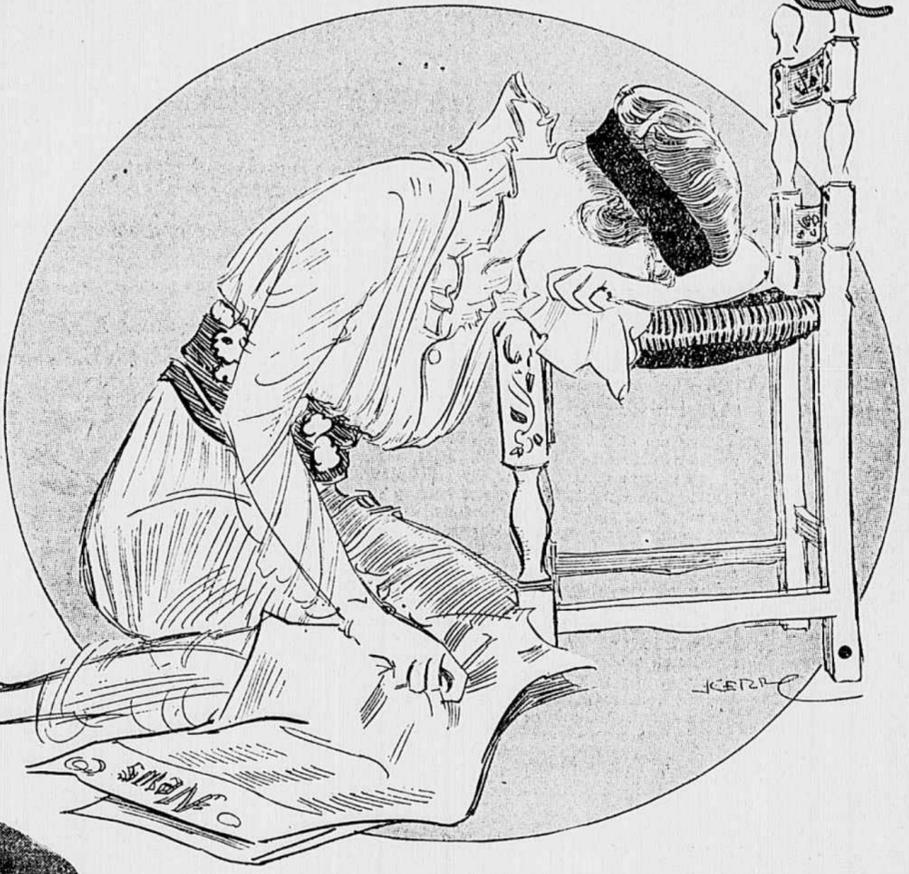


# Lucky Jilted Little Miss Strong

Congratulations,  
Not Sympathy, for the  
Fortunate Girl  
Whose Fickle Lover  
Elopes With  
Her False  
Friend, Says  
Clara Morris,  
Veteran Actres  
and Social  
Philosopher



"Sobbing out her grief and humiliation in the retirement of her home, when she ought to be thanking her stars for the escape."

quarter dollar, gipsy-like, for every one of such confidences I have received—"It is not for him I mourn. I see him as he is. It is for my ideal of him that I grieve." And it will be true. No woman wants to marry a weathervane. No girl would take for a husband a man unworthy of her trust, if she realized that he was unworthy. The trouble is all with the dazzle dust that nature casts into your eyes for her own purposes. It prevents our seeing a puny-bodied, puny-brained excuse for a man as others see him. We drape him in the royal purple of our ideals and adorn him with the gold of our fancy, and it is that bedecked creature we love. We love the product Frankenstein.

If someone older, wiser, pain-taught, is only about to tell her this eternal truth of women? Or, if there be none such, if only the truth comes quickly enough to save her wounds? It is a situation in which the bruised heart recoils from the heavy hand. I hope no one but myself, advice at this time. No one but myself.

Little, lucky, jilted girl, permit me, an invalid, secluded in my room of pain, to write you from the wave-washed shore of Long Island the truth. Picture not yourself as disconsolate, bereft, humiliated. Regard yourself as the luckiest girl alive.

What if you had discovered, too late, that you had married not a manly man but a vacillating quantity, one of whom it can truly be said that the only certain quality about him is his uncertainty? You are not to be pitied. Let me tell you who is. It is the wife you might have been, the consort of a man with a rolling eye and a heart to match, the spouse of a man who is made nervous by the rustle of any petticoat save your own, a married woman at whom half a dozen feather-brained girls would giggle in their elbow sleeves because your husband had made love to them at the last dance.

Go farther in this true picture. Desolation will follow upon the heels of neglect. In time you would find yourself alone. There is no such aloneness as that which remembers companionship.

True that is. Also is it true: "We remember the gradual patience That fell on that mound like snow, You recall the poet's plaint, something like this: "A sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things." Flake by flake healing and hiding The scar of a buried woe."

Dear little girl who was jilted, get down on your knees and thank the good God that you were flouted. For it is

better to be jilted by a less than man than to be wedded by him. The jilting is the end of your misery. The wedding would be the beginning.

No man who is capable of jilting a good girl is worthy a thought of hers. The only worthy thing he deserves is that she chant a Te Deum over her deliverance from him.

Instead of blocking the path of happiness for you he has cleared the way. He has shown you, involuntarily and selfishly though it be, the way to happiness. He has rid you of a burden of rubbish, himself. He has given you a better man.

There's a great deal of trash written and printed and spoken about the art of keeping a man. A man, who is a man, will keep himself. The girl who is neat, cheerful, wholesome, can keep her husband as she retains her friends, for life, if he is worth keeping. If not, pray let him go—the sooner the better. The lucky girls are those who make the prenuptial discovery of the worthlessness of the alleged man to whom they are pledged.

The time will come, and comparatively soon, if you are a girl of American spirit, when you will cease to grieve, when you will cease even to be ashamed, because you have been jilted. Rather will you find it a cause of the most intense self-congratulation all your life.

But let us suppose for a moment that this little ex-fiancee is not of the masterly type, but is rather of the broken lily order. Perhaps she loved her boy sweetheart very deeply, with a tender loyalty that suffers under treachery, but only dies by inches.

Let her be comforted by the knowledge that time is merciful to young sorrow, that the touch of his wrinkled fingers leaves healing, and then, too, we are never so unhappy as we think we are. But she will not believe that Youth is always so tragic.

Still it is congratulation for hers. Young, free, without blame, and all God's sunlit world before her. Let her not, because a false god came to her for a time, close and bar her heart against the coming of the true god. Surely she will not question the wisdom of her own Bible, which says: "Let us crown ourselves with rosebuds before they wither."

So let her throw the "mitten" into "the basket" and hang them both on the willow tree, but keep her harp and her rosebud crown for the honoring of the strong, true love, whose coming will bring forth sympathetic and hearty congratulations then, just as her happy escape is the cause of congratulations now.

## Why Man Can Live Anywhere

TWO studies recently made by European scientists illustrate the range in nutritive conditions to which the human being can adapt himself.

In one case an Eskimo on the Island of Disco in Western Greenland consumed in one day nearly four pounds of boiled meat corresponding to 85 grams of nitrogen and 218 grams of fat. This is said to be far below the record figure among these people who eat very large meals at irregular and somewhat infrequent intervals.

Indigestion and other nutritive disorders, however, are rare among them and their physical endurance and resistance to cold is very high. The way the above extraordinary meal was utilized by this Eskimo was found to be very satisfactory. The other study was of a man in Copenhagen who was able to maintain himself in excellent nutritive equilibrium

and muscular efficiency through long periods of months, not merely days, on a diet essentially composed of potatoes and margarin. Four pounds of potatoes were eaten daily, yielding 3.62 grams of digestible nitrogen which with the margarin amounted to 3,900 calories.

When hard work had to be performed this man ate eight pounds of potatoes with liberal additions of fat so that the entire energy content was brought up to 5,000 calories with 10 grams of digestible nitrogen. No dilatation of the stomach was found to result from these monster meals.

Such curiosities of the literature of nutrition simply show the great adaptability of the human organism which has enabled man to live in every region of the earth. It is needless to say that neither the maximum nor the minimum of any nutritive element is desirable. The normal individual lives in the safe medium.



Mr. Donald Shields Andrews, Who Married His Fiancee's Friend.



Mrs. Donald Shields Andrews, formerly Mrs. Hayne, formerly Princess Alma Vetsera, Who Wedded Her Fiance's Friend After a Week's Acquaintance. The Boy Is Her Six-year-old Son.

DONALD SHIELDS ANDREWS, twenty-two years old and senior of Yale, after a week's acquaintance, married a friend of his fiancee. So hasty was the wooing of this son of a millionaire operator in coal and steel, that he neglected the ceremony advised by a mentor of human affairs, "Be off with the old love before you on with the new."

Rendered forgetful by the manifold charms of the divorced Mrs. George Osborne Hayne, who was, originally, she says, the Princess Vetsera of Austria, the Yale senior forgot the usual courtesies granted even in grim business circles. He did not remember to permit his fiancee, Miss Elizabeth Strong, of Cleveland, to "resign" her nuptial contract with him.

On September 26, 1914, there appeared in a society newspaper published in Cleveland this item under the noted heading "Engagements":

"Mr. and Mrs. Harry Brightman Strong announce the engagement of their daughter, Elizabeth, to Mr. Donald Shields Andrews, son of Mr. and Mrs. Matthew Andrews."

On April 27, 1915, appeared in the New York newspapers announcement of the marriage of Donald Shields Andrews to Mrs. Alma V. Hayne, of Pleasantville, N. Y., and Manhattan, "who says she is a daughter of the late Crown Prince of Austria and the Baroness Vetsera."

The present Mrs. Andrews and she who might have borne that title were once friends. They had even resided under the same roof. Their friendship began in Camden, S. C., when both were guests at that winter resort. Miss Strong, who is of assured social position in the Ohio city, was chaperoned by a friend, who was one of the cottagers. They met the

former princess and admired her charm and vivacity.

Miss Strong wrote her fiance asking him to call upon her fascinating friend when he visited New York. He called at her studio on Central Park South. They dined together at the Plaza, next door. In a week they were married.

Hasty weddings of impulsive youths, sons of rich fathers, to enchantresses who are their seniors are not infrequent, nor

especially interesting. The interesting figure is the young Cleveland girl robbed of her fiance by her friend.

What Miss Clara Morris, the greatest emotional actress America has ever produced, and a keen analyst of emotions, thinks about little Miss Strong, sobbing out her grief and her humiliation in the retirement of her home, and her plight, Miss Morris has written for this newspaper.

And in that spirit may she bring forth her basket, make it brave in the tulip glory of reds and yellows, rich with ribbons, and then put it forth to receive cards of congratulations and good wishes.

Had she become a wife and leaned for needed support upon this frail reed, it would have broken and have pierced her heart. Then one would indeed offer pity; but to-day let it be congratulations.

Is it not something to rejoice at when an innocent, high hearted, clean minded girl, even by the unpleasant method of jilting, is saved from marriage with a man unstable as water, ready to snap at every fly cast by a female hand.

If she be a sturdy young woman—and thank Heaven most American girls are of that type—she will suffer in secret but hold her young head high in public. I suppose that she will go straight into a desperate flirtation with some one else to show she "doesn't care." That has ever been woman's way, one of the ways which men profess are to them past finding out. She will take care of the public appearances. Trust a high-spirited American girl for that. All may guess but none will know, unless she wishes, how much she is hurt.

And when she is alone with her heart, her pride, her ideals, all those qualities which go to the composition of a girl's self, what? She will agonize. Yes. For that is the nature of women in such crises. But she will tell you then and afterwards—would that I had received a

may throw the stately Austrian court into wild turmoil.

But here, it must be admitted, no one worries much. "Well, they are worthy of each other. Is the general summing up of the public, that would take but scant interest in the story were it not for its party of the third part, the victim of a double treachery, and formerly the fiancee of Mr. Andrews. For her, sympathy is at flood tide. Nearly every one feels that every spark of chivalry is so dead in him that its very ash is cold, for otherwise a little courtesy, a very little manly consideration for the welfare of the girl he had meant to make his wife would have left her the attitude of a partner in a broken engagement. But no, she was abandoned with a bold brutality that can

only be expressed in the sordid word, jilted.

"Oh, the pity of it—such a bitter experience right at the threshold of life?" "Poor little girl, I never have pitied any one in my life as I pity that child," are fair samples of the expressed sympathy and pity felt for the young Cleveland ex-fiancee.

Sympathy? Why, yes, of course; but pity? Are not our hearts ruling our heads? Are not our feelings a bit quicker than our thoughts just here? Should not this young girl be congratulated?

In Germany the equivalent of "getting the mitten" is getting or giving "the basket" (in the sense of waste, useless, undesired), and in country places a basket is sometimes fastened to a house as a

## By Clara Morris, the Famous Actress

WELL, once more father, mother, friends and detectives it has been amply proven that "He is a fool who thinks by force or skill to turn the current of a woman's will." Particularly when she is in full pursuit of a gilded quarry.

"One more unfortunate, rashly impetuous" youth has gone to the doom of marriage with a woman older than himself, and, persons non grata to parents and friends.

Worst of all, once more we have seen older woman, strong in experience, winning the younger woman's idea.

Dear, dear! We can only hope no complications may follow. Our perfect neutrality must be maintained, and yet, a bath robe marriage for the daughter of an imperial prince is certainly rash, and