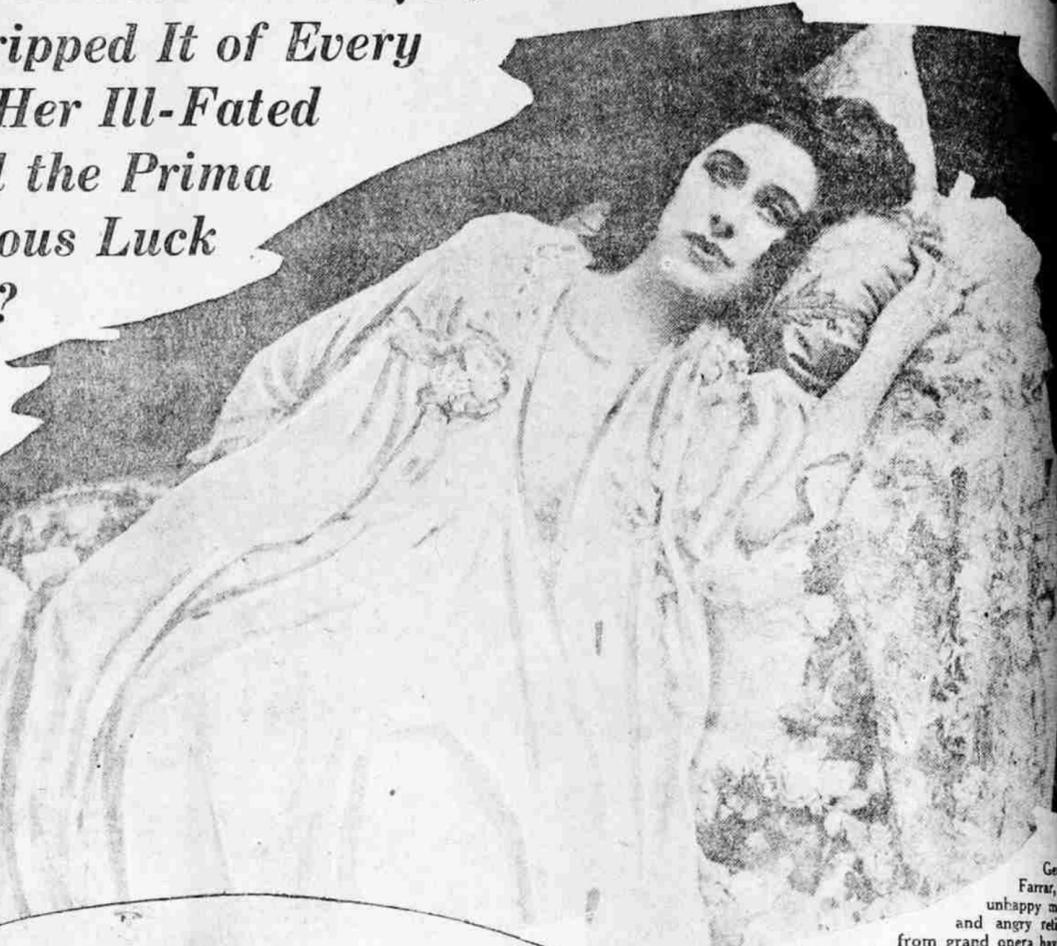


Geraldine Farrar and the Love Nest That's No More

Now She Has Stripped It of Every Reminder of Her Ill-Fated Romance, Will the Prima Donna's Famous Luck Return?



Geraldine Farrar's bridal chamber, whose exquisite furnishings have been sold at auction. This photograph shows the room as it looked in her honeymoon days, with Lou Tellegen's portrait beside the bed.



Geraldine Farrar, unhappy man and angry return from grand opera have the only breaks in the amazing fortune that has smiled on her from earliest girlhood.

THE love nest where Geraldine Farrar and Lou Tellegen enjoyed their brief span of happiness together is now a place empty and even more forlorn than when the prima donna and her actor husband stormily turned their backs on it and each other.

to being maimed for life. "Farrar luck" again. But is "Farrar luck" to be past history? Recent events lead many to think so.

With a gesture as dramatic as any of her stage career Miss Farrar has stripped the scene of her bitter disillusionment of everything that could remind her of this ill-fated romance. Not a memento of the past has been spared—not even the beds and other furniture that graced the bridal chambers.

Last year there came to the Metropolitan Opera House a new soprano from Vienna, Marie Jeritza. On her first appearance she caused a sensation. Blase critics and box holders, discriminating gallery gods, all voted her a new queen—a queen of song, of emotional acting, of temperament. Formerly Geraldine Farrar had been the only woman of the Metropolitan Opera possessing this combination.

Choice bits of bric-a-brac that she and Lou Tellegen selected together, once dearly prized souvenirs of their journeys about the world; the costly stage costumes in which the actor used to think his talented wife looked her loveliest—all are gone, wiped out of existence as far as Geraldine Farrar is concerned.

On the heels of this first tremendous success it was announced that Jeritza would sing La Tosca, a role which for years was the indisputable property of Farrar. The foreign beauty's rendition was rapturously received. Undeniably, Jeritza was to be considered a rival.

"I want nothing saved to remind me of the love that is dead." This is said to have been her wish, and the auctioneers have seen to it that she was obeyed to the letter. Under their hammers the contents of the love nest, so rich both in memories and intrinsic value, have been scattered far and wide among thousands of second-hand dealers and curio seekers.

Farrar has never been known as a weakling, and some interesting things might have happened had not the management offered the American singer a shortened contract for the coming season. Whatever may have been the reasons for this action and however innocent, it was a humiliation to Geraldine Farrar and her reply was an abrupt resignation.

The hoarse cry of "Sold" as the last item in the lot was knocked down marked the close of an eventful chapter in her life—and the only one that has not been almost continually blessed by the most amazing good fortune. Now the prima donna, through with love and grand opera too, has cut every tie that binds her to the past and starts a chapter new in every way.

That was once when "Farrar's luck" failed her. Another and more crucial failure came with her love disappointment.

What sort of story will this chapter unfold? Will she somehow manage to find happiness without the love she has learned to doubt? Can she win a new and greater triumph on the concert stage? Will she prove that the famous "Farrar luck" was only temporarily dimmed and is still capable of as wonderful things as ever?

About five years ago, when Farrar made an expedition to Los Angeles to star in the movies, she met Sarah Bernhardt's leading man, Lou Tellegen. Their meeting proved a sudden love match. To Farrar Tellegen was the typification of all that a lover and a husband and a man should be. They were married in New York and Farrar took her hero husband to the love nest she had built for them—the one the auctioneers recently left so empty and forlorn.

From the obscurity of a Massachusetts village this ball player's daughter has climbed to the very pinnacle of operatic triumph, to stardom in the movies, to one of the most honored niches in America's hall of fame. And it all came to her with a minimum of the struggles that most artists go through. That's why they coined the term "Farrar's luck."

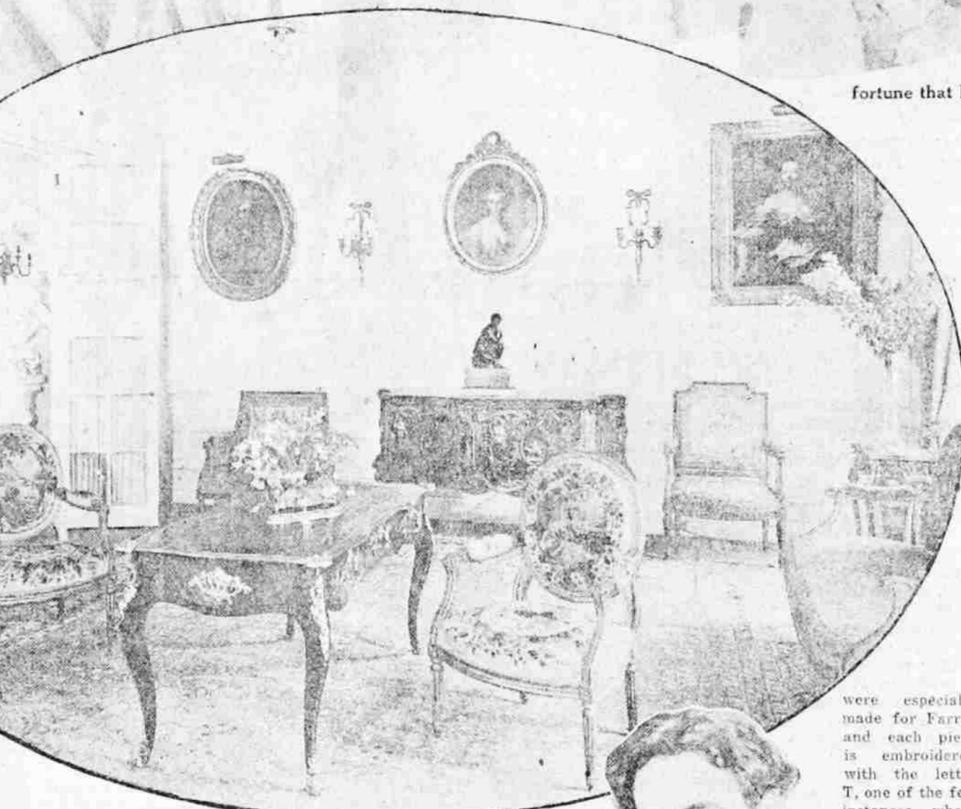
Farrar at that time had the world at her feet; she had always had her way; she had always led. And now when love came to her, when she found a man she believed to stand above all others, she insisted on planning every detail of her ideal of a perfect home for perfect lovers.

Even in her unlucky moments she has, until recently, seemed to lead a charmed life. When she was a tomboyish school girl in Melrose, Mass., she one day decided that she must carve herself a wooden horse. Thereupon she stole her father's hatchet from the tool chest and started work upon a piece of heavy planking. The hatchet was sharp and Gerry's skill at hand carving in the embryo. Suddenly there was a scream of anguish. The hatchet had come down upon forefinger and thumb, almost severing the tips.

That was five years ago. The other day, at her instructions, auctioneers visited this luxurious love nest and removed every scrap of furniture and fittings and every stitch of her famous opera costumes. The dismantling of the rooms signified that all hopes of a reconciliation with her handsome husband are gone and that their divorce is certain. The putting of the costumes on the auc-

tion block meant that Farrar intends to make good the resolution she made after the Metropolitan episode to abandon opera for life.

The love nest was brusquely stripped of everything. What had taken so much time and into which so much feeling had gone was broken up in a day. So quickly did the men work and so indifferent was Farrar to the fate of these costly mementos of her troubles that the auctioneers' loot included a trunk filled with the most intimate of lacy lingerie.



The drawing room where Miss Farrar and Lou Tellegen used to receive their guests, showing some of the costly furniture, rare bric-a-brac and charming paintings that recently went under the hammer.

There was an army of buyers at the Farrar auction; many were Gerry-flappers, eager for souvenirs of their idol. They gazed reverently at the contents of the prima donna's beautiful boudoir, the heart of every woman's home and especially of Farrar's. They almost wept over the ivory enameled Louis XVI bed, ornamented with carved roses and surmounted by a canopy of figured old rose silk damask.



"Gerry" and Lou in the days when they adored each other and fondly believed their love nest was going to endure forever.

In the drawing room where Farrar and Tellegen received congratulations on their wedding and entertained their friends there stood two chairs with needlework upholstery, beautifully depicting in colors pastoral scenes. These chairs are immensely valuable and show how carefully Farrar selected the furnishings of her home.

World charm to the drawing room. It is made of vari-colored woods inlaid and ornamented with hand carved classical figures and medallions. A suite of five pieces covered with Beauvais tapestry formed the substantial setting to the same room.

tion of fans which Farrar used in her operatic costumes. One is made in the shade of American beauty roses and has a spread of six inches and is two feet high. Another feature of the sale was the array of parasols. Many of these were made lace coverings and interchangeable handles. One parasol had lace coverings to the one handle, enabling it to match a different dress.

A collection of personal items made a fascinating display in the boudoir rooms. Dozens of jeweled dresses; twenty pairs of jeweled buckles unused and many times number used; a smelling-salts bottle in a case set with a large ruby, a perfume bottle of an admirer of her "Tara" (inscribed); a gold vanity case set with 15 carats of diamonds and sapphires; jade cigarette case studded with precious stones.

Annotated opera scores, songbooks, a library of books, scrapbooks dating back to her Berlin triumph—she was such a favorite that even the Crown Prince was in her honor, were included in the personal sale. In a scrap book of wedding rings compiled by her movie agent Cecil de Mille wrote:

"We have expressed ourselves in stone and sulphur, but warm as you have found them they are ice cold to the warmth that is in our hearts—the Tellegens."

Wallie Reid's toast is: "May the entire world hold you the same high regard that I do. Any other possibility is not to be conceived."

Poor little scrap book! That took so much pains to compile and bind it in the best embossed leather wrought by a fine craftsman, little did she know that this book would soon be in the hands of the man she loved.

So Geraldine has rung down the curtain on an eventful act of her drama. The first love she bore the out by the roots. She coldly turned back on the profession she believed in and treated her so shabbily.

From the time when at school she punched two girls and blackened eyes because they tried to stop her from an honor post in a town—back on the profession she believed in and treated her so shabbily.

For her operatic work she is such a concert tours—for which she is enormously well. The reports of her concerts indicate that she continues this new work indefinitely after her present concert commitments—it is for one year—no one can be surprised to see her go on under the management of David Belasco.

But will the "Farrar luck" really sway as of old? That is the question.

