

Too Pretty to Be Kept Out of the Peerage



Miss Marie Lohr, One of the Handsomest British Actresses

Fascinating Marie Lohr, Who Jilted Actor-Aviator Lorraine, May Land One of the Best Bachelor Bets in Great Britain

WILL any one believe that one young woman, merely by looking pretty, can accomplish what about 700 of the richest and most influential allies of the political party dominant in Great Britain couldn't do?

Well, if you will only consider plain facts—although she is a beautiful exception—you can see how easily it has come about.

The 700 distinguished and influential gentlemen might have been ever so eager to become members of the peerage at the price of using their new power and dignity to end the prerogatives of the house of lords; but without the consent of commons, peers and king they were destined to stay out indefinitely. And the peers were the most reluctant to welcome them.

It has been generally admitted that the peerage is almost as reluctant to let in the fascinating Miss Marie Lohr; but the sequel promises to be a very different one. All the king's horses and all the king's men—except one very rich one—seem to find it impossible to keep that astonishing young lady out. So she can truthfully boast that, poor and alone, she is able to do for herself what has been beyond the power of hundreds of the Liberals' most faithful and respected men allies.

The reason is an obvious one. Her entrance depends on just one peer, and he is likely to be Lord Howard de Walden, who has been her devoted admirer and can put her in the peerage as effectually as if she had been to the manner born.

Those who have been numbered among her adorers—including so appreciative an expert as Robert Lorraine, the actor-aviator—declare that she is lovely enough to force the whole house of lords to a unanimous vote of acceptance, if she wants it. But that, while individual records might make it likely, won't be necessary.

Lord Howard de Walden's say-so will be enough.

THE girl who can achieve such a distinction is more than worth while as center of attraction, even though her noble admirer be a Monte Cristo of riches and a personage who is looming up as among the most picturesque in all Europe. She is only 21 years old and is conceded to be the youngest leading lady in England. Her beauty is not responsible for her distinction, although no one who has ever seen her can doubt that it helped a lot. She is a Sydney, N. S. W., girl, the daughter of Kate Bishop, and her actress' art was bred in her childhood bones. She was on the stage when she was 6 years old. She was only 11 when she carried a role that was, at least incidentally, important in "The Man Who Stole the Castle." She was only 15 when she was on tour with the Kendals. She was 18 when she had the part of Rosey Mackenzie in the Kendal production of "Colonel Newcome."

So at the most impressionable age, talented and



Robert Lorraine, the Actor-Aviator Whom Miss Lohr Jilted

sagely ambitious, the little Sydney girl was learning her art in the finest school of acting existing in England, and she was surrounded with the most careful safeguards possible on the stage. Even then the managers were watching her closely, ready to seize the first fulfillment of mature talent which her girlish aptness should vouchsafe.

Her rise into real prominence came at a bound, when she was 17 years old. At the Haymarket Theater, in London, in 1907, the drama "My Wife" was staged and Marie Lohr was given the role of Beatrice Lupton. So completely did she dominate the scenes that she was recognized at once as one of Great Britain's accomplished actresses. Her future in her art was assured.

But even her most sanguine hopes counted on no such rapid advancement as she won. A year later she had the part of Marguerite in Beerbohm Tree's great production of "Faust," after she had confirmed the high opinion he had of her by her work in one of Bernard Shaw's plays, "Getting Married."

And all this time she was becoming more beautiful. When she first appeared with the Kendals, she was just a strong, healthy, studious child, with round, rosy cheeks, wide, deep eyes and features noticeable for their calm regularity.

When she was revealed to the startled public in the robes of the pure and gentle Marguerite, she was the incarnation of virginal innocence. Her skin was fair as any lily; her lips had the full and tempting ripeness that

makes a girlish mouth well-nigh irresistible; her cheeks had lost just enough of their earlier plumpness to give her face a delicate, ethereal sweetness, and out of her wide eyes there seemed to look the very soul for which Faust rejoiced to give his own.

But the Fausts, like the Mephistos who haunt the purities of the stage, found no chance to come near this paragon of pretty actresses. It was her own profession that offered her her first romance, as sweet as it proved unhappy.

She fell in love with Robert Lorraine, who is acknowledged to be a very good actor indeed; and he seemed to have been born like her, to tread the boards. His father before him had run away to become an actor. Robert ran away. He found it hard going for a while; but luck gave him a place with the Ben Greet players, just such an opportunity as Marie Lohr had enjoyed with the Kendals. He became a star and attained quite a prominent standing in England.

Then, his ambition urging him, he tried to win the United States and scored repeated failures until he secured Bernard Shaw's "Man and Superman" and was acknowledged one of the foremost young actors of the day.

It really looked as though the two were specially created for each other, although Lorraine had previously made a mistake, hurriedly remedied by divorce, in marrying Julie Opp. But Marie didn't hold that against him. He was too handsome—a good deal in the same way as she is lovely—to be rejected because he met the wrong girl first. And, besides, he was one of the real heroes of the South African war, decorated and formally thanked



by the king of England. Their engagement was announced.

Then along came the aviation craze. Lorraine promptly developed into an enthusiast. For a little while, overpersuaded by his thrilling voice and fond appeals, Marie made herself believe that her hero couldn't get hurt, whatever might be happening to other airmen.

But the darling which she had so admired in him, now that the war was all over, soon began to wrench her loving heart when he made his sensational flights. In August last he made a sea flight of fifty miles that evoked eulogies from aeronauts throughout the world; but long absence in the gathering darkness left all his friends and his one anxious lover, Marie, in a tremor of apprehension. He had battled through a dangerous rain-storm only half a month earlier, and half a month later he fell into the sea and barely escaped with his life.

Had England's loveliest ingenue loved him less, or not at all, she could have taken his glory as a recompense for her anxiety. But she loved him as a girl can love only her first choice and her heart was one continual tumult of terrors. It was too much for her. She gave him the alternative: Her Robert must either cease seeking the angels in heaven, or he must give up the one he called his angel on earth.

WHAT IT COST HIM

Lorraine chose the heavens. Their engagement ended. What it cost him may be estimated by the difference between the passion a man can have for woman and the passion he can feel for sport and war. What it cost her only the true woman can realize; for it was the very greatness of her affection that made her firm in her purpose, and when she carried it into effect she had no other recourse but her art.

Marie Lohr, after a time, emerged from that crisis of the emotions of a woman. There was a new strength in her character, if there appeared less strength in her sound, young body. Her beauty had gained a deeper, sweeter refinement; she was newly, adorably spiritual. The glamour of the stage could only lessen her delicacy of charm; she was one of those exceptional women who are infinitely more lovely off the stage than on.

Enter now upon the scene another lover, as dear to romance as the handsome, self-willed Galahad of a hero Lorraine had proved to be.

Lord Howard de Walden for nine years has been the greatest catch in all England—ever since he came of age, in 1902. His noble descent goes back to the conquest, and his title claims bang up against the gunpowder plot of 300 years ago, for the first Baron de Walden gained his peerage by being the Sherlock Holmes of that thrilling episode in English history.

He could match Lorraine at virtually every point, except that of physical attractiveness, for while he is a brilliant fencer and a daring yachtsman, he looks the student rather than the athlete. If the actor could lay claim to polite learning on the score of his profession, Lord de Walden was universally known as one devoted to poetry and literature at large, the drama included.

But it has been his immense, his incalculable wealth that has gripped the British imagination since his boyhood. He is the real owner of the square mile of ground



Lord de Walden, the Richest British Bachelor

in Marylebone, as well as of many acres in the Hampstead district, which has been popularly known as the Portland estate. He owns the magnificent properties in fashionable Cavendish square and the great residential section of physicians on Harley street. His income from his London holdings alone is between one and one and a half million dollars a year. It is now believed that even the famous London holdings of the duke of Westminster are less remunerative.

But this is only part of the de Walden property. There are great estates in Ayrshire and Nottinghamshire, the Ayrshire properties including a large part of the Scotch town of Kilmarnock, where he is officially the superior, or lord of the manor.

He is Baron Seaford, as well as eighth Baron de Walden, and, as lieutenant of the extremely fashionable Tenth Hussars, with which he went to South Africa, he has a war record matching that of the man who first won the fair Marie's love.

It is a familiar feature of English social life to find the possessions of such a nobleman regarded as part of the man himself; his figure attains a tinge of grandeur from their splendor. De Walden's character in this respect is tinged with the allurement of magnificent art and dignity. He himself deserves the credit for the ravishing panels with which, under his commission, the artist, Robert Sauber, adorned the ballroom in his London residence; and he has shown his superior taste only recently in architecture by purchasing, in Essex, the historic and imposing Tudor mansion known as Audley End.

There is a curious resemblance of expression between all the central faces—Diana, Ariadne, Amphitrite—of those gorgeous Sauber panels and the look that is in the eyes of Marie Lohr. Should she become the mistress of that immense residence, with its famous staircase of green marble, its treasures of art and its notable museum, she will have no trouble, when she looks in her mirror, in fancying that her husband divined the soul of his ideal from those fair myths of antiquity and found it, living, when he first saw her.

A young man still, but accustomed ever since he attained his majority to indulge his wishes, Lord de Walden gave small heed to those of his family and friends who, in the interest of a peerage fast forfeiting its power, sought to deter him from conferring on an actress the station and the wealth which the proudest daughters of the proudest peers coveted.

They have tried to induce both of them to make some denial of the romance. Neither will speak. The more liberal of the people in English society, who know of Miss Lohr's spotless reputation, like those who have admired her exceptional talent, are inclined to think that Lord de Walden is doing infinitely better than most of the nobility when they wed. At best, they get a lady for a bride; and the lover of Sweet Peggy in the old song could afford to disdain that type when true love saw Venus in an Irish low-back car. At worst, plenty of them have married actresses who kept them in dread of the divorce courts.

And those who know Marie Lohr best know that, if she consent to become Lady de Walden, even Robert Lorraine would fail to make her look a second time his way, though he were to come down from heaven with the prettiest angel you ever saw perched beside him on his aeroplane.

A Word For the Sardine

THE London Lancet has this up to remark that no slurs should be cast on the sardine; that he is a first-class article of food; that he may be good for what ails you when you are out of sorts; and that even sardines that aren't sardines at all, but various kinds of herring, are quite serviceable little fish.

The Lancet, it may be remarked, is the thunder of the medical profession. It talks and the rest of the world listens. Just what prompted it to discourse on sardines is not apparent; perhaps nothing, in particular, except a desire to espouse the cause of the fish and the downtrodden. Usually its remarks are couched in language so technical that they convey no enlightenment to a layman. But on the subject of sardines it is quite lucid, to wit:

"Dietetic authorities may well praise the sardine, since, for one thing, it encourages the ingestion of oil, which for a reason difficult to find is very commonly excluded from the diet nowadays. A bland fatty substance such as an excellent physiological balance to nitrogenous foods that its reasonable use will help us to avoid many ills, and especially those associated with wasting diseases and gouty dispositions. It prevents the overloading of the tissues with nitrogenous waste products and a digestible fat favors nutrition considerably. The sardine supplies also an excellent proportion (35 per cent) of nitrogenous material, and so it becomes a real and economical food."

OIL A SAFEGUARD

"In addition to this the sardine has appetizing qualities, and where appetite serves digestion follows. Luckily, its preservation in the cooked state in oil precludes contamination, even although it is brought to our shores in the tin. We have examined a great number of samples of tinned sardines, but not once have we been able to find the slightest evidence of metallic contamination or of objectionable preservatives. The tins consist of no worse metals than iron and tin, both of which may be regarded as practically outside the pale of poisonous metals. Oil is, besides, an effective guard against these metals being attacked."

"Physiologically it counts for very little if the sardine proves to be not a 'scientific' sardine and the oil is not the oil of the olive. We have a suspicion that a preference would be exhibited for the genuine sardine and herring oil; but the fishes substituted for the real sardine pichards are, generally speaking, still of the herring family, and the cheaper oil used is wholesome, consisting often of peanut oil or sesame or cottonseed oil, which contain to a large extent the same fatty principles as olive oil. This view must not be regarded for a moment as favoring the practice of substitution in general, while obviously in this case the consumer is not injured nor is he seriously cheated. Neither what we know to be a herring or sprat is a true sardine, and cottonseed oil is certainly not olive oil. Strict ethical teaching, however, would require some declaration as to the exact nature of the sardine. But if that demand were enforced there would soon arise an unnecessary prejudice against the substitutes, which after all are very closely related to the genuine articles, and which are equally palatable and nutritious. If the real sardine were as abundant as it is, the consumer's position might be different. As it is, we may be grateful for a plentiful and cheap supply of this appetizing morsel, whether sardine, sprat or herring."

Beauty for the Black North

LABRADOR, from a bleak, unhappy land, is turning into a land of romance. Since Dr. Wilfred T. Grenfell earned the world's admiration and the gratitude of ailing, half-starved fishermen who were condemned to spend their winters in the frozen north, by his work for humanity, there have been many who sought to emulate him. At first he worked alone. But when England and America came to his aid his labors outgrew him. From a traveling physician and surgeon in the Lend a Hand, he became practically an administrator. He put Labrador on a business basis, established schools, hospitals and the like. Naturally he needs all the help he can get, and his latest recruit of note is Miss Constance Mather, of Cleveland.

"THE greatest purpose in life," said Dr. Grenfell during a recent tour of this country, "is what we can make out of it."

Perhaps it was that very sentiment that animated Miss Mather when she decided to accompany him back to Labrador to aid in his work among the lowly fishermen that form the great bulk of the people he has done so much for.

There could scarcely be any other reason. Nothing but an endeavor to be as useful as lies in her power could induce a beautiful, well-educated, wealthy and happy young woman to give up all the luxuries of civilization for a bare existence in a country that has hardships and comforts at a ratio of about 16 to 1.

There was not as great an incentive as called Miss Anna MacLanahan from her home in Chicago to the cold and rocky coasts that Dr. Grenfell skirted on his errands of mercy. There it was a case of love, pure and simple, and the young woman became Mrs. Grenfell before she started north.

With Miss Mather it is simply an innate tendency to do good. She is a daughter of Samuel Mather, one of the wealthiest men of Cleveland and one of those most noted for his philanthropy. She is an heirress of the first water, welcomed everywhere in the smart



Miss Constance Mather, One of Cleveland's Richest Belles

set and counted one of the best catches in the city on the lake.

Yet, when she heard the north calling, she was quite willing to give up all the good things that her father's millions can buy in order that she may help in the reclamation of human souls.

Nor is she by any means alone in her willingness to make sacrifices for the suffering. Many another woman of late years has given up her summer at some American pleasure resort in order to help nurse the sick and educate the young.

With the broadening of Dr. Grenfell's work there has been such an increase in the number of schools, hospitals and the like that there is an urgent need for a large corps of skilled assistants. With the summer, always, there comes an immense increase in Labrador's population. From a sparsely settled, almost



isolated country, it becomes a well-populated, busy land.

This is because there is a great influx of fishermen in the spring. From Canada, Newfoundland, even France, they come, so that from a mere 2000 or so the population takes a jump to 20,000. As the land is little more than rocks and moss, the life during the open season is, of necessity, what might be termed highly artificial.

There is a hospital and an industrial school at St. Anthony, a hospital and many other charitable institutions at Battle Harbor. From all along the coast the unfortunates of a hard winter come to be treated as soon as spring permits travel. That is the reason Dr. Grenfell is welcoming students, nurses, doctors and so on who feel they would rather spend a vacation doing good than merely having a good time.

MUCH GOOD TO DO

Among those who at various times have devoted their summers to aiding Dr. Grenfell are Dr. Emma Musson and Dr. Elizabeth Clark, two Philadelphia women, the former of whom gave her services as a specialist in eye, ear, nose and throat troubles, with the latter as her assistant.

They declared, as a result of their practical experience, that while Dr. Grenfell had accomplished much, there is still much to do. Exposed as the natives are to the hardest of weather, they are naturally prone to tuberculosis, pneumonia, grip and a host of lesser ailments. They receive no assistance from the soil, and when there is a poor season's fishing their plight is as pitiable as could be imagined.

What Eskimos remain, too, require assistance badly. They are unsanitary in the extreme, subject to most any disease that comes their way and generally an unfortunate lot.

It is evident, therefore, that Miss Mather could scarcely make herself more useful than to share some of her good fortune with these miserable beings.