

The Sisters Who Always Jilt Americans for Titles

Charlotte Demarest, When She Leaves Millionaire George Burton Waiting at the Church for Count Zichy, Only Follows Example of Her Sister, Lady Leveson-Gower, Who Turned From the Land of Democracy to Castles in Europe



Charlotte, who threw over an American to marry Count Edward George Zichy de Zich et Vasonyko.



Count Zichy and his bride as they appeared when they eloped.



Lady Alastair Leveson-Gower, first of the Demarest sisters to wed a nobleman.

Romance lies in the unknown. New York believes San Francisco a city of dreams. San Francisco yearns toward New York. The castle in Spain allures because no mortal foot has set its print inside. The little daughter of poverty carries in her heart a picture of a fairy wedding day. Herloom lace, orange blossoms, Paris gowns, police lines to keep back the crowd.

But the poor little rich girl! Simplicity for her: a few words hastily spoken: a flight through the night! The princess loves and sometimes weds, her commoner, believing plain "Mrs." a designation greatly to be desired. But the daughter of democracy turns from an American mate to a title. Distance! Light as cobweb, strong as steel, winding the human heart, drawing it through dishonor of broken vows toward attainment of the remote.

Inconstancy seeing desirability only in that which is not possessed!

WHEN word went round that the youthful and personable millionaire, George Burton, had been left at the very door of the church down near his New Jersey country estate while his bright-haired, brown-eyed bride-to-be, Charlotte Demarest, dropped into the municipal building in New York city and became the wife of Count Edward George Zichy de Zich et Vasonyko, two sorts of remarks were made by those most interested.

The wealthy and exclusive coterie which had known the lovely daughter of the Warren G. Demarests, first as debutante, then as an engaged girl whose errand fancy turned elsewhere than toward her fiancé, declared that for once she had done the natural and admirable thing. They said:

"She is one of our many girls who want a wedding, not a grand opera ceremonial. She was tired of display and so she seized the casual."

But a less fashionable set said this: "Ah-ha! Another American jilted for a title!"

Now both of these opinions are true, in part at least. For the little society beauty did hate "fuss and feathers," she said to herself after it all was over. She was weary of humdrum elaboration. Contrast and therefore satisfaction for her was represented by the four bare walls of the municipal building chapel. The change was the tonic which invigorated her love affair.

And that she expressed a dispositional quirk, a family one quite likely, in dropping whatever she had on hand to seize a title which waited round within easy reach seems demonstrated in the marriage of her older sister, Lady Alastair Leveson-Gower.

The unsuccessful marriage of Helene Demarest to Jack Leishman, son of the Pittsburgh millionaire and the then ambassador to Rome, is social history, just

as is the alacrity with which she accepted the opportunity to become "my lady." Leishman was an American and a "Mr." Even the wedding at Lake Como and residence in Italy offered little of the unusual to the girl who had roamed the world at will.

But the brother of the duke of Sutherland appeared to be successful in fulfilling her dream. He died suddenly two years ago and her little daughter now is heir to Sutherland's vast land holdings, the greatest in the United Kingdom.

But the Countess Zichy is only one of the social butterflies who have fluttered through vows and promises, parental objections, conventions, every logical consideration, to be married and started on the road toward Happy-Ever-After land, a country characterized in nearly every case by sharp contrast to the land of Familiar Fact.

Two years ago the hauteur of Philadelphia was jarred out of its superb calm when the most youthful debutante ever to defy lorgnette and lofty brow hooked up with one of its younger sons and announced that they'd both go to work for a living. She was Fifi Widener, daughter of Joseph Widener, the traction millionaire. He was the nephew of William C. Dickerman of American Car &

Foundry fame. Both of these personages indicated a willingness to be "shown."

So, after the youngsters had dragged their suitcases out of Knoxville, Tenn., where the ceremony took place in the un-millionaireish office of a justice, to Asheville, N. C., for their honeymoon, they moved up to Berwick, Pa., and got busy.

They made good. They are getting on so well that they have refused assistance offered by pleased members of both families.

The boy, who had been accustomed only to idle luxury, found such fascinating contrast in his work as a two-dollar-and-a-half-a-day laborer in uncle's foundry that he became a self-reliant man all at once with what seems certain success hanging over his head.

The girl was dazzled by the novelty of a gingham apron! Her most arduous housework having been the job of ringing for the maid, she discovered endless interest in a dishcloth and a mop.

City mansions, country homes, seaside cottages all were old stuff. But the little house of four or five rooms and one bath in the workmen's quarter of the city—what more could one desire for romance? And so they are happy.

About the time Philadelphia's upper ten had recovered its breath, Gotham's

choice Knickerbocker specimens were gasping over the Edith Gould-Carroll Wainwright affair. That lovely, dark-eyed daughter of an old line met the young art student upon a corner of Fifth avenue the day after she was graduated from School. They decided that prospect of summer in the Adirondacks promised nothing but boredom.

He had no business experience; no personal income. Together they faced uncertainty; perhaps poverty, a casting-out by their own kind.

But precariousness blazed against the safety they had always known like a flame on the ash of monotony. Magnificence had gone stale through too intimate acquaintance. They wished to take a chance.

So there was a hurried visit to Elkton (Md.) Gretna Green, and a marriage without any of the decoration associated with the nuptials of such socially important people.

They were not permitted to test poverty, however. Their families forgave and were pleasant.

Is the romance of the Countess Zichy and her tall, blond husband to turn out unfortunately?

Unlikely. She has little of the unknown to find disillusioning.

Socially the count is eligible. Born in Eastbourne, England, as the records at the marriage license bureau relate, his parents, the Count and Countess Bela R. Zichy, are leaders in the same exalted set in which moves the Countess Szechenyi, formerly Gladys Vanderbilt, in Enyiczka, Czecho-Slovakia. The Countess Bela Zichy was Mabel Wright, daughter of the late George Wright, one time wife of young Yznaga, a nephew of the beautiful Miss Yznaga, who became the dowager duchess of Manchester.

Financially, however, the young countess may be forced into experiment. The day after her marriage the hotel where her honeymoon was being spent was invaded by a deputy sheriff with a writ of judgment for something over a thousand dollars obtained by a taxicab owner for injuries his vehicle sustained when the Hungarian nobleman wrecked it with his roadster. The countess was quoted as telling the embarrassed officer that she and her husband "hadn't a shirt between

them." That lack of money failed to make her down-hearted seemed indicated in what she said later in the day about her marriage.

Her statement is interesting because it throws a light on all other marriages of the sort; dashes into the unknown after romance, as they may be:

"Married quick, like a whirlwind. Yes, that's it. Only I should say it was more like a cyclone—so quick, so thrilling. And really that's the only way. No fuss, no feathers. Those are such a bore!"

"I'm sorry to have hurt anybody's feelings. Poor Mr. Burton is very nice, but I felt I was making something of a mistake in marrying him."

"Six months after I met Ed I went to Paris to study. He went to South America on business. But we corresponded. When we both came back to New York he proposed to me."

When the little countess was asked concerning Mr. Burton, who was rehearsing the wedding ceremony at the church in Elberon, N. J., when word came to him of his fiancée's elopement, she musically repeated the words with which he is said to have received that piece of news: "Hell's bells!"

New Statues Cause of Sensational Incidents.

(Continued From First Page.)

who offered to pose for her, speculation as to the identity of the models used in "Jazz" has kept the statue pretty well in the limelight.

The same aura of mystery surrounds the identity of the four models who posed for "The Dance of the Bacchante," the new fountain at "El Gran Casino de la Playa" in Havana, Cuba. The artistic interest aroused by this work—but this interest was pale and academic beside the curiosity which was provoked by the announcement that the four models were American girls of prominent families.

The Cuban sculptor refused to give out the information. Since that time everybody who looks at a photograph of the statue has tried to recognize an acquaintance.

But statutory sensations haven't been confined to America. Citizens of France, whose ideas on art are considered freer from illiberal restrictions than the people of any other nation, have shown that they can still be shocked.

The shocker in question is Maxine Real DeSarte's new piece of sculpture entitled "Resistance." This artist won last year's grand prize and this statue is what he is offering this year. The group is made up of a woman in the embrace of a man she is evidently fighting off. The treatment is considered "audacious but lovely." One or two critics have said, however, that the same artistic appeal might

have been made without a descent to frank sensuality. The statue is now on exhibit in the Paris salon.

A recent exhibition in London of the works of the Polish sculptor, Gilcenstein, startled the art world of the British capital solely on account of its bold treatment. The subjects were all conventional. One of these, "Fear," is said to be the best thing ever done in bronze by a modern. This statue, a reproduction of which is shown on this page, depicts the awful, soul-sickening fear of a mother for a threatened child.

Movement Begun to Introduce Camels as Beasts of Burden.

Plans for Transport in America Follow Successful Experiences With Animal in Foreign Famine Districts.

TO most Americans the camel is a circus animal and an animal of romance. Few can conceive of him as an everyday beast of burden, a beast as common in the countries where he is used as the horse is to us—and even far more useful.

Yet despite the inroads of the automobile, in oriental countries he is the most prized possession and performs the work that in other countries are performed by a number of animals.

It was only recently that an intimation of what a tremendously serviceable and remarkable beast of burden he is was given to us in a dramatic manner through the eyes of the American relief in Russia.

When the food ships arrived in Russian ports last fall the relief administrators discovered a pitiable state of demoralization. The railroad system leading into the famine districts was absolutely disorganized and could not be reconstructed at the beginning of winter or in time to serve the immediate needs of the sufferers.

Horses were not available to any extent, many having been killed for food. Those that had escaped the stricken victims of starvation were so weak from undernourishment that they could not be depended upon for this strenuous duty.

While the workers despaired someone suggested camels of which there was a fair supply available just over the Russian border in Asia. With the ordinary misconceptions of this strange beast as an oriental in mind the Americans at first laughed at this suggestion, but the Russian helpers who knew reminded the doubters from the United States that camels have to stand very severe temperatures in the night winds which sweep piercingly across the desert and that these animals are in use in mountainous Bactria and in the northern part of China, where the climate is not by any means tropical. In other words that the animals work equally well in wet, hot and cold climates, which is more than can be said for the horse.

But there was no time for skepticism. The most forlorn hope would have been utilized and all the camels in the vicinity were impressed in this service of humanity.

From all sides came reports of the terrible sufferings of the famished. Relief was needed at once in widely separated districts, many of them inaccessible by any other way than the camel train.

Along the stretches of the crippled railways went what relief trains could be got together, while along the rugged highways went caravans of camels each animal loaded with nearly 1000 pounds of food.

There have been caravans before which have figured in romance and history, caravans that have served high purposes, but few that have performed missions of mercy and won places like those sent to the aid of the starving by the American relief.

In due course they reached the vast districts which, on account of the transport breakdown, could not have been reached in any other way, thus saving hundreds of thousands of lives that otherwise would have been sacrificed.

These caravans, in fact, made long journeys through difficult country in bitter cold weather, in extraordinary time and that with the loss of but few animals.

Thus not only was a trying problem solved by the use of camels, but to the wise observers it suggested something else, namely that other similar work in similar climates not usually considered natural for the camel could be performed. It brought home the fact that the animal which by its very nature was the ideal servant of man need not be limited in his range to the warm climates but could be used in other countries, the United States among them as well.

It was a dramatic revelation and its fruit seems to augur as much for the permanent and normal benefit of humanity as it proved in this startling and unusual emergency.

Following this experience word comes that the department of the interior is now contemplating the introduction of the camel into this country, especially in the arid regions, where he would be particularly available.