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MILLIONAIRE PAPAS' LATEST CRUEL BLOW AT THE CHORUS GIRL.

How the SNOOPER Has Taken the Place of Disinheritment and Sanitariums to Keep Son From Even Getting a Chance to Pop the Question.



By Ethel Amorita Kelly
(One of the Sufferers)

This is Miss Kelly.

Of course getting married's a business these days. If Love comes in with Billy Boy and Betty Girl and stays there, all right. That's quite nice. But Billy Boy and Betty Girl, if they just don't keep getting each other's goat all the time, can do mighty well without Love-Star-Boarder. In fact, it's conceivable that B. Boy and B. Girl, other things being equal, are a lot better off without him. Two's company and three's a crowd, and Love-Star-Boarder is often a whole big crowd. If Billy marries Betty without really loving her, you can bet he has better reasons than if he did love her.

She has a little way with her, maybe; ability to entertain, charm, beauty, wit. She's a wise little person who can run house smoothly and to Billy's financial and social advantage. Believe me, no man ever exchanges the wedding ring unless it's for value received. If Betty marries without love, other things being equal, she does it for luxuries, peace, comfort, ambition—and if she's wise she plays the game square and doesn't stack the cards against her partner. I can see how with Love-Star-Boarder left out there isn't likely to be any big quarrels, friction, sordid, green-eyed jealousies, scandals and divorces. Why should there be if both play the game right and haven't that awfully disturbing element of too much caring—it's usually piffle and vanity anyway—to set 'em at each other. That's all right. So far I heartily agree with Millionaire Papa's business-like outlook on Sonny's matrimonial venture.

It's a business proposition. Here is Papa, with all his business training and his money on one side, and here is little Chorus Girl Betty, with her face and figure and femininity on the other side. Love is, after all, mainly a desire for possession. It's up to Little Betty to stimulate it; it's up to Papa to stamp it out. That's the whole proposition in a nutshell.

Now that holds true of any woman trailing down a millionaire's son. Why does the fierce limelight of battle centre on Little Chorus girl Betty, and why is she having a harder and harder time all the time to get away with it? Well, listen.

In the first place, the Chorus Girl jells away from the herd. That shows some independence. After she gets in the heat of the footlights she asks herself, "What am I going to do for myself?" There are only two answers, if she's ambitious. If she's a genius and got a real rabbit's foot, maybe she gets to be a star, with a fine, plump salary. Or maybe she can become the bride of Billy, the Millionaire's Darling.

That's about all. Yet, stay, stop, look and listen. Only one out of a thousand gets to be a star. And there aren't enough millionaires' sons to go round among the other nine hundred and ninety-nine. What exceptional ability must Betty have to rope and throw Gold-Edged Billy! And not only must she be able to rope Billy, but she has to fight against the increasing villainies of Papa.

This worked for a time. Look at poor Mae Murray, the original Brinkley girl. In the first faint flush of dawn and hope she ran away with William Schwenker, the son of the millionaire brewers' supply man. And what did she do? Starved! Had to cook poor little meals on a gas stove and went back to the stage again. Look at dear Dessa Gibson. What did dear Dessa do? She was an original Florodora-er, and she ran away with Draper Dougherty, son of Millionaire Harry M. Dougherty, of Cincinnati, O. And here is Dessa now, who was the prettiest bathing girl on the stage, slaving out her life on a Texas ranch, miles away from water! And Bessie Van Ness, perfectly splendid Bessie. She ran away with George Mulligan, son of the millionaire New York contractor. And I hate to tell what Bessie had to go up against!

It was cruel—but we met it like heroes. We really made good as poor men's wives. And Sonny actually proved a capacity for work. This was very hard on the family. Besides, Millionaire Mamma was all set up with Baby Billy away from her. Little babies made a lot of difference, too. Millionaire Daddy had to try a new line.

He did. Oh, girls, the perfidy of these plutocrats! "Very well," he said, "after all, love is insanity. When my boy gets hanging around a stage door I'll just put him in the dippy house—the sanitarium, you know—until he gets over it. If he marries the girl before I can get him I'll kidnap him and put him away, and prove by experts he hadn't brains enough to marry; pay off the girl, if I have to, and get Sonny a divorce or an annulment."

And that's what he did. It's what they call in Wall Street a coup—they say "Koo." Koo to cure a coo, you know. Forgive the bitter jest!

There was poor Betty Chapman, of the copper-colored hair. Daddy H. Clay Pierce, of the Standard Oil Company, fixed it for son Roy when he came home and said he had married Betty. Away went Roy, torn shrieking from his food wife's arms, and sank miserably into a sanitarium. And while Roy was there getting over his innocent little habit of smoking thirty cigarettes a day, Father went and had Betty's marriage annulled.

Then there was Edna Loftus. Stunning girl. Edna! Harry Lustrom was just lattesawny over her. Harry was a millionaire's son, of Cincinnati, O. But Mamma Rheinstrom played the same game as Papa Pierce, and all the rest of the unnatural parents, and, when she found Harry had married dear old Edna, she shot him off to a sanitarium. Some Ohio farmers put him there after mamma had testified that Harry had squandered \$10,000 on presents for his fiancée! Of course they brought him in crazy after that.

NOT long ago the ranks of the chorus were the world's best marriage market. Peaches and pippins were daintily displayed there just as they are in the stalls of any first-class shop. Millionaire's sons and peers' sons came to gaze and select. Many of America's now richest ladies were picked from the chorus mart. So were dozens of England's now noblest dames.

There came quite recently a change over the spirit of things. Instead of forgiveness there was disinheritment for son-who-married-the-chorus-girl. Instead of the house-warming and all the garnishes for maintenance there came forcible taking away of son from the bride and incarceration in sanitariums.

Instead of the fatted calf being slaughtered, a body of alienists sat upon son's ability to enter into a legal marriage contract. Alienist is a splendid word, because invariably they alienated love's young dream from its object. And instead of a rose-lined future for the chorus-girl bride there was annulment or divorce!

In fact, the chorus girl's interesting and lucrative industry of marrying millionaires' sons suffered a decline.

Therefore Broadway was thrilled last week by the news that Adolphus Busch, III, of the enormously rich brewing house, had fallen in love and was going to marry Ethel Amorita Kelly, the pretty dancer, who has been entertaining American millionaires' families by dancing at their dinners and receptions since she was eight, and who is now playing First, the dancer, in "The

Winsome Widow," at Ziegfeld's Moulin Rouge.

How had Miss Amorita Kelly beaten the millionaire combination? we asked her.

"How on earth can a man propose to you when you're never allowed to be alone with him?" she said.

We were astounded! Was a new perfidy, a new conspiracy of the millionaire against the chorus girl to be revealed? The question was put to Miss Kelly.

"Indeed, yes," she said. "I know all about it. I have given the philosophy of the matter much thought. If I tell you it I will have to be astonishingly frank! Perhaps too frank to print!"

"Go as far as you like," we said, "in so important a sociological matter there cannot be too much frankness."

"Well, then"—said Miss Kelly.

"How Every Millionaire Papa's Doing It, Doing Us, Doing It Now."

Harry hadn't a chance.

That was a bad blow for us stage girls—the sanitarium. It drove off many a Billy Oodles o' Money, and drove a lot of us to marrying plain business men.

Then, all at once, Millionaire Daddy found out that it was a kicking gun he was using. Roy Pierce, declared by the experts too loose in the garret to have really married Betty Chapman, runs away and marries papa's stepdaughter, which was what papa had wanted all along. No alienists called in there—well, believe me, no. But when did Roy get the garret furnished enough to play a safe and sane marriage game? asked everybody.

And now we come to the latest, cruellest, most brutal and atrocious move of sonny's millionaire papas against us Stage Girls. The wicked old rascals got their heads together again, and the result is—THE SNOOPER!

What is THE SNOOPER? THE SNOOPER is the animated tag that sonny carries around with him everywhere, and which deprives him of two-thirds of the rights set out in the Declaration of Independence—liberty and the pursuit of happiness. The latter is US.

It hurts me to have you ask if I am engaged to Adolphus Busch, 3d, of St. Louis. Why, Adolphus never had a chance to propose to me unless he had wanted to make a stump speech on Broadway when he did it. We never had a minute alone. The SNOOPING system worked too well for that. "Adolph, Adolph everywhere, but not a chance to pop!"

"Two's company, three's a crowd," said wise old millionaire daddy. "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure." And so sonny doesn't move a step nowadays without a social detective close by his side. The social detective may be his valet, or his groom, or his best friend, or a perfectly congenial chap who's been introduced to him quite by accident—"accident!" It makes me laugh. Oftentimes it's all four and more besides. Daddy has ranged all that. The game is let sonny be by himself for a minute with any of us charming but dangerous young people. Daddy thinks of us as pretty cats ready to catch sonny in our claws. Then, when sonny is ready to carry us to a minister's, daddy gives a yank at sonny's

and the nice chap goes about with him, plays golf with him, or billiards, or walks the Great White Way with him. And when he tires of this chap, he's introduced to another, who trails around with him. Who are these men? Social detectives, as sure as you're born. They see to it that sonny is never alone.

If he takes a fancy to go motor-ing, it's never in a nice, comfy, spooony runabout, with a seat just wide enough for two. Oh, no! Master Millionaire has a touring car with two or three seats, and each one wide enough to stuff a whole family of six into it. He doesn't take the girl of his heart out for a spin. He takes a party on an excursion.

If son wants to go to the theatre, he never sneaks away by himself. Not he. He has to make up a party, and if there's a girl that makes his heart jump by a glance he invites her to the party—and that's all.

His correspondence is censored. If the valet doesn't attend to it, a secretary does; and this secretary has the authority, given by father, to forget to mail letters, or to mail them in papa's desk, where papa reads them and chuckles over them; or swears about them, after business hours, according to his temper.

There's been a lockout of chorus girls. Wealthy papas have struck. What will be the result? I don't know. The armor plate is getting thicker. Girls, we must look to our guns!



"Daddy thinks of us as pretty cats ready to catch sonny in our claws. Then, when sonny is ready to carry us to a minister's, daddy gives a yank at sonny's coat tails—which have been in his hands all the time—and sonny finds he can't get away with us, after all."

And just to add a bit of realism, this photograph is one of Miss Kelly in a Kitty costume.