

The Perils of Marrying "Temperament"

*Sad Proof That You Never
Can Be Sure That
You Are Going to Live
Happily Ever After, Even
With a Hero*

The Former Mrs. Henry Hutt, Who Says Her Husband Called Her the Most Beautiful Woman in the World—and Then Choked Her.



WHEN one marries genius, should one expect the same even, quiet, happily romantic life that would follow a wedding to the groceryman, the groceryman's clerk, or the insurance agent?

Or should it be expected and taken in the natural course of events, that such things as these will happen?

Your husband making sketches on the Brooklyn bridge in the early morn while attired in evening dress.

Coming home in the early morn with his dress suit bearing hairs from some sort of fur and also some powder.

Explaining away the hairs by saying he had been fondling a kitten, but failing to account for the powder.

Whipping their boy on Christmas and shutting him in a room.

Failing to send her any Christmas remembrance.

Artists as Husbands.

These are some of the things which Mrs. Elin B. Horter charges in the divorce petition she filed against her artist husband—and they are not all. Mrs. Horter can't see that an artist has any more excuse for deserting his wife, or performing a number of suspicious

feats pointing in the general direction of an affinity, than any other married man, and she fails to comprehend a single reason why an artist's wife should allow any more liberties to her husband than the woman next door allows to the real estate dealer whom she has sworn to "love, honor and obey."

There are those, principally the geniuses themselves, who say that due allowances should be made for a genius, whether he be painter, sculptor, actor or author; that temperament is inseparable from genius, and one cannot dictate just what turn or twist that temperament shall take, and, therefore, should not be held to strict accountability if his actions are not in perfect accord with the accepted social or ethical standards.

Certainly the records show the perils of marrying temperament, and one who ventures into wedlock with genius must do so either with the determination to make due allowance for many

La Belle Titcomb, Who Learned the Perils of Marrying an Actor With Temperament.



eccentricities, or else with the knowledge that she is speculating in happiness against the odds somewhat heavy against her.

A Temperamental "Tramp."

It is true that artists are confronted with greater temptations than others, for their models naturally and necessarily are beautiful in face and form. Sometimes the models are from the stage, as in the case of Maurice Compris, the famous mural painter, whose wife recently divorced him on the ground that Claudia Scott, the actress, was more to him than a model for his



Mrs. Elin B. Horter.



Richard Walton Tully, Dramatic Genius, Who Didn't Find Happiness Wedded to Eleanor Gates, Literary Genius.

celebrated conception of "Dawn." An accommodating friend of the wife watched for three months before obtaining the evidence necessary for divorce on the ground of unfaithfulness.

If artists have genuine rivals for temperament honors, they are the actors, famous for their many wives, and as with artists so with actors, temperament hits both the high and the low. You would think if any actor would be free from it, it would be a tramp comedian—but La Belle Titcomb, who used to do the most entrancing, most wonderful things while riding her snow-white horse in the musical halls of Europe and this continent, will tell you that her husband, Nat M. Wills, the famous "tramp" monologist, had more temperament than a whole troupe of Shakespearean players.

When he first married her, he took her to Europe. He lavished money on her like an early-day Klondiker, put a limousine at her disposal, and added a chauffeur, maid and foreign villa in their menage. In Paris nothing would do for La Belle but an apartment in one of the most expensive hotels; in Carlsbad he rented a whole bathhouse, and in London only a mansion in Marylebone road would suffice for his queen. Returning to America he engaged suites at the finest of the metropolitan hotels and bought waiters by the dozen. Then all of a sudden, temperament stepped in. Wills left the beautiful, bewitching La Belle, and served notice on her that she wasn't his wife at all because she, having been a divorcee, had married him before the lapse of a year, and the Illinois law declared such a second marriage was not valid.

The Illinois law didn't happen to be in New York, but shortly thereafter La Belle filed divorce proceedings on her own account, naming a chorus girl as co-respondent. The Wills temperament evidently took on more twists, for there have been several Mrs. Wills' since La Belle had the job.

And then, there are cases where genius marries genius, or temperament weds temperament, if the two statements should happen not to mean exactly the same thing. Only a few weeks ago came the announcement that Eleanor Gates, author of "The Poor Little Rich Girl" and "We Are Seven," had asked for the annulment of her marriage to Frederick P. Moore, author of "The Devil Admiral."

Both Are Divorcees.

Both are divorcees, and in each case the decree had been an interlocutory one and had not been made absolute. She said they were ignorant of the law,

and she had left Mr. Moore as soon as she ascertained the true circumstances. Miss Gates, prior to that time, had been divorced from the celebrated dramatist, Richard Walton Tully, author of "The Bird of Paradise," "Omar the Tentmaker" and "The Flame." Mr. Tully brought suit, charging desertion, and after obtaining a divorce married again.

When Miss Gates heard that Mr. Tully had sued, she said: "He probably expected me to bring suit, but any suit I would start in New York would have to involve a woman's name. He is bringing suit in California, where the law is a little more merciful and allows a divorce on a sensible ground."

The remarkable, inexplicable antics that temperament will play on a wedded couple were never so graphically and picturesquely illustrated as in the case of Henry Hutt, the celebrated artist. Not satisfied with declaring that his wife, Mrs. Edna G. Hutt, was the handsomest woman in America or in all the world, he solemnly and seriously insisted that she was "more beautiful than Venus de Milo"—the one woman of art or life more perfect in face and figure than the world's masterpiece of sculpture.

But when, a short while later, Mrs. Hutt sued for and obtained a divorce, she charged her husband with "intemperance, violence and extreme cruelty." She says that when she went to the seaside on the doctor's advice and with the approval of her husband, he ransacked their New York apartments, and when she returned she found her apartments bare and her husband gone. She says that Hutt had left none of her son's clothing—just two baby carriages, and these he had ordered the janitor to give to the ashman, "as there will be no further use for them."

As a climax to her charges, the wo-



Henry Hutt, Artist.

man who was "more beautiful than Venus de Milo" alleged that she was awakened once by being choked by her husband; and that later on he threw her against the wall.

These are a few of the stories of ill-fated romances with genius. It may be that the same things would have happened if the principals had not been artists, actors or authors, but those who read, who keep up with the husbands of the Lillian Russells and the wives of the Nat Goodwins, know that where there is such genius there usually is considerable temperament, and where excess of temperament abounds conubial peril stalks close by.

Abuse of the Russian Language.

Chicago Daily Journal.

The tweed and hosiery manufacturers



Claudia Scott, Pretty Show Girl, Who Was Accused of Stealing Away the Love of Compris, the Painter, From His Wife.

of a Scotch town have organized evening classes among their office force for the study of the Russian language. What have American manufacturers done in this line? The Journal reports that the trade of the Russian empire is the greatest commercial prize on earth, and one of which the United States ought to get a large share. But it will get a small share or none at all unless our merchants and manufacturers reach out to the new field as systematically as the Germans did and as the Scotch are doing. Unless American firms can send out representatives who understand the language, the needs and the market prejudices and preferences of the Russian people, as well as any rivals, American goods will make slow headway.

How Oysters Produce Pearls

IN Japan there is a great oyster farm where the bivalves are taught to make pearls. It was Dr. Mikimoto, a well-known scientist, who conceived the idea that oysters might be educated and made to work for man. After many years of costly experimentation, he discovered the method in use today. The farm has an area of about 50 square miles and the water varies in depth from five to 15 fathoms. The farmer selects the spots where the

larvae of oysters are most numerous and then he plants small rocks and stones. These are soon covered with oyster-spats. They are then removed and placed in special beds, where they lie undisturbed until the third year.

It is said that an oyster will not produce a pearl unless it is irritated by some foreign substance. As soon as it feels this it proceeds to cover it with nacre, layer on layer, until after a few years it has made a pearl. When large enough the oysters are taken from their beds and carefully opened; a tiny speck of some foreign substance is introduced into their bodies, and they are replaced in the sea. By the end of from three to five years the oyster has coated the foreign substance with nacre and this has become a pearl. All the work on this oyster farm is done by women, says and English writer, who visited this "farm."

What the Old Man Meant.

Fuck.

He—Has your father said anything about me?

She—Yes. He said that you ought to have been a big league manager.

He—Did he say why?

She—Yes. Because you are always explaining why you aren't doing anything this year and boasting about what you are going to do next year.