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Just One Romance After Another!

The King of Spain's Dashing Cousin
Is the Centre of a Giddy Whirl of
Heart Affairs, and All Society Is Won-
dering Which Rich American Beauty
He'll Choose
for His
Princess.

ROMANCE is in the blood of the Princess of the house of Pignatelli d'Aragon. A Prince bearing this historic name can no more help being romantic than he can help breathing or eating spaghetti. It is bred in the bone and must come out in the blood!

And to-day romance runs rampant in the career of its handsomest Prince, the popular Prince Ludovico, who has a broken heart, six broken ribs and a cracked skull, all received in the pursuit of happiness! But more of this later.

Talk about romance! The history of the Pignatelli family reeks with it. There have been duels to the death, elopements, divorces and scandals, but romance has taken the sting from its grimmest tragedies.

One of the Prince's aunts married the Duc de Frias after the death of his first wife, Victoria Balfe. Ah, that was a romance! The Pignatelli family do not like to dilute on it, but it staggered several countries when it happened.

Victoria Balfe was an opera singer. Her father was Michael Balfe, composer of "The Bohemian Girl." When Victoria was singing in St. Petersburg Sir John Crampton, the British Ambassador, fell in love with her and married her.

They were sent to Washington, and then to Spain, and there the singer fell in love with the Duc de Frias! Sir John would not divorce her, but, like Ruskin, let her get their marriage annulled and marry the Duc! The Spanish court refused to accept them, and they were forced into exile. It was not until the Duchess died, leaving a son, and the Duc married into the Pignatelli family, that Spain forgave the romance.

This is just a sample of the romances found in the annals of this house and its branches.

Prince Ludovico is well fulfilling the family traditions! He was engaged to a very pretty American girl, Miss Helen Hilton. They met in Paris a year ago. It was love at first sight with the Prince, and he refused to eat or drink until the pretty heiress said "Yes." The Princess Pignatelli are men of strong loves, but not long ones!

Miss Hilton's tressousser was all ready and the final settlements were under discussion when she decided that she could not become a Catholic.



Miss Hinckley and the Prince of Aragon on the Links.—The Prince is Almost as Fond of Golf as He is of Romance.

nor could she promise to bring up her children in that faith. And so the engagement was broken.

This was in July. The Prince's heart was broken.

In August the Prince began to sit up and take notice. He came to New

York, determined to enter on a diplomatic career and to marry away!

Through a curious twist in affairs matrimonial the present Prince is a cousin of King Alfonso. Although this relationship has no sig-

nificance, the future Princess Pignatelli will have a delightful position at both the Spanish and Italian courts.

Ha, ha! Is it any wonder that the Prince has been received with open arms by certain New York and Washington mamas? Is it any wonder that society at home and abroad is carefully watching the Prince's calling list?

The list of beauties with hoo-die is not so large as it might be. As it is the Prince has had a dozen such beauties placed artistically before him. But alas for New York! Alas for London, for Paris! The Prince has narrowed his attentions to two girls—two very pretty girls that he met first after his arrival in this country—Miss Gladys Hinckley and Miss Rosamond Burr.

Washington is sure that Miss Hinckley, the only daughter of the Robert Hinckleys, will eventually wear the robes of a Princess. Hot Springs is not so sure! For at the Springs in October the Prince devoted himself to Miss Burr, who is a daughter of the Winthrop Burrs, of New York.

It was Miss Burr who rescued the Prince when he broke his six ribs! It was Miss Burr who held his cracked skull on her knees, who drove him carefully home after the accident!

"And, of course," say the Spring-lites, "the Prince will show his gratitude by proposing."

"And, of course," say Washingtonians, "the Prince will do no such thing; he gave her a gold purse and a vanity box, and so settled that score!"

And how did the ardent Prince get those broken ribs, that cracked skull? His broken heart has already been accounted for.

Just after Miss Hinckley, who the Baron Rosen, the Russian Ambassador says is the most beautiful girl in America, arrived at the Springs, the Prince dropped in at the Homestead.

The beautiful Miss Hinckley knew the Prince, and for days they were constantly together. "Ah, ah!" said the gallery, "the Prince has found his beautiful money."

The courtship, or what was taken to be a courtship, went on most smoothly. The Prince is a splendid sportsman; he rides divinely; there was not a horse in the colony; that could throw him. He and Miss Hinckley took long cross-country rides. They flew over high hedgerows, took chances which the novice could not dare.

Just as this courtship on horse-back was reaching its zenith the Pignatelli luck deserted the Prince.

An evil genie whispered in the lover's ear: "Arrange a steeplechase; show your lady what you really can do."

It was enough. The Prince got up a mixed steeplechase. All the riders of the colony entered the lists. The Prince, wearing Miss Hinckley's colors, rose and gray, determined to outdo all other contestants. But alas, in taking a hurdle, his horse fell and rolled over on him! Ah, the poor, proud Prince!

Some one rushed out from the field and held him on her knees. Some one smoothed his near-royal brow and whispered softly in his near-royal ear. The Prince moved, opened his eyes to see—Miss Hinckley? No! Miss Rosamond Burr! The other girl in the case!

The Prince mercifully fainted again. When he "came to" he was being carefully (tenderly) driven home in a basket phaeton. His driver was Miss Burr!

Where was Miss Hinckley? Ah, it was too bad! When the most beautiful girl in America saw her Prince come his cropper she also fainted! And during her faint the other girl won a lap in the race!

When the Prince and his six fractured ribs, his aching head and palpitating heart reached the hotel he had to be carried in. It was a pathetic sight, and all the stay-at-home mamas rushed forward to crouch over him.

The Prince, who could stand much, could not stand those crouching mamas, and insisted on being locked in his rooms, with his valet standing guard.

For three days flowers, notes, fruit, were poured in on him and carried away again by his valet, faithful soul.

On the fourth day the valet presented a jeweler's box to the rescuing angel, Miss Burr. In the box was a superb gold chain bag and vanity case! Just a slight token of the Prince's gratitude.

As soon as the Prince was able he left for New York. The strain of not knowing whether he should propose to Miss Hinckley or Miss Burr was too great! He had to get away to think things over.

And now will the romantic Prince decide to marry the girl who rescued him or the most beautiful girl in America, the girl he has courted since August?

"But from what did Miss Burr rescue me after all?" asks the Prince. "She did not prevent me from falling! How puzzled I am!"

No, Prince, she did not rescue you from death or from an accident. She rescued you from thirty-nine other would-be rescuers! And your gratitude should be overwhelming!



Miss Gladys Hinckley, the Washington Heiress Whom Baron Rosen Calls America's Greatest Beauty and Who May Some Day Be the Princess of Aragon.



Charming Miss Rosamond Burr, Who Proved a Real Angel in Distress to the Prince.

Taking Us to Pieces to Find Out Just Why We Laugh

FOLLOWING close upon Professor Bergson's lectures on "The Soul" in Paris and London, appears the English edition of his volume entitled, "Laughter: An Essay on the Meaning of the Comic." The book, which at first sight seems to represent a descent from the sublime to the ridiculous, is really quite profound and scientific, as the following paragraphs will show. It is published by The Macmillan Company, New York.

WHAT does laughter mean? What is the basal element in the laughable? What common ground can we find between the grimace of a merry-andrew, a play upon words, an equivocal situation in a burlesque and a scene of high comedy? What method of distillation will yield us invariably the same essence from which so many products borrow either their obtrusive odor or their delicate perfume?

The greatest of thinkers, from Aristotle downward, have tackled this little problem, which has a knack of baffling every effort, of slipping away and escaping only to bob up again, a pert challenge flung at philosophic speculation.

The first point to which attention should be called is that the comic does not exist outside the pale of what is strictly human. A landscape may be beautiful, charming and sublime; it will never be laughable. You may laugh at an animal, but only because you have detected in it some human attitude or expression. You may laugh at a hat, but what you are making fun of, in this case, is not the piece of felt or straw, but the shape that men have given it—the human caprice whose mould it has assumed.

It is strange that so important a fact, and such a simple one, too, has not attracted to a greater degree the attention of the philosophers. Several have defined man as "an animal which laughs." They might equally well have defined him as an

animal which is laughed at, for if any other animal, or some lifeless object, produces the same effect, it is always because of some resemblance to man, of the stamp he gives it or the use he puts it to.

Here I would point out, as a symptom equally worthy of notice, the absence of feeling which accompanies laughter. Indifference is its natural environment, for laughter has no greater love than emotion.

Our laughter is always the laughter of a group. A man who once was asked why he did not weep at a sermon when everybody else was shedding tears, replied: "I don't belong to that parish." What that man thought of tears would be still more true of laughter.

How often has it been said that the fuller the theatre the more uncontrolled the laughter of the audience!

In "a nature that is mechanically tampered with" we possess a thoroughly comic theme. Take as an instance the remark made by a lady whom Cassini, the astronomer, had invited to see an eclipse of the moon. Arriving too late, she said, "M. de Cassini, I know, will have the goodness to begin it all over again, to please me."

Or, take, again, the exclamation of one of Gondinet's characters on arriving in a town and learning that there is an extinct volcano in the neighborhood, "They had a volcano, and they have let it go out!"

Any incident is comic that calls our attention to the physical in a person, when it is the moral side that is concerned.

Why do we laugh at a public speaker who sneezes just at the most pathetic moment of his speech? Where lies the comic element in this sentence, taken from a funeral speech and quoted by a German philosopher: "He was virtuous and plump"? It lies in the fact that our attention is suddenly recalled from the soul to the body.

A comic meaning is invariably obtained when an absurd idea is fitted into a well established phrase form—"I don't like working between meals," said a lazy loaf. There would be nothing amusing in the saying did there not exist that salutary precept in the realm of hygiene: "One should not eat between meals."

Wit often consists in extending the idea of one's interlocutor to the point of making him express the opposite of what he thinks and getting him, so to say, entrapped by his own words. You may remember the dialogue between a mother and her son in the "Faux Bonshommes": "My dear boy, gambling on 'Change is very risky. You win one day and lose the next." "Well, then, I will gamble only every other day." In a very lively comedy we are introduced to a Monte Carlo official whose uniform is covered with

medals, although he has only received a single decoration. "You see, I staked my medal on a number at roulette," he said, and as the number turned up, I was entitled to thirty-six times my stake."

Criticism is made of a bride of forty Summers who is wearing orange blossoms with her wedding costume: "Why, she was entitled to oranges, let alone orange blossoms!"

The comic will come into being, it appears, whenever a group of men concentrate their attention on one of their number, imposing silence on their emotions and calling into play nothing but their intelligence.

A man, running along the street, stumbles and falls; the passers-by burst out laughing. They would not laugh at him, I imagine, could they suppose that the whim had suddenly seized him to sit down on the ground. They laugh because his sitting down is involuntary. Consequently, it is not his sudden change of attitude that raises a laugh, but rather the involuntary element in this change—his clumsiness, in fact. Perhaps there was a stone on the road.

He should have altered his pace or avoided the obstacle. Instead of that, through lack of elasticity, through absentmindedness and a kind of physical obstinacy, as a result, in fact, of rigidity of momentum, the muscles continued to perform the same movement when the circumstances of the case called for something else.

Now take the case of a person who attends to the petty occupations of his everyday life with mathematical precision. The objects around him, however, have all been tampered with by a mischievous wag, the result being that when he dips his pen into the inkstand he draws it out all covered with mud; when he fancies he is sitting down on a solid chair he finds himself sprawling on the floor. In a word, his actions are all topsy-turvy or mere beating the air, while in every case the effect is invariably one of momentum.

Habit has given the impulse, what was wanted was to check the movement or deflect it. He did nothing of the sort, but continued like a machine in the same straight line.

The farther we proceed in this investigation into the methods of comedy, the more clearly we see the part played by childhood's memories.

Take, for instance, the rolling snowball, which increases in size as it rolls along. We might just as well think of toy soldiers standing behind one another. Push the first and it tumbles down on the second, this latter knocks down the third, and the state of things goes from bad to worse, until they all lie prone on the floor.

against a lady, who upsets her cup of tea over an old gentleman, who slips against a glass window, which falls in the street on to the head of a policeman, who sets the whole police force agog.

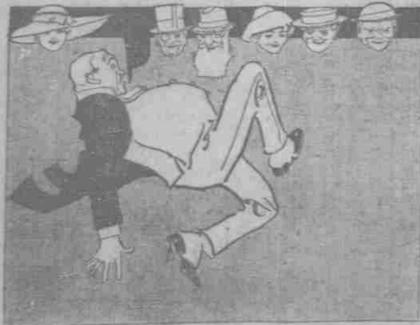
It is the characteristic of a mechanical combination to be generally reversible. In other words, the mechanism just described is laughable even when recitilinear; it is much more so on becoming circular and when every effort the player makes by a fatal interaction of cause and effect, merely results in bringing it back to the same spot.

Now, a considerable number of light comedies revolve around this idea. A straw hat has been eaten up by a horse. There is only one other hat like it in the whole of Paris; it must be secured regardless of cost. This hat, which always slips away at the moment its capture seems inevitable, keeps the principal character on the run, and through him all the others who hang, so to say, on to his coat tail, like a magnet which, by a successive series of attractions, draws along in its train the grains of iron filings that hang on to each other.

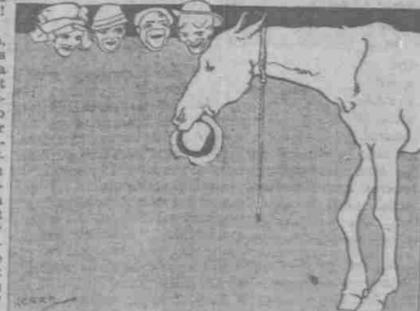
And when at last, after all sorts of difficulties, the goal seems in sight, it is found that the hat so ardently sought is precisely the one that has been eaten.

A bes-pecked husband imagined he has escaped by divorcing from the clutches of his wife and his mother-in-law. He marries again, when, lo and behold, the double combination of marriage and divorce brings back to him his former wife in the aggravated form of a second mother-in-law!

And such, indeed, seems to be the idea of Herbert Spencer. According to him, laughter is the indication of an effort which suddenly encounters a void. Kant had already said something of the kind, that "Laughter is the result of an expectation which of a sudden ends in nothing."



"A man, running along the street, stumbles and falls; the passersby burst out laughing."



"A straw hat has been eaten up by a horse—the only one of its kind."