

WOMEN PROMINENT IN VARIOUS WALKS OF LIFE CAUGHT BY NEWS PHOTOGRAPHERS IN THEIR FAVORITE POSES

Laurette Taylor's Performance in Husband's New Play Brought to Sudden Halt in Garrick Theater in London, but Show in Later Weeks Is Reported as Receiving Cordial Reception.



Latest Picture of Mrs. Herbert Hoover



Miss Marion Carroll, Who Announced Engagement at Wedding



Miss Rachel Littleton in Wedding Gown



Mrs. Richard Croker, Who Challenged Jay Dunnington, That Follower



Mrs. Elizabeth Hall of Phipps Institute, Philadelphia



Mrs. White and Mrs. Morris, Daughters of Croker Former Tammany Chief

MRS. HERBERT HOOVER was recently photographed when she addressed the annual vocational conference at Bryn Mawr college near Philadelphia. Mrs. Hoover may be the next "first lady of the land."

The engagement of Miss Marion Carroll, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bradish J. Carroll, to Martin W. Littleton Jr. was announced during the wedding reception to Miss Rachel Littleton and Cornelius Vanderbilt Jr. at which they were bridesmaid and usher, respectively. Mr. Littleton is a nephew of the bride, now Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, and is a student at Princeton university. Miss Carroll was photographed at the Littleton home just before the ceremony, wearing the costume in which she appeared at the wedding. The marriage took place in St. Thomas church and was regarded as the most important in New York in recent years. Police reserves were called out to keep back the press of society and well-wishers unable to gain admittance.

The bride is attired in a short-skirted gown of soft white satin with the draped skirt falling in straight lines. The corsage and apron drapery were of silver and crystal embroidered lace. The tulle veil fell in voluminous folds to the end of the satin train, six yards long. From a close-fitting cape over the dark coiffure, and behind this was tied a white kid prayer book. Shown in the photograph is her only ornament, a diamond brooch, the gift of the bridegroom. This is a platinum pin of laurel leaf design, having four diamonds around a diamond of large size. The bride received presents valued at a million dollars.

Tatania of the Cherokee-Creek tribe is the first American Indian prima donna to sing in grand opera. She will sing the title role, "Shanewis," the first real Indian opera which was accepted for production last year by the Metropolitan Opera company. It is to be produced again by the American Grand Opera company. Tatania inspired the composer of the opera, Charles Wakefield Cadman, who discovered her wonderful talent. She has just returned to this country following eight months with the American expeditionary forces in

France and in Germany as an entertainer. She has been royally feted in London.

Children of Richard Croker, former Tammany Hall chieftain, have brought injunction proceedings against Mrs. Croker to prevent her from disposing of her husband's property. They allege that she has "fraudulently and by undue influence succeeded in obtaining control and management of all the property, real and personal, of her husband Mrs. Ethel White of Cedarhurst, L. I., once the favorite daughter of Croker, and Mrs. Florence Croker Morris, eldest daughter, have joined in the fight against the wife, alleging that their father is completely under her domination.

Mrs. A. Elizabeth Hall now conducts most of the experiments in making dyes at Phipps Institute, in Philadelphia, where American-made colorings are tested. Laboratory experiments there developed that certain dyes localize themselves in tubercular lesions. Trypan red dyes give the best results, and as many as 75 of its modifications have been used

in tests. Other reds and blues have also been tried. The staining qualities act as guides to the localization. This work largely depended in the past upon German dyes, but medical research laboratories have now found that American ones are quite as satisfactory.

Amid scenes without precedent in the memories of London's oldest playgoers, Laurette Taylor's performance in her husband's new play, "One Night in Rome," was brought to a sudden close on its opening night in the beginning of the second act at the Garrick theater in London. The curtain would only rise

NEAT TURN IN REAL ESTATE SHOWS JOHN D. STILL ACTIVE

Learning How Age Has "Impaired" Faculties of Oil King Costs Astute Money Handlers Half Million Dollars in Cash, so Story Goes.

NEW YORK—It's too bad about John D. Rockefeller. He is getting old and he hasn't been very well lately, and his business acumen must be dropping below par. Only, if that is the case, what a godsend this country must have been to him when he was young and full of ginger. For I have just heard a story. Some time ago the elder Rockefeller bought the handsome estate of Mrs. Elliot P. Shepard, near his home at Tarrytown, N. Y. He paid \$400,000 for it, including a large mess of extravagant pasture land. He didn't really need the property, but you know how it is; he did it to oblige a friend. Then he may have dropped

and a few acres for a mere \$300,000. He did not even ask any cash. He turned the real estate building over to the new club on a mortgage for the full amount. The remainder of the club and the land of a golf course had been overlooked. Club members did not find it entertaining to sit on the veranda all day, looking at talk stocks and corners and the like. So they again called upon Mr. Rockefeller. "Please, Mr. Rockefeller," they may have said to him, "sell us enough land for a golf course."

Boys Helped Out. Well, you know how it is. He smiled benevolently on the Sleepy Hollow boys. "Certainly," he may have said, "just a little cash with the purchase this time boys. Not much, but just a little. An old man's idiosyncrasy, you know." So they bought enough of the Elliot Shepard land to make a golf course, and paid him \$100,000 cash. Another mortgage for a half million dollars was slipped on the property. The Sleepy Hollows now owed Mr. Rockefeller \$800,000, secured by mortgages on the ex-Shepard estate. It was a wonderful country club. The Sunday papers carried pages about it. Not long ago the elder Mr. Rockefeller was discovered waiting over his various properties, looking like a thousand dollars, as an earnest member of the Sleepy Hollow Country club asseverated. He had a bust made of himself of the finest marble, which he may or may not give to the Sleepy Hollow club at some future time. His eyes were bright, his step firm, and his interest lively in many things. He is getting to be an old man now—very old man. He will be 81 in July. But he still functions somewhere close to the normal of 40 years ago. At least that is what the Sleepy Hollows say.

"Too Old to Be Worried." "I am getting to be a very old boy," Mr. Rockefeller is reported to have confided to a member of the club. The clubman raised his hand in deprecation. "And I'm not very well," continued Mr. Rockefeller. A look of pain crossed the noble features of the banker he addressed. It became a look of anguish as Mr. Rockefeller dreamily added: "So I've decided to call in my mortgages, my boy. Ah, yes, yes, I am getting too old to be worried about such things now. An old man must be humored, you know. I like to have the cash." Well, there you are. A member of the Sleepy Hollow club, which is composed almost exclusively of bankers, croakers, sentiment makers and world builders of the most completely utmost prominence, states that the clubmen regret that Mr. Rockefeller should have felt himself compelled to take this step. Professionally, however, as discussed in monetary and world themselves forced to admire the neatness and dexterity of the operation. Mr. Rockefeller is now a half million hard, cold, emotionless dollars to the good, which have been extracted from men who considered themselves fairly immune to any of the ordinary processes of extraction. "And that," observed the clubbed gentleman who as Mr. Rockefeller recently quoted, "is what the Old Master can do when he is old and not well."

Many Japanese Women Seek Relief in Suicide.

Prevalence of Self-Destruction Has Become a Problem in the Kingdom.

FOR one reason or another suicide has always been rather popular among Japanese women. According to numerous stories and plays, the "snappy" way to "end it all" was to pierce the jugular vein with the Japanese equivalent of the Italian stiletto, though hanging has had its devotees, as well as a particularly neat method of garroting, if that is the term. With the advance of civilization, however, such forms of self-destruction as jumping in front of fast trains, drowning, asphyxiation, poisoning and taking the leap in a maddened motor car have claimed a large share of converts.

The necessity for some such corrective and preventive method as that of Mrs. Jo is borne out by a recent article in the Japan Advertiser on the prevalence of suicide in the "flowery kingdom." The crater of Asama volcano, the high portico of the beautiful Kiyomizu temple at Kyoto, the Kogane waterfall at Kobe, Japan, there is a straight stretch of rails where express trains go thundering by. Alongside the tracks for some distance there is a lake. This has been a favorite spot for suicide: If the train missed there was always the lake. Now, however, a neon electrically lighted signpost stands near the right of way, and it bears the following inscription: "If you feel that there are reasons why you must take your life, please go to see Mrs. Jo at the Woman's Welfare association, just below the Kamitatsu terminus of the Kobe car line."

It asserted that the above notice has restrained hundreds of would-be suicides who have found comfort at Mrs. Jo's refuge in Kobe. Jo became a Christian 25 years ago, and, since 1916, has been successfully conducting her mission, where she administers advice and assistance to unfortunate young women. "Among the principal causes given for their contemplated suicides," says the Japan Advertiser, speaking particularly of Japanese women, "are the immorality, laziness or intemperance of husbands and fathers; family discord, chiefly with mothers-in-law; vanity, selfishness and bad habits of the women themselves; loss of property; poverty; failure in business and loss of employment; runaway marriages and illicit relations; divorce

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Red Banana Salad. Red bananas are in market, and although they sell from 50 to 75 cents a dozen they are solid and go farther than the common yellow bananas. Peel and scrape 4 firm, red bananas; cut them in one-fourth inch slices and squeeze over them the juice of 1/2 lemon. Put 1/2 pound of buttered water to cover; stir with a fork until they are separated and slightly cooled. Drain, remove the skins and cut each date into four pieces. In a small bowl mix 3 tablespoons of oil, 1/2 tablespoon of lemon juice, 1/2 teaspoon of salt, 1/2 teaspoon paprika and 1/2 teaspoon of powdered sugar. Beat thoroughly and pour over the fruit. Let stand for 10 minutes. Garnish with crisp lettuce hearts. Serve with small hot tea biscuits, split and buttered. Coffee or hot cocoa will accompany this combination and will make an acceptable menu for a small card party.

and separation from children; bad health and melancholia. Japanese Officials Feel H. C. L. HONOLULU, T. H., April 30.—Auditors of the Japanese government have strongly recommended raising salaries of government officials to enable them to cope with the high cost of living, according to a recent Tokio cable to the Nippon Jiji, a Japanese vernacular paper here.

Women of All Ages and Times. Ask your mother, aunt, grandmother, they will tell you of folks they have known who were cured of the many distressing, painful diseases which occur in most women's lives, by taking Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, which is sold by druggists, in both fluid and tablet form. What women say: Mrs. Cora Pick, 5004 Martin St., Spokane, Wash., says: "When I was sixteen years old the local doctors all said there was no hope for me that I would die inside of six months of consumption. I read an advertisement in a paper about Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and what it had done for other girls. I got a bottle of it and commenced to feel better right away and before I had finished the second bottle was all right. Have been regular ever since and am as healthy as any woman." Mrs. W. D. Moore, 1246 No. Jackson St., Roseburg, Oregon, says: "I suffered something terrible, could scarcely stand on my feet. My head and back ached and I was weak and nervous. My legs and feet ached—wouldn't walk, and I was troubled with constipation. I had a severe pain in my side. I took Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and Pleasant Pellets and they cured me and I was well and strong. Then, during middle life I again took them and got through so well." Mrs. R. B. Ralph, 60 Terillurum St., Redding, Calif., says: "Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is perfectly wonderful. I owe everything to this medicine. When I was passing through middle life I had hemorrhages, also suffered severe pain and had terrible headaches. I suffered everything. Finally, I decided to take the 'Favorite Prescription'; it stopped the headaches, the pains and the hemorrhages. I never had any more trouble."

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