

Ambition or Gratitude—Which Wins?



Mr. Howard Gould, the Millionaire Who Bought the Play.



Mr. Edward Sheldon, the Author of the Play.

Will This Stage Beauty Return in Grateful Love to the Young Dramatist Who "Made" Her; or Does the Multi-Millionaire Win Her Who "Bought the Play with Her in It?"

ALL the world knows that in fact or in fiction there is rarely such a conflict between the sentiments of ambition, gratitude and love as is forced upon the beautiful young woman who suddenly achieves distinguished success upon the stage. It is a favorite theme of novelists; the real life of the world's great theatrical centres is constantly developing it. Just now New York City furnishes a striking illustration, which may be outlined thus:

The beautiful young actress who has leaped into fame because a successful young dramatist believed in her is urged by a multi-millionaire to bring her career into the safe harbor of his name and millions.

"But my author has made me," she objects. "I am the character his genius created for me. How can I forsake it and him? Where would be my gratitude?"

"Tush! You have filled your author's pocket, your debt of gratitude is fully paid."

"I would have to leave the play which was written for me, which fits me like a glove, which has wrought the satisfaction of my ambition."

"Can one play go on forever?" demands the multi-millionaire. "Aren't there other authors with other plays? Behind the bulwark of my fortune you are safe."

"No," says the beautiful young actress, "I can't step out of the play that has made me, with which the public still identifies a rising star who, a year ago, was unheard of—impossible."

"Very well," says the multi-millionaire, "I'll buy the play with you in it."

And that is just what this multi-millionaire does—takes over the whole production, scenery, costumes, star and company; himself the real purchaser behind the figurehead of another theatrical potentate.

Thus are rudely broken off the intimate professional relations between the young actress and the author who "discovered and made her." The sentiment of gratitude is jarred, romance receives a shock and a multitude of theatre-goers are set to wondering whether there is really a love story, and, if so, which hero has the better chances.

pink-faced boy push open the door that had been locked to her, the door of opportunity?

"Your personality is vivid, like a tropical flower. The character you play must be intense, changeful, of tropical intensity and beauty, and with the lightning flashes of a tropic sky," he had said and she had looked at him with hope in her eyes.

He wrote "Romance," the story in action, of an Italian Opera singer; a story inspired in large part by the dramatic life of Lina Cavalieri. He carried it to the managers. He talked with them about it. All saw in it possibilities of success. But when he added something they shook their heads.

"I have chosen my Cavallina. No one may play the part but Doris Keane." "Choose a better known actress," said they. "One with a Broadway reputation."

"But she will gain a Broadway reputation in a night in this part."

From manager to manager he went. Always he was dismissed with the ominous head-shake until he reached the office of Shubert Brothers. They accepted Doris Keane with the play. The young author's prediction was fulfilled. Cavallina became the topic of New York. Doris Keane became the toast of Broadway, of Fifth Avenue, of the clubs, and a figure in the best drawing rooms. The modest young author, boyishly diffident, was yet radiantly triumphant the night of his play's premiere in New York. More than half of his joy was at the success of Doris Keane.

The Real Romance of "Romance"

He stood in the wings and looked, with "his heart in his eyes," at the actress, as, sitting at the piano, very quaint and very lovely in her costume of sixty years ago, she listened to the leading man's love-making.

"I never knew what love is until now," said William Courtenay, his eyes on her lovely face. She plays a little, idly, as she watches him, according to the play. He turns and leans on the piano that he might see that face more closely in the fire-light.

"An' that is loove to you?" she asks.

He leans toward her and speaks eagerly.

"It's finding the woman you want to live with all your life—the woman who'll show you the right way and follow it with you. It's knowing she'll be with you."

While they are asking this question they are learning how mysterious are some women. Is Doris Keane, who rose to fame and became the fashion in "Romance," old-fashioned and romantic? Or is she modern and calculating? Will her head or her heart rule in the present most important crisis of her life?

Beautiful, gifted, of infinite charm, a woman irresistible as the prima donna Cavallina, the character she portrays in the drama "Romance," was irresistible. Miss Keane is refuting the charge that there is no romance in 1913. Never was woman at so serious a parting of the ways as the star of that play. Never was woman confronted by such a dilemma of the emotions. Never has she had to consider so many phases of a situation, nor have advantages been so evenly balanced.

A year ago Doris Keane was looking for work as any working woman seeks it, by way of agents and managers' offices, through friends who knew managers who had plans. But she was unsuccessful in the search and behind her lay two years of idleness, of talents corroding through lack of exercise. She took inventory of her self. She was young, less than thirty. She was beautiful. Her worst enemy could not deny that. She had talent. She knew that, although some of the managers did not recognize it. She had played a love-lorn English maiden in "The Hypocrites," and been an indifferent success. In "The Decorating of Clementine" she had played a different part, that of a coquettish French bride. It seemed that she had succeeded but straightway the purblind, short-remembered managers had forgotten. She was poor and burning with ambition.

Consider the youth. He was twenty-three when she met him and had been but a year out of Harvard. Yet at twenty-two he had written "Salvation Nell" and "The Nigger," and just then he was writing "The Road." He was very handsome, very earnest and he had admired her. A week after his first meeting with her it was pleasantly whispered about that Edward Sheldon, whom Mrs. Fiske had characterized as "That wonderful pink-faced boy," had fallen in love with Doris Keane.

Consider the man. Howard Gould was a multi-millionaire, a man of the world, an admirer of beautiful women and a patron of dramatic art. Like his brothers he admired actresses. Like George and Frank Gould, he had married an actress. That Katherine Clemmons had divorced him was a mere incident as the lives of men go. Beautiful Kathryn Hutchinson had been often seen in his company. It was rumored that she might become Mrs. Gould, and then—enter Doris Keane.

Edward Sheldon, with youth, as he has said in "Romance," lying "like a wreath upon his hair," instantly admired Miss Keane. He instantly recognized her talent. Recognition is passing sweet to one who has been but coolly and faintly recognized. He talked of a play for her, a play which should fit her personality. She thrilled at his words. "Was it possible that fame lay not without her grasp?" Would this



The Former Mrs. Howard Gould, Who Was Katherine Clemmons, an Actress and Stage Beauty.

You at your journey's end—when you're old and she's old—and when you can smile and look into each other's eyes and say: "We've done our work together, dear—and I think we've done it well."

This speech always brought handclapping from the audience. It brought handkerchiefs to wipe away furtive tears. Well was it understood behind the scenes that by this speech, though spoken by another, Edward Sheldon was wooing the stage idol whom he had created, the Cinderella he had taken from her ashes with a princely gallantry. He was making love by proxy.

But to those behind the scenes there was something foreboding, a shadow upon the young dramatist's love, in the prima donna's reply, which he had written for her.



Miss Doris Keane, the Charming Young Star, Suspended Between Gratitude and Ambition

man. "It is understood," an organ of the theatrical profession says, "that Howard Gould is behind 'his purchase.' The Gould 'interests' are represented in the smart little Globe Theatre of which Mr. Dillingham is manager.

Enter the multi-millionaire. Is that the cue for the playwright to exit? All Broadway wonders.

While Miss Keane was in England last Summer, Howard Gould paid her so many attentions that stage and society were both guessing the outcome.

"Will he marry an actress?"

"He married one and wasn't he engaged to another, Kathryn Hutchinson, of course?"

"Will Doris Keane give up the stage? She is the most ambitious of actresses? Would she push the honey of success from her lips after one sip?"

All these conjectures and then someone, this one of the stage, remembered the "pink-faced wonderful boy" of Mrs. Fiske's characterization. It was on the lawn under the fine old apple tree where the Favershams serve tea at their place, the Old Manor, at Chiddingfold, Surrey. The boy had often drunk tea with them there and the apple blossoms recalled his youth, his freshness and the springlike romance of him.

"What about Sheldon?" asked one who remembered.

"More tea? Who knows?"

"He'll get his royalties just the same. No one can take them from him," said another one who had lived long and grown unromantic.

"But Sheldon made her."

"He did give her her chance in New York but Gould will give her her chance on the Road. The world is only half conquered if you're unknown on the Road."

"But a play cannot last always—none but Rip Van Winkle and the 'Old Homestead.' Sheldon might write her another play."

"But one success does not mean another. The hardest thing for an author to do is to live up to his own reputation. The next might be a cropper."

"And, as Maxine Elliott is fond of saying, 'there is no condition in life which money does not ameliorate.' Well, we shall see."

And so we shall, at Miss Keane's will. Or when she knows her will. With lovely Spin-like face she stands as Laura Jean Libbey would say, "Between Two Loves." Boy playwright or middle-aged multi-millionaire. Gratitude to the youth who made success possible for her or ambition still further to be fulfilled by the man who is willing to play the "angel" for a theatrical company that is setting out at this time to conquer the frozen north, whence Harry Thaw has been elected in tears. While the company travels from city to city in that waste of eternal snows, the star has time to reflect. For whom will she shine for life? On boy dramatist or man of millions? That is the riddle of the Rialto.

Mr. Sheldon Wooing Miss Keane by Proxy in "Romance."

"We've done our work together, dear, and I think we've done it well."

"O, my friend, dat lo-ove—it is for some but not for me. For me love is just a leetle light in all dis darkness—a leetle light in all dis col—a leetle flame dat burn—not long and den go out. A star dat come—an' is so bee-autiful it brag-tears, an' when ve dry de eyes an' look again—de star is gone. "I think it is to be a leetle 'appier togedder den ven ve are apart, ven leetle moment to forget, my friend—and dat is all."

The play was chief of the season's successes. It ran for nearly a year in New York. Came the Summer's rest and the swift, subtle changes wrought in the stifling weather in the managers' offices, where hope is stifled in many a breast where heat high hopes.

"Romance" was sold. The Shubert Brothers had derived the profits of its long metropolitan run. The dim, vague land, "The Road," is always a bogie looming uncertainly on the manager's horizon. Often the Road is a heretic, flinging back harshly a metropolitan success, curling the lip of scorn at the New York taste. The Shuberts sold "Romance" to Charles Dillingham of the rival theatrical camp. There enters