

Does Love Flee as Wealth Comes In?

Rich Men Who Have Discarded The Wives of Poverty Days.



Mrs. Wm. D. Leeds, No. 1. She got '1,000,000' with her divorce.



Mrs. W. E. Corey.



The second Mrs. Henry M. Flagler.

When poverty comes in at the door, love flies out from the window. It is a time-honored adage regarding domestic happiness. Modern history would seem to change this proverb to "When wealth inflates the pocket, old loves are cast aside for new infatuations."

The faithful, money-saving wife, who toiled by the side of the ambitious man striving for higher levels of place and fortune, does not always hold his affections when he reaches the dizzying altitude at which he has aimed. Some gorgeous butterfly captures his fancy.

During the last few months the world has watched with more than ordinary interest the marital troubles, so publicly aired, of Mr. and Mrs. William E. Corey.

It was not so much the fact that the husband was a millionaire and president of the great Steel Trust, nor yet the romantic story of a young man's spectacular rise, that attracted public attention. The home troubles of rich men are not uncommon. There was the picture of the young wife endeavoring to encourage and aid the husband as he toiled the home that seemed ample and satisfactory to both in those early days.

Perhaps, with the story of Mr. Corey's remarkable translation to his different scenes than those envying him at Braddock, Pa., and even the unfortunate differences between husband and wife would have passed with scarcely a comment, were it not for the persistent flashing of the name of another woman.

Both Corey and Mabelle Gilman, the actress, whose name was mentioned in this tragedy of a home, denied emphatically that their friendship is other than most platonic. This, however, did not save Corey from allegations that a new infatuation had shouldered out of the way the love and loyalty of his youth.

Whether correctly or not, the world assumed that it was simply another case where a man concluded that the companion of his early struggles was not capable of filling his horizon when it had broadened.

His home was a modest little cottage from which his young wife did much to fight away the wolf.

Native and real ability, coupled with good fortune and the friendship of Andrew Carnegie, helped Corey to rise. He went from one post of honor and responsibility to another, until he became president of the United States Steel Corporation, one of the most powerful and wealthy trusts of the day.

Duties of this position caused the transfer of his activities and home from Pennsylvania to New York.

Not only had the horizon of business widened, but that of the individual as well. Then the trouble began.

But the case of Mr. and Mrs. Corey does not stand alone. Considerable comment was aroused a year or so ago by the separation of William D. Leeds, the tin plate magnate and one time president of the Rock Island Railroad, from his wife.

Mr. Leeds began his career as chain carrier with the engineering corps of the Pennsylvania Railroad in Indiana, and by grit and enterprise battled his way to an imposing position in the business world.

Not only did his successful launching of the American Tin Plate Company bring him fame, but fortune as well.

Higher and higher he rose, until he was credited as being one of the biggest trust magnates in America.

During all this time Mrs. Leeds was just the plain, domestic little woman she had been when the young Indiana chain carrier vowed he would not live without her.

As his successes grew, perhaps Mr. Leeds became more ambitious in matrimony as well as power. In any event a younger and charming woman crossed his path. She was married, too, but then divorces are easy in America.

In a short time Mr. and Mrs. Leeds were separated by the law. Then Mr. Leeds married the dashing and charming Mrs. Worthington, who had also secured a divorce.

To this new bride, it is stated, Mr. Leeds made many rich gifts. There was a pearl necklace estimated to be worth \$65,000; the wedding ring was reported to be worth \$1,000; a diamond necklace \$5000; an ornate coat \$10,000; paintings, \$75,000.

It was also said that houses in New York and Newport were acquired at a cost of \$1,000,000 each.

All this was vastly different from the experience of the first bride, then Mrs. Jeanette Irene Gaar, of Richmond, Ind., gladly joined her fate with a man who then had little to offer in worldly goods.

To the credit of Mr. Leeds it must be admitted that he provided most liberally for his first wife. A fortune of \$1,000,000, it is stated was settled upon her. With this money she did not retire to a "sizzling and silent" private life.

A MATRIMONIAL COMEDY.

Shortly after the second marriage of her husband she took part in a really laughable comedy at Palm Beach, Florida. Arriving at that winter centre of American idleness, she found the new Mrs. Leeds installed with maids, gowns and jewels galore.

Now, the first Mrs. Leeds was also possessed of many gowns and jewels. Indeed, she appeared even better equipped than her successful rival.

Day after day for weeks the guests were delighted by a bloodless, but none the less furious, duel of radiantance between the two.

During most of this time Mr. Leeds kept out of sight. He was supplying the sinews of war for both.

Memory of the second marriage of Henry M. Flagler, Standard Oil magnate, who owns half the railroads and most of the big hotels in Florida, is still fresh in the public mind. It was something over four years ago that Mr. Flagler, in a quiet little town of North Carolina, married his second wife, Miss Mary Lily Keenan. At that time his first wife, from whom he had been divorced, was the inmate of a sanitarium for the treatment of mental disorders.

Mr. Flagler married his first wife, Ida, daughter of Rev. John H. Shourds, of Philadelphia, in 1882. A few years later, he stated, she developed signs of insanity, and in 1895 she was placed in an asylum.

In August, 1901, Mr. Flagler secured a divorce under a law passed for his particular benefit making insanity grounds for such an action.

Like the first Mrs. Leeds, the unfortunate first Mrs. Flagler, even at

"Why I Eloped" Told in the personal diary of Princess Louise of Saxony, just made public.

In a book entitled "The Confessions of a Princess," a Paris publisher is giving to the world the personal diary of Louise, the unhappy woman who eloped with the present King, Giron, the tutor of her children, and who but for escapades would now be Queen of Saxony.

In this diary, kept from day to day, the Princess paints a most remarkable picture of life at the Saxon court, presenting her husband, as a weakling and a drunkard; his father, the former King, as a tyrant who never missed an opportunity to discipline her; the Queen "a dried-up creature with a red nose."

And last, but not least, she relates with a frankness that alone is to be commended, the story of her troubles and her loves.

Indeed, so frank is the confession in this direction that it was of necessity edited before it could be given to the world. Among the others who fell beneath the spell of Louise's beauty and charms at the Dresden court, it would seem, was no less a personage than the Shah of Persia, whose attentions became so marked that a scandal was averted most narrowly.

In the diary the Princess presents herself as a woman most loving and upon, driven to folly only by operation.

Perhaps it is a mere coincidence that this work by Princess Louise should be presented just at the time her husband, now King Frederick Augustus, appealed to Pope Pius X for a special dispensation to marry again. It may be, also, that the Princess, being informed of the situation, has taken this opportunity to reveal this means of presenting the character of the King and the court of Saxony to the world.

Parts of the confession leading up to the elopement with Giron are represented here.



Princess Louise who is publishing the story of her troubles.

of Princess Louise of Saxony, just made public.



Princess Monica, only child now with Louise.



King Frederick, who wants to wed again.



The late King George, who said Louise's husband ought to thrust her.

Considerate enough to change the names of those who figure in her published diary, Louise, however, has drawn the characters with so faithful a touch that their identity is clearly discernible.

Her husband, the then Crown Prince and now the King of Saxony, is given the name Johann. His younger brother Max, who is a priest is called Moritz, and in Charles Joseph authorities say they recognize the sympathetic brother of the Princess, Leopold Ferdinand, who, it is stated, later ran away in the company of a danseuse.

Beginning her "Confessions," the Crown Princess draws a strong and not altogether attractive picture of conditions at the little court of Saxony, then dominated with an iron hand by the late King George, who died in October, 1904.

Restraint, suspicion and "hypocritical sycophancy," the Princess states, bore heavily upon her spirits, and she could find no happiness in such an atmosphere.

"We lately had a funeral ceremony in honor of the dead in war," she writes in the opening chapter of her diary. "The whole Court assembled at the chapel of the castle. The King took advantage of this gathering to insult my poor Johannes in all sorts of ways. It completely demoralized him."

"What surprise me is that he cannot get accustomed to such offensive treatment, for he has now been putting up with it for a long time. The rise, intermissions and settings of the royal favor are remarkably frequent. In the family everybody knows how rapidly the sun of the King's good will is eclipsed."

"His Highness"—the aged King George—"also carries his frowning face to me, and has been doing it for some time, but I pretend not to notice it. A most radiant smile accompanies my curtsy to him, and it is with a still more radiant smile that I straighten up and attend to other exercises."

WAS A SYCOPHANT.

"Johannes"—her husband, the Crown Prince Frederick Augustus—is less bold. At these receptions he is invariably in the front rank, his face crimson, his eyes riveted on the King, whose least smile accompanies his curtsy to him, and it is with a still more radiant smile that I straighten up and attend to other exercises."

Repeated and enthusiastic cheers have greeted her along the streets. It happened that the Queen of Saxony was also driving, her carriage preceding that of the Princess by a few seconds.

"No cheers greeted the Queen, however," the Princess writes. "Passers by were silent as she approached, only to break into noisy acclamation at the sight of me. This so enraged the Queen that she drove back to the castle by a side street."

"Something must happen," remarks the Princess, as she jotted down the incident in her diary. "The King forgets nothing, and upon several occasions has remarked that my liveliness has been more warmly claimed than his own."

"Something has happened," begins the entry of a few days later. "Just came early this morning to tell me the King was about to pay me a visit on particular business. Johannes is terribly upset, but glad of the chance to eclipse himself and leave me alone on the prospective rack."

"His Majesty arrived. I received him with all the honors I had at hand. There was a reserve about him, but his manner was not without cordiality. Although the expression of his face was not altogether reassuring."

"In a brusque way he said he was not pleased with my conduct. I was 'light,' 'volatile,' 'exuberant,'—defects that drew too much attention to me. The royal house did not wish to see any of its members so thrust themselves forward."

"Briefly, I was requested to change my habits and not show myself so much in public. To this I humbly replied that I only went out in the morning to make my purchases and in the afternoon to air the little one. He snarled back at me."

"You are running the streets all day. That won't do."

"Thereupon I observed in a short but humble manner that at Kressna I had not been accustomed to be spoken to in such a manner."

"To this his Majesty retorted: 'Oh yes, but at Kressna you have had your ears boxed by your mother. Unfortunately it does not seem to have done any good.'"

From this point the royal anger rose to a tempest, and, judging from the records of the Princess, her words and manners were not calculated to pour oil on the troubled waters. "It would be a good thing if your husband were only as energetic as your mother," the exasperated sovereign declared.

As he was about to leave his Majesty discovered upon the table some books to which he took violent exception and ordered "this filth" to be destroyed at once. Then, after another stormy scene, he departed.

With a woman's privilege, the Princess took refuge in tears. "After that," she relates, "I became more comforted and began to think what I should do."

"Beyond doubt my situation is serious," the diary continues, "but not desperate. One thing is certain. I cannot live as all these women live here. I cannot put up with their bad humors, nor can I adopt their sycophantic and deceitful manners."

"Moreover, I cannot conceive of an existence bounded by the rules of the confessional, embroidery work, 5 o'clock teas, and the edifying gossip which enlivens our social evening reunions."

"I have to laugh and say that which comes into my head if it is not too dangerous. Besides, I have to read what I like, must see plays from time to time and altogether I do not want to appear so stupid as those in high places would like to have me."

"I am quite indifferent about putting on such an air of sanctity as they do. The essential thing is, I have nothing to reproach myself for."

"Matters might be more comfortable if I had a husband a little more energetic than mine; somewhat more jealous of his rights. But there is nothing to hope for from such a fearful, weak, timid creature as Johannes. I will have to get out of this trouble by myself."

Some time later the Shah of Persia paid a visit to Dresden. Of his ludicrous attempts at lovemaking to the daughter-in-law of his royal host the Princess writes:

"All the ladies of the court were assembled in the grand salon of the palace, prepared to give a suitable reception to this choice bit of game. The stories of his jewels and diamonds had set us positively wild. Such jewels, it was said, were never beheld in Europe."

SHAH NOT PREPOSSESSING.

"He himself is a little bit of a man, with crooked legs, an inelegant bearing and the worst of manners."

"It was very comical, but his first attentions were directed to me. Consequently his whole suite became at once furiously devoted to me. He paid not the least attention to the Queen."

"I can't say I was sorry for it, because she is certainly not made for conquest, with her dried-up face and red nose. Even among the men of our gayer set she never made any sensation."

"The King was obliged to touch the arm of the Shah and guide him toward the Queen, meanwhile trying to convey to him that it was to the Queen and not to me that his first felicitations should be addressed. Still, the moment this obligation was over he returned to me and overwhelmed me with attentions that were almost open to suspicion."

"At 5 o'clock there was a state dinner. The Shah's chair was between me and the Queen. His attitude was positively unprecedented. He finished by turning his back on her Majesty as if determined to talk with me alone. Several times I had to half whisper to him: 'Sir, you forget the Queen.'"

"This appeared to disconcert him very much. He would turn to her with a sort of scowl on his face and wait for her to speak. And then, as was only natural, she said nothing. Thus they sat looking in each other's eyes, perplexed and half disgusted, until the Shah, putting his nose in his plate, took a few mouthfuls, and returned to speak to me with renewed interest."

"He asked me who among the Princess there was my husband. I forgot the Queen."

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