

# Why Thelma Morgan Laughed When Her Ex-Husband Wed Again



LADY FURNESS.

The Former Thelma Morgan Converse, Whose Wedding to Lord Furness Was Considered One of the Most Brilliant of a Season or So Ago.

Analyzed by RUTH MORRIS.

IN the game of modern marriage, when the cards are cut by love, dealt by marriage and shuffled by divorce, a new combination has been tallied by Scorekeeper Cupid, who must have a sore task remembering the arrangements and rearrangements that result from the complications of modern married life.

The latest shuffle has sorted James Vail Converse, thirty-five-year-old millionaire banker, and Mrs. Elizabeth Walter Brastow into the bonds of matrimony—two who plan to live forever.

Happily Married to a Rich English Peer, the American Beauty Isn't Worrying Over "Junior's" Doings

ROMANCE PROBLEMS of REAL PEOPLE



ARMS AND THE MAN. Above: Coat of Arms of the Furness Family—One of the Oldest and Most Distinguished

in the British Empire, and Right: Lord Marmaduke Furness, Ship-Owner, Peer and Second Richest Man in England.



(C) N. Y. Daily Mirror, Reproduced by permission. "CONVERSELY SPEAKING." James Vail ("Junior") Converse, Former Husband of Thelma Morgan, with His New Bride, Mrs. Elizabeth Walter Brastow, of Chester Chase, Md.

ters by wedding England's wealthy peer, Lord Marmaduke Furness. But one day, a friend dropping in to her magnificent London mansion for one of those chatty cups of tea, vouchsafed the nuptial news.

"Junior married?" Lady Furness arched her brows in mild surprise. She hadn't heard even the faintest rumor of the coming of the event.

"Whom did he marry?" she questioned between delicate munches of tea-biscuit, curiosity perhaps overcoming studied indifference.

"A Mrs. Elizabeth Walter Brastow."

Lady Furness leaned back against the silken cushions of her boudoir and laughed. That "a" in the sentence had made all the difference. Had the reply been merely the name of her successor as a person of higher rank than herself, Lady Furness would not have been so amused, but the prefix of a simple "a" relegated the third Mrs. Converse to the realm of the unknown—so far as Thelma was concerned.

"I don't believe I ever heard of her," came her soft-voiced reply, attention riveted now on a marron taint. And the world may have seemed very rosy at the moment to the Thelma Morgan, who had made one of the most sensational matches of a season or two ago in her capture of the fabulously wealthy British nobleman—while her ex-husband had trotted to the altar with "a Mrs. Brastow."

Later London learned that Mrs. Brastow is the daughter of Mrs. Frank Walter, of Washington, D. C., and that her first marriage had been dissolved two years ago in Tennessee. This information may also have pleased Lady Furness—"not even a Paris divorce, my dear!" As

a matter of fact, Mrs. Brastow comes of an excellent lineage.

There were no fanfares of society to celebrate the latest Converse wedding. A license was obtained quietly and the couple went immediately to the home of Samuel W. Mellon, No. 131 Riverside Drive, N. Y., where the ceremony was performed by the Rev. Charles Irwin Truby.

And now society is wondering if "Junior" Converse's third attempt at matrimony will be more successful than his two previous ones. He was first to wed Nadine Melbourne, who subsequently became the fourth wife of J. Ellis Hoffman, acquiring by that match a daughter older than herself.

His second romance, connecting him with the internationally famed Vanderbilt and Morgan families, saw him espoused to the beautiful daughter of Harry Hayes Morgan, the then American Consul-General at Buenos Aires. Thelma was sixteen at the time, and very pleasant match. But happiness did not last long and, in 1928 there was the familiar, Paris-bound course.

Thereafter Thelma proceeded to shed self-consciousness and social timidity and embark on a movie career in Hollywood—a career which was successful as far as it went, but which didn't go far. Instead of hearing of the Morgan success on the silver screen, society heard rumors of another wedding—this time to Richard Bennett, stage star.

In the midst of the speculation that resulted from these rumors Thelma Morgan set sail for Paris, and very soon

there were rumors of her engagement to Lord Furness.

Richard Bennett vehemently denied the possibility of these. "I am sure that Thelma won't throw me over for a title," he said—"at least, not until she has returned the \$5,000 ring I gave her."

But a denial of that statement was returned to Bennett with the announcement that Lord Furness and Thelma Morgan Converse had been wed.

Thelma's catch was considered a bril-

lant one, Lord Furness being known as the wealthiest peer in the British Empire—the possessor of a fortune bequeathed him by a grandfather who had started life as a dock laborer in Liverpool and lived to amass millions and a title.

Shortly after the wedding, Thelma purchased from the Duchess of Marlborough (formerly Consuelo Vanderbilt) her magnificent town residence, Sunderland House, which was valued, with appointments and fittings, at \$2,000,000.

## —But I'm In Love With Jimmy

JIMMY got a lucky break when he came into Patsy's house a wee bit tight. Patsy saw him in time to get him to take her out for a ice cream soda before her father came into the sun parlor. Otherwise, this tale might have been sadder still.



"Aw Patsy, whadda ye mean? Don't you care any more what happens to me?" Begged Jimmy.

BY MARY T. DOUGHERTY.

OUT the door and down the stairs they fled at such speed that Jimmy called out: "Hey, why all the haste? We're not going to a fire. We're going for ice cream, and it won't melt!"

"Well, boy, you don't need any ice cream. All you need is a little fresh air— . . . not a little, a lot."

"Whadda ye mean, fresh air? Gee, Patsy, you talk like a sermon. . . . And while we're at it, it isn't your turn. Believe me, I'm not through. I got a lotta questions to ask you, too."

"Well, all I've got to say is, you'd better sober up first. Lucky thing I got you out before Dad saw you or it would be the last time you'd do any speech-making around that house."

"Huh, is THAT so? Suppose you think I've been drinking or something. Well, if you do, you're all wet."

"I don't think it, I know it. And it wasn't bad enough for you to go out and get plastered yourself, you had to take Bill along, just when you know he is getting in right again with Dad."

"Well, if you want to know, I didn't take Bill. He took me. And if you want to know something else, I didn't get plastered, we just had two 'old-fashioned.'"

"You just had two? You mean two before you lost count. Well, you can have twenty more, for all I care. You've ruined everything, anyway, so I should worry. It's all over, but just for what has been I was big enough to get you out of the house before Dad got a chance at you."

"Aw, Patsy, whadda ye mean? Don't you care any more what happens to me?" begged Jimmy. "Gee, that's a fine one. I thought you'd stick. But that's women for you. Yah, and say, I'm going to tell you something, whadda you think of that? I came up here to find out what we were doing tonight. Wanted to talk things over sensibly. It's a lucky thing I didn't find any of those big bond sales-

men friends of Fran's around there or I certainly would have cut loose."

"Oh, Jimmys, you talk like a high school bully. And if you want to know it, Fran and two of her bond salesmen were up, and we played two rubbers of bridge. It was just lucky Fran got a headache and left with them early. Fine sight you would have been."

"And I suppose you had this date on a minute's notice. Did they call you up—or did you call them?" This with the sneer of jealousy.

"I did not; Fran just knew I was alone and brought them along."

"Well, did you get a lot of calls—on this evening when you were supposed to be so lonely?"

"I should say, rather. During the early part of the evening when I was playing with Mom and Dad, he got furious and threw down his hand. He was mad as a hatter, said he wasn't going to sit around holding up a game while I talked to a lot of whipper-snappers."

"That's what they are, if you ask me. And I suppose you made some more dates, too?"

"Sure I did. Why not? I'm not going to mope around weeping just because I was fooled by one man," countered Pat, archly shifting the burden of their woes onto his shoulders. "Not on your life. I'm going to go out and look them over, and the next time I'll be sure before I go on taking any one of them seriously."

"Well, would you mind telling me when's your first date?"

"Tomorrow for lunch."

"Who with?"

"Fran."

"And who . . . you can't fool me . . . Fran, my eye. It's that guy Craig. I knew all along he was just a snake in the grass, sneaking around waiting for a chance. Well, just let me catch him, and I'll knock him cold. I'll give that bird what he's had coming to him for a long time."

(To Be Continued.)

## PLANTING IDEAS and GROWING \$\$\$

### Modern Methods in "Felting," Which Dates Back to Moses

ONCE upon a time you might have said with perfect truth, "By his hat ye shall know him" for some time after the beginning of hat history one had but to look at headgear to know a man's nationality and his trade or profession.

But today hats have grown to be a part of the standardization of everything. And with 30,000,000 felt hats produced in this country yearly, the output may be said to be too vast and too complicated for this ancient specialization.

Although hats seem to have gone on forever (there is no record of the first one) soft hats, as we know them, were not seen in the United States until 1849, when the first one was worn here by the Hungarian patriot, Kossuth.

"Felting" is one of the oldest sciences in the world, dating back to the time of Moses, but its use for felt hats is modern. The best ones are usually made

from nutria, muskrat, beaver and rabbit fur. The first chemical treatment they are subjected to is technically known as "carroting." It consists of an application of a mercury solution, which increases the felting properties of the fur fibre and causes it to mat together more successfully.

These skins must be aged for several months before they are ready for the next treatment—brushing and cutting into shreds. The fur is in this way separated from the skin, sorted for color and quality, and fed to the blowing machine, which rids it of all foreign matter.

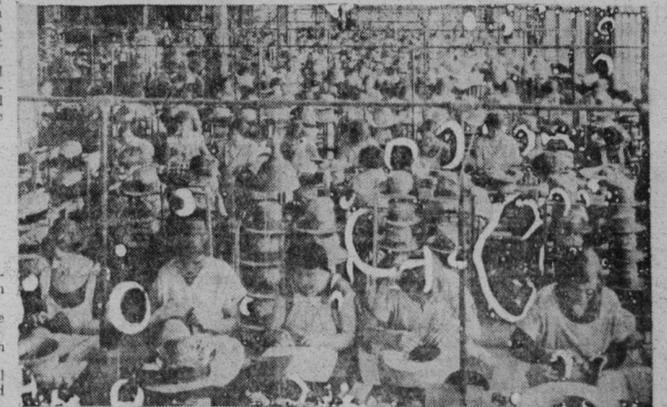
It is then ready for the "forming machine"—a revolving, perforated copper cone, about three feet high. Suction draws the fur around the cone, and in this matted condition it is treated with several dippings of hot water to shrink it and give the hat strength.

The felt is next dyed and stiffened with shellac, and at last sent to the pulling-out department, where it is stretched over a form, and finally takes on the



HATS THAT TELL A TALE. In Olden Times, Hats Denoted Rank. Above May Be Seen, Starting from the Left: Hats of (1) the Brittany Peasant, (2) the Cavalier, (3) the Physician and (4) the Chinese Official.

shape of a hat. Before it is promoted definitely to that role, however, it must pass through the pouncing, finishing, curling and trimming departments. But finally, there it is a HAT—one of thousands produced daily.



FELT HATS IN THE MAKING. The Trimming Department of a Large Hat Factory That Turns Out Hundreds of Hat in a Day.

## What Do You Know About Legends?

1. What was the town of Camelot?
2. Who found the Holy Grail?
3. Who ferried the dead across the River Styx?
4. How did Lohengrin come to Brabant?
5. What sculptor fell in love with a statue?
6. Who was Tristan?
7. For whom is Wednesday named?
8. Of what was Juno the guardian?

### ANSWERS.

1. The city of King Arthur's court and palace.
2. Galahad, the son of Lancelot.
3. Charon, taking for his fee the pennies which the bereaved had placed upon the eyelids of the dead.
4. He was carried there across the water by the swan.
5. Pygmalion fell in love with his own statue of Galatea.
6. The cousin of King Mark. He fell in love with Isolde, whom the King had sent him to England to escort back.
7. Wodin, the chief god of Norse mythology.
8. Juno, the wife of Jupiter, was the guardian of marriage vows.