

# When the Sheriff Heard About the Soprano's Divorce—

Did He Rush to Paris in the Hope of Reconciliation? Some Say "Yes;" Others "No," But---



Robert Winthrop Chanler, Artist-Sheriff, Who Shortly After His Marriage to the World-Famous Soprano, Wondered with the Brother Whom He Had Thought Eccentric, "Who's Looney Now?"

Intimate Photograph of Lina Cavaleri and Lucien Muratore, Whom She Married Following Her Divorce from Chanler, Taken in the Garden of Their N. Y. Home.

**L**INA CAVALIERI, famous opera singer, celebrated as Italy's most beautiful woman, has just been divorced in Paris from her husband, Lucien Muratore, the well-known operatic tenor.

Coincidentally with this report comes the news that the artist-sheriff, "Bob" Chanler, has closed his Gramercy Park home, New York City, and gone to Paris for an indefinite stay.

Now the world is wondering if there is any connection between these two recent events.

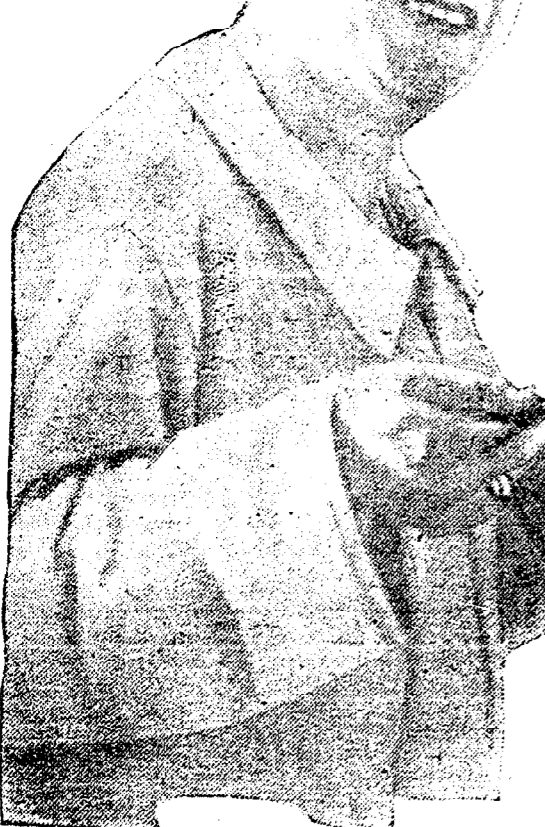
Did "Sheriff Bob" go to Paris with Cavaleri's divorce uppermost in his mind? Is a reconciliation about to take place? Will they patch up their former differences and make another attempt at marital happiness, or, as claimed by personal acquaintances, is there no significance whatever in the simultaneous announcements?

Some fifteen years ago, Chanler married the diva against the wishes of members of his family. "You must choose between us and that woman," said Lewis Stuyvesant Chanler, Winthrop Chanler, William Astor Chanler, Mrs. Richard Aldrich and several others of the eight grand-children of John Jacob Astor. "You're on," replied Bob. "I'll take Lina."

Infatuated with her beauty and voice and sparkling personality, Mr. Chanler would hear of no objections to the match and was married to Cavaleri in Paris. At that time an amusing cable was received from Chanler's brother, who was thought by the family to be eccentric and at one time barely escaped being put in an asylum by them. When the report of Chanler's wedding reached America, followed by the news that he had deeded his entire fortune to the prima donna, his brother cabled the now world-famous message, "Who's looney now?"

Just a few months later, when his marriage went on the rocks, Chanler wondered the same thing. There was a clash of personalities, and

Photo of a Private Appearance in "The Shaving Scene" of Tenor Muratore, Whose Singing at His Public Appearances Has Thrilled Thousands of Enchanted Listeners.



numerous "scenes" occurred in the artistic Chanler household. Chanler accused the singer of having married him solely for his money and left her. She then sued for a divorce on the grounds of desertion and obtained her freedom, Chanler not contesting the suit.

Probably no one person of equal prominence has been submerged in legal entanglements as Robert Winthrop Chanler. When he deeded his fortune to Cavaleri, suit was brought against him by his first wife, who claimed that, by this settlement, she was being defrauded of the financial agreement of her divorce in which Chanler agreed to pay her \$10,000 a year and an additional \$5,000 apiece for the education and maintenance of their two daughters. This suit was finally settled in favor of the first Mrs. Chanler, and "Bob" was forced to pay her the amount of which he was in arrears.

Following his divorce from the second Mrs. Chanler, he was again involved in lengthy legal proceedings in which he endeavored to regain

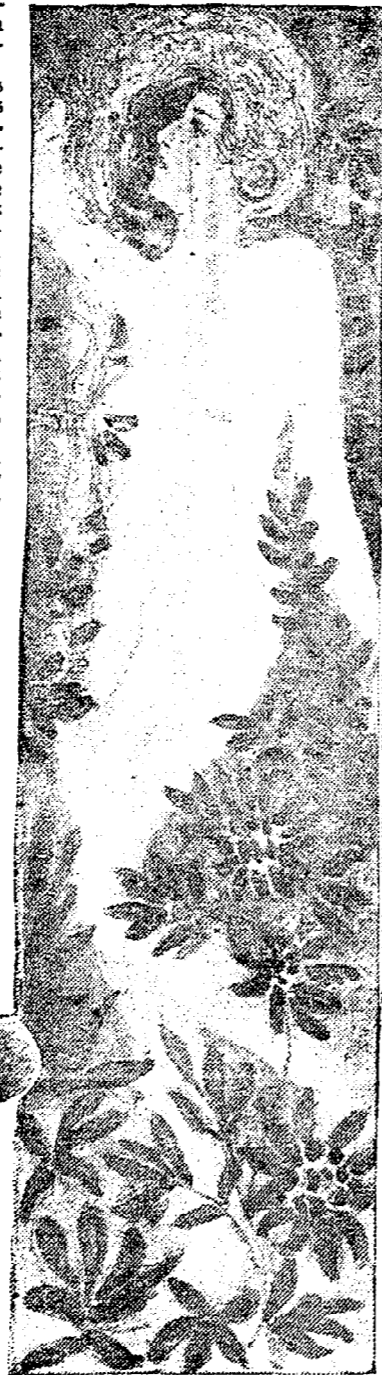
possession of the fortune which he had deeded her before their marriage. The suit was settled, after many months, by the payment to Lina of \$80,000. "Bob" thereby regaining ownership of his investments and vast property holdings in New York. Marriage, it will be seen, has been a decidedly expensive luxury for "Bob."

Chanler is the maternal grandson of John Jacob Astor, and on his father's side is a descendant of the Virginia Chanlers—a representative, on both sides, of moneyed aristocracy. When living on his huge estate in Westchester, he was made sheriff of the county, but he has since relinquished his interest in politics to follow an artistic career.

Some years ago his screens and decorations became the vogue of society, and he was commissioned to execute panels in many of the homes of the "400." At first his exotic representations were laughed at and thought a trifle wild, but when several of his paintings were hung in the Luxembourg and received with acclaim by the artistic world of Paris, he became that rare bird, a hero in his own country.

Harsh criticism and derisive scoffing changed to wild enthusiasm over his artistic schemes. Many columns of type were devoted to his eccentricities and the unusual decoration of his home on East Nineteenth Street. This white stone studio building is crammed with bizarre decorations and objects. Chanler chose large subjects for his paintings unusual animals, of which he kept a small menagerie in the yard in back of his home.

Often these animals would be brought into the studio; it was nothing to enter and see monkeys, peacocks, parrots and ravens perched about the room. The



One of the Many Beautiful Screens Executed by "Bob" Chanler Before He Became Interested in Portrait-Painting.

zoo was as complete as the eclectic taste of the artist and the cramped quarters of his backyard would allow. At one time it contained as many as thirty monkeys of varying sizes. Its personnel changed continually. For instance, when the artist was executing his well-known porcupine screen there were ten porcupines to be found in the zoo, and Chanler made a close study of the intricacies of their colors and markings. Later, these were moved out to make room for a raft of rattlesnakes, next to be celebrated. In an aquarium at the end of the glass-enclosed yard swam many different kinds of fish.

His American friends claim that complete enmity and a desire to see his pals among the artist colony of Paris took him there this year. He had planned a decorative scheme for the proposed Paramount Theatre with his accustomed enthusiasm and unflagging energy, and, when it was rejected, suffered a great disappointment. In his discouragement, he announced that he had given up decorative plans and took to portrait painting. He executed several portraits of a number of well known members of New York society, which were done in the ultra-modernistic style and are said by some to be exceptional, while others decried them as "atrocities of line and color."

There is an interesting contrast in the life of this most unusual of men and painters. On one



Caricature of Cavaleri, the Temperamental Beauty Just Divorced from Her Tenor-Husband.

Lina Cavaleri

she shrieked. "I like him and his eccentric ways. He was companionable, and with the combination of his liberal temperament and immense wealth (two absolute requirements in the husband of an artist) I thought he would be ideal. But he manifested an intense jealousy almost immediately following our marriage, and I soon learned that the 'fortune' he had deeded to me was tied up by his family, who had wished first to keep it from his former wife, and, after our marriage, from me. At times Chanler did not have enough money to pay his own taxi fares."

Whatever the truth of the matter, it appears that their temperaments were incompatible, and the divorce resulted. Some time later, Cavaleri was married in Paris to Muratore, and it seems that domestic happiness was not to crown this union. As in the case of the previous one, there were heated wranglings and fiery scenes. The row that capped the climax of their quarrels is said to have occurred over a pair of earrings worn by the prima donna. It happened in Rome,

side he has the associations of his aristocratic birth and on the other the influence of the artistic circle of his adoption. At his famous parties, which take place anywhere, at any time, may be seen representatives of the most exclusive society and out-and-out Bohemians. Mrs. Philip Lydig, Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney, the Chanlers and the Astors, mingle at his parties with Carl Van Vechten, the novelist; Fania Marinoff, the actress; Ernest Boyd, the critic; Keyes Van Dongen, the millionaire painter; Norman Jacobson, Matisse and Aleister Crowley, the devil-worshiper.

Regardless of the elaborate evening dress of the guests at his perfectly appointed dining board, Chanler never appears in anything more formal than a pair of rough overalls. This is not considered by his friends as a pose, but as a symbol of his complete indifference to, and disregard of, ordinary conventions.

His personality has been likened to that of Benvenuto Cellini. In his wild urge for expression, he is like an artist of the Middle Ages; when he has an idea to execute he roams like a roaring bull in his studio, a close friend vouchsafes.

An illustration of this is given despairingly by Chanler's valet, who watches over him with benevolent despotism, as do all his servants. Chanler, the absent-minded, is like a child in their hands. On this particular occasion, Chanler was worn and spent with days of unceasing activity in his studio. He had not changed his clothes nor slept for three nights. As a result, there was a three-days growth of beard on his chin. His valet finally succeeded in pushing him into a chair and prevailing upon him to accept the ministrations of a barber.

Relaxed and weary, Chanler helplessly agreed. The barber, a distinct Latin type, entered. One glance at him and Chanler sat bolt upright. Gone was his weariness; gone his mental relaxation. He rushed the barber to the model's stand and for three unbroken hours worked feverishly at translating the reactions of his imagination upon canvas. The astonished barber, sure that he was in the hands of a madman, sat in fearful immo-

bility, while the faithful valet, hovering in the background, raised his eyes to heaven in the manner of a grieving parent, vowing henceforth to choose all of Chanler's barbers from unromantic types.

On another occasion, when Chanler was discussing mysticism with the Russian philosopher, Ivan Narodny, his Philippine butler announced that the car was waiting to take Chanler to an appointment with the dentist. Chanler, evincing his deep interest in the conversation, waved him away in some annoyance and signified that he wished the appointment cancelled.

The butler retired, to return in several minutes with a repetition of the announcement, and was again waved away. This little by-play was repeated several times, the butler becoming more insistent at each reappearance. Finally he advanced quietly upon his master, took him firmly by the shirt sleeve and pushed him gently toward the door. With the look of a child who has been caught trying to escape his piano lesson, Chanler yielded. With a shame-faced, half-apologetic glance at Narodny, he departed.

When, in 1913, Chanler descended the gang-plank in the company of a beautiful Titian-haired girl, gossip scouts immediately pricked up their reportorial ears and took steps to find out if this was a third Mrs. Chanler. When questioned later about his "new bride," Chanler vehemently denied the rumor of a third marriage.

Which ended that. Chanler evidently considered that two expensive marriages and more costly divorces were enough for a life-time.

There are two conflicting stories of the financial affairs of the Chanlers in Paris. Bob of his possessions over to Lina and that she lived in extravagant fashion, allowing him only twenty dollars a week. Lina's story differs entirely. "I did not marry Chanler for his money!"



Cavaleri in the Laboratory of Her Beauty Shop, Personally Studying New Scent Possibilities.

where Cavaleri had a short season in opera. She is an ardent patriot and who earned in admiration of Mussolini, who, following attendance at the opera, reciprocated with warm praise of her golden voice.

One morning Cavaleri appeared wearing crystal earrings on which were pictures of Mussolini studded with diamonds. When it became known that Muratore had rushed madly from Rome but an hour previous, gossip busily linked the two events. Muratore, back in Paris, admitted that he and his wife were in disagreement, but stated strenuously that the gossip which linked her name with that of Italy's Duke was entirely unfounded and unjust.

Similar to her previous divorce from Chanler, Cavaleri sued Muratore on the grounds of desertion. No alimony was asked, the question of personal freedom being paramount.

"I am glad to be free again," she said, when the news of the French court decree reached her in Rome. "Artists' marriages are seldom successful, even when, as in my case, one withdraws from stage limelight to help the success of the other. I feel that I did my duty to the end, even though misunderstandings engulfed us. When Luciene left me, I had only one choice—divorce."

Chanler, when he heard of the divorce, was silent, save to say, "I wish her the best of luck." Just what did he mean by "luck"—good fortune, happiness, wealth—or a new old love? Time may tell!

