

AMERICAN DUCHESS FINDS SEAL OF REALITY PUT UPON DREAMS OF HER CHILDHOOD DAYS

Elsie Moore Returns to United States as Duchess di Torlonia to Show International Marriages Sometimes Can Be Happy—Husband Fought Duel With Noted Italian Artist Who Objected to Small Pay for Statue

BY THE hearthfire, years ago, she traveled in far countries and among strange peoples.

As a little child in Brooklyn, N. Y., she fancied gleaming knights in armor fighting for her hand.

Curled up over her books of fairy, she dreamed of stalwart princes come to rescue her from some high and lonely tower.

And today, no longer little Elsie Moore, she has returned to America the Duchess di Torlonia, wife of a great nobleman of Italy, who actually fought a duel on the field of honor for her.

She comes for a brief visit to her mother, accompanied by her new gray-haired husband, a young son, Alexander; a daughter, Olympia, and their merry little terrier, Minto.

And her daughter is dreaming the old dreams today—much as the mother did years ago—and one wonders whether she will dream as true.

For it isn't in the nature of things that most of our wishes are realized; it isn't in the nature of things that we can have our royal braces and our duels on the field of honor and still have the simple happiness of a peaceful home.

And that has been the glory of the Duchess di Torlonia's life.

Warp of Dreams Woven Into Woof of Reality

By and large her dreams of a more or less colorful destiny have actually been woven into the texture of her days. But, besides that, she has been happy in the humbler way. She married a "foreigner"—deplored more or less since the days when American girls first began marrying foreigners; she married without a dowry—considered impossible in international alliances—and she hasn't been divorced. A most perverse life indeed, considerably at variance with the conception of "Mrs. Grundy and her like," as Ring W. Lardner would say.

Fifteen years ago Elsie Moore was a tall, willowy girl in her twenties. In those days she was called "an outdoor girl," because the girl interested in open-air activities was rather rare.

Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Richard H. Moore, she lived in luxury. Her father was a manufacturer, a so-called millionaire hardware king, who had gathered together a large fortune during the Spanish-American War. He had intelligently permitted his daughter to dream her dreams and gave her opportunity to color them with the sunshine and the golden air of the out-of-doors. She did not grow old too soon. Her girlhood dreams stayed by her, like amiable friends.

During the winter of 1904 the Duke Marino di Torlonia in Rome, and he was her dearest attraction from the first hour of their meeting. Forty years of age, he was tall, dark and athletic. He was an expert horseman as she was an expert horsewoman; he was a member of the aristocratic hunt club of the Eternal City; a leader in the snatorial fashions. He was a man of considerable wealth and considerable taste, and he loved Elsie Moore much.

His family is one of prominent history. The Torlonias are said to be of relatively modern origin. The founder was originally French, from Auvergne. He followed the French Army to Italy and amassed a fortune as a commissariat contractor. He established a banking business at Rome and increased the fortune to colossal proportions. Then down the line his progress developed into some of Italy's most useful citizens.

An older brother of Duke Marino was Mayor of Rome. His administration ended abruptly, however, when his wife refused to meet Dora Lina Crispi, wife of the Premier. That only in passing.

Real Happiness Came After Speedy Wooing

A year after their first meeting Elsie Moore married the Duke. They were married at the Moore's magnificent estate, Billhaven, Greenwich. And the bride brought no dowry to her husband. Instead, he gave her a palace in Rome and a diamond necklace of untold value.

"I do not think a dowry can be expected after the generosity father and mother have shown us," Miss Moore is reported to have declared, "and the Duke himself waived any idea of a settlement. He has wealth of his own, and the continental idea of dowries seemed impertinent to him."

"The thing I love best of all," continued the bride-to-be, "is the palace the Duke is giving me, along with a diamond necklace, as betrothal presents. It is the beautiful Palais Torlonia. The palaces of the

city adorned lavishly. The figure carried with it the spirit and the ideal of the West. It bore something of the refreshing air of the New World into the purple palaces of the old.

And not only did the artist praise the Duke, but the Duke and the Duke of Torlonia. It was not only a striking likeness of the Duchess, but the composition of the relief pleased the good

work of art. He could do better, said the Duke, realized the less-relief was worth more than 1000 lire, and that he would have enjoyed paying the sculptor more, but the well-known high cost of living interfered.

Note Added Insult to His Lacerated Feelings

The note infuriated the artist, and gossip has it that he was reduced to petty snivel. Gossip whispers that he declared that any woman who could pay as much as Miss Moore had for a fifty-cent-old Duke could certainly afford to pay more than \$25 for an inspired work of art.

It wasn't the most gentlemanly sort of thing to say, it was really said. It even gave a very gentlemanly sort of thing to repeat, and it was repeated even if it wasn't said.

And saying it didn't relieve the Count much. He had reached a point in his inebriated anger where mere words didn't count. His spleen was uncontrollable, and he took it out on the innocent inscribed. He rapped and cracked the exquisite bas-relief into the nearest sculpture. He concentrated the features and removed the lily, which one hand of the figure was said to have held. In place of the lily he pressed in a purse, from which stook an American greenback.

The enraged Count then tucked the Duke's note to the relief and placed the whole works on exhibition in his studio.

Soon all Rome knew about the caricature. Friends of the Count and friends of the Duke viewed it with varying emotions. Whispers circulated through the salons of society as the gentle manner which circulate down city streets. These were fugitive

with their seconds and a physician, held tight on the Argentine. The Argentine is one of the seven hills of Rome and bites the with stories much more exciting than duels—though duels play a great part in them.

The combatants took off their coats, loosened their stiff collars, looked over the rapiers and selected the best they could find.

Duelling is too formal these days to be really dangerous. There is more etiquette over a duel than there is over a dinner table. It is necessary for a duelist who fights like a gentleman to conduct himself with infinite politeness toward the gentleman he wants to slay.

One views his opponent with cool and polite cruelty. One conducts himself with grave sincerity. One advances toward the other with sword raised, and one punctiliously salutes. A gallant flourish in the air of the blade, and then a crossing of blades over the blade of the referee.

And the umpire rooly cried: "Engaged!" The duelists snub back, spread their legs in the proper awkward fashion, and on the word "engage!" fall to.

And it was a gay moment for the Argentine. In the dreary gray of that morning, and when the sun came up he saw two men dancing about the hill under the trees, poking at each other with elongated pins for the sake of honor.

They lunged and curved and parried and lunged again. Rapier sang on rapier and the swift, sure wrists of expert swordsmen directed thrusts that never touched flesh.

After fighting for fifteen minutes in the fifth assault the Duke of Torlonia sneaked his rapier past that of the Count's and drew blood from his sword arm.

The Count's blade dropped to the ground and ricocheted three feet away. It was the Duke's opportunity. The Count, arms at rest, chin high, waited

into each other and then were drawn to the broad, monumental stairway descending into the hill. Upon the stairs were two men in each other—fiercely.

They were the Count Lovatelli and Duke Torlonia.

The Duke, it is said, was on the point of descending the stairs with his wife when she came face to face with the disgruntled artists.

The amazed dancers saw the Count raise his right hand. He held high his white gloves for a moment, and brought them snarling across the chest of the Duke. The Duchess, dismayed, hurried to a small circle of friends.

The Duke stood quietly for an instant. There is no doubt that he was on the point of going the gentlemanly thing: simply bow with extreme honour and challenge the offending artist to a duel. But the Count gave him not a moment. He jumped at the Duke and grabbed a handful of hair.

Women screamed. They scampered around the bathroom like tormented things. The men rushed to the two combatants. The Count was the stronger. He was going to throw the Duke. He was going to throw the Duke. He was going to throw the Duke. He was going to throw the Duke. He was going to throw the Duke.

Then came the great hall in Rome for the Anglo-American household. It was the site of the extraordinary gala events of the carnival season. The large ballroom in the Grand Hotel was a blaze of lights.

Hunting and dining from the elaborately decorated stage and walls like diamonds from the hair of beautiful women. And beautiful women were there, and distinguished men in respectful attentions, and renowned evildoers. Italian, English and American. And of course, results in the in all it. Pshaw and consequence.

It had. We shall. Count, new Ambassador to Italy, and his wife were among the patrons, as was Lady Sybil Graham, wife of the British Ambassador, and her husband.

And to aggravate matters, the Duke sent a note along with the check. And

Then suddenly came the sound of angry voices. And the music played painfully into a sullen silence. And the feet of the dancers hesitated in their gliding and in an instant, though reluctant, stopped. Startled eyes gazed

Count and Duke Exchange Words at Charity Ball

for the lunge that the Duke was privileged to make.

Waives Chance to Make Real Coup de Grace

But the Duke didn't make it. He allowed his sword-point to rest on the ground. He waived his chance to kill the Count. He merely bowed and walked to his second.

The attending physician examined the sculptor's arm. He declared the wound was not dangerous, but that the Count was unable to continue the fight.

They might have shaken hands there, but they wouldn't. It did not seem to be the moment for them to be reconciled.

That was on February 22, 1922. The fight was to have been secret, but you can't keep rowa secret in Rome any more than you can in Waterproof, La., or Heedatunkit, Miss. All Rome knew it before the day was over, and the Church heard about it.

Duke Torlonia was excommunicated by the Church for the part he played in the early morning encounter. But the ban was raised upon representations by the Duke, who applied to Cardinal Piazzilli for abrogation of the excommunication.

The Duke declared the sculptor was the aggressor, provoking and attacking the Duke while he was conversing with ladies. He, therefore, the Duke insisted, was obliged to fight in self-defense.

Cardinal Piazzilli accepted the arguments of the Duke and restored him to all the rights and privileges of the Church, including that granted by Pope Alexander VII, of having mass celebrated in the private chapel of his palace.

And so the matter stands. So far as the world knows, the Count and the Duke have never been reconciled. In the studio of the Count is said to rest the discolored engravings of the American Duchess.

Even Girlhood Dreams Didn't Include a Duel

Whether they will fight their battle all over again some day is merely a matter of speculation. True it is that any girlhood dreams the Duchesses may have had of knights braving death for her sake certainly have come true. The duel was fought and the Count bled.

It is doubtless enough of that sort of duelling the Duchesses had to satisfy any girlhood dream, especially now that the girl is a woman grown.

And that is the strangest thing about dreams of all sorts. The moments they come true they are dreams no longer—and the realities are never so labyrinthine as the dreams are.

Even so, the dream only emphasized the fact that her husband is a gentleman of gentleman and a man of courage and reasonableness; and all that, despite Mrs. Grundy, who was certain that he, being a foreigner, was merely a fortune hunter, a doxy chaser and no man to be the husband of a beautiful American belle.

So do the fates fool the Mrs. Grundys.

Uncommon Sense : What Is Imagination
By JOHN BLAKE

IT IS pretty generally agreed that imagination is the highest and most valuable quality the mind can possess.

There is not a great deal of difference in the outside of their faces. The ugliest resembles the handsomest to an important extent. Both have eyes, ears, cheeks, mouths, chins and noses, not varying more than an inch at the outside in dimensions.

Both, to the visitor from another world, would be mistaken for brothers, by Europeans and Americans, mistake all Chinamen for close relations.

BUT inside the difference, while imperceptible to the eye and not to be revealed by the measurements of the doctor, is very great indeed.

And that difference is made by the imagination or the lack of it, or the different sorts of imagination that the owner of the head, outside and inside, possesses.

Let us see just what this imagination is, and how it enables one man to paint pictures or carve statues, another to remove mountains with steam shovels, and a third to send messages around the world without wires.

Old Code Duello Only Means of Settlement

Nevertheless, a meeting was arranged, to be fought with rapier. At dawn next morning the principals,



Duchess di Torlonia, her husband and their children

torlonia family are known all over Italy; but this one at Rome is the grandest of them all." And it is the one which the newly married couple went to for their first bridal hour.

The wedding itself was a simple affair. But in a room of the hotel were piled presents that totaled many thousands of dollars. The Duke had purchased a magnificent diamond necklace for his bride. It was one of the most beautiful ever seen.

Members of noble Italian families gathered for the wedding. They came from all over Italy. The Duchess di Torlonia was the daughter of an American king. The Duke, a young Italian, was the son of an American king. The Duke, a young Italian, was the son of an American king.

At any other time her presence would have been a novelty. In Rome, Italy, she was the daughter of an American king. The Duke, a young Italian, was the son of an American king.

It was unbelievable, the Duke of Torlonia's action. He had been the Duke of Torlonia's son. He had been the Duke of Torlonia's son.

Asked Artist to Preserve Beauty of American Wife

In the summer of 1921 Duke Marino di Torlonia, in Rome, Italy, had been the Duke of Torlonia's son. He had been the Duke of Torlonia's son.

The Count worked with the assiduity of inspiration. He cut and he measured and he trimmed and he picked, and finally he finished a figure that even his



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