

# Sad Facts About Marrying the Chauffeur

How Marrying Out of Your Set Has Proved, in One Dreadful Case After Another, to Be a Risky Experiment, Especially, of Course, if It Is the Woman Who Does the Condescending.



Mrs. Julia Morosini Werner, Who Married a Policeman.



Mrs. Jack Gerhardt, Who Married the Son of a Newport Coachman



Mrs. Meg Breitung Kleist, Whose First Marriage Was to a Gardener



Mrs. Robert D. Connors, Who Married Her Father's Chauffeur



Robert D. Connors, Chauffeur, Who Married Elizabeth Coppell

BY BARBARA CRAYDON. FREQUENTLY in the movies and in a certain brand of literature, the heroine is the millionaire's daughter, who, impelled by what she mistakes for the great power of love, steps out of her own fashionable circle to marry her father's lowly employe.

And always we are likely to be assured by the author of these pleasant romances that "they lived happy ever after."

But in spite of this cheerful optimism, and in spite of humanity in general, or any altruistic wish that all marriages might be nappy, many interesting exceptions to this rule of the playwright fill the records of current life.

In fact, several spectacular romances have ended most disastrously of late.

Many notable cases where the millionaire's daughter wedded of her hero after a few years of married life, have come to light to jar the sentiments of the optimist.

A few weeks ago society was shocked by the dramatic separation of what many regarded as a great and beautiful romance.

**Surprising Society.** The beginning of this romance, when Elizabeth C. Coppell, daughter of George Coppell, a millionaire railroad builder and banker, eloped with the family chauffeur in 1914, furnished society with an equal surprise.

The bride at that time defended her chauffeur husband, Robert D. Connors, to her brothers and sisters who were cold to him, characterizing him as "one possessing unusual intelligence" and many gentlemanly qualities.

After the deaths of her father and mother, she being the eldest daughter and unmarried, occupied the beautiful Coppell home in Tenany, N. J. To this home she brought her husband, after their elopement, but not with-

out vigorous protest from her relatives. Robert Connors had continued to act as chauffeur and manager of the Coppell estate after the death of Mr. Coppell, and as Miss Coppell had known him for some years, she declared at the time of her marriage to him that this was not a whim of some foolish girl, but that in the years she had known him she had grown to admire and respect him.

But in spite of this, her romance has gone the way of many others, of similar character.

"I did not marry my wife for her money," Connors announced after their marriage. "I married her because I love her. I can earn enough to support us both." Mrs. Connors inherited a goodly fortune from her father's estate. She sold out her interest in the Towers, and built a beautiful home in Tenany. Connors opened a garage and is said to be successful.

Just when the beautiful heiress repented her marriage to her father's employe is not known, but so anxious was she finally to put an end to this romance, she enlisted the local police to help her do it, and one evening when Connors returned to his home, a detective and the police reiterated Mrs. Connors' request to leave. He left.

What of this grand passion that slowly burns itself out in the grind of household drudgery? Housekeeping to most young brides is the natural result of romance; a desire to make a living altar where the fires of love may always be kept burning. But "doing her own work" in a modern home, with a small baby to mind, finally became a burden to Mrs. Julia French Geraghty, the young heiress who started fashionable Newport society six years ago by eloping with the handsome chauffeur, who had entered her life on the day he came to demonstrate a new car which her father had given her permission to buy.

**A Newport Romance.** Last summer saw the beautiful Julia French back in the luxurious home of her mother, with whom she was reconciled at the time of her baby's birth. Her father, Amos Tuck French, member of one of the

wealthiest and proudest old families of Newport, never quite reconciled himself to his daughter's elopement. But Julia's aunt, Mrs. French Vanderbilt, the former wife of Alfred Vanderbilt, who after her divorce married with Mrs. French that Julia should not be spurned by society because she had married the man of her choice.

At the time of her elopement with "handsome Jack Geraghty," son of a Newport hack driver, the independent young woman spoke her mind after learning the criticism she had provoked from her fashionable friends.

"I always hated society," she said. "The people in it are too vain for me. Real men are a rarity among those I know. The masculine mind as I had observed it was empty or else it was filled with schemes of money making, and thick and tiresome for sociability."

"I am not very old," she explained at the time, "but I am old enough to know that such a life was no life for me."

Referring to her young husband, whom she contrasted with society's "vapid men," Mrs. Geraghty said: "He was entirely different from the men I had met; so honest, so straightforward, so modest. Also he was good looking. I think he is a real man. It is the first time that I had felt myself in the presence of one."

Alas for her ideal time has shattered. Several months intervened between the times Mrs. Geraghty met "handsome Jack Geraghty" and the day she went away with him to a little Connecticut village and married him. So the question of marrying him had been pondered by her many days.

But the little farm to which the chauffeur husband took his bride while he toiled to make his garage a success, did not bring happiness to this young woman, accustomed to luxury, had expected. She worked in the garden and often did her own housework. It was fun for a time. Then she began to think of the pretty clothes which she no longer possessed, of the fine beautiful things that Newport motorists lavished on their newborn, which she could not afford.

Finally came the break, and the "love in a cottage" theory which

many daughters of the rich have indulged in proved a failure.

**The Girl and the Gardener.** Miss Juliet Breitung, daughter of the wealthy shipowner and banker, found she could not reconcile life with a poor gardener, with whom she eloped, in preference to the sumptuous apartments of her parents at the Hotel St. Regis.

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Mrs. Breitung, who was a familiar figure in the most exclusive circles of New York society, was grieved. Mr. Breitung was furious. The latter offered his son-in-law a job in one of his mines in New Mexico. Young Kleist, pining for his bride, declared it was a horrible job and one that constantly endangered his health. Then to make matters worse, love's young dream ended for the bride. It appeared that she began to tire of her young hero as he became tired of a hero in her eyes.

Young Kleist brought a heavy damage suit for alienation of his wife's affections against the wealthy Mr. Breitung. This the court dismissed and Miss Juliet went to Reno and succeeded in freeing herself from the matrimonial tie, which had become

disasteful to her. A short while later, while engaged in canvas work for the army and navy in New York, she met and married Herbert Richter of the United States naval reserves, a young man of her own social set.

To the long list of these unhappy mesalliances may be added those of the two Morosini sisters, daughters of that proud old Italian patriot and

millionaire banker, Giovanni P. Morosini, who eloped and married men outside their social sphere.

The elder sister, when she was 18, eloped with her father's coachman, Ernest Schilling. Schilling became a street car conductor at \$2 a day, but the wealthy young woman, as time went on, found she could not adapt herself to this mode of living and she

left him and for a time earned her living on the stage. When her father died he left her a considerable fortune. The beautiful Gullia Morosini furnished society with a sensation when she married Arthur Werner, a New York mounted policeman, whom she had occasion to thank one day when the horse she was riding attempted to throw her on the speedway, a district which Werner at the time patrolled. This romance ended in the divorce courts.

As instances of such mesalliances are legion, it would appear that two persons reared in different environments, bred in different tastes and customs, are with no small amount of certainty likely to strike a snag to their social plans. But with rich women who marry poor boys, it would seem that this task was beyond their powers. One reason for this is that society, banded together to protect its members, takes a snobbish arbitrary attitude toward the girl who marries out of her set. She becomes a sort of social outlaw. Flushing conventionality to the winds in the first hours of her romantic enchantment, she almost always repents at leisure.

For Koser's peace of mind it's a real pity that he had the misfortune to lose his heart to a young woman who disdains beards and long hair, because overseas in Paris, if reports are correct, there lived a young woman, Miss Violette Voisin, who simply adores hirsute marvels, and she and Koser might have made a wonderfully happy pair.

## LONG HAIR AND FLOWING BEARD, ONCE ACTOR'S PRIDE, CAUSE DEBUT IN COURT

Hirsute Marvel Fain Would Use Razor to Forever Win Lady-love, but Moving Picture Producers Will Hear None of Plan and Demand That Beard Be Retained.

IN A PUBLIC festival when the Philistine lords were assembled in the temple of Dugon, Samson was summoned to show them sport. Laying hold of two pillars of the temple as if to support himself, he pulled down the building and was buried in the ruins with more than 2000 Philistines.

Samson is said to have enjoyed the extraordinary strength which this great feat indicated because of his remarkable growth of hair and beard. But Samson was betrayed by his mistress into the hands of his enemies who cut off his hirsute adornment and lo behold, he was reduced to the physical power of an ordinary man.

The Bible strong man was the first great hirsute marvel in history. Since then there have been others, but none of them have been more interesting than the latest to go on record—one, Henry Francis Koser. While it broke the heart of the mighty Samson to lose his beautiful hair and whiskers Koser, on the other hand, recently remarked in the circles of the young men of the day, "I'll say so. But my

hair and my beard are my burden in life."

**Cupid Sentences Whiskers.** Today we can form no conception of what Samson's hair and whiskers looked like, but it is known by many that Mr. Koser has raised a beard and head of hair of such very generous proportions as to cause comment ever amidst the purlieus of New York's Rialto which Mr. Koser daily frequents.

It is quite possible, apart from the attention of casual by-passers, that Mr. Koser's locks and whiskers would not have gone down into history like those of Samson if it had not been for the fact that he recently decided to get rid of them.

At the bottom of the whole affair is another story of Cupid's pranks. It seems that Koser, just like any ordinary smooth-shaven young fellow might, fell in love, but the young woman would have none of his embraces because she dislikes whiskers—they tickle so. Up to this point Koser had been very proud of his beard and locks, in fact they had been his fortune as will shortly be

revealed, but what won't a man or woman do for love and when the lady love of the whiskered one spurned his advances he decided to get trimmed up. The story is now at the point when the trouble begins. Koser, it seems, is a "film star." His hanging garden appearance having made him in much demand to play the parts of hermits, bolsheviks and the like. No make-up for such roles with him was necessary; he was ready to go right ahead with the picture-making at a moment's notice, and he had a contract with one of the big film companies to this effect.

**Koser Halted Into Court.** Quite by accident the picture producers heard of his resolve to cut his whiskers. Perhaps his lady love, like Delilah betrayed Samson of old, gave him away. Be this as it may, the movie folks went up in the air at this news and the next thing friend Koser knew he was halted into court.

His employers alleged that a part has already been created for the bearded prodigy in a forthcoming picture, and that his hirsute appen-

dages are a necessary part and parcel of his character in the planned production, and that if he removes his Samsonian decorations he will break said contract and will be sued for damages forthwith and notwithstanding.

His honor heard both sides of the case most judiciously and then decided for the film folks, warning Koser not to go near a barber or a safety razor until the termination of his contract. Thus the film hermit finds himself in the unfortunate predicament of being legally restrained from restraining his beard. It is very probable that he will institute proceedings to restrain the company from restraining him in the matter, although he has not entirely decided to do this in the face of the general unrest.

"It's a very interesting legal question, I suppose, for the lawyers to work on," said Koser when asked on the status of the hirsutes, while a light breeze whistled through the whiskers swaying them like southern moss in the breeze that blows through the Everglades.

**34 Years Appear Like 60.** "Meanwhile during this absurd litigation I am compelled to wear this unnecessary Filii island foliage. To be frank, I am decidedly tired of extra lining hirsutes, and of this cave man stuff which it leads to. I am tired of having my whiskers dramatized. Hire me, hire my whiskers, is what managers seem to think in my trade slogan, and, be-

lieve me, this beard is making me old before my time. I am only 34, but in the pictures I look at least 60, and I can't afford to grow old before my day.

"But it is not so much the dramatic side of the situation which is so annoying, almost making my life unbearable, but the personal comment that comes my way and the traffic it intereferes with on the street. All sorts of epithets are hurled in my direction when I go out on the high ways, the most common of which is 'Bolshevik,' which rings in my ears at least 30 times a day. I never knew how many opprobrious names a man could be called until my whiskers grew. I could have scores of flat fights every day if I paid any attention to these little remarks.

"If on the street I stop to look in a window or to speak to my woman friend who hates whiskers and long hair, a crowd immediately gathers and my life is made miserable once more. People jeer at me from windows. When I pass a barber shop the proprietor almost invariably runs out to stop and ask me how I do it and what is the recipe. As a matter of fact, there is no particular treatment that has achieved this annoying beard. My hair and whiskers, just naturally grow fast, that's all."

Not long since a so-called "Lady Friend" made a pilgrimage all the way from the House of David, Benton Harbor, to New York, to induce Koser to give up movie art and join the colony of long-haired and whiskered men who have made the small Michigan town famous. In Benton Harbor the men prize hirsute adornment just as much as Koser has come to despise it.

There are at present, the woman

played Koser, about 700 members in the strange Michigan community, and they all, she affirmed, consider it a crime to cut their hair or whiskers from the day they begin to grow until death calls them to a better land.

The members of the House of David, she said, secure their greatest opportunity to display their highly prized hirsute growths when they play baseball.

From other sources comes the information that when the team marches on the field they look for all the world like a "bunch of hair restorer ads." Any self-respecting umpire would feel himself put upon when he saw them running on the diamond with hair and whiskers streaming behind them like the tails of so many kites. It seems out of all consistency that these men with their feminine appearance should be able to play baseball. But they can.

**Playing Made Picturesque.** There is not a spectator who would not readily acknowledge that it is the sight of a lifetime to see the pitcher, King Benjamin, the leader of the community, running toward the grandstand to catch a high foul, while his hair and whiskers toss wildly about his head like the mane of a lion. It is extremely exciting to watch the center fielder, who resembles an ancient prophet, sliding into second in a smother of dust and hair. And when Prince Joshua comes to the bat the stand becomes a demonic, howling, hirsute mob and reverberates with the admonition, "Fule'er over the fence, old boy, pole'er over the fence."

As a compensation for giving up his movie work Mr. Koser was offered a position on this unique ball

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**Woman's Hair Is Praised.** Miss Voisin is said to be the possessor of the most wonderful head of hair in the world. Her raven locks fall much below her feet and trail behind her on the floor when she walks, like a train. Even Eve, the first woman, who in the beginning adorned herself solely in her own beautiful locks, could hardly have had a head of hair to equal Miss Voisin's.

Recently a famous Paris hair dresser took the young lady's hair in hand and executed a masterpiece of his art—a wonderful coiffeur over seven feet in height and weighing ten pounds. It was decorated with hundreds of roses and surmounted by a miniature pleasure yacht flying the French flag. To finish this masterpiece the barber was obliged to stand on a stepladder. Perhaps the most remarkable feature of the headpiece was that the young woman, when the coiffeur was finished, able to walk around with it and dance to a ball given in her honor as the "world's hirsute queen."

Alas and alack that Koser and Miss Voisin have never met. They would make a wonderful pair.