

A German-American Actress's

How a Beautiful New York Artists' Model Has Won Nervous London's Approval By Recognizing That While It May Be a

Huge Joke on the British Public

Long, Long Way to Tipperary, It Is Not Very Far From German Longfelder to American Longfellow



Miss "Longfellow" Displaying, When a Photographer's Model, a New Kind of Coiffure.

"My word!" said Malvina. It wasn't. She had picked it up in London. She had been sedulously cultivating it, along with other British idioms and idiosyncrasies, ever since Fern Rogers (whose apology to the English was printed in this newspaper a few weeks ago) was banished from the British stage and driven home to America for saying nice things about the Germans. But unto Malvina, struck with sudden inspiration in the Post's Corner of Westminster Abbey, standing there before the bust of Longfellow, her exquisitely accented loveliness in classic keeping with the place, though in awful contrast to her dishevelment of mind—unto Malvina, dizzy with salvation as a street convert, even a German expletive would not have sufficed. "My word," murmured Malvina, "it may be a long, long way to Tipperary—but it's a short, short way from Longfelder to Longfellow." Just like that she thought it—quick as lightning. For, if you were in the fix that Malvina had been in ever since she arrived in London; if you had spent six weeks under the seeming suspicion of the whole British Empire; if you had awakened thankful mornings that you had not been arrested as a spy during the night, and then if you had fled for solace and sanctuary to the Abbey and come face to face with inspiration and a bust of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, you would appreciate Malvina's past woes and her present grim determinations.

Because Malvina is Malvina Longfelder, the very famous and beautiful New York model. There is only one of her, and half of her is German.

To keep even that many alive and out of peril had seemed to her a problem until to-day.

She who had been declared by famous artists the embodiment of all perfections; she who had charmed half America before the cordial footlights of home; she who had grown tired of being acclaimed "the most beautiful woman in America"; she, the original and only Malvina, found herself being ill-treated for the first time in her life.

She had noticed it first going over on the English boat. Even the camaraderie of the sea was under war-strain. The English people on board were already in process of solidification into the bomb-proof shelter known as the "British Public." It would be necessary to snub a lot of their dearest friends, and they might as well begin practicing on strangers. When they heard the last two syllables of Malvina Longfelder's German-American last name, they were not only bomb-proof; they were the Rock of Gibraltar.

Under any other circumstances Malvina would have sung psalms and danced legs of rejoicing (in the discreet retirement of her stateroom) for sheer relief from homage. But to have one's personality obliterated by a syllable was rather a bore. Malvina very naturally did the worst thing possible. She refused all attentions, went into a retirement that would have done credit to Albinus itself and wasted her fragrance on the desert air.

When Malvina arrived in London she was used to it. The patriotic scrutiny of the hotel clerk in her own pet little hotel in Kensington as he noted the burdensome patronym did not even make her wince. It was not until she met English friends among strangers, noted the tinge of embarrassment when her name was mentioned in introduction, and saw "God Save the King" written on every countenance, that she realized how mentally embattled London village was and how tight a "tight littleisle" could be.

After that anything was possible. Malvina's frivole imagination peopled the streets with pursuing government agents and filled the fog with phantasms of doom. She was in this state of mind when the kindly company at the Drury Lane Theatre heard poor little Fern Rogers say that she liked Germans, signed a round robin and made Arthur Collins dismiss her for the protection of the Houses of Parliament.

It was this news, which she read in the papers, coupled with the incidents of a particularly embarrassing week that had driven Malvina to talk to the benevolent bust of Longfellow in the Abbey.

But Malvina was no swaying Fern to be blown into exile—and even into apologies by the winds of hostility. Malvina had come to the fame-hallowed spot to plan a campaign, and when she said "My word!" she had already half her forces in the field. She had, as has been said, suddenly realized that it was not a long, long way from Longfelder to Longfellow.

"Ah—I beg your pardon—but I see that you are an admirer of our greatest bard—perhaps yourself an American," said a softly cadenced voice behind her.

Malvina turned the Doric pillar of her throat to let her celebrated eyes fall upon a neat little gray woman who was bestowing upon her the first smile she had met in London.

"Yes," said Malvina. "Oh, isn't that nice? We are from Boston. My son"—she indicated a youngster in consorting clothes who had lingered dejectedly behind her—"is studying for the ministry. I bring him here to instill into his mind a reverence for the twin immortals—fame and the soul. Whittier, come here; I want you to look with patriotic pride upon the features of a native bard—the only American poet ever honored at this shrine—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow."

"Longfellow your grandfather," ejaculated the youth. "Know all about him; hated his face ever since I owned a third reader. Household poet—New England group, visited upon helpless American school-children in place of real literature. Never had an idea except that it's good to be good and it's bad to be bad. Longfellow your grandfather!"

Malvina gazed upon the young man with mingled apprehension and gratitude. His words had crystallized her thoughts. She had crossed the Valley of Decision.

"No, he was my granduncle," she breathed reverently.

"Oh, my child! Whittier, what have you done?"

"Apologies," said Whittier. "Abject apologies. Mean every word of it, but take it all back like a gentleman. Come along, mother."

Gayly from the congluing clutches of the little gray woman escaped Malvina—Longfellow. The die was cast, the gauntlet thrown. Now to take the aggressive against her enemies! Now for action!

Strategy wise No. 1—Move to another hotel.

No. 2—Buy a copy of Longfellow's poems.

No. 3—Summon the trusted American friends and whisper for the first time in eons to ears that could be tickled by a joke.

Dismissing her secret agents, Malvina sat down to read the pages of her new relative. She would need several sweet little things to quote, or perhaps even to recite. She examined the index. Here was a harmless one entitled "Flowers."

Malvina whisked over the pages:

"Spake full well in language quaint and olden,

One who dwelleth by the castled Rhine!"

"Whew!" gasped Malvina, and turned to

"The Wreck of the Hesperus."

There appeared in the Bond street



Miss Malvina "Longfellow" Showing Off the Beauties of a New Bathing Suit Before She Became a Footlight Star in London.



While at the Right Is the Same Charming Lady Displaying Lingerie for a Fashion Photograph.



PHOTO BY ARNOLD GENTHE, N.Y.

An Art Photograph of Miss Longfelder—"Longfellow"—Who Has Played Such a Joke on England.

shops, in the theatres and in the smart gatherings where society and the arts blend as they do so becomingly in London, a superb brunette, whose entrance upon any scene caused the question: "Who is she?" and the answer: "A grand niece of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, I believe."

Nothing could have ensconced her more securely in the approval of London society. Longfellow has always been the most honored American poet in England—probably because he is so respectable. Malvina, who for long had borne a name that locked the doors where she expected welcome, now found herself bearing one which was an "open sesame" to the treasures of social triumph.

And maybe Malvina didn't make the most of it!

Of course, everyone was seeing how much she looked like Uncle Henry and wised-up young society blades were sure she had poetry in her soul. The citizens fell so easily before her arms that Malvina became bold. Even her most daring fellow-conspirators sat in agony that afternoon when she recited:

"Tell me not in mournful numbers:

"Life is but an empty dream;

For the soul is dead that slumbers,

And things are not what they seem."

But nothing happened except tea. Malvina passed on to new and greater conquests, and, like Evangelina, "when she had passed it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite music."

She erected her triumphal arch over the scene of the subjugation of Lady Tevy. Everyone was talking about Malvina by now. You can't let a girl with looks and talents and rhythmic ancestry such as hers go unnoticed for more than the fifth part of a moment. Even in London they couldn't. So when it came about that Lady Tevy was planning a brilliant benefit for the British soldiers—a dramatic entertainment to which the Duchesses and dignitaries of the realm were invited, and

when some one whispered to Lady Tevy that Malvina had sometimes been persuaded to appear in amateur performances in New York, the stately gentlewoman first nibbled and then bit.

Malvina "finally consented." She was distracting, dazzling, radiant in her triumph. The benefit was an immense success and made a lot of money for the soldiers. Pictures of Malvina, who had the leading (and misleading) role, appeared in all the prints; her "property" family tree was verbally "shinned up" by important critics.

"The grandniece of the great American poet, Longfellow," said the London illustrated weeklies, printing copiously full-page photographs of the former Miss Longfelder.

"Pro-Belgian, not Pro-German," ran a full-page headline in the ultra-patriotic London Sketch. Underneath the charming photograph of Malvina the Sketch solemnly congratulated the English public on at last getting an American actress of impeccable American family who had no German sympathies or conventions whatever!

Malvina had arrived! Fern Rogers was avenged!

Malvina Longfelder, conqueror of Britain, as the daughter of a New York mechanic of German birth who never forgot his old home on the Rhine! So arresting is her beauty that Charles Dana Gibson, passing her upon the Avenue, stopped, begged pardon, introduced himself in crisp fashion and asked her to pose for him. Malvina did—also afterwards for Fisher, Christy, Phillips and Hunt. She is the only woman who ever posed for a head of the Saviour—a remarkable conception in one of the New York studios. She has appeared in this country in "The Rose of the Rancho," "The Great John Ganton," "The Watcher" and "The Whirlwind."

If the Britons wake up and can't see that the joke is on them, Malvina will probably soon appear in this country again.

"Magic Numbers" That Tell the Truth

By Prof. Sothnos Letillier.

The Well-Known French Astrologer.

ANY times we are uncertain whether or not a certain person has told us the truth, and we have no assured means of finding out. One method is to employ the ancient science of numbers, which, though not infallible, will often prove of striking value

A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H
10	2	20	4	14	6	16	7
I(J)	K	L	M	N	O	P	Q
20	11	1	12	4	14	6	16
R	S	T	U(V)	W	X	Y	Z
18	18	10	2	2	4	14	13

and correctness. In order to work out this method draw up the following table on a piece of paper, copying the various letters and figures correctly:

Now write the name of the person suspected of telling you a questionable truth and treat the name, in the light of this table of figures, as follows: Take the letters (and figures belonging to them) which compose his name, and also the name of the day of the week on which the charm is tried. Add 25 to this result, obtained by adding together the numbers corresponding to the letters composing the name, plus the number of the day of the week (counting Sunday 1, Monday 2, and so on). Now divide this total by 2. If the result be uneven, you may feel reasonably sure that an untruth has been told you; if, on the contrary, the result is even, you have probably listened to the truth.