

CAVALIERI-CHANLER



ALL the light that lay in Cleopatra's eyes Antony tossed away his share of the threefold world, and if the Greek historians are to be believed, Helen of Troy kept men fighting by hand and sea for ten long years. That these women were beautiful the world must believe. It has no better authority for the fact than that upon which it bases the tradition that Julius Caesar had red hair and that immortal Homer was blind.

But today, when beauty's secrets can be learned out of a book with almost the same precision as biscuit making, when newspapers publish the pictures of professional beauties in every corner of the globe and every country and every race has innumerable candidates for the prize, Lina Cavalieri, the café singer of a dozen years ago, the prima donna of today, can be called "the most beautiful woman in the world" with no voice raised against her title. The career of this extraordinary woman whose beauty has dazzled two continents and whose conquests have grown until she classifies them by nationalities, would have a place in mythology with Venus and Minerva had she lived in the heroic age. Poets would have sung her conquests and kings would have killed and died (but mostly vicariously) for her smile.

But Lina Cavalieri does not live in an heroic age. She lives in an extreme practical and businesslike one, and instead of having kings for her vassals, she has more wisely chosen millionaires. With three bound to her chariot wheels by the kind of shackles men will wear when pierced by love's poison-sweet dart she has held a continuous triumphal progress through Europe for ten years, and the world has become so used to the spectacle that not much notice is taken except when one of her slaves falls on the road and the chariot rolls over him, and he is left behind with the dust of it in his eyes and his broken ropes of flowers and tinsel dangling round his neck.

Such a one is the beautiful Lina's latest fancy, her husband of a few months, Robert Winthrop Chanler, member of an aristocratic and wealthy New York family, relative of the Astors and one time sheriff of Dutchess county.

A Flower Girl's Fate.
Natalia Cavalieri was born in Rome, the daughter of a janitor. Her teens overtook her bare kneed, selling flowers on the Piazza Colonna. Even then a wild uneducated Italian beauty looked out of her big black eyes through a tangle of raven hair—a picturesque daughter of her race and calling. Even then Lina had a voice, and it charmed many a traveler who stopped to buy a flower out of her basket without exactly having any present necessity for flowers. Lina had a little convent breeding and was not a bit afraid of the world, and she found it but a step from selling flowers on the Piazza to singing songs to the gay crowds that thronged the cafes. There were plenty of admirers there to tell her she had a voice, plenty more to tell her she was beautiful. It is a question, perhaps, to which the budding beauty gave the most ear, at any rate her triumphs both as a singer and a beauty have known no check from that hour.

From Rome Cavalieri drifted to Milan and Vienna, singing in the cafes, in music halls and in vaudeville theaters, and one morning Paris woke up to find her the reigning sensation at the Folies Bergere, where her singing and dancing opened a new world before her—a world which must have been a revelation to the flower girl of the Piazza Colonna, but of which she was not slow to take full advantage. She de la Paris gowns, jewels, carriages and a fine house became Cavalieri as naturally as her glossy black hair. The dressmakers quickly found their creations looked better on her supple figure than in their shop windows, and there is no better advertisement for a Paris dressmaker than to have his gowns adopted from the boxes whose enraptured audiences applaud a reigning favorite.

Her First Step to Power.
It was in Paris that Cavalieri made her first great conquest and one that had a far-reaching effect on her subsequent career. Prince Alexander Bariatinski, a younger son of a noble Russian house, fell a victim to her beauty and lent his rubles and his influence to push her fortunes with

the operatic managers. But for the prince perhaps Lina never would have risen higher than the Folies Bergere, for, after all, she was a better dancer than singer at that time, and a more successful beauty than either a singer or dancer. But upon the advice of the prince she quit the bright lights of the theaters and cafes and settled down to a few years of hard study, and when she again made her appearance before the public—in Lisbon this time—it was on the operatic stage and as a dangerous rival of all the then accepted song birds of Europe.

Voice culture was not all Cavalieri had learned in her retirement. The Russian prince had been teaching her lessons in love as well. Whether Lina really had learned them or whether she acted from an impulse of gratitude is not certain, but anyway she married the prince and they lived happily—almost a year.

Cavalieri, Professional Beauty.
From Lisbon the newly-acclaimed diva began a triumphant tour that led her to Rome, to Vienna, to St. Petersburg and to London. Everywhere she went new triumphs awaited her, new suitors pursued her and fresh streams of wealth poured in upon her. And Lina is thrifty. She melted Russian and English gold into good French houses and lands, depending upon her admirers to furnish the diamonds that are a necessary part of any stage beauty's equipment. And these were not lacking. Her jewels are valued at half a million dollars, and she has a change of diamond necklaces for every gown in her wardrobe.

Robert Winthrop Chanler had made one matrimonial venture when he met and fell in love with the beautiful Italian. In 1892 he married Miss



CAVALIERI AS THAIS

Julia Chamberlain of New York. Her sister, Miss Alice Chamberlain, became the wife of Lewis Stuyvesant Chanler, Robert's brother. Robert's married life was not happy and a divorce took place three years ago. Even less fortunate has been the experience, matrimonial and otherwise, of John Armstrong Chanler, another brother.

The Story of Another Chanler.
John Armstrong Chanler, or Chanler, as he chooses now to call himself, was a wealthy young New York lawyer with a Virginia estate in Albemarle county, when he met, in the late '80s, Amelia Rives. Their homes "Mary Mills" and "Castell-Hill" were contiguous and the meeting had come about through riding over the country roads. She was the daughter of a noted Virginia family. Her father was a rather celebrated engineer in the Civil war and his father had been three minister to France. From her earliest teens Miss Rives had been writing verse, short stories and a novel or two had come from her desk. But the world had given her little

more than passing attention until on morning there appeared a little red book bearing across its front cover the somewhat singular title, "The Quick or the Dead."

Society gasped. It was the original best seller. No one ever really knew how many copies of that startling book were sold, and the chief magnet of it all was the fact that it had been written by a girl of twenty-two years, reared in the somewhat straight atmosphere of an old Virginia house, and having, presumably, no first hand information on the fetid world of which her book told.

And the hero of the thing was Chanler. She even describes Jack Deering.

"There was the same curling, brown hair above the square, strong-modeled forehead, the determined jut of the nose, the pleasing unevenness in the crowded white teeth, the fine jaw, which had that curve from ear to tip, like the prow of a cutter."

Then the Marriage.
Then, only a few weeks after the publication of this sensational novel, came the announcement of the marriage of Chanler and Miss Rives. They went abroad and established a fund for sending chosen American art students to the European schools. Both were interested in painting, Miss Rives even having at one time painted the portrait of a nude woman with herself as model.

In 1895 Amelia Rives Chanler and John Armstrong Chanler came to a crossroads of life and set out on devious ways. There was nothing in any way notable about the parting save the personalities and their great repulse.

An Exile at Home.
And two years later began the romantic-tragic motif of John Armstrong Chanler's life. He was a devotee of the occult, studied closely the psychic, which has since come into trances, in which his face was said to assume a resemblance to the death mask of Napoleon, and believed himself able to write automatically while in such states of aberrance. Chanler had hunted brigands in Mexico, traveled about the world in quest of excitement, and what may be more to the point, had a fortune of one and a half millions. His family wasn't partial to his vagaries and had his sanity attacked. By means which Chanler has always since denounced as fraudulent the other brothers, one of the most active be-



ROBERT WINTHROP CHANLER



CAVALIERI IN HER DRAWING ROOM

ing Robert Chanler, had him sent to Bloomington asylum, where he spent four years. His sensational escape from this madhouse and the subsequent search for him in every part of the world are matters very generally remembered. Half a dozen times bodies were found and recognized as that of Chanler, the escaped monomaniac.

Answering all these things Chanler appeared in a Virginia court one day and had himself declared sane. The courts of South Carolina subsequently tried his case and approved the judgment of Virginia. Thus Chanler lives today on his Albemarle county estate, declared sane by two states and at liberty to go anywhere in the country save to New York, where his status still is that of an escaped lunatic and where his family waits to have him cast back into a madman's cell.

Not only have the courts of these states held him possessed of normality, but his neighbors consider him more than sane and he is a really popular man in his strange exile.

for he had to take care to burn just in the right place and not burn up the whole tree. Then the charred part had to be scraped off with a stone tool.

After this the tree trunk had to be burnt out and scraped with a stone tool. The Indian must have been very patient and hard working to make even this simple kind of a boat. When the red-skinned people saw the white man's large ships they thought they, too, were made of hollow tree trunks and they wondered where such large trees could grow.

Italy Departs.
Italy retains a special form of banishment introduced under the Roman emperors, known as coerced domicile. This punishment corresponds to the Roman deportation to an island, and like it consists in criminals being confined to an island for a definite time and enjoying within its limits personal freedom.

May Be All on the Outside.
A human being may be jammed full of German or geometry or biology, and yet be a barbarian.

BRIGHT STAR AMONG ATHLETICS



Pitcher Harry Krause.

In the coming series of games for the world's championship between the Chicago Cubs and the Philadelphia Athletics, Manager Connie Mack, of the latter team, is said to have a trick up his sleeve in the person of Pitcher Harry Krause that he is going to spring on the cubs. Young Krause, who is a left-hander, has not been

seen very often lately, it being whispered that Manager Mack is intentionally keeping him in the dark that the Chicago team could not have a chance to study his curves.

Krause has a batting average of .240, fields .933, and is said to be especially effective against hard-hitting teams.

CLAUDE ROSSMAN CAME BACK

Former Detroit and St. Louis Player Sensation of Year on Minneapolis Association Team.

Claude Rossman's comeback is the talk of baseball fans in every city of the American association. The large one hit ball with a painful regularity and played a much improved game in the outfield. He has the worst field in the league to play, as the sun is ever present in the Minneapolis right garden.

Recently at Columbus one of the club officials called Rossman aside and asked him why it was that he did not play better baseball in Columbus. The fellow who asked the question had always treated Rossman



Claude Rossman.

well, and Ross has always spoken well of this fellow. And Ross told him in short order.

"You always treated me absolutely white and I appreciated it." Ross is reported as having said. "But there were others. Some of the fellows I had to rub against were not to my liking nor I to theirs. We didn't get along any better than two cats with their tails tied together and thrown

POPULAR GERMAN ORDER

Of all the orders bestowed on women of nobility, none is more coveted than the Order of Louise. The only women in England who are privileged to wear this distinctive emblem are Queen Mary and the Duchess of Argyll. Three years ago the honor was conferred on them by Kaiser Wilhelm of Germany. The Order of Louise, which ranks as the most highly prized decoration that any gentle-

man can receive, was founded in 1814 in memory of the beautiful Queen Louise, mother of Emperor William I, and great-grandmother of the present kaiser. Her courage and self-sacrifice in the face of the heartless treatment she received from Napoleon and her early death, hastened by her heart-breaking experiences "in the time of her country's trouble, have earned for her the highest esteem of

her countrywomen and explains the reason why the order named in her memory is so widely craved.

Pandora's Prize.
Pandora was observed to be approaching with the mysterious box under her arm.

"What have you there?" asked her friend, curiously.

"Why, a Pandora's box," laughed Pandora. "It contains my new fall hat from Paris, and I am trying to get it past the customs inspectors."

TRAINING IN ANCIENT TIMES

Athletes Were Put Through Severe "Dose of Sprouts" and Trainers Led Very Careful Life.

Some interesting comparisons may be drawn between ancient and modern athletes. The athletes of ancient Greece, for example, if they should appear to view today, would not be taken for a football team.

The old-time man of muscle wore his hair cropped, a distinguishing feature in a land of long hair. Trainers for the games led a very careful life. They were under orders for a rigid diet, which became especially severe just before the contest.

Their bill of fare consisted of fresh cheese, dried figs and wheat porridge. A little later in the era meat was allowed, with a preference for beef and pork. Bread was not allowed with meat and sweets not at all.

At one time a strange custom of diet came into vogue. Every day at the conclusion of practise the athletes were obliged to consume enormous quantities of food, which was digested in a long-continued sleep. The amount was gradually increased until huge meals of meat were taken. This diet produced a corpulence which was of advantage in wrestling, but injurious for other sports.

Game in Record Time.
In the concluding game of the Southern league season, played at Atlanta, Mobile defeated Atlanta in nine full innings, playing the game in 32 minutes. This is believed to be the record for fast games.

EVERS' CAREER WAS CHANCE

Got Started When Regular Shortstop of Troy Team Failed to Report for Duty in Spring.

BY JOHN J. EVERS.
(Copyright, 1910, by Joseph B. Bowler.)
If the short stop of the Troy (N. Y.) team had reported for duty at the opening of one season the chances are I never would have been a professional ball player. I might have made a fair collar finisher, or sign painter. As a boy in vacations I worked in a collar factory and also learned to let ter signs. They say I was good at it, but possibly I would have been better if I had not liked to play ball so well. I played noons and evenings from the time I was ten years old, and never lost a chance. The first success I had was when I was made captain and pitcher of the Sheer Ups.

I never had any idea of playing ball professionally, because I did not like the idea of leaving home, and my family did not like it a bit better. Still, I had quite a local reputation in Troy, in spite of which I never thought I was good enough to play on a real professional team. In summer I watched the state league teams play and used to say to myself: "I could do better than that myself," but of course I did not dare to say that out loud.

The spring I was eighteen years old Troy signed a shortstop from Pitts-



John J. Evers.

burg, and he failed to report. Four days before the season opened I took a half holiday from the collar factory and went to see an exhibition game. The Troy team had no shortstop and the manager climbed into the stand and asked me to fill in. He put the right fielder at short and sent me to right. I was scared stiff, but as soon as the game started I forgot to be frightened. I must have looked fair, for the next day he put me at short, and I accepted 11 chances without an error.

When that shortstop finally came on a week later he didn't have a job. I was green, but learned quickly and picked up the game rapidly. In September the Chicago club bought me—so I jumped from an amateur team into a world's championship club in five months.

AROUND THE BASES

Jack Lapp is regarded as a coming catcher, and he will undoubtedly get a chance to work some of the games in the world's series.

Leo McGraw, the Memphis catcher that was secured by the Chicago American league club in the draft recently is a distant relative of Muggsy of the Giants. He lives in Cleveland and played in Salem and Youngstown, O., before going to the Southern league.

Manager McAleer of the Senators says he will have about forty players with him on next spring's training trip. Manager Jim is determined to land Washington higher up in the race next year than he has this year, judging from the campaign he is mapping out.

President Stanley Robison of the Cardinals was a bitter opponent of the proposed all-star post-season tour killed the other day by the national commission. When Catcher Bliss, one of the valuable members of last year's St. Louis team, got his leg broken in that California tour last fall Robison lost his enthusiasm for post-season sessions.

John Heydler, secretary of the National league, will have several new tables of averages this fall. He will show the number of times each player has struck out, the number of times each man walked and the number of times each man was hit by a pitched ball. He will have two sets of averages for the pitchers also, to show how many games each pitcher has won and lost.

President Herrmann of the Reds says he does not know yet whether he will let the contract for building the new grand stand this fall or next, but when he gets thinking over the possibility of the Reds winning the pennant next year, and needing the room for the work's series, he will decide to put up the new plant this fall. The seating capacity of the new Red home will be 23,000.

ACT PROMPTLY.

Kidney troubles are too dangerous to neglect. Little disorders grow serious and the sufferer is soon in the grasp of diabetes, dropsy or fatal Bright's disease.

Doan's Kidney Pills cure all distressing kidney ills. They make sick kidneys well, weak kidneys strong.

John L. Perry, Columbus, Tex., says: "I grew worse and worse until it seemed but a question of a few hours before I passed away. My wife was told I would not see another day. I rallied somewhat and at once began taking Doan's Kidney Pills. I steadily improved until today I am in good health."

Remember the name—Doan's. For sale by all dealers. 50 cents a box.

Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

FAIRLY WARNED.



The Slugger—An' see here, you don't want to be goin' around braggin' dat it was me wot soaked you, see!

Points to Good Future.
Seven poor children, four girls and three boys, all about ten years old, went to a nearby seashore resort, in charge of two women, for a day's outing. The funds for the picnic were provided by two boys who sell papers and who live in one of the two houses from which the excursion party was recruited. One of the women in charge of the children said that the boys had arranged the outing "of their own accord, and the remarkable thing is this: They are not good boys by any means and one of them is probably the naughtiest boy in the neighborhood. But we think that when boys do little things like this they will come out all right."—New York Tribune.

Why He Wouldn't Hurry.
They were riding to church and were late. Several of the party were worried and one remarked: "The audience will be waiting." "Well," observed the old pastor (who was to preach that forenoon), "don't let's fret over it if we are a little late. It reminds me of the man who was being taken to execution. His guards were greatly exercised over the fact that they could not possibly get there on time. 'Never mind,' said the poor fellow, philosophically, 'Don't fuss over it. The people can wait. There'll be nothing doing till I get there.'"
—Christian Herald.

Good Advice, but—
A traveler entered a railway carriage at a wayside station. The sole occupants of the compartment consisted of an old lady and her son, about twelve years old. Nothing of note occurred until the train steamed into the station at which tickets were collected. The woman, not having a ticket for the boy, requested him to "corrie doon."

The traveler intervened and suggested putting him under the seat.

"Man," said the excited woman, "it's as shair as death; but there's twa under the seat a'ready!"

A Question.
Vera (eight years old)—What does transatlantic mean, mother?
Mother—Across the Atlantic, of course; but you mustn't bother me.
Vera—Does "trans" always mean across?
Mother—I suppose it does. Now, if you don't stop bothering me with your questions I shall send you right to bed.
Vera (after a few minutes' silence)—Then does transparent mean a cross parent?—Ideas.

A Contradiction.
"Queer, wasn't it, that water in the place you went to made the folks there sick?"
"Why was it queer?"
"Because it was well water."

"The Smack"
of the
"Snack"

Post Toasties

and Cream

A wholesome, ready-cooked food which youngsters, and older folks thoroughly enjoy.

Let them have all they want. It is rich in nourishment and has a winning flavour—

"The Memory Lingers"

POSTUM CEREAL CO. LTD.,
Battle Creek, Mich.

HOW THE INDIAN TRAVELED

Portable Canoes of Birch Bark, in Which He Successfully Hunted and Fished.

The red men had none of the modern ways of going from place to place. If the early white settlers could have gone into the forest in motor cars one can imagine how frightened the painted chiefs would have been. They would have fled from the vehicles, for the Indians would have fancied that had spirits were after them. The Indians either walked on their journeys or went from place to place in canoes or dugouts, an exchange.

Little Hiwaska made his canoe of birch bark and served the seams together with roots of the larch tree. Then he covered his boat with painted pictures and porcupine quills. Of course, the framework of cedar made the boat steady, but being made of light birch bark the Indian boy said that his boat floated like a water lily.

The Indians know better than to