



Prince Pierre Troubetsky's famous painting of Mrs. Campbell, which attracted art attention throughout the world.

Mrs. Campbell and Cornwallis West

THERE has always been a great deal of interest in the circumstances of Mrs. Campbell's marriage to George Cornwallis West, whose first wife was the famous Jennie Jerome of New York.

Of Mrs. Campbell's first love, that deep, abiding, romantic affection for the gallant soldier "Pat," only the kindest things ever were said. And now we know the secret of her second love for the handsome and popular George Cornwallis West.

It seems that George West and Jennie Jerome were not as happily married as they might have been. But there was not even a close friendship between West and Mrs. Campbell. They met in their first closer relations during the negotiations between Mrs. Campbell and Mrs. West for the production of a play which Mrs. West had written, and which she had been unable to bring to the favorable attention of any established London producer.

During the rehearsals Mr. West and Mrs. Campbell met often. Suddenly Mrs. Campbell says quite simply—"and George and I fell in love with each other."

It was shortly after that Mrs. West obtained her divorce. There was a settlement between her and her former husband, and then West and Mrs. Campbell were married.



This is Mrs. Campbell and "Pinky" in the pose which caused so much censure during her visit to America. She was criticized for holding a dog where, it was said, a baby should have been. Those who censured her, however, knew little of her happy home life.



"Beo" and Stella, Mrs. Campbell's children.

By Mrs. "Pat" Campbell.
Chapter VII.

AT home my son was fretting for the lovely girl he had left in Chicago and I was troubled about him.

One sleepless night, after an especially long talk we had together, I went to his room and sat on his bed—his eyes were full of affection for me, and love and yearning for beautiful Helen. It was more than I could bear. I said, "Perhaps I could furnish you a little flat with some of the things from here—you would have to work hard, ever so hard—American girls only look up to men who work for them, and provide for them well and for their children." I kissed him and went back to bed.

In the morning early he came to my room and said with a smile, "Was it really you, Mother, who spoke to me last night, or was it an angel who sat on my bed?"

That day he cabled to Chicago that he would come. The day before he sailed a letter arrived from the American father saying he could not let his girl marry on such an income.

Beo only laughed and sailed away, full of hope and happiness.

In distress, I said to Stella, "They will break Beo's heart if they refuse." She kissed me with the words, "Don't worry, Mother, he will talk them over."

Within a fortnight came a cable: "Marry on the 25th. Mind you don't get a stuffy flat. Love Beo."

Stella and I set to, and we worked hard. Everything that could be spared from our little house we carried into the small flat we had found the other side of the square.

And they came—he, full of pride—she, all sweet loveliness and charm, delightful manners, and a witty way of expressing herself that won the heart instantly; and then there were her pretty clothes, her freshness and gaiety, that made Ken-

sington Square a garden of flowers. And so the courage and independence we encourage in our children by love for them is turned against our own better judgment. But it pans out gloriously in the end—this battle of life—and makes a man a man.

In July, 1909, I produced "His Borrowed Plumes," by Mrs. George Cornwallis West.

Jennie (Mrs. West, now Lady Randolph Churchill), at a luncheon party, had told me that a London manager had offered to produce the play for her for three hundred pounds. She read the play to me. I thought it had certain points and cleverness, and with ingenious production and good actors it might be pulled together. In any case it would be amusing, and a nice friendly thing to offer to produce it for her, and so I did.

After all, good plays only too often meet with a fortnight's run, and splendid plays, such as "Hedda Gabler," "Electra," "Pelleas and Melisande," "Beyond Human Power" and "Deirdre," with a few special matinees. Perhaps "His Borrowed Plumes" might attract the public! At the first performance everybody who was anybody, and who could procure a seat, was present.

The critics enjoyed themselves, the applause was of the heartiest, the play was looked upon as clever.

During the rehearsals of this play there was an amusing suggestion of patronage—George West offered to pay for my dresses, and was dreadfully uncomfortable at my horror and indignation. Jennie (his wife and the authoress), I fancy, imagined I must be producing the play and providing my frocks because it would be some sort of social "lift up" for me.

My unfortunate intolerance of all such nonsense showed itself quickly in my rebellion.

I do believe people who cannot be patronized are generally looked upon as "difficult." How that word has been thrust upon me!

And then in the foolish, unexpected way things happen in this world—this happened to me—George and I fell in love with each other.

It is far easier for men and women of the world to see through the glamour of an artist than for an artist to see through the glamour of the men and women of the world.

The artist is hampered by his or her

imagination; the worldly being is helped by his knowledge of world values.

I had smiled when a socialistic friend of mine spoke of the "smart world" as "those dear, dressed up spooks."

I thought however "spooky" they appeared their hearts were in the right place!

I was in love. I said little and I believed all George said to me.

Jennie's views of life were different from mine, and we never talked together seriously enough to arrive at the bedrock of the difficulty of her life with George.

In September, 1909, I played in a wickedly chopped to pieces play by De Brieux, called "False Gods," at His Majesty's.

I was always uncomfortable in my work at His Majesty's Theater. There was a strange mixture of mystery and domesticity and of bohemia and conventionality.

Sir Herbert Tree himself, the best character comedian of his day, a gentleman with a foreign manner, fantastic, graceful and appealing—melodramatic in tragedy, tiresome in *jeune premier* parts and in "Hamlet" a self-obsession that sent one to sleep.

When his feelings were hurt he blushed and looked bewildered, which was extraordinarily attractive.

There was a strange want of sequence in his acting and in himself a manner of not uninteresting disintegration.

His method in his work was for "flashes," and they very often came off, but neither the heart nor the mind was really held for more than an instant. He loved his profession deeply, independently of his own success, and his warm friendliness, enthusiasm and hospitality were most unusual. His saddest mood could be charmed away in a moment by a witty or funny remark. He hated ill manners and ugliness—youth and beauty led him like a lamb.

The gods were good to him, for he died unexpectedly in a moment, and many were left to mourn.

After "False Gods," which was not a success, Tree produced "Beethoven." With it I played "Expiation," a play rehearsed to precede "Beethoven," but on the opening night Sir Herbert decided it should come last.

Following the death of "Beethoven" and the Symphony a Russian spy story was impossible. I was told that Tree not only made his speech but the orchestra played "God Save the King" and the critics and most of the audience left the theater before my one act play commenced. I had paid three hundred pounds for it. Let us hope this story is an exaggeration.

In 1910 I went to America again. I had no engagement, only a strong desire to get away from England.

There was not only my own unhappy love affair but I was full of anxiety over Stella (Mrs. Campbell's daughter). She had made up her mind to marry a man I scarcely knew, who had lived in Africa for many years. Stella was so sure she was doing right in giving up her profession to live in Africa that I appeared her enemy in hesitating.

I thought it best not to "pull," so on a Saturday I made up my mind to sail, and on the Wednesday I had left Kensington Square for America, leaving Helen, Stella and Beo in charge.

I arrived in America without a maid and with £100 in the bank.

I telephoned to Norman Hapgood, saying: "Here I am. I have quite a good one act play and a lovely frock, and I would be glad of a vaudeville engagement. What shall I do?"

He said: "Ring up Albee, the head of the Vaudeville Circuit."

I rang up Mr. Albee and made an appointment.

Mr. Albee—one of those American men who make you feel "you are all right" and "he is all right"—saw me, and I told him I had an effective play, "Expiation," and that I had a beautiful dress. I remember it was a hand-knitted jumper of black silk and steel beads, tight fitting, edged with skunk, over black satin, and that I would play twice a day, and I wanted £500 a week. I knew nothing less would put me financially in any sort of order, and I also knew I would never play twice a day and travel on Sundays for any length of time.

Some other gentlemen came into the room during my interview with Mr. Albee, and they consulted together. Eventually it was decided that I should play for a week outside New York, and if I proved I was worth it they would engage me at the £500 a week for ten weeks. I played, and they were satisfied.

A cable came from George saying he would be in New York for a few days on his way to Mexico tarpon fishing with Major Duff and others.

I cabled for Beo, who arrived before George.

The sight of George tore my heart to ribbons. He seemed wretched and to care for me deeply; he went on to Mexico.

Helen was unhappy without Beo, so I sent for her, and she and I and Beo traveled together. Oh, those two performances! I had to kill a man twice a day and shriek, and it had to be done from the heart—the Americans see through "bluff" in a moment.

Helen and Beo, after many weeks, went to her people in Chicago, and I continued with my tour.

In Boston I remember some trapeze artists played before my "turn," and a man slipped as he jumped, and I heard the woman, who was ever so high up on a trapeze, say in a voice that went like a knife through my heart: "Darling, are you hurt?" I fainted.

Miss Waldron, who was with me, said: "Stella, you are in love!" She remembered how little I had cared about the pain when I had broken my knee. . . .

Then one day, I forget in which town, I was still alone, it was time to get up and think about the morning performance. I sat on my bed and found myself trying to look behind me without moving, and I thought, "I am mad." I rang the telephone, they sent up the hotel doctor—I tried to speak, it was impossible, I could only cry and cry and cry. He said, "No more acting, away to Canada, to St. Agathe des Monts, and stay there until your nerves are mended."

And I went, and there I remained alone—walking about that lovely place—canaries, not sparrows—sand, not earth—peace and beauty—glorious sunsets—no paths, planks of wood—fields of large white daisies with millions and millions of fireflies—the flat patches of water reflecting the sky. . . .

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As she first appeared in the United States.

Last week Mrs. Campbell told of receiving the news her beloved son, "Beo," had been killed at the front in France. She wrote at once to Bernard Shaw and told him what a beautiful letter of condolence had been sent her by her son's regimental chaplain. Here is Shaw's reply:

"10, Adelphi Terrace, W.C., 2.
7th January, 1918.

"Never saw it or heard about it until your letter came. It is no use: I can't be sympathetic; these things simply make me furious. I want to swear. I do swear. Killed just because people are blasted fools. A chaplain, too, to say nice things about it. It is not his business to say nice things about it, but to shout that the 'voice of thy son's blood crieth unto God from the ground.'

"To hell with your chaplain and his tragic gentleness! The next shell will, perhaps, blow him to bits; and some other chaplain will write such a nice letter to his mother. Such nice little notices in the papers! Gratifying, isn't it? Consoling.

"No, don't show me the letter. But I should very much like to have a nice talk with that dear Chaplain, that sweet sky-pilot, that . . .

"No use going on like this, Stella. Wait for a week, and then I shall be very clever and broadminded again and have forgotten all about him. I shall be quite as nice as the Chaplain.

"And oh, dear, dear, dear, dear, dearest!

"G. B. S."

In a widely published interview during her recent visit to America Mrs. Asquith remarked that she did not like American women because they asked such intimate questions—which gives interest to the following excerpt from Mrs. Campbell's memoirs:

The first time I met Mrs. Margot Asquith I was very young. I went to tea with her shortly after Pat's return from Africa. She pulled me down on a couch by her side, and said: "Tell me, dear, tell me, I am to be trusted, are you happy with your husband?" For some reason or other for quite a long time I thought this the funniest thing that had ever happened to me.

I always felt sure Margot Asquith, did I know her well, would peel my skins off one by one quickly and put a well-made crust of her own upon me. Life is too short for peeling off crusts and rearranging one's skins!