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SO DIFFERENT FROM THREE WEEKS

Revealing the Writhing, Loving "Isabella," the Snake, and the Interesting Contrasts in the First and Latest Romances of "Baby Paul," Elinor Glyn's Famous Hero

PRINCE PAUL DE CLAIRMONT is the real hero of Elinor Glyn's famous "Three Weeks." Prince de Clairmont, who is now in New York, where he has had troublesome experiences equally as thrilling as those which occurred to him in London, vows that he is the hero. He says that Mrs. Glyn ran across his story, submitted the proofs of the novel to him, and that he was forced to cut out a number of passages to humanity's irrevocable loss.

You are introduced to Prince Paul de Clairmont because he is going to get married. This fact has already been mentioned in the newspapers, but the extraordinary difference between the love making in "Three Weeks" and this last romance has not been mentioned, nor have the interesting facts contained in this article and extracted from the Prince de Clairmont and Miss Elizabeth

How interesting will be this interesting pair! The Prince de Clairmont, if nothing else is a cosmopolitan. Miss Golden, of Haverhill, Mass., is NOT.

And then there is Isabella! At Haverhill, when not trimming hats, Miss Golden was a gentle minister to roses, hollyhocks and shrinking violets in her garden. The other parts of her life were not filled in with glittering dances and hobnobbing with nobility, ambassadors, mondaines and demi-mondaines, as has been the life of De Clairmont. Instead she brought comfort and peace to many a home that housed illness and poverty. Her house at Haverhill was furnished with the usually distressing New England severity. She has never seen the Tango!

On the other hand the Prince de Clairmont's apartment might have

been transported directly from Paris. There is no New England simplicity there. Every article speaks of the complex tastes of the French man of the world.

Prince de Clairmont greeted the interviewer with courtly courtesy. On one side was a beautiful Louis XIV. bed.

"Pardon me a moment," said the Prince, "I am afraid that Isabella is suffering." He strolled to the bed. Horrors! Who was Isabella? What had the interviewer discovered that might conceivably stop the course of the Golden romance. Had she discovered anything?

Yes, indeed, Isabella was far worse than she could have ever expected! Prince Paul went to the



"One had a swift vision of the Prince sleeping placidly with his darling pet raising up its whole dreadful length and the Haverhill spinster, now the Princess de Clairmont, peeping in horror around the door! Isabella would surely seem to her to touch the ceiling!"



Miss Elizabeth Golden who, Though So Different from the Heroine of "Three Weeks," Will Marry "Three Weeks' Hero.

Golden, his fiancée, been told.

Instead of a Three Week's queen, Paul's choice has fallen upon a simple Yankee spinster, old enough to be his mother—she is fifty-four, he is twenty-seven.

The heroine of the febrile novel was a Slav. The woman the romance-possessed Paul is to marry is from Haverhill, Mass., and lived there until eight years ago. Thereafter she dwelt in Boston, for it was only a year ago that she ventured as far as New York.

The romance of the book was unselfish, hazardous, impetuous. The last one of its heroes culminates in his own cool, cigarette-illuminated statement: "She has been very generous in her settlements to me. I receive \$25,000 a year and a lump sum of \$30,000."

The Queen in the book desires an heir to her throne. The present heroine admits that her great ambition is to be presented to the English Court, and that she also likes the idea of a title, and both privileges her bridegroom-to-be has promised her.

Miss Golden is the last of the Golden family. Her father, Patrick Golden, made a fortune in real estate. She has killed time for years by work in a millinery establishment because she liked that form of art. It is on record that the Three Weeks' queen ever trimmed a hat.

The Queen was married to a King, and worry about wealth didn't enter into her existence. Miss Golden has long been suspicious of fortune hunters. John Ryan, a dry goods store superintendent, was flitted after an engagement of several months because, she declared, he didn't love her, but was seeking capital with which to begin business for himself.



Prince Paul de Clairmont, "Baby Paul" of the Book, in Cunning Costume.

bed, and patted the pillow affectionately.

"Come forth, Isabella, my darling," he said.

But where was Isabella?

Prince Paul lifted the pillow. There, curled under the pillow was a six-foot snake.

"Come, forth, Isabella, my darling," he said.

"This!" said Prince Paul ceremoniously, "is my darling Isabella."

The Prince lifted Isabella from the bed, and, seating himself upon an excellent Louis XV. chair, placed Isabella upon his knee.

The interviewer sat in frozen terror.

"So, this is Isabella," she at last found the strength to murmur, in the classic phrases of Mayor Gaynor on being introduced to Tammany Hall. Isabella promptly shot up her length with disconcerting swiftness. It seemed as though she would never stop growing. She placed her flat head upon Prince Paul's cheek and kissed him rapturously with her little pointed red tongue.

"Yes, this is Isabella. She is so charming. I love snakes. Some people love cats, but I find the snake so wonderfully congenial and feminine. You see, I have removed her poison sacs, which," said the Prince, sagely, "you cannot always do with women."

"But will Miss Golden like her as well as cats?" said the interviewer.

"What I admire about Miss Golden is that she comes to my point of view so quickly. She will accept Isabella as she does all my other personal fancies," said the Prince.

He caressed Isabella reflectively. "Mrs. Glyn and I have been friends for a long time," he said. "Charming woman and very talented. She got the story by being on the scene when it took place."

"The queen's beauty and the scenes of the story are correct. Bullie Boy, the dog, was my own Pike. I must say, however, that the tiger skin was exaggerated out of its true importance. For one thing, I didn't buy it. It was in the hotel rooms. And the time consumed by the romance was not three weeks but three months."

"I knew and loved her. Her name was Marie. I called her Queen Marie. The romance was very sweet and sad and final."

The Prince sighed and Isabella beat the air with her tail. "I was born in Russia. My father was Admiral of the British Navy, Paul Preston Arnott," he said, "a great friend of the late King Edward. This cabochon sapphire I am wearing was given to him by the King. My mother was the Princess Blanche de Clairmont of Russia. On my father's side I am a cousin, once removed, of the Duke of Norfolk. I am a widower. Seven years ago I married a Spanish lady. She is dead. I have a little daughter who is in England."

"But Miss Golden, ah, Miss Golden! We met at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel at a dinner," he said. "I was introduced to her by a fellow guest. I admired her because she was so different from the other women. She was dressed in something black. Oh, yes, it was quite leisurely. Nothing like Three Weeks. Many

women, many wooings, you know. Miss Golden refused me at first because she said I should marry a titled woman. 'You should marry a Princess,' she said, and for the first time we differed.

"The second time I was able to convince her that she was mistaken. She has honored me and we will be married early in September at the Cathedral. An Archbishop will perform the ceremony and my wife will travel with me with the sketch 'The Vendetta,' which I have written and will present, with my classical dances this season."

"Eventually we will return to London to live. I will open my house there. That is necessary in order to be presented at court, as I have promised Miss Golden."

"The disparity in our ages? Yes, I've considered that. It is of no consequence if she looks older. I admire older women myself. I have always admired them. The older woman can guide a man's career out of the shoals."

"Miss Golden is beautiful simplicity itself," smiled "Baby Paul." "She has been here a year and has given away thirty thousand dollars. Everyone who asked got."

"Would you like Isabella to kiss you good-by?" asked the Prince.

"I met him at a dinner at the Waldorf-Astoria," she said. "I admired him at once. He looked so innocent and lonesome. I suppose he thought I looked lonesome, too. We saw each other quite often after that and he proposed. I told him to wait and think it over. Then something happened and I did not

see him for several months. In the meantime I had moved. He found me here and again he proposed. This time I accepted."

The "something" at mention of which Miss Golden winced, was the enforced stay of the "Baby Paul" of "Three Weeks" in the Tombs in New York.

He had been charged by a woman with stealing her watch. The Prince stayed in the Tombs because he could not get bail. The first jury disagreed; the second said "Not guilty."

"I don't know much about it, but I know he is a noble young man and wouldn't do anything dreadful at all. It was a cruel, frightful mistake."

The scrap of newspaper that recalled the ignominious event fluttered to her feet. Tears gathered in her eyes.

"It is awful," she breathed, in a hushed little voice. "What will my family think? I lived quietly at home all my life until my mother died, eight years ago. I've given my life to charities. I've never had my name in the paper except in lists of ladies in charge of bazaars and such things before."

She crossed her hands in a helpless hopeless movement. The flash of an emerald on her third finger, restored her courage.

"That has been in the De Clairmont family for three hundred years," she said. "All the brides wear it. He told me so."

As she sat there, spinster of fifty-four, from Haverhill, Mass., the thought of Isabella would not dawn. What would she do about Isabella—Isabella under the pillow? One had a swift vision of the Prince sleeping placidly with his darling pet raising up its whole dreadful length and the Haverhill spinster, now Princess de Clairmont, peeping in horror around the door!

It all seemed, indeed, so different from "Three Weeks."