Royal Princesses As War Nurses

Both Mary Of England And Elizabeth Of Rumania Doing Their Bit To Help Sufferers From The Battlefield

As a probationer in the Children's hospital, London, princess Mary, the only daughter of king George and queen Mary of England, is learning to become a nurse. Princess Mary is related to the royal family of Rumania, and princess Elizabeth of Rumania, like her, has won the admiration of her people by her efforts to help the sufferers from the war.

Princess Mary, to the Left, and Princess Elizabeth.

Pearl White Begins Work On New Serial

PEARL WHITE, most famous of all serial stars of the screen, has returned from her vacation and this week began work on her new Pathe serial, "The Lightning Raider." The new thriller will be in 15 parts and Pearl has a brand new role quite unlike any other she has assumed.

Pearl White's fame was born five years ago, when she was the heroine in "The Perils of Pauline." This was the first great serial in motion picture history. Then came "The Exploits of Elaine," "The Iron Claw," "Pearl of the Army" and "The House of Hate."

PEARL WHITE.

She lives in New York in modest style, in an apartment house just off Fifth avenue. She has a summer home on Long Island, where this year she was permitted by circumstances to recuperate for only three weeks.

In the past six months more than 700 photographs of Pearl White, which she has autographed, have been sold in Red Cross and other relief bazaars for the good of the cause.

Miss White is now engaged in writing her autobiography. At the age of seven she was a child actress in an obscure "Uncle Tom's Cabin" troupe playing in the mountains of the southern states; at 12 she was a trapeze performer in a small circus; at 18 she was a leading woman in a dramatic stock company.

There's Nothing Wrong In Winning The Man You Want For A Husband

It's Wrong to Pursue Him Boldly, but a Little Innocent Coquetry to Show Your Preference for Him Is Permissible.

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I am a working woman in the early 30s. I have traveled considerably and have had my full share of experiences and have gained a fairly broad knowledge of the world. During the past half dozen years I have become interested in an exceedingly attractive young man, who is now nearly 25.

My feeling for him could easily become a devoted love if I were given any encouragement, but he is a most unusually cold hearted young person. He likes everybody, enjoys fun and a good time, and I am sure will never marry any one unless the woman does the courting.

It is useless for you to say that his youth explains his indifference, because my observation of young men shows that they are generally too ardent and too reckless. I cannot bring myself to make all the advances, so that there is a constant battle going on within me as to whether I should refuse the occasional opportunities I have to meet him and so drop his companionship alingether and forever, thus gradually banishing the heartaches that come in between, or else whether I should overcome my old fashioned prejudices and go in to try to win him (as I know some woman will be bold enough to do eventually).

He is not now interested in any woman, and I am sure if he were fond of me we should be able to get a great deal of happiness out of life. It is hard for me to give him up (what little there is to give up), for I am lonely. But I cannot be satisfied with half measures, and I am wondering if I should not try to make myself contented with some less congenial man who is more anxious for my love.

I realize this is a problem which all the philosophers of the ages have not solved, and it is a subject worthy for the contemplation of a Balzac, but I am lonely. J. J. T.

My correspondent has written me an interesting letter, dealing with an entirely modern situation.

The remarkable feature of her case is that she is facing it so honestly and squarely.

And though the situation is typical of the modern business world and the relationship of older women to younger men, the clear thinking she has brought to bear on her case is unusual.

A great many women would have seen this affair in the terms of grand opera. The boy would probably have been held responsible for something, and they might readily have concluded the account with a wail of self pity.

Unusual Honesty Shown.

Such honesty is certainly deserving of happiness. It is a good keystone upon which to build the foundations of a home.

There would appear to be two questions to this case. Is a woman free to choose the man she wants for her husband? And granting that she has this right, is it fair for her to influence a man so much younger than herself?

Traditionally, the man has always had the privilege of selection. But has he, really? According to some of the clearest of modern thinkers, among them Darwin and Bernard Shaw, it would seem that he has had very little to do with the matter.

He has invariably been selected when the lady really wanted him.

There have been, of course, many exceptions to the rule, but as the arithmetic, grammar and other instruments of childish torture have a way of asserting, it is the exception that proves the rule.

If there is any survivor of the early Victorian days now living, such a person would probably say that the highly intelligent woman who has written to me should regard the young man "with down cast eyes and averted shoulder."

But after reading some of the memoirs of that date, one is inclined to think that despite the forgpils of "the down cast eyes," etc., our great grandmothers might not have been entirely guiltless of helping our great grandfathers to "come to the point."

May Show Her Preference.

Without loss of dignity or self respect, a woman may show her preference for the man of her choice in dozens of little ways.

In fact, she has been doing this for countless ages, though there has always been a sort of decorous conspiracy on the part of the powers that be to make the man believe he is managing the entire affair.

At the present time we are franker than we were in those early Victorian times; we admit more than we did. There may be fewer "downcast eyes," but there are also a corresponding number of frank, truthful ones.

Is He Too Young?

In regard to our second consideration, is a woman justified in choosing a man so much younger than herself? One can only consider the question from observation—and past history.

That marriages of this type are generally happy we've only to look about us to see. While, of course, there are the well known historical cases of Disraeli and his wife, George Eliot and Cross, and the case of the late bishop Pinkney of Maryland, whose wife is said to have embroidered his christening robe.

The reason for the success of such marriages seems to be that they blend the protective quality of the maternal instinct.

In the present case my correspondent would not be taking the fortunate young man away from some one else. Nor marrying him for his money, since they are both bread winners working shoulder to shoulder.

I think if she decides to "overcome her old fashioned prejudices," there is every chance of their being happy. A woman so honest and intelligent could not fail to make a good wife.

TRAVELETTE

By NIKSAR.

RUINS OF BAIAE.

A MASS of cracked ruins covered with heavy moss and bathed in the cold waters of a beautiful bay are all that remains of Baiae, Italy.

Beneath the waters of the bay gleam the mosaics and marbles of former splendors, for Baiae was once the Newport of the Roman empire.

Horace wrote immortal lines about Baiae and it was Julius Caesar's Oyster Bay residence, where that bald-headed egotist was able to relax somewhat from the cares of owning the world. Pompey, Caligula and Nero also had their summer cottages at Baiae, and where the noblest Romans led, the rabble followed. The crescent beach of Baiae so glittered with chariots and garbed Romans in the height of season, that it was nicknamed by the press of Caesar's time "The Golden Shore." The marble palaces and elaborate gardens of Baiae were without equal in splendor. High vaulted banquet halls and dungeons rubbed shoulders, and luxury and crime ruled supreme.

Even the inhabitants of Mount Olympus seem to have favored Baiae, for it is said that Hercules drove the oxen of Gerron at Baiae and the entrance to Hade via Lake Avernus is said to be located here. This was the noted entrance to that thrilling underworld which Aneas and the Sybil chose to take. Moreover, it is at Baiae that that royal and ranting lunatic, Caligula, built his three mile bridge of boats and is said to have spent the next few days following the accomplishment of this feat, in the absorbing occupation of crossing back and forth on the bridge as fast as horses could carry him.

HOROSCOPE

SUNDAY, JULY 21, 1918.

THIS is a doubtful day, according to astrology, for the stars contend for good and evil domination. While Jupiter, Uranus and Venus are in benefic aspect, part of the time, the planets change to malefic aspects.

During this configuration it is well to be cautious about thoughts as well as actions.

Women are supposed to be exceedingly uncertain and capricious under this sway. The stars indicate that the law of extremes will affect them as it affects all things else, and that while many will rise to supreme heights of heroism, others will be extraordinarily selfish and mercenary.

This is not a favorable day for lovers, who may be easily provoked with each other. There is also a sway that is encouraging to deceitfulness.

It is wise to be cautious in associating with relatives or friends during this planetary direction, as the stars may encourage discussions and disagreements.

One of the strange results of the evil aspects of the stars, which are supposed to produce war, is the falling away of friends, astrologers declare. Social conditions and relations will change radically each year, they prophesy.

Venus is in a place making for unusual interest in dress, and again there is a pronostication that a nationwide campaign for economy or for standardized attire for women may take place before autumn.

There is an aspect that causes the seers to emphasize the wisdom of caring for many personal possessions of small value, because these will become precious, since their manufacture will not be resumed after the war.

Persons whose birthdate it is probable will travel and change places of residence. They have the omen of domestic anxiety. They should be cautious in money affairs.

Children born on this day may be inclined to be careless and untidy. These subjects of Cancer are likely to be unsettled in nature and fond of change.—(Copyright, 1918, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

MONDAY, JULY 22, 1918.

SINISTER conditions are read for this day, according to astrology. Mars is strongly adverse, while Uranus and Mercury are in evil place.

There is a sign indicating serious losses of iron and steel. This may be due to some temporary military reverse.

This is not an auspicious day for army affairs. During this sway obstacles may be encountered and disappointments sustained, but they will not be of extreme importance.

Uranus is in a place encouraging the machinations of enemies. The signs seem to point persistently to secret foes in governmental positions.

This is not a lucky day for reaching agreements or signing contracts or treaties.

Uranus gives warning of duplicity and treachery that may reflect on innocent men "higher up."

New complications in diplomacy are presaged by the stars and oriental nations will be much to be considered.

Congressmen and others who solicit public favor may be subjected to unjust criticism and unfair judgment, owing to the malevolent influence of the planets.

This is a most unfortunate day for meeting strangers, especially persons of opposite sex.—(Copyright, 1918, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

OPHELIA

ALESSANDRO DOLCI, A NOTED ITALIAN TENOR, ENGAGED FOR CHICAGO GRAND OPERA SEASON

Lou Tellegen Is New Play; Playwright Sayre Wins Copyright Suit.

NEW YORK, July 20.—General director Cleofonte Campanina has announced the engagement of the young Italian lirico-dramatico tenor, Alessandro Dolci, for the coming season of the Chicago opera. Dolci, who has been singing in grand opera for less than four years, is reputed the foremost tenor now in Italy, although he is but 28 years old.

In announcing this important engagement Mr. Mampanini said: "I feel that we have acquired not only the most beautiful tenor voice in Italy, but one of the most versatile singing actors in the world. Dolci, although a young artist, is of the type more familiar in the old school in which a tenor was required to sing a wide range of parts, instead of confining his work to either lyric or dramatic roles. He has won the approval of the Italian press and public in practically the entire Italian repertoire from Radames in "Aida" to Edgardo in "Lucia." His voice is most appropriately matched in his name, which in English would be 'sweet.'"

Lou Tellegen's New Play.

When Lou Tellegen makes his bow in New York next season, it will be in a play entitled "The Blue Devil," and written by Frederic and Fannie Hatton. The piece will be produced early in the fall by Mr. Tellegen himself in conjunction with Charles Emerson Cook. The producing organization operates under the name of the Lou Tellegen company, Inc.

"The Blue Devil," as the astute reader may have guessed, is a war play. Fortunately, it is a comedy, and its leading role is said to fit Mr. Tellegen, who is now hyphenless, as snugly as the boutonniere fits the lapel of Robert Hilliard's coat.

It was inevitable that the picturesque Blue Devil would reach the stage during these war times. In fact, Lillian Lorraine has beaten Mr. Tellegen to it, because she is appearing in the "Follies" in a song of that name written by Irving Berlin.

Mr. Tellegen has recently returned to New York after a long season in "Blind Youth," which played from coast to coast during a tour of 39 weeks.

Playwright Sayre Is Victor.

Theodore Burt Sayre, playwright, has gained a complete victory in the litigation waged against him by the Punch and Judy Theater company, inc.—the same being chiefly Charles Hopkins—because of alleged infringements by Sayre in writing and producing a version of "Treasure Island."

Sayre's version had its initial hearing at the Ellsmere theater in the Bronx on December 25, 1916. Another version, by Jules Eckert Goodman, was produced for an entire season at the Punch and Judy theater.

Hopkins was exceedingly incensed over the alleged Sayre infringement, although Sayre carefully pointed out to him that the Stevenson story was not copyrighted in America. Nevertheless the Punch and Judy company brought suit, asking for an injunction and $50,000 damages. A few days ago this suit was discontinued, but before this happened Sayre was given a general release from both the Punch and Judy company and Mr. Goodman. In the release Sayre is specifically permitted to pre-hash his version to his heart's content in whatever theaters he chooses.

As a result of this consummation Sayre, through his agents, Darcy and Wolford, will forthwith release his adaptation to the stock theaters of the country.

Bungalow on Skyscraper.

Being especially lofty in her ideas of art—and, if you don'e believe it, she has jewels and limousines to prove it—Marion Davies now proposes to owe the highest bungalow in the world. Thus far Miss Davies has kept her plan a dark secret, except to divulge the news one of these days, and sweep Broadway right off its feet.

What she is planning to do is to build a bungalow—it is more nearly a castle—on the roof of the Godfrey office building, at the corner of Seventh avenue and Forty ninth street. The Godfrey building is peopled chiefly by motion picture firms, and the billboards and advertising columns will convince you that Miss Davies is appearing on the screen. Architects, landscape gardeners and decorators are already at work upon Miss Davies's unique plan.

The roof of the Godfrey has already been tenanted. Earl Carroll, composer and now a lieutenant in the aviation corps, first chose it for the site of a home. He obtained a lease of the roof, and built himself a house there, using the supports of the immense water tanks as the basis of the outside structure.

But wait till you se Miss Davies's aerial domicile. She says it will be Palm Beach transported to New York.

Vaudeville Amalgamation.

A two paired amalgamation of vaudeville performers that will interest every played in the varieties recently took place at Springfield, L. I. It was nothing less exciting that the double wedding of Billy Montgomery and George Perry, his professional partner, to Minnie and "Jimmie" Allen, respectively, known in vaudeville as the Allen sisters.

The double header ceremony was made possible by the decree of divorce filed recently separating Perry from his former wife, Lee White. Montgomery previously was divorced from Florence Moore, now the brightest luminary in "Parlor, Bedroom and Bath." Minnie Allen may be identified still further as the widow of Clayton Willarach, of the Willarach trio of press agents.

Montgomery has been reported engaged to a number of women of the stage since he and Florence Moore parted.

Feist Tenor Improves.

Perhaps bygones should remain bygones, but nevertheless, it is worth while calling attention to the fact that last week Fritzi Scheff returned to the Palace theater, whence she left in high dudgeon about a year ago because of some trivial item in the billing which upset her temperament and her high C simultaneously.

At the time of her outburst, shortly before the opening matinee performance, it seemed probable that Miss Scheff would again ease her way into the favor of the Keith interests. However, Messrs. Keith and Albee have done the fine, generous thing, as they usually do, and are giving the volatile prima donna another chance.

Al Jolson On Motor Tour.

Al Jolson, who recently ended the long run of "Sinbad" at the Winter Garden, has left in his motor car for California. He has had various invitations from military camps along the way to give entertainments for the boys in training, and has made up his itinerary in order to meet these various requests. Mr. Jolson's home is in Oakland, Cal., where he will rest until early in August, when he returns to reopen in "Sinbad" at the Forty fourth Street theater.

English Girl Here.

Violet Englefield, long connected with the Alhambra and Empire music halls in London, has been engaged for an important role in the Winter Garden's annual revue, "The Passing Show of 1918," which follows the run of Al Jolson in "Sinbad." Miss Englefield's greatest successes were made in London in the revues which were modeled after the Winter Garden's "Passing Shows." She was seen in New York with Clifton Crawford in "Fancy Free."

Spanish Girl Returns.

Nina Valleria, the original Spanish dance in "Maytime," has returned to the cast of the "Maytime" company, now appearing at the Broadhurst theater, with John Charles Thomas, Carolyn Thomson and John T. Murray.

Adolph Klauber has secured the dramatic rights to Holworthy Hall's story "Getting After Mr. Lockett," which appeared recently in McClure's magazine.

Bedtime Story For The Little Ones

UNCLE WIGGILY AND THE BLACK CAT.

By HOWARD R. GARIS.

"OH dear! Oh dear!" screamed Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy, the muskrat lady housekeeper, from the kitchen of the hollow stump bungalow, where she was making a cherry pie for Uncle Wiggily Longears, the bunny rabbit gentleman. Oh, dear me!"

"What is the matter?" asked Uncle Wiggily, dropping his glasses and jumping up. "Is the skillery-scalery alligator with the double jointed tail after you?"

"No, it is a black cat," answered Nurse Jane.

"Did he bite you?" the bunny rabbit gentleman wanted to know. "Though you are a rat lady, I thought you were not afraid of cats, Nurse Jane, as you are so large."

"I am not afraid of being bitten by them," spoke Miss Fuzzy Wuzzy, "but a black cat is a sign of bad luck, and I don't want any to happen to you or me."

"Nor I, either," spoke Uncle Wiggily. "But still I don't believe in bad luck. Anyhow, a black cat can't bring good or bad luck any more than can a black stove. It's silly to think it so, and I am surprised at you, Nurse Jane."

"Well, everybody says a black cat is bad luck," were on the muskrat lady. "And one came in the kitchen just now."

"Did it take anything?" asked Uncle Wiggily, with a twinkle of his pink nose, as he went out where his housekeeping muskrat lady friend was making such a fuss.

"No, the black cat didn't take anything," said Miss Wuzzy.

"Then it's all right," spoke Uncle Wiggily. "If you had some roast carrots for supper, or some boiled cabbage, and a black cat took it, that would be bad luck for the supper. But, if a white cat took it, why, it would be the same kind of bad luck. So, don't be afraid just because a cat is black, Nurse Jane."

"Thank you for these kind words," said a voice out in the yard under the kitchen window, and, looking, Uncle Wiggily saw a black cat sitting there.

"Oh, you are very welcome, I'm sure," said Uncle Wiggily. "I only want to do what is right. You didn't bring Nurse Jane any bad luck, did you?"

"No, indeed. I just saw a big bird flying down and going to take some of the cherries Miss Fuzzy Wuzzy was going to put in her pie, and I made my tail big and round, like the biggest kind of bologna sausage, and frightening the bird away."

"There you are! See, the black cat gave you good luck, Janie!" said Uncle Wiggily, with a laugh.

"Well, I'm glad it did, and I'm sorry I made such a fuss," spoke the muskrat lady. "Now, run out of my kitchen, Wiggie, and I'll finish making this cherry pie."

"You were very kind to me, taking my part that way," said the black cat to Uncle Wiggily. "If ever I can do you a favor I will."

"Pray, do not mention it," spoke the bunny, with a twinkle of his tail, silk, black hat—oh, excuse me! I mean his pink nose.

That evening Uncle Wiggily went over to call on Grandfather Goosey Gander. They spent a pleasant hour at the moving pictures, and then the bunny stopped in Grandpa Goosey's pen house for a little chat. When it came time for Uncle Wiggily to go home, Grandpa Goosey opened his front door, and then, all at once a voice cried:

"Meeuw!"

"Bless my corn meal fritters!" quacked Grandpa Goosey. "There is a black cat here, Uncle Wiggily!"

"Hush!" exclaimed the black cat, putting its paw over its lips. "Don't make so much noise. Are you ready to go home, Uncle Wiggily?"

"Why, yes, I am."

"Then come with me," said the cat.

"Why?" asked the bunny, suspicious like and diffident.

"Because," said the cat in a whisper, "the bad fox is hiding outside, waiting to grab you as you go home. I saw him hide. But, if you walk behind me, I will fluff up my tail like a bologna sausage as I did when I scared the bird. Then the fox won't get you."

"Will you scare him, too?" asked Grandpa Goosey.

"No, but you see I am as black as night," said the cat. "The fox will think I am a piece of the darkness moving along, and, if Uncle Wiggily keeps behind me and my tail, the fox will not see him."

"Fine and dandy!" said the bunny. So he walked home behind the black cat and her tail, going so softly the fox never heard him, and, as the cat was black, just like the night, the fox never saw it nor the bunny, either. It was camouflage.

"Fooled again!" said the fox, when morning came, and the bunny was safe in his bungalow. "Fooled again!" And if the trolley car doesn't run off the track and go swimming in the fountain in the park, I'll tell you next about Uncle Wiggily and the white kitten.—(Copyright, 1918, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Briton Has Six Remarkable Escapes from Death in War

London, Eng., July 20.—Private N. Day, of Shillington, has six remarkable escapes from death on the western front. They are:

Shell burst on his gun, killing five in charge killed by a shell; the horse he was riding killed under him; his gun burst, killing three of his mates; Day was blown yards into the air, but escaped with shock; later, wounded in the side, again in the back and legs.

Capt. John Smith Lives In Memory Of English

London, Eng., July 20.—Capt. John Smith, the British mariner of Pocohontas fame who founded Virginia, is commemorated in the new Washington Y. M. C. A. Inn.

Over the spacious old fashioned fireplace is his motto: "We are born not for ourselves but to help others; let us imitate the virtues of our predecessors by worthily being their successors."

Maude Adams, the actress, has donated several valuable pieces of her jewelry to be sold for the benefit of the Red Cross.

SCHOOL DAYS

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By DWIG