



The Strange See-Saw of the Stage Brides

Why the "Regulars" Smiled When Mrs. Cyril Crimmins Gave Farewell to the Footlights, and Recalled Others Who Thought Matrimony and Millions Could Cure Stage Fever.

Mrs. Cyril Crimmins (Katherine Daly), Who Recently Said Farewell to the Footlights to Become the Daughter-in-Law of a Millionaire Banker.



"It's a regular see-saw game, one rising from the stage to matrimony, another dropping back from matrimony to the stage."



"Billie Allen," Whose Husband, John A. Hoagland, Inherited Millions.



Mrs. August Belmont, Formerly Miss Eleanor Robson.



Mabel Gilman, the Wife of William E. Cory, Who Made Millions in Steel



Mrs. Richard Harding Davis (Bessie McCoy) Who Has Just Announced Her Intention of Returning to the Stage.

CUNNING little Katherine Daly is married and she will never go on the stage again. Never! She said so herself, sent word to the manager of New York's original and gayest mid-night revel that the "regulars" along the Great White Way will look for her in vain now and evermore.

"Kate" Daly, as those "regulars" used to know her, is now Mrs. Cyril Crimmins, which means that she is the daughter-in-law of John D. Crimmins, millionaire banker, contractor and philanthropist. She has a handsome young husband, who has more money than he will ever be able to spend, who has a magnificent country estate, and is a member of the most exclusive clubs in the East.

Surely, her prim little figure will never be seen behind the footlights again. With a husband, city and country homes, entree to the most fashionable clubs, all the clothes and the jewels her heart could desire, hers for the asking—surely Katherine Daly is through with the stage.

And yet the old Broadwayites just smile.

They remember too well the cases of all the others who sent word back that they "were through with the stage"—some of them reigning favorites, others just chorus girls.

"They mean it at the time," explained one of the old-timers, "but somehow they all come back."

"They work like thunder on the stage, and curse the life while they are doing it. They console themselves with the thought and the hope that some day they will rise to stardom, achieve a temperament, and have things their own way, or else that they will marry one of the millionaires who sit in the stage boxes and send them more candy than they could ever eat, more flowers than they could ever wear, and buy them more champagne than they could ever drink."

"That is what they aim for. Fifth-

for stardom or a millionaire husband with a country estate. Some of them get to stardom, some get their million-dollar husbands, and a few actually get both. Then they retire. The stage manages to rattle along as best it can without their services for a few months or a few years, and all of a sudden there they are again back of the footlights, juggling a spear of hugging a powder manufacturer. She is back again behind the footlights—a leader in the chorus of one of New York's most lurid musical extravaganzas. You

see her picture every now and then among "the group of beauties." Her stage name is "Billie Allen."

One of the most striking instances of the Broadway axiom, "they always come back," is found in the career of Mrs. Benjamin Pierce Cheney.

It was in 1895 that Mr. Cheney, a young millionaire of Boston, a director of banks and railroads, and a member of one of the most distinguished families of New England, married Miss

Barrimore is back on the stage—yes, she is on the screen, too. Let some psychologist say why.

They do not always return as stars, either, as was the case of Mrs. Davis and Mrs. Colt. There is Mrs. John A. Hoagland, whose husband inherited \$2,000,000 from his father, a baking powder manufacturer. She is back again behind the footlights—a leader in the chorus of one of New York's most lurid musical extravaganzas. You

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had old times only pardonable because of war, for men must fight and women must work in the year of our Lord nineteen hundred and seventeen.

Yesterday I went for a walk, carrying a basket. A tiny girl of 2, whose father is a farm laborer on the place, ran out to peep at me. She looked at the basket and smiled and said: "Daddy—croust!" Clever baby. She is a great help and a busy war worker on the land. She can run down to the field with a big stick and help to drive the cows in for Granny. To her those cows must look bigger than elephants, but she is a brave small person and speaks very severely to them if they do not hurry. We have another war worker who is 70 years and more older than this small girl. She does her bit by weeding three days a week. She was sitting in the kitchen the other day having a cup of tea and talking to the housekeeper, who was getting our little cups of coffee ready. She exclaimed in horror at the "doll's size of them" and finished up by remarking scornfully that they would hold "no more than one clunk for master." "Clunk," I may explain is the local word for "swallow."

One afternoon I went to see a friend and found her busily engaged in the aristocratic occupation of sorting potatoes, superintended by a Girl Guide who was a potato expert. This girl, aged about 14, seems to know potatoes first as the Lazar House. Even now the rules are that no infectious case

winning back the wife of the great traction magnate.

Mrs. W. E. Corey—formerly Mabelle Gilman—is another who has shown no disposition to return to the footlights, but the "White Wayers" never give up hope.

It is a fairly safe bet that matrimony is no cure for the stage fever. For everyone that leaves to marry a

millionaire, another who has married "comes back."

The comedian of the grille-grille show had considerable foundation in fact for his humorous observation following a road tour:

"Every now and then one of our girls would leave us to marry a millionaire, but in a few weeks she'd catch up with the show again."

Spiders Spoil Harvest Time.

The drawback to me in harvest time is the horrid little red spider, the size of a pinpoint, which gets underneath one's skin and digs himself in. They call them "harvesters" or "jiggers" here. No name is too bad for them in my opinion. They raise big lumps all over one and a drop of iodine or 1 in 20 carbolic only seems to make them hurry in the faster. Once inside they die the fort until they die of overeating. How they do kick! "Alive and kicking" describes them to a "T."

Fortunately for their unwilling host they usually die in a few days. But it is the late victim who rests in peace. Someone told me the other day that under the microscope, one of these little pests looks just like an octopus. Which information does not make me feel any better when I feel one make himself a dugout (or a dig-in) in my expense.

I have heard some interesting historical facts about the infirmity I have just left. It seems that some hundreds and odd years ago, when it was founded, the principal benefactor insisted that it should take in any case of leprosy in the county. So it was known first as the Lazar House. Even now the rules are that no infectious case

can be accepted with the exception of a leper, who must be admitted, night or day. Needless to say no leper enjoys the hospitality of the infirmary itself, but at this moment it is responsible for the upkeep of a leper who is isolated on the moors with an attendant. His expenses are paid from the hospital funds according to the rules of the old legacy. I suppose if a crowd of lepers came and demanded admission they would have to let them in. No doubt, however full the hospital was at the time, the other patients would hurriedly clear out and make room for them.

Hospital Declared Haunted.

It is a queer old building; quite reliable witnesses insist that it is haunted. There is a certain dark, stony passage leading from one wing to another which all the nurses shun at night. They always go two by two down there in the dark; never alone. A place of suffering like a hospital may surely very well be haunted by the spirits of the tormented ones. I am firmly of the opinion, however, that not even a ghost has a soul so dead that he would haunt a nurse who had done her best to relieve those torments. Let us hope that in future hospitals will only be haunted by the laughter of the brave wounded soldiers.

If I were a rich woman and could found a big hospital it should be one of the rules that never, night or day,

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WAR NURSES IN ENGLAND GAY, BUT WORK IS NO SINECURE

Soldiers and Sailors Always Willing to Help "Nurse"—Sharpening of Bayonets Is Good Practice for Keeping Bread Knives in Shape.

BY EDITH E. LANYON.

SOMEWHERE IN ENGLAND, Sept. 17.—This countryside is as charming in the late Summer as it was in the Springtime, or can I always get as much zest out of the present as the past? Where the bramble-flowers bloomed in the Spring and blackberries—luscious, juicy and ripe.

The flies greedily taste the rich juice and the wary, far-seeing spider has spun a web in front of each extra ripe enticing cluster of berries. Many a fly is cheated out of his fruit dinner to become a meat dinner for Mr. Spider. Bah! I loathe spiders; not because spiders kill flies, but just because I loathe spiders.

It is kind of the country to pass out free refreshments to one, but I have discovered that often the most attractive-looking blackberry, sweet as wine, contains a nasty little worm curled up just where the stem was. I must have done it dozens of times before I found

this out. Now the bloom is off the blackberry for me.

But blackberry and apple tart with clotted cream is food for the gods. One of the soldiers from this village has come upon clotted cream in Mesopotamia. Now he is sure it is true that the ancient Phoenicians taught the people of this country to make clotted cream. They were also responsible for leaving a recipe here for sweet giblet pie, a weird dish which I have not ventured to taste. We sometimes have delicious cakes made with honey instead of sugar, which are a modern revival of a very ancient dainty.

Harvest is in full swing. The lurch taken out to the men in the morning is called "crib," and in the afternoon, "croust." "Croust" is an old word which has become "crust" in our modern English.

Women Are Harvesting.

The women working in the harvest fields give a true old-world touch to the landscape—a harbing back to the