

Newest Romantic Outbreak of the Romantic Singers

Interesting Manifestations of Heredity in the Family of the Famous American Millionaire Who Married Nine Wives Before His Own Romantic Spirit Died

of the Singer Sewing Machine, the man for whom the giant Singer Building is named, and who collected wives as intensively as men of the A. E. F. collected German war helmets?

Isaac Singer did not always make machines. We first hear of him as a strolling actor. Back in the early thirties, with Mary and Olive Logan and their family, he travelled from State to State. Down in Virginia he met a pretty Virginian named Mary Eastwood. He became engaged to her, but in travelling around forgot to marry her for ten years. In the meantime, as it happened, he had married two other wives, but being of an impressionable nature and of the marrying habit he was on the lookout for a third Mrs.

Singer when he ran across his very first sweetheart in New York, ten years after becoming engaged to her in Virginia.

For some unexplained reason he married Mary Eastwood under the name of Merritt, his middle name, and she lived and died under that name. It is impossible to give a detailed account of Isaac's various romances. His nine wives presented him with twenty-four children, but we are concerned chiefly with the three descendants on which our tale is founded. We must however devote a little space to summing up the marital experiences of the amorous Isaac-of-the-nine-wives.

When he had accumulated six made-in-America wives an unkind government called him to account for alleged irregularities in his several divorces, and the much married gentleman betook himself to France, where, speaking of love and matrimony, they do such things much better.

Taking his impetuous heart with him Mr. Singer speedily fell in love with a pretty French girl whom he married. Unluckily she soon tired of her elderly husband and ran away from him. In despair, for Mr. Singer was more used to running away himself, he called on his wife's French maid to find the lady and bring her back to home and husband. During the search it fell out that the chagrined and heartbroken husband fell in love with the maid! Presto, she became the eighth Mrs. Singer!

She, too, passes from our story and her husband's life, and the next thing we know there is a ninth, and, as it proved, a final Mrs. Singer, who was destined to become the grandmother of the Prince de Broglie, who figures in our present romance.

The ninth wife was the daughter of a small pensioner in Paris. When the shop-worn American millionaire cast eyes at the pretty French girl her mother engineered a marriage in very short order.

He died shortly after the marriage, leaving his widow an enormous fortune and a steadily increasing income, and, incidentally, one daughter. Before long the widow showed signs of being the marrying kind by taking as husband a young singer in a cafe, a former sweetheart whom she had discarded for the American. He, too, died, and almost overnight the widow married one Jean Paul Sohege, from whom she got a very sudden divorce.

In passing, this lady was very beautiful, and at the height of her beauty a noted French sculptor used her for the model of a statue which is in the Capitol at Washington. Fortunately, her beauty descended to her daughter, Isabella, who at the age of twenty was married to the Duc Decazes, a nobleman of great lineage but no money at all. The bride's mother paid all of the Duc's expenses and settled a large fortune on her daughter. It is said that she even paid for the bridegroom's wedding clothes!

It was worth the money, however, to have the daughter of Isaac Singer and the granddaughter of the French pensioner made a real duchess of France! The Dowager Queen Isabella of Spain and her two daughters were present at the wedding, and so was all the high nobility of France.

Here finished, in a way, the matrimonial adventures of the amorous Isaac, and we now come to the present generation and the present romances. As Paris Singer is the head of the family (although even he has never been able to straighten out his father's wives and twenty-four offspring), let us hear what society has to say of him. During the early years of his first marriage he lavished a fortune on his handsome wife, providing her with a pink marble villa on the shores of the Adriatic and a white marble castle in the south of England. Her jewels equalled those of an Egyptian queen.

Society said that all these gifts were to make his wife forget how deeply in love he had been with Isadora Duncan. Well, there was no denying the fact that he had long worshipped at the dancer's shrine and that he had begged and pleaded with her to marry him. He backed her in several of her dancing enterprises, solely because of his interest in art, because all the time he wanted her for his wife.

All her world knows Miss Duncan's theories as to love and marriage and even Mr. Singer came to realize finally that she would not then become Mrs. Singer. He married the Australian lady but kept a friendly interest in Miss Duncan's esthetic projects.

In 1914, when war broke out and and his wife turned her Riviera villa into a hospital for French wounded and the marble castle at Paignton was turned over to the Red Cross, Mr. Singer's wealth was at the disposal of all war charities.

When America went into the fight he returned to his native land and poured his wealth out on his fellow countrymen. The biggest thing he planned for American wounded was the marvelous country club near Palm Beach for the benefit of shell-shock patients. When the armistice was signed this project had cost Mr. Singer \$750,000. His wife, left in France, secured a divorce, and Isadora Duncan again appeared as a possible successor. But Mr. Singer suddenly betook himself to Palm Beach, where he spent much of his time overlooking his club colony, and it was noticed that a handsome English woman was his constant companion. Society said then and says to-day that this lady is Mrs. Paris Singer. Neither the lady nor Mr. Singer denies it.

What a romance this is! It combines mystery with love and beauty and great luxury. The impression is that Singer is merely having fun with his friends. Society reasons in this way. A well-known dowager who has buried three husbands and married off six daughters says:

"Paris Singer at heart is a great romantic. He knows that pitiless publicity robs marriage of all charm, and so he marries his lady on the quiet, hies himself to beautiful Florida for a secret honeymoon among the palms and roses, and cares not a whoop what we say or think!" "That's right, I am sure," responds a cynical bachelor. "Paris was never so happy in his life as he is to-day while he is keeping us all guessing."

And so we, as well as the world, will leave him en route to-day for California to continue, society says, his honeymoon by the shores of the golden Pacific.

Let us now see how the second romance had its being. When war broke out the Prince and Princess de Broglie were living in the beautiful old family chateau on the banks of the Loire near Tours, once the home of Diane de Poitiers, favorite of King Henry II. The Prince died and the young widow, granddaughter of old Isaac and only daughter of Isabella Duchesse Decazes, gave herself up to war work.

One day, while working in a hospital then under bombardment, she was rescued from a serious position by a bonny English officer, later presented as Captain Fellowes. For months the Princess, in her nurse's garb, worked in the most dangerous places, and always the Englishman bobbed up at just the right moment. Paris says that the two lovers missed being hit by bombs no less than thirteen times!

Peace came and the English captain had not told his love. He knew of the widow's large fortune, also of her sorrow. He met her at the victory ball in Paris and urged her to go to London for the victory ball there. She went, and it was there that the captain told his love and was accepted.

When she marries the captain the Princess will lose her title and become Mrs. Fellowes, with the possibility later of becoming the Baroness de Ramsay.

Her lover's family is connected with the house of Marlborough and other distinguished families, which recalls the amusing episode that happened years ago to the Princess's grandfather. Having taken a fine old manor house for a season, Isaac Singer issued invitations to all the surrounding gentry for a garden party. No one came. He then invited the servants of the gentry and every one came! And how the old gentleman did laugh!

At this moment the future looks indeed happy for the little Princess. We can therefore leave her and turn to our third and last tale of Singer love. In the early days of the war, the French army would not permit wives to visit their husbands in camp. Andre Puget, poet and newly made bridegroom, was literally driven away from his lovely bride Simone. When word came that Andre had been wounded, the bride wept no more, but, disguised as a peasant girl, made



Princess de Broglie, Romantic Widow and Half a Singer, Who Is to Marry the Son and Heir of Baron de Ramsay, of England.

her way toward her husband's camp. She was suspected and would have been turned back but for the kindness of a young American wearing the French uniform. She told Lieut. Singer her tale and he secured a soldier's uniform for her and put her in a train as his orderly. And so she reached her husband's post and saw him once more.

Alas, a few days later Puget was killed. His widow turned to nursing to hide her grief and in one of the hospitals was given charge of Lieut. Singer, who had been terribly gassed. Well, they fell in love, but Simone would not marry until peace was declared.

Their engagement was announced and she came to this country to meet his family. With peace here, there was nothing to prevent a marriage and the cables brought word a few days ago that the last of the marrying Singers had captured the beautiful Simone Puget.

And so ends the tale of Isaac Singer's descendants. The three are all headed toward happiness and the smart world wishes them well.



Party by Gieseler Studio N.Y.



A Profile of Mrs. Frederick Singer and a Photograph of Herself and Her Husband, Widow of the French Poet, Andre Puget, the New Mrs. Singer's Romance Is One of the Late War's Best.



Miss Isadora Duncan, the Distinguished Dancer, Who, It Was Expected, Would Be Mrs. Paris Singer, But Who, As He Has Now Married an English Woman, of Course, Cannot.

PARIS, Sept. 7. THE Singers, descendants of the late Isaac Singer who had nine wives, seem to be undergoing an extraordinary outbreak of the spirit of romance they inherited from that famous American ancestor. Within the week smart society in England and France and, of course, in "the States," has had three marriage announcements from notable members of the always interesting and impressionable family.

The most spectacular Singer at this moment is, of course, the genial and enormously wealthy Paris Singer, who gave his English castle at Paignton over to British and American wounded soldiers, and whose contributions to French and American war funds have run into huge sums.

Mr. Singer was married several years ago to a beautiful Australian lady who has become one of the great hostesses of the Riviera. She divorced him last Winter, and for several months he has been constantly in the company of a very beautiful English woman, who, society now says, is really his second wife. This report has made quite a bit of excitement wherever the name of Singer is known, for, frankly, everyone in the know fully expected that Isadora Duncan would become the second Mrs. Singer. But of that later.

The second interesting announcement concerns a niece of Paris Singer and a granddaughter of old Isaac-of-the-nine-wives, the Princess de Broglie, a charming young widow, who is to marry an equally young English army officer, Captain the Honorable Reginald Fellowes, son and heir of Baron de Ramsay, of Ramsay Abbey, Huntingdon, England. This is a really truly war romance and has as many thrills as a movie. Of these, also, later.

Third and last is the announcement that Frederick Singer, of the same generation as the Princess, has already married Madame Simone Puget, young and lovely widow of the French poet, Andre Puget, and is spending his honeymoon in the south of France.

As may be supposed, these three romances have provided French, English and American society with some rare and racy titbits of gossip, for the Singer men, and women, too, are internationally famous and of great social prominence.

There, too, they have a very picturesque background, for are they not descended from the founder