



"But most of all everybody wants to know why the great Caruso will write those loving missives—only to have his words pursue him hereafter with a sorrowing lady perched on each, each demanding large financial damages for the heart they shattered."

"How Caruso Won Me"— By His Last Scorned Love. The Interesting Love Methods of the World's Greatest Tenor at Last Revealed

ENRICO CARUSO, the world's greatest tenor, is in trouble again, and as usual, his trouble is of the heart. He of the golden tones and vagrant heart is of comparatively brief life, but many troubles, and all of them are made by women.

Elise Ganelli, Ada Gianghetti, who crossed the sea to make mere sordid demands; Mile. Valesquez, Mile. Savera, Gilda Granchetti and Emma Trentini all hold the same opinion of the character of the tenor's emotions and the lack of veracity of his statements which bear upon the vagaries of cupid.

But most of all everybody wants to know why the great Caruso will write those loving missives—only to have his words pursue him hereafter with a sorrowing lady perched on each and each demanding large financial damages for the heart they shattered.

All of these women have turned Nemesis to the tenor's Romeo, Mrs. Mildred Meffert, a beautiful widow, in the latest and most relentless. Before he departed for Europe she sued him for \$100,000 to aid her to forget his broken promises. On this page Mrs. Meffert tells the story of her troubles, and for the first time she reveals the love methods of the greatest living tenor.

By Mrs. Mildred Meffert

IS there no humanity in the world? Is no man constant to the end of life? Can no woman trust and be happy and secure as to the future? Enrico Caruso has left me a broken-hearted woman, one of the tarnished toys with which the pathway of his life is strewn.

He was a tender lover and for a time, I believe, true. He overran with the exquisite subtleties of love. When he slipped a ring upon my finger it was with a look that was a flame, words that were a caress. For a long time no day passed without the sound of his voice, a telegram, a letter, a gift, from him, without in some form his assurance, over and over again, "Cara mia, you know I adore you."

And yet, over that thrillingly beautiful picture hangs a veil of recent events, coldness, silence on his part, and an effort at vindication on mine. It is like a bitter north wind after a day of glorious tropic sunlight.

Enrico Caruso came into my life eight years ago. It was at a matinee at the Garden Theatre. Cavalieri was with him. Other friends filled the box. With a woman companion, I sat well down in the orchestra. I happened to be in his line of vision. He looked and looked and looked at me until I was embarrassed. Cavalieri saw that he was interested in someone outside the box and asked, "At whom do you look so steadily?"

"I am looking at one of the loveliest women I ever saw," he answered.

We met afterward in the lobby of the theatre. A friend presented him. With a few commonplaces we separated, but he asked me if I would be at the opera the next evening. After the opera we met again. I wrote and asked him to autograph a photograph of his. He replied, asking if he might call. I asked him to tea. From that time we saw each other often and admiration made rapid progress toward love.

"Cara mia," he said when our acquaintance was but a few weeks old, "when something shall happen

between La Senora and me, it shall be my great happiness to marry you. But now I cannot, for the children's sake. She is their mother. She deserves from me some semblance of respect."

And so I trusted and hoped and loved. He met my friends and I his. Frankly he showed his love for me to all. At an after-theatre supper at the Plaza, on my birthday, I noticed that he held his hand behind his back.

"Have you hurt your hand?" I asked anxiously.

"No, cara mia," he said. "I hold a box of bon bons for your born day." At first, for a very long time, indeed, he always remembered everything that concerned my life.

"Bon bons," I said when he handed me the box. "What a little box of them!" He laughed as a school boy does. Opening it, I found it contained a beautiful gold purse. I flung my arms about him and kissed him. He shouted with joy.

One morning as I was walking on the avenue, I met him and he said: "I am going to the doctor. I am not sick, but I go to the doctor." When I got home I wrote him a note telling him how happy that unexpected meeting made me, and I called him "Baby." That pleased him and always after that he called himself my "Baby." Me he called "My Little Princess," though I am not little. My name he cut to "Mil," pronouncing it "Meel" and "Milani." Once after a matinee of Boheme he said to me, "My adored one, I sang to you all the time. Did I not hear me. Instead of 'Mimi' I sang again and again 'Mimi.' Did you not hear?"

For five years no day passed when he was in this country without my seeing him or hearing from him. If he were very busy rehearsing I would hear his ring, and the rich voice I loved saying, "I have called you up to tell you I love you and am thinking of you."

By long distance came the same sweet message. "I think of you. You are always with me in thought," he said a hundred times.

I was very happy and unhappy. For there was the woman who was known as his wife, Ada Gianghetti, who came to New York and made a scene at the hotel. "La Senora," he called her. Unless La Senora openly sundered their bonds he could not, for she was the mother of his children.

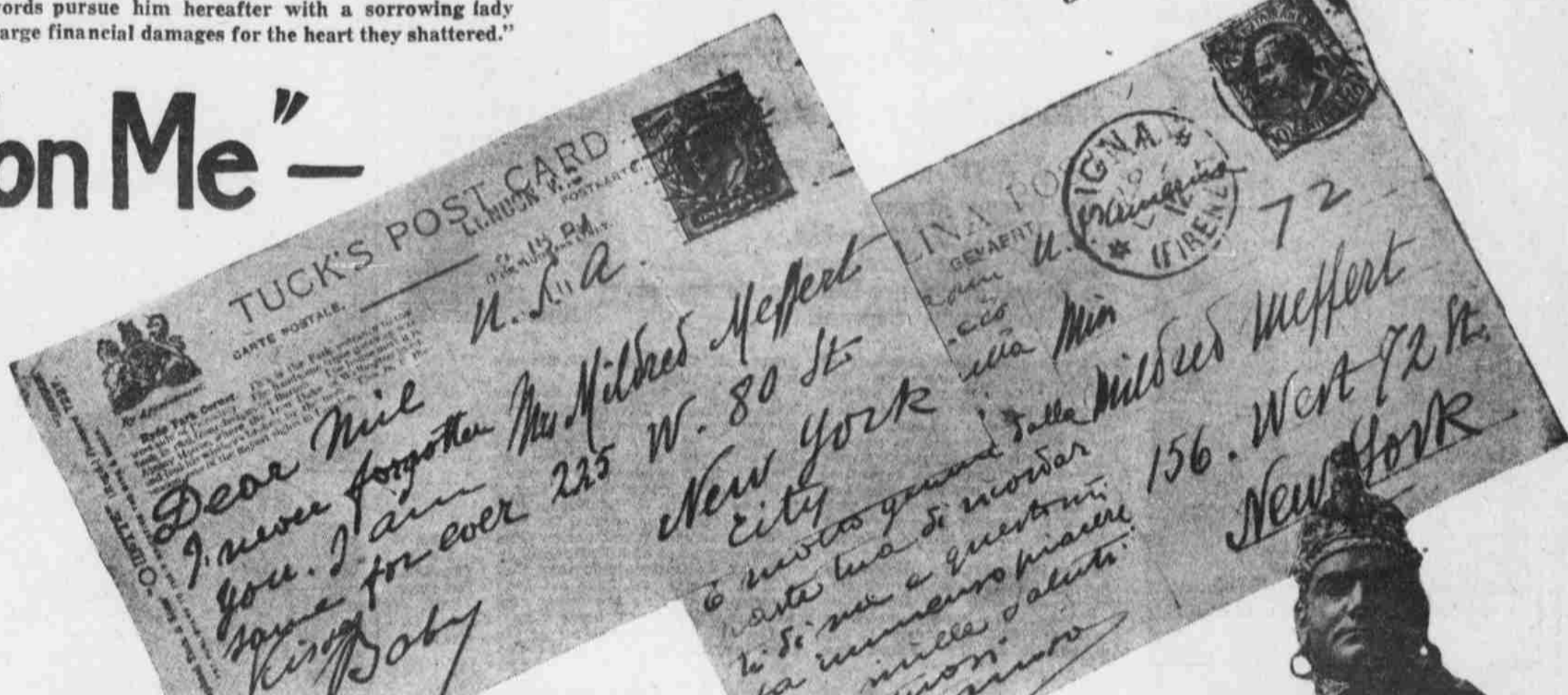
Then followed years of devotion and self-sacrifice on my part. My mad used to say: "How strange, madame, and you so young!"

When the news came that "La Senora" had eloped with a chauffeur I wept tears of joy. I sank upon my knees and thanked God for freeing my beloved from the bonds of honor had forged upon him. Happy as a girl in her betrothal days, I made my plans for my bridal.

I fully expected that when he returned that Summer from Europe we would be married.

Then when he returned he evaded. He made excuses.

Torn with terror at his strange attitude, I began to plead. I reminded him of his promises. I questioned him. I wept. He shrugged his shoulders. He refused to talk. He gave no sufficient reason. I



Mrs. Mildred Meffert, Who Tells How Tenor Caruso Wins Trusting Women's Hearts.

Two Love Postals Mrs. Meffert Says Were Written Her by Caruso When He Still Loved Her.



Enrico Caruso, Whose Love Letters Give Him So Much After Annoyance.

nearly went mad.

One evening he came to dine with me. My maid spilled a salt cellar. Her brown face turned gray from fright. She said: "Oh, madame, there will be an awful fight." There was. I reproached him. I besought him to keep his promises. I went nearly mad with grief and fear. The next day he met someone who is a friend of both. He said: "I was afraid to leave Mil last evening. I did not know what she would do to herself."

I was afraid of all women. Even his harmlessly waggish spirit disturbed me. Sitting one day at a restaurant table, he drew caricatures of some of the persons present. He held them up to a group of laughing girls at the next table and said: "That is you."

"Don't do that!" I said fiercely. "At any rate, not while you are with me."

"Beloved, I meant no harm," he answered. "If you saw some of the letters that come to me from strange women, you would bring down a bomb and blow up the hotel. Do you not know that I care nothing for that? It touches me less than the wind. You are the only woman in the world who interests me."

For a moment these assurances made me happy. Then the fiends of doubt tore again at me. I renewed my pleadings. At the Knickerbocker Hotel one afternoon he rebuffed me in vain to keep his promise to me, I snatched from a drawer his revolver and ran into the hall of his suite, saying, "I cannot bear it. Farewell!" He sprang after me, struggled with me and tore the weapon from me. Only by greater strength was a tragedy averted.

In one of our quarrels he asked me when and how he had promised to marry me. "Enrico, your letters!" I exclaimed in amazement. "All your letters."

He shrugged his shoulders. "Those letters," he sneered. "Ah, yes, I expected to hear from those letters."

He began to confide in our friends. Usually they were friends we had in common. Said one of them: "Enrico is troubled about his letters to you. He feels uneasy lest you make a wrong use of them." And I answered: "To show my love

and trust I will give them back to him."

I packed them in a box and carried them to his hotel. All save a few postcards and telegrams. "What have you there?" he said, jesting. "A present?"

"Yes, dear," I answered. "A present that proves my love for you."

He opened the box. He lifted the letters from it and spread them upon the table. He read them all with changing expression. When he had finished he folded his arms upon the table, leaned his head upon them and wept.

"We were so happy," he sobbed "so happy."

From that time I saw him less and less often. His manner underwent a change. At the beginning of this season I went to the opera, and heard him sing. I went back to see him in his dressing room. I drove him to his hotel in my cab.

He kissed me good bye and I have never seen or heard from him since.

Though I waited for months for

some sign from him, none ever came. There remained for me nothing save his gifts and my memories. He had grown tired or there was another in his life. I do not know which. But when that time came he withheld from me even his friendship. He was very cruel.

What could I do? Sit here alone, in silence, a crushed, heart-broken woman? Because of the lonely life I had led for years for him, my friends had dropped away from me. I was as much alone in New York as a lightning stricken tree on a western plain. I determined not upon revenge, but upon vindication. I wish him only the best of everything that life offers. I hope he may be successful and happy. But I owe myself one thing, to restore my status in the world, to show myself, forsaken, but the proven betrothed of Enrico Caruso. For that reason I have punished him in the only way I could, by an appeal to the law.

For what men lack in chivalry sometimes the courts supply.

A New Way of Impressing "Votes for Women" on England's Home Secretary

London, May 4.

THE most conspicuous object of the English Suffragettes' hatred is the Right Hon. Reginald McKenna, Secretary of State for Home Affairs in the British Cabinet. He it was who drew up the "Cat and Mouse Act."

The other day Mr. McKenna was dining at a very fashionable house in Mayfair. His companion was a titled woman, who is equally distinguished for her beauty, her entertaining conversation and her charming personality. She noticed that Mr. McKenna was eating practically nothing and commented on the fact with sympathetic interest.

The Cabinet Minister admitted that the cares of his office, the acts and plans of the Suffragettes and the lure of social gaiety had had a bad effect upon his system. All these things in fact had contributed to upset his digestion and make him more or less of a nervous wreck. He had lost all his appetite.

"Oh, Mr. McKenna," exclaimed the Countess, looking into his eyes with deep feeling, "I know something that will make a new man of you."

Of course Mr. McKenna wanted to know what the wonderful cure was. He learned that it was a belt which he had to wear next to the skin. It would drive away indigestion, restore his appetite and make a man feel like a two-year-old.

"I will send you one as soon as I get home. You must be careful to wear it at night," said the Countess.

The belt came to the Home Secretary's residence and he put it on at night and went to bed full of hope. In the morning he awoke feeling that the belt had really done something for him. Whistling merrily he began to prepare for his bath, when, what was his astonishment to see clearly printed upon his skin in the vicinity of his waist, the terrible words: "Votes for Women!"

Investigation showed that the words were written out in the fabric of the inner side of the belt in a kind of indelible purple ink. The heat of the body brought the ink out and caused the words to be strongly impressed on the skin of the wearer.

The Countess who had so cruelly and insidiously induced Mr. McKenna to wear the belt was a strong Suffragette.