

"This Beauty is NOT My Daughter!"

And Now That the *von Tirpitz* McCormick Protege Has Proven Who She Isn't, She Absolutely Refuses to Reveal Who She Is

Alexander Sakharoff, the Famous Russian Dancer and Husband of the Mysterious Clothilde.

TRANSLATION:
 "This morning I had the pleasure of meeting the celebrated and lovely dancer, Mme. Sakharoff. She came to me on account of the many newspaper reports that she was my daughter. I take this opportunity to reiterate again the falsity of the statement that there is any relationship between us."

Above, a Translation of the Actual Letter of Denial, Reproduced Below, to Which Admiral von Tirpitz Signed His Name.

Heute morgen hatte ich das Vergnügen die berühmte und liebenswürdige Tänzerin, Mme. Sakharoff, bei mir zu begrüßen. Der Grund ihres Kommens war, dem vielen Zeitungsgerede, dem zufolge sie meine Tochter sein soll, endgültig die Spitze abzubrechen, ich bemittle diese Gelegenheit um auch meinerseits nochmals festzustellen, dass irgend ein verwandtschaftliches Verhältniss zwischen uns nicht besteht.

K. Tirpitz
 Grossadmiral
 St. Blas en. d. 29. 8. 22.

The Radiant Clothilde Sakharoff, Who Only Complicates the Mystery of Who She Is by Saying, "I shall never tell."

much—my father was a famous Russian general. The whole world had his name on its lips during the war. But the world will never learn that name from me. I shall die with my secret locked in my heart!"

The mystery cloaking the identity of the beautiful, radiant Clothilde began when she came out of nowhere ten years ago and captured London's heart. One night no one had ever heard of her; the next all Piccadilly was raving over the enchanting new Russian dancer who had made her debut in "Sumurun."

"Who is she?" asked the English. They could learn only that she was the wife of Alexander Sakharoff, a famous Russian dancer. But when reporters asked her for her history she only smiled and shook her head. Even her intimates in the whirl of London night life never knew her maiden name.

As fame came to her, so came admirers. The young bloods of Oxford competed with bachelor dukes and philandering earls for the favor of Sakharoff. Throughout the record-breaking run of "Sumurun" Sakharoff reigned as a queen not only on the stage but in the gay haunts of London's upper bohemia. But to all who bombarded her with jewels and flattery she kept inviolate the facts about her origin.

Sakharoff went to the Continent. She danced in Berlin, Vienna, Paris, Monte Carlo, Deauville, Rome. Gossip recorded that the King of Spain was among the gallants tagging in her train. In Italy she was reputed to have inspired d'Annunzio to a dozen sonnets. Yet he, like all the others, spoke of Sakharoff as a sphinx, an enigma—an alluring and puzzling witch.

"Who is she?" asked the French and the Italians and the Austrians. And Sakharoff only shook her head and smiled.

While she was at the height of her European success, Sakharoff met Mrs. Edith Rockefeller McCormick, daughter of the richest man in the world and at that time the wife of Harold McCormick, the Chicago multi-millionaire and art patron, whom she has since divorced. Mrs. McCormick was charmed by the dancer. She

The Rough Working Model in Clay for the Marble Bust of Clothilde for Which She Recently Posed.

saw in her a second Pavlova. She persuaded Sakharoff to take herself and her dances to America. Sakharoff, still an enigma and more beautiful than ever, landed in New York, heralded as Mrs. McCormick's protegee. She installed herself in a luxurious suite at the Ritz-Carlton, while

Harold McCormick set the machinery moving for her debut at the Metropolitan.

That night will live in opera annals as a gala one even for the best more glittering "Golden Horsehoe" of the Metropolitan usually do not make their appearance until the close of the first act. On this night scarcely a box was vacant when the curtain rose. Society sat short its dinner to see Sakharoff make her first bow. Few stars of history have achieved greater tributes.

Society was not disappointed. Sakharoff's debut was sensational. She won deafening applause. She was called before the curtain again and again. Her face was the only part of her visible above the forest of flowers with which she was swamped. The critics were unanimous in their opinions next day. A great new star, they agreed, flared in the operatic sky.

And then—the mystery of Clothilde Sakharoff had new mystery added to it. She made one more appearance. One day New York woke up to find she was gone from the Ritz. Swiftly and secretly she had caught a liner for Europe. Why? No one could say.

Harold McCormick, approached by newspaper men, refused to discuss the sudden departure. There were rumors, whispers, stories that told nothing, explanations that failed to explain. The beauty who had refused to reveal herself had gone without revealing her destination or her reason for going. And that was that—all of it!

Whether Sakharoff got wind of impending scandal in France may never be known, but New York was startled when, some time later, cables came from overseas quoting French newspapers as declaring that Sakharoff was the daughter of Admiral von Tirpitz. It was the first time such a story had been even hinted at and the news was a bombshell to the society leaders who had entertained Sakharoff so extensively.

The charge with its story of a hidden

romance in the admiral's past, was not one that a famous beauty would welcome at any time. Coming when the war fever against Germany was at its height, it caused a double furor. "Sakharoff did not know what to do," said J. Mandelkern, her manager, who brought back the von Tirpitz statement a few days ago. "She could not disprove the charge without revealing her real identity, and this she had sworn never to do. She did not believe a simple, unreported denial from herself could stop the gossip. Finally she decided she had but one course—to find Admiral von Tirpitz and get him to nail the canard with his own lips."

So it came about that, one sunny Autumn day not so many weeks ago, the mystery woman of the European stage alighted from a motorcar before a villa in the obscure little town of St. Blasien. She was accompanied by Mr. Mandelkern. Sakharoff had arranged for an audience with the admiral that day. They were ushered in by a butler with the carriage of an ex-soldier and an Iron Cross on his breast. After they had waited but a few minutes, the old sea-dog who once ruled Germany's destiny on the ocean entered and bowed low to the dancer. It was quite evident, according to Mr. Mandelkern, that he had never seen her before. He raised his eyebrows inquiringly and Mme. Sakharoff broke into a torrent of emotional words.

"My child," said Admiral von Tirpitz when she had finished, "you are very beautiful. I feel that I could have no greater honor than to be your father. I only wish that I were. If I had been, rest assured I would have acknowledged the relationship and righted any wrong done to you long ago. As it is, I will be only too glad to right the other wrong that has been done you now."

Von Tirpitz has done what he could to make good his statement. He dictated and signed the denial of Sakharoff's parentage.

Will it stop the gossip's tongues? Or will Sakharoff have to do what she vows she never will do—tear away the veil of mystery around her and make known her true identity?



Admiral von Tirpitz.

CLOTHILDE SAKHAROFF, the dark-eyed dancer who conquered London with her beauty and stormed New York under the patronage of the multi-millionaire McCormicks, is NOT the daughter of Admiral von Tirpitz, grizzled sea lord of Germany during the war!

Her identity, in fact, is a greater mystery than it was when she was the idol of London thespians or when she made her debut at the Metropolitan Opera House. None of the kings, millionaires, poets and warriors who wooed her know who Clothilde Sakharoff really is. And they may never know.

That statement will startle those who remember how, a year ago, the newspapers rang with an "expose" published in the French press, revealing Mme. Sakharoff as the child of von Tirpitz by a secret romance. It was even reported that she admitted the kinship.

But now from von Tirpitz himself, breaking the silence he has maintained in his post-war retreat, comes a signed denial of Sakharoff's parentage. It is published for the first time here.

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The declaration of von Tirpitz, obtained from him by Sakharoff herself after a desperate effort to stem the gossip clouding her name, may set at rest the rumors linking these two as father and daughter. But it does not satisfy the curiosity of the world.

If this beauty is not Clothilde von Tirpitz, then who is she? To this Sakharoff answers:

"I shall never tell! I will admit this