

# THE TROUBLES AND ROMANCES OF A WILD ROSE

**Did Fate Ever Play Such Pranks with Any Group of Young Women as with Gay Garden of Beauty in This Curiously Famous Stage Piece?**

**N**EW YORK.—The marriage of Edna Goodrich and Nat Goodwin, while still the echoes of Ada Louise Lonsdale's breach of promise suit against Blaine Elkins were reverberating through the theatrical world, recalls in a rather startling way the production of "The Wild Rose" at the Knickerbocker theater in 1902. For it adds one more to the strange blossoms in that garden of romances, tragedies and scandals which has grown up around the men and women of "The Wild Rose" production.

It seems as if some fatality must have hung over that company of actors and actresses, and that it has pursued them inexorably ever since those days when they were first assembled together. True, a few of the romances have the pure tint and the sweet savor of the "wild rose" from which they sprang, but they are rare bright spots in a wild, rank garden, in which there are few roses that have not a canker-worm in their heart.

A wonderful human rose bush was that production, and blossom after blossom has since borne fruit in dramas of real life. Evelyn Nesbit Thaw—the theater-going world saw her at her prettiest there; May Mackenzie, Ada Louise Lonsdale, Mazie Follette, Edna Goodrich, Hattie Forsythe, Marguerite Clark and Irene Bentley—can you picture fairer blossoms from a living American Beauty rose bush? And gardener of that parterre, the manager of this aggregation of charming women—George W. Lederer—even he fell under the spell which marked "The Wild Rose" as the bush from which grew matrimony, divorce and, sometimes, the trail of sin which in more than one instance led to criminal courts.

### Made Trouble for Manager.

Angered by the attentions paid by her husband to the chorus girls of the comic opera, Mrs. Lederer sued him

learning that the manager of the successful musical comedy had fallen a victim to the strange influence exercised by "The Wild Rose" and through his connection with it had earned only a divorce decree, says the New York World.

### Praised by Stanford White.

The brunette beauty of Edna Goodrich was one of the richest blossoms of "The Wild Rose," and while in that company she attracted the attention of the famous architect, Stanford White. He was a good judge of roses and he spread the fame of the beauty. From the ranks of show girls Edna Goodrich was soon plucked by Nat Goodwin, who wore her, as it were, in his buttonhole as a leading lady. Those who went to the theater to scoff remained—if not to pray—at least to gasp at the beauty of this leading lady who had tripped the light fantastic in "The Wild Rose."

Not content with becoming a leading lady, Edna Goodrich again stepped into the international spotlight by playing the leading part in a triangular love affair. While buying a trousseau in Paris at the close of the last theatrical season, presumably to become the bride of a millionaire mine owner named McMillan, the ex-chorus girl led Nat Goodwin a love chase from Paris to San Francisco. The world looked, laughed and gasped again when with perfect equanimity the fickle footlight lady broke her engagement to the man of the mimes at the same time that the noted comedian was divorced from America's most beautiful actress, Maxine Elliott. Nat Goodwin and Miss Goodrich were married and, presumably, the former show girl is blessing "The Wild Rose" bush from which she bloomed into fame and fortune.

### Beautiful Mazie Follette.

The effervescent spirits of Mazie Follette, who now occupies an acknowledged position in the gay world, attracted masculine attention when first

entertained bohemia, where it is commonly said that her lively personality was first developed in her "Wild Rose" days.

But the most famous of all the young women who bloomed upon the "Wild Rose" bush is Evelyn Nesbit Thaw. It was not a beautiful flower that grew from her connection with that company. Blood and shame were on its petals, sorrow and dishonor ate out its heart. While posing behind the footlights of the Knickerbocker Evelyn Nesbit acquired the fascinating wiles which since have sent one man to his grave and another to a madhouse, for it was in those days that she formed the acquaintance with Stanford White,

Wild Rose" company's golden-haired actress met its librettist, Harry B. Smith, whose prolific pen has produced numerous successful musical comedies. He was married and so was she, but the divorce mills obligingly ground out the desired decrees, and wedding bells soon told the world that the mystic "Wild Rose" had united its leading lady and its composer.

### Ada Lonsdale and Elkins.

Last but not least comes Ada Louise Lonsdale, who recently started not only Washington and New York but Italy as well by bringing a \$100,000 breach of promise suit against Blaine Elkins, son of the Virginia senator and brother of the reported fiancée of the



EDNA GOODRICH

MAXINE ELLIOTT

which led at last to his shooting by Harry Thaw.

### Stood by Evelyn Nesbit.

Standing in the light of reflected notoriety is May Mackenzie, the chorus girl chum of Evelyn Nesbit, who occupied a prominent place at the Thaw trial as the daily companion and staunch friend of the defendant's wife. For the sake of the "Wild Rose" days, when the two shared the same lip pencil and borrowed each other's powder puff, May Mackenzie unconcernedly braved notoriety to lighten the dark hours in the life of her afflicted friend. Her name was on every lip, her jaunty appearance causing almost as much comment as that of the "angel child."

And again this sprightly little person has appropriated the limelight, now being hailed as the possessor of the "wickedest eyes in New York." Not that May Mackenzie really likes to have her orbs thought naughty. Dear me, no! It's dreadfully distressing, because, as she plaintively explains, "I can't just make my eyes behave." But by metropolitan theatergoers it is readily remembered that in the "Wild Rose" days those eyes were not of the unmanageable brand, and it is only since she huddled in that garden of scandal that May Mackenzie's optical organs have become the "wickedest in all New York."

A little wisp of a girl, with a tiny face, enormous eyes and a lithe figure incased in a cadet uniform, sang a soldier song in "The Wild Rose" and caught the public's fleeting fancy. She was Marguerite Clark, the dainty comedienne whose child-like charm has endeared her to the hearts of theatergoers. Before her advent in "The Wild Rose" the youthful actress had appeared in several road companies whose tours invariably ended disastrously, but once under the peculiar charm of that rose-garden, fame gave the little girl a helping hand, which she found to hold fortune as well. The small petals of the inconspicuous soubrette have grown into the full bloom of a musical comedy star, and who shall say that "The Wild Rose" was not instrumental in Marguerite Clark's success?

### Left the Stage's Glitter.

Success, but of a slightly different kind, has crowned the career of Hattie Forsythe, whose charms have become the toast of Paris, London and New York. Since her appearance as a show girl in "The Wild Rose" Hattie Forsythe's rise has been rapid and radiant and her brilliant beauty has not shone behind the footlights for several years. Instead Palm Beach, Paris and the Riviera have gaped at the gowns and jewels of the former show girl, who has won admiring attention of Russian princes, Italian counts and rich Americans. To several persons of high degree Miss Forsythe's engagement has been rumored, and it is reported that her latest assiduous admirer is a young son of the Philadelphia Drexels.

Though Hymen has thus far failed to ensnare Hattie Forsythe, Irene Bentley has been busy changing partners in the matrimonial bouquet. While playing a leading role in "The

Duke of the Abruzzi. To "The Wild Rose" must be credited this latest sensation, for it was while playing a minor part in that piece that the young actress, who belonged to a good family of Memphis, Tenn., first became interested in Blaine Elkins, then a college youth. When on January 28 last young Elkins eloped and married the daughter of the late Senator Kenna nothing was heard from his former sweetheart, Ada Louise Lonsdale. However, she chose a psychological moment when the announcement of another international engagement was expected, and startled the world at large by the \$100,000 suit. But the suit is said to have been dropped.

When Miss Lonsdale recently disappeared the tongues of the gossips were let loose and they began counting up the sensations that have already bloomed from that "Wild Rose" bush.

### OBSEQUIES OF PRINCE DAVID.

How an American Royalty Received a State Funeral.

The recent death of Prince David, heir presumptive of the old line of Hawaiian kings, and the brother of Prince Jonah, the present delegate at Washington, was an event of great interest in Hawaii, says the Youth's Companion.

Never before, surely, was a state funeral accorded by order of the United States to a person of royal blood resident within the national domain.

The native Hawaiians, still deeply attached to the ancient dynasty, found great satisfaction in the honor; and the state funeral of an American subject became in all its details the royal funeral of a Hawaiian sovereign.

The body of Prince David lay in state in Honolulu. At midnight, with no light, the coffin with all the royal regalia was borne to the throne room. The approaches to the capitol were guarded by the militia, and all day long a continuous procession of all nationalities poured in at one door and out at another.

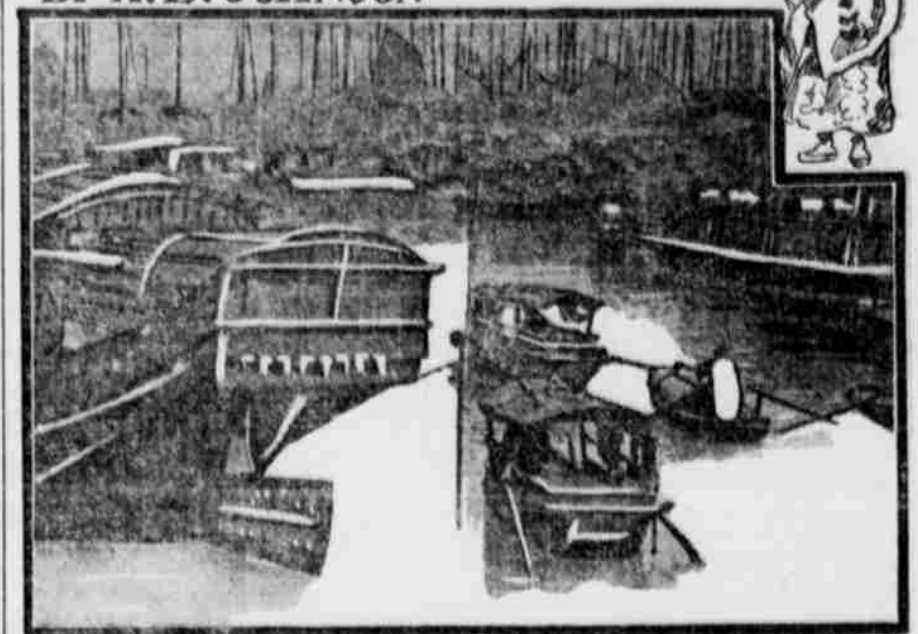
The room is beautiful and it was filled with wonderful kahills—the "feather trees," permitted only to royalty, graceful, fountainlike masses of feathers, thousands in each kahill, and in all exquisite and vivid tints of tropic plumage; some all scarlet, some white, some lavender, some yellow and some brown.

Over the bier of the dead prince lay a priceless great feather robe, soft and glowing, of yellow touched with scarlet. By his side stood native Hawaiians, in deep black, with shoulder capes of yellow feathers and black and white kahills; they were as motionless as bronze statues. Beyond them were more guards, then a line of mourning women of royal blood. At the end of the room were flowers, loved of Hawaiians.

In the deep recess of a window were grouped the chanters, reciting aloud the deeds of the prince's ancestors and wailing for his death—"a sound," says one who was there, "to make the creeps run down one's spine."

# FLOATING SLUMS OF CHINA

BY A. E. JOHNSON



PHASE OF LIFE NOT OFTEN SEEN BY TOURIST



CANTON, CHINA'S GREAT COMMERCIAL CITY

A cynic has said that our minds are ruled by catch-words, and there is certainly this amount of truth in the statement, that one's mental image of a place is usually based upon some telling phrase which has stuck, once heard, in the memory, and become inseparably associated, rightly or wrongly, with the locality to which it ostensibly refers.

The Greenland of my fancy, thanks to a mind exceedingly retentive of childish lessons, has for its natural features icy mountains and very little else. That a coral strand, of a delicate pink shade, encircled the continent of India like a fairy zone was a cherished belief only shattered when I first traveled to the east and wondered why it was called shiny.

But there are times when the familiar phrase is more than justified, and preconceived notions are startlingly indorsed by first actual impressions. Every schoolboy knows that China is inhabited by "teeming millions," and I defy the most felicitous of phrasemakers with two words more succinctly to summarize such a first glimpse of a Chinese city as is afforded, let us say, to the traveler from Hongkong who approaches Canton up the Chukiang river.

In the west the over-crowding of cities is a problem which has come to be regarded as amongst the most pressing and perplexing of all that confront the social reformer. But compared with cities of the east, and of China especially, those of the west may almost be regarded as depopulated. Only those who have penetrated the innermost purlieus of a Chinese city can conceive the degree of congestion in which it is possible for a human community to live. In the great Chinese towns it is literally true that the population overflows its confines, the result sometimes being, as at Canton, those extraordinary floating slums which choke the riverside and form at once the most picturesque and most pestilent feature of the city's aspect.

Stand beside the imperial custom house at Canton and let the eye range down the river towards Hongkong. As far as the sight can reach boats, boats, and again boats. These are no ordinary craft, mere vessels of transport plying hither and thither, but the countless homes of myriad Chinese, in which millions of human beings have been born, have lived, and have died. They are the dwellings of the very poor, who live in them practically free from rent, taxes, and other burdens of the ordinary citizen.

The Tankia (which means boat-dwellers), as the denizens of these floating houses are called, form a sort of caste apart from the rest of the Cantonese. The shore-dwellers regard them as belonging to a lower social order; and indeed they have many customs, peculiar to themselves, which mark them as a separate community. How the swarming masses of them contrive to support existence is a mystery, but their chief mode of employment is in carrying merchandise and passengers from place to place.

In some cases the daughters of the family go ashore to work in factories, as do the girls of other countries; but the year's earnings of a Chinese factory girl would scarce suffice to buy a single hat for her western sister. It

is of course hardly necessary to point out that, as against this low rate of pay, the standard of living is correspondingly different.

The "houses" which make up these vast floating slums are of all sizes. Some are but 15 feet long. From these cramped dimensions, however, they range up to a length of 50 and 60 feet. A boat large enough to accommodate a family of moderate size can be obtained for \$20, and since the anchorage is free it is obvious that the Tankia effects many savings impossible to the shore-dweller. For a hundred dollars a boat that is (comparatively) luxurious in its appointments can be obtained; and not infrequently European travelers who wish to make a prolonged sojourn in the vicinity of Canton, and do not care to pay the high prices charged in the one hotel, hire a comfortable house-boat, at a cost of about one dollar per day. In that case the native owners occupy a small space in the bow, where all cooking is done for the traveler without extra cost, with the additional advantage of free transportation to any point on the river.

Most of the boats, however, are small. A thatch of palm leaves, or a cover of matting, over a part of each boat serves to protect the occupants from sun and rain, and serves as an eating and sleeping place. The interior presents a curious picture of domestic economy, beside which the arrangements of an Irish cabin or a crofter's cottage in Lewis are palatial. On many of them pigs and chickens are reared, and frequently, when the smallness of the boat does not afford deck-space for such stock, a box or cage is suspended from the stern to serve as a pigeon or chicken coop. Nor do sties and henneries, in addition to the apartments of the family, exhaust the accommodation of the tiny craft, for on many flower gardening is carried on, a considerable space being set apart in the bows for the flower pots.

How life can be endured in such quarters, cribbed, cabined and confined, well-nigh passes comprehension. It has been estimated that about Canton there are not less than 85,000 inhabited craft, and that of this vast number some 40,000 are permanently located—250,000 to 400,000 human lives, that is to say, daily rising and falling with the tide. Births, deaths and funerals all take place within the narrow limits of the boats, and many are the inhabitants of the floating slums who never set foot on land throughout the whole of their strange existence.

Not all the boats in the dense mass that blocks the riverside are squalid, however. There are some as gaudy and resplendent as the majority are wretched and poor, and these are familiar to every one who has visited Canton. "Have you been to the flower-boats?" is a question continually heard in the hotel, and he is sure to be a recent arrival who answers in the negative.

The "flower-boats" are, in brief, the pleasure resorts of Canton. Whole streets of them are moored in rows that extend from mid-stream to the shore, and every night they are thronged with seekers after pleasure and recreation—of a sort. For it cannot be pretended that the amusements to be found thereon are of a very high moral order. Concerts, or rather sing-songs, are held on some, but most cater to that gambling instinct which is the national vice of China.

### Vision of Husband Drowning True.

Boston.—In a vision in which she says it seemed as though she was viewing actual happenings, Mrs. Lottie Johnson of Beachmont at midnight saw her husband, George Johnson, clinging to an overturned boat in mid-ocean, heard him cry for help, and finally, with one despairing shriek, throw up his hands and sink.

With the cry of her husband ringing in her ears, Mrs. Johnson awoke and ran screaming to her mother. Her husband had started early in the evening with a friend in a power boat for Gloucester.

Early the next morning the power boat was found wrecked on the north shore about twenty-five miles below Beachmont. With ordinary speed the boat would have reached there about midnight. The body was picked up at noon, and the medical examiner said he had been dead about 12 hours.



HATTIE FORSYTHE

LOUISE LONSDALE

for divorce, naming Evelyn Thaw as one of the co-respondents.

Some nine years previously Adele Rice, a Baltimore beauty of note, had startled Manhattan and southern theatrical circles by marrying the theatrical manager, George W. Lederer, a few hours after his release from former marital fetters. For many years the Lederers safely sailed the domestic seas, steering clear of matrimonial breakers in the form of chorus girls. While Mrs. Lederer managed matrimony, Mr. Lederer managed many a musical show. Chorus girls would come and chorus girls would go, as far as George Lederer was concerned, until he found himself tending this "Wild Rose" bush and bewitched by the spell of its uncanny beauty. The world at large was not long in

she shone in "The Wild Rose" company. By the bouquet of beauties who were destined to win notoriety or fame Mazie Follette was looked upon as a genial, joyous young thing, and her rare good spirits led her into many a daring escapade. Even as an obscure chorus girl she acquired fame, for her nimbleness and grace and inability to make her eyes behave brought her quickly to the front. From being an obscure bud in the chorus of "The Wild Rose," she has blossomed out into the position of danseuse. She came conspicuously into the limelight when at the famous Thaw trial it was reported that she had turned against her erstwhile chum and was threatening to aid the prosecution by telling all she knew. Since then Mazie Follette's hilarious escapades have often