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AROUND THE WORLD AND BACK AGAIN

AND AROUND THE WORLD FOR LOVE

That First Globe Trotting Tour Was a Desolate, Heart-Breaking Affair—But This One Is "Personally Conducted" by Cupid

MEN have died and worms have eaten them, but not for Love. Have women done more? Love, the greatest thing in the world, has made brave men cowards and turned cowards into heroes.

The things done for love have not all been tragic, but always they have been romantic. Even to-day romance can be found if one only searches for it.

Here, in the cold-blooded year of our Lord nineteen-eleven, we can find a charming romance right at our very doors.

Here we have Edith, the very beautiful daughter of the Grenville Kanes, of Tuxedo Park, and George F. Baker, Jr., the only son

and heir of George F. Baker, Sr., the multi-millionaire banker.

For love, Miss Kane went round the world and back again, and is now going round again on her wedding trip! It is a delightful tale of hearts, millions, beauty and wealth.

Two years ago Tuxedo Park, that exceedingly exclusive colony in the Ramapo Hills, was shaken to its foundations. It had a delectable moral of gossip to roll under its tongue. Edith Kane, the supposedly heartless daughter of the house of Kane, acknowledged to being in love with Mr. Baker, heir to a hundred millions, and chief bachelor of the colony.

The Grenville Kanes are charter members of Tuxedo Park. Mr. Kane and Mr. Pierre Lorillard originated the idea of starting a country resort where their children might grow up far from the city. They organized a company, and for all these years the most rigid rules have been observed.

When George F. Baker, Sr., the president of the First National Bank, came to live at Tuxedo, he was received with open arms. George, Jr., immediately joined in the sports of the young people, and very early in the game showed a preference for blondes!

So far, so good! Time passed, the boy became a man, the girls grew up magically. Papa Baker incidentally added to his millions until he became known as one of the seven men who own the United States! J. Pierpont Morgan is another!

When young Baker returned from Harvard he was twenty-three years old and one of the biggest matrimonial prizes in New York society. Mothers were overjoyed to receive him. Daughters looked on him and found him good.

But George loved all the girls so much he could not select one! As the years passed, the Bakers, and Tuxedo as a whole, decided that George would never marry. Mama Baker rejoiced as every year closed and George was left unmarried.

The years which left George, Jr., a bachelor were dealing most delightfully with the girls of the Kane family. Now the Kane family has always been an institution in this tight little resort of the Ramapos, their love affairs closely watched, their beauty glistened over.

When Edith came out—she was the second of six sisters—a brilliant marriage was predicted. She was a brilliant success socially and opera hostesses literally fought with each other to get her for their prize beauty.

She turned a cold but beautiful shoulder to all lovers.

"What can Edith be waiting for?" asked society. There was young Malcolm Sloane, her own age, and heir to the fabulous Sloane-Vanderbilt fortune; he was mad about her. And there were others.

Even Mrs. Kane despaired. And who can wonder! For there were plenty more at home just like Edith!

And now we come to the winter of nineteen-eleven. We find Miss Kane, more ethereally beautiful than ever, aged twenty-four, and the



Mrs. George F. Baker, Jr., Who Encircled the Globe for the Sake of the Man She Loved.

cleverest girl whip and all-round sportswoman in New York City. She drives a four-in-hand as nonchalantly as she motors her 60-horse-power motor car.

Just around the corner we find Mr. Baker, good looking, popular,

devotedly attached to his parents, and still the big fish in the matrimonial pond, and just ten years older than Miss Kane.

At the Halloween ball, two years ago, the miracle happened! The cold-hearted belle, having turned

Oh, the gossip! Suddenly Miss Kane sailed for Europe and from there went round the world. George was left bereft. No one knew what had caused the trouble, but Tuxedo finally decided that the Baker family had caused the parting.

away dozens of partners, devoted herself to the prize bachelor; and he fairly bubbled with glee and joy!

At the New Year ball, the engagement was practically acknowledged. As time passed, the two lovers were constantly in each other's company. When Miss Kane took her coach along the mountain roads, Mr. Baker occupied the box seat, society's surest proof of an engagement.

When Spring came, a rift appeared in the lute; love's sweet dream seemed to become curdled. Edith and George finally did not speak as they passed by!

It seems that, having had their son to themselves for ten years, Mama and Papa Baker could not reconcile themselves to a daughter-in-law. As Sister Quennie said: "If George had married a year or two after his graduation from Harvard it would have been different."

When Miss Kane realized how bitterly the Bakers felt she showed her capability for sacrifice. Did she not say: "Never will I marry you until your family want me. I love you too much to cause any trouble between you all?"

And so, for love, she went around the world.

While she was away, Sister Dorothy, another Kane beauty, played peacemaker. Every week she wrote letters to the traveler keeping her posted as to the behavior of George, Jr., and the attitude of the Baker family.

Mr. Baker was distressed, indeed, during the first month of Miss Kane's absence, but toward the end he began to sit up and take notice. As has been already noted, Mr. Baker was devoted to blondes. One of the prettiest blondes in seven kingdoms, Miss Margaret Baxter, a sister of Mrs. Tevis-McKee, arrived in Tuxedo.

Did she not say to herself: "If I cannot marry a Baker, no other girl shall!"

She arrived in Tuxedo in time to drive Mr. William Hoffman's four-in-hand at the Tuxedo Horse Show. Mr. Baker was present, and all at once his heart bounded and he knew that no one else could take Miss Kane's place!

The Kanes made formal announcement of the engagement a few weeks later. The Bakers expressed themselves delighted, and gave the happy couple a big dinner and several valuable gifts.

On October 15 Miss Kane and Mr. Baker were married in the little church in Tuxedo. The Bakers lavished jewels on the bride and checks on the bridegroom. Miss Dorothy, the peacemaker, was maid of honor. It was a beautiful wedding, and there was a very jolly reception afterward.

The bride and groom, both looking idiotically happy, motored away from the Park bound for a trip around the world!

Yes, the bride longed to take the groom to all the places she had visited in her previous journey! Together they will visit Egypt, the Durbar in India, the Flowery Kingdom and more interesting places than can be mentioned!

For love the happy bridegroom consents to take this long pilgrimage! When they return they are to live in Tuxedo, where they first met the little but powerful god, Love!

Her "Dance in Hades" is at a Dead Man's Command.

STAGE dances in which she is surrounded with fire effects were the attractive specialty of Miss Ida Fuller in this country and abroad until her career seemed to be ended by a long and serious illness. How she suddenly regained her strength, and at one bound revived her former position as a dancer, all at the command of a dead genius, makes one of the weirdest tales of real life in these times.

While Miss Fuller was slowly convalescing in a Western sanitarium she said one day to a visitor: "Yes, I feel that I shall yet dance again. But I don't know whether I shall revive any of my old successes. I don't even know what the world is doing on the stage. I seem out if it—forgotten. In my extremity—"

Here she ceased speaking, seeming like one who had gone into a trance. But the next day she showed great improvement. Inside of a week she left the sanitarium a well woman, filled with energy and ambition.

She went directly to a storage house, and from an old trunk took a shabby roll of manuscript, read it then and there, and within another few weeks had produced with great success her new spectacular pantomime called "The Dance in Hades"—a sketch pantomime built on the old classic of "Orpheus and Eurydice," the episode in which the heroine is followed by the lover within the gates of the inferno. Here, amid the flames, watched by the three-headed dog that guards the infernal gates, Miss Fuller dances—at her dead author's command.

It was that same command—a voice from the dead—which caused the break in her speech to her hospital visitor.

"In my extremity"—and this is her strange story: At the height of Ida Fuller's European career as a dancer, Richard Wyeth, the gifted son of an American millionaire, was in the final stages of slavery to drugs.

But when the madness induced by morphine and the frenzy caused by cocaine were upon him he wrote

playlets and pantomimes, embodying his strange fancies. In his home in Philadelphia, in his apartment at Passy, near Paris, in his house at Shepherd's Bush in London, when the fiends assailed him he wrote, and what he wrote was as wild as those frenzies, as terrible as the visions wrought by his drug-tortured nerves.

He met Ida Fuller when London and Paris were marveling at the embroideries she wrought with human figures amidst the illusions of fire. One day the quaking, white-faced man who had lived in the same apartment house, called upon her in London.

"I have written a playlet for you," He thrust a roll of soiled white paper into her hand.

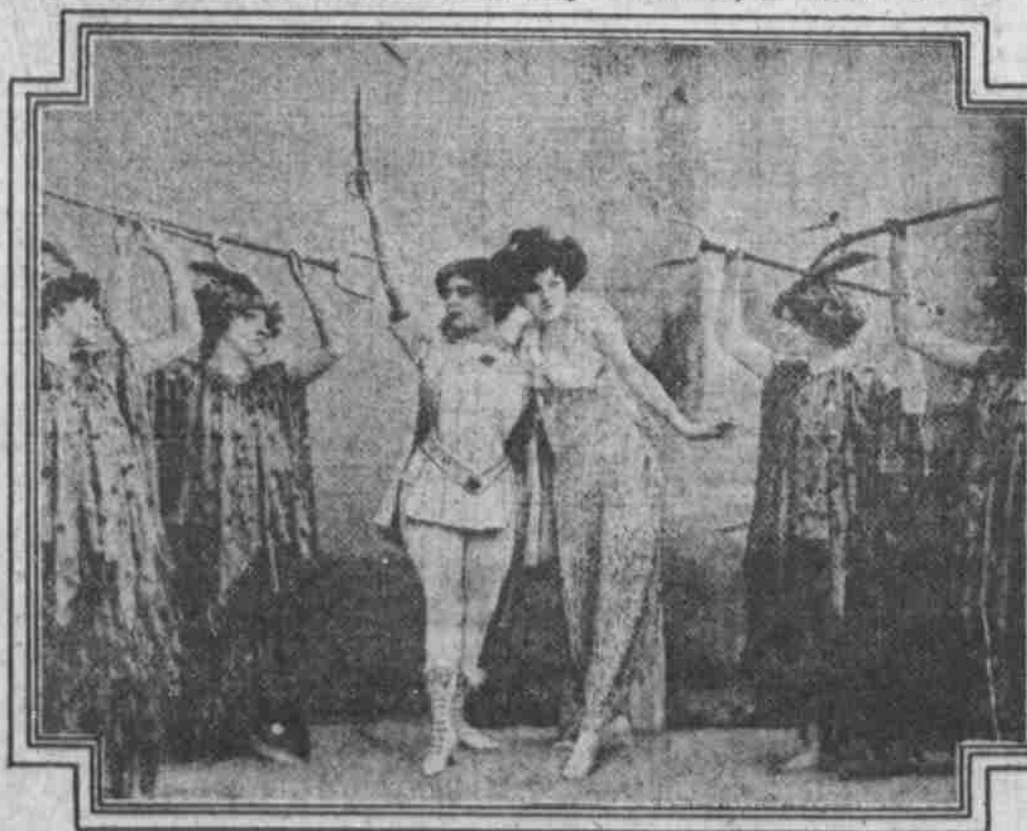
Miss Fuller looked politely indif-

ferent. The unfortunate man read her glance.

"You don't believe in it," he said, "but remember, sometime, in your extremity, you will produce it, and it will be the greatest success of your career." She never saw him again. Three months later she read of the sudden death of the doomed man in his native land. She sent a cable of sympathy to his wife and in her busy, successful, crowded life forgot the man with the chalk-white face and the strange, strained eyes. The soiled roll of paper lay in the bottom of an old trunk in the attic of her London home, forgotten.

Five years later, "in her extremity," she remembered it—at the dead author's command. And it has done for her all that he promised it would.

Orpheus Rescuing His Bride from the Imps of Hades, in Miss Fuller's Dance



Ida Fuller as Eurydice.



Miss Dorothy Kane, Who Kept a Watchful Eye on Young Mr. Baker While Her Sister Was Away.