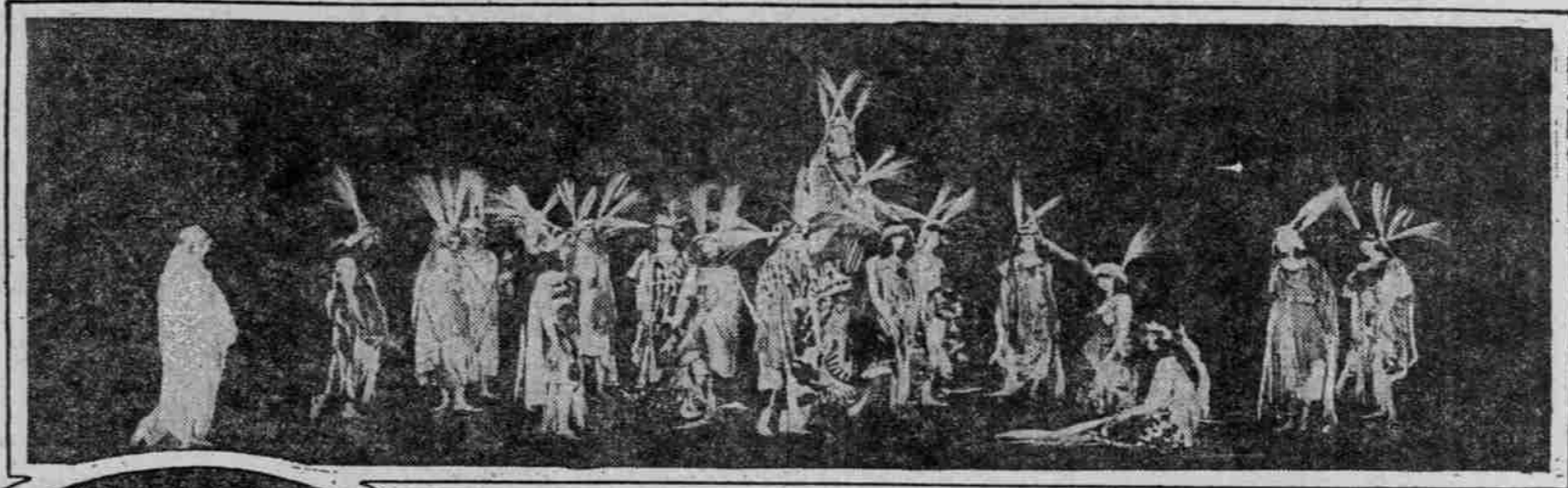


QUEEN MARIE'S FANTASIE TAKES PARIS BY STORM

Fairy Tale She Wrote for Her Little Boy, Now Dead, Is Given to the Children of the World at Height of Summer Season



A forest sprite that stands in the path of the princess.



"The Lily of Life," Queen Marie's fantasia, is the story of a princess who goes forth in search of a flower to cure her dying prince and the obstacles she encounters.



Queen Marie and her equally beautiful daughter, little Helena.



Mermaids who try to lure the princess from her quest.



From a giant sea shell allurements beckon the princess to rest from her heavy journey.



Sirens with enchanting voices would delay the searcher.

patronesses of the production which had brought them there.

The literary mantle of "Carmen Sylva," the late Queen Elizabeth of Rumania, had fallen upon the shoulders of her niece, Queen Marie, had not been generally known. It was therefore a double pleasure to the audience at the grand opera to bestow its tribute of applause when it discovered that her production so richly deserved it.

"The Lily of Life" was originally just a beautiful fairy tale written by Queen Marie for her youngest child, a little boy who died during the war. She had written fairy stories for each of her children, as they successively grew old enough to understand them. But because of the sad memories recalled by the tale which she had written for her darling son, she chose this as the most appropriate for dramatization.

It is the story of a princess who goes in search of a flower—the lily of life—which, she has learned, is the only thing that can save the dying prince of her heart from the cruel fate which has been wished upon him.

Alas, for the poor princess! The place where this precious lily is guarded is most inaccessible even to those who are close to it. But to the princess it is beset with a hundred other obstacles. During the long journey which she has undertaken to reach the flower she encounters many charming adventures, each of which makes a tremendous effort to cause her to swerve from her purpose and detain her until it shall be too late.

There are the Sirens with their wondrously sweet, enchanting voices. The princess almost forgets, and is about to turn and yield to the invitation to sit herself down and listen to their song. But, like Christian in "Pilgrim's Progress," she buckles on tighter the armor of her resolution and presses forward toward the goal, where she is to find the saving plant for her beloved prince.

Then she comes to a sea and again she finds herself confronted with an enticing invitation to accompany the queen of the mermaids to her castle of marvels beneath the waves. The day is hot and the way has been long and fatiguing, and the water looks oh! so cool and refreshing. Almost the tired, footsore princess loses sight of the quest she is after. But only for a second does she waver. Then up she springs and goes on and on, hurrying away out of earshot of the tempting pleas which the mermaid queen and her beautiful princesses are so tunelessly sending after her.

And now an ogre comes upon the scene and nearly the princess is scared into turning back. But a kind fairy comes to her aid and the hideous monster plunges into a deep crater which has torn into the earth with his own rage-impelled claws and disappears.

Cave gnomes, elfin and forest sprites also cross the path of the princess, each seeking by some new device to wean her from her determined course. In vain! Now and then they may cause her to falter for an instant, but the picture of the sufferings of the prince who is so dear to her heart impels her ever forward, onward, upward.

Once she falls in with fairies of the field and asks them, as she has asked so many others, to tell her where the wondrous flower is with its healing properties.

Not all of these fairies are friendly. Some, bribed by the malignant spirit which has caused the prince's illness, try to misdirect the princess. In the end, however, she learns the truth and finds the coveted lily of life. And thus the life of her Prince Charming is saved. Nor is it superfluous to add that, as happens in all fairy tales, they are "happy ever after," for the inevitable marriage in this instance is one of the most superb and spectacular pageants of the play and the Rumanian queen's beautiful and poetic fairy fantasia ends in an actual "blaze of glory."

Loie Fuller, the famed creator and exponent of the "flame dance" of a decade ago, is the one to whom credit is due for the successful production of the play. She was the most constant companion and one of the most intimate confidants of Queen Marie during the trying period when the German and Bulgarian armies devastated Roumania.

She told me that the good queen, who, as everybody knows, is a granddaughter of the late Queen Victoria, is busy all the time thinking of ways to aid the sufferers of the war-ravaged country over which her husband reigns.

"I suggested," said Miss Fuller, "that a play fantasy built up out of one of the fairy tales which she had written for her children might bring rich returns for her country's mutilated and destitute ex-defenders and their families. She immediately went to work on it and this is the result."

What Miss Fuller referred to as "this" was the amazing success which crowned "The Lily of Life." Miss Fuller has established a dancing school in Paris and it is her own pupils who constitute the cast of characters of "The Lily of Life." Such exquisite dancing and singing have rarely been seen and heard as accompany this play from beginning to end.

The stage decorations and lighting effects, too, merit a more than passing remark; for they conjure up before the astonished eyes of the spectators so marvelous an illusion that one could easily forget life's actualities and deem himself a wayfarer in a real fairyland.

And as for the music! Well, it requires but little wondrous imagination to guess at its quality when one knows that its composers were Debussy, Moussorgsky, Rimsky-Korsakoff, Grieg and Mendelssohn.

Permission to use the National opera house is seldom and only reluctantly granted. But for the presentation of Queen Marie's production this permission was gladly accorded by the minister of fine arts and the National Society of Fine Arts.

"The Lily of Life" is to be presented in London in a short time and it is expected it will come to the United States in the autumn. Whether Queen Marie will come with it is problematical. She had designed to pay this country a visit, but it may be postponed for a more auspicious occasion.

BY CONSTANCE DREXEL.

QUEEN in Paris! Under any circumstances, at any time, the presence of any queen would send a thrill down the boulevards, since more brilliant with gay throngs whose vivacity even the most bitter struggle of the ages has failed to kill. And when that queen is the beloved Marie of Roumania and when she comes to be present at a play which she herself has written, and when that play is staged by special arrangement in the Grand Opera house before an audience of world-famous personages, and when the play itself is a sublime, pathetic, heartrending panorama of transcendent beauty, is it any wonder that Paris momentarily forgets even the races at the height of the season?

Even demonstrative Paris can hardly do justice to such an occasion.

Rarely, if ever indeed, has that old Grand Opera house been thronged with so brilliant an audience as that which gathered there the night of June 30 to witness "The Lily of Life," a fairy fantasia, written by Queen Marie and presented for the benefit of the war sufferers of her Roumania.

There were in that audience nearly all the great functionaries of France and the ambassadors and other envoys from most of the countries of the world with their wives and entourages, and dukes and duchesses, generals, prelates and dignitaries of state and army.

And, in drab, soul-stirring contrast to all these, to all the glitter and grandeur and wealth of costume and jewelry, there were present also, in deference to the express wishes of the queen and occupying the first two rows in the parterre, wounded French veterans of the war.

Queen Marie herself, of course, was the cynosure of all eyes ere the first curtain rose. She is an extraordinarily beautiful woman, statuesque and majestic in figure, but with the golden hair and pink and white complexion and blue eyes of the fairy queens of childish imagination. She takes extreme care of her appearance, not only because of her own inherent love of art and beauty, but because she feels that in this way she best helps represent her people before the civilized world.

On that gala evening, her wavy, golden hair was coiled low, with pearl and diamond earrings gleaming below. She wore a diamond tiara and her wonderful ropes of pearls. But the jewels were hardly more dazzling than her beautiful teeth as she smiled

and bowed acknowledgments to the acclaim of the audience.

She was very wise in choosing what looked like a simple gown of white, shimmering material, with some lace in the low corsage, for the personal beauty of her majesty and her well chosen jewels stood out the more resplendently.

Her two older daughters were also dressed in light evening gowns trimmed in tulle and flowers, but oh, what a joy for little Princess Helena to be there with her grown-up sisters! The little eight-year-old princess is the favorite of the queen, since the loss of her youngest baby. And the queen adores having little Princess Helena always by her side, but, of

course, she is seldom out in the evening. However, this was a fairy play, so small wonder that she had persuaded her mother to allow her to be present.

Close by her mother's side, in striking contrast to the fair queen, the sparkling, dark-eyed little daughter held forth in straight lines, but it was of some rich, shimmering material, befitting a royal little princess. Her straight black hair is worn Dutch cut, with a straight bang over her wide dark eyes. Frequently the queen would draw the child even closer to her and press a kiss to her cheek.

Over there, in the box almost directly opposite the one wherein sits the royal party, with the illustrious General Petain doing them the honors in behalf of the nation, who is that sweet-faced, sad-looking woman, whose tears flow unashamed during the progress of the wonderful play; who weeps in sympathy for the heroine because the latter's trials, although altogether different from those of the heroes of the war, nevertheless recall to her the spirit of sacrifice which had cost such hordes of victims and left so many orphans in her beloved France? It is Madame la Marechale Poch, wife of the great man who led the armies of

the allies to victory. Dally she has visited her countless charges, so dear to her heart, in orphanages and other establishments in which she has interested herself.

Three days before, on the presidential stand at the Grand Prix, Queen Marie had spent nearly all the time when the horses were not actually running talking animatedly with Marshal Foch, she as well as he obviously deeply absorbed in the subjects they were discussing. A white frock of broad bands of lace and georgette crepe she had chosen as a costume most appropriate for the brilliant summer afternoon. Her hat was also of white, with four large

pink roses posed on the wide brim, the whole covered with white lace. She carried a parasol the color of the roses, and, of course, wore her wonderful rope of pearls and pearl earrings.

The two older princesses, both of them over 20, were appropriately dressed. Princess Elizabeth, who looks very much like her mother, was in white, with a white cape trimmed with fur over her shoulders and a small toque of robin's egg blue trimmed with spreading feathers of the same shade. Princess Marie wore a green silk dress and black tulle hat.

Only public duty kept the marshal himself from the play on that memorable night.

The queen nods and smiles pleasantly at Madame la Marechale, as she does also toward others whom she recognizes in that vast audience in the opera house. Conspicuous among these are the British ambassador and Lady Derby, the Dowager Duchess Rohan, the Duc de Talleyrand and his duchess, who was Anna Gould; the Grand Duke Dimitri, who escaped the cruel fate of so many others of his imperial house, and the Duchesse de Vendome, sister of the King of the Belgians, one of the long list of titled

METEOR A MINUTE MAY FALL SOME NIGHTS IN AUGUST

Earth's Fireworks Believed to Be Caused by Tail of Long-ago Comet Appearing in Early Evening.

(Prof. Eric P. Doellittle in Kansas City Star.)

DURING the second week in August we had the nights of the August shooting stars, or Perseids, so called because these little bodies dart outward in every direction from a radiating point in the constellation Perseus, in the position S of the accompanying star map. Unfortunately this constellation is below the pole and very near the northeastern horizon in the early evening, but by midnight it has risen much higher in the sky, so that from midnight until dawn is the best time to watch this interesting display.

The number of shooting stars soon will average about one a minute, or even more. Each one is merely a little cold particle or meteorite with which the earth collides, each particle being burned up and so rendered luminous by friction as it plows through our air. The great stream of millions of little particles stretches around the sun in the exact path of the bright comet of 1862, and it is highly probable that the stream is merely the remains of the comet which has been stretched out along its orbit by the tidal action of the sun.

The particles of this stream are very much scattered; it is even possible that a very numerous shower of small meteoric stones which fell to the ground on July 19, 1912, were a part of the Perseid swarm, though from the absence of reliable observations made upon the direction from

which the stones of this shower came this is by no means certain.

There is at least one place on the earth where there is definite evidence that a great projectile or, more probably, a compact swarm of meteoric stones struck us at one time with a very high velocity. This remarkable structure is known as "Meteor Crater." It is in northwestern Arizona, about ten miles from the Canyon Diablo station. Here there is a great round hole in the earth about 4000 feet in diameter, and the depth of which from the rim to the nearly level floor is about 570 feet.

When this great depression was made the terrific force of the collision pulverized and even melted many tons of rock and also threw fragments to great distances. It also raised the rim around the hole, named by early explorers Coon mountain or Coon butte. The whole region for many miles in every direction has now been very carefully surveyed and explored and deep drillings have been made in the floor of the crater, partly in the hope of finding the great iron masses of the original meteorite itself. To date the latter search has, however, been unsuccessful.

The ejected material varies from very finely pulverized stones, "which seems to have welled out of the crater like flour out of a barrel," to great masses weighing 4000 tons and more. Pieces weighing from 50 to 700 pounds were thrown a distance of two miles away, but the largest fragments are

found, as might have been expected, nearer the crater rim. The total weight of the rock ejected from the crater has been estimated as 200,000,000 tons, but this estimate is probably too low. There can be no doubt that enormous quantities of the rock flour were blown to great distances by the wind when the collision took place.

On an "Air Cushion."

Scattered over the plains to a distance of six and one-half miles from the crater, there are also found great numbers of iron meteorites, apparently outriding members of the great swarm which hit the earth. It is believed that when the compact, central cloud reached us a cushion of hot air was pushed almost as a solid mass before it and that this cushion was mainly effective in making the crater. The tremendous outrush of air around the edges of the crater after the actual collision took place would have carried, not only the rocks of the earth, but also the outer meteorites, to great distances from the scene of the collision.

Altogether this is one of the most remarkable and interesting features of the whole earth. The colliding body may be regarded as a compact meteor swarm or as a comet, but in the latter case we must suppose that the comet was a very small one.

Development Body Enters Politics.

HELENA, Mont.—Directors of the Montana Development association have called a meeting in Helena, August 2, to be attended also by county and district chairmen, to determine what, if any, part is to be taken by the association in the primary campaign. The primaries will be August 24. The association was originally composed of merchants but now includes persons in other industries. It is avowedly in politics to elect the best man.

WALK LIGHTLY IF RED LAMP IS IN ROOM TO ESCAPE ANGER

If Girl Wears Magenta Dress and You Like Her Go Ahead—If Her Eyes Are Blue Don't Tell Too Much—Blue Shows Intuition.

WALK lightly and talk cautiously if there is a red lamp in the room; red begets anger.

If the one you are going to marry has green eyes you may take their sea green color as a safety signal and go ahead—green denotes humility. If, however, the eyes are blue, don't tell too much—blue shows intuition.

If a girl wears a magenta dress and you care for her, go ahead! All you have to do is to go out and buy the wedding ring.

These theories of color characteristics and mystic powers were explained by Dr. Dinshah B. Ghadiali in a lecture on spectrochromic therapy delivered before the recent convention of the Allied Medical associations held in New York city.

Dr. Ghadiali discussed the importance of colors in the treatment of disease, and said that a mistake had been made in stating that the primary colors were red, blue and yellow. He maintained that violet, instead of blue, was the third color, for without violet it was impossible to make white.

Dr. Ghadiali in advocating the treatment of disease by the use of color waves said:

"Ninety-seven per cent of the human body is built of hydrogen, oxygen, carbon and nitrogen, and the body is therefore responsive to color wave tendencies, for the preponderating color waves of these four elements are red, yellow, green and blue, respectively.

"In health the bodily colors are

proportionately balanced. Disturbance of this color balance by administering the lacking colors or reducing the increased ones restores health."

Dr. Ghadiali said that no matter what afflicts a person, color waves, if properly applied, will effect a cure.

He showed a chart on which the various colors and their combinations were depicted. Red and green made yellow; green and violet made blue, and red and violet produce magenta. All these colors were shown on a screen with a stereopticon.

On the chart red was marked as representing anger; yellow, mentality; green, humility; blue, intuition; violet, spirituality and magenta, love.

Among the other colors, lemon was supposed to express pride; orange, jealousy; turquoise, dignity; indigo, benevolence and purple, veneration.

In giving an example as to how colors affect the body, Dr. Ghadiali said that when people take quinine the blue waves of the medicine drive out the fever, thus restoring the color balance.

Czecho-Slovak Mint Rebuilt.

The mint of the Czecho-Slovak republic, located at Kromnice, which was partly destroyed by the Hungarians, is being reconstructed, remodeled and re-equipped. New coining machines are expected soon and after being installed the first Czecho-Slovak coins will be minted. A recent product of the mint is a plaquette with a portrait of President Masaryk, in honor of his 70th birthday anniversary.