

WHO IS THIS MRS. SIMPSON?

She Stole King's Heart and Rocked an Empire



Pictures tell the romantic story of Mrs. Ernest Simpson's life. 1—"Wally" as a student at Arundel. 2—In her first bridal gown, as she became Mrs. Spencer. 3—During a cocktail party in Mayfair. 4—King Edward VIII of England. 5—Earle Winfield Spencer, Wally's first husband. 6—Ernest Simpson, her second husband.

By WILLIAM C. UTLEY

"T'S colossal, it's the best news story anyone will ever see in our time. It's the biggest Cinderella story you could imagine. It's a double Cinderella story."

That's what H. L. Mencken, the sharp-tongued Baltimore wise man, said of the romance of his Baltimore neighbor, Mrs. Wallis Warfield Simpson, and King Edward VIII of England.

She used to be Mrs. Ernest Simpson when her name appeared in the list of guests at some social function, but now that she has crowded the war in Spain and the communist scare off the front pages, that amiable if slightly informal institution, the American press, embraces her as simply "Wally." Almost any day now you can expect it to become "Pally-Wally."

The "Wally," of course, comes from her middle name, Wallis, although her first name is actually Bessie. Wallis was the middle name of her father, Mr. Warfield, who died when she was three years old. It was the name he liked and the one by which he was known. And no wonder. His first name was Teackle.

Wally Packs a Wallop.

Wally, for a poor American lass whose Ma once ran a boarding house (although the family has never known want, this is actually true as a technicality and makes "swell copy"), is something of a double-barreled wad.

She is only five-feet-four, a slight and soft-spoken little person, but to the readers of the tabloids she is packed with dynamite.

She has won the heart of the most popular royal figure, perhaps, in history.

She and her royal sweetheart have held in their hands the destiny of nearly 500,000,000 people. For the crown is the symbol that unifies the far-flung British empire upon which the sun never sets.

Her romance has put to work goodness knows how many persons in the manufacture of hot water bottles to soothe the nerves of unstrung British cabinet members.

Effects Far-Reaching.

It has made front-page news in even the New York Journal of Commerce and its Chicago namesake.

It brings fat and venerable printers wearing green eyeshades and two coats of ink, up out of the bowels of the plant to the editorial rooms to get a peek at the latest bulletins. "That Wally!" they say, chuckling. "What's the latest dope about her and the king?" It even brings our pert little red-headed switchboard operator, whose hair is usually marcelled a la Nell Brinkley, down to the office with a new, straight-back coiffure, gathered behind, after the manner of the lady of the hour. "This Wally!" she says. "What's she got I ain't got, I'd like t' know!" (Editor's Note: I'd like to know, too.)

The Simpson case undoubtedly reached its provocative peak when at the crisis of the deadlock between the king and parliament, it kept Mr. Sinclair Lewis, the husband of a newspaper columnist named Dorothy Thompson, pacing back and forth all night in his room without a wink of sleep. After many cups of black coffee, countless cigarettes and the insistence of aching arches, Mr. Lewis wrote Edward VIII a vibrant and forceful letter which started "Sir!" and the message of which was neatly sum-

marized in one of its generous sentences: "David, come over here." Mr. Lewis, it will be recalled, wrote a book called "It Can't Happen Here," although this is generally regarded as merely a coincidence in the present case.

Father Bequeathed Little.

Who is Mrs. Simpson? She isn't listed in "Who's Who in Great Britain." But then neither is Gov. Alf M. Landon of Kansas.

The newest pearl in Baltimore's social oyster was born there June 19, 1896. Although, as a little, blue-eyed girl with dark hair, she could not remember her father, she was always to have his name. "I want her to, even though she is a girl," her mother had said. So the child was called Bessie Wallis Warfield.

Death prevented Wallis Warfield from seeing his daughter grow up. His marriage with her mother, the former Alice Montague of Virginia, had been a true love match. He was of fine family, but comparatively poor. He left little for the widow and her child.

To make ends meet, Mrs. Warfield ran a boarding house in Baltimore until 1908. Then she married again, her second husband dying two years later. Little Wally, however, had an uncle who was wealthy. He looked out for her, and sent her to the Arundel school, which she attended for four years.

Inherits Mother's Wit.

In appearance, Wally was all Warfield. She had the high cheekbones admired by artists. Her broad forehead was well proportioned. Her rich, medium brown hair (now raven black, incidentally) was parted in the center and drawn back in soft waves (it still is). She has blue eyes and creamy, pale tan skin, but perhaps the most attractive feature she has are her handsome teeth, of perfect whiteness.

Her native wit and gracious manner, Wallis Simpson is said to have inherited from her mother.

Wally's first love came to her in Pensacola, Fla., in 1916, in the form of one Lieut. Comdr. Earle Winfield Spencer. He was a dashing aviator and a graduate of the United States Naval academy. He conducted a whirlwind courtship, with the result that they were married in Baltimore on Nov. 18 of the same year. Eight years later Wally secured an uncontested divorce from Mr. Spencer, charging him with desertion.

Recalls Wally's Personality.

The three years following, our heroine spent traveling between Virginia and Europe. It was in London that she became acquainted with Ernest Aldrich Simpson, a British citizen of American birth. He was a graduate of Harvard university, a prosperous shipping broker and a former officer in the Coldstream guards, crack English regiment.

This courtship was likewise swift. They married July 21, 1928, and went to live in a fashionable apart-

ment in Mayfair. They were leaders in the smart society set. Mrs. Simpson, especially, was popular.

Mrs. George Mosely of Geneva, Ill., a sister of Wally's first husband, recently threw light on her personality, which gives indication of how favored Wally must have been in Mayfair society.

"She was very intelligent, smart and attractive, with a very sweet side to her nature," Mrs. Mosely said. "She was very attractive to men. She could no more keep from flirting than from breathing. She could come into a room full of women and you wouldn't pay any attention to her, but the minute a man came in, she would sparkle and turn on the charm."

It did not take long for Wally and Edward to become fast friends. It is said that she early supplanted Thelma, Lady Furness, one of the Morgan twins, as his favorite.

Name Linked With King.

It was not until August 1, 1934, however, that Mrs. Simpson was first mentioned in American newspapers as a friend of the prince, and then only her last name was given. It was not until a year later that her full name, then unknown to American newspaper men, appeared in news stories here.

On Jan. 22 of this year Mrs. Simpson was mentioned as a close friend of the new King Edward in stories about princesses the bachelor monarch might marry. Three months later the names of Mr. and Mrs. Simpson appeared on the court list of a banquet for Col. and Mrs. Charles A. Lindbergh.

Steadily, Mrs. Simpson began to be more frequently linked with the king in the news columns.

On Sept. 9, last, she was named as a member of the royal yachting party in the Adriatic, then as accompanying the king in a visit to an ear specialist in Vienna. The first real indications of the love affair that eventually blossomed appeared on Sept. 28, when the king entertained Wally at Balmoral castle. While the British press kept strict silence, American newspapers began to carry series of articles on the significance of the friendship, whether or not the Simpsons were likely to be divorced, and whether she and the king would marry.

Divorcee Not Yet Final.

Mr. Simpson packed up his bags and moved to the Guards club Oct. 14; Mrs. Simpson moved into a residence in Cumberland Terrace, standing on land which by mere coincidence belonged to the Crown. (As a matter of fact, much of her childhood was spent on property granted to her ancestors by the Crown.) Mrs. Simpson secretly filed suit for divorce at Ipswich.

Three days later the press reported the king to have entertained Wally at one of his estates, Fort Belvedere. In another three days the royal bodyguard was assigned to her. A week later her divorce was granted, but it does not become absolute until late in April.

It was not until Nov. 20 that the wary British press first allowed Mrs. Simpson's full name to appear—and then it was as one of the guests at a charity ball.

The rest is current history, so familiar to everyone who reads that there is no need to go into it here.

After His Visit



CHRISTMAS AMONG THE PINES
By **Jocile Webb Pearson**

A House Built Christmas Day
... by ...
Frances Grinstead

BIG BILL, in spite of his six foot four was a boy at heart. Boss of a logging crew he could be plenty solemn when occasion demanded, but a Christmas tree and all the lights and cheer that goes with it was his weakness. "Christmas is no fun without kids," was the way he put it. But, it looked like Bill was doomed to disappointment this year.

The crew were lounging around the fire after a hard day's work when Pudgy Sam, the cook, shook the ashes out of his pipe and said: "What's the reason we can't have

A HOME that was built on a Christmas day stood for a long time on the old Santa Fe trail where it passed near Arrow Rock, Mo., on the Missouri river. Though not quite completed in a single day, with the help of his neighbors on that "holiday" about a hundred years ago, Henry Nave got his cabin ready for his family and the day after Christmas took them into his shelter.

Of course the house was built of undressed lumber, felled right on his farm. When he had selected the location this pioneer cut down round poles for the walls, rafters and joists—the framework.

Mr. Nave had found some large, flat stones, and in the afternoon they dragged these into place for the hearth. Then of other suitable rocks, by much puffing and pulling they built a fireplace—one of those great practical ones which served to heat the home and to cook venison, buffalo meat, corn pone and other "victimals." The exterior of this fireplace was wood, the stones providing a fireproof lining.

The mortar to bind the stones was chiefly mud; to obtain even this simple ingredient it was necessary to build a fire in the middle



"Christmas No Fun Without Kids," the Way He Put It.

a Christmas just like home right here? Plenty trees, if we can muster the trimmin'."

Bob, the kid dishwasher, was all enthusiasm. "We've got popcorn. I've strung yards at home for mom. Sam's got a harmonica, and Dave a Jews harp, an' some of you fellows can sing. And I'll trim the tree."

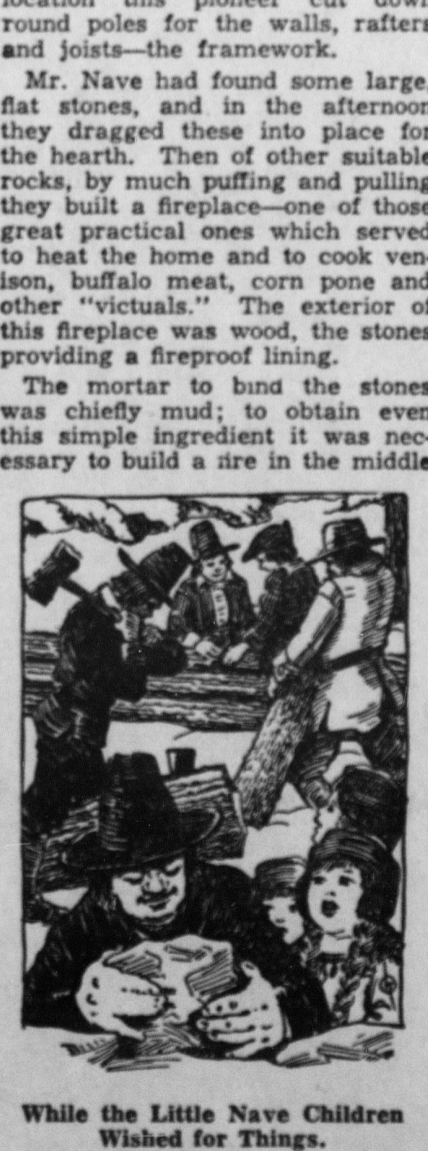
"The Boss wouldn't think much of a Christmas without kids," put in Dave. "There's the Martins. They got a couple kids; we can ring them in. I was by there 't'other day an' heard them talkin' about Santa comin'."

"Boss said Martin looks sort of beat out, too," said another. "Suppose we appoint Bob, here as a committee of one to extend our invitation for them to join us. I feel we owe them something, the way they helped us when some of the men had flu."

Big Bill was jubilant with their plans. "You fellows took the wind out of my sails, but you'll do a better job than I could."

"Oh Little Town of Bethlehem," lead by Sam's harmonica, floated out from lusty throats upon another star-strewn night.

Big Bill in a scrambled suit of red flannel and a hemp beard was a satisfactory Santa Claus to at least two happy children. He handed out gifts to everyone. Sam had done his best on the feast that followed, and everybody joined in the "three cheers and a tiger" for a jolly Christmas among the Oregon pines.



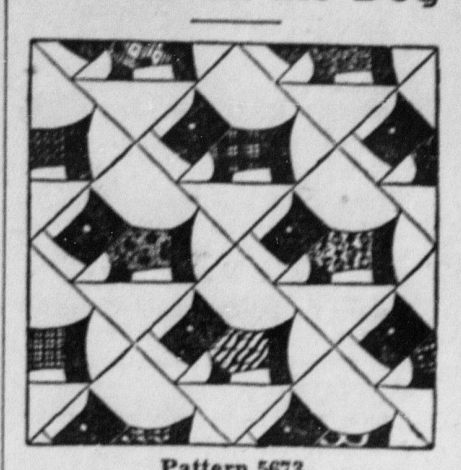
While the Little Nave Children Wished for Things.

of the half-constructed cabin and thaw the ground.

But, writes this hardy woodsman, "It was not many days until we were living snugly in our cabin and in good health and with fine appetites."

Holidays among our ancestors were made occasions for such celebrations as this, but they never witnessed the cessation from labor ours afford. There was always need for immediate shelter, crop harvesting, or game killing. Hence log-raising, corn-huskings, and gun-shoots were made social occasions. But do you suppose we ever have more fun than Henry Nave's family and friends had building a house on Christmas day?

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