

DID THE NURSE GIVE THE DOCTOR TO THE WIDOW?



Miss Louise Miltz the Cincinnati Nurse

The Widow Who Won the Doctor's Heart, Mrs. Lycurgus Winchester

The Triangular Love Affair That Was a Puzzle to Cupid

LOVE'S martyr, they have called her in Cincinnati.

Her life, for years past, has been spent in the tender relief of human pain.

Her heart, for week's past, has been racked with its own anguish.

The youth, the beauty, the loyal devotion of Louise Miltz, the trained nurse so widely known and admired for her professional skill in Cincinnati, were not able to hold her erstwhile lover, Dr. David Judkins Dickson.

He is now the husband of the young, beautiful and rich widow of Lycurgus Winchester, formerly of Baltimore.

In Cincinnati the nurse is still following her calling, repenting of what she has declared to be the most sublime renunciation of a woman's soul.

In New York the man she avers she freed that he might win the fame he craved is the bridegroom of the rich and socially distinguished widow.

And Cincinnati, Baltimore and New York, with the breach of promise papers filed—ludicrous sequel to a tragedy of the heart such as Daudet would have honored with his pen—are all asking the same thrilling question:

Did Nurse Miltz freely give up the doctor to the wealthy widow?

romance, and its tragedy; so the review that follows is that of the chief actress in this latest thrilling drama of life's real stage.

Young Dickson and she were attracted to each other from the first few weeks of her residence at his home, she says. It was far from being a mere, foolish, boy and girl romance, youthful as both were. And it was so far from being objected to by his family then that his mother fully approved his choice when she was informed of their engagement, and co-operated in the plans the lovers made for their future.

They were plans that have been made by many others and, by many others put into practice amid enduring felicity. David should carry out his design of studying medicine at Miami Medical College. Louise should enter the Cincinnati Hospital and learn to be a nurse.

Heir to an income of \$5000 a year as David was, he and she, when they should marry, would, of course, be independent of any need for her work for wages at the vocation she would acquire.

But, trained as a nurse, she would be fitted, with her exceptional education, to be a physician's ideal helpmeet—no mere, commonplace wife, stranger to all her husband's hopes and thoughts; but a friend, companion and counselor, his equal intellectually, his support and stay in any of the countless emergencies of his difficult profession.

David received his degree in 1905, and immediately went abroad to travel and prosecute his studies.

Louise received her diploma as a nurse a year later, and forthwith entered upon the practice of her



Dr. David Dickson

calling, respected everywhere as a nurse of exceptional merit and received in the social circles of the city as a girl of the best position, although known to be poor.

Dr. Dickson returned from Europe two years ago and, after a comparatively brief stay in Cincinnati, betook himself to New York, there to win his way to prominence in the medical world. A little longer, only a little longer, Louise thought, and the dream of the now distant girlish years must come true.

Her lover wrote to her hundreds of letters—and such letters!

Would to God I could make you happy! Little girl, all the sweetness in the world is embodied in you.

You have your work; people love you, and you are a success—and you have not David.

Such dear, impassioned longings; such tender, responsive hopes—Louise Miltz, amid the many unpleasant duties that fall to the lot of nurses, had always that promise to light her glimpse of the future.

Then there came a letter that left the radiant future black as night. In New York he had met Mrs. Winchester. She was very wealthy, the daughter of Dallas Bache Pratt, the banker, her home at 24 West Forty-eighth street. She was a widow, her hus-

band, a member of the Baltimore banking firm of Winchester Brothers & Co., having been suddenly and horribly killed in a collision in Baltimore with a trolley car while he was driving at midnight in a blinding snowstorm.

Disappointed in his endeavor to storm speedily the heights of his profession in the great metropolis, despite his private fortune of \$100,000, despite his years of study here and abroad, miserable and self-accusing, her David, she says, told Louise that in marriage with Mrs. Winchester he saw assurance of realizing all his ambition.

Her added wealth, her established social status, her wide circle of acquaintance, meant immediate recognition of his powers. Without them, for all his fortune and his industry—and such modest aid as the training of Louise could give him—his might be the lot of the obscure, unhappy practitioner, forever tortured with aspirations that must come to naught.

AGREED TO GREAT SACRIFICE

That, as Miss Miltz has described, was her lover's appeal. It was not in vain. Her heart dying within her, she found in her rejected love the strength to write to him that he must fulfill what he believed to be his destiny.

She loved him too well not to love him better than herself. If his life with her wealthy rival could be happier than dull obscurity with her, then, in the greatness of the love she bore him, let him marry and take the best that life could offer.

She found a magnanimity beyond even that. She wrote to the woman for whose sake her lover had forsaken her.

"Oh, my dear Mrs. Winchester," she pleaded, "treat David well. Give him your love without stint!"

But that was not all. The terrible strain of parting fell upon her three weeks before the day her betrothed was to wed her rival. He saw her, she says, in Cincinnati. She lay in his arms and, mastering the sobs that shook her, told him:

"Go, David, go. I love you; and, dear, because I

love you, it cannot be I who will ever bar the way to your advancement."

There was, however, one factor which neither he nor Louise reckoned with. The announcement of his approaching marriage to Mrs. Winchester brought to Louise Miltz the ordeal which a woman dreads more than the recency of an acknowledged lover.

She found herself in the position of a girl who, for years, had been recipient of attentions and the possessor of the standing of a fiancee, and now, she said, discarded as lightly as though her claims had been the veriest, impudent pretense.

And down in her secret soul, with that desperation with which a woman clings to her heart's desire, she had hoped that her generous abnegation would stir in the man she loved such a moving recognition of her worth as would suffice to keep him true to her.

As the days passed and the time for Dr. Dickson's marriage drew near Louise Miltz realized that she was sacrificing more than her love—more than any man should ask, more than any woman could afford to give.

Her pride, too, rebelled. To the letter she had sent his new betrothed no answer was vouchsafed. Her whole being rose in protest.

She demanded of him that, if he do nothing else, he make public acknowledgment of the fact that he had been her promised husband. The middle of May was at hand; the marriage was only a few days off. All that Dr. Dickson was reported as saying was this:

"I have no regrets to express; no opinions to change. Mrs. Winchester's parents were informed, fully, of the circumstances. They have given their approval of my marriage with their daughter. I am greatly surprised at the action of Miss Miltz, for, only a few days ago, she stated that she would do nothing of the kind."

On May 20 Miss Miltz, in Cincinnati, entered suit against the doctor for damages amounting to \$50,000.

Only the trial of the romantic case can determine the truth of the beautiful nurse's story; and only the jury, then, will decide the romantic question:

"Did the nurse give the doctor to the wealthy widow?"

The NEW ROYAL IDEA to REFORM FASHION by ART



Italy's Queen, Who Dislikes Paris Fashions

The Duchess of Aosta

Dowager Queen Margherita

FOR a long time the royal ladies of Italy have been dissatisfied with the fashions from Paris. This was generally known, as on many occasions had Queen Helena expressed herself.

But that their disapproval of the creations of Worth and his compeers should result in any action was never for a moment believed. For has not Paris, as the arbiter of fashions, been supreme for centuries? Who should dream that any one—even a queen—would dare think of snatching the supremacy in clothes from France!

Now, as antiquity lends dignity to almost anything, the dictum of Paris had so long been implicitly received that few persons ever thought of criticising the garments that were built in the French capital.

Queens and chorus girls alike were glad to wear the creations from the boulevards; queens wearing newer and more elaborate dresses, naturally.

It may have been Queen Helena's early training. As princess of Montenegro she was reared in a home of extreme simplicity. She grew up with a distaste of the meretricious in fashions as well as in life, and has always been noted for the quiet elegance of her dress.

So, some time ago, when she walked into the boudoir of the queen-mother and said, quietly but determinedly: "I am no longer going to wear the absurd fashions they send us from Paris, but intend to have artists design our costumes." Queen Margherita was not very much surprised. Rome was.

Not only did the dowager queen pledge her support to Queen Helena in the movement, but the duchess of Aosta and Genoa and the Princess Letitia, aunt of

the king, said they were with the young queen in her crusade.

All agreed to give up the French fashions. Moreover, they determined to establish fashions of their own. They would employ artists—men of taste, of culture—to design their gowns.

The dresses should be elegant, simple, artistic to a classic degree. There should be no more absurdities, no "pipe effects," no overlaid bundles of laces and spangles.

Instead of the bizarre they would have the simple; instead of the freakish, the classically chaste and austere. The entire aim would be to obtain the acme of the artistic.

When the news was rumored abroad there were gasps of astonishment, incredulity. There was in some quarters cold disapproval. Usurp the supremacy of Paris? Tell the famed "builders of gowns" that they were wrong? That they were without sense of the artistic, merely sewing together hodge-podge of gaudy laces and fabrics?

That was what the ultimatum of the royal ladies amounted to. That was what, although they said it not, many ladies not of royal blood had thought. And these hailed the decision of the Italian queen with acclaim. They were at last to be relieved from the terrible tyranny of clothes.

A body of artists has been employed by the Italian queen to make designs for gowns and hats. These will be passed upon by the royal ladies. Their gowns will be made strictly after these designs. The artists will neither notice nor consult the fashions of Paris. They will start out on an entirely new and novel line. They are now making the first dresses for the royal ladies.

Imagine with what hated interest social Rome awaits the advent of the new gowns. Imagine with what suppressed, uneasy interest Paris waits. For what if other court ladies should follow the example of the Italian royal ladies? What if Rome should become the fashion center of the world?

Already alarming news comes from Roumania. It is nothing less than that Queen Elizabeth—known as "Carmen Sylva"—has inaugurated a campaign against the wearing of corsets. A manifesto, it is said, has been issued by the queen asking all women to boycott that article of dress. Corsets, declares the queen, disfigure the body, conceal the natural graces and injure the health. In the manifesto, which is printed in a dozen languages, it is hinted that the queen favors the classic Greek attire.

It is customary in the courts of Europe for the ladies to follow the example of the queen. So it is generally believed that just as the ladies of Rome follow the example of Queen Helena and the Dowager Queen Margherita, those of Roumania may imitate Queen Elizabeth and doff the objectionable corset.

Of course, the announcement of Queen Elizabeth's manifesto did not cause as great a surprise as it might have had it been issued before the announcement of Queen Helena's intention. For the re-awakening of Paris fashions by many might be regarded as the last straw!

Queen Helena, who has endeavored herself to the Italian people, has always been noted for her energy and independence. She has often stated that antiquity did not excuse faulty customs, and that because such things as fashions were established did not make them right. Paris fashions, she declared, are vulgar and inartistic. For the result of that decision the fair feminine-world waits.

LIKE most queens and princesses and members of royal households, the queen of Italy, the queen dowager and their ladies had their dresses cut and made after the latest approved Paris models. So they appeared at court; so they appeared before the populace.

THE romance of the devoted nurse is one that begins amid the crash of guns and the fall of cities. Her father was a colonel of the German army in the Franco-Prussian war of 1870.

He came to the United States, and adverse fortune brought his family to the poverty faced by so many well-born foreigners in this strange, stern land of promise.

His daughter, like the children of such foreign families, was well educated. Louise Miltz speaks no fewer than five languages, a girl trained and accomplished as few of the wealthiest of Americans, her skill in languages being supplemented with all the experience of a seamstress and the ability of a secretary.

Next door to the mansion that is the home of Congressman Nicholas Longworth in Cincinnati, is the mansion that was the home of Dr. David Judkins, one of the men prominent socially and professionally there for many years.

His son-in-law, the late Charles T. Dickson, seven years ago, needed a secretary, while Mrs. Dickson needed some one who could help with her sewing. The two offices were merged by the employment of Miss Miltz, an ideal addition to the aristocratic Dickson household—save for one consideration.

There was a son—named for his grandfather David Judkins Dickson—a young fellow of the age of the pretty girl secretary, destined for his grandfather's profession.

PEACE AND LOVE

There is always danger, in parental eyes, to rich young heirs in charming, cultured girl secretaries, and even in seamstresses. The danger was surely there; but, like a cloud that appeared only to heighten the loveliness of a morning, it vanished almost with the coming of the girl.

The young fellow's mother instantly appreciated the charm and strength of the nature that was in Louise Miltz. The outcome of the so-much dreaded "danger," as Miss Miltz has defined it, was simply peace and love, and the splendid hope that sometimes unites lovers and parents in a bond which is the dearest in the whole round of earthly happiness.

Miss Miltz, in the course of the disclosures she has made since the first publicity attended the marriage Dr. Dickson proposed with Mrs. Lycurgus Winchester, has from time to time given the details of her heart's