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## THE BATTLE OF THE BLONDES

"Stand Aside Brunettes! It's Our Turn Now!" The Battle Cry in the Unique War Now Being Waged in Paris Which Has Revealed the Enormous Fortunes Showered Yearly Upon the Gay French Capital's Acknowledged Queens of Beauty



**Monna Delza** the Celebrated Paris Stage Beauty in the Blonde Ranks, Who Acknowledges That Her Dress Account Alone Amounts to \$40,000 a Year.

Paris, March 28. NEVER in the history of the gradual emancipation of women from the form of bondage naturally imposed by their sex have the possibilities of beauty's independence in modern society received such emphasis as underlies the current "Battle of the Blondes," which centres in this world's capital of beauty.

It may be news to untravelled Americans, but it is none the less a fact, that in the other great European cities, as well as in Paris, conspicuous feminine beauty publicly displayed—as on the stage—attracts valuable tributes which may be accepted without any loss of self-respect. These are voluntary offerings placed on beauty's shrine as acts of personal homage to natural gifts which give pleasure to all beholders. They bring luxury and independence to popular stage favorites, and enable the "prize beauty," during the period of her reign, to accumulate a fortune.

That is the capital prize which the blondes are now struggling to wrest from the hands of the brunettes, whose great champion—the ill-fated Lanthelme—held it for so long. As Lanthelme seemed to have no worthy successor in the ranks of brunette beauty the blondes have entered the field with the lovely and fascinating Mlle. Dorgere for their standard bearer.

Standing on almost the same plane of eligibility for the capital prize are the popular stage beauties, Mlle. Monna Delza and Mlle. Dastry. But though they are rivals for the first prize they are uniting their influence against the brunettes, of whom Mlle. Renouardt is at present the most redoubtable. If either Mlle. Dorgere, Mlle. Delza or Mlle. Dastry should gain a signal victory over Mlle. Renouardt, so much the better for all the blondes; the brunette tradition would have to yield to a new regime, with the chief honors and spoils safe for the rarer reigning type.

At the present moment it is difficult to foresee what the outcome will be. The battle is being prosecuted with vigor, and has separated the interested public into two distinct camps. The theatres where the blonde leaders appear are almost deserted by adherents of the brunette cause, and vice versa. The two camps have not yet resorted to such hostile measures as that of sending delegates to hiss performances by the leaders of the opposition, but it is noticed that purchasers of photographs confess their allegiance in that way quite as plainly as in the choice of the theatres which they patronize—the gilded youth and the

rich old beaux of Paris buy photographs of blondes or of brunettes, rarely of both.

"The latest of Mlle. Dorgere" is the demand of a well-known banker, or a fabulously rich Russian noble exile, to the astonishment of the dealer, who remembers having sold him dozens of Lanthelme poses.

"I am desolated, monsieur," says the dealer, "but my supply of Dorgere poses is exhausted. Of new poses of Mlle. Renouardt, however—"

"Au revoir, madame, but I stand with the blondes." And out walks a good customer who formerly had no such prejudices respecting the coloring of stage beauties.

The sale of rights in their photographs is a source of great revenue to these beauties. But in other ways, too, the blondes are already gaining materially by their battle with the brunettes. Respectful tributes to



Mlle. Dorgere, Acknowledged Leader of the "Battle of the Blondes" to West the Rich Tributes to Beauty, Which the Paris Beaux and Gilded Youth So Willingly Pay, from the Brunettes, Who Have for So Long Had the Lion's Share. She is Photographed in One of Her Most Fascinating Stage Poses.



A French Cartoon Symbolizing the Respectful but Valuable Tributes Which Are Showered Upon the Reigning Stage Beauties.



Mlle. Dorgere, Photographed as She Appeared at an Afternoon Reception. Her Pearl Necklace is Said to Have Cost \$8,000.

their beauty in the shape of jewels, automobiles, furs, luxuriously appointed apartments, tables services of monogrammed silver and china and inexhaustible accounts at favorite dressmakers and milliners are flow-

ing in the direction of blonde beauties who never before received more than a diamond brooch in a bouquet. No male resident or visitor to Paris can occupy a position too exalted to bar him from worship at

beauty's shrine. Royal princes, even kings, on the contrary, have seemed to consider it especially incumbent upon them to be the chief payers of tribute. Miserly as he was, the late King of Belgium heaped favors upon most of the prominent stage beauties of his time. It will be remembered how King Manuel of Portugal entered into rivalry with Alfonso of Spain in rendering luxurious the life of Mlle. Monna Delza, and remained a victor on that field until the rising fame of Gaby Deslys lured him and his valuable favors in that direction.

Referring to Monna Delza, an example of the profit of being an acknowledged stage beauty is found in her recently published statement, with details drawn from her own experience, that it is impossible for a fashionable woman to dress on an allowance of less than \$40,000 a year. This is exclusive of jewels and the

Mlle. Dastry, Another Paris Stage Beauty, Who is a Standard-Bearer for the Blondes.



and her costume described in detail.

As for the capital prize for which the blondes are battling, it means retirement, eventually, on the income of a fortune greater than that of many a royal prince. In jewels, equipages, houses and lands, furnishings, art objects and accounts at the dressmaker's and milliner's it may amount to anywhere between \$50,000 and \$100,000 a year.

### ONE YEAR'S TRIBUTES TO ONE BEAUTY

1 Pearl necklace	.... \$9,000
Diamonds, rubies and emeralds, set in rings	4,500
Brooches, bracelets, etc	1,800
1 Limousine automobile	5,000
1 Touring car	5,000
1 Electric runabout	600
1 Silver table service	2,000
Wine cellar stocked	5,000
Dressmaker's account	30,000
Milliner's account	8,000
Lingerie account	2,000
Furs	20,000
Miscellaneous gifts	2,000
<b>Total</b>	<b>.... \$92,000</b>

After a reign lasting four years, this particular beauty—a typical case among at least a score—converted most of her jewels into cash and retired to her own chateau, not fifty miles from Paris, with an income of 100,000 francs—\$20,000.

Victory for the blondes may mean an era of even greater prosperity for publicly recognized beauty.

Science declares that the blonde type will continue to grow more and more rare, for the reason that it can persist through generations only in cold and cloudy climates, which mitigate pigmentation produced by the sun's rays. More and more humanity flecks to the great cities, and nearly all of these are in comparatively warm and sunny climates, favorable to the production of the brunette type.

All of which adds to the importance of the present struggle for recognized supremacy of blonde beauty.

"Vive la Blonde!" cries one Paris camp.

"Vive la Brunette!" cries the other camp.

There is no chance of its being a "drawn battle." That would be contrary to the Parisian temperament. But which side will win—whether the blonde or the brunette champion will carry off the grand prize—as yet remains in doubt.

## What Becomes of Childhood's Idols

THE wonderful figures of our fancy, the heroes and heroines of the books we read and the pictures that delighted us in childhood, what becomes of them?

Most of them lived in the flesh and inspired the writer or artist before we read the pages or gazed at the picture. What has become of these models for the characters as familiar to us as the features of our mother's face? Vivian Burnett was the little boy who sat for that classic of childhood, "Little Lord Fauntleroy." Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett wrote the tender little story with her own little son in mind for the Little Lord and herself for his mother, whom he called "Dearest."

What has become of this little boy beloved for his white ruffled shirts, his velvet knickers, his blue sash and, above all, his long golden curls that "Dearest" loved to twist about her

slender white fingers. It is painful to relate that there aren't enough hairs left on top of the original Little Lord Fauntleroy's head to make a wilted looking curl.

The cruel truth is that the one time hero is bald. Worse than that he is that most unromantic of human beings, a bachelor.

Little Lord Fauntleroy is thirty-seven years old. How fast heroes grow up! He hates the character we all loved. He is so tired of hearing people say behind politely screening hands: "You'd never think of it to look at him, would you?" The crown of his hatred for the character was placed upon him at Harvard. It was a crown of thorns, for the Harvard students forced the young freshman to put on Little Lord Fauntleroy clothes and march around the campus in what he rudely termed "the blanked duds."

But when Little Lord Fauntleroy grew up he didn't grow very far. Like "Dearest," his

mother, he is considerably less than medium height. Mrs. Burnett, now sixty, lives in a country home at Plandome Park, Long Island, surrounded by gardens of blue flowers. Her mood matches the flowers, for she is heartily homesick for England, which is another disappointment for while the real "Dearest" was an American, the fictional one is an Englishwoman, and one is as sick of her exile as another. "Dearest," you remember, was slender. Mrs. Burnett isn't.

You will have to go to Newark to see the child who inspired "Helen's Babies." The original of the tricky elves who harassed their relatives is a sedate young woman who earns her living by lecturing to the women employees of a large department store. Faith Habberton, daughter of John Habberton, the author of "Helen's Babies," lives with her parents at Westfield, N. J. Mr. Habberton still lives but his health is precarious.

many other expenses of a reigning beauty.

But it must not be supposed that the generous individuals who provide most of the means of all this luxury as a voluntary beauty tribute receive no personal recognition in exchange. Their personal reward comes in subtle ways which appeal to the pride of every fashionable Parisian. They take their turns being seen riding or driving with her in the Bois or in being the guest of honor at her little dejeuners and petit soupers, or in having the entrée to her afternoon receptions and "five o'clocks."

Better still, the knowledge that hundreds of Frenchmen read enthusiastically in the "causerie," or newspaper gossip, how the Marquis X., the Viscount Z., or the Banker T. "was observed yesterday at Longchamps as the cavalier of Mlle. A. B. or C., the real name of the beauty in question being printed