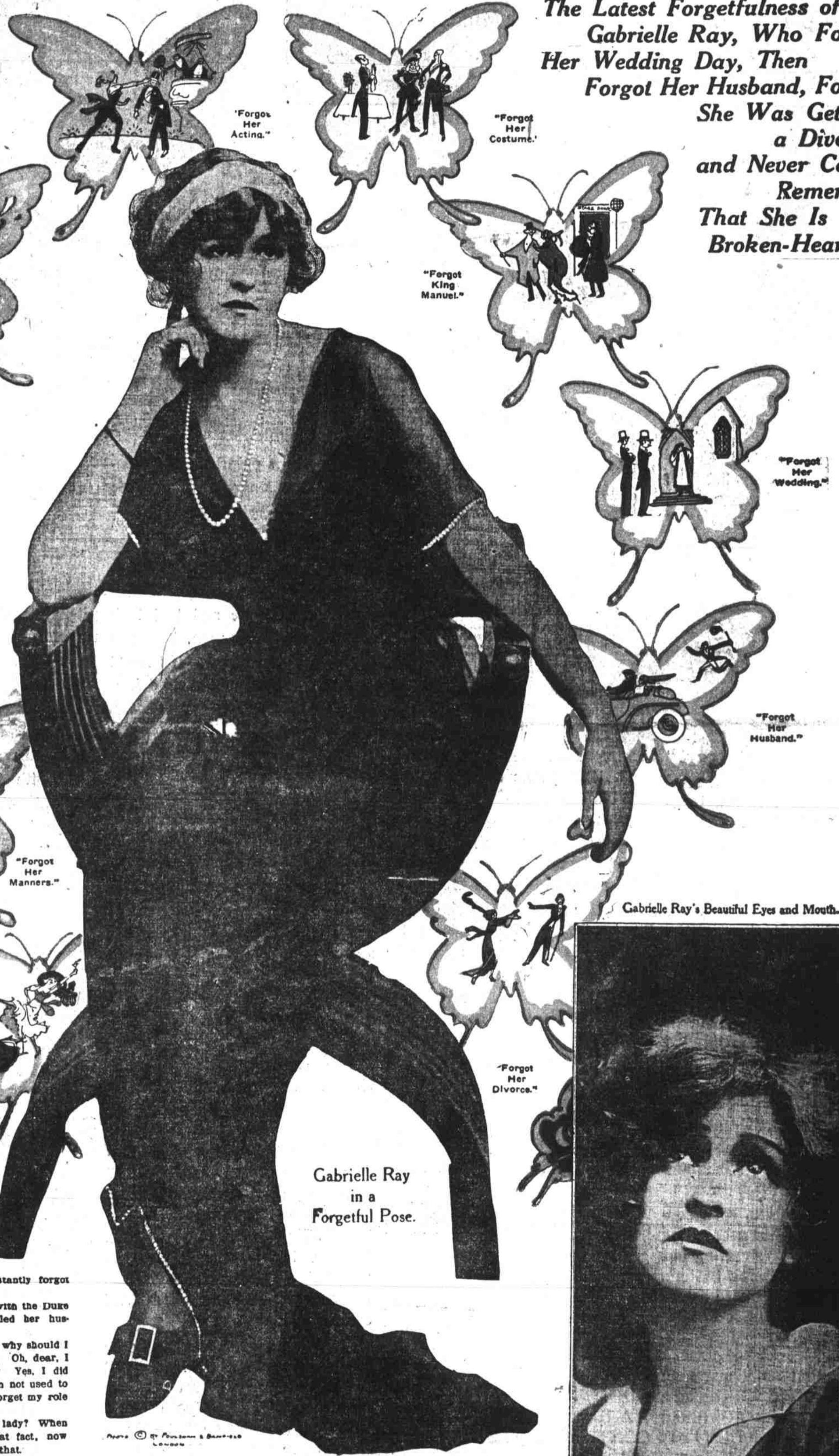


SUCH a Forgetful Beauty!

The Latest Forgetfulness of Gabrielle Ray, Who Forgot Her Wedding Day, Then Forgot Her Husband, Forgot She Was Getting a Divorce, and Never Can Remember That She Is Broken-Hearted!

A New Photograph of Gabrielle Ray.



"Forgot Her Actina."

"Forgot Her Costume."

"Forgot King Manuel."

"Forgot Her Wedding."

"Forgot Her Husband."

"Forgot Her Manners."

"Forgot Her Rehearsals."

"Forgot Her Broken Heart."

"Forgot Her Divorce."

Gabrielle Ray in a Forgetful Pose.

Gabrielle Ray's Beautiful Eyes and Mouth.



London, Sept. 7.
SAID the Duke of Westminster to the Duke of Marlborough when they met in front of the Travellers' Club the other day, "Have you heard the latest about Gabrielle Ray?"
 "No," said the noble Marlborough. "What has she forgotten now—another wedding day?"
 "Ha, ha! Better than that, my dear fellow she forgot that she was divorced from that chap Loder! She met him on the street yesterday, rushed up to him and kissed him right there in public. And there she had her divorce papers in her handbag."
 "And what did Eric say then?" asked Marlborough. "Suppose he liked it?"
 "He drew himself up and said, 'Madame, you forget yourself.'"
 "And Gabrielle, quick as a rivet, replied, 'Not at all. I simply forgot you. I realized that I had once been married to you, but forgot that I was so no longer.'"
 "Well," said Loder, "it was a very nice kiss. Suppose you keep on forgetting."
 This spicy bit of gossip that passed between the two dukes has recalled to London's mind many other instances of this fascinating beauty's forgetfulness. She is the most forgetful beauty in the world. She thinks of a thing and forgets it instantly. As her recent husband says of her, Gabrielle's thoughts are but butterflies that flutter through her brain and then out again. Like the butterfly, they live but for a moment and then die.
 There are harsh critics in London who say that it is not forgetfulness that makes this delightful but irritating young beauty do the many things with which she is credited. But her friends know better. They know that from her youth up Gabrielle has been governed by a spirit of forgetfulness. This spirit showed itself on that most important day of any girl's life—her wedding day. She was to marry Eric Loder on the 29th of February, 1912. Eric was at the church two hours ahead of time, but Gabrielle forgot all about him, and he was left waiting at the church. She kept on forgetting him all day, and it was not until he found her dining in state at the Carlton that she remembered even his existence.
 "But I did not mean to do it, Eric, my dear. It was just that I forgot you. My marriage was just a happy inspiration, you see, that died almost in the burning."
 "Forgot our wedding, did you, my dear Gabrielle; but have you forgotten the jewels I gave you, the promises as to an allowance I made you?"
 "Why—why, no, I have not forgotten your jewels. They are so lovely I shall keep them always to remember you by."
 "Then you will have to take me to remember the jewels by," said Eric. "We shall be married to-morrow, whether you forget the day or not."
 And they were married, but only by the luckiest chance, for at the last moment the forgetful beauty thought she was really going

to a party at Windsor, and when she entered her brougham told her man to drive her there instead of to the church. But Loder had wisely paid the man to take the beauty to the church, and so the wedding went off with no further hitch.
 But, alas, the "prettiest actress in all England" did not reform her memory with marriage. She kept on finding it expedient to forget. She constantly forgot she was married.
 "Did I not see you motoring with the Duke this afternoon?" sternly growled her husband, oh, so many times.
 "Why, yes, Eric, you did, and why should I not motor with whom I please. Oh, dear, I forgot that I am married now. Yes, I did forget all about you, Eric. I am not used to being married, you see, and I forget my role all the time."
 Was there ever so forgetful a lady? When she was married she forgot that fact, now that she is divorced she forgets that.
 "Gabrielle has forgotten things all her life," says her dear friend, Gertie Millar. "She has made forgetting a high art."
 "Very true," says Gabrielle. "I have forgotten things all my life. I began young, when I forgot to mind my mother. If I had not forgotten her orders I should never have become an actress."
 On Miss Ray's tablets of forgetfulness are inscribed many other interesting "butterfly" thoughts—thoughts and promises that, as she would say, died in the burning.
 There were dates made with the debonnaire

King Manuel, made but never kept, dinners ordered by the ex-King have grown cold and been thrown away because Gabrielle "just forgot all about him."
 When she was on the stage taking the part of a gentle lover she forgot she was on the stage, and thinking that she was at home, slapped her lover's face instead of kissing him.
 One night she forgot that she was off the stage, and went to dine at the Savoy in her

Joan of Arc costume. She forgets rehearsals and forgets to kiss the men she promised such sweets to.
 Say her managers: "Gabrielle forgets everything but the day her check is due."
 Say her lovers: "Gabrielle forgets us every time she meets some one she thinks she likes better."
 Says the world: "Gabrielle forgets everything and every one but herself."
 Was there ever such a forgetful beauty?

