

# Should Supplanted Wives Have a Pension?

### The Most Up-to-Date Problem Raised by the Alienation Suit of Mrs. Nell Kendrick, in Which She Charges "the Other Woman" Offered Her \$100 a Month for Life.



Mrs. Edith Huntington Spreckels Wakefield, famous Californian beauty, whose reported offer of a pension for possession of a younger woman's husband eclipses the spectacular acts of her former millionaire spouse, Jack Spreckles.

BY MOLLIE MERRICK.

... and so in consideration of One Hundred Dollars, to be paid to me upon the first day of each and every month so long as I shall live, I agree to deliver One Wedding Ring, unbroken as the eternal love it symbolizes, though, like love that is transitory, tarnished with wear; together with One Husband, pleasing to the eye but proved of no value to the heart.

IF it is true that such an astonishing contract was formulated, agreed to and established between two educated, cultured and typical American women, does it mean that our feminine-kind have jumped the march of progress for a century or more and are waiting for humanity to catch up? Or does it indicate that the sex is drifting back, along the sinister road to retrogression, to the day when the cave-woman selected her mate for no reason but the primitive one of furthering the race?

Mrs. Edith Huntington Spreckels Wakefield, granddaughter of Collis P. Huntington, the railroad magnate, former wife of spectacular Jack Spreckles, the son of California's multi-millionaire shipowner and railroad head, society figure, and internationally known beauty, admits possession of what she declares to be the most modern ideas concerning the acquiring and holding of husbands—her own and other women's. She does not claim that her modernism originated or proposed the most startling of developments to date of alimony, in itself a comparatively modern institution: a pension to be held forth to the current and undesirable wife by the woman who would like to retire her and so release her husband, to have and to hold, for herself.

But Mrs. Nell Kendrick, who claims no modernism despite the fact that she is thirty years younger than her avowed friend, boasted rival, and natural enemy, maintains that the first offer of its kind ever to be bandied about the eternal triangle originated in the brain of Mrs. Wakefield, and that it was made to her before witnesses, in words of one syllable.

And withal this girl of twenty-four, who is neither beautiful, wealthy nor famous, is so depressed by what she appears to consider the pernicious regressive sentiments of her husband's middle-aged admirer, that she believes only a judge and jury capable of deciding all points at issue. Accordingly she has put the problem up to the law in form of request for divorce and compensation in the sum of \$25,000 for what she believes to be alienation of husbandly affections peculiarly her own.

#### Bartering a Husband.

As for Rodney Kendrick, poor but fascinating artist, bargained over like a length of silk on a mark-down Monday morning table—what does he care about the abstract features of the case he so cavalierly wandered into, with one woman babbling over his "sweet dependence" and another maintaining disapproving silence because whatever there may be of sweetness in his disposition has turned in a direction not her own? Let humanity progress to a point where the daring of its women in the gentle art of courtship staggers the imagination—what does he care? Or let family relationship slip backward to the tiger-skin and knotted-club days, when Madame's good right arm did service instead of blushing sighs. He is the spool of victory; the passive personality bearing about the same relationship to this particular group of life problems that the bone bears to a dog-fight!

The strange family tangle that all of California now knows as the "Wakefield case," reached its climax of sensation on a day when the two women had foregathered in the luxurious home of the elder in Sausalito.

More than the usual allotment of romance had gone into making that home the bewildering place it was. First there were the Huntington heirlooms, possessed by this daughter of the illustrious house. Likewise there were the odds and ends of rare and valuable objects left over from her marriage with Jack Spreckles: the same dashing youth who married Sidi Wirt, the singer, after his

divorce from his first wife, and whose death in an automobile accident saved him from appearing in divorce court a second time.

And—by way of digression—to prove how likely are women-members-by-marriage of the Spreckels family to step out into the places where the bright lights of publicity shine, consider the matter of the sprightly Sidi and her \$80,000 string of pearls, trustingly confided to that handsome soldier of fortune, Captain Edward Barrett, for repairing, and the suit that followed when the jewelers, who never received the string at all, demanded their value from the Spreckels estate!

Captain Barrett, to digress still further, was the masculine half of Alice Drexel's runaway match, and the husband from whose oppression and neglect that child of fortune and illustrious fam-



Rodney Kendrick, artist, the "Spoil of Victory" in the modern, or primeval, bargain.



Mrs. Wakefield as she looked before she married Jack Spreckles, millionaire sportsman and man of the world.

ly was rescued by a reconciled father who went to Paris for the purpose a year or two after the elopement.

But to return to the home of romance in Sausalito. A pathetic little figure was a guest there; shrunken, bright-eyed Nell Kendrick, who had been invited to visit indefinitely after leaving a tuberculosis sanitarium.

They lounged in the boudoir of the woman who loved beauty and the other woman's husband; the plump, elegantly gowned Other Woman, who radiated the health and beauty that had made her a center of gay life, and whose vitality faded to drab the wife who lay, pale and fatigued, midst cushions of the chaise longue. This was their conversation:

Mrs. Wakefield: "You know, Nell, I am divorcing Frank."

Mrs. Kendrick: "Lucky woman! I wish I was free!"

Mrs. Wakefield: "Do you mean that?"

Mrs. Kendrick: "Indeed I do, if baby and I were sure of a living."

Mrs. Wakefield: "All right. You divorce Rod and I'll marry him. I'll give you a hundred a month as long as you

live. I'll be awfully good to you, Nell, and you and baby can come and live with us if you like, when the divorce is over."

Mrs. Kendrick: "You've got me. I said I was through with Rod."

Mrs. Wakefield: "Do you want that wedding ring, Nell?"

Mrs. Kendrick: "Indeed I don't. I'll never live with him again."

Mrs. Wakefield: "Then I want it."

Thus was the ring turned over and the bargain sealed, according to Mrs. Kendrick. The three lived for six days amicably in the Wakefield mansion. Then the Other Woman and the husband departed for a motor tour of the state, leaving the abdicated wife to manage the house and the Spreckels children, of whom Marie, a debutante beauty of the season, is nineteen and the eldest.

And it was then, Mrs. Kendrick said, that she had time to think things over and understand just how fantastic was her position and the bargain she had entered into. She immediately went out and exposed the whole arrangement, which brought Granddaddy Spreckles a-flying to San Francisco for the purpose



Mrs. Nell Kendrick, the tubercular wife who says she first accepted, then rejected, Mrs. Wakefield's unusual offer

of asking guardianship over the children, whom he seems to believe endangered by their mother's ultra-modernism in love and marriage.

The artist-husband, blinded by the sudden glare of publicity, moved out of the Wakefield home and into the Sausalito hotel and attempted to squirm out of tacit endorsement of his lady love's modernism by declaring that he himself offered the pension for release, and that anyway relationship between his wife and himself was a thing of the past and he had intended for some time to manage an arrangement which would bring him freedom and allow him to marry his wealthy patroness despite her own married state.

Is it modernism or primevalism?

You can call it what you like, and still find it startling. The only other case on record at all like it, and this only like as a shadow resembles substance, is the stand taken by Stella Terry, the dainty dancer of Mrs. Wakefield's own San Francisco, who decided that a girl who encourages courtship from one man, and marries another, is in honor bound to compensate the first in something the same sum he paid out in attendance on her.

Accordingly, when she became Mrs. Roy Sedley a few days ago, she sent a check for \$150 to another young man whose wife she was to have been, and who considered his services as a suitor worth that sum when he heard of her wedding!

## NO PRINCE OR CRIMINAL, ONLY A CHILD TELLING FAIRY STORIES

(Continued From First Page.)

courtship to wife No. 4, Lillian Wilkomerson, he assumed the role of the "Emperor Tai Chu Loon of China" and dubbed her his "Princess Tien Tao." The correspondence which passed between them sounds like a translation of genuine Chinese letters. One she sent read:

"My esteemed emperor, Tai Chu Loon: Knowest thou that the princess is pleased beyond all measure to receive the charming missive from the Sun of Heaven. It is with a heavy heart that this humble Tien Tao must relate to the Greatest Master of All China what troubles her soul.

"Does Emperor Tai Chu Loon fear that the princess may care for someone else? There is no need to fear it, for it is not so, and by the help of Confucius, Jus and the rest of the yellow pedigrees of all China it never will be."

His letters in return were just as fanciful. They might have been the play letters of children.

M. Tridon's analysis of the bogus prince may warn the credulous against further victimizing by this class.

"Harold Schwarm is a high-grade moron suffering from a royal complex. The royal complex is the delusion of greatness held by all inferior people. He is not a crook, but highly insane. He sincerely believes himself to be of royal blood. This belief may lead him to do a lot of things that end in jail. But I refuse to call him a crook. He has 50 per cent of the qualities of the paranoiac.

"By his eyebrows I see that he is a very weak man. His eyebrow, beginning from the inner part of the face, as it should, stops suddenly midway over his eye, which it should not. This shows lack of energy and great weakness. It is caused by a weak thyroid gland, a gland located in the throat. This gland is undeveloped in idiots.

"By his hollow short nose I see that he is unbalanced mentally. Both the thyroid gland and the pituitary gland are known as glands of intelligence. By his large, protruding thick lips I see that his thyroid gland is extremely undeveloped. In intelligence he is still a

child and he is still dreaming and telling fairytale adventures as children do, and are sometimes punished for telling falsehoods. He has the shrewdness of the developed part of his brain to put into practice the stories that the childish part of his brain invents.

#### An Aristocratic Ailment.

"Schwarm is suffering from the delusion of greatness as are many or most of the so-called 'Four Hundred' of New York, the same sort of delusion of greatness that most of our modern aristocracy suffers from."

M. Tridon would not impose a jail sentence. He had a method all his own. Concerning this cure M. Tridon says:

"Harold Schwarm may be cured by giving him powdered pituitary and powdered thyroid glands of sheep, and he should be treated mentally about the absurdity of wanting to be some big person."

The adventures of Schwarm had also an interesting echo in the case of Dominico Simeone. He, too, has a fairy story complex. He represented himself on different occasions and in different countries as a priest, a nobleman, a physician, an Italian army officer and a count. Miss Mary Pinto of New York city had him arrested for bigamy. He married her in Waterbury, Conn. It is charged he also had a wife in Austria and that he wooed Carmella Carbone of New York city.

"You are not only the champion breaker of hearts but the biggest liar I ever had before me," Magistrate Kochendorfer in the police court of Long Island City, L. I., said to him. "You have posed as an army officer, a physician, a priest and a nobleman, whereas you are only a good plasterer."

The statement of M. Tridon that this class of defective might be cured with the powdered gland treatment has given rise to the hope among scientists that in the near future many of this class of swindlers may be eliminated. This type of offender against society appears every now and then.

#### How Count Gregory Fooled Society.

Count Gregory, whose life ended in a German prison, was one of these. His

real name was Bernard Francis Seraph Gruenebaum. In 1909 he got into New York's smart set and, through his facile tongue and elegant manners, succeeded so well that the late Mrs. William Astor gave a reception in his honor. But funds were needed to keep up the pace and he signed some bad checks. Then he was jailed. So clever was he and so convincing that he succeeded in having parliament change his title "baron" to "count" after he disclaimed his alleged noble Austrian descent and became a British subject.

"Lord Gray," son of a Glasgow cab driver, who duped the British war office, went to New York and found little trouble in making himself popular in high society and eventually marrying two heiresses. Anabel Dade, daughter of Mrs. Charles Henderson, was his first wife. But that marriage was annulled when his mother-in-law learned the truth. His second wife was Marjorie Wilson, daughter of Willard Wilson, wealthy owner of a chain of hotels. She later died. He is said to be a British prince.

Cassie Chadwick will long be associated with clever women swindlers. She came from Canada via the middle west and was harmless looking. But after several bank presidents in New York city had finished doing business with her they found that she had eaten away large pieces of their bank rolls by a clever manipulation of checks. She was arrested and died in jail.

#### How to Tie All Knots Except Matrimonial.

A BULLETIN on "The Use of Rope and Tackle" has been issued by the engineering experiment station of the state college of Washington at Pullman. This is a collection of useful information on the method of tying knots and making splices and hitches in ropes and cables. Illustrations are given, showing the different steps in making various knots used on the farm, in logging in the building trades, on ship-board, etc. Among others of interest is a description of the famous "diamond hitch" used by packers to secure the pack on the pack animal. People from practically all walks of life at some time or other use ropes or cables and will find this bulletin very interesting.