

Social Status of the American Stage Star



MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL.



ETHYL BARRYMORE.



ELSIE DE WOLFE.



JOHN DREW.

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DURING Maude Adams' last tour, a social leader in a mid-west city and a personal friend of the young star, issued invitations for a reception in her honor. At almost the last moment Miss Adams appeared before her hostess, muffled up to her eyes and offering this explanation: "I have come in person to make my apologies and to explain why I cannot be present when your friends arrive. As you see, I have a cold and must not speak above a whisper in order to save my voice for tonight's performance. I want you to understand—"

The hostess was in despair. "But, my dear girl, the affair is entirely in your honor. If you could put in an appearance for only a short time, you need not use your voice. I can make the apologies."

Miss Adams smiled and shook her head. "And earn a reputation for hauteur and rudeness which I do not deserve? I cannot serve both my profession and society, and I am under contract to the former."

In those few sentences Miss Adams voiced the feeling of the better class of her fellow workers. Society does not want them unless they achieve success, and if they would be successful, they have no time for society.

In this day of grace society is for the indomitable. He may enter who will—and there are many doors. Given a fair name, beauty, brains and money, all of which some American actresses possess, and the woman who can sway her thousands across the footlights will successfully storm the social citadel. The question at stake is this: "Is it worth while?"

When Ethel Barrymore scored an artistic triumph this fall in "Carrots," the world of critics and regular theater goers exclaimed: "Good. It looked for a while as if social success would blast her artistic career." For of all stage women, Miss Barrymore holds the most secure position in New York's social world.

Men and women who are really making history and art and literature have no time for the carving of a social career. They leave that for butterflies, who flutter in the sunlight shed by others; for women, whose ambition is to rule and who can do so only above the teacups, over damask and under the myriad lights of a

ballroom. Just as the social leader is chained to her engagement book, so must the actress bow to her art. And each woman in her way is content.

Time was when members of the profession bore its stamp on their conduct and dress. They "talked shop" in public. They wanted all who saw to know that they trod the boards; they attracted attention wherever they went and they dressed conspicuously, often loudly. And well-bred people drew back their skirts as they passed by and prided themselves on their own quiet demeanor and simplicity of dress.

But all this is changed. The up-to-date star is in the throes of an era of exclusiveness. The women prominent in society are doing the unexpected, the eccentric thing.

In going abroad the star clings to the seclusion of her stateroom. In the summer she seeks the most quiet resort and for a month or so is literally swallowed up by the woods. At hotels she seldom appears in the public dining room, but has her meals served in her rooms. When profits begin to roll in she buys a home to occupy during her New York runs. Then she adds to this a country place, far from the maddening crowd of Broadway.

While the actress, who is really doing the correct thing, according to the standards of 1902, appears on the street in a severely plain tailor-made suit, the social belle drives down Fifth avenue in garments of a hue and a fashion that would make her aristocratic old ancestors turn over in their graves. The woman high up on the social lists chats freely when she returns from abroad of the latest triumph attained by a Parisian coiffure in tinting her hair, but the actress leaves peroxide for the young woman in the front row of the chorus, and revels in her own natural locks.

It is the social leader who ventures into Bohemia and does original, eccentric things. The actress leans toward domesticity and conventionality. And all these are straws that show which way the wind blows. Instances there still are of women of notorious reputation who achieve artistic success, but the average American star of today would grace any social circle.

But on this your modern stage woman insists—she will grace, but she will not be patronized. She will accept invitations

extended to the woman. She will not be used by clever hostesses as a bait to attract desirable guests.

Some actresses are born to social standing, some achieve it and some have it thrust upon them.

Miss Elsie DeWolfe belongs to the first named class. The social spoon was firmly wedged between her lips when she made her entrance on the world's stage. And society was not pleased when she became an actress. Here was a charming woman, it argued, whose taste was unimpeachable, whose entertainments were worth while. It went to see her, when she began her stage career and it supports her in New York as a star, but it feels that it has a grievance against her just the same. When she is in New York, she is bombarded with invitations which she cannot accept because she is now a woman of affairs, practically her own manager. But whenever she finds a little leisure she is made welcome at the homes of the elect.

Graceful, winsome Ethel Barrymore belongs to the second class. She has achieved an enviable position in the social world, in its innermost circles, principally through her wonderful charm of manner, her sweet simplicity and her beautiful home life, for she is a marvel of discretion, and a "little mother" to her two big brothers, Mrs. Richard Harding Davis, who is received everywhere, is Miss Barrymore's most intimate friend, and the two are seen wherever any one worth while goes.

John Drew and his family have an assured social position in New York, and his daughter was introduced to society before she made a professional debut. When he is on the road, country club privileges are more to Mr. Drew's liking than the entree to the most exclusive drawing rooms. He is an enthusiastic golf player, and prefers being received on his merits as a man and a good fellow than on his Thespian triumphs.

Clara Bloodgood, who is to be starred this season, was a figure in the "smart set" for many seasons before she went on the stage, but she, too, finds that art and the social whirligig are incompatible.

Great artists like Bernhardt, Duse, Calve and Ellen Terry belong to those who have social attentions thrust upon them. But the tribute is to the artist, not to the

woman. They feel that they are perpetually on exhibition. Such entertainment is not a relaxation or a pleasure to them. It is a part of their business life. The result is that successful women of the stage are drawing further and further into their shells.

The uncertainty of social standing in America has much to do with the conditions referred to above. The social leader of today may depend upon cleverness and wealth entirely. Family standing she has not. Her father or her grandfather may have sold groceries to the mother of the stage star; therefore, millady of society's realm cannot afford to "receive" the woman who stands equally high in the dramatic profession. She is not sufficiently sure of her own social position to run any risks. So fear on the one side and pride on the other keep them apart.

But each well known actress gathers about her a little circle of friends outside the profession, whose influence is to draw her away from the strain and anxieties of her work.

Annie Russell's circle has a distinct literary coloring; Amelia Bingham belongs to the dinner giving type and has her regular days at home during her New York season. Nearly all of Maude Adams' personal friends are outside the profession, and her entertaining is of the quietest sort. Both Mary Manning and Annie Irish (in private life Mrs. Hackett and Mrs. Dodson) are intensely domestic, in their tastes and much given to quiet entertaining. Alice Fischer, known to her personal friends as Mrs. William Harcourt, has a large acquaintance in metropolitan art and literary circles.

The foreign actor is deluged with invitations before he fairly lands, but, as a rule, he catches the American spirit of business before pleasure and devotes himself to his tour. Arrived in New York he has his company to rehearse, the details of his tour to arrange and a frequent change of bill to prepare for. Beyond an occasional appearance at the Lambs' club or the Players' he has little chance for meeting Americans socially.

The women stars from abroad are no better off. An American engagement represents so many thousands of dollars with which to purchase luxuries at home. It is purely a business venture, and social en-

agements interfere with its success.

Mrs. Patrick Campbell, who queens it over a social clique in London, has declined nearly all invitations in New York, because she has personally directed all her productions. Charming Miss Van Brugh, who supported John Hare in "The Gay Lord Quex," goes out much in London, but during her New York stay she barely got beyond a circle of theatrical acquaintances.

When approached on the topic of the actor and society, Clyde Fitch, the playwright, said: "The gulf between the stage and that much abused world, society, is a relic of the Puritanical era. Society does not give a hang about the stage and stage people do not give a hang for society. Society goes to the theater to be amused; to see the play. I doubt that it notices the names on the program. If Miss Jones makes a hit in a bit of character work, the woman in the box will remark afterward, 'Wasn't that girl in red clever?' But she will not remember her name."

"I do not think that society in America is interested in the theater and its actors, beyond being amused when the opportunity arises. It will not be bored, and if it chooses to feel bored by stage people that is the end of it."

"Now, in London it is different. There society is interested in the drama and the people who interpret it. The smart set in the social world, in literature and in art mingle. The circle is larger. There are more people who write and paint and play to make up this circle of social life."

"On the other hand if New York society elects to take up a certain person and make much of her, it cares not whether she is or is not in the profession."

"And your American actress is quite independent of society, in the sense of the exclusive smart set. Society is made up of many cliques and each woman has the right to feel that she has her own social circle. The actress who is guest of honor at a smart Sunday morning breakfast, and the chorus girl who is invited out to Sunday night tea over in Jersey, will both feel that they are received socially outside the profession."

"As I said before, society and the stage are equally indifferent to each other. Each is busy in its own way, absorbed and independent in its own occupations and its pleasures, its work and its amusements."

Episodes and Incidents in the Lives of Noted People

WHEN Senator Hanna was on his way to Washington recently he and some other travelers got out for an airing at Pittsburg and were left behind, having made a mistake as to the waiting time. The party included several members of the Bonded Warehouse Association, one of whom went to hunt for Pullman accommodation. The Pullman division superintendent was very sorry, but he could do nothing until he learned that Mr. Hanna was among those present. Then a special was made up in a hurry and the travelers were soon on their way once more.

The following inscription has been placed above the grave of the late editor of the New York Evening Post at Hazelbeach, England. "Edwin Lawrence Godkin, publicist, economist, moralist; born at Moyne, Wicklow, 1831; died at Greenway, Devon, 1902. For forty years a citizen of the United States. Gifted with a penetrating intellect and singular powers of expression; constant in friendship; tireless in energy; dauntless in courage; a steadfast champion of good causes and high ideals, he became a foremost part in all efforts to make government just, pure and efficient and wrought unceasingly to strengthen the ties between the nation whence he sprang and that to which his services were given through a long and laborious life. Sapere aude."

John Ruskin's hopeless love continues to be the subject of much gossip in the English

press. One gossip writer says there is in existence a letter by Ruskin which he himself has seen, giving Ruskin's own account of the separation from his wife. It shows that there was nothing more than incompatibility between them. The real passion of Ruskin's life came to him when he was a man past 50. He fell in love with an Irish girl, Rosie Latouche. She loved him, but their religious differences were insuperable. The girl died while still a girl and Ruskin broke down. The misfortune clouded the rest of his life in despair. He fell in with spiritualists, who revealed to him the spirit of his dead love. Hence came the crushing collapse which ultimately overthrew his brain.

"M. A. P." tells a story with regard to the late czar of Russia. He was one night playing a game of whist at Homburg, and the present king, then, of course, prince of Wales, and several of his friends were of the party. Among these friends was Sir James Mackintosh, a well known bon vivant of the '80s and '90s. Sir James was one of those blunt, downright, rough spoken Scotchmen who didn't know fear of God or man. In the midst of the game Sir James called out to the czar, "You've revoked." Everybody's blood ran cold. The prince of Wales, I have been told, kicked the Scotchman under the table, and the czar, blushing and confused, exclaimed in bewilderment, "Revoked! Why, I never did such a thing in my life!" But Sir James persisted and the monarch was proved to be in the wrong; whereupon Sir James replied to the

observation of the czar: "I daresay you've often revoked, your majesty, but this is the first time you were ever told so."

The left thumb of Paul Kruger of the Transvaal was lost through his rifle exploding when he fired at a rhinoceros. He says: "Next day, our people, guided by the track of my horse, went to the spot and there found the rhinoceros still alive, and, following the trail of blood, discovered the remains of the rifle and my thumb. My hand was in a horrible state. The great veins were torn asunder. The flesh was hanging in strips. I bled like a slaughtered calf." Kruger made his way to the wagons, where his wife and sister-in-law were sitting by the fire. The sister-in-law pointed to his hand. "Look what a fat game Brother Paul has been shooting," she said, and that was all. They went home. Kruger took out his knife and cut across the ball of the thumb, removing as much as was necessary. "Then they killed a goat, took out the stomach and cut it open. I put my hand into it while it was still warm," and thus was the wound healed.

"Ich dien," the motto which belongs to the prince of Wales, is usually translated "I serve," and tradition has it that it was taken by the black prince from the royal helmet of the blind king of Bohemia, who was killed on the field of Crecy. It is a notable fact, however, that the late Dr. William Ihne, professor of English literature at Heidelberg, rejected this theory,

He held that the motto was of Welsh origin and took its rise at the time when Edward I presented his new-born eldest son to the Welsh chieftains at Carnarban castle as their future sovereign. He held the child up in his arms and exclaimed in Welsh "Eich dyn," meaning "This is your man." The explanation is accepted by many antiquarians.

A Chicago speculator is responsible for the statement that on one occasion Russell Sage stood treat. It was this way: The Chicago man was in New York, and feeling that a little drop of something would do him good was about to drop into a cafe when he met Mr. Sage and invited him to go along. The aged Croesus agreed, though it is not his habit to indulge except on rare occasions. They entered the cafe and the proprietor, who knew the man from Chicago and Mr. Sage, too, said to the former gravely: "Mr. Blank, what is your idea in bringing that youngster in here? I never sell liquors to minors." He and the Chicago man smiled broadly, Russell Sage snickered and "bought."

When, in the calamitous Hotel Windsor fire in New York City a few years ago, the late Colonel Tom Ochiltree lost all of his personal possessions, including every stitch of his clothing, he took the matter with his usual benign philosophy. He was surrounded by a group of newspaper reporters as he stood contemplating the tragic conflagration. The newspaper men were ex-

pressing their sympathy for him in the loss of everything he owned, but he only shook his head and smiled in a rueful sort of way.

"I don't so much mind the burning of all of the rest of the stuff, boys," Colonel Ochiltree remarked, "but I do hate to lose those twenty large books of newspaper clippings written around me during the last thirty years or so. I was going to make a book out of the material."

"What were you going to call the book, colonel?" the amiable Texan was asked by one of the reporters.

"I was going to call it," was the quick response, "my personally conducted memoirs, as fallaciously set forth by a generation of young gentlemen of the space-writing fraternity who need the money."

President Ingalls of the Big Four road writes an exorable hand, and a farmer living near Springfield, O., is glad of it. One day Mr. Ingalls was riding over a division of the road and came within smelling distance of a particularly emphatic hog pen owned by the farmer. Next day he wrote an autograph letter to the agriculturist, complaining of the hog pen. The farmer could not read a word of it and showed the missive to a Big Four agent. The latter could not make anything out of it, either, but said it looked like the passes sometimes issued by President Ingalls. This was a suggestion to the farmer, who declares that he made several trips on the road, using the illegible scrawl as a pass before conductors discovered that it was a protest instead.