

IF YOUR WIFE WAS FAMOUS?

Would You Like to Pass Into History Merely as Her Husband?

How would you, a mere man, like to be the husband of a bluestocking, a noted literary woman? How would you like to be known only as "the husband of Mrs. So-and-So, the famous authoress"; to rest unnoticed and in eclipse behind her laurels?

Of course you would be proud of your wife's achievements and fame; the only uncomfortable question would relate to your own position.

Of recent years literary works by women have figured frequently among the "six best sellers." This high-water mark attained, the limelight of publicity is at once turned on the fortunate writer; her comings and her goings, her tastes in dress and in literature, her home life and her methods of work are all duly exploited. But how often does one hear of her husband, if she has one?

It is rather gratifying to find, upon investigation, that comparatively few of the husbands of American authoresses of note are nonentities. Many of them are active, useful citizens and progressive business men. And not a few may claim their measure of public notice.

UPON her story, "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," rests the fame of Mrs. Alice Hegan Rice. She has written other interesting tales, such as "Lovesy Mary" and "Sandy," and doubtless hopes, before the close of her career with the pen, to produce something much more ambitious and worthy of recognition in literature, even than "Mrs. Wiggs."

Still, she will always be known, no doubt, as the creator of "Mrs. Wiggs"—perhaps it would be better to say authoress, as the now widely known woman of the "Cabbage Patch" was already created and only needed a competent biographer when Miss Alice Hegan made her acquaintance.

It was nearly six years ago when Miss Hegan, then in the full tide of her "Mrs. Wiggs" success, became the bride of Cale Young Rice, and with him set up that delightful home in Louisville that has since been her chief delight.

Mr. Rice was an author of reputation himself, and since then has been building a name as a playwright. He is also a poet and lecturer, and before removing to Louisville to live as professor of English in Tennessee's Cumberland University.

Since their marriage, Mr. and Mrs. Rice have been living, most of the time, in their charming Louisville home, or in their rustic, picturesque country home near the city. Mr. Rice has pursued his own literary work quietly, but effectively, and in addition has made strides in the business world.

characterized as love at first sight; there were many other meetings during that visit and subsequent visits paid by Miss Wilkins to Metuchen.

In course of time Dr. Freeman discovered that he was in love with the brilliant writer, and after an ardent courtship persuaded her to accept his name and the management of the handsome home he had provided for her in Metuchen. But she made him wait until she had finished a novel upon which she was then engaged. It is said in Metuchen that he waited two years after the handsome cottage had been made ready for its new mistress.

Myra Kelly, who has written so engagingly about "Little Citizens" and the doings of children in New York's East Side, charmed her husband into matrimony by her literary work. At least, so it was stated when she married Allan Macnaughton, banker and business man, something like three years ago.

Miss Kelly had worked her way to pen fame while one of the tolling teachers in a public school in New York's East Side. She wrote engagingly and sympathetically of child life as she saw it—not as she imagined it. Her stories were published in magazines, and later in book form.



Dr. Charles M. Freeman, who married Mary E. Wilkins

Her first book—so the story goes, at least—caught the eye and engaged the attention of Allan Macnaughton, banker and man of affairs. Being a member of several clubs, he was socially prominent in his circles.

One afternoon, it is related, white-faced and weary, he reached the ferries that let so many thousands out of New York's crowded streets each evening. There was a wait for a ferryboat, and Mr. Macnaughton hurried to the bookstand on the wharf in search of something to occupy his mind on the trip to Teaneck, N. J.

He bought Miss Kelly's new book, at random, turning the pages idly at first, he soon became interested. Especially was he pleased with the word painting of "teacher."

A ROMANTIC MEETING

Some time later he met, at a horse show dance, Miss Myra Kelly; he learned that she had written the book that had pleased him so much. Mr. Macnaughton was duly impressed; he began a wooing that in time reached the usual happy culmination.

So the young writer gave up her school, bade a tearful farewell to her ailed and sobbing pupils, and took up a new life as mistress of Cedar Lodge, at Teaneck, N. J.

Mr. Macnaughton is proud of his wife's ability as a writer and encourages her in her efforts. During pleasant afternoons he induces her to join him in a horseback ride. Mr. Macnaughton is fond of outdoor life, of fishing, gunning and riding, and spends what time he can spare from his business in that way.

He is also a landscape gardener of considerable ability and is always happy in some plan of suburban adornment.

In becoming Mrs. Post Wheeler, Miss Hallie Ermie Rives joined her life and fortunes to a congenial partner. Dr. Wheeler is author, poet, magazine writer and diplomat.

They were married in Japan nearly two years ago. Mr. Wheeler, being connected with the American embassy at Tokio, since then the couple have spent most of their time in the Orient.

It was natural, perhaps, that the authoress of "Smoking Flax," "Furnace of Earth," "As a Heart Panteth," "Hearts Courageous," and other works should be won to giving her hand and heart to a man who wrote like herself.

Mr. Wheeler is a son of the Rev. Dr. Henry Wheeler, of Philadelphia, where he was graduated from the Central High School, afterward capturing high honors at Princeton.



Allan Macnaughton, who married Myra Kelly

pressed by his paper and pens and regarded him as a "white medicine man."

He composed many of his poems in the silences of the long Arctic nights, just as he had composed, previously, in African deserts. While hunting moose he fell and sustained such severe injuries that he returned to New York.

Since joining the diplomatic service Mr. Wheeler has spent most of his time in Japan, where both he and his wife enter thoroughly into the poetic, flower-loving spirit of the land.

Mrs. Wheeler's cousin, the talented Amelle Rives, has had two husbands. Her young heart was captured by John A. Chanler, a wealthy member of the widely known New York family of that name. This marriage was not happy, however, and there was a South Dakota divorce. In 1895 Miss Rives—she had resumed her maiden name—married Prince Pierre Troubetsky, a Russian artist.

The Royal Woman Wrestler of Europe

WHEN the Duchess Jutta of Mecklenburg-Strelitz married the Prince Danilo, of Montenegro, people laughed about them. "She's as thin as a rail," said one. "And he's a stick," remarked another. "Did you ever see such sickly looking people getting married—they better prepare for a funeral," commented a third. But both, when they heard these whispers, laughed also, for the duchess had begun to study the art of jiu-jitsu and wrestling. "Just wait," declared she; "we'll show them. Wait till I take you in training."

AND the Princess Melitta, as she is now called, did take her royal spouse in training. Today he is regarded as one of the most robust specimens of royalty in Europe. And the princess—well, the princess— "Gracious, she actually punches the bag!" declared a titled visitor to the court at Cettinge some time ago. "Punches the bag—and actually boxes—and wrestles!"

And this unique accomplishment of the princess is the talk of the courts of Europe.

Among the royal women of Europe the lady who will become mistress of the Black Mountain principality is regarded as one of the handsomest. In the tall, plump, rosy-faced, bright-eyed woman one sees little resemblance to the frail, pale girl who was led to the altar in August, 1899.

Before the wedding many, indeed, feared the marriage would never take place, the prince's health also being in a precarious condition. He suffered from maladies known and unknown. He was weak and pale and it was said, lacked physical courage. His brother, the Prince Mirko, strong, vigorous, ambitious, plotted and schemed to force his elder brother to resign in his favor.

Mirko married the beautiful daughter of Colonel Constantinovitch, son of Princess Anka Obrenovitch, who was assassinated with her cousin, Prince Michel, at Belgrade in 1868. Mirko is said to have a consuming ambition to occupy a throne. He tried to secure that of Serbia and failed, the governorship of Macedonia and failed, and finally turned his attention to the throne of his father, Prince Nicholas.

It was said that Prince Danilo was wavering. But it was not long after his marriage that he began to assert himself. A result was that Mirko was compelled to leave the capital.

Prince Danilo developed unwonted independence. He also gained in health. His cheeks became fuller; he assumed the role of heir and hero. Why was this? In their palace the princess had fitted up a gymnasium. A Japanese expert was brought from the land of the Rising Sun to teach her jiu-jitsu. In tight-



Cale Young Rice, who married the authoress of Mrs. Wiggs

States when he met the talented young authoress who became his wife. When Mrs. Alice Clews Parsons created such a sensation a couple of years ago with her book, in which trial marriages were advocated as a remedy for the divorce evil, her husband had already made good progress in the political field.

Herbert Parsons is a member of Congress and chairman of the New York county Republican committee. Some one has said that he was born with a silver spoon in his mouth and a full set of table silver by his crib.

All worry about house rent having been removed by kindly fates and by his marriage to a daughter of Henry Clews, Mr. Parsons is able to devote his time to politics, and is doing it. There is no doubt that he



Prince Troubetsky, who married Amelle Rives

cherishes higher ambitions than his present seat in Congress, and there is no doubt he will be very busy seeing that his ambitions are in a fair way to realization.

Miss Bertha Brooks Runkle, author of "The Helmet of Navarre," married a man who had served as the model for a hero in her novel. He was Captain Louis H. Bush, United States Army. Much of the fabric of her book is hung around a dashing soldier of ready wit and sword.

Captain Bush has spent much time and seen much service in the Philippines. He secured the double bars of a captaincy for distinguished service under General Lloyd Wheaton.

The husband of Anna Katherine Green, Mr. Charles Rohlf, is a prosperous furniture designer, of Buffalo. He was formerly an actor, and played in the companies of Booth and other great men of the stage. Becoming interested in furniture designing through plans for furnishing his own home, he abandoned the drama for business, and has been quite successful.

Hatching Ducks by Wholesale

AUSTRALIA has the largest duck farm and the largest incubator in the world. The incubator has a capacity of 11,440 ducks' eggs or 14,980 hens' eggs. The machine is, in fact, a hothouse. It stands in open ground, and is constructed of ordinary pine boards, with corrugated iron roof. The egg trays each hold 130 ducks' or 160 hens' eggs, and there are four of these trays end to end in eleven tiers, one above the other, on each side of the room, making a total of eighty-eight. Moisture is supplied in pans beneath the bottom tier of trays. The heat is supplied by means of steam pipes from a large boiler. The incubator is said to be working well and bringing out a big percentage of birds.



Post Wheeler, who married Ermie Rives

When, about three years ago, it was announced that Mrs. Rice had decided to invest a part of her earnings in the establishment of a new national bank, it was also stated that Mr. Rice would be associated with her in the enterprise and would pay considerable attention to the business.

Only last year newspaper readers were regaled with accounts of the efforts of Dr. Charles M. Freeman, who married Miss Mary E. Wilkins, to break into politics and become Mayor of Metuchen, N. J.

Dr. Freeman was beaten for the nomination. Some were unkind enough to say that it was because Metuchen was still angry with Mrs. Freeman, who had been charged with holding the mirror up to that community when she wrote "The Debtor."

It was an allegation made and denied a year before. It seems that a local correspondent, inspired by the need of space-filling matter, had suggested the idea that the prototypes of Mrs. Freeman's characters were to be found in the novelist's home town. Some of the character pictures, as drawn, were not at all complimentary. Mrs. Freeman, however, declared that she did not have the good people of Metuchen in mind when she wrote the book.

She might as well be charged with having mirrored other communities, she declared, in "The Portion of Labor," "A New England Man," "The Highway" and her other stories. So, after a discussion pro and con for a few days or a few weeks, the matter was forgotten, apparently.

HUSBAND LIKE HER HEROES

Mrs. Freeman's heroes, as a rule, are tall, strong, handsome, tender men. Dr. Freeman answers the physical description. He has dark hair and blue-gray eyes, a brow that does not hide a tender-looking mouth with a half smile lurking in the corners.

Dr. Freeman is a son of the late Manning Freeman, formerly judge of the Appellate Court of New Jersey. He seems to be younger than his vicinity to 45 years. In 1886 he was graduated from Rutgers College, and in 1888 from the College of Physicians and Surgeons in New York.

Later the young physician was appointed medical examiner in the United States pension service and also became chairman of the board of civil service examiners. The duties of the latter position required him to travel a great deal, as he had to examine the boards throughout the country.

Still, the practice of medicine was not a congenial occupation, and he relinquished it to take up the direction of a big lumber business in Metuchen.

Miss Wilkins met the handsome young doctor while on a visit to the home, in Metuchen, of Henry M. Alden, a prominent magazine editor. It was never



The Wrestling Crown Princess of Montenegro



The Crown Prince, taught wrestling by his wife

she learned the twists and capers of the strenuous exercise, and then took up boxing and wrestling.

One evening each week both the prince and his wife retired to the "gym." In "gym" costume they wrestled and sparred until nearly exhausted. For more than five years the royal couple have devoted themselves to this strenuous exercise. Both enjoy it hugely.

One evening a week is set apart at the palace for wrestling. It has become a regular feature as a dance or card evening or a formal reception, and guests are mostly entertained by the expertness and feats of strength shown by the Prince and Princess Danilo.

Some years ago an unpleasant incident occurred at the capital. When the duchess married Danilo her father gave her as a wedding gift a great golden pig with emerald eyes. The pig became the court joke. When she went to visit royal relatives in Russia they jibed her. One day the princess got mad. "You can talk as much as you like, but you'd be glad to have such a pig!" she snapped. "It's filled with

gold, that pig, and some day, when this court gets bankrupt, it will save it."

Her audience was visibly averted. But some time afterward the pig disappeared.

The princess was furious. The court was in terror. Her father-in-law, her husband and the prime minister all ordered golden pigs. When she got them she knocked upon the sides.

"They're hollow—oh, they're hollow," and she went off into one of the tirades which her minor deities is like a cyclone. At this time Mirko was inopportune in a jocose remark concerning the princess. Prince Danilo, now the hero, took Mirko to the palace, and it is said, put some shot into him. This shot was washed up, however, and the anger of the princess cooled.

Of undoubted beauty, the princess is one of the cleverest women in Europe. She plays the piano scientifically. As a needlewoman she has to peer among royal housewives, and she almost invariably has success with laughter by her clever caricatures of friends and visitors.