

"Never Mind A Royal Crown—I Want Love!"

How Princess Yolanda Defied All Her Proud Family's Traditions by Giving Her Heart to Dashing Cavalry Officer Instead of Some King's Son



Count Calvi di Bergolo

Lovely Princess Yolanda of Italy who might easily have been a queen of any one of several European countries, is to be married in April to the man of her choice, Count Calvi di Bergolo, a cavalry captain. For while Rome's diplomatic match-makers were busy arranging her future, the princess was quietly making her own plans.

"Never mind a royal crown. I want love!" the handsome Italian girl cried when the eyes of the world were focused on her as the probable bride of the prince of Wales, the duke of Brabant, the crown prince of Greece, Prince Leopold of the Belgians, or some other royal son who will some day be king.

Now that Yolanda has announced her preference for being queen only of the modest villa of the cavalry captain, Count di Bergolo, every one seems to be happy except the Dowager Queen Margherita, who thinks it a sad mistake to miss this opportunity of linking Italy's royal family with some other royal house. The old dowager queen blames the strong-minded granddaughter's democratic ideas on the Montenegrin blood brought into the family by the girl's mother, who was the beautiful Princess Helen of Montenegro. But the other members of the royal family and the Italian people in general are quite delighted with the stout-hearted independence Yolanda has shown.

Queen Milena of Montenegro, Yolanda's maternal grandmother, thoroughly approves her choice of love. When she heard of it she hastened to telegraph her as follows:

"You could have been a queen, but preferred to live in love. Life without love is a lie. Be inspired by the affection and virtues of your parents. Safe, you will proceed along the path of happiness. My prayers and my fervent hopes accompany you."

The dowager queen's disapproval gives the key to how much courage it took for Yolanda to defy tradition and marry the man with whom she had fallen in love. The event of Princess Mary's marriage to a commoner was by no means unprecedented in the history of the royal house of England, but until now no one of the house of Savoy has ever ventured to take a husband or a wife outside the charmed circle of royalty.

Although she knows her own mind, the princess is known everywhere for her sweetness and charm. She has been described as a princess who likes the simple life better than the glittering pomp of royal palaces.

"How I wish I could always live in the country," she is said to have confided to a friend, "and cook and sew and maybe some day have a little home of my own!"

The princess' wish has been granted. A pretty villa has already been bought for her and her future husband near Piperolo, where Yolanda may soon keep house to her heart's content and go riding through the beloved countryside which she never wished to leave.

Yolanda, unlike most Italian girls, is very fond of sports. She likes horses, is an excellent judge of them and rides to the hounds with perfection. Her equestrian accomplishments and love of horses



The count performing one of the daring feats of horsemanship that first stirred Yolanda's for him.



The princess and one of her favorite dogs.

formed a natural link between her and her lover, the count being a member of one of Italy's finest cavalry regiments.

The princess first met her fiancé, a very handsome man, tall, thin and much darker than Yolanda, at the cavalry school at Tor di Quinto, Rome, where the captain was serving as instructor. The Tor di Quinto school is the most famous of its kind in the world. Hardly a man leaves it but has had several bones broken in learning how to ride according to the daring Italian cavalry traditions. It is not hard to see how the little princess, thrown into constant contact with the captain in her daily riding lessons, learned first to admire his skill and then to love him.

But it was not until the princess slipped off to England to see her hero win fresh laurels as a horseman at the International Horse Show at the Olympia, in London, going incognito, just like the princesses in the novels, that she made up her mind that this man, and this man only, would she have. Under the name of "Countess Margherita de Pollenzo," the princess, attended by a lady in waiting and an officer of the Italian royal household, watched the performance of the famous Italian army riders, among whom was Count di Bergolo.

As the princess, unknown to the spectators, a very pretty girl, in a

becoming English sport costume of the kind she likes best to wear, stood watching the finest of her country's horsemen riding past, she was making up her mind just like an independent little American girl of 22, whether this was the man she wanted to marry.

When the competitions were over di Bergolo, on his prancing steed, rode past the place where she sat—the winner of several prizes and, although he didn't yet know it, the heart of the most-sought-after little princess in Europe.

Her eyes were shining, her cheeks flushed. Her mind was made up. He was the handsomest young man in the world, she thought—handsomer than any prince of the fairy tales—and, oh, what a wonderful horseman!

Even though she was recognized by a number of persons at the horse show by her faultless complexion and the beautiful dark eyes and hair which she inherits from her mother, no one realized that her romance was about to burst into flower. Some even thought her appearance in England was definite proof of her coming engagement to the prince of Wales. Why a trip to England if the royal parents were not about to arrange a wedding?

When it was suggested that the prince of Wales would make a highly desirable husband for her, Yolanda's reply is said to have been

Princess Yolanda, eldest daughter of the king and queen of Italy and the first member of the house of Savoy to marry outside charmed circle of royalty.

"How could I possibly establish myself in London? I would not know how to live without the sun of Italy." In the case of the duke of Brabant she said: "I am Italian and wish to marry an Italian." And now the lucky little princess is to have both her wishes.

When the final formal announcement was made of the engagement of Princess Yolanda and Count di Bergolo the gossips of the Eternal City were taken entirely by surprise. Little was known of the count, save that he was a splendid horseman, had a fine war record and is a descendant of old Pieta Fortunato Calvi, who fought the Austrians at Cadore in 1849, and of the ancient Roman poet Licinius Calvus.

The princess who was looking for love and not a golden crown, is marrying a man not at all wealthy. The estates of Yolanda's future husband do not bring in a large revenue. But his courage matches that of the girl who braved the frowns of royal grandparents and diplomats who think she should do better than marry this good-looking young cavalry officer.

Count Calvi was wounded during the late war and has three medals for valor, as well as the Croix de Guerre. When he found the cavalry had not enough work to do under modern conditions he joined the bombardiers and distinguished himself in several encounters. It was perhaps his wartime stories that first aroused Yolanda's interest when they went riding together at the cavalry school.

Now that they are to be married, the princess has shown her strong-minded tendencies again. She has overruled her parents' desire that the wedding be postponed until after the visit of the British royalty in

May. Princess Yolanda refuses to think of waiting any longer than April for the count who has won her heart so completely.

Yolanda's marriage will be similar to that of her parents, even though she is marrying out of the pale of royalty. It will be celebrated with all the gorgeous pomp of the church of Rome at Santa Maria.

It is expected that the engagement of the bride's sister, Princess Mafalda, who is to act as a maid of honor at the wedding, will be announced shortly after the celebration of Yolanda's marriage. Rumor has it that Mafalda is engaged to Prince Leopold of Belgium, but perhaps the young princess will follow in her sister's footsteps and think that she, too, would be better pleased with someone besides a crown prince for a husband.

The Italian people, a little disappointed at first that their princess did not marry royalty, now point with pride to the fact that the count comes of a noble enough family and one that has been devoted for many years to the House of Savoy. Their disappointment has given away to general admiration of Yolanda's courage in marrying the man of her choice. They are delighted that King Victor Emmanuel intends to give his son-in-law an official position at court and allow him and his bride apartments in the royal palace.

Yolanda has always been especially popular among the Italian people.

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