

# When His Two Pet Sweethearts Write Their Memoirs of Famous Tenor

Vivid Views of Muratore by Lina, His Ex-wife, and the Dancer Who Won and Lost Him



**SATIRIZED**  
Caricature of Cavalieri, Printed Abroad, Also Widely Circulated in the United States When She and "Sheriff Bob" Chanler Were Divorced.

**BALLERINA**  
Mlle. Marceline Rouvier, of the Paris Opera, Who Tells on This Page of Her Romance with Muratore and Discloses Details of How He Was Won by Cavalieri.

**L**UCIEN MURATORE, famous tenor, is writing his memoirs, in which his love-life with various beautiful women doubtless will be described.

Lina Cavalieri, Venus-like soprano, and formerly Mme. Muratore, is writing her memoirs.

Marceline Rouvier, first ballet dancer at the Paris Opera, and self-avowed sweetheart of Muratore, is writing her memoirs.

And now, if the current Mme. Muratore will only kindly oblige by writing hers, the world will be in possession of four very piquant and undeniably different sorts of books.

It is, however, upon the volumes of Lina and Marceline that attention is principally focused, for the excellent reason that these two beauties have been openly at swords' points over Muratore, and the publication of their autobiographies is bound to provide Parisians with lots of chuckles and not a few thrills.

It is, perhaps, significant that Lina's dedication reads: "To My Women Friends," with the seeming implication that these ladies can find instruction, and perhaps a warning, in the ensuing pages. The book is not yet out, but a glance at the table of contents gives a good idea of what to expect.

Chapter headings include: "Romanticism," "I Become a Princess," "An American for a Week—Bob Chanler," "The Psychology of Marriage," and "Hope"—a collection of titles not nearly so unrelated as might seem at first blush.

Marceline Rouvier, in an interview, became much more explicit than Mme. Cavalieri. While confessing that she was torn between "The Sweetest Joy" and "The Wildest Woe," as possible titles, she left no doubt that her memoirs would teem with surprises and revelations.

"My story," she said, "is that of a dancing girl who believed in the honesty of women—and men. I wish to explain, true and completely, as I explained it to the president of the French Tribunal, how my daughter, Ariane, belonging to me and Muratore, went

away with Cavalieri, and how Muratore, after divorcing Cavalieri, married Mme. Tournon, saleswoman in the Cavalieri beauty shop, while my Ariane, who

was expected to marry Cavalieri's son, married an Italian journalist instead, and eventually returned to Cavalieri.

"Complicated? Yes. But I shall make all these tangled factors clear to my readers. When I first met Muratore he was singing at the Opera Comique and I was dancing leading roles at the Opera. We met at a dinner, and when he made love to me in his fascinating way, I lost my head and yielded to his ardor. He was married to Mme. Beritza, also of the Opera Comique, at the time, but they were very unhappy, he told me, and contemplated divorce.

"Two years later, when Ariane was born, we were overjoyed. Lucien was an ideal lover, and the moment he was free we started housekeeping. 'Our love union will be legalized,' Muratore told me. Then came Cavalieri. She dined with us at our little flat, telling us marvelous stories of her success in Russia, where Prince Dolgorouki had given her wonderful jewels and furs.

"The Prince had bought her a little chateau near Paris, and when she asked us to be her guests we accepted gladly. At the chateau lived M. and Mme. Tournon. Tournon accompanied Muratore and Cavalieri on the piano when they sang duets. I soon found out that Muratore was meeting Cavalieri secretly. One night I came upon them together. I had my baby in my arms, but they simply laughed at me. 'Yes, we love one another.'

"I was stunned. Automatically, I packed a few things and, with my baby, left the house at dawn. Lucien had told me frankly that he was through with me. And I was too crushed even to attempt to fight for my rights, which, after all, were only those of a girl-mother and discarded sweetheart.

"Muratore and Cavalieri often sang in the same opera in which I danced, and their attitude toward me was unbearable. They passed me in the wings without a look. Sometimes Lina would smile at me cruelly. Well, they were married and sailed for America



**IN OPERA**  
Lucien Muratore as He Appeared in "Fervaal," During His Career as a Tenor. He Was Much Idolized by Matins—Girls of Two Continents.

Her marriage to Robert Chanler had been dissolved, I was told. The Paris newspapers said it had lasted only a few weeks and had cost the big American \$200,000.

"Upon Muratore's return to Paris he legally recognized Cavalieri's son, Alexander, now thirty-six years old. This prompted me to bring suit for the support of my child. The court granted me \$35 a month. This sum was paid me regularly, and finally raised to \$40 by Muratore, on condition that he be permitted to take out Ariane three times a week for a promenade.

"This was a mistake, for Muratore and Lina won over her affection, and he legally recognized Ariane as his

daughter. In self-defense I got an annulment of Muratore's legal recognition of my daughter."

Mlle. Rouvier went on to give details, familiar now to the public, of the opening of the Cavalieri beauty shop, of Muratore's determination to be divorced from Cavalieri and marry Mme. Tournon—which he did—and of Marceline's determination to get back her little girl from Cavalieri, a plan frustrated by Ariane's determination to remain with the famous songbird, instead of her own mother.

Just what Cavalieri will have to say to all this when she publishes her autobiography one can only guess, of course. But it seems a good bet that, point for point, she will answer Mlle. Rouvier completely—and then a fresh battle, mapped on the lines that "My Truth is THE Truth," will follow, perhaps with Muratore contributing a few explosions from the side lines.

Explosions, as a matter of fact, have frequently punctuated the romances of Lina Cavalieri. Particularly TNT was her married life with the celebrated—and justly so—

Cavalieri and Muratore in the Garden of Their Villa at the Time When Love's Brightest Later They Were Divorced, the Tenor Marrying a Mme. Tournon. Photo by Charlotte Fairchild.

days as an honorary dignitary of Westchester County, N. Y., comes of patrician stock. When, some fifteen years ago, he calmly announced his intention of marrying lovely Lina, newspaper readers were astonished to find that this amiable, slightly picturesque, portrait-painting dweller in Gramercy Park was related to John Jacob Astor.

Indeed, among the relatives who protested that such a marriage would be "impossible" were Mrs. Richard Aldrich, Lewis Stuyvesant Chanler, Winthrop Chanler, William Astor Chanler and others of the eight grandchildren of John Jacob.

But "Sheriff Bob" was not to be dissuaded from his marital aim, and he merely smiled benevolently when the aristocratic clan raised its collective voice against Cavalieri.

The details of the match were sensational. Obsessed by Lina's lithic form, exquisitely classic

peaceful personality with the flaming one of Bride Lina struck sparks that only the divorce court could extinguish. Chanler accused the singer of having married him for his money, and she countered with the contention that she had married him for no such sordid thing, but solely because he was a "dear, sweet boy."

Despite this idyllic assertion, Chanler, it turned out, had actually deeded Lina a large fortune before their marriage. Eventually he made her a flat cash settlement of \$80,000, but himself retained the ownership of his investments and huge property holdings in New York.

It seems that when he deeded his riches to Cavalieri, Bob Chanler found himself facing a suit begun by his first wife which demanded that he live up to his agreement to pay her \$10,000 annually, with an additional \$10,000 for the education and maintenance of their two daughters. The legal action



Cavalieri and Muratore, When They Were Co-Stars of the Paris Opera, with Mlle. Rouvier Often on the Same Bill.

was settled in favor of the first Mrs. Chanler, and Bob was forced to pay her the amount of which he was in arrears.

He retired, for solace and aesthetic gratification, into the bosom of his bohemian circle—that group of talented good fellows and girls who had made his Gramercy Park home a spiritual and artistic retreat. Not a little of this warm comradeship was due to the fact that Chanler, himself, was and is a gifted painter.

Several of his canvases were given the honor of being hung in the Luxembourg, and his depictions of giraffes, peacocks, monkeys and parrots with which he adorned a set of decorative screens achieved international fame.

It is presumed that in this refreshing scene he was able to forget temporarily the lovely Lina with whom he had quarreled. But it is an open question whether Lina's memoirs, as they spurt from the printing presses, may not re-open old wounds and cause them to bleed afresh. On the other hand it may be that "Sheriff Bob" will receive her "revelations" with a tolerant, if biased, amusement.



**DAUGHTER**  
Pretty Ariane Rouvier, Child of Muratore and Mlle. Rouvier. Ariane Later Went to Live with Cavalieri.

"Sheriff Bob" Chanler, an epic of infatuation and unhappiness about which New York City's artistic set has never ceased to gossip and speculate upon.

While not outwardly so imposing a figure as Muratore, the singing cavalier, the impetuous wooer and pursuer, "Sheriff Bob" is in reality, beneath his somewhat pudgy and benign exterior, a much more sensitive and easily wounded person.

Mr. Chanler, whose light title of "Sheriff Bob" is a reminiscence of his

features and silvery voice, Chanler went to Paris and wedded her. She was then at the highest peak of her operatic fame. The marriage prompted the now-immortal cablegram from Bob Chanler's brother: "If read simply, 'Who's loony now?' The wallup in that terse question lay in the fact that this brother had been considered as a potential inmate of a refined rest cure.

Bob Chanler must indeed have wondered, a few months later, just who had been loony. For the clash of his