

Woman Story Writer Turns Banker

HOW do literary women, who have won fame and fortune through their pens, invest their fortunes? Do they ever attempt to enter business life? Can they put themselves outside the idealizations of their fancies? This is a question often asked. The latest answer comes from Kentucky. At Louisville, Mrs. Alice Hegan Rice, author of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," "Lovely Mary" and "Sandy," has organized a national bank, in which a considerable share of her earnings will be invested. Coming into public eye and favor less than five years ago, Mrs. Rice, from the sale of her books and the dramatization of her works, is estimated to have made at least a quarter of a million dollars since that time. With this comfortable capital, she is turning to the business world for investment; and the career of the authoress as a banker will be watched with interest.

Mrs. Rice does not intend to abandon literary work, but will engage in banking as a side issue and as an investment. Starting with a capital of \$26,000, this new national bank, in which she is understood to be the largest stockholder, is regarded by the authoress as having a most promising future. Associated with her in the enterprise, it is understood, are her husband, Cale Young Rice, himself a writer of ability; W. D. Hod, L. M. Rice and other prominent men of Louisville.

It is believed in her home town that Mrs. Rice will be, at least, one of the directors in this new financial institution, and that she will devote to its interests a considerable part of that activity and acumen that have won her fame and dollars in the literary world. Mrs. Rice says that she does not know how much she is worth, although conservative estimates place the earnings of her pen at nearly or quite a quarter of a million dollars.

And this within five years. "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," introduced to the public in 1901, has sold to the extent of more than two hundred and fifty thousand copies, and is still in demand; "Lovely Mary," which appeared in 1903, has enjoyed almost as widespread popularity, and "Sandy," put out by the publishers last year, is having a most gratifying run. At least six hundred thousand volumes of the three books have been sold, it is said.

In addition to the income from this direct source, Mrs. Rice has received handsome royalties on dramatizations of her works.

SEEKING PURITY IN LITERATURE
During the last four or five years money has poured in upon her far in excess of her previous wildest dreams, and now that she plans to start a national bank with her earnings she has ample capital to invest in that enterprise.

With all her brilliant success, Mrs. Rice is the same modest, unassuming woman she was five years ago, when \$10 was a gratifying price for a story, and \$20 an El Dorado of wealth.

In person, this talented authoress is tall, dark and graceful. She has a fine olive skin, dark eyes and hair and a small, well-poised head.

Being possessed of great goodness of heart, she is naturally generous, and could not be so mannered if she tried. Because of her keen sense of humor, she is the best of comrades, and her ready sympathy makes her always generously inclined.

Caring nothing for the notoriety her books have brought her, her aim is to write stories that will go beyond mere popularity to what is best and purest in literature.

Phenomenal success has not turned her head in the least, and the constant stream of letters from publishers offering her immense and almost princely royalties leaves her unmoved.

Mrs. Rice does the major portion of her work in the early hours of the morning, and she never tires herself. She is a quick thinker, seeing the thrust-point of keen humor, and readily moulding it to her own ends.

Just on the outskirts of Louisville stands a picturesque old log cabin, and there Mrs. Rice entertains her friends. She has a cozy little corner for herself—a sort of nondescript writer's den into which she may retire.

She shrinks from newspaper notoriety. It is with difficulty that an interviewer can approach her, and with still more difficulty that an interview can be secured.

THE ORIGINAL "MRS. WIGGS."
Delighting in home, in friends and in private interests, for years she has been devoting one day of each week to helping six or seven young men—boys when she commenced with them—gain something that will be of practical benefit to them.

She reads with them and to them, and then, when the serious part of the evening is over, they indulge in such pleasures as afford the greatest relaxation. While she does not take seriously to club life, she is a member of several such institutions, including the Lyceum and Woman's Clubs of London, and the Authors' Club of Louisville.

Knowing much of her literary success, the encouragement and assistance of members of the Authors' Club, Mrs. Rice still retains the warmest interest in that institution. Organized ten years ago by Mrs. Evelyn S. Barnett, among the members of that institution are such literary women as Mrs. Anna Feltwell, Miss Eva Madden, Mrs. Geo. Madden Martin, Mrs. Sallie E. Marshall Hardy, Miss Venita Selbert, Miss Margaret Steel Anderson and Miss Mary Leonard, most of whom have at-

tained more or less distinction in the world of letters.

At the beginning of her career Mrs. Rice, then Alice Hegan, did not aspire to become a "literary woman."

Her ideals were centered about the achievements of a caricaturist, and she was endeavoring to perfect herself in this work. From time to time, however, she wrote out character sketches as they appeared to her.

Among these were literary bits dealing with her friend and pensioner, Mrs. East, the original of "Mrs. Wiggs."

At a house party in New York she read a short story, which afterward became a part of that chapter of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" dealing with her theatre party, in which Jimmy Wiggs was the central figure.

SAVED FROM HERSELF.
The story made a pronounced hit. The authoress was urged to put the products of her brain in print.

Unconvinced, but willing and ambitious, Mrs. Rice returned to Louisville and became a member of the Authors' Club. Shortly after that it was decided that each member should write from her point of view a short story on the subject, "Story of Well-Bred Girl at Midnight in a Barber Shop."

Every member of the club put forth her best effort, and the composite result in story form was sent to a well-known magazine. That publication liked it so well that the story was given an entire number, and so from February, 1900, when the unique combination story was given to the world, really dates the first triumph of Alice Hegan Rice.

What her share of that story was will, perhaps, never be known, but it was infinitely superior to anything she had ever before done, and came as a sort of inspiration for renewed and better efforts.

At a meeting of the Author's Club later on, the manuscript of "Mrs. Wiggs" was first read to the members.

Far from being the finished product that was afterward given to the public, this first version was subjected to severe but kindly criticism.

This criticism was given with no other view than to aid, and the young authoress realized it. With a mind clear as a sunbeam and a wit as sharp as her desire to please, she grasped the value of the criticism and remodeled her work accordingly.

As evidence of her lack of self-appeal, it is stated as a fact that when the new or revised manuscript was read at the Authors' Club some time afterward, one of the members instantly made Miss Hegan an offer of \$2,000 for it.

The authoress knew nothing about the financial possibilities of a successful book, but \$2,000 seemed to her a sum vastly beyond the real worth of "Mrs. Wiggs."

Consequently the young writer refused to consider the proposition for no other reason than that to accept it would be, she thought, to outrageously dispose on her friend.

Even with the praise of her associates in the Authors' Club tingling in her ears, it is doubtful if the first peevish effort of the young writer would have been audaciously launched, but for the timely insistence of these same friends; for, still unbelieving, Miss Hegan—she had not then been won by her poet-husband, Cale Young Rice—announced her intention

of sending the manuscript to the Dairy Maid Publishing Company, of some concern of like importance.

Her friends would have none of it. The story must go to some first class publishing concern; it could only be refused, they argued, and, besides, it was just as easy to aim high, with the hope of hitting a star, as to aim

at the commonplace and strike the earth. Yielding at last to these importunities, the authoress sent her pet to a prominent publishing firm, and the rest is history in the literary world.

Quite incidentally, Mrs. Rice tells of the dramatization of "Mrs. Wiggs." At the very moment when Annie Crawford Flexner was whipping the book into shape for the stage, one of the members of a leading New York firm of Managers went to London for the purpose of having James M. Barrie write him a play.

Barrie's answer was short and to the point: "Why don't you go back to America for your play? You have it in 'Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch.'" The agent, it is said, had at that time never read or heard of "Mrs. Wiggs." When he returned to America he found that he was too late to secure the production.

It is only natural that Mrs. Rice should be burdened with a multitude of letters—this is one of the penalties of fame. No day passes without bringing a request from some publisher, or, perhaps, an offer for a lecturing engagement. She answers each letter briefly but courteously, and uniformly declines.

Any one having talked with Mrs. Rice realizes that it is impossible that

she could ever screw up sufficient courage to appear on the stage, even in the most humble capacity. She shrinks from publicity, and doesn't care even to discuss her recent advent into the field of finance.

Not without literary aspirations is her husband Cale Young Rice, who has already attained some prominence in the world of letters. He is a poet of no mean ability, and he aspires to great things.

Still retaining her membership in the Authors' Club, Mrs. Rice meets that organization every Saturday morning. She aims for that which is pure and elevating in the world of letters, and every shaft she turns loose is laden with the germ of truth and tipped with the salt of humor.

These two elements characterize her private life, for she is a student of human nature and readily grasps every dramatic effect of life that is presented.

Although she has determined to enlist her brains and her capital in the business world, Mrs. Rice will not discontinue her literary work. At the same time she is deeply interested in the success of the banking scheme in which she is the moving spirit and the largest stockholder.

It is understood that she will take a more active part in the management of this financial enterprise than do most people of means who invest money in such undertakings. Of these plans, however, she declines to talk, asserting that her future in the business world, as well as in the realm of letters, must take care of itself.

Little Animal Stories
Horses play an important part in shipping fishing along the Belgian coast. A procession of weather-beaten fishermen starts from the shore, each man mounted upon the back of a trained horse, dragging the triangular purse-shaped net, which scoops in the shrimps as it passes over the sands. These fishermen on horseback frequently make hauls of several hundred-weight in a single trip.



Mrs. Alice Hegan Rice, who has just organized a National Bank.



Cale Young Rice, Mrs. Wiggs' Banking Partner.

HORSE HAS DEVELOPED MORE THAN MAN
Has the horse been more advanced physically by the processes of the ages than man? Scientific research seems to show that this is true. Man has retained more of the primitive features common to all mammals, while the horse of to-day is far more specialized than his ancestors. This is particularly noticeable in the structure of the limbs and its grinding teeth. A remote ancestor of the steed of to-day was the prototipus, a little animal similar in structure in many ways, but not larger than the head of a modern horse. As time went on this little animal grew, changed some of its characteristics, until it developed into the useful and handsome domestic animal of the present. Away back in the beginning of horse life the animal had five toes. The number decreased to four in the little hyracotherium, of the Eocene period; to three in the hippopotamus of later date, until finally the toes disappeared, or were merged into hoofs as they appear at present. Science has a ready explanation of this disappearance of toes. The horse race, as do other specimens of animal life, furnishes examples of adaptation or adjustment of organism to its use or surroundings. When attacked by enemies in the earlier days, as now, the little horses sought safety in flight. Speed became necessary to preservation. As their habits of grazing upon plains became fixed, there was less use for the side and rear toes. In running, the front toes alone took up the strain. They responded to the increasing demand upon their strength by growing larger, while the other toes, being used less and less, atrophied, until they finally shrank away. And so, in time, as only a single and solid foot place was needed, the hoof took the place of toes. Many of the characteristics of the horse can be traced back to the instincts and habits of former days. The habit of carrying the head high, for example, comes from the watchfulness of the patriarchs of ancient herds, who were continually on the lookout for foes. Shying comes from the quick jump aside to avoid the spring of a beast of prey. More useful than any other animal for cavalry purposes is the horse, because of its long-posterest instinct for concerted action while herded together. In the primitive horse the bones of the legs, while resembling in a general way the structural form of to-day, were shorter and not so well adapted to speedy and easy locomotion. These



Skeleton of a Man and a Horse Mounted for Comparison. Note the Development of the Horse's Limbs and Grinding Teeth.

have changed considerably during the ages. Man has held nearer to the primitive type. An interesting study is furnished

by the sketches of a man and that of a horse, which have been mounted side by side by a New York museum for the purpose of comparison.

Author of "Mrs. Wiggs" Organizes Her Own Financial Institution



The Rice Country Home, near Louisville, Ky.



The Rustic Veranda of the Rice Home.

the molar, after which the bear's mer amiability returned.

A crab caught recently in the English Channel measured three feet from tip to tip of claws and weighed nearly fifteen pounds.

Among elephants both sexes of the African species have ivory tusks, while in Asia these are generally restricted to the male.

It is said that 800,000 domestic animals, valued at \$6,000,000, are slain or wolver every year in the Russian Empire.

Without losing a single animal, it is asserted, seven shepherds recently drove a flock of 14,000 sheep from Marmuga, in Queensland, to Narrabri, in New South Wales, Australia, a distance of 900 miles.

In the Far North, and particularly along the ocean coasts, birds are frequently storm driven and lose their bearings, so that many of them are lost at sea. They keep floating in the air, aimlessly striving to live, until exhaustion compels them to drop into the waves, which engulf them.

Of all the creatures to be seen at zoological gardens, snakes are probably the most easy to ship from one country to another. Snakes take very little room, and throughout a long voyage give not the least trouble. They do not require to be fed, nor do they require looking after in any other way.

Monkeys and elephants show deep emotion by weeping. Rengger says he has often seen the eyes of a small South African monkey fill with tears when he was deprived of some coveted object or made very much afraid of something. Darwin cites a case of a monkey from Borneo in a zoological garden which was frequently moved to tears when grieved or pitted. During an elephant hunt in Ceylon one of the spectators relates that many of the elephants when bound showed no feeling except grief, and remained perfectly motionless while the tears streamed from their eyes. Female elephants are often affected in the same way when their young are taken from them.

A lady residing near London has a hearthrug which is unique. It is composed entirely of the skins of her deceased feline pets.

HE WAS NO AGNOSTIC.
Not long ago a certain clergyman from the West was called to a church in Jersey City. Soon after his arrival the divine's wife made the usual visits to the members of the parish. One of these, a plumber's wife, was asked by the good lady whether the family were regular churchgoers, whereupon the wife of the plumber replied that while she and her children were attendants at divine services quite regularly, the husband was not.

"Dear me," said the minister's wife, "that's too bad! Does your husband never go to church?" "Well, I wouldn't say that he never went," was the reply. "Occasionally I'll go to the Unitarian now and then to the Methodist, and I have known him to attend the Catholic church."

A look of perplexity came to the face of the visitor. "Perhaps your husband is an agnostic," suggested she. "Not at all," hastily answered the other, "he's a plumber. When there is nothing for him to do at one church there is very likely something for him at one of the others."

Over 10,000 photographs of birds and their natural surroundings have been taken by an English naturalist. Some of them entailed as much as a week of waiting and watching.

Recently a turkey and a goose were matched to walk a race of one hundred yards in London. There was great excitement, hundreds of people witnessing the affair. After one false start the goose got well away, leaving the turkey at the post, and, following his master in good style, won easily amid great applause. Before and after the race the goose, with a box on his back, collected money for a local hospital.

Some time ago a brown bear in the Bronx Zoological Park, New York, was suffering from toothache. It took the combined strength of four men to pull