

WHO PLUCKED the LEMON?



Mrs. Lawrence C. Phipps

Famous Divorce Suit in Paris May Determine Between Mrs. McKee and Mrs. Phipps

WHO plucked the lemon in the garden of love? Was it the beautiful young widow, Mrs. Cornelia Tevis, who won A. Hart McKee, or was it Mrs. Lawrence C. Phipps, who did not?

During the last few months, while the McKee divorce case has been dragging its length along in Paris, this question has been raised repeatedly in that city, in New York, in Pittsburg, and in Denver, Col., in each of which places various chapters of one of the most entertaining and sensational stories of modern times have been written.

Love, hatred, jealousy, revenge, fickleness, parental affection—all have been woven into the drama. It is a wonderful story of tangled lives and family skeletons.

Out of it all stands most prominent the remarkable power of a man, insignificant mentally and unattractive physically, to hypnotize, as it were, to fascinate and enthral at least two women whose beauty and accomplishments seemed fit for the widest spheres. Others are said to have fallen under his magnetic influence. What was it?

PERHAPS Mrs. Phipps, who did not wed young Hart McKee, laughed in her sleeve at the former widow Tevis, who did wed him, when reports of the McKee divorce suit in Paris were sent broadcast during the last few months.

Sensational were the charges made in a suit that ended a dream of love and a romance peculiarly American in all its parts.

"She lived to an accompaniment of pistol shots, indecent literature and pajamas," declared the French lawyer who was in charge of the divorce proceedings instituted by Mrs. McKee. In her plea for legal separation she named statutory reasons, as well as cruelty and extravagance on the part of the petted son of the Pittsburg millionaire family.

According to Mrs. McKee, her second dream of love and happiness—the first was abruptly terminated by death—was most rudely dissipated by finding that her idol had ely feet.

A laundress, brought before the Paris tribunal to testify, asserted, it is said, that her services were not called upon for renovation of Mr. McKee's attire as frequently as she thought should be the case. There were reports of socks, for instance, continued in service long beyond the ordinary enlistment of such humble infantry soldiers of fortune without having been referred to a washerwoman.

Charges and recriminations flew fast and furious during the recent divorce suit in the French capital. Mrs. McKee felt certain that she was sufficiently aggrieved, and that she had every ground for separation. Cruelty on the part of the man she had enthroned not so long ago as her king was one of the allegations.

But all this does not answer the question, Who plucked the lemon? One must go farther back for an answer.

The story begins in Pittsburg. When Andrew Carnegie decided to make millionaires out of the young men who had begun as clerks in his great steel enterprise, one of the names on the list of favored ones was that of Lawrence C. Phipps. The uncle of young Phipps was already one of Carnegie's partners and a multi-millionaire.

A STUNNING BEAUTY

The young man married a stunning beauty—Genevieve Chandler—then 15 years old. It was said that all the young women of Pittsburg envied her. The wedding gifts were worth a fortune.

Two children came, in time, to make the Phipps home happy. It seemed that no family of youngsters had brighter futures—riches almost unending, a splendid establishment, handsome and healthy children, a wealthy father and a beautiful mother.

There were trips North and West, East and South; there were voyages de luxe to Europe. For a time every year was crowded with enjoyment, while the family fortune increased like a snowball being rolled downhill. Wherever the couple went the stately beauty of Mrs. Phipps was admired greatly.

There came a time when Mr. Phipps, because of falling health, removed to Colorado for a time. Denver was destined to be one of the important mileposts along his life's journey.

When young A. Hart McKee, son of wealthy and dotting parents, of Pittsburg, finished his course at Princeton with the class of 1900, he returned to the home of his parents to follow whatever life might be his. With unlimited wealth at command, he joined all the clubs at once among the smartest in the city.

Anxious mannae sought for him; ambitious young women gave him their sweetest smiles. At last he fell in love—it seemed, stably. His fiancée was Miss



A. Hart McKee, Who Had Allegations of His Own.

Lydia Sutton, daughter of a well-known physician of Allegheny City.

There was a brilliant wedding, one long to be remembered. On the surface it was a happy romance. But Cupid soon flew out the windows of the home of the young McKees.

Mrs. McKee accused her husband of being too attentive to young Mrs. Phipps, who was not in Colorado with her husband. "Can't cousins be friendly without being gossiped about?" was McKee's reply.

In course of time, Mrs. McKee, having gathered what she considered conclusive evidence, sued for divorce. She got it. The details of settlement, the evidence brought into court and other matters concerning the action need not be referred to here.

In the meantime, Mr. Phipps had taken advantage of the divorce laws. He secured a legal separation from the handsome woman who had promised, not many years before, to be his for all time and eternity.

All this created a terrific sensation in Pittsburg, New York and other places where the young couples were known. What will be the future of the divorced ones was the question generally asked.

Nearly every one acquainted with conditions expected that Hart McKee would marry Mrs. Phipps. Perhaps Mrs. Phipps thought so, too. It seemed at one time that such would be the case.

At this time, however, young Mrs. Tevis appeared upon the scene. She had become known in two continents as the beautiful Cornelia Baxter, of Tennessee. After being graduated from a convent school in France she had created a sensation by appearing at the Grand Prix, Paris, one fine race day, and having all the impressive young men fall at her feet.

JILTED MAN HAPPILY WED

Returning to this country, she became engaged, it was said, to Gerald Hughes, of Denver—he was happily married to another woman a few weeks ago, by the way.

Before the wedding date approached, however, she fled from the Hughes engagement and married the wealthy Hugh Tevis, of San Francisco, and sailed with him for a wedding tour around the world.

A few months later, while in Japan on their honeymoon trip, Mr. Tevis died. The young widow returned to America, and, after a conventional period of mourning, again entered social circles.

Then it was that she met A. Hart McKee, lately freed of his first marital bonds.

A dashing, handsome widow of 22, Mrs. Tevis promptly captured the heart of the Pittsburg man. Her stylish figure, her pure blonde hair, her violet eyes, her Grecian features, her poise of manner and her smart attire utterly hypnotized him, it has been declared.

It has been stated that Colonel Baxter, father of Mrs. Tevis, never approved of young McKee. He regarded the Pittsburger, it is said, as having execrable manners and as utterly lacking in personal charm. Indeed, it was frequently asked by McKee's acquaintances what was the secret of the tremendous power over women which he was acknowledged to possess.



Mrs. A. Hart McKee, Who Sued for Divorce

Rumor had it that an interesting and heated contest ensued between the divorced Mrs. Phipps and the widow Mrs. Tevis for the annulled heart and the once-discarded hand of A. Hart McKee.

It was even reported that the two women once engaged in a hair-pulling contest in a New York hotel over the object of their affections.

The witchery of the young widow proved more potent than the charms of the young divorcee. Mrs. Tevis won, and married McKee. The couple went to Europe, where they have resided, for the most part, since. They have made occasional visits to Egypt and other countries.

All kinds of rumors have been mixed up with the history of the couple. It has been said, for instance, that McKee's second wife advanced \$250,000 to enable him to settle with his first spouse at the time of their divorce.

At any rate, the question arises, Who got the lemon? Was it Mrs. Tevis, who became the second Mrs. McKee, or Mrs. Phipps, who did not?

MANY ACCUSATIONS

Not only did Mrs. McKee, in the recent divorce proceedings, accuse her husband of most unloverlike proceedings—such as threatening to shoot her with a revolver—and with various indiscretions entirely at variance with his marital vows, but with squandering all her fortune that he could lay hands upon.

Only a fortnight after the marriage, McKee took entire charge of his wife's income, according to her friends, writing checks, which she signed. He was supposed to meet one-third of the living expenses, it is said, but he spent virtually none of his own money.

These checks were signed by Mrs. McKee, but were drawn by him. Often while signing a check for \$5000 Mrs. McKee would be in difficulties for lack of a few dollars, her friends assert, but so great was her fear of her husband that she was afraid to draw any of her own money without his knowledge and consent.

Extreme cruelty was charged by the wife in the divorce proceedings. McKee, she asserted, made love to the maid in their Paris home, and had a habit of wandering over the house in his pajamas. She made a number of other sensational assertions to show that

romance had deserted its throne, and that the eyes once veiled by Cupid had been opened. The names of other women have been dragged into the limelight by the unhappy and desperate wife.

One might ask, How is it that this young man brings women so readily to his feet? His conquests, it is said, are not few. Is he of attractive personality; is he tall, commanding, handsome and clever, as well as fairly rich?

No. He is short, thin, unimposing in appearance. He tries to be dapper; is usually carefully groomed and put-timed, daintily shod and gloved, and dresses in the approved French fashion for dandies.

He is fond of pointed shoes, high-waisted coats, flat-brimmed hats and scented handkerchiefs. He affects an upturned moustache and all the other things so dear to the heart of the average French dandy.

Who, then, plucked the lemon—the woman who married him or the woman who did not?

HOW THE HUMBLE CLAM AIDS A NEW ART



The Church Choir

TO THE aid of art has come the humble clam shell; through inventive genius this well-known product of the seashore has assumed an interesting and unique role, even if it isn't always one of beauty.

Art in clam shells? Strange how one ever conceived the idea of such a thing. Yet this idea did occur to a woman, and she has been making clam-shell faces that embrace almost the entire range of human physiognomy.

Wonderful is the variety of faces that a handful of the shells will yield.

CLAM-SHELL pictures were first introduced to the people of Providence, R. I., and soon afterward to visitors to Narragansett Pier, by a talented young woman artist, then Miss Bertha J. Clark, now Mrs. Fountain, of Philadelphia.

When she was a little girl Mrs. Fountain made rag dolls with clam-shell faces and presented them to her friends. She claims to be the originator of this novel art; at any rate, she has advanced it to a plane upon which her work stands alone.

In her case, as in those of many others who have



Japanese Maiden



A Dancing Girl



From the Hook of Holland

brought something new to the attention of the world, invention was spurred by necessity.

"I was a poor artist in New York," she says, in telling of the genesis of the clam-shell faces. "I tried many kinds of work in artistic lines, but met only moderate success in each. This did not keep the wolf very far from the door; I often heard him growl while my pictures were drying.

"I knew I must do something original if I were to earn a livelihood. But, like other commonplace people, I could not think of a novel scheme to try.

"Accidentally, I stumbled over the idea. Being in a downtown store one day I saw a very poor representation of a clam shell, made out of pasteboard, with a face painted on it. It was a poor piece of work, and I was astonished when the storekeeper named 40 cents as its price.

"Back to memory rushed the rag dolls with clam-shell faces that I had made in my youth. Then there dawned upon me, like an inspiration, the possibilities

of the clam shell.

"When I returned home I took from a box some small shells that I had picked up at the seashore because of their beauty. By way of experiment, I began drawing faces upon them.

"These seemed so real that I pasted one on a piece of cardboard and drew a body to go with it. Then I colored the drawing and found I had something really unique.

"Friends who saw my work with the clam shells praised it and asked me to place the shells on sale. Finally I exhibited samples to the buyer in the art department of a store in Providence, and he ordered six dozen.

"That was my start—it was in 1897—and I have been making clam-shell people ever since. In selling these art products I have traveled a good deal; I have been in twenty-two different states, not counting the state of starvation.

After all, the artist declares, it does not require



Shell We Be Friends?



A Spring Bride

such a stretch of imagination to detect a resemblance to faces in clam shells. It is frequently remarked that the pearly resembles a face. Certain types can be most interestingly portrayed with the shells, which is the premise on the shell nearest the hinge. That you can, like a human chin. Of course, there is not the variety in the shells that is found in human chins.

"No clam shell, for instance, has a double chin, yet a natural corrugation that looks like one. The artist can easily remedy that. Draw a few lines on the shell, and you have a human chin overgrown with flesh."