

Do ELOPEMENTS INSURE HAPPINESS?



Mrs. John Bancroft, Jr., Who Was Miss Madeleine Dupont Before She Ran Away to Wed.

Marriage Critics, Theoretical and Practical, Believe the Course of True Love, Impromptu, Must Run Smooth

"ENGAGEMENTS in America," remarked the romantic English authoress, Mrs. Yorke-Miller, "are shorter because the young people take their marriage into their own hands. If the parents are annoying, the lovers just elope. There are numbers of elopements in America. If I had a daughter who was engaged to be married, I would never let her be tied to a man unless she was to marry him in six months."

It was in the marriage month of May when she said those provoking, stimulating things. Mayor Gaynor's daughter Gertrude, in New York, hastily appealed to that experienced eloper, her sister Edith, and straightway made for Wilmington, accompanied by the nicest young man she knew. Any romantic novelist might be expected to boom business by boosting the expanding elopement movement in the United States, where it has been found far more thrilling than sufragetting and infinitely more delightful. And almost any entrancing blonde or brunette or demiblonde or albino might make a dash for Wilmington with her best young man at any hour of day or night. They've done it so often that some famous members of the clergy and magistrates there have cabbies hired to rush the lovers straight from the railway station to their houses as first aids to the affectionate.

But the condemnation of long engagements and the indorsement of elopements, happening almost simultaneously, have stirred the alluring question, Must you elope to be happy?



Mrs. Edward McLean, Who Eloped After Her Wedding Day Was Set.

THERE are more couples now than ever before who are ready to lift hissed voices in eager assent. The Gaynor family is ready to give preference to elopements by two to one. They seem to have the elopement habit there. Maybe that's because their father, Mayor Gaynor, is one of those grand old men who can't be happy unless he has his own way and has transmitted the trait to his children. There are families like that, and the ordinary course of events is to leave father sitting on the lonely doorstep, wearing court plaster on fingers that have been rubbed raw hurling bricks after his departing progeny. The Gaynor home, happily, has sustained no such serious quarrels. Perhaps a certain shrewd philosophy of life has enabled Mayor Gaynor to realize that "like father, like child" is something that must be expected in this vale of love and politics, and he has learned to content himself with such sons-in-law as his daughters' tastes bring along, being a mighty nice father to have. He seems even willing to stand by an eloper when the adventure proves to have been a mistake. That was what happened with the first Gaynor elopement, which was heading straight for the limbo of ruined romances when the second one was sprung with the éclat which at once prides and pains enterprising Wilmington.

Mayor Gaynor's son, Rufus William Gaynor, studying at Amherst, beheld the darkly beautiful Italian daughter of a barber, a student of music in Boston. That was enough for Rufus William. They fled to Chicago, and the Gaynor action was prepared to prove that elope-



Mayor Gaynor and His Family—Rufus, Helen and Gertrude, in Upper Left Hand Corner, All Eloped.

ments are the royal road to happiness when harsh fate intruded annoying reports that the bride had another husband. So Rufus William came back home, and his father stood by him until the divorce was granted by complete annulment last summer. Mrs. Yorke-Miller seems to have sized up the mental attitude of the true eloper when she added to her verdict on the American way the remark that the engagement period is against nature, for if people are really fond of each other they can't be kept apart. The longer they are engaged without being married the more they are likely to become foolishly jealous, quarrelsome and bored.

supposed to make an engagement a dream of ecstasy. But when Philander C. Knox, Jr., no, not the grandson; his turn is due twenty years from now—decamped from school and married Miss May Bowler, who was just an ordinary girl without a distinguished family, there was no fatted calf, no forgiveness, no welcoming arms for a long, long time. Young Philander, however, had only been carrying out his oft-announced intention.

"When I meet the right girl I'll just go to her and steal her." He also had to go to work after the elopement. But he showed no reluctance for that ordeal, and when the time was ripe, his brother Reed, knowing how it was himself, arranged the meeting between Philander and their father which resulted in the bride becoming an accepted member of the Knox domestic circle. Fred Fairbanks, his father vice president of the United States, chose the same lightning-express road to wedlock, and for reasons not so very different from Reed Knox's, and for a Pittsburg girl, too. She was Miss Nellie Scott, a schoolgirl friend of his sister. He fell in love as soon as he saw her; but his father, although Frederick was 25 years old and she 22, objected to their ages as too young. So Fred took Miss Scott to Bradenton, O., met the marriage law of residence by declaring Miss Scott was a resident until her prospective husband should take her away, got his license and was able, a few hours later, to inform his father that the vice presidential limits on the marriageable age had been successfully removed. The elder Fairbanks, after gritting of the crowns of a few teeth, agreed with him.

The average girl, if she were betrothed to about \$5,000,000, as was Evelyn Walsh, daughter of Thomas F. Walsh, the Colorado Croesus, and was engaged to the heir of even more millions, like Ed McLean, son of John R. McLean, of Cincinnati, would count on a real millionaire marriage, with all the gorgeous fixings. Miss Walsh counted on it when she was first engaged to him and had the glorious day set. But a month of betrothal taught them both that the course of true love, running too smoothly, was liable to make the lovers tired. Off they went and married in a quiet parsonage, as though a \$5 bill and their return tickets were their total assets. Happy? Why, when the baby came the telegraph wires couldn't work long enough to tell about the special guards, the bulldogs, the steel-clad coaches, the enormous life insurance—all arranged by dotting grandparents to safeguard the all-important sequel to the McLean-Walsh elopement.

The unwelcome bride or bridegroom does not figure much in these American elopements. It is just as the romance expert has diagnosed it; American young people decline to wait, take their hearts to the most accessible parsonage and have them welded together and duly sealed. Pretty Madeleine du Pont, eldest daughter of the Delaware millionaire, Alfred I. du Pont, took quite a party of friends along with her to Washington where she fled with John Bancroft, 24, whose father is wealthy and objected to her no more than her father objected to her fiancé. But both parents thought the couple had better wait and both lovers couldn't see the good of it. The fathers behaved with all proper respect for national precedents, welcomed them home and agreed that it was their first duty to the elopers to keep marriage from being a failure.

NEVER TOLD MOTHER

There were no fathers to counsel delay in the marriage of Theodore B. Rogers and Miss Josephine Pyrie, another Delaware couple who eloped into domestic joy, Rogers, a millionaire by inheritance and only 21 years old, just refrained from telling his mother about it, and Miss Pyrie refrained from telling hers. They just didn't tell anybody, except a New Castle, Del., clergyman, when they arrived at the parsonage together. Of course, two years is rather a short time for a test, but they've been contented thus far, and they think elopements beat all the anticipations of marriage and all the fuss and feathers of a church wedding.

It was just two years that sufficed to end the married life that followed one elopement which created more astonishment than any other of its time. That was the flight of the beautiful Victoria Morosini. Her father, the wealthy New York banker, Ernest Schilling, her father, the father's coachman, Ernest Schilling, refused to have anything to do with them, and Schilling at last got a job as a street-car conductor to put up with the limitations of her new existence, made an ineffectual attempt to go on the stage; but, although she was the center of almost tumultuous notoriety for a time, it was evident her talents were not for the theater. She disappeared, and her husband, after weeks of anxiety and despair, enlisted in the marines under another name. She is believed to have taken up her residence, for a time, in a convent, and later lived, very meagerly and unknown, in a New England village, on her father's bounty.

But fathers seem to have been better trained since stern old Morosini's day.

Some Curious Facts

CHESS is taught in nearly all the schools in Saxony. Over six million acres of land are under tobacco cultivation throughout the world.

Dormant funds in chancery in England now amount to about \$5,555,000, the sum being distributed over more than 250 separate accounts.

Of 133 aliens naturalized in Britain last year, 99 were Russians and 34 Germans; while of the whole total 65 settled in London.

The total area under wheat in Australia this season will be 7,597,000 acres, an increase of more than half a million acres on last year's area.

That rare event, a ruby wedding, was celebrated in Balfour village, Shapanay, Oriskany islands, recently by Mr. and Mrs. John Orver. They were married in 1843, and their respective ages are 91 and 94 years.

Each of King George's sons will receive \$50,000 a year from the civil list on attaining his majority, and each daughter \$20,000 a year at her majority or marriage.

Under the butter and margarine act of 1911, 128 "fancy names" for margarines and forty-four names for mixtures of butter and milk have been approved by the English board of agriculture.

Tenor Madness of All Ages



Enrico Caruso, the Modern Tenor, Idol

CARUS' has been in mischief again. With a silver voice that charms streams of gold into his coffers, he simply can't keep out of trouble. Long at odds with his wife, later mixed up in a mysterious encounter in a New York monkey house, lastly embroiled with a Latin girl of humble parentage, to whom he dispensed a couple of thousand dollars at a time in French francs, German marks or Italian lire, according to where he and she happened to be, the most highly paid of modern tenors has not been lacking in excitement of one kind or another for five or ten years. And, through it all, the virtuous public winks wisely and rushes to hear him whenever his mellifluous vocal chords are not tied in double bow-knots by laryngitis, grip, superstition, plain over-

strain, or something or other, according to the attending specialist. Never is Carus' worried. He orders portrait busts in silver, to adorn his yacht, and flirts as he pleases. He is the pet of the public, and the public is tenor mad, just as it has been for all time. IT'S all right, as long as Carus' can call to his aid those magic vocal chords. Anything will be forgiven the man for the sake of his voice. 'Twas ever thus. As far back as history runneth, the public was anxious to make a fool of itself over a real tenor. Carus', instead of being an example of the follies of the times, as we have imagined, is but the latest of a long line of beautiful voices over whom the people at large have delighted to rave. 'Ware the time, though, that the voice falls. Unless he shall have salted away enough ducts to tide over a period of indifference and neglect that will last the rest of his natural life he will be in a bad way. Ten years or more, when vaudeville was just beginning to be the rage, there emerged from obscurity a small, spare Italian who ripped off Italian arias in a raspy little voice that was ill in accord with the grandiose manner of the old operatic style. Some audiences were cruel enough to laugh. Others regarded him with interest for what he had been. It was something to hear Guille, over whom earlier generations had raved. It was, indeed, the painful remains of a voice that had been almost as noted in its day as that of Caruso. For, in spite of his diminutive size, Guille was one of the greatest tenors of his day. People forgave him for being almost a midget when the silvery tones rang out. And before Guille there were others. As far back as Demosthenes, even, the rage for beautiful male voices amounted almost to national madness. For in the ancient Greek times oratory was a cross between a chant and a tenor solo. The old boys of the most antique days that we have good records of did not orate, as our modern spellbinders. They intoned; they devoted as much time to the cultivation of their voices as to the formation of their wondrously constructed periods. In fact, the language had to be somewhat elaborate to suit their formal sing-song style. The same singing teachers who trained the singers coached also the orators, according to Louis C. Elson, in a recent issue of the Musician, of Boston, in which he said: "Certain songs in Athens, called 'Orthian,' were altogether in the highest register and so dangerous that Plutarch, the singing teacher, warned his pupils of the danger of bringing on convulsions, or hernia, in singing them. The phosceli, or vocal teachers, of that epoch trained both singers and orators; and, in fact, oratory was then but a species of chanting. Cicero, the great orator, always had a slave behind him to sound the pitch at intervals during his addresses. Demosthenes chanted his orations. "In ancient Athens the singers often used a demulcent containing gum tragacanth, onions and garlic were considered beneficial to the voice. Eels and starchy vegetables were also recommended. Cubebs, gum arabic, gum tragacanth, extract of pine, oil of almonds and thyme oil were among the remedies and preservatives used by the Athenian public singers." From this it is evident that neither the public nor the singers have changed much since the days of Demosthenes, for the remedies with which vocalists dose their vocal chords are as varied and numerous as those of Athenian days. In old Rome it was as bad as in Greece. Rich citizens haunted the vocal teachers and went in training for the post of head chorister in the plays of those days—a post, by the way, that was most highly esteemed. As for Nero, he was as proud of his voice as any millionaire of today who thinks he can sing and can't. When the people wanted to please him they hired him to sing at \$27,500 per. The tyrant was as merciless in his sing-song monologues as in all his other doings. He would intone for perhaps five hours at a time, and any one who showed boredom was haled out by the emperor's soldiers and executed. However, according to Suetonius, persons occasionally jumped from the windows and escaped thusly. There was some hope, even in old Rome.



Mrs. Frederick Fairbanks, Who Eloped With a Son of the Former Vice President (Photo by Harris & Ewing)

Edith Gaynor was only 19 when, on June 22 of last year, she agreed so thoroughly with Mrs. Yorke-Miller that she sped away to Wilmington with Henry Kermit Vintur, who is a clubman and broker. He brought about the most remarkable combination of parson and witness ever heard of, even in Wilmington. Appealing to Judge Gray, the attorney general of Delaware, as a friend whose presence would lend the ceremony dignity, he had it performed by the Rev. George L. Wolfe, known afar as the marrying parson. And they have lived happily ever after—just one year, to be correct as to the details.

Edith's sister Gertrude, who is 22, had already tried the protracted engagement plan. She is one of your blue-eyed, golden-haired, rosy-cheeked, graceful beauties with whom plain masculinity has been ordained to fall in love at first sight. It was that way with Alexander Stewart Wetherill, and he fell young and years ago, as a kid, when the Gaynors first moved to their estate at Deep Wells, at St. James, L. I.

Gertrude was in short dresses and had all the airy, fairy Lillians of poetry relegated to memory's fond domains. It was boy-and-girl love, the most charming of all romances; and it grew into an engagement; and it went on and on, until the pair of them realized that they simply wouldn't be able to bear each other if they were to marry.

They had reached that sad conclusion and had been existing happily apart for a couple of months when William Seward Webb, a grandson of Commodore Vanderbilt, decided that the elopement philosophy of Mrs. Yorke-Miller was the inspiration of genius, and Miss Gaynor lovingly agreed with him. Taking along the experienced Vintur, they made their prompt flight to Wilmington, and Mrs. Webb is still indorsing her sister's verdict that an elopement leaves the memory of a long engagement simply the recollection of purgatory.

The sons of Secretary Knox have made quite as good a record—maybe better, taking their fond average, because Reed Knox rescued his first romance by elopement, where Gertrude Gaynor lost hers. He had been engaged for several years to Miss Bessie McCook, of Pittsburg, whose grandfather was a captain in the navy. At least that was the way Washington society regarded his unremitting devotion. But three or four years ago there followed the inevitable quarrel incident to these protracted love affairs. That settled it for Reed Knox. He just took her over to Alexandria from Washington, when they made up, and his father, then senator from Pennsylvania, a year or so later became a proud granddad. Everybody in the increased Knox family appears to appreciate the wisdom of real home lies instead of regular calling nights, even in Washington, where you have calling nights that are generally