

CAREER OF OPERA STAR

How Lina Cavallieri, "Most Beautiful Woman of Europe," Has Won Her Way to Fame and Fortune by Hard Work.

IS AIDED BY HER SISTER'S DEVOTION

Love Affair with Prince Alexander Baratinski the Beginning of Resolve to Give Up Easy Life and Fit Herself for the Trying Roles Written by the Most Famous Masters of Music—Now the Idol of Adoring Paris.

Paris.—That "the most beautiful woman of Europe," may be discontented with her job is shown by the extraordinary case of Lina Cavallieri. As a music hall star of the first magnitude she was flattered and feted. She had but to show her beautiful person and warble a few ditties to earn heavy money. The world had practically told her that her loveliness was all-sufficient without talent. Lina Cavallieri tossed aside the brilliant sinucure and plodded the hard road leading to grand opera. When Parisians learned it they shrugged at the unpractical choice and as good as forgot her. Now she has just given them a mighty jolt by coming back as a grand opera star, with a rumored engagement at the Paris opera itself; and furthermore she has just bought a splendid mansion in the Avenue de Messine. But why she grew discontented with being "the most beautiful woman of Europe," and how she threw up the music hall sinucure on the off-chance of succeeding in grand opera remains a secret.

The secret spring of Lina's change of base began with a great hope, continued through a great despair and ended in a great devotion. The hope and the despair were those of worldly love. But the devotion was that of a sister.

Nothing could be more striking than the contrast between the lives chosen by the two girls. When their widowed mother died in Rome in 1839 Ada was 15 years of age and Lina 17. As there were no relatives and the property was small, friends put them in a convent school of aristocratic connections, whose side specialty was the education of poor girls of good family for governesses and companions.

Has World at Her Feet. On account of her age, Lina's time in the school was short. Once in the world, it did not take her long to decide against the teaching career. Besides her beautiful person, she had a pretty voice; and even had the voice been less her first appearance on the music hall stage left no doubt as to the kind of success she might expect.

In 1893 Lina Cavallieri was called "the prettiest girl in Vienna." At the

photographers had sent her lovely face and figure to the four corners of the earth, and she began to be called "the most beautiful woman of Europe."

It was at this time that Lina Cavallieri gave her friendship to Prince Alexander Baratinski, second son of a considerable Russian house and a young man about Paris.

Prince Alexander came to have immense admiration for the talent, the voice, the beauty and the goodness of the girl.

"You must cultivate that voice," he told her. "You are wasting yourself on the music hall stage, which is not worthy of you. Take up opera!" he advised her.

"That is what my sister is always writing me," pouted the fair Lina. Those who knew her at that time declare that, personally, she found herself very well where she was. The climbing of the grand opera ladder would mean unceasing labor—not to speak of risk. The appeals of Ada had not moved her. Was it love that now began to pull her? Watt's touching painting of "Love Leading Life" contains a mighty moral.

On Board to Grand Opera. Like the camel that is being loaded, Lina groaned in spirit. Like the camel, she was slow in getting started. But, still like that reliable creature, once started, she kept going. In 1896-7 the music halls saw no more of Lina Cavallieri; and it became known that she was diligently cultivating her voice under Mme. Mariani-Masi.

Prince Alexander was delighted. At least, he professed himself delighted. Indeed, it was generally thought that the two young people so admirably fitted to each other would certainly marry—a supposition made the less unreasonable by the well-known fact that Prince Alexander's elder brother and head of the family had only a few years previously married a celebrated Russian actress—with whom he was living happily. Lina was simply working to make herself worthy of the alliance. She would not ask Prince Alexander to marry "the most beautiful woman of Europe." He should espouse a grand opera star!

Three years passed in work and love

and hope. Did she not also display nervousness due to emotion over some lovers' misunderstanding? One would prefer to think so—for the judging of Prince Alexander!

The first night the Lisbon public made no sign. The second night it simply chased the whole company from the stage of the Theater Royal.

Alas for work, for hope, for love! Lovers' Final Parting.

There was riot in front of the curtain and panic and recriminations behind it, and in a row that would not have been out of place in a Latin quarter cafe Lina Cavallieri and Alexander Baratinski spoke their parting words.

We know no more than this. Was it one of love's hateful treasors? Was it desertion in the hour of need? The girl had worked and slaved to please him. The world would have liked to see him stand manfully by her in her hour of failure. That Lina has never accused him proves nothing. She may have been too proud—or she may have been in the wrong. And, note, that Baratinski never defended himself proves nothing. He may have been too chivalrous or he may have had no excuse.

Baratinski fled to his yacht. Simply that.

Cavallieri moved with dignity to the railway station. On her lonely trip from Lisbon to Paris by the Sud Express, accompanied only by a faithful maid, the company disbanded—who

ments, both for herself and others, of the born old maid.

She had fought with Lina to give up the music hall career. She had never ceased bombarding her with letters of exhortation. Later on she compromised.

Urged Sister Onward.

"If you will not give up the stage, be a real artist!" was her final appeal. When Lina had begun studying with Mme. Mariani-Masi she began to hope. And when at last Lina was to make her debut in grand opera at Lisbon she was waiting anxiously to learn the result.

When she learned the pitiful result Ada Cavallieri took a great decision. Quitting her place at Genoa she hurried to Paris.

She settled down beside her wounded and reckless sister. Did she try to comfort her? How could the born old maid comfort her? But it is certain that the frigid Ada wrestled with the fiery Lina seven days—and triumphed!

Groaning in spirit like the camel, Lina again renounced the easy life and money of the music halls. Again she took up the burden of grand opera. Love, with great shining eyes, no longer beckoned her. But on and on she bore the burden, with her sister always by her. How she finally succeeded is well known.

In 1901 she was singing the principal part of Mimi in Puccini's "Vie de Boheme" at no less an opera house



AFTER THE LISBON FAILURE THEY QUARRELED

knows what bitter thoughts may have been hers? Ah, witter that had all gone for nothing! Really, I know of no more pathetic figure than that of the disabused and lonely girl returning to Paris.

A few weeks later in Paris she allowed his Paris apartment to be sold out by the sheriff. The young folks never met again. Prince Alexander shortly afterward married the young Princess Yourlevski, morganatic daughter of the deceased Czar Alexander II, living with her mother in high Parisian society. And Lina Cavallieri remained "the most beautiful woman of Europe!"

Here the devoted sister intervened with force from her humble employment at Genoa.

Too Beautiful for Governess. On leaving the Roman convent school three years after her elder sister had quitted it, Ada Cavallieri (to give her the family name adopted and made famous by the other) had to face the same hard proposition that confronted Lina.

She was quite as beautiful as Lina. Indeed—as you shall learn, if you have not already heard it—the sisters look so much alike that photographs of one have been mistaken for the other. Also, she had a voice. Yet she never hesitated. She had been educated for a governess. It was correct and honorable to be a governess. And a governess she would be. Even after she had lost her first three places by a strange and unique fault she never wavered.

Surely, it was a unique fault. "This young girl is too beautiful to be a governess," wrote her first employer to the superiors of the school as she returned her. "Her conduct has been irreproachable. She is goodness itself, intelligent, patient and with a talent for teaching. Yet I will not keep her. Her presence cannot but prove a danger in a household."

At last a good and generous lady—beautiful enough herself not to be jealous of another's beauty—took the persecuted Signorina Ada as teacher for her two small children. I may not give her name; she was the wife of a foreign consul.

Ada Cavallieri had watched her brilliant sister's triumphs with uneasy wonderment that grew to terror. Old maids are born—not made. In spite of her dazzling beauty—the same beauty line for line that had made Lina famous—Ada had, from the beginning, all the frigid timidity, the chaste tranquillity and the hard judg-

than the San Carlo of Naples. Next she secured a brilliant engagement for an entire season at the Imperial theater of Warsaw—singing Violetta in "Travata," Marguerite in "Faust," Mimi in "Vie de Boheme"—and taking fine revenge on the cruel Lisbon public by an overwhelming triumph as Nedda.

Succeeding years confirmed this success, and artistic and social satisfactions of grand opera ceased to cost her anything financially. On the contrary, she had never done so well in the halls. At the Theater of Ravenna, at the Grand Theater of Palermo, at the Opera of St. Petersburg, and notably at the ultra-artistic Casino-Theater at Monte Carlo she has had repeated engagements. In Russia she is all the rage. Her own country of Italy has taken her to its heart.

And she has bought a mansion in the Avenue de Messine for her Paris residence!

During her present summer vacation she will furnish it herself—a work of peaceful satisfaction.

Beautiful Old Maid. It is a quiet street and rich—the Avenue de Messine. It is a short street of only 34 numbers, running from the statue of William Shakespeare in the little square of the Boulevard Haussmann to the delightful Parc Monceau, surrounded by its palaces. It is a street of the newly rich, perhaps; few great titled families live in it. But those who inhabit it are snug and at peace with the world. Well, among all, there will be none more snug than a most glorious old maid.

You know who it is. There can be but one such—"the most beautiful old maid in the world!"

Ada Cavallieri takes charge of Lina's Paris mansion. That she is so like her sister will not strike Parisians—because they will not see her. When she goes out she will dress in sad, plain clothes. And where she goes—to church for the most part—Parisians will not follow.

In her own way she is happy. Is it not strange. Here is beauty gone to waste, you will say. Well, judge for yourself. Some time ago the somber sister had a skittish moment. It incited her to prove her equal beauty. How she dressed in one of Lina's gowns and posed to one of the first Paris photographers as her famous sister is a tale that has been more than once told.

For a time the counterfeit presentments circulated in commerce, being practically undistinguishable from photographs of Lina Cavallieri. Nowadays they scarcely exist.

WIFEY'S LITTLE HINT.

Gentle Lesson, But the Probabilities Are It Cured Hubby of Staying Out Late.

It came about this way. The man, although a good fellow and well liked, managed to evade the women until he was steered against a widow, who won him hands down in three months. For a long time he was one of the model men of the city, and all the young married women held him up as a Ladies' Home Journal sample of manhood, but later he began staying out after ten o'clock and finally became so bold and hardened to feminine scoldings and pleadings that he had been known to barely get home in time for breakfast.

The other morning at three o'clock he turned the corner leading to his home and was surprised to see a light in the window. Thinking that his wife might be sick, or that something else equally as terrible might have happened, he quickened his step and burst into the door to find his wife sitting in the parlor dressed in black.

"What's the matter, dear?" he murmured, all out of breath.

"Oh, nothing," was the calm reply, "I'm just mourning for my late husband."

Allen S. Olmsted Wins in Court—The Foot-Ease Trade-Mark Sustained.

Buffalo, N. Y.—The Supreme Court has granted a permanent injunction with costs against Paul B. Hudson and others of New York City, restraining them from making or selling a foot powder which the court declares is an imitation and infringement on "Foot-Ease," now so largely advertised and sold over the country. The owner of the trade-mark "Foot-Ease," is Allen S. Olmsted, of Le Roy, N. Y., and the decision of this suit upholds his trademark and renders all parties liable who fraudulently attempt to profit by the extensive "Foot-Ease" advertising, in placing on the market the spurious and similar appearing preparation involved in the case. This the court declares was designed in imitation and infringement of the genuine "Foot-Ease" trademark rights. Each package of the genuine Allen's Foot-Ease has the facsimile signature of Allen S. Olmsted on its yellow label.

Safe Deposit.

Of Marshal Field III, an amusing story was recently told at Lakewood. The boy, according to the story, approached an old lady in a Lakewood hotel and said to her:

"Can you crack nuts?"

"No, my dear, I can't," the old lady replied. "I lost all my teeth years ago."

"Then," said the little boy, extending two hands full of walnuts, "please hold these while I go and get some more."—Denver Times.

Feel the Ground Slipping.

First Neighbor—The Snobs on the corner are losing their money.

Second Neighbor—How do you know?

First Neighbor—Why, because they have begun to bow to all the neighbors, and they never noticed anyone around here before.—Detroit Free Press.

Heading Him Off.

Brown—But why do you ask me to lend him a dollar as a personal favor to you? Are you under obligation to him?

Towne—No; but if you don't he'll come to me for it.

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Some men would be happy if they possessed the ability to do others as others do them.—Chicago Daily News.

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"For over a year," says Miss Charlotte Van Salisbury, of Castleton, N. Y., "I suffered from neuralgia and palpitation of the heart. My skin was pale and sallow and I was troubled with dizziness, fainting spells and fits of indigestion. I was very nervous and would start at the slightest sound. At times a great weakness would come over me and on one occasion my limbs gave way under me and I fell to the sidewalk."

"Of course I was treated by our local physicians and also consulted a noted doctor at Albany, but nothing they gave me seemed to benefit me. One day I read in a newspaper about Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and I immediately gave them a trial. I soon felt much better and my color had begun to return. I continued using the pills and by the time I had taken eight boxes I was entirely cured."

"My sister, Sarah Van Salisbury, suffered terribly from anemia. She was pale and thin and we feared that she would become a victim of consumption. She tried Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and in a short time she began to gain in strength and weight. She is now strong and well and we both heartily recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to all who are in ill health."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all druggists or sent, postpaid, on receipt of price, 50 cents per box, six boxes for \$2.50, by the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y. Descriptive pamphlets free on request.

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famous Ronacher's she had enormous vogue as a beauty and wearer of magnificent toilets. She warbled a few catchy ditties. And they were sufficient.

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