

# Couldn't Find Happiness *with* the Handsomest Man in England

**Lady Cholmondeley Finds That Beauty Is Indeed  
"Only Skin Deep" and She  
Divorces Her Noble Husband,  
Lord George,  
Known as  
the Adonis  
of the  
Nobility**



Lord George Cholmondeley, "The Handsomest Man in Great Britain."

London, April 24.

**B**EAUTY is only skin deep—and this holds true for handsome men as well as for handsome women.

The pretty American girl, Clara Elizabeth Taylor, who married Lord George Cholmondeley, reputed to be England's handsomest nobleman, has found, after a short experience of married life, that his attractive qualities were entirely on the surface, and that beneath that he was a most undesirable husband.

Lady Cholmondeley has taken the preliminary steps for obtaining a divorce. While it is expected that she will offer the customary evidence required for a complete divorce in England, she has explained to friends that she has many other causes of complaint.

To put it briefly, Lord George Cholmondeley was too handsome to work and too handsome to live with. Although he comes from one of the most distinguished families in England he had very little money, and some ordinary work was quite necessary to support himself and his wife properly. His family name, by the way, is pronounced "Chumley," as everybody is supposed to know.

Lord George, being not only a nobleman of distinguished family, but a man of exceptional beauty, had been accustomed all his life to the admiration of women, as a good many young men of the upper classes are in England. He went into the army and did his part creditably during the war, but when that was over he reverted to his old habits of sitting in the drawing-room and receiving cups of tea, cake, cigarettes, flattery and other things from his female admirers.

Being beautiful was occupation enough for Lord George and he had no time for the many other things which an American wife expects of her husband.

When the war came to an end Lord and Lady George Cholmondeley were supposed to take up the new regime of work, for peer and pauper alike, that has been established in England. The old idea that a man of title and ancient family should not enter trade or do any work except in some dignified profession, has been definitely abandoned.

Everybody, no matter how grand his title, is trying to do some work, and if he cannot obtain a job guiding the destinies of the nation he does something quite as necessary, such as selling groceries or clothing.

The handsome Lord George Cholmondeley nobly declared himself ready to work, like all the others of his class, in order to support his little wife and keep Britain on the map. His wife said that she, too, would do her share in supporting the family, and right bravely did she keep her word; but that is another story.

Lord George talked at great length of what he was going to do. He admired himself for all the great things he contemplated doing, the sacrifices he was about to endure, and his fair relatives and friends joined in admiring him.

Yes, he would be an automobile salesman. His experience with many pleasant social excursions peculiarly fitted him for this profitable form of labor. His superb presence and engaging manners would be of the greatest assistance in selling expensive cars. Most particularly would he be successful in selling cars to the fair sex. So he thought and so did his women friends.

"Why, I shall make a little fortune in no time," said his lordship cheerily.

After a leisurely period of preparation Lord George did, indeed, try the car business. He took some prospective customers out for spins, and some of them were very long spins and very pleasant ones, but he sold very few cars. His wife declared that he was an absolute failure as a mainstay of the home. He tried the stage and showed himself equally averse to hard work.

Her attitude toward their problem had been very different. From the first moment the necessity of doing something had been discussed she had plunged valiantly into real work. She had been an

actress earlier in life and she immediately determined to return to the stage in spite of the fact that Lord George had painted rosy pictures of the life of luxury she would enjoy as a member of the British nobility, ruling over one of the stately homes of England and receiving the respectful homage of an admiring tenantry.

With characteristic American energy she went to work and found a most promising opportunity.

Sir Alfred Butt, the well-known English manager, was then opening a big new establishment in Paris—the Palace Theatre—at which the talent was to be drawn from various nations. Lady George obtained an engagement for the initial production at this theatre.

A very embarrassing and annoying situation revealed itself to Lady George in the course of the rehearsals. She found that the noted Parisian favorite, Mlle. Regine Flory, had planned things so as to dominate, or "hog," as the vulgar would express it, the whole show.

The performance was a peculiar skit upon ancient mythology, called "Hercules at the Feet of Omphale," in which the affairs of the ancient gods and goddesses were mixed up with modern Parisian jests. Mlle. Flory's antics fairly took away the breath of the most sophisticated Parisians. Her fellow artist, Hercules, picked her up and whirled her about with remarkable freedom, and the spectators had abundant opportunity to appreciate the statuesque beauty of Mlle. Flory.

One result of the French actress's tactics was to leave Lady George Cholmondeley and the other stars "without an entrance," as it is called in stage parlance.

Now an actress may be on the stage most of the evening, but if she comes in "without an entrance," without something that rivets the eye of the public, she might as well not be there.

Lady Cholmondeley's part had already been slashed cruelly and there was little left in it—merely standing about on the stage; no lines, no "entrance." She came in with the others and went out with the others. She was never in the centre of the stage.

Lady Cholmondeley's longest time on the stage was in the scenes which picture and review the vanity and coquetry of the women of the olden times in the placing of the "grain de beauté," or beauty spot. One after another the women appeared on the scene with beauty spots on the cheek, on the neck, on the shoulder, on the back, on the knee, each special spot displayed most conspicuously by a very French arrangement of openings in the costumes as the location required.

But wait!

Was there perhaps a chance here to do something odd, daring—something different from the others in this scene?

Lady Cholmondeley would show the star, Mlle. Flory, that she could not be crowded out of just recognition. If she had no "entrance" and no lines, yet she would hold the eye of the audience in spite of Mlle. Flory.

A beauty spot? Yes, Lady Cholmondeley had one. It was not on her nose, nor her cheek, nor her arm.

And on the opening night in the beauty spot scene Lady Cholmondeley proved to be the hit of the piece when she appeared in a wonderful gown, open at one side, displaying a most artistic beauty spot on her hip. The beauty spots of the others were artificial, being made with black court-plaster; that of Lady Cholmondeley was real!

As she entered all her family's friends in the boxes applauded warmly, and, considering the scarcity of her costume, her ladyship must have appreciated the warmth of the applause. In the boxes were Mr. Balfour, Lord Derby, Baron Rothschild and Lord Pembroke. And in the adjoining box was no less a personage than President Wilson.

All eyes turned from Mlle. Flory, the star, to Lady Cholmondeley and her beauty spot.

In her quiet, effective way Lady Cholmondeley had triumphed over the sensational antics of Mlle. Flory. From that time it was widely recognized that she had won a certain position for herself on the stage. She repeated her Parisian success elsewhere.

It was quite otherwise with Lord George. Every kind of work he attempted tired him, and finally he tired his wife.

"He was a wonderfully handsome and fascinating man," said Lady George, "but he was never made for work. As a lover he was perfectly irresistible and no woman could help marrying him. As an Adonis he was beyond criticism, but as a husband he was a failure."

"And oh! how odious his good looks grew to be! Before he deserted me I simply longed to see the face of a good, plain, homely man."

A curious circumstance has come to light in connection with the divorce, which is that Lord George Cholmondeley may profit financially by it. Under the will of the very wealthy and eccentric Lady Meux, who presumably appreciated his beauty, he was left an annuity of \$15,000 a year on condition that he should marry "a lady of society"—not an actress. She had been a popular variety stage star before she married the enormously rich brewer, Sir Henry Meux, and knew all about the likelihood of young noblemen marrying actresses and the troubles arising therefrom.

It was supposed that Lord George had permanently forfeited his annuity when he married Clara Taylor, but now it is stated that after his divorce he expects to be able to claim the legacy.

Lord George is the second son of the Marquis of Cholmondeley, head of one of the most ancient families in England. The Marquis is not especially wealthy and Lord George, as a younger son, never had more than a small income.

The Marquis's most ancient title is that of Baron Cholmondeley, created in 1682,

but centuries before that the family was noted for its achievements in English history.

The original seat of the family is Cholmondeley Castle, near Malpas, in Cheshire. An almost equally important family estate is Houghton Hall, in Norfolk. The Marquis of Cholmondeley has been prominent at court and holds the dignified office of "Joint Hereditary Lord Great Chamberlain of England." This important office involves no work, all the labors associated with it being performed by the "Lord Chamberlain," who is a political officeholder. The Lord Great Chamberlain merely stands about in a splendid uniform at certain state ceremonies. As a result of an ancient family dispute the office of Hereditary Lord Great Chamberlain is exercised in rotation by the Marquises of Cholmondeley and the Earls of Ancaster.

The present Marquis of Cholmondeley has long been held in high esteem by the royal family for special reasons. His seat in Norfolk, Houghton Hall, is in close proximity to Sandringham, which has been the favorite home of the royal family since King Edward's marriage. In King Edward's time the notorious financial promoter, Terah Hooley, offered the Marquis a stupendous price for Houghton Hall. Although he was far from rich and not unwilling to sell or lease his place to a suitable person, he declined the promoter's offer. King Edward expressed the greatest appreciation of the Marquis's loyal and delicate sentiments.

Afterward the Marquis leased Houghton

**The Heavy War Taxes and Losses Led Lady Cholmondeley to the Stage and Rivalry Sprang Up Between Her Ladyship and the Star of the Piece, Mlle. Regine Flory. Mlle. Flory Planned the Startling Entrance Shown Herewith on the Shoulder of Her Dancing Partner. But Lady Cholmondeley Outrivalled the Star by Her Entrance in the Costume Above with a Heart-Shaped "Beauty Spot" on Her Hip.**

Hall to Colonel Ralph Vivian, who married a wealthy American woman. That lease expired and quite recently it has been occupied by the Marquis's oldest son, the Earl of Rocksavage, who married Miss Sybil Sassoon, daughter of Sir Edward Sassoon, of the enormously wealthy Hindu banking family, who rival the Rothschilds in the financial community.

Lord Rocksavage is a noted polo player, and in that capacity has visited the United States several times. He and his beautiful wife are very prominent in English society. The Sassoons were held in high favor by King Edward and the present royal family are delighted to have Lord and Lady Rocksavage as neighbors. As this couple has no children Lord George is their heir.

It is not known that the King and Queen looked with any particular approval on Lord George Cholmondeley's marriage to his American wife. Owing to her previous divorce, the episode of the beauty spot and her various appearances on the stage, it is suggested that she is not exactly the sort of addition Queen Mary would have welcomed to the Sandringham circle. It is thought that this circumstance may have added somewhat to the unhappiness that has led Lady George to seek a divorce.

Lady George Cholmondeley was originally Clara Elizabeth Taylor, and was brought up in Omaha and Washington. As a young girl she made rapid success in "The Wild Rose" and other plays. She then went over to England and repeated her successes there.

Soon after her arrival she won the heart and hand of Captain John Alexander Stirling, Laird of Kippendaire, an officer of the

Scots Guards and a wealthy Scottish landowner. Her married life was passed among a very lively set of young noblemen, actresses and bohemian members of society.

Captain Stirling brought a suit for divorce against his American wife, naming Lord Northland, son and heir of the Earl of Ranfurly, as co-respondent. Mrs. Stirling, in return, complained of her husband's intimacy with the beautiful Mrs. Atherton, who left a trail of ruin and trouble behind her in English society for many years. She finally married Captain Arthur Elliott, co-heir of "The Better Ole," and recently blew out her brains because her beauty was fading.

The court gave Captain Stirling his divorce, but did not sustain his wife's complaint about his relations with Mrs. Atherton. In his judgment, the presiding judge delivered a stern denunciation of the life of pleasure and dissipation, with its race-course parties and boating parties, led by the various young men and women concerned.

Mrs. Stirling made a very spirited rejoinder, outside the courtroom, to the judgment, in which she said the judges had not shown a vestige of impartiality and had decided the case against her on two letters which were susceptible of two meanings.

Society expected that Lord Northland would make Mrs. Stirling his wife, but he omitted to do so, and soon afterward married a young woman of large wealth. Mrs. Stirling continued to be surrounded by a large circle of admirers and friends. Among them was the fatally gifted Lord George Cholmondeley, who wooed her until she consented to become his bride.

