

Cavaliere's Broken Heart Drives Her to the Trenches



Lucien Muratore, Whose "Inconsiderate" Conduct Toward Cavaliere Broke Her Heart and Sent Her to the Trenches.

LINA CAVALIERI, the most famous of living beauties, has gone to the Italian frontier to become a nurse for her wounded countrymen and their foes.

A patriotic act, you say? A tender, womanly deed? It is both; yes. But not alone these. What sent the incomparable Cavaliere to the front is to her more than love of country, more than pitying womanliness. She has gone to the trenches to try to heal, and mend, her broken heart.

Life has disappointed La Belle Cavaliere. Marriage has disappointed her. Robert Winthrop Chanler, to whom she was briefly wedded, disappointed her. Lucien Muratore, or marriage, or love, or both of the last combined in the tenor spouse, have proved her latest and greatest disappointment.

That which France denied her own country has granted. For half a year the beautiful one has been on her knees to the allies to permit her to serve the cause as a nurse. That was all she said: "I would serve your cause as a nurse." But France for two reasons declined her offer. France, as other countries involved in the great carnival of human slaughter, is discovering that pretty, pampered women who attached themselves to the hospitals in field or camp, are more earnest than they are helpful. Trained nurses, of grimmer quality, complain that the soft-handed women of undisciplined lives are a hindrance to efficiency. They faint when a man is carried in minus an eye or a feature. They sicken at sight of blood. They are flung into hysterics by the sound of groans.

That is what the nurses assert. A little discount may be made for nerves at the tension which those of the trained nurses reach. But it plainly represents the attitude of the hospital graduates and experience-seasoned nurses. They are a bit impatient with the ill-handled women who offer their aid.

But there was another reason why France declined the services at the sick bed of the lovely Cavaliere. France loves its Muratore. Lucien Muratore, the husband of La Cavaliere, is one of the foremost tenors of France. Repeatedly has it been said that Cavaliere had shown petulance toward him in public. Paris knows that it is the lovely one's caprice to behave imperiously toward her lord.

In Paris they revel, in the few relaxed moods that permit revelling, in a word borrowed from their English allies to describe the relations of meek men and imperious wives. The word is 'henpecked.' Paris applies it to Muratore and his celebrated wife. France does not want its tenor made unhappy. Tenors are rare plants in the garden of music. They must be cherished. Marital unhappiness affects the voice. Should Cavaliere desert her Muratore, who knows? His voice might desert him, too, or it might be his miserable fancy to sing no more. His vocal chords might go into mourning. Politely, therefore, but firmly, France declined her services.

La Belle Cavaliere bethought her then of her own country. Italy, at which she had been for some mysterious reason piqued; Italy, which she said she would never again revisit; Italy might accept the remainder of the life of her sorrowing daughter.

To an officer at Rome she wrote. Once he had melted as wax in her hands. He would remember? He would understand? Perhaps. Silence for a time, then a letter from the officer, brief, but hopeful. "I shall do my best! Wait." More silence. Long, eager waiting by the prima donna, who sang no longer because her heart was heavy. And then the summons. Lina Cavaliere Muratore packed away all her priceless gowns, like cobwebs of silver and gold; all her frost-like laces; all her jewels that were like tiny moons and stars. She closer her chateau, to which she had been wont to fly when she thought she required solitude. With one trunk, instead of the thirty with which she crossed the Atlantic, and dressed severely in black, she took train from Paris for Rome. She had had her imperious way. She had gone to the trenches.

It mattered little to her, she told the two or three friends who accompanied her to the station, whether or not she returned.

"I want to forget," she said; "and I am willing to be forgotten."

It cannot be said of Lucien Muratore that he has been unfaithful. It pleased Cavaliere to be enraged when Fate, the bungler, placed Muratore and his former wife on the same stage at a concert in America, after he had taken Lina Cavaliere for his second spouse! Of a certainty this was Fate's fault, not Muratore's.



Mme. Cavaliere, the World's Greatest Living Beauty, as She Was When She Became Mme. Muratore.

Photo. © BY DAVIS & EICKENVEY N.Y.



The Beautiful, Classic, but Saddened Face of Cavaliere, from a Recent Photograph.

The True Story of How the World's Greatest Living Beauty Is Seeking Forgetfulness from the Cruel Memories of Her Latest Uncongenial Husband

And Mrs. Guinness, who lived in the beautiful house on Washington Square where artists and society met, assuredly Mrs. Guinness knew.

A brief honeymoon in Paris and Chanler sailed for New York. Cavaliere investigated. She learned that most of the property he had made over to her was in trust. Her husband was thoughtless in matters of money. Which to Lina Cavaliere was a strong point in uncongeniality.

She found him so uncongenial that he never returned to Paris and the intervention of her brother, Creste, and of numerous lawyers was needed to "adjust differences." At last it was announced that "differences had been adjusted," but only in a monetary way. Cupid, alarmed by the intensity of the uncongeniality, spread his wings for flight.

Said Cavaliere: "A woman must marry one of her own class and tastes." "Ah!" said Paris, brightening. "She means Muratore."

And so, it seems, she did, but Muratore, whose voice had been compared with Mario's, "that could soothe a soul in purgatory," was still married. In time that due, or overdue, disability was removed. Muratore, through the aid of the courts, was unmarried. And speedily Lina Cavaliere became Signora Muratore.

A year or two and now—the trenches. Why? The answer may be found in some oft-repeated reflections by Signora Muratore.

"I have had everything life has to give. By every rule and standard of the world I should have been happy. But listen to the truth as I shall speak it to you. The only happiness I have known has been in anticipation—anticipation of the things that I expected would bring happiness—and did not."

"My beauty? Sometimes I have hated it, but I have always taken care of it. 'Love, of course, there has been. It has been chiefly an interruption in my artistic career. It is a terrible word—a terrible thing."

"Love is a consuming fire. It seizes on everything in one and gives back little—so little."

"Love is a torment, an exaction, a beautiful flower which secretes a poison. How, for instance, we learn to hate with piercing, nerve-tearing hatred, the faults of those we love!"

What are Muratore's faults? Paris, that loves him, says he has none. They say he is the devoted lover of his wife. But in that may be his fault. For La Cavaliere has said that she wished a considerate comrade rather than an ardent lover.

At all events, Muratore is uncongenial her latest uncongenial companion—and she has fled him for the trenches—perhaps to death in the trenches. For the bullets of the enemy are inconsiderate, striking down the nurse instead of the soldier. Fate may again show herself the bungler.