

## The Broad Minded Romance of the Famous Panama-Pacific Girl.

A Charming Camera Study of Miss Aubrey Munson, the "Panama-Pacific Girl."



PHOTO BY E. C. BENNETT

**The Marquis Dinelli, Who Is Going to Marry the Most Popular Model in America, Explains Why No Husband Ought to Object to His Wife Being Sculptured, Painted and Photographed All Over the World.**



Details of Sculpture at the Panama-Pacific Exposition for Which Miss Munson Posed



Mrs. Robert Briggs, a Former Model, Whose Husband Brought Suit for Separation Against Her Because He Saw An Art Study of Her in a Shop Window.

AUDREY MUNSON is going to be married. She is the girl who posed for Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney's angels, and for Furio Piccirilli's Autumn and Winter, and whose face appears above the Little Theatre and on the walls of the Astor Hotel in New York; whose head is seen on all the medals, and whose figure is reproduced in most of the statuary of the Panama-Pacific Exposition in all kinds of dress and undress. Yes, that's the girl. Of course everyone who has a scrap of sentiment left in her or him will want to know all about it.

The bridegroom? Yes, he is more or less important. It has been noted that although kept considerably in the background and generally overlooked and ignored, you can't have a wedding without one. He is in this case Giuseppe Dinelli. The Marquis Giuseppe Dinelli, if you please. His father is a Chevalier. The family is an old and noble one, of a name revered in Italy.

But the Marquis Dinelli was not of the languid blood that would permit him to remain in Italy and on the old estates and beneath the blue skies and amid the blue lakes of his native country, dreaming of the greatness of his ancestors. No, the blood of the Dinellis is rather that of a Columbus than of one of the indolent Doges of Venice. He came to the country discovered by his countryman.

Because he played so well the piano and the violin he opened a studio in New York. First for his own amusement, afterwards because those who admired the feathery touches of his fingers upon the piano and the human tones he drew from the violin asked him for lessons on those instruments.

Where did they meet? A vital part of every romance is that meeting. Every one wants to know how and when Cupid maneuvered the first glance of the eye and first throb of the heart that told them love had come. What is romantic is of soul romantic, but it may possess a prosaic semblance. The meeting of the Marquis Dinelli and of Audrey Munson, the most reproduced girl in the world, occurred outside a millinery shop.

Cupid had it that both were moved at the same instant to stop before a show window in which reposed a hat butterfly-like in its lightness. Both looked at the racy creation. Both admired the pose of the crisp blue ribbon bow on the crown of the hat, as though a bird had alighted upon a drift of snow. From the hat they glanced at each other.

Fame brushes away stupid conventions, especially if that fame has been won in upper Bohemia. The Marquis's hat came off in a sweeping bow.

parent. Mrs. Munson promised to chaperon the picture making. Also the singing lessons which the master offered to give her daughter.

"For you are young and poor. I shall be glad to give you the lessons for nothing," said the Marquis.

When the Marquis Dinelli gave one of his charming recitals, both artistic and smart, at Carnegie Hall, the famous model and her mother occupied a box. It was the occasion for the announcement of their engagement.

Some of Dinelli's pupils, girls in the most exclusive society, pouted. But plique soon melted away in curiosity about the Panama-Pacific Girl. Her childlike charm did the rest.

A few there were who predicted that this art-made marriage would be brief and stormy.

"But why?" asked the optimists, looking from the dark, distinguished looking man to the tall, statuesque girl beside him.

"Have you ever heard of jealousy?" Miss Munson's art requires her to pose undraped. She will pose all summer on the New York roof in clothing so slight that she will be in no way inconvenienced by the heat. And the Marquis gazing through his lorgnon at her classic lines. Won't he, like the heathen, rage? You bet he will.

The prophet of evil lost his wager. At least for the present. He forgot, this prophet of evil, that the Marquis Dinelli is himself an artist, believing in art for art's sake. Being a worshipper at the shrine of art he is convinced that love must not approach that shrine nor interrupt the worship.

Totally unlike, and thoroughly impatient with, Robert Briggs is Audrey Munson's betrothed. Robert Briggs became so incensed at seeing a photograph of his wife as "Innocence" in an art dealer's window, that he brought a suit for separation from her.

"Ridiculous man," exclaimed the Mar-

The Beautiful Audrey Munson, Soon to be the Marquise Dinelli, in an Exquisite Grecian Pose.

quis. "He loved and married a model and yet could not forgive her for this picture of 'Innocence.'" He permitted a mere art study to sit as a spectre at his wedding feast. The man is narrow. He is a Philistine. It is of the same material, what do you say, piece, as the opposition of a few ignorant persons to the exhibition of that beautiful study in nature and human nature, the 'September Morn.'

"I haven't the slightest objection to the posing by my beloved for the noble statuary that beautifies the avenues of the Panama-Pacific Exposition. I am proud of it. Nor do I protest against her reproducing in plastic poses those statues on the roof of the New York Theatre. It is the mission of beauty to illuminate the world.

"Gone are those Puritans who thought it immodest to disclose the exquisite lines of a woman's throat and shoulder. Evil criticism died, a noxious germ, in the sunlight of beauty. Occasionally there is still a Puritan outburst against living pictures. But its voice is growing feebler. The feebleness is that of the dying. Once there was a storm of protest that swept the Watts painting, 'Love

and Life,' out of the White House. But it was replaced. Hypocritical walls bashed the beautiful Bacchante from Boston. But she returned. While a few fat voices are still lifted against plastic poses the chorus is growing weaker. I say to my fiancée 'do not be disturbed by this senseless clamor. I who love you better than my life, am not.'

"Life is ugly in spots. It presents sharp, uncompromising, revolting edges. Woman's beauty softens those edges and veils that ugliness. There cannot be too much of it. It cannot, within the limits of aesthetic taste, be too candid.

"From having seen Miss Munson as Winter, as Autumn, as one of the angels of Mrs. Whitney's group, a man will go back into the fray of life ennobled. His starving soul will have been fed by great beauty. It will have been as though the heavens had opened to him.

"The Thaw family was angered when a butcher reproduced on a calendar the exquisite study of Evelyn Nesbit reclining on a bear rug. It was a very beautiful picture. Beauty is its own excuse.

"A has philistinism, evil minded ignorance; I bid you farewell."



The Marquis Dinelli, Who Has Won the Heart of Miss Munson.

From which it appears that the Panama-Pacific Girl will be able to pursue her posing uninterrupted by her wedding, which will probably take place in the autumn. Instead of those poses degrading the title of the Marchioness of Dinelli, both she and the Marquis believe they will elevate it. All for art and art for all will be their motto.

### Why a Cold Comes Before a Sneeze—By Dr. Leonard Keene Hirschberg, A.B., M.A., M.D. Professor of John Hopkins University.

UNTIL new discoveries just made by Dr. Horace Greely, of New York, and other investigators, were announced, ingenious medical men with more unanimity than investigation, were in the habit of telling you that the greatest peculiarity about "colds" was that they have nothing whatsoever to do with cold itself. The unity with which the sheep-like medicine held to this fallacy was always supported by the reports of Stefenon, Peary and other Arctic explorers, who make much of their physicians' observations, to wit, that while they and their men were in the below zero weather of the Arctic and Antarctic, such a thing as "colds" were unknown.

True enough, "colds" are due to bacteria, those tiny microscopic plants which grow and thrive like plants and moulds, upon living flesh and blood. It is also true to say that "colds" are infectious and contagious. They spread from pill-

lar to post, from person to person by contact, through the moisture globules in the air, by way of the unseen spray of the saliva minutely atomized and expelled in conversation, in singing, in shouting, in whistling and most widely by bespattering even distant persons by sneezing and coughing.

Handkerchiefs, napkins, car-steps, common restaurant utensils, laundries, theatre and moving picture crowds, dusty, dingy churches and all business and market places cause a few germs of "colds" to become a veritable Sahara of multiplying microbes. Just as your mouth and nose contain always the bacteria that cause pneumonia and blood poisoning, tonsillitis and boils, so the germs that originate "colds" are always there.

When you emit a sneeze, what has happened? Commonly a "cold" is ushered in with a sneeze. Is the sneeze antecedent to the "cold," simultaneous with it, or subsequent to it? The discovery has just been made for the first time that

a sneeze is a secret flash of freemasonry to all the other lodge members of your anatomy that one lone bacterial invader has succeeded in getting a foothold into the depths of the lining membranes either at the eyelids or the nose.

It has never been known before that irritation of the eyelids causes "colds." Such, nevertheless, seems to be the truth. This is how the whole matter was tested. Germs that were normal inhabitants of the human eye and nose were grown upon tubes of sterilized gelatin and blood. They were then placed upon a little platinum instrument and scratched into the eye membrane or the nose membrane. Within a few minutes afterwards a sneeze appeared. The appearance of a sneeze means that there has previously occurred an entrance of something deep into the tissues. Repeated sneezes mean that the microbes have taken a foothold so firmly that the growth of the bacteria is making inroads on the tissues.

In other words the eternal human

scourge called "colds" is inaugurated some instants before the sneezes or coughs begin. "Colds" are really a series of spots and colonies of germs, which spread, because of abnormal acidity of tissues, from the eyes and nose into the nostrils, throat, wind tubes and even lungs. Curious to tell, however, "colds" are actually caused by cold or lowering of temperature. This is an absolute truth despite Peary, Stefenon and other Arctic explorers. The reason that "colds" are not contracted in below zero weather has just been experimentally found out. It is due to the fact that the acidity of both the tissues of the nose, eyes and throat, as well as the microbes themselves, are made neutral by cold. They simply cannot expand, grow or multiply. Yet "cold" is necessary to "catch cold." This degree of "cold" necessary to start a "cold" differs at different times, under different circumstances and for different people. Moreover, it is never a "draught."