

STAGE CHARMS MORE FOOTLIGHT MILIONS

Astounding Success of the Actress in Capturing Titles

STRANGE as it may seem, actresses are now capturing more peers than American heiresses.

Only the other day it was proclaimed in London that Miss Viola Tree, daughter of Beerbohm Tree, and an actress of more than insular reputation, was to marry the marquis of Granby.

This on top of reports, not denied, that Estelle Christy, the New York Casino chorus girl, wears an engagement ring given by Lord Eliot; that Maude Darrell has captured the marquis of Anglesey, and that the earl of Stanhope has laid his heart and title at the feet of Gabrielle Ray.

Long, indeed, is growing the list of foot-light favorites marrying into the nobility. And to their credit be it said that many of these really adorn the new positions to which they attain.

It is a race between American heiresses and the stage? Is the question being asked in England's aristocratic circles. Just now the footlight favorites appear to be in the lead.

Since the time when the engagements of Miss Gladys Vandenberg and Miss Theodora Shonts were announced, no fewer than four English titles have fallen at the feet of actresses.

And, according to current report, and report in the case is accepted as correct, because the usual precedents have not been made.

Those who do not take readily to this order of things may remark that the capture of honors and position by actresses is really a new thing. The English peerage goes much further back than the day of the American heiress.

They will tell you that English kings were flirting with the American heiresses when the only American heiresses were the daughters of Indian chiefs and when the wealth of an American millionaire was computed in wampum.

Notwithstanding these facts, there is still of the third earl of Derbyshire, who married Miss Anastasia Robinson, a music hall singer of London, in 1724, while the earl of Derbyshire Eliza Farren his countess before the American Revolution.

Years before, however, has there been such a raid upon titles as the stage is making now. Within five years of a really steady in London, there will be five as necessary to one heiress-peeress.

And that their gush of argument spiked to a considerable extent by the exemplary behavior of actresses who have done the coronet.

Miss Bilton, the former Gaiety actress, who died about three years ago in Ireland, did so well as Lady, Clancarty in a really serious case, there is still of the third earl of Derbyshire, who married Miss Anastasia Robinson, a music hall singer of London, in 1724, while the earl of Derbyshire Eliza Farren his countess before the American Revolution.

Other good examples of actresses who have entered the nobility, kept their heads and filled their new positions gloriously are "Connie" Gilchrist, who became the countess of Orkney, and Eva Carrington, who abandoned music hall popularity to become Lady de Clifford.

MISS TREE HAS MANY CHARMS

Miss Viola Tree possesses a genius for dancing, and her grace in this line will probably entertain many drawing-room assemblies when she becomes the marchioness of Granby.

Her comeliness of feature and form has made her a favorite in tableaux. Then, too, she has a happy gift as an artist, and has wrought excellent likenesses of some of her friends.

When handsome Eva Carrington won the dashing young Lord de Clifford, she was not only at least, she declared the many articles written about her—and was one of the most famous of the many Gibson girls then on the stage.

That she was not consumed by eagerness to enter the social realms to which her new title was to prove the open sesame, was shown by the fact that she gladly consented to a six months' honeymoon in Abyssinia.

When she returned home to assume the many social duties awaiting her, she speedily developed into a model country grande dame.

Evelyn Victoria Chandler—that was her real name—not John Southwell Russell, Lord de Clifford, at a little dinner in Dublin, and the two were victims of a bad case of love at first sight. The wedding took place February 18, 1906.

Lord de Clifford will not settle down as a model Irish landlord, perhaps, for a number of years. The spirit of "wanderlust" is in his blood; he is a great traveler, and his wife is no less enthusiastic in that direction. During her residence on Lord de Clifford's estate the former actress has become an expert rider to hounds.

Camille Clifford rose from the lowly position of a chorus girl in the play "Morocco Boreas" then running in Boston. As it proved, she only needed this chance; her work was so good, and her stage appearance so attractive, that she was never without an engagement afterward.

Her beauty won her a host of friends among the theater-going public, and her capability was recognized by managers.

While the family of Lord Aberdeen is not old in the peerage, it is one of the wealthiest in England. Extensive coal properties in southern Wales constantly pour a stream of gold into the family coffers, and many other industrial enterprises swell the income.

Some years ago a cablegram from London conveyed this information to readers of American newspapers: "A new star is steadily rising in the social firmament of London—the young marchioness of Headfort, formerly Miss Rosie Boote."

Not only is she very handsome, but she is charming and clever, being exceptionally well educated and possessing the unconventional high spirits and fun of the Irish girl.

One reason why she is so much liked is because she wears a crown as a reference to her vocation at the



years ago. She was one of the original "Florodora" sextet of 1901. Her husband, who was a widower, is a descendant of the signer of the famous Ashburton treaty with the United States.

of Great Britain to the United States. He was a grandson of the founder of the famous banking house of Baring Brothers. In 1786 he married a daughter of United States Senator William Bingham, of Philadelphia.

Lady Ashburton's father was formerly a bricklayer in New York. One is not often called from a Harlem flat of six rooms to a British demesne of 25,000 acres, yet such was the fortune of this young actress.

Upon her husband's estates there are for her the stable of hunters and driving horses, the garage crowded with automobiles. The family jewels and plate, carte blanche with Worth and Felix in Paris, thousands upon thousands in ready pin money—in a word, everything that the heart of woman could desire. Nor is this all.

This girl from Harlem, whose face was her fortune, has the prestige of Lord Ashburton's position and wealth all over Great Britain and the continent. And right well, it is said, she has maintained the dignity of her new position.

Of her marriage she said recently: "Ours is one of the very few love matches between American girls and foreign noblemen. While most Englishmen who are looking for brides in America have a fortune uppermost in mind, Lord Ashburton considers that he has found the greatest fortune in his wife."

The members of his family have always been loving and friendly to me and the greatest help in every way. I have met many delightful people in England."

\$1,000,000 A YEAR

When not occupied with social duties in London, where they have a town house, Lord and Lady Ashburton reside at their country place, "The Grange," a picturesque home in Hampshire, seven miles from Southampton. Lord Ashburton is said to have an income of \$1,000,000 a year.

Only a few years ago the popular countess of Orkney was a Gaiety girl. All the moths of the London stage door fluttered about "Connie" Gilchrist. She was the fascinating skirt dancer who was not only the favorite of hundreds of London theatergoers, but count number among her admirers many a gilded youth and bearer of a proud title.

The duke of Beaufort, who might have been her grandfather, lavished gifts upon her. It was from a West End house, which he was said to have bestowed upon her in a romantic friendship, that he gave her away as a bride to the young earl of Orkney, who was the successful wooer among all the sprigs of nobility who sought her hand.

"Connie" had quitted the stage some time before her marriage. She is a skilled huntswoman, a whip and a golf player, and enters with keen delight into the life of a country woman of wealth and social position.

It is said of Anna Robinson, for some years countess of Rosslyn, that she bought an earl with the money she made on the stage. This fact places her in a class by herself—a class once unique and rare.

Whatever may be the dreams of the fair Anna, she is a social prominence was concerned they failed of materialization. So, not long since she secured a divorce.

Thus, briefly, are sketched some of the recent romances that ended in placing coronets upon the brows of stage favorites. There are others, and the list, no doubt, will grow with coming years.

Will the charms of the footlight favorite continue to outweigh the attractions of the American heiress?



Anna Robinson, who caught and divorced the Earl of Roslyn



Lady de Clifford, formerly Eva Carrington, a "Gibson Girl"



Countess of Orkney, who, on the stage, was "Connie" Gilchrist.



Lady Ashburton, known on the stage as Frances Belmont



Marchioness of Headfort, who was the popular Rosie Boote

time the young marquis of Headfort, in the teeth of the opposition of his family, his brother officers and even of the king himself, insisted on marrying her."

Going very well with the above is a cablegram only a few weeks old, as follows:

"The Dublin season has been absolutely ruined by the great jewel scandal. At the first drawing room held by the vicereine, the earl of Aberdeen, there was a perceptible gloom.

On this occasion the only person who behaved with dignity was the former Gaiety actress, the marchioness of Headfort, once known as Rosie Boote.

Lady Headfort appeared in the dazzling though wearing a very simple gown of velvet, no diamonds, and only two strings of pearls. She was far more distinguished looking than many other beauties who are so constantly photographed.

The marquis of Headfort is entitled to sit in the House of Lords as Baron Kenil, or Kenil, this being his title as peer of the United Kingdom. He is also the earl of Bective.

On a certain night when Rosie Boote was singing in London, the young marquis of Headfort was in the audience. Her principal song was, "Maidie Will Get There All the Same."

"Tall, dark, rather handsome and quite unconscious that her fate was sealed within a stone's throw of her, in one of the stalls, Rosie Boote advanced to the footlights and seemed to sing right at him:

Some day I mean to wed a duke, don't doubt me! And none will dare to hint rebuke about me. The biggest snobs will come to me on Thursday afternoon for tea. And emperors will make their bows when I'm at Cowes.

At the end of the song the peer of the realm was magnetically at her feet. The next day he was literally there. It is said that the pair has been exceptionally happy, even though their income is not large.

English society was stirred to its depths when Frances Belmont, an American actress, whose stage name was Frances Belmont, married Lord Ashburton only a few

ment, in spite of its indignation and threats, had to retain her "hit" on the bill and shortly afterward was compelled to raise her salary. When she appeared as Charles Hawley's leading lady in "A Message From Mars" the theatrical world was astonished.

Lord Ashburton owns about 30,000 acres. He succeeded to the title on the death of his father, in 1889. The first baron won distinction in the 49's as a special ambassador

to the papal. In the late eighties, she appeared in a picture painted by Alfred Grevin, with her hair plastered down over the side of her face, the world has wondered as to the shape of her ears. She never permits them to be seen by the public.

Pierre Loti, who ranks so high in the estimation of Parisians, is the author of some twenty-odd books, consisting of fiction and works of travel. All are written in a charming style.

Julian Vlaud—this is his real name—is a lieutenant commander in the French navy. He devotes his time to the navy and to literature. Between voyages he spends his time at his home at Rochefort, one of the finest in France, where he is visited by hundreds of admirers.

His books of travel are popular because of their intimate, personal observations. His novels are classics, and his "Romance of a Child" is said to be a perfect work.

That Loti should share in degree of popularity with Parisians is not likely that the admirers of Loti are devotees of Ralph the Butcher.

Once, undoubtedly, the "Divine Sarah" Bernhardt were the most largely sold. But her reign has lasted for so many years that it is not to be wondered that the public has turned to other gods and goddesses.

What is Popularity? How Photograph Sales Reply.



WHAT is popularity? In what does it consist? How can it be gauged? Is it popularity to be cheered as one appears before the footlights? Is it to be discussed daily in the newspapers, to have one's picture each month, in various poses, in the magazines? Is it to have cigarettes, cigars, confections and toilet articles named after you? Is it to write for the consumption of a half million readers?

Some one in Paris the other day made a round of the shops to ascertain what photographs were mostly in demand. If one's photograph sells well in the French capital it is considered an unflinching sign of popularity.

bought were of Count Boni de Castellane. It must be a happy thought for the lovely Otero that Merode ranks fifth in popularity, for the rivalry of the two women has interested Paris for many years. In France, perhaps, the photographs are as good a gauge to popularity as anything, for the people are photograph mad.

In the United States the photograph fad comes in fits and starts. Perhaps the extent of one's fame or notoriety here could best be gauged by the columns of space in the newspapers. For the time being there could have been little doubt that Evelyn Nesbit "Naw" was the leader in notoriety. Newspapers printed columns about her. Posters showing her posing in various attitudes, a favorite picturing her lying with her head on a tiger's head, were sold by the thousands.

For some years one of the most popular men of the country has probably been assured of his occupancy of the meridian in the public mind by the sale of Teddy bears. Actresses and authors in this country have seen their popularity rise and wane in the sale of pictures and postcards.

Not many years ago pictures of Miss Lillian Russell were so much in demand that cigarette makers enticed purchasers by giving away small colored photographs of the actress. The climax of Kipling's popularity was marked by sales of his pictures.

It will be remembered that pictures of few authors ever had the vogue of that of Richard Le Gallienne, when he came to America after the success of his "Golden Girls." Schoolgirls proudly placed the picture of the long-haired poet with the classic profile on their mantels, and people talked of the grace and charm of the author of "The Love Letters of the King."

Hall Caine, too, came in for his turn, but as his face was not quite as handsome as that of Mr. Le Gallienne his fame—in photographs—was brief.

Of course people like to know what celebrities look like. So they buy their pictures. Then, too, both in England and America the popularity of an actress can often be gauged by the vogue of a song with which she is associated. For the time being Vesta Victoria's fame floated from every one's lips in the song of "Poor John."

Political success, perhaps, is not better manifested than in public acclaim, and it will be recalled that when the Mayor of a certain city in the United States came out for pure government a grateful people followed him for days when he went to lunch from the governmental building to his club, cheering him on his way.

Much popularity is short-lived, however, and often the political hero of the day sinks into obscurity, while the actress goes sparkling on her way in an eternal youth.

Otero, the most popular woman in Paris, said to be the most graceful dancer in the world, has long been known as the rival of Cleo de Merode. La Belle Otero went on the stage when she was 16 years of age, and while dancing near Madrid danced herself into fame by being abducted by secret agents of King Alfonso XII, who spirited her off to his palace. She forced open a window and escaped.

At the age of 13 she married the Marquis de Otero, a Spanish nobleman. At 16 she eloped. In Berlin the dancer played havoc with hearts, and the Crown Prince Wilhelm gave the kaiser, was said to have been smitten by her charms.

For years Otero has reigned in Paris. Rather, at times she was compelled to share her reign with Merode. For many years the rivalry between the two was the talk of Paris. One tried to surpass the other in richness of dress, ballets, expensive automobiles, jewels and breeds of dogs. It was Otero, it is said, who started the rumor that Merode hid her ears because they were deformed.

Cleo de Merode, for a long time in high favor with King Leopold of Belgium, is said to be worth millions in her own right, having gained immense profits from lands in the Congo given her by Leopold. The subject of Cleo's ears has been a mystery.

AN UNSOLVED MYSTERY

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