

## Has A Chorus Girl A Heart To Lose?

"For Second Partial Defense:

**T**HAT prior to and all times mentioned in the plaintiff's complaint, the plaintiff was and still is, and was and is known to be, engaged in the theatrical profession as a dancer and singer in choruses, in that variety known as musical comedy, being what is commonly known as a chorus girl."

**S**IDNEY HENLEIN, a middle-aged bachelor, thus makes defense to a breach of promise suit brought by a young woman of twenty-two. Quite plainly he intimates that her affections cannot be lacerated, nor her heart broken, because she is a chorus girl. The implication is plain that a chorus girl cannot really love—has no heart to lose.

Miss Lavinia Mason, the niece and namesake of the well-known actress, Miss Lavinia Shannon, also of Miss Winona Shannon and of Giles Shine, takes quite a different view. Indeed, there is a hundred thousand dollars' worth of difference in their points of view.

Miss Mason says—in legal language are her words recorded:

"That by reason of such promise, made to her by the defendant, the defendant has inflicted upon her great bodily pain and suffering and mental anguish and distress.

"That by reason of the defendant's failure to carry out his said promise the plaintiff has become and now is, and will remain for the balance of her life, in a weakened condition of health, for by reason of the defendant's refusal as aforesaid the plaintiff's nervous system has been severely shocked and permanently injured, and she has become and now is and always will remain, nervous and hysterical.

"That by reason of the facts and matters recited the plaintiff has been damaged in the sum of one hundred thousand dollars (\$100,000)."

Because of this wide difference of opinion the courts of New York have been called upon to determine whether a chorus girl can love. The lawyers will not claim and the jury will not be asked to believe that the girls who trip the measures of musical comedy and who sing "Tra la la" in stated periods in the progress of the play, in costumes much decollete above and abbreviated below, have no physical hearts. The brightness of their eyes and the riling and fading color in their cheeks, without the aid of rouge, proclaim their possession of the pumping station that sends blood to all quarters of the body. But whether their hearts are attuned to love, can respond to it, can be broken by its loss, is what the New York courts must decide.

Is there anything in the atmosphere of the stage that prevents a heart fulfilling its function of love? Does the abbreviated skirt chill the heart as well as other parts of the body? Do stage draughts chill the affections? Does the chorus girl dance so continuously about a painted and bewinged hero, in knickerbockers and laces, that a more business man in all-concealing tweeds seems to her a poor, plain creature unworthy of love?

Can a chorus girl love or can she not? And, if she cannot, why not?

Broadway, the great highway of the merry-go-round, is unable to determine the question, will be glad to hear the answer of the courts. Upon the answer will depend the solution of many personal problems in which the hectic street has greatly concerned itself.

If the courts ask precedents, Broadway will be able to furnish interesting ones on both sides. Can a chorus girl love? Of course, she can. Broadway will answer and cite the case of Mae Murray. Miss Murray was in the chorus of the Follies atop the New York Theatre when William Schwenker, Jr., wooed and won her.

Troubles followed. They were many and sordid, and all caused by Papa Schwenker's delay in giving the nuptial blessing. There was a period of furnished room life on Park avenue, with the bride dancing around a gas stove instead of a handsome stage hero. The young man was sued for a wedding breakfast at Rector's that cost \$691 and for which obdurate papa refused to pay, and which the young man couldn't pay.

"My wife is very economical," boasted the young man, describing their furnished-room housekeeping.

Who would not be happy with such a wife? And who could deny, despite that matrimonial gas stove exercise, that chorus girls can love?

"And where is a loyalty to compare with that of Florence Huber?" Broadway will query.

Thomas Manville, Jr., son of the asbestos king, met, fell in love with and married Florence Huber in two days. He married her in two States to make the marriage doubly binding. Instead of admitting his son's Lochinvar methods, His Majesty of



**Mrs. Thomas Manville, Jr., Formerly Miss Florence Huber Whose Husband Was Disinherited for Marrying Her. Mrs. Manville Is Making More of a Man Out of Her Husband Than His Family Ever Did.**

Asbestos disinherited his son. Apparently Cupid's wings were singed, if not broken. The young man agreed to leave his fascinating bride. The bride went back upon the stage.

The King of Asbestos was so delighted that he wrote a ten-thousand-dollar check for his son for pin money. He settled upon him an allowance, the condition being that Son Tommy should not marry should the suit the bride had started for separation be successful. He was gratified at the young man's alacrity in making the promise.

"The boy's getting sense," said Father Manville.

Certainly he was learning economy. He saved most of his allowance to the end his father thought of going into business. And so it was, the business of life as Thomas Manville, Jr., sees it. For when the elder Manville sent his unwelcome daughter-in-law a check for \$50,000 for starting the separation suit, the young couple met, compared bank accounts and fled to Pittsburgh, where the young man has gone to work.

That, Broadway points out, is the climax of a love affair that began with a meeting in an all-night cafe and that for three years without the opposition of a relentless father-in-law. "Can chorus girls love? We should just think they could," Broadway summarizes.

Then arises some one. Some one always arises to contradict, on Broadway as elsewhere. To contradict is



**Mrs. William Schwenker, Jr., Who Was the Beautiful Mae Murray of the Broadway Stage.**



**"What a difference! Up at five o'clock in the morning! Sending husband off to the steel mills and yet they say a chorus girl can't love!"**

## What the Stars Promise for April

**T**HE lunation for April is very kindly disposed to both the ruling and the social powers, with the royal sign Leo in the ascendant, and the luminaries elevated in close proximity to Venus and going to a good aspect of Jupiter and Uranus.

These denote initiative in directive channels, and an attitude more confident and independent than usual will characterize the executive functions of government, whether local or national. It looks very much as if the time of "watchful waiting" will no longer be deemed an expedient in statecraft. Jupiter, sitting above Uranus in the house of diplomacy and international relationships, bespeaks a period of accomplishment and an arrangement amicable to all parties, else some especial dictation that will make for the dignity of the United States. The nation has naught to fear from either enemies or malcontents.

Municipally, however, hospitals, pe-

nal institutions and places of detention are afflicted by Mars and Neptune, with fires and other calamities in evidence; dereliction and malfeasance on part of officials connected therewith will come to the surface, and the criminal world itself be in a state of unrest and alertness. This is really the darkest point in the current lunar chart. There will be not a few suicides, and cases of poisoning and incendiarism will mark the calendar. The local district attorneys will make new records in prosecutions. One prominent personage in New York will be sent to Sing Sing prison.

The month opens with a storm period, rising temperature, barometric depression, and floods may be expected along the Mississippi valley; a much warmer wave around the 11-12th, heavy rains between that and the 16th, cooler around 19-21st, with the month going out under clearer skies and northwest winds.

Some special incidents on or near the following days:

April 1.—Some unusual activity in the State Department, and a Government complication adjusted between this and the 4th; an invention of world-wide interest announced in this period.

April 5-6.—An advancing market, and money centres benefited; preference to an Eastern church dignitary; diplomatic matters pleasantly circumstanced under a Jupiter regime.

April 14-15.—Two prominent weddings, one in the New York "smart set," another in the Washington official family. An assassination that shocks the country occurs hereabouts, also some riotous disturbances among the social agitators.

April 16.—Tempestuous weather, with Mercury crossing the equator. This is a very perturbed period in more ways than one, ending in a cold wave near the 21st, with furies of snow.

April 21.—The death of a legislator, illness in the Cabinet. Secretary Bryan's horoscope is much afflicted between now and the midsummer:

his tenure of office is very problematical.

April 22.—Some exciting times in the Stock Exchange, and the closing of a prominent bank is very probable. Jupiter this month assures a pleasant trend to the affairs of people born in the second week of February, April, June, October and December of any year; or in the last half of 1834, the Spring of 1855, the Fall of 1858, Summer of 1859, in 1862, 1864, the Winter of 1867, Summer of 1870 and Winter of 1871, Fall of 1874, Winter of 1879, Summer of 1882, Fall of 1885, 1888, Fall of 1893 and 1898, and Summer of 1903. General affairs are facilitated, and preference according to position and effort put forth.

An opposite condition of affairs in the activities of people born in 1848, the last half of 1854, Spring of 1855, Fall of 1861, Spring of 1862 and 1869, in 1877, Summer of 1884, Spring and Summer of 1891, Summer of 1894, in 1898, or Summer of 1906, or in second week of March, September, or November of any year.

### The Interesting Question Raised by Charming Miss Mason's (\$100,000 Suit--



**Before the Suit, Miss Mason and Mr. Henlein in an Attitude That Seems to Indicate Existence of a Heart.**

### and the Evidence For and Against

### "Why I Know a Chorus Girl Has a Heart" By CLARA MORRIS.

**I**N the third act of the "Critic" there is a line that used to cause much laughter at rehearsals: "Why, an oyster may be crossed in love." Now if, shut up between the hard shells and buried in the mud, an oyster still can love, why not a chorus girl? They really have much in common. They are both much runted. They both run principally to stomachs. Both are wild over pearls—one to get rid of, the other to obtain, them.

One chorus girl, whom I liked greatly, loved devotedly. "He" abandoned her. She grieved frantically. She neither ate nor slept. The third day she made a desperate attempt upon her own life. The doctor calculated that time for her was about fifty seconds from eternity. It was very dreadful, but twelve days later I saw her holding hands, under the tablecloth, with a weatherworn Western mining man. A wasted little face with shadowed eyes that turned tenderly toward the gold nuggets hanging from his cable watch chain!

Love? Of course chorus girls love—lots and lots of times.

And who can tell anything about any woman's heart? Some hearts break permanently; they stay cracked until death comes. Others break and stay cracked five years, two years, one year, a month. And still others break but fly back to their places again like a rubber band. And yet the pain of the breaking is the same in all.

But Mr. Henlein's defense implies that chorus girls have no hearts to break! Why?

I should say that the chorus girl has the biggest heart of all to break. Consider. The chorus is created to charm the eye, to soothe the souls of the gentlemen who gaze upon it. They do not need brains, although more than you think have them. All they need is looks, from little toes up to tip of head. Pretty looks, charming looks, alluring and entirely feminine looks.

The heart means emotions. The prettier one is and the more one depends upon prettiness to win bread and place, the more emotions one has. If a girl subordinates prettiness to law or art or business as a breadwinner, her emotions rapidly become less. Intellect rules, brain grows, heart shrinks. The chorus girl cannot subordinate prettiness—and so the heart keeps growing and growing.

It becomes more impressionable, bigger, more capacious.

And so, even though her heart gets broken, and broken again and again, she

still retains always a suffering heart to break.

Now naturally, being on show, when a chorus girl has more powder in her diamond monogram vanity box than her tip-titled nose requires, she does not hesitate to throw the remaining white dust into the stranger's goggling eyes—and the result?

But this is so of all walks in life. It doesn't prove that the chorus girl hasn't a heart.

Chorus girls are, after all, just like any other girls in all essentials.

And there is another phase of such matters outside the broken heart part of it.

The defendants in all such cases certainly liked to pursue, with a young and pretty girl, the fierce and wary lobster to his lair; liked to be pointed out as the reckless giver of flowers, slightly faded, being procured late, at a bargain.

These things expand their vanity, but fatten their pocketbooks. Usually they take fright, and, well—"Dear maid, 'tis time for us to part," quoth they.

But no "tears come stealing down their cheeks, another in their eyes," as per the old ballad. Instead, lawyers come stealing to the office with papers in a suit for breach.

And the gist of the whole matter is that the chorus girl is treated as though she has and is conceded to have a heart up to the time she sues. As soon as she does that cruel thing, it argues, the men say, that she has no heart.

I think the chorus girl has all the best of the argument. At the worst she can point to the place in her breast where the heart used to be and sing: "You made me what I am to-day. I hope," etc.

**Miss Mason of the Chorus Whose Heart Is in Question.**

