

Which Mr. Singer's Secret Skyway Isadora Duncan's Heart

Discovered: The Hidden Door
Through Which the \$1,000-a-Day,
Bashful Art Collector Would
Skip From His Office Into the
Arms of the Famous Dancer
Awaiting Him in Her House
Next Door



They have dug tunnels from the palace
morganatic love-nest; but it took
the millionaire Paris Singer to build a
skyway to the nest he had so ex-
actly feathered for the famous dancer,
Isadora Duncan.
The discovery of Singer's skyway solves
Manhattan's great romantic mysteries,
the man who pays and pays and pays but
never comes up to see me sometimes."
Some time after the well-known
of the century when New York's arty
play set prided itself on its sophisti-
cated and so they winked the other
when the very wealthy Mr. Singer was
with the famous dancer directing the
expensive redecorations and
of the huge private house at 110
Street.
It was a "grand passion" was evi-
dence such items as a \$20,000 fireplace
studio of the apartment.
The imposing detail was a bathroom,
enough for an ordinary person's liv-
ing. This was lined with green and
marble, also from Italy.
It cost \$8,000 was not so
at the time, as that it was one
of the first sunken tubs in the United
States.
The dignified, rather shy million-
aire did not admit that he was more than
the eminent exhibitionist and Isadora
was so charmingly frank about her
that she once smiled when asked
if she was the man who, with her, was
giving orders to the contractor
whose money was talking.
The job was done and the love-
nest was ready. Now the man who had paid
surely came up and see her,
but to the profound aston-
ishment of all their friends, he never went
there more they seen in public to-
day.
It was beyond human understanding,
the man who was going to pay the rent?
Certainly. That lady made
of money and spent more than she
barely did she fritter it away on
the proceeds as a landlord.
The dancer's proceedings or other
affairs appeared after a few months,
the dancer's friends thought it would
be a question of who was paying the rent.
The dancer replied in a tremolo whisper:
"Lohengrin."
Lohengrin was she never revealed,
the questioner, assuming
the generous person could not be
the dancer. Mr. Singer, asked what the
dancer echoed the dancer, "what
is the sublime."
Our mutual understanding has
you don't see each other anymore."

**Isadora Duncan, the Famous Dancer, at the Height of Her Popularity in New York,
Used to Keep Secret Rendezvous With Paris Singer, the Bashful Millionaire.
He Had a Secret Door Cut From His
Office to the Roof of Her Home, on
Which She Would Wait, Clad in Her
Flowing Draperies Until He Would Ap-
pear Like Her Knight, Not in Armor,
But in Evening Clothes.**

"Ah, but we do," cooed Isadora. "We
commune in a way you would never
understand."

Evidently she communed with some-
one, because about twice a week, the
artist's friends were warned that she
would be at home to nobody except
Lohengrin.

The dancer gave the impression that
on such occasions, she sat alone in her
temple-like studio, or perhaps in her
\$8,000 tub, while Lohengrin, also alone
somewhere, communed with her in spirit.

This was not too improbable, as far
as Isadora was concerned. Anything
crazy could happen, and usually did
happen, in her life which has been called
"exotic, neurotic and what-not."

But Paris Singer was a hard-headed
businessman, who may have lost money
in Florida real estate, yet never meant
to give something for nothing.

It was most tantalizing and yet there
was one clue, indicating that Isadora was
not merely talking through her coiffure.
He really was the rent-paying Lohen-
grin, present in spirit but absent in body.
It was proved that on many, perhaps all
of these communings, he locked himself in his
offices alone and refused to answer the tele-
phone.

That was all the clue needed, if anyone
had known how to follow it on the archi-
tectural, rather than the astral plane and,
the other day, the secret came out.

Mr. Orvid Bigelow, the superintendent of
the building for thirty years, was showing
some prospects a penthouse on its roof,
the terrace of which was against the wall of
the next building, a taller one, than number 110.
Someone noticed a small door on the roof
and asked where that led to.

"Into the next building," said the super-
intendent, "to the Anderson Galleries but
they are closed now."

"What did the Anderson Galleries want
to get into that penthouse for?" was asked,
and Bigelow replied:

"They didn't want to. The door was there
before their time."

"Who did want to get in?"

"Well, you see, just the other side of that
wall was once the offices of a Mr. Paris
Singer who was so rich he had an income
of \$1,000 a day and he had the door cut so
he could step through and take the elevator
down to the apartment of Madame Isadora
Duncan.

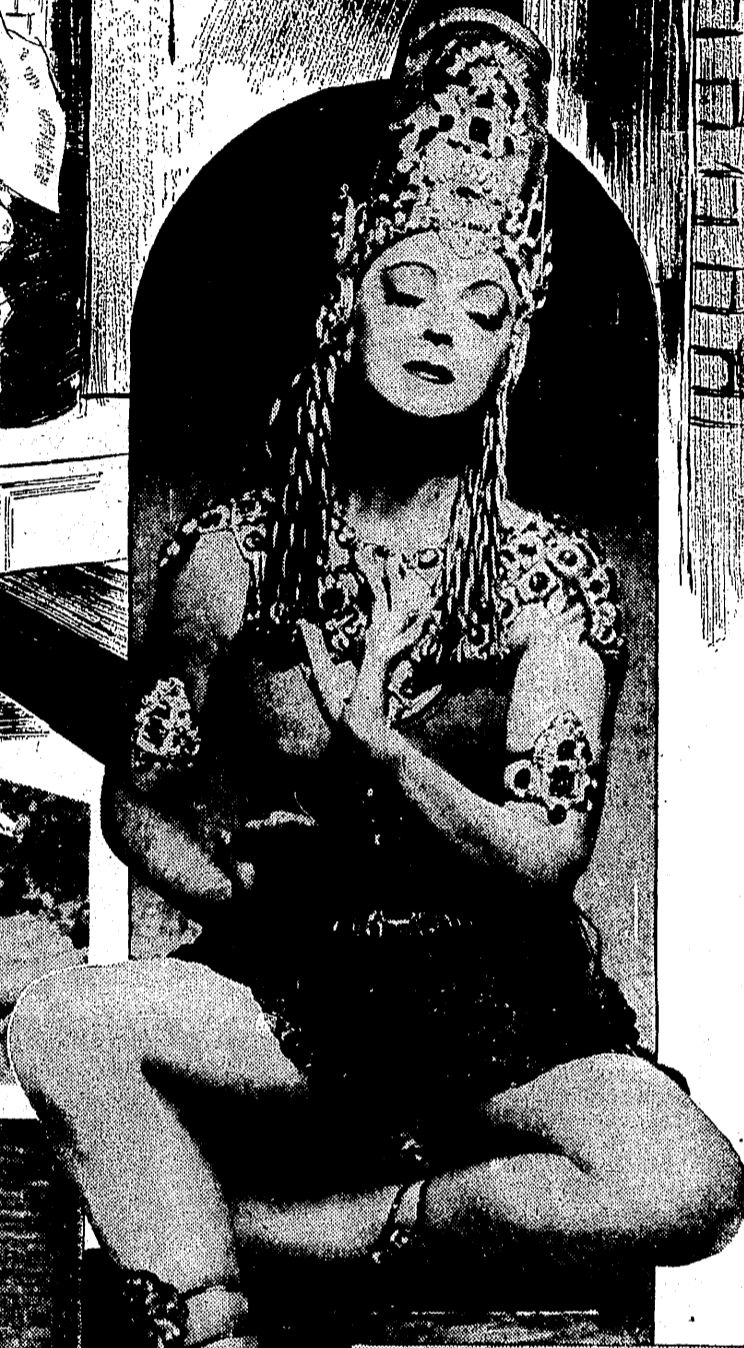
"I always call that door, 'Singer's short-
cut.'"



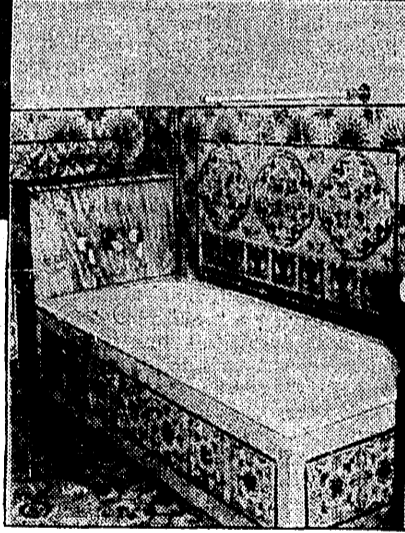
Paris Singer, Who Skyway-ed to His Isadora.



This Is the Door Which
Millionaire Singer Had
Cut From His Office to
Isadora's Roof, So That
He Could Visit Her,
Unobserved.



Ruth St. Denis,
Shown in Her
"Radha" Dance,
Now Lives in
Isadora's Huge
Studio Singer
Redecorated for
Their Love Nest



— And the \$8,000 Bathtub Singer
Installed for Isadora's Use
in the Building.

Isadora Duncan used to wait for him,
clad in her flowing draperies, on the roof
of her building. Singer had only to open the
door cut through the wall of his office and
step out into Isadora's arms. It was the
Lohengrin story come true — the bold but
often bashful knight, clad in evening clothes,
ducking rather sheepishly out of his door into
the trembling arms of a lady in distress —
financial distress.

In crowded Manhattan, the fact that
people happen to live in buildings next door
or even in the same house, has no signifi-
cance and nobody dreamed that Mr. Singer
had found a way to break through his office
building into the one next door. Yet that
was the simple fact.

The Duncan-Singer interlude seems to
have died of natural causes, though it fol-
lowed its crazy course for almost ten years.

When Paris and Isadora tired of New
York and their secret "skyway" they car-
ried their affections and quarrels half way
around the world.

Isadora, in her memoirs, says that Paris
(he was named after the city in France
where he was born) was a great lover. And
the truth is she must have loved him deeply
for she bore him two children. One she lost
at birth. The other, Patrick, was killed in
France when an automobile in which he was
riding with his nurse fell into the Seine River.

Perhaps the tragic death of her two chil-
dren killed Isadora's love for their father.
At any rate, he lavished a large part of his
fortune on her, for when he died in 1932
he was penniless. One of his fantastic
schemes was to attempt to buy Madison
Square Garden, in New York, as a dance
studio for Isadora in which she could train
young children.

As Isadora grew older, those willing to
pay the rent grew scarce and hard to find,
so that she knew periods of complete desti-
tution. However, in 1928, she somehow got
her hands on enough money to make a last
appearance on the Riviera and to hire a car
and chauffeur.

Though the dancer considered clothing as
a superfluous handicap to women, except in
cold weather, she liked long, flowing drap-
eries, usually attached to her neck. These
streamers were most effective on the stage
but rather untidy elsewhere and now one of
them was to cause her death.

As the car started, a long scarf, tied at
one end about her throat, tangled its other
in the wire spokes of a rear wheel, with the
result that it broke her neck. She had
managed to be killed accidentally in an auto-
mobile without the automobile being in an
accident, which the French police said was
the world's record.

The dancer's body was cremated but its

ashes refused to keep quiet. Soon after the
Nazis occupied Paris, they achieved
world-wide publicity. The Russian Govern-
ment, then a non-belligerent ally of Ger-
many, asked the invaders to rescue the ashes.
Russia was not interested in Isadora's ashes,
but some that had been mingled with them,
all that remained of her one and only hus-
band, the mad Russian poet, Yessenin. His
verses had helped the Revolution and when
he committed suicide, some sentimentalist
had mixed his ashes and Isadora's in the
same urn, which was somewhere in Paris.

Hitler, always making huge demands for
oil and grain from Russia was delighted to
grant this one, because it would cost
nothing. Therefore the horde of Gestapo
agents and other plunderers were ordered to
find the urn and they did. According to
the accounts, they arrived just in time to
prevent the ashes being dumped in an ash-
can. With pomp and ceremony the urn was
delivered to Moscow.

Ruth St. Denis is a famous dancer who
now occupies Isadora's studio. Miss St. Denis
says that when one of her pupils sprains an
ankle, or a picture falls from the wall, Isa-
dora's "ghost" is blamed. The whole building
is filled with prominent artistic people which
no doubt pleases the ghost of Miss Duncan
and perhaps Mr. Singer, if they ever drop in
together from the beyond.