

THE STAR, ST. JOHN.

# STAGE CHARMS MORE THE MILK

## Astounding Success of the Actress in Capturing Titles

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

Only the other day it was proclaimed in London that Miss Viola Tree, daughter of Bearholm 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 Elliot; that Maudie 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 them really adorn the new positions to which they attain.

AS it comes to a race between American heiresses and the stage, the question being asked in England's aristocratic circles, just now the foot-light favorites appear to be in the lead.

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

That is, according to current report, and report in these cases is accepted as correct, because the usual prompt denials 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 not new; will assert that the introduction of stage celebrities to the English peerage goes much further back than the day of the American heiress.

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

Mentioning specific cases, they tell of the third earl of Derby who married Miss Amastasia Robinson, a music hall singer of London, in 1794, while the earl of Derby made Eliza Farren his mistress before the American Revolution.

Never before, however, has there been such a rapid upon titles as the stage is making now. Within five years, it is freely predicted in London, there will be five actress-peeresses to one heiress-peeress.

Critics find their guns of argument pointed to a considerable extent by the exemplary behavior of actresses who have done the honors.

Belle Gibson, the former Gaiety actress, who died about three years ago in Ireland, did so well as Lady, Clancarty that she was sincerely mourned by a large circle of aristocratic friends.

Rosie Boote is winning laurels in her new role of the marchioness of Headfort; Camille Clifford, wife of Hon. Lord Ashburton, who will become Lord Aberdeen, has been admitted to exclusive circles of society, and Lady Ashburton, formerly Frances Belmont, is making new friends among those who were shocked by her admission into the purple.

Other good examples of actresses who have entered the nobility, kept their heads and filled their new positions cleverly 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, 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. Too, she has a happy gift as an actress, and has wrought excellent likenesses of some of her friends.

When handsome Eva Carrington won the dashing young Lord de Clifford she was not quite at least, so 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 realm 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 as a model of social duties awaiting her, she speedily developed into a model country grande dame.

Every Victoria Chandler—that was her real name—met 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 Irish estate the former actress has become an expert rider to hounds.

Camille Clifford rose from the lowly position of a scrubgirl to that of mistress to a countess. She came to America a little Swedish peasant girl, bearing the name of Otero; she went out to domestic service, scrubbed floors, sewed and performed other tasks falling to the lot of a maid of all work.

It was almost by accident that she was engaged as a chorus girl in the play, "Morocco Bound," 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 property in Scotland and Wales constantly pour a stream of gold into the family coffers, and many other industrial enterprises swell the income.

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

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 never winces at any reference to her vocation as the



Anna Robinson, who caught the earl of Stanhope.

Lady Ashburton, formerly Frances Belmont, a famous "Gibson Girl."

On a certain night when Rosie Boote was singing in London, the young marquis of Headfort was in the audience. Her principal song was, "Maudie 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! The biggest swells will come to me On Thursday afternoon for tea.

At the end of the song the peer of the realm was metaphorically 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

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.

Miss Belmont first jumped into fame by disobeying orders in a Boston theater. She was playing in "My Lady" as a member of the chorus. One night, as the chorus was filing on to sing "back fence" to Gilbert Gregory's rendering of a scrupulous song entitled "Maudie Dooley," she gaily picked up her skirts, jumped out to the footlights and did a song and dance of her own.

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 "Rosie Boote."

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, twenty miles from Southampton. Lord Ashburton is said to have an income of £100,000 a year.

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

Old as well as young succumbed to her wily witchery. The date of Beaufort, who might have been her grandfather, lavished gifts upon her. It was from a West and house, which he was said to have bestowed upon her in a romantic friendship, that she gave her away as a bride to the young earl of Orkney. What the success of her first wooing among all the sprigs of nobility who sought her hand, "Connie" had quitted the stage some time before her marriage.

She is a dashing 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 that Anna Robinson, for some years countess of Roslyn, that she bought an earl with the money she made on the stage. This fact places her in a class by herself at once unique and remarkable.

Whatever may have been the dreams of the fair Anna, 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, twenty miles from Southampton. Lord Ashburton is said to have an income of £100,000 a year.

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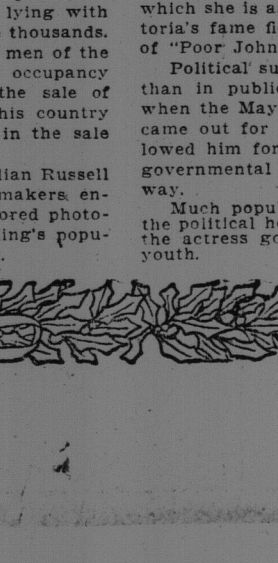
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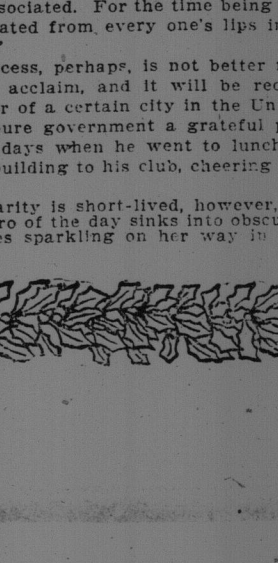
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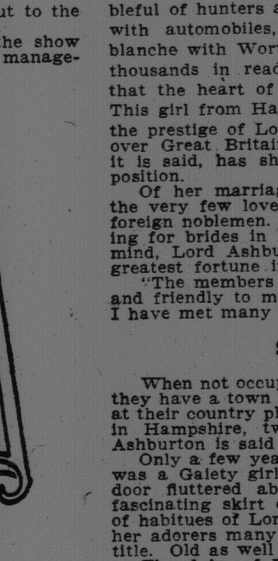


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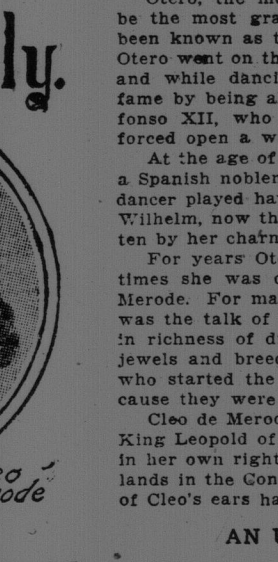
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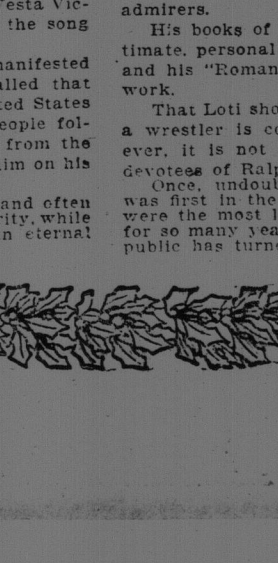
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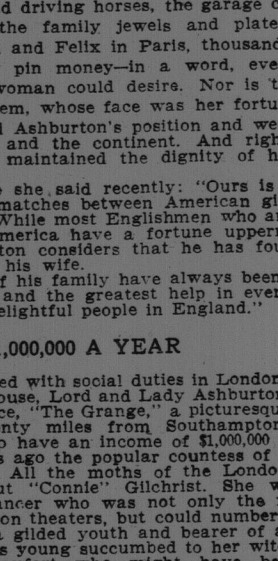


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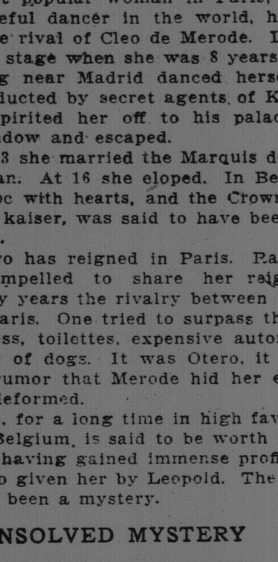
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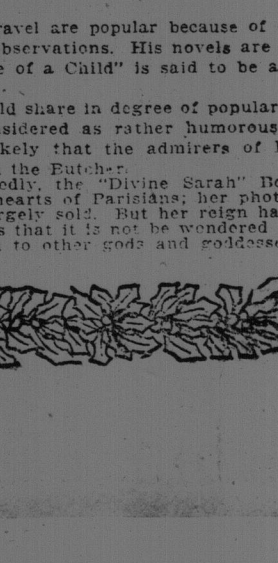
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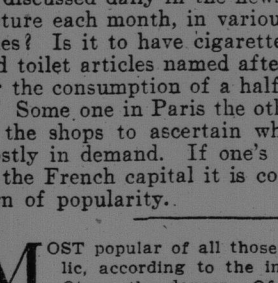
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## What is Popularity? How Photograph Sales Reply.



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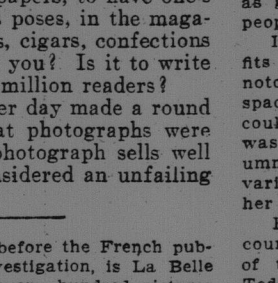
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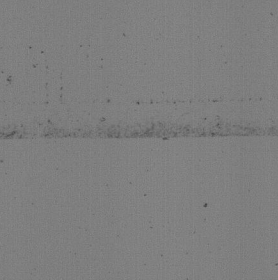
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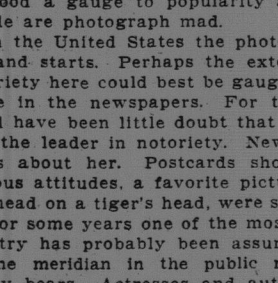
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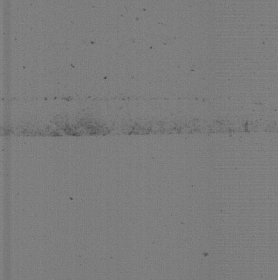
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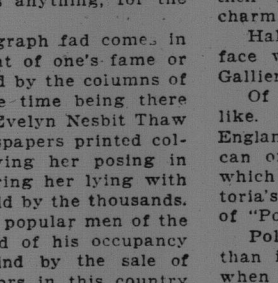
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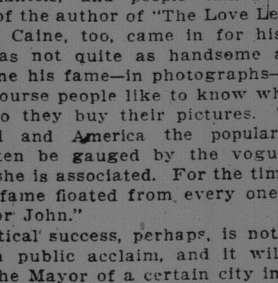
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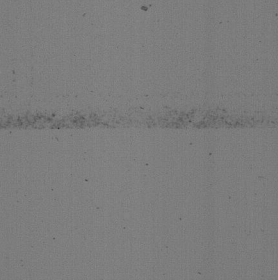
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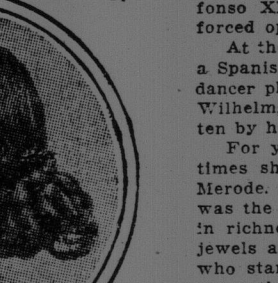
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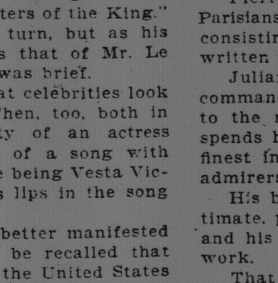
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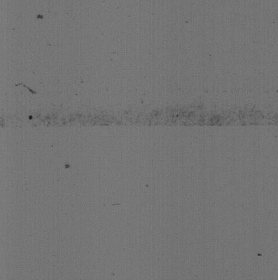
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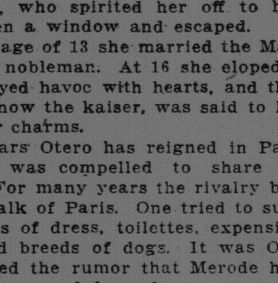
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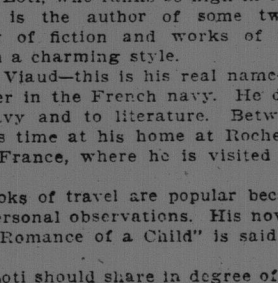
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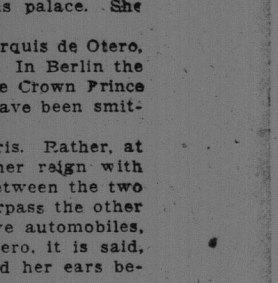
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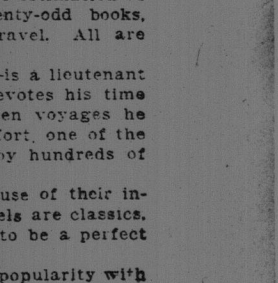
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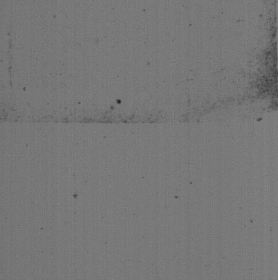
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WHAT is popularity? In what does it consist? How can it be gauged? Is it popularity to be cheered as it appears before the footlights? Is it to be discussed daily in the newspapers, to have one's picture each month, in various poses, in the magazines? 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 unflattering sign of popularity.

MOST popular of all those before the French public, according to the investigation, is La Belle Otero, the dancer. Of every hundred pictures sold in Paris, fifteen were of Otero.

Next came Pierre Loti, the "Rudyard Kipling of France," and "Ralph the Butcher," a widely known wrestler, each with thirteen pictures sold in the hundred. Fourth in favor came Sarah Bernhardt, with eleven, while Cleo de Merode—she of the falling tresses—came fifth. Two of every hundred portraits

bought were of Count Boni de Castellane. It must be a happy thought for the lovely Otero that Merode ranks fifth in popular favor, 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 came, in its start. 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 Thaw was the leader in notoriety. Newspapers printed columns about her. Postcards showing her posing in various attitudes, a picture featuring her living 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, on 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 Vestal'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.

so far as 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 heads of stage favorites. There are others, and the list, no doubt, will grow with coming years.

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

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 8 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 18 she eloped. In Berlin the dancer played havoc with hearts, and the Crown Prince Wilhelm, now 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, toilettes, 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

Since the time when, 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 Vaucluse 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 classic, and his "Romance of a Child" is said to be a perfect work.

That Loti should share in degree of popularity with a wrestler is considered as rather humorous. However, it is not likely that the admirers of Loti are devotees of Ralph the Butcher.

One of the most popular of Parisians, her photographs were the best sellers of the day. But her reign has lasted for so many years that it is not wondered that the public has turned to other gods and goddesses.