

THE WOMEN'S PAGE

"THE DOLLAR PRINCESS" WHO TOOK THE DOLLARS

She Was Lily Elsie, the Most Beautiful Bride in Britain, and She Preferred a Scotch Millionaire Over a Host of Noble Suitors



Miss Maud Darrell, Mrs. Bullough's First Actress Wife.

Curious Facts

THE Dutch have a delightfully original way of collecting their taxes. If, after due notice has been given, the money is not sent, the authorities place one or two hungry millitians in the house, to be lodged and maintained at the expense of the defaulter until the amount of the tax is paid.

A quaint paragraph appeared in the will of Mrs. Julie Hall, of Brighton, England. At the reading of the will the other day it was found that she had bequeathed \$500 to her coachman, provided he is in her service at her death, and "if I do not die through or from the effects of a carriage accident when he is the driver."

The official estimates of the strength of the French army, as it was composed last year, show that there were under arms 581,491 men, who could be joined at once by 800,000 from the First Reserve. On mobilization, another 1,400,000 would be brought up, and the last line of 1,700,000 makes a grand total of 4,500,000.

Statisticians and timid ladies alike have long recognized the Bank as the busiest spot in London for vehicular traffic. It is surprising to find from a county council return that it only just beats the Marble Arch. In one day 22,481 vehicles passed the Bank, and the Marble Arch record was only ten fewer. Knightsbridge, east of Sloane street, was a bad third with 18,762.

The foreman of a Marseilles warehouse, who has won the prize of £20,000 in the big French lottery, has been pestered, as the winners of these big prizes always are pestered in France. The first £200,000 ever offered was won by a cantiniere, Mme. Hoff, a widow, who afterward wrote a book on her adventures. The poor woman was literally chased from place to place for weeks by people who wanted to beg of her or merely to see her. Her principal tormentors were the men who wanted to marry her. There were 497 of them! Her suitors were so many and so pressing that eventually she married one of them.

The picturesque village of Moleworth, Huntingdon, England, possesses an unusual cemetery. It has been established about seven years, and up to date there have been interred about 200 pets, mostly dogs, although there are a few birds, about fifty cats, a marmot and four monkeys. The place is beautifully kept, the graves being planted with flowers, while the stones and curbs are principally of white marble with suitable inscriptions.

In the dull hours of the day, the Rev. William Elington, parish clerk, near Welbeck, Notts. The church possessed no organ, and when the psalms or hymns were announced, the parish clerk used to stride over the pews in the church, and there, facing the congregation, gravely whistle the tune.

Oil From Tomato Seed

A NEW and very valuable oil has been discovered in tomato seed by an expert chemist in Italy. The oil is useful in the manufacture of high-grade varnish. It is highly transparent, possesses great leading qualities, and dries very quickly without contracting and producing cracks.

In many canneries where the tomato seed accumulated rapidly, and it was quite an expense to get rid of them, the waste product will now become valuable, and new industries will be the result of the Italian's discovery.

Varieties of tomatoes, with more seed than others, are more valuable than the ones that expert growers have been giving us, which are almost seedless.

NATURE sometimes goes out of her way to make a perfect beauty; and, more rarely, uses an English girl for her subject. Of course, it has to be rarely an English girl, because nature makes perfect beauties, of different complexions, in different countries; and the United States takes up such a large quota of them that there aren't enough to go around outside.

But when she does choose an English girl she proves she is able to produce a masterpiece; and it happens mighty often that all England gets the chance to admire the results. When the results happen to be as poor in purse as they are rich in beauty, they are usually to be seen on the London stage; and a wild scramble ensues to determine who shall become their owner.

Nature never made a more brilliant success of the masterpiece business than the one she achieved with Lily Elsie, the musical comedy actress, who has been the center of such a scramble for the past half dozen years. From the nobility came her suitors

mostly—those ardent sprigs of Britain's leading families who discern beauty from afar and spend their youth and oftentimes their age in the delightful endeavor to edge closer. The pretty and popular actress who can't marry a nobleman feels as if she has failed in her vocation.

Lovely Lily Elsie didn't fail; she could have married noblemen by the bushel, or the yard, or the barrel, or whichever way they come in quantities. But she didn't want them.

She was a "Dollar Princess," and now all London is agog over the news that she decided to take the dollars. They belong to Ian Bullough, a young Scotchman, who has so many of them that he could buy almost any batch of Britain's noblemen—barring a few of the richest—who might happen to be in the market.

Americans may feel almost a family interest in her recent wedding, because she has been the original of many of their popular heroines, "The Dollar Princess," "The Merry Widow," and other great successes.

WOMEN can be divinely beautiful and not be lovable. It's the mouth, generally, that makes the difference. Fine eyes are indispensable; well-cut features, and at least some distinctive excellence of complexion, are necessary; and the perfectly chiseled lips are, as frequently as the rounded chin and the perfectly proportioned nose, details itemized in the perfect face.

But the very fineness, the very exactness of a mouth's finished contours is liable to leave the whole face lacking in warmth and fire—lacking especially in that inviting quality which makes it eminently kissable.

But that is where Mrs. Bullough's is supreme. She has the enrapturing eyes, the chin that curves outward as the base of an admirable profile, even the nose that would be too severely straight if it weren't for the faintest tilt upward from the nostrils to the tip. But her mouth is none of your thin-tipped, too finely arched mouths such as the famous beauties have been so vain of. It has its Cupid bow outline, with the ends inclining upward delicately, all ready for smiles. But those lips of hers are full, and they are full naturally made to be kissed; and the man who has seen them so far away that he has needed the opera glasses to glimpse their outlines has felt drawn to them like steel to the magnet.

KEPT ADMIRERS AT BAY

Which makes it all the more astonishing that she has kept her admirers at bay for her twenty-eight years, when she had so many of them.

She was wanted for a stage beauty before she was in her teens. When she was only 11 years old she was one of those little fairy sprites who are seen in the English pantomimes, and her face had all the promise of effulgent loveliness that developed in later years. But her first distinctive success came as Sonia, in "The Merry Widow," although she had been "growing up" to stardom and its popularity through such favorite spectacles and comedies as "The Chinese Honey-moon," at the old Strand; "Lady Madcap," "The Little Michus," "The Little Cherub" and "The New Kladdin."

With her Merry Widow vogue, and with all the papers that feature the stage telling about her, Lily Elsie passed into a level of popular affection that has seldom been equaled over there, and with the women, strangely enough, among her most devoted admirers. But her role in "The Dollar Princess" gave such play to her talent that it was apparent she had a comprehension of the delights procurable through riches vivid enough to make any millionaire enter the race for her hand.

The millionaire who was destined to win it, however, was entranced with another stage beauty, said to be Lily's own half-sister. The romance of Ian Bullough and Maud Darrell had been one of the tragic stories of which London's theatrical people had talked for a year.

HIS FIRST LOVE

Maud Darrell, with one of those perfectly finished countenances that faded just where Lily Elsie's is most alluring, was the idol of the London stage, and the idol, too, of the Maharajah Cooch Behar, who had laid \$200,000 worth of diamonds and emeralds on the altar of her beauty when Ian Bullough beheld it and resolved to marry her. He was a very eligible candidate.

He is a young man with one of those faces which women regard as kind. Not handsome; not at all, although by no means ugly—just passable. But there are relatively few women who will yearn for extra good looks in a man when his face tells them he will always be good to them, especially if he happens to have an income of \$400,000 a year. And no vulgar money, either, although it was made in trade. Mr. Bullough served for a time in the famous "Guards" regiment, to enter which a man must be accounted a gentleman, on equal footing with any blue-blooded earl or viscount who holds a commission.

He didn't make the money; so his hands are quite untainted by toll. His father was the late John Bullough, one of the dominant figures in the textile industry of Great Britain, and all the profits stuck. Ian Bullough, the son, is as canny a Scot as his father; and I inherited wealth has steadily increased, although he lives the life of the country gentleman as the owner of large estates in Scotland, with his seat at Megergie Castle, Glen Lyon, in Perthshire. And nobility, if the girl he wanted was particular about it, is in the family, anyway, for his brother ranks as Sir John Bullough, with a whole island to lord it over—the Isle of Ruam—and a fine old castle to run—Kinloch Castle, in Argyshire.

He fixed his affections on handsome Maud Darrell when the maharajah had made a record in giving

jewelry to an actress. There wasn't anything to the maharajah and his jewels when Mr. Bullough explained that Miss Darrell was being offered the opportunity to live at Megergie Castle as Mrs. Bullough; maharajahs don't generally supplement their diamonds with their hands; and, even when they do, she must be a daring Englishwoman who will accept them.

First thing the fond Maharajah Cooch Behar knew, he got back \$200,000 worth of diamonds and emeralds;



The Merry Widow as Miss Elsie Made Her Appearance

and, next thing he knew, Maud Darrell was engaged to marry Ian Bullough. Her associates in the profession could understand the painful wrench that parted her from those evidences of admiration; but her fiancé was stern as adamant on that one point. When she complied, the engagement was of short duration; they were married, and the London stage heaved little sighs of envy over another of its heroines translated to the bliss they all longed for.

When, last year, word got about that the happy Mrs. Bullough was very ill, and had been ill for months, none of her old friends so much as guessed the tragedy that impended. But it came, and the wife of Ian Bullough, after her few years of triumph on the stage and her brief happiness as the wife of one of Great Britain's richest men, was dead.

A NEW STAR OF LOVE

All the women expected the widower to be faithful to her memory; that tribute was the due of such a romance as hers. But Lily Elsie had meanwhile risen to a vogue that surpassed Maud Darrell's, and her beauty was of the compelling kind that left the widower no room for escape.

Mr. Bullough is a brisk wooer; he can propose just about as quickly as he can fall in love, and that's a short-circuit performance with him, every time. Miss Elsie, however, may have known more about his heart than he knew himself. Their frequent meetings as brother and sister in law kept them on terms of family intimacy and made theirs a very different affair from the head-over-heels love and courtship which ended with her marriage to Maud Dar-

Ian Bullough, the Scotch Millionaire Who Robbed London of a Stage Divinity

rell. Perhaps neither of them knows now when he began to be in love with her; it may even have been while her sister was in her mortal illness; for love is something that is involuntary, and the face of Lily Elsie is eminently tempting.

The engagement was made public in the fall, a good year after Maud Bullough's death; but that didn't signify as to when the widower and his half sister-in-law found that they loved each other. What did signify about it, however, was that Miss Elsie, the girl who had shown what a dream "The Waltz Dream" was, should be quitting the boards at the very time when she was delighting crowded houses in Daly's Theater, by waiting up the great staircase in the production of Franz Lehár's new opera, "Count of



as Lily Elsie Appeared in the "Waltz Dream"

Luxembourg." Elsie hadn't intended to quit so soon. But she expected that, when she told George Edouard of her approaching marriage and the retrospectives from the stage that must attend it, he would give her a grand farewell performance. But the hustling Edwardes, at his first shock of dismay, started right in trying to find her successor and let the farewell announcement slip his memory.

Then Miss Elsie became righteously wroth and quit, bang! in the beginning of November, instead of

The Unwritten Law of Divorce

HAVING been married for any time from one minute to fifty years, and having put up with the object of one's choice somehow or other all that time, what ought to happen if one happens to fall in love with somebody else?

A score of years ago people on both sides of the Atlantic would have been horrified—were horrified—at any answer other than the plain and obvious one: Stay married and respectable.

That was the crux of half the novels that were written—the struggle of the husband or wife, tempted by a sincere if sinful love, to remain faithful to the marriage vows. Few, if any, novelists had the immoral courage to portray as hero or heroine the husband or wife whose temptation is merely sensual, with no redeeming feature of true affection; just a few have had the assurance to ask sympathy for the homicide who has no just reason for the destruction of his enemy.

But when the unwritten law of murder found in a wife's or daughter's wrongs the justification for private vengeance, there appeared coterminous in all communities who could see, honestly and sincerely, only the duty of husband or father to wreak vengeance on the invader of his home.

The written law, the law of the people's reflective judgment, had hard work enough retaining its authority; but it has received unlooked for support in the evolution of another unwritten law, which takes away the right of a husband to make even the smallest objection to a wife's unfaithfulness. It is her duty to leave him for the correspondent, in order to keep her self-respect.

This readjusts pleasantly and peacefully the most conspicuous, if not the most common, fault found with marriage; it may be called the unwritten law of divorce.

"DO YOU think you were doing anything wrong by leaving your husband and coming here with Mr. Noble?"

"Well, I am here, am I not?"

Mrs. Walter Lisperard Snydham was being questioned in the New York flat to which she had run away from her devoted and adoring young millionaire husband, who was the queen of Sheba of Long Island. She was calm as the queen of Sheba and as proud as the immaculate Una. The query was put to Fred Noble, the plumber's young son she had run away with, seated there beside her, looking as virtuous as Adam before the fall:

"Does your conscience trouble you?"

"Not a bit," and young Noble cheerfully smiled.

Here was a puzzle. Apparently caught in what the nasty lawyers call flagrant delicto—which may be paraphrased as being in the midst of their sins—both

Lily Elsie, from a Recent Photograph

the end. She hadn't any need for worry over her salary; Mr. Bullough could afford to marry her ahead of time if her funds should run low; and her own savings from the harvest years that are gone would probably stand the strain of idleness for a good many years to come.

She had to engage a secretary to answer all the letters that poured in on her from women everywhere, who wrote saying how sorry they were to lose her. That announcement was made as soon as she was out of the east, and no doubt made Mr. Edwardes feel very sad. But he had found a beautiful unknown in Daisy Irving, singing in the Alhambra, Music Hall last June, and had made her Miss Elsie's understudy for the Lehár opera. He just promoted her to Lily's place, and she made a bigger hit than Elsie did.

About a year from now ought to be the time to tell of Daisy's marriage to some millionaire or other.



Mrs. Upton Sinclair, who rebelled at too much temperance

were as independent of reproach as infants cleansed at the altar. Mrs. Snydham explained that for years she hadn't known what true love was, but at last she found the man who was her ideal. Without any ill feeling toward her husband, who had always been a perfectly good husband, she had gone away with her young man because she was in love with him, and therefore duty called her.

Same way with Mrs. Upton Sinclair at Arden. There was vast excitement when the romancer threatened to sue his wife for divorce, and it was intensified when the attitudes of the various parties to the family row expressed their several views on the subject of Mrs. Upton's recalcitrance.

NEW BRAND OF VIRTUE

They talked it all over in New York, in semipublic, as amicably as if the unwritten law of murder had never been broached and had never kept a wronged husband's neck from the noose. The unwritten law of divorce had made so much progress in the minds of modern virtuous wives—that is, modern wives who have devised a brand new way of being virtuous in spite of loving the other man and being delighted with it—that the time had arrived for the later ethics to have their spokesmen and spokeswoman. The poet, Harry Kemp, who, under earlier and more primitive morality would have seen his duty clear to emulate good King Edward VII and go on the witness stand to lie like a gentleman, in these enlightened days became the prophet of the new unwritten law.

Mrs. Sinclair might beat him to it by announcing herself sold for essential monogamy, by which a woman ought to have only one husband at a time; but he was able to define the difficult answer as to why the one she has needn't be the one she had.

"I found in Mrs. Sinclair," he explained, genially,



Mrs. Louise Lawrence White, who just couldn't endure Walter Lisperard Snydham

"my perfect ideal. From that point our lives became our own, and will continue to be. There can be no clash when a man and a woman have risen above the broken-down man-made laws and risen to the true height. I can see in the not far distant future a day when a man will look back with horror on present-day monstrosities of living; when a perfect generation due to perfect love shall have been realized; when a prostitution, due solely to man-made laws, shall have ceased to exist, and a union in which there is not complete soul harmony shall be looked upon as unholy. People should have as many chances as are necessary to find their soul mates. When society has the courage to confess what so many people now admit, privately, that our moral standard is utterly wrong, when women rise from the semi-concubinage in which they are held by men, few mistakes will be made. But when they do occur, it will be understood that it is eminently proper for the unfortunate couple to separate and seek their happiness with more congenial mates. In fact, in that happy day it will be regarded as nothing short of criminal to do otherwise."

It is a comforting law for those who happen to have right consciences and wrong loves. A Ferdinand Pinney Earle can look the world in the face and proceed with his amatory career. Mr. William E. Corey would have realized that it was her duty, under the unwritten law, just to tell her husband to go straight to Maybelle Gilman and satisfy that exacting conscience of his. And, with his heart beating true to Emma Eames, Emilio de Gogorza needn't have worried the least bit about quitting the wife he was no longer in harmony with.

Just love—perfect love, an abolition under the unwritten law of divorce. But how long before Post Kemp's dream will come true and we will write it into our jurisprudence?