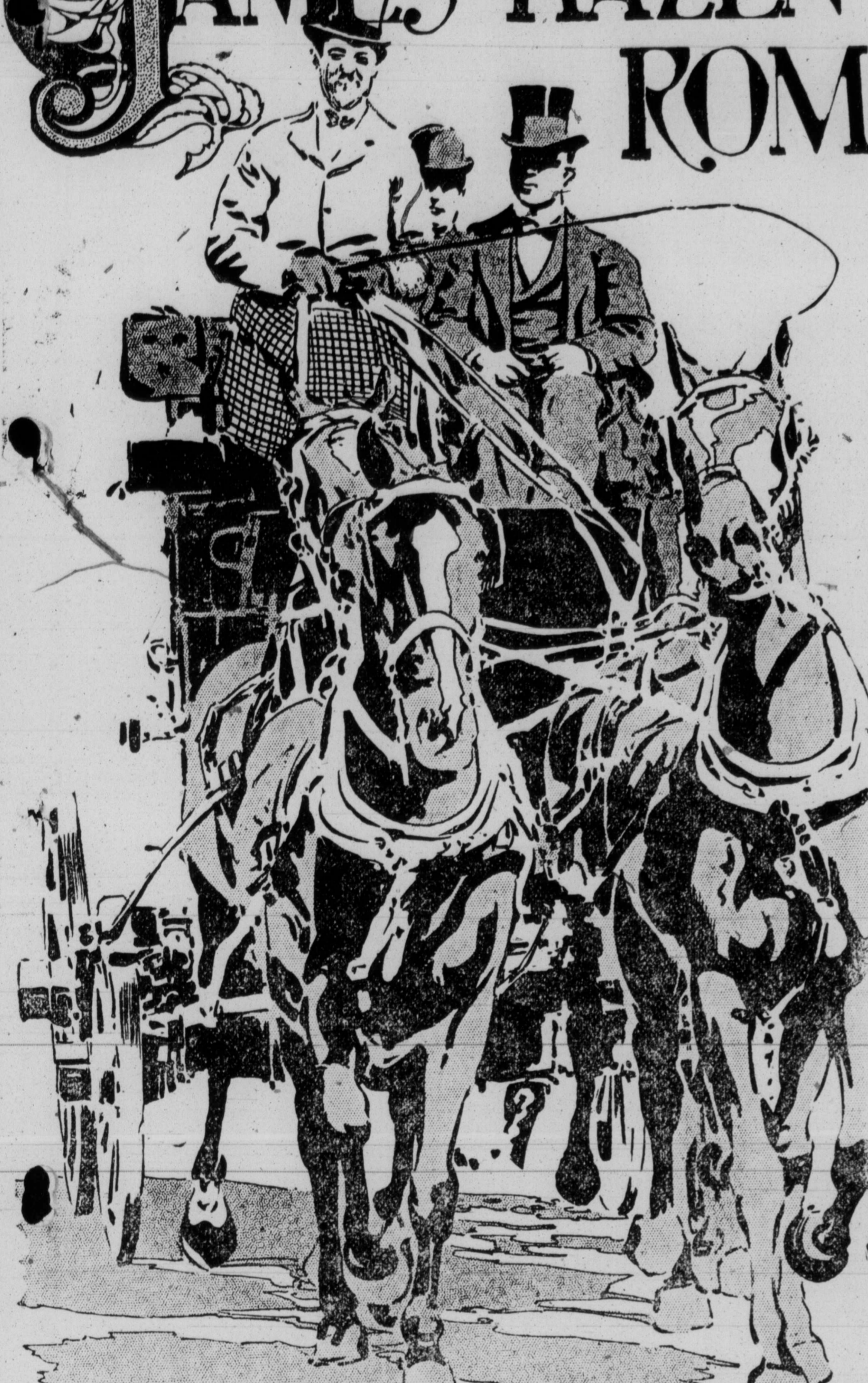


JAMES HAZEN HYDE'S FRENCH ROMANCE



Coaching, His Favorite Occupation

ALL AGLOW with an interest such as it has not experienced in many a day has elite Paris been set by the reported French romance of James Hazen Hyde and Yvonne Garrick.

Especially has the American colony been excited over it, and its chat has been tinged with a certain acid flavor, because it was a French girl, not an American, who was the cause of it all.

Little more than a year ago and James Hazen Hyde was spoken of as "the most eligible bachelor in America." Then came the life insurance investigation, his withdrawal from the office of vice president of the Equitable and his self-exile to France, where he declared he would henceforth reside.

So America realized that the "\$25,000,000 eligible" would probably be lost to her, although his engagement to pretty Miss Charlotte Warren, whom he met at Newport, had been published unchallenged. And America was both resigned and amazed when the word came from Paris that the beautiful actress who has succeeded Mme. Reichenberg as favorite in the great French theatre was to share the enormous fortune made in America, as well as the heart of the famous carpet knight.

Time and again have European titles reached across the seas to claim wealthy brides, but Mlle. Garrick is not, it is said, to win a wealthy American husband. She is talented, sweet-natured and beautiful.

NOT long ago, when James Hazen Hyde was made a chevalier of the French Legion of Honor, he openly confessed that he was prouder of the honor than of all his millions put together.

Now he might add that his wealth and honors combined could not compare in the balance with the love when he saw her engaged in one of her clever footlight performances.

Five years ago the world—even Paris—knew little of Yvonne Garrick. To be sure, she had been patiently perfecting herself in the dramatic art for years, but it was not to be expected that she could have won the favor of the critics. Much less could she have aspired to a position in the Comedie Francaise.

But in France what is most popular—from the standpoint of money-making—is necessarily the best Frenchmen themselves recognize this. There must be some playhouse where the audience may be relieved of mercenary cares, where the drama may be preserved irrespective of criticism.

Such a purpose has the Comedie Francaise supplied almost continuously since in 1680, Louis XIV by a law amalgamated two rival dramatic companies and granted his comedians and tragedians the same rights and regulations governing the theatre to this day, in modified form, the same as Napoleon Bonaparte established in 1802.

There is an administrator general appointed by the government, the actors and actresses are shareholders and divide the profits, but must have first served a certain period on salary. The State gives yearly appropriations of 2,000,000 francs, but insures against pecuniary failure. The theatre is not a business speculation, but serves as an outlet for public taste and sets a standard of dramatic training.

Should one desire to stay on the Comedie Francaise stage for twenty years, one may retire on an annual pension. But the mere fact that one has been on the Comedie Francaise stage is an indication of a high reputation in America, and this is often a greater temptation than the pension.

Among the artists of the modern French stage who have won their triumphs there are Mlle. Mars, Jeanne Brohan and Sarah Bernhardt. One of the most popular of recent favorites was Mlle. Reichenberg, who upon her retirement left a place which it seemed no one could fill.

But into her shoes Yvonne Garrick stepped not long ago, and for the last season or two Paris has been wild over her.

Although born in France, she is English on her father's side, and claims descent from a kinsman of David Garrick, the great actor.

She is of medium height, with finest and expressive hazel eyes, shaded by dark eyebrows. Her wealth in nutbrown hair is lustrous, giving the impression of unusual vigor.

Although her first hit was made on the comedy stage, a fact that is explained by a certain naive droop and mirthful cunning that are all her own. Mlle. Garrick in her everyday life dignified and characterized by a dainty grace more apropos of the drawing-room than the theatre.

- CRITICS PRAISE HER, "SILENT GRACE"
Critics called especial attention to her silent grace and dignified bearing, and in this regard her as a worthy successor to the great Bernhardt. Intelligent and ambitious from the start, she won larger honors in succession, until now she is the leading star of the national theatre.

Leave her, awhile to elicit the admiration of Parisian audiences, and return to "the most eligible bachelor in America"—as he was until a year or so ago—James Hazen Hyde.

While all unconscious to him—his future wife was winning theatrical laurels across the Atlantic, this young man was occupying the boards of the theatre of finance in a star role, amid such dramatic scenes as Wall street and Fifth avenue alone made possible.

He had leaped into the limelight from a youth whose distinguishing recommendation was that his father-in-law had founded a great insurance company which had grown to an enterprise with \$60,000,000 assets. He had been graduated from Harvard with honors in 1898. Especially had he excelled in languages, and this partly determined his father in sending him to France to complete his studies.

Fascinated with the country, he has ever since had leaning Franceward. But his first choice of a career was not friendly relations between the two republics, and to this end he established a chair of law in a Paris college, for which the President of France decorated

him with the emblem of the Legion of Honor.
That he was a good student is evident from the fact that he acquired a perfect Parisian accent and a knowledge of French language, history and politics which enabled him to out-French the French.

This he did, also, in a social way. It was as a social lion that he really captivated the gay French capital. Actresses and women of the higher social sets in Paris doted on him. He entertained them well—as he could afford to do with the princely allowance his father had given him.

When Henry B. Hyde died he entrusted the completion of his son's training to James W. Alexander, a friend and business associate, and the young man was made vice president of the life insurance company. People he met in society that he continued to shine—and in all his social doings it was France that furnished the model.

He gave a dinner on January 31, 1906, at Sherry's, in New York, to Mme. Hejane, the great French actress, who was invited after the court languets of Louis XVI. There were 60 guests.

For their pleasure a favorite was danced by the night. Hejane acted a French play especially written for the occasion, and received a French poem. Mr. Hyde was himself resident in an eighteenth century costume; his guests were similarly garbed.

There were also stories of his love affairs with other girls—indeed, there was no end of wise mammas who sought to marry their daughters to him—but through it all he seems to have kept a clear head and free heart.

He would permit the American girls to entertain him; but now they remember with pang that he always did turn toward France with a sigh when affected by ennui.

He was just the kind of a young man to suit the Parisians. He was wont to fly an owner's flag over his house—a big red flag bearing the white letter "H" was always raised above the sidewalk as soon as Mr. Hyde entered, and lowered when he went out.

The unrolling of a carpet for him to tread on between his door and carriage was regarded as another piece of French affection.

His French fads and fancies took the form of decorating his horses with bunches of violets and wearing linen embroidered with the same blossoms.

He owned a notable postilion outfit. His love for horses was summer took the form of driving a coach for fare. Every day of the season he drove his coach between the Holland House in New York and Lakewood, where the annual open-air horse show took place.

It required about two score of horses in order to furnish a sufficient number of relays on the route. The feat of the passengers helped to pay for the horses' feed—no more.

In Paris one of his favorite amusements is coaching, and he is often seen driving a four-in-hand through the streets.

He once gave a banquet to Ambassador Cambon, of France at a cost of \$12,000. But with all this, while there has been much criticism in many quarters, Hyde has been regarded as a dignified, self-respecting, quiet-mannered citizen.

His head had face angular and narrow, but the long, black hair, brushed back from the high forehead, the pointed beard and long, slender mustache make his face one not unpleasant to look upon.

His large, seemingly hapless eyes attract one's attention, and speak much in his favor. His favorite attitude is standing with arms folded or toying with his mustache. When he smiles his hands he bends the whole body forward in a graceful curve, sets your hand warmly and shakes solemnly about at the level of the knees nodding his head graciously.

- LOVED HIS HORSES
He was fond of spending most of his time while in America at the Oaks, at Bay Shore, L. I., which his father purchased for \$50,000 and which he himself improved at the cost of as much more. He erected an \$8,000 structure for his carriages; he spent \$20,000 a year on the cultivation of violets; his horses were housed in stock, costing many thousands of dollars a day and lounging room so they might remain near his horses. He has sold the Oaks for a sum said to be not more than \$40,000.

He has also—since the unpleasantness connected with the insurance investigation—sold his private car, his coach and teams, all that bound him to America.

After he had yielded the vice presidency of the Equitable Life Insurance Company—the national character in his life story is still fresh in the minds of the American public—young Hyde betook himself to France, saying he would probably not return to America unless on a business trip.

It was not until the decision, until the taste of the insurance investigation had worn away, and the last word he plucked into the realities and intellectual position of Paris, that he came here, at almost exactly the moment which he had predicted, when an orator at a banquet which he had attended, and in mentioning the insurance case, he was generally resented.

New there is no more popular man in the American colony at Paris. At least, Mlle. Yvonne Garrick thinks so.

"I DIDN'T know what to give her, so I just bought her a picture," said a pretty matron to her friend, as they journeyed together toward the home of a newly married acquaintance.

"What picture was it?" asked the friend, her artistic soul shrinking in apprehension.

"Oh! I forgot its name. It was a lot of girls in drapery. The picture dealer told me it was quite a classic—by Corot, I think, or maybe it was Burne-Jones. But, anyway, I'm sure it was a classic!"

The friend groaned inwardly; her own wedding was approaching, and she had a vision of the picture she also might have to endure.

"Did you ever know," she said, "that I have bought all the pictures for my own room already? I have been picking them up ever since—well, ever since."

"What are they?" asked the friend.

"Well, first I wanted them to be all Rossetti prints—I'm wild over him, you know—but then I found a biography with the most beautiful reproductions of twenty or thirty of his pictures, so I bought that, instead. Meanwhile, however, I had found the loveliest print of his 'La Bella Mano,' and I simply couldn't resist the temptation to buy it. Then I have Burne-Jones' 'The Golden Stairs,' and a black and white print of Sir Walter's 'Prometheus.' Oh! yes, and Van Dyck's portrait of Charles I, and Rembrandt's and Raphael's portraits of themselves. They, with Whistler's portrait of his mother and Blake's 'Chaucer's Canterbury Pilgrims,' complete the list of classics."

"I also have a lovely hazy-colored picture of Independence Hall and four other colored landscapes in the softest colors, to be framed together. They, by the way, came from an old calendar—I often do that. A black and white seascape, a moonlight scene and a lovely little woodland sketch by my artist friend finish the list."

"Then I have the dearest little painted photograph of my nephew at 2 years old and three different collections of photographs, and a portrait of my favorite poet—that will go over my desk."

"I confess that I have succumbed to the motto craze. I have two of them, and I have given me two marble busts, Julius Caesar and Napoleon. And—why, of course, I have Harry's photo. There is only one thing I need now, and that is a copy of that wonderful brown and white Japanese seascape that Elsie Marvin has."

"And the girl smiled craftily to herself as she saw her friend surreptitiously take out a note-book and scribble something therein."

- Game of Traveler
THIS game calls for a little knowledge of geography and of customs in foreign lands.

One of the company announces that he intends starting on a journey, and has a certain destination in mind. The other players, in order to guess his destination, must ask him questions regarding the ways and means of locomotion that he must employ from start to destination. For example: "How will you start?" Answer, "By train." "In which direction?" Answer, "East." "Will you have to leave the train and continue your journey in some other way?" Answer, "Yes." "What other way?" Answer, "By ship."

In this way the questions can guess the various stages of the journey, until some answer gives them a clear clue. For instance, suppose they trace the course of the journey, they receive the answer, "By Jurickisha," they will immediately know Japan to be the country now reached, and will probably guess right the destination the traveler had in mind. Any one guessing wrong must pay a forfeit.

- One! Thunder!
"See!" said Willie, "see the clouds; where are they going, I wonder?" "Well," said the captain, "since you ask, I think they are going to thunder." —Cornell Widow.

- A Tomtitrick—Candle Experiment
TAKE a short-necked, wide-mouthed bottle which is full of carbonic acid.

Gently lower a lighted wax candle inside it, by means of a long wire hook from which you have suspended it. The candle light will go out, but you will find during the next moment or two a tiny blue flame playing in mid-

air, so to speak, in the acid between the candle and the top of the bottle. It is a very pretty effect also, curious, and is accounted for by the fact that the carbonic acid, consisting of one part of carbon to two parts of oxygen) is heavier than the gas formed by the candle flames.

The flame will continue visible as long as the wick of the candle keeps lit, and emits smoke.



Mr Hyde's Postilion Turnout.



James Hazen Hyde.



Mr Hyde's Idea of a Ball Carriage.



Mlle Yvonne Garrick.



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