer, hare and rabbit that are being featured now make up

beautifully. The frock blouse is well represented in the new offerings. For sports wear these come in brilliant colorings. Then there are the metal striped silk tricots and the two-toned striped effects. The frock blouse will be worn with suits this fall and will share favor with the silk and crepe blouse. For dressy wear there are exquisite creations in lace, Georgette crepe, satin and velvet, all of which are equally fashionable.

Black hats seem to have lost favor. The new millinery displays are showing hats in navy blue, royal blue, gray and the various shades of tan and brown. The black hats that are seen are trimmed with some vivid color such as green, yellow, copper or royal blue.

The fashionable skirt now measures anywhere from seven to twelve inches from the ground. For evening wear they are slightly longer. The new skirts still are flat at the back with the fullness at the sides. Drapes are not seen on the newest skirts.

As is usual at the opening of any season the hats now shown are small or medium sized. Draped turbans and Egyptian turbans are much in vogue. Then there is the cloche mode, the roll brim turbans and pretty shapes with brims rolling away from the face. All the new hats are to be worn very low over the forehead.

Pockets are decidedly inconspicuous in the new coats. A look at the coats of the newest suits shows that these have no pockets at all.