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IS LOVING HER THE WORST OF 'HOODOOS'?

Amazing Series of Misfortunes Which Relentlessly Pursues the Men Who Have Loved, Admired or Been Closely Associated with Miss Pauline Frederick, the Peerless Beauty

ANCIENT legends speak of beauty that was attended by a curse. We have come, perhaps, to regard "the fatal gift of beauty" as a jest, but right in the heart of the gay life of New York is one who appears to possess it unmistakably.

Miss Pauline Frederick has been pronounced on good authority the most beautiful woman on the American stage. She is not only beautiful, but sweet, charming, lovely, sympathetic. A long list of prominent men who have experienced her charm and magnetic influence have suffered every kind of misfortune, varying from financial ruin to death.

So persistent has misfortune been among those men who have admired Miss Frederick, or at least have been closely associated with her, that those who know her declare that "loving her is the worst of hoodoos."

Tom Thorne, a fellow player in "The Fourth Estate," committed suicide. E. R. Thomas, the gay young millionaire who assisted her producing "The Little Gray Lady," was parted from his beautiful wife and terribly injured in an automobile accident. Wilbur Bates, a prominent theatrical man, lost his wife and his position after a brief association with her.

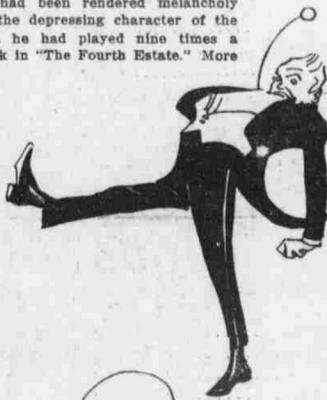
And now comes the news that her husband, Frank M. Andrews, one of the most brilliant young architects in New York, is in business difficulties.

The ill luck of Miss Frederick's associates is the more remarkable because she has been singularly fortunate in her own enterprises.

In three years she rose from the humblest place in the stage arm to the proud position of star. Five years after her first appearance she was voted at the Actors' Fund Fair the most popular actress in America. Before her Lillian Russell and Maxine Elliott were considered the leading beauties of the stage. At a meeting of the Dramatists' Club Pauline Frederick was declared the queen of American beauty. Harrison Fisher, the artist, who is certainly one of the best judges of womanly beauty, has pronounced her to be the purest type of beauty in the country.

Three years ago she and Thomas Thorne, a clever young actor whom nearly everybody addressed as

"Tommy," were playing in "The Fourth Estate." Thorne was only twenty-five years old, the descendant of a noted English stage family and already on the high road to success. All who saw this play, written by the multimillionaire, Joseph Medill Patterson, will remember the young man's grim characterization of the imaginative young poet reporter, who was so profoundly depressed by his first assignment, the suicide of a woman who could no longer "endure the ghastliness of life." One morning "Tommy" Thorne was found dead in his room. He had hanged himself. A few said he had been rendered melancholy by the depressing character of the part he had played nine times a week in "The Fourth Estate." More



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shook their heads and were silent. But members of the company said quite frankly:

"The boy was hopelessly in love with the leading woman. He knew she was about to be married. He knew there was no chance for him. He believed he could not live without her and he ended his troubles in this way."

Miss Frederick moved in a graceful, stately way, onward in the path of her fixed ambition.

Wilbur E. Bates, long associated with a powerful theatrical firm, met her. She reminded him that he had been a classmate of her uncle's in Boston. He undertook to further her theatrical fortunes. His wife, the beautiful Spanish fencer, Jaquarina, resented with all the fervor of her nature her husband's admiration for his college mate's beautiful niece. Mr. Bates assured her she was unreasonable. He unkindly said that every woman becomes panticky at sight of a beauty. The breach widened. After a year of domestic hostilities Mrs. Bates impulsively brought suit for divorce. Something to the bewilderment of each, it was granted. The theatrical world knew Wilbur Bates no more.

When a second company of "The Little Gray Lady" was organizing for a tour of the West and South the question of finance became a poignant one. E. R. Thomas, the meteoric young multimillionaire, they remembered, was a patron of the arts, and had several times financed dramatic and operatic productions. Mr. Thomas was summoned for first aid to the ailing organization. He

beheld Miss Frederick's beauty. He financed the production, and shortly afterward Mr. Thomas complained, as Mr. Bates had done, that his wife, too, was unreasonable. But Mrs. Thomas proved less unreasonable than Mrs. Bates. The former beautiful Linda Lee, herself a famed beauty from Kentucky, met and herself admired Miss Frederick. Great beauties can afford to be generous and magnanimous.

But misfortune dogged Mr. Thomas. After a panic he confessed judgment for one and a quarter million dollars. The judge signed an order garnishing his income, permitting him the use only of a third of it until all the debts had been paid. It would take many years, perhaps his full lifetime, to pay them.

That blow would have seemed overwhelming to one of the young turfman's princely tastes but a greater misfortune awaited him. In an automobile wreck near Paris he was injured and crippled for life. Later his wife sued for, and secured, a divorce.

Yet this was in no sense Miss Frederick's fault. It was merely a coincidence.

Three years ago Miss Frederick married. The husband her beauty won was Frank Andrews, a very brilliant architect, who designed many great skyscrapers and whose business associate was Charles P. Taft, brother of the then President, William H. Taft.

Mr. Andrews obtained a divorce and seven days later he and Miss Frederick went to New Jersey where they were quietly married. Shortly

afterward she forsook the stage, as she then said, forever.

A period of the greatest artistic productiveness for Mr. Andrews followed. Under the inspiration of his second marriage he did the best work of his life. With the most beautiful face recently seen on the American stage close beside him, and with one of its sweetest voices reminding him that architecture is frozen music and that she was more intensely proud of his achievements than of anything she had ever done on the stage, he designed the Hotel McAlpin in New York.

There fashionable women went to drink tea and to admire the rare, soft blendings of colors in the mural decorations.

"They say his love for his wife was his inspiration for this work," cooed the tea drinkers. "She is one of the most beautiful women in America and he's just crazy about her."

So they said. What they are now saying is different. They have separated and are saying all sorts of unkind things about one another now. Mr. Andrews' ambitious business plans have all gone wrong. He drew up plans for the

New Equitable building which would have been the biggest skyscraper in area in the world. To build this would have been the biggest architectural undertaking of the day, but owing to a quarrel with multi-millionaire Dupont the Andrews plans were never carried out.

Mr. Andrews is not only separated from his wife and his firm in the hands of a receiver, but he has serious trouble with another actress, Mrs. Ruth L. Trufant, who is bringing a \$50,000 breach of promise suit against Henry G. Williams, proprietor of the Hotel York.

Mrs. Trufant alleges that Mr. Andrews made ardent love to her and sought to part her from Mr. Williams.

Mrs. Trufant wished Mr. Andrews to appear for her in her suit and tell the Court how much he had loved her. Mr. Andrews showed a shyness about doing this, thinking that it might add to his many troubles.

Dear-heart: It doesn't get any easier, and I find myself trying to keep away from myself as one avoids a disagreeable person. Your absence is an irreconcilable thing. I cannot, and never will, grow used to it. . . . I want you here with me. I confess it, and

if I could wade out into mid-ocean and seize you from the boat the manner and promptness of your going would make people sit up and take notice.

I spent all last night at the club, leaving there this morning at 6 o'clock. Know I could not sleep for longing for you. Why can't I take your dear, kind face in my hands and look into your eyes and read what there is for me? Do you love me any more than him? With all your heart do you miss me? Do you want me there at your side? . . . Please answer all these questions, my sweetheart. I love you with all my heart. I miss you as I cannot express. I want you every moment. I am sad and unhappy. FRANK.

To return to the brilliant but tragic story of Miss Pauline Frederick. On the horizon appears another admirer, a multimillionaire bachelor whose heart has hitherto been regarded as impregnable. The stage and society are equally interested in the question, will the hoodoo that pursues Miss Frederick's admirers perch on him too?

A line in the play "Joseph and His Brethren," in which she played Potiphar's wife, describes that character thus: "Many men have loved her and evil has overtaken them all. I know one who died."



Miss Pauline Frederick as She Appears in Her Latest Photograph.

PHOTO BY SAGONY, N.Y.