

A Self-Made Cinderella Who Found Her Prince



During The War Mrs. Harrison Was Nurse In The Influenza Camps In The South, Where She Met Her Husband Whom She Nursed.

How Sally Hunter Was Raised Overnight to Riches, and All Because She Knew What She Wanted and Prepared Herself While She Waited!

THIS is the story of a self-made Cinderella. It is also the story of Mrs. Herbert M. Harriman, who, up to a few weeks ago, was plain Miss Sally Hunter, Mr. Harriman and Miss Hunter were recently married in Indiana and are now on their honeymoon.

Like the kitchen drudge in the fairy story, Miss Hunter was raised overnight from the comparative poverty of a walk-up apartment on New York's east side to the fur-lined opulence of riches, social position and a celebrated name. But quite unlike the kitchen drudge, she has refused to leave it all to a fairy god-mother. She believed in magic—did Miss Hunter. She believed particularly in the magic that could raise one from obscurity to eminence. But she also believed that spell weavers and magic workers expected a little help from their beneficiaries.

An ironical American writer has suggested that the full story of Cinderella has never been told. What happened, he asks, after the prince took her to live in his palace? What did he think when she misused her knife and fork? What bitter words passed between them when he tried to get her out of the plebeian habits of the kitchen? What utter humiliation must he have felt when she appeared at her first court function dressed up like a circus horse? "Alas," he must have told himself, "would that I had had a good look at her in that kitchen."

All of these things must have flickered across the mind of Sally Hunter as she sat and meditated on the possible grandeur of her future. And out of these speculations must have come the determination to keep her lamp trimmed and burning, her hair waved and her mind clear.

A key to the former Miss Hunter's attitude is furnished by her mother, Mrs. James Hunter.

"You know Sally has been very popular," said Mrs. Hunter in commenting on her daughter's marriage to the capitalist and ex-golf champion. "She makes friends very quickly. Somehow or other all of her acquaintances have been among prominent people. She often said she would not bother with any others."

"She has had many chances of marriage"—Cinderella must have had offers from the coachman and the butcher boy too—"but turned them all down. She often told me she would take the right man when he came along—one that was worth while. She must have believed that Mr. Harriman was worth while when he consented for she is a very clever girl."

So we have Miss Hunter looking out upon life, not through the eyes of a fatuously sentimental girl, but with the clear gaze of one who knows what she is about. She expected to marry some one rich and great and she knew that in order to do that she must be quite as good in all ways as the girls who are habitually wedded by the rich and the great.

The Hunters, according to information furnished by Mrs. Hunter, came from Ireland. Sally was born in Belfast and had never been away from home until the whole family moved to the United States and took up their residence in New York city. Her father took employment as a car starter with the Metropolitan Railway company. Sally took up nursing—and incidentally sought in every way to broaden her outlook on life.

her brothers was going across with the expeditionary forces she decided to confine her work to this country. She was assigned to the base hospital at Camp Taylor, Louisville, Ky. Major Herbert M. Harriman, then an officer in the field artillery, was also at Camp Taylor and was one of those caught in the influenza epidemic. Miss Hunter was his nurse. The attack was slight—but the period of his convalescence gave the major ample time to study the girl. He found her tall, well-molded, with light hair and the deep-blue eyes that were put in, as the Irish say, with a smoky finger. He found her singularly well informed and agreeably self-contained. She knew things and she knew when and how to express them. In the major's experience with women, an experience which had been broad and long, he had known no girl with greater charm or greater savoir-faire.

She, on her side, found her patient, an experienced man of the world, but the sort of a man who has been melted by his experience rather than embittered. He was plainly a man of education and culture and one who was used to luxuries. But there was none of that narrowness of views which led to snobbery. He was a personality as well as a person.

On such a mutual understanding was the friendship between Sally Hunter and Herbert M. Harriman built up. Some of his friends, hearing his enthusiastic descriptions of his nurse, were inclined to chafe it up as another one of those sickroom myths. A man racked with fever, they argued, would think any woman an angel who placed cool hands on his head. He fell in love with the hands and not the woman. Once he had the hands were attached to, he usually found that her teeth advanced while her chin retreated.

Nobody, of course, could find any flaws in Miss Hunter's appearance, had. But for a long while, it did friendship was purely a sickroom affair. Major Harriman went abroad



Sally Hunter Sat And Meditated On The Possible Grandeur Of Her Future



The Herbert M. Harrimans Photographed On Deck Of The Ship Which Carried Them On Their Honeymoon Trip To Europe.

with the troops. Miss Hunter stayed in America. There was no correspondence between them. After a while came the armistice. The troops returned. Major Harriman went back to civil life. In the early summer of 1921 he again took sick and a trained nurse was brought in. The nurse suggested that a friend be engaged as her relief. Here the long arm of coincidence reached over and took hold of the situation. For when the relief nurse arrived at Harriman's bedside she was Miss Sally Hunter.

Not much was needed to revive their friendship. Not much was needed, in fact, to make it take on a greater significance. Then, again, Mr. Harriman was no longer held back by the disability of being already married, for his second wife, Mrs. May Brady Harriman, had divorced him a few months previous.

Presently Mr. Harriman recovered, went abroad, returned and went west. Shortly thereafter New York society was handed a shock in the report that Mr. Harriman and Miss Hunter were to be married. Mrs. Oliver Harriman, mother of Herbert Harriman, finally declared that the report was true—but not until she and Miss Hunter had met.

Mrs. Harriman has never said what sort of girl she expected to meet. All she knew of her prospective daughter-in-law was that she had been a nurse and lived in a walk-up apartment on the east side. But the girl who walked calmly into Mrs. Harriman's drawing room might have been the carefully nurtured flower of any aristocratic New York menage.

Following the meeting Mrs. Harriman said: "Yes, the engagement is a sort of a surprise. It is true. I found the young woman quite charming when she came to see me. She is cultured."

It was the self-made Cinderella's test—this meeting with Mother Harriman and the preparation of 29 years was justified. She had not only won the prince but the prince's family, something that only a modern Cinderella could hope to do. By that let it not be thought that Miss Hunter jumped at Mr. Harriman's proposal. She gave it serious consideration. He had to repeat his offer several times, it is said, both in person and by wire.

Following her visit to Mrs. Harriman, Miss Hunter joined her fiancé at French Lick Springs, Ind. They were married at Paoli, Ind., the county seat, and are now on their honeymoon which was to include a European visit and a possible trip around the world. This is Harriman's third marriage. His first bride was Miss Hunnewell, his second Miss Brady. There was a divorce in each case.

Her Friends Rejoice. In Sally's set there is some little envy of her, but for the most part her friends are rejoicing with her. On the night she chose to announce the engagement she gave a little party at her home in East Ninety-sixth street. The girls and boys refused to take her story seriously at first. It sounded too much like the original Cinderella yarn for them.

W. Thompson, who married Miss Hunter's sister, spoke of the party and his own impressions in these words: "We had a wonderful time celebrating Sally's good luck. Some of the girls who dropped in to wish Sally good-bye didn't believe she was to marry Mr. Harriman. But I have never had any doubt about it. Sally is not a girl who would take up with someone who didn't have some standing in the community. She is like all of the girls nowadays. They all want to marry the fellow with some money. I don't think Sally cares anything about society. All she wants is comfort. But in marrying Mr. Harriman she is getting both."

BLOCKADE OF CULTURE AND ENLIGHTENING PROPAGANDA HELD CURE FOR BOLSHEVISM

Eminent Anti-Leninist Leader Says Bayonets and Shells Are Powerless to Banish Abominable Idea That Now Grips Russia and Threatens to Destroy Civilization of World.

"RUSSIA cannot be rescued from bolshevism by a foreign military invasion. Fighting terror with terror will not avail. An allied army passing through Russia would be like a vessel crossing the ocean. The waves of bolshevism would be disturbed for the moment, but they would close in its wake and its visible trace would be lost by the time it passed over the horizon. Bolshevism is an idea, hideous, abominable and Utopian, and it is only by ideas, sane, healthy and humanitarian, that it can be eliminated."

Such is the opinion expressed by Dr. V. T. Krivsky, president of the Far Eastern League of Freedom and Men's Rights, who was in Los Angeles, Cal., coming from Manchuria on a special mission to Washington, London and Paris. Dr. Krivsky is an eminent Russian physician who, before the war, had achieved an international reputation for his discoveries in relation to treatment of diseases of the heart. Since the bolsheviks have seized the government and destroyed the industries and cultured life of Russia, he is seeking to heal the bleeding heart of his native land.

While he deplores the destruction of property and the starvation and misery occasioned by bolshevism, he receives the impression in listening to Dr. Krivsky that it is the cultural loss to Russia, the loss of its science, its arts, its cleanliness, the refinements of the intellect that free man from grosser animal instincts—that it is the loss of these which he deprecates most.

He has given to his country's ills a clinical diagnosis and has reached the conclusion that a major surgical operation, with its unavoidable bloody hemorrhage, will never effect a cure. When a country loses its music, poetry, literature, painting and architecture, its love of justice, love of beauty and love of virtue, it is plainly suffering from a mental malady and it is a case for a sanatorium, not for the operating room.

Dr. Krivsky says that the war left the Russian people so enfeebled that they were not able to combat successfully the bolshevik revolution, that the contagion of bolshevism has now attained the masses and is spreading to neighboring peoples, that it is a menace to the civilization of the world and that the bolshevik propaganda must be fought courageously and intelligently by counter-propaganda of modern civilization itself may perish.

It is for the purpose of fighting the bolshevik idea of spoliation, plunder and terror with the higher ideals of humanity, justice and brotherly love that the association of which he is the chief has been formed. It was organized in Manchuria by a cosmopolitan group composed of

Russians, Frenchmen, Englishmen and persons of other nationalities who were united in their opposition to bolshevism, but who became convinced from their experience that a campaign of education and not of military force alone could stop the spread of the red plague.

Speaking to a group of Los Angeles residents who had learned something of the aim and the work of the association and who called to see him recently at the Alexandria, Dr. Krivsky said: "Three years of internal struggle in Russia have passed and the little fraction with ultra extreme socialist tendencies, numbering no more than 10 per cent of the population, has seized all the people in its clutches, has destroyed centuries of its cultural development and has brought the country to a state of beggary and decay."

"No attempts on the part of the Russian elements who were able to save themselves, no efforts or intervention on the part of her neighbors—Poles, Japanese, etc.—so assistance and aid from the allied powers have been able to overcome those whom all the world has recognized as the enemies of civilization."

"Why? The answer is clear and simple. The success of bolshevism does not depend either on the imaginary strength of the red army or on the qualities of its pseudo-teach-

ing. No. They have on their side tremendous assets in the enormous propaganda within the country and without in an exact and durable organization of their party and in the power of terror. On the other side there is no constructively organized opposition.

"By force of arms it is possible to overthrow temporarily the power of the bolshevik government, to prevent menacing episodes, to retard the process of disseminating the evil; but to destroy, to eliminate, entirely an idea, even one so hideous, so abominable and so Utopian as that of bolshevism, by force of arms alone is impossible.

"There must be organization work as well as counter-propaganda conducted for the purpose of strengthening the moral force of the laws of culture and civilization, those for the defense of human rights and liberty and for the decisive, but bloodless struggle with the idea of violence and the rule of the minority. That work has not been done. The moral and constructive side was neglected.

"Instead of this, on the borders of Russia are bayonets and shells; beyond her borders are restrictive police measures against bolshevism. But these are not methods that will carry far.