

How Deauville Cost the Gay Baron His Rich Wife



Baroness d'Erlanger, with her son by her first husband, and (on the left) the titled fourth husband she is now leaving

Such a Jolly
Outing He Was
Having at
the Famous
Seashore
When the
Former Mrs. Hewitt Un-
expectedly Appeared
on the Scene—and
Now They Are Parted
Forever

The former Mrs. Peter Cooper Hewitt on the beach at Deauville and as she may have looked on the very morning when she is said to have surprised Baron d'Erlanger and confirmed the disturbing rumors which had brought her from Paris

PARIS.
PLEASURE at Deauville, the giddy seashore resort in Normandy, is probably priced more expensively than anywhere else on earth, and no one knew this better than the Baron d'Erlanger when he set out for "King" Cornuche's merry realm a few weeks ago to enjoy a little vacation all by himself.

As a man of the world, a conspicuous figure in the gay night life of London, Paris and other European capitals, he understood perfectly well that he would be charged the most exorbitant prices for rooms and meals, for wines and smiles and for all the other comforts and luxuries he might think necessary to make his little fling at summer life enjoyable.

And if he should play for some of the high stakes that had become the rule at the gambling casino and Lady Luck should refuse to smile on his efforts, why, then the total cost of even a brief stay at Deauville might be enough to drive a millionaire to the verge of bankruptcy.

But why should the baron worry over such sordid matters as these? Had he not recently become the husband of the former Mrs. Peter Cooper Hewitt, the once widowed and twice divorced American woman? And was not her pocketbook overflowing with the millions she had accumulated from her three former husbands?

Of course! So the baron, murmuring the French equivalent of "Hang the expense!" set blithely out for Deauville, bent on having such a vacation as only a pleasure-loving man can have when he has a wife who is generous with her millions.

But now Baron d'Erlanger is said to wish from the bottom of his heart that he had never been tempted into playing the role of a summer widower.

For he seems doomed to have to pay for his ten days or so at Deauville a more staggering price than he ever dreamed. It promises to cost him his wife—the wife who supplied the money for his recent flirtation with the seashore's alluring pleasures and who might have, if he had only been a little more discreet, kept right on supplying the cash for many more similar flirtations.

It is a sad story, according to the details the gossips of Paris are supplying, and one calculated to bring tears to the eyes of everybody who thinks that the hero of a millionaire widow's fourth marriage should be entitled to a little more liberty than the husband of some young debutante.

Baroness d'Erlanger was forced to remain in Paris during those sweltering August weeks to attend to certain bothersome details of the fight she is waging to secure for her little daughter, Ann, the share she thinks the girl should have of her father, the late Mr. Hewitt's, estate.

But the baroness was quite unselfish. Just because her duty to her daughter made it necessary for her to swelter in Paris she did not think her husband had any need to. So she is said to have glad-



A view of the famous bathing beach at Deauville which poor Baron d'Erlanger probably wishes he had never seen

ly consented to his trip alone to Deauville.

He had not been gone many days before disturbing rumors began to reach her ears over the gossip wireless that maintains such an efficient service between the sands of Deauville and the Paris boulevards.

At first she was incredulous, then curious, and finally as angry as a woman can be when she suspects herself of being deceived by the sharer of her heart and purse. She took the first train for Deauville without any word to her husband that she was coming.

It was in the morning she arrived and by the time she had breakfasted and refreshed herself from her journey it was the hour when everybody who has survived the dissipation of the "night before" is on the beach, gaining strength for another night of wining and dining, dancing and gambling.

To the beach the former Mrs. Hewitt went, and there, almost with the first sweep of her keen glance over the golden sands, she is said to have seen something which went a long way toward confirming the stories which had reached her in Paris.

It is said there was a stormy scene in the restaurant of the Hotel Normandy at the luncheon hour and that same evening the millionaire widow and her noble fourth husband returned to Paris—but in quite separate compartments of the train de luxe.

A few days later Paris and London were surprised to hear that the former Mrs. Hewitt and Baron d'Erlanger were definitely through with living together and that she was bringing suit for divorce in the French courts.

Now everybody is wondering what it could have been which she is said to have seen on the beach that morning and which made her so suddenly decide that she and this fourth husband of hers must go their separate ways.

Whatever it was, the gossips here

think it must have been something extremely disillusioning, for the former Mrs. Hewitt is herself a woman not at all averse to a liberal measure of gaiety and she has always been noted for the generous latitude she has allowed her various husbands.

Can it be that poor Baron d'Erlanger, intoxicated with the bright sunlight of the Deauville beach and the beauty of the bathing girls that sparkled so brightly in it, momentarily forgot his duty to the wife he had left sweltering in Paris?

Unfortunately for the curiosity of the gossips, they are unlikely ever to know just what it was that the baroness saw, unless she herself sees fit to reveal the secret. For the French courts, as American divorce seekers know to their satisfaction, guard such spicy details as these very possibly are.

Baron d'Erlanger has gone to London and it is reported that he has no intention of fighting his rich wife's suit for divorce. This is taken by many as a virtual admission that he feels she had excellent reasons for feeling outraged over what she saw when she stole so unexpectedly into Deauville.

No matter how well justified he thinks his wife's action, Baron d'Erlanger can hardly help feeling great regret at being forced to pay such a staggering price as this for his little outing at the seashore. To lose a wife with as many millions as the former Mrs. Hewitt is supposed to have tucked away in her



A typical Deauville bathing beauty

But now, as a result of some mysterious incident or series of incidents at Deauville, he may never again be able to loll in such luxury as he has known since he became the former Mrs.

pocketbook comes close to making this vacation of his the most expensive on record.

While in no sense a fortune hunter, Baron d'Erlanger—who is, in spite of his French name, an Englishman—is known as a man of expensive tastes. And it is believed that until his recent marriage he has never had quite ample means to gratify them as he would like.

Peter Cooper Hewitt's fourth husband.

Their marriage was hailed here as about as near an approach to a real love match as these days, when matrimony is regarded so casually, often see. It followed a spectacular courtship in which the baron successfully pitted his skill as a wooer against such distinguished men as the Shah of Persia and other noted champions of romance.

Right up to the time when the baron packed his trunk and started for Deauville there seemed to be nothing but peace and happiness in the d'Erlanger household. The husband and wife had made a trip to America and she had apparently relied greatly on his advice and assistance in her legal battle for the share of the Peter Cooper Hewitt millions to which she thinks her daughter, Ann, is entitled.

This makes the fourth husband the former Mrs. Hewitt has lost through death or divorce since her first marriage, in 1902, to Pedar Bruguiere. A son by

this first marriage will within a few months now be old enough to vote. He looks big and husky enough to have administered physical punishment to the rather undersized baron, in case his mother had wished.

Yet, with a son taller than she is, the former Mrs. Hewitt retains a very youthful appearance and a similar outlook on life. It will be no surprise to many of her friends in Paris to see her beginning before very long a brand new matrimonial chapter in her romantic life.

Very possibly the news of the divorce proceedings Baroness d'Erlanger is reported to have brought has stirred hope again in the hearts of several of the men who were beaten out in the race for her heart by the English nobleman. They were a distinguished collection of suitors and if the former Mrs. Hewitt decides to take one of them for her fifth husband the match might prove the most brilliant of all her many marriages.