

THE QUAIN COSTUMES THEY DON FOR SWEET CHARITY



MRS. COSMO HAMILTON AS DOLLY VARDEN.



MRS. R. H. NEILSON AND H. L. DOWNEY IN SEVENTEENTH CENTURY COSTUME.

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MRS. FRANK W. DINKINS, AND ATTENDANT, AS A FORTUNE TELLER.

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MISS MARJORY HOWARD IN THE FAKE FASHION FETE.

The entertainments in which these strange costumes appear are as follows: Left, British War Relief Fund Benefit at the Booth Theatre; right, Fake Fashion Show at the Ritz-Carlton; left centre, American Historical Pageant at the Wardoff-Astoria, and right centre, Bazaar for St. Marks Hospital at the Grand Central Palace.

A NOTABLE FIFTIETH WEDDING ANNIVERSARY



HENRY WATTERSON.



MRS. HENRY WATTERSON AS SHE LOOKED TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO.

COL. HENRY WATTERSON, so many of whose seventy-five years have been filled with the varied activities of a man successful in politics, public speaking and newspaper work, celebrated last Monday the fiftieth anniversary of his wedding. He was married on December 20, 1865, to Miss Rebecca Ewing, daughter of Andrew Ewing of Nashville, Tenn., and they have had three sons and two daughters. The photographs which The Sun is able to publish today of the editor of the Louisville Courier-Journal and his wife are of particular interest, as they were taken when Col. and Mrs. Watterson were in middle life, about the time of their silver wedding anniversary. Between then and her golden wedding Mrs. Watterson has had no photographs taken. Neither of the photographs has been published heretofore.

There are few newspaper men—it is thus that Col. Watterson likes best to be known—who appeal so to the imagination and affection not only of the South but of the entire country as Col. Watterson. Throughout his life "Marse Henry," as he is affectionately called, has been a man of vigor and action. John Russell Young said of him that if to be as great a writer as Horace Greeley, to be an orator the equal of Roscoe Conkling and to play the piano like Rubinstein constituted a genius, then Henry Watterson was a genius.

In politics Col. Watterson has been a Democrat; simply that and nothing more. He didn't think much of Mr. Bryan, and said so; and there was a time when he didn't think much of President Wilson, and said so—but the breach has been closed now. He hasn't thought much of some of Col. Roosevelt's policies and ideas either, and lately he has denounced the Kaiser on several occasions, regardless of hyphenates.

Mrs. Watterson, who has accompanied her husband on his many trips abroad, has been but little in the limelight, being glad apparently to fill quietly and well her place as wife and mother.



CHILDREN ENJOY FIRST SNOW STORM IN CENTRAL PARK.

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A REMARKABLE FILM FEAT—A REARING HORSE SNAPPED IN "MARTYRS OF THE ALAMO" BY THE TRIANGLE FILM CO.

CHILDREN'S STORY TELLER OF THE EAST SIDE



MRS. KELLY TELLING THE STORY OF ST. NICHOLAS TO HER NURSERY BABIES.

OVER on the East Side uptown is a fascinating story book sort of house, where every day just before bedtime a round eyed little woman, fairly bristling with enthusiasm, tells stories to a roomful of round eyed youngsters, who sit or stand entranced as they listen breathlessly to every word she utters. Her gift of narrative is such that she might have earned the title of the children's story teller were it not that she has long been known to thousands as the "Mother of the Nursery," on account of the work she has been doing for the past twenty years, in fact, ever since she came here from her home across the water.

Mrs. Regina Kelly is not alone the Mother of the Nursery. She tells stories to children, but she also visits mothers in distress, stands back of them when trouble comes, takes them to court for legal advice and gives them friendly counsel and sympathy.

While this very unusual nursery which absorbs so much of her time is supported by girls

from a smart finishing school who also help in the care of the babies, Mrs. Kelly is the directing spirit of the place. Perhaps 100 babies and youngsters are brought to the nursery every day. Their mothers may be out washing, or hunting jobs, or the family may be moving, or there may be some other very good reason why it is necessary to entrust their children to Mrs. Kelly. Connected with the nursery is a mothers' club, each member of which pays 25 cents a month into the treasury in order that when one of them falls ill she can benefit at the rate of \$2 a week up to \$50 to tide her over the bad spell. More than \$300 is in the treasury, too, every cent of which has been paid in by women who go out for days' work.

Mrs. Kelly came from Wurtemberg and brought with her some old fashioned notions. She is a strict disciplinarian and insists upon the young folks observing rigid rules of propriety in the dances and entertainments often held for their benefit.