

Human Beings and _____



THIS man on skis seems to be "hogging the screen." He has the Alps all to himself. He wanted a quiet time. He has got it. But if he listens carefully, he may hear a gun going off somewhere. Not a squirrel-shooter. No—another kind of gun.

ALL the beautiful ladies seem to be doing war work. Lady Enid Vane—it's a wonder some film Belasco isn't after her—has better use for her beauty than going on the screen. She is an enthusiast on charity bazaars to provide comforts for soldiers.

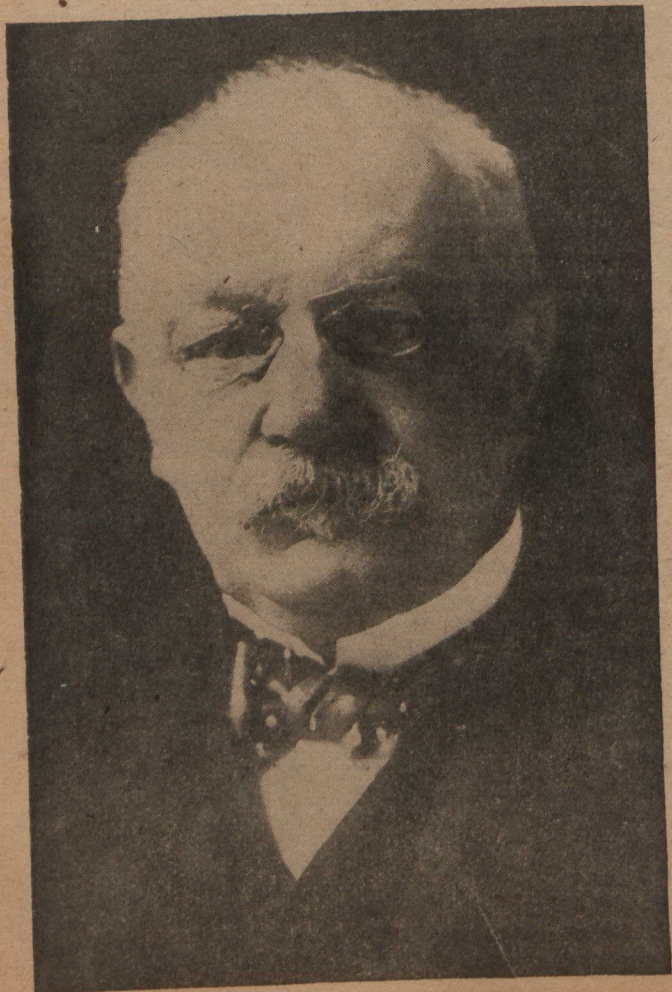


AT the gates of Udine, during the Italian retreat, Sergeant G. Morini of the Bersaglieri on patrol, halted a German motor-car carrying Gen. Von Berrer and Adjutant and the chauffeurs. They were hostile. He popped over Berrer with the first shot, sent the chauffeurs piking into the snow and went to it catch-as-catch-can with the adjutant, whom he turned over to the Italian command. And then he joined the cycle patrol for a rearguard action.

PRETTY Alice Neilsen — oh, how she can sing! — is married now. Here is her husband, Dr. Leroy Stoddard, who knows very well that his wife could have made a bag of money in comic opera, but preferred grand opera and the married life. It was a very quiet wedding in Greenwich, Conn.



ESTHER was once the White House baby in the days of Grover Cleveland. She is now engaged to marry Captain Bosanquet of the Coldstream Guards, who has a D. S. O. Miss Cleveland has been doing volunteer instruction for the blind at St. Dunstan's Home.



SINCE it has been announced that American soldiers, for a while at least, will be mixed up with the poilus, it is of particular interest to take notice of M. Jules Cambon. The former French Ambassador to the U. S. is one of the big, solid Frenchmen who believes in the last ditch for the Germans. He is the director of the new American Department in the French Government, to be of all the help he can to the new Premier Clemenceau in looking after the needs of the American Army in France.

THE man in the black border will be recognized by everybody. The Kaiser has at last found his level. On a recent visit to the Ottoman capital he made himself solid with the Turks by togging himself up in a Turkish Field Marshal's uniform. The world's greatest professional butcher of humanity should feel no qualms of conscience in putting on the uniform of the Chief Director of Massacres. "Aha!" he seems to have said, "What do you mean by letting those English into Jerusalem to advance upon my Bagdad railway? Have a care. I shall make myself decent enough to become a Turk—a terrible Turk! And I shall tolerate no nonsense from Turkey."

