

Too Many Husbands Spoiled Her Elopement Dinner!



"But rapidly a pall of gloom fell over the erstwhile gay dinner party. It didn't really seem as though husband No. 1 ought to be there so close to husband No. 2! And no one seemed to know quite what to say! And very quickly all gladness froze up!"

Just Like a French Farce in Real Life Was the Most Embarrassing Dilemma of Fashionable Mrs. Phyllis Hare-Yarrow-Holzeman When Husband No. 1—Just Divorced for "Extreme Cruelty"—Sat Down Among the Astonished Guests

A Cute Little Snapshot of the Former Phyllis Hare of Most Exclusive Philadelphia Society

NEW times bring new manners and society has become hardened to manners that are both new and strange.

But when lovely Phyllis Hare, of Philadelphia, whose family is one of the most ancient of that city, and whose brother, Truxton Hare, was one of the national football heroes, sat down at her wedding dinner with Husband Number Two beside her and Husband Number One only a few chairs removed, fashionable society paused to wonder whether the limit of the new freedom had not been over-reached.

Could it be, Philadelphia wondered, that the divorced husband was in the future to be included in the nuptial gayeties when his former wife took on a new partner? Think of the possibilities involved when a bride had more than one divorced husband to her credit! Or, the other way around, was the bridegroom going to include his former wife or wives when he took a new partner?

What could be the explanation? Only a few weeks before the former Miss Hare had divorced Mr. Kemble Yarrow—Husband No. 1—on the grounds of "extreme cruelty!" Then, rapidly, she had eloped with Mr. William Frederick Holzeman. Mr. Yarrow is very rich and moves in the same high social set as his ex-wife. Mr. Holzeman is very rich, but, as a New York broker, does not move at all in the same set. Had the recent Mrs. Yarrow invited her ex-husband to look upon the happiness of her present husband as a reprisal for the cruel treatment she swore he had inflicted upon her? And if it was a sight calculated to make him miserable, why did Mr. Yarrow accept? Was it through an idea of doing penance for his alleged matrimonial sins? Or did this former wife think it would be a gracious little way of entertaining him and taking his mind off his troubles? And how on earth did Mr. Holzeman take it and the guests?

That question can be answered at once. Never did a party all rigged to be most joyful ever freeze up quicker and break away more uncomfortably. But to resume the questions. Had Mr. Yarrow invited himself? And if so—why? As another instance of post-marital cruelty? To annoy his successor? Nobody who knows Kemble Yarrow and what a true gentleman he is ever considered that possibility for a moment.

Then there is another story. That Mr. Yarrow had been a guest of some of those invited to the former Phyllis Hare's elopement feast; that in a mood induced by efforts to forget his shattered illusions he had been dared to join and go to his ex-wife's party. And that, recklessly, thoughtlessly, he did!

At any rate, while motives are obscure, there is no doubt about one thing—the consternation of the parental Hares, who are ultra-conservative and consider Vanderbilts and Astors, and even Biddles of Philadelphia, mere "climbers," when they heard that their beautiful daughter had unmistakably welcomed her recent husband to her elopement dinner. Here, too, was just exactly the kind of situation that makes the French farce—somewhat highly spiced, droll and "impossible." Impossible? Yet here it was—in real life! And looking at it from the standpoint of a critical situation in the farce it is interesting and necessary to review the little-known action of the scenes that led up to it.

Phyllis Hare has always been high spirited. There are Philadelphia who say that her high spirits are due to the restrictions placed upon her in her girlhood by the Hare tradition. Her reactions to the rarefied atmosphere surrounding the Hare family may, therefore, be classed as perfectly natural. Recall the proverbs anent the "deacon's daughter" and "minister's sons." Her first reaction led her to marry Mr. Yarrow at the age of nineteen and to throw herself madly into the gayeties of what is considered the gayest set in America.

Kemble Yarrow, whom Phyllis married within a year of her debut, was a comparative newcomer to her set. With marriage came greater freedom, and Phyllis made the most of it. It was not until after her baby was born that she tested her liberty to its full.

A few months after this happy event society was staggered to hear that Phyllis was complaining that Yarrow punished her! Of course, no one believed these outrageous tales, for they usually cropped out after dinner parties at the Merion Cricket Club or at certain sporty homes along the Main Line. It was felt that perhaps Mrs. Yarrow was only trying to provide her friends with a new form of sensation.

But in March of this year, nine years after her marriage, Mrs. Yarrow sued for divorce, charging "cruel and barbarous treatment." To every one's surprise, Yarrow made no defense, although it was widely known that he was still madly in love with his beautiful wife. In times past, a loving husband would have made every effort to placate his wife, and at least to persuade her to remain under his roof and protection.

But these are new times, and being a new kind of husband Yarrow let his wife get the divorce. Perhaps he hoped that his compliance would soften her heart and win her back. Who knows the thoughts that actuate a loving husband when his wife jumps over the domestic traces?

Gossip solemnly repeated that Phyllis's action was due to the liberty she enjoyed during the months that Yarrow served abroad in the aviation service. And this may be true, for certainly she had gone her gait joyously. Two men—J. Berens Waters, a brother of the Princess Pignatelli, and Alec Coles, both members of the set dominated by Phyllis Yarrow—were steady contestants for her attentions.

When Mrs. Yarrow got her divorce and freedom society grinned and whispered that now she would have to choose between the two men—Waters and Coles. The divorce was granted in June, and to every one's surprise Mrs. Yarrow sent both suitors away!

And—again the touch of the French farce—the impression she gave her friends was that they were both so perfectly adorable she could not choose between them!

Shortly after her divorce Mrs. Yarrow made one of a very jolly house party at the Britten Brown's Summer home at Cape May, N. J. There she met William Frederick Holzeman, a broker, of New York. She liked him a lot and would have been perfectly content only, oddly enough, her former husband was also a member of the same house party!

Of course, her hostess explained that it was a mistake and all that sort of thing, and finally Phyllis decided to make the best of a sad matter and treat her former husband as a dear friend. They even danced together.

Naturally, society gasped when they heard the news, but it gasped all the louder when the underground wires brought the bethroom story to its ears. On Sunday morning, it heard, Phyllis was in her bethroom, which had, unfortunately, been shared by other guests. It seems that there was always a rush to see who would get the tub first.

On this eventful morning Phyllis was first, and in her excitement she forgot to lock the door leading to the hall. As she stood in her nightgown and negligee, the door burst open and there stood her divorced husband! Again what a scene for the farce!

Did Phyllis faint, as her grandmother would, or slam the door in Yarrow's face, as some modern near-wives would have done? She smiled, so the story goes, and said, "Oh, Kem, come in; don't mind me, we used to be married; you know."

Mr. Yarrow, however, did not accept her invitation, he bolted from the doorway and ran gibbering to his room, his only intelligible remark being something about the "caliousness of women."

Yarrow's feelings are said to have been further lacerated when he found that while his former wife was displaying a comforting friendliness toward him she was also devoting herself to Holzeman. Again, let us listen to Quaker City gossip. "And, my dear," said one dame to another, "I heard that Kem faced Phyllis and asked her openly if she intended to marry a man she had just met. And Phyllis replied that she had met Holzeman eight years ago in Washington and always remembered what nice hair he had!"

Be that as it may, five weeks after the Cape May house party Mrs. Yarrow and Holzeman slipped over to Elkton, Md., the modern Gretna Green, and were married. Mrs. Brown and her brother, Holiday Semple, were witnesses, and only then did the former Mrs. Yarrow take her husband home and present him to her stately mother.

"Mrs. Hare," say the gossips, "was not only dismayed and peeved, but frightfully disagreeable to both the bride and bridegroom. Why, she had never even heard of Holzeman before and, my dear, she certainly does not think much of his hair!"

The elopement, as has been said, staggered society, but the wedding dinner given the following night by Caleb Fox, Jr., at the Merion Cricket Club literally gave it the blind staggers.

Fox, it seems, decided to get the "old gang" together and give the newly weds a fine send off. And as the guests seated themselves at the big table in walked Yarrow and took the chair directly opposite the bride!

Consternation struck every one dumb but the bride. She beamed over the table and, smiling sweetly, said:

"Hello, Kem; you met my husband at Cape May, I believe."

Knives and forks rattled in order to drown the deadly silence of that dinner party. Fox, who has been separated from his wife for several years, did his noblest to dispel the frozen gloom, but even his sprightly wit failed, and the last courses were served in a silence so deep that the former husband's thoughts were actually audible.

The party broke up in sudden haste and, contrary to report, Yarrow did not invite his successor and wife to ride home in his car. No, they went off by themselves in a charming roadster, leaving the club to resume its gaiety.

Such happenings as these can not help but have a tremendous effect on society and its conventions. It is but natural, therefore, that Philadelphia, and even New York, Chicago and Boston, should consider them seriously. The question heard on all sides is this: "Has society grown so callous that divorced couples will meet in the near future with absolute nonchalance and accept each other's new partners on friendly terms?"



Mrs. Phyllis Hare-Yarrow-Holzeman as the Well-Known Artist, Henry R. Rittenberg, Portrayed Her.