

FAME'S FAVORITES

How Notoriety or Honor Comes to Woman.

LARGELY A MATTER OF CHANCE.

Recent Examples of Fair Females Upon Whom Shines the Light of Local or General Publicity—A Princess, a Countess and a Commoner.

Is there any station of life in which a woman cannot make a sensation?

Hardly.

She may be a savage or a sovereign, an odalisque of the harem or an advocate of



PRINCESS LILIUOKALANI

female suffrage, a Joan of Arc or a shop girl, a leader of society or siren of the slams, but in some way she scales the heights or sounds the depths—reforms a race, redeems a nation, creates a style, ruins human lives, wrecks happy homes.

She may be a meteor or a planet—a meteor flashing with baleful light along a fast and fiery pathway toward a doom of everlasting darkness, or a planet shining pure, serene, immaculate, unchallenged, a regnant queen amid the myriad majesty of stars.

Often the publicity that falls to her lot is not of her own seeking, but is a matter dependent on conditions or surroundings beyond the limits of her control. Take, for example, the case of the Princess Liliuokalani, who it is possible may reach the throne of the Sandwich Islands through the medium of a revolution at no distant day. She is the sister of King Kalakaua, and has the reputation of being the most beautiful and accomplished native woman of Hawaii. The reigning monarch's rule, so late advices say, has grown obnoxious, and the people clamor for a change of government, the monarchical wing of the opposition insisting that the princess shall ascend the throne, while the other and smaller faction desires a republic. If the revolt proves successful Liliuokalani will have risen to power and prominence through no active exertions of her own. She cannot be regarded as a schemer, but simply as one of fortune's footballs kicked high toward ambition's goal.

Her brother, the unlucky Kalakaua, is a sort of dusky Prince of Wales. He loves travel, jolly companions, a good time and freedom from ceremony. When he made his first visit to America and Europe, fif-



COUNTESS SAROLTA VAY.

teen years ago, not even the Shah of Persia created a greater sensation. At every period of his progress curious crowds turned out to see the "King of the Cannibal Islands," and officials did their best to shower honors and attentions upon him. Queen Victoria, among others, greeted him as "royal cousin" and had him to dinner and a state ball. But perhaps among the incidents of that tour the monarch remembers most vividly his reception at Chicago.

At that time—1874-75—Harvey Colvin was mayor of the Garden City, and because of the style in which he ran the municipality had acquired the title of "King" Colvin. The two monarchs, Colvin and Kalakaua, met in the reception room of a hotel, while a crowd stood about to listen to the remarks from their august lips. The formal introduction made, the former clasped the latter's dark skinned hand and cried, indicating with a nod the assembled aldermen, "King, you get washed up and eat some supper, and we'll take a whirl with the boys."

It is of record that the worshipful mayor and common council of the city of Chicago did not meet in regular session the ensuing evening, and that the gentleman from Honolulu was almost forced by his suite to take the eastern bound train, his desire being to live and die where Colvin ruled. If Liliuokalani succeeds him the world will lose in his dis-crowning one of the few monarchs who, to use a race track phrase, "have sporting blood in their veins."

Sarolta Vay is not a queen or even a princess, but she is a Hungarian countess who began a remarkably sensational career at the behest of others, and kept it up on reaching the years of womanhood because it pleased her so to do. Her father,



SWIPES AND HIS FIANCEE.

Count Ladislas Vay, greatly desired a son and heir, and when Sarolta was born in 1866 her mother concealed from him the infant's sex. She grew up, wearing the clothes and receiving the training of a boy until her fourteenth year. Then her father decided to send her to a military school, and the secret was a secret no longer. Sarolta, much against her will, was put into girl's clothes. She wore them under protest, and declared that when she came of age she intended to "tear up the kingdom" with her pranks.

She kept her word. The first day of her majority she donned masculine apparel and set out for Vienna, where she became a leader among the young bloods of the aristocratic set. To pay her debts she married Marie Englehardt, an heiress, who brought her a dowry of \$500,000. The girl went back to her family, but Sarolta kept the money—or rather spent it. Up to date she has married nine women besides Marie Englehardt, six of whom secured divorces and claim the title of Countess Vay. She has also fought six duels with people who hinted at her true sex. Now,

worn out by dissipation, bankrupt and harassed by creditors, Sarolta has sought seclusion. Not yet 25 she has won the name of being the most notorious woman in Europe, has had her fling, and can look forward to nothing but repentance and poverty.

People who never heard of the Sandwich Islands or of Austria; who couldn't pronounce the name of Princess Liliukalani, and have no desire to become familiar with the details of the career of Sarolta Vay, rush from the doors of the tenements, stores and saloons on Cherry Hill, in New York city, whenever a certain pert, self possessed, not unhandsome young woman saunters down the street.

"See," they say to the stranger, "see her? Dat's de rag wat's goin' to marry Swipes de Newsboy. Ain't she a daisy, and ain't she lucky ter collar Swipes!"

The "rag" (Cherry Hill for girl) sweeps on, conscious but impassive. She is the admired of men, the envied of women in her circle of life. She is the toast of the hour, the sensation of the day, and not even the toughest tough of a tough district dare lift a finger or say a word in the way of insult.

Why?

Because she is to wed with Simon Bresser, better known as "Swipes," and Swipes has killed his man in the prize ring.

The girl's name is Sophie Furst, and she is the daughter of a Ludlow street plumber. While going home one evening she was assailed by a gang of hoodlums who insisted that she should "buy the beer." At this moment of her distress a stalwart slugger rushed up, felled the girl's persecutors in one, two, three fashion and escorted her home. Thus began the acquaintance of Swipes and Sophie, and thus through accident the latter has acquired fame and eminence great enough to satisfy the heart of any female Cherry Hiller. The wedding takes place in December.

The princess, the countess, the plumber's daughter! Each in her way has probably achieved the utmost fame that the limits of her life and surroundings will allow. They ought to be satisfied.

But are they?

FRED C. DAYTON.