

YOUR WIFE WANTS to KNOW



Mrs. George McReynolds Who Was Ignorant of Her Husband's Circumstances



The Husband Who Lost Wife and Liberty

There's a Lesson for Married Men in the Story of George McReynolds

AS A MAN, when Fate begins to deal the unkind blows that are to ruin your fortune or your business, do you come home at night and tell your wife, and prepare her for the economy that is judicious? When Fate keeps on dealing its blows, and ruin is near, do you tell her then? Or do you conceive it your manly part to bear your burden alone, that you may let her enjoy the few days or weeks or months that remain to her of the happiness you dread to see dissipated? As a woman, married for twenty years to a husband devoted to your smallest whim—to a man who has fought the cruel and rending fight of modern trade day in and day out solely that he might seek his happiness at your side night after night—what would you do, if you should discover, suddenly, crushingly, that he had concealed from you the loss of his wealth and, in a vain endeavor to retrieve the financial position which meant to you all of your accustomed luxuries, had forfeited his honor, his good name and his liberty?

HERE is a problem which, in its less acute stages, confronts every husband and every wife, from the millionaires who seem to be so entrenched in riches that no cataclysm in finance can wrench them into poverty, to the helper on the farm who wonders anxiously whether the querulous complaints of his employer over the corn crop mean that he shall be out of work early in the fall. It is a problem which, in its crisis, has confronted hundreds of men, and, in its most cruel denouement, some scores of women. It is one which, in every aspect of a husband's exaggerated chivalry of protection and of the wife's exaggeration of what she considered her duty to him and to herself, confronted only a few weeks ago and a half-century ago, one of Chicago's most prominent

Board of Trade operators, and his beautiful wife. It was nearly twenty years ago that George McReynolds courted Hattibel Cook. It was a good, honest, plain American romance of the time and the place, Michigan. There were no modern, new-fangled complications of money, social status and feminine fads to mar the course of true love. McReynolds was a fairly good-looking, ambitious, earnest young man, whose most notable qualification was that he had the capacity for falling very deeply, ardently and devotedly in love with a certain pretty girl named Hattibel. The girl was intelligent, educated, fond of flowers, fond of home, fond of the innocent pleasures that brighten life in the most worthy stratum of American society, with a special faculty for appreciating the affection of some one particular man. From these salient details it will be apparent that McReynolds and the girl he loved were a remarkable pair—so remarkable that they were precisely like the others among the millions of American men and women who never get into the newspapers, men and women who, as to others of the millions, the time arrived when both realized they were made for each

other. At Niles, Mich., on October 31, 1888, they were married. After their marriage they gradually assumed characteristics that served to differentiate them from the rest of the population. McReynolds, who, gradually grew more wealthy—not in a small way, for that would have left him still in the class of the average citizen. He forged rapidly onward as a grain broker, his progress being fairly coincident with the expansion of the interests of Chicago, where his business activities were pursued, and his home life was enjoyed. He became vice president of the Board of Trade, one of the solid men of Chicago, universal respect attending his advancement, universal opinion crediting him with being a millionaire, which is one of the healthiest satisfactions in having worked hard from the time they were kids, and leave their families comfortably well off. Mrs. McReynolds appreciated him—what woman wouldn't? Every year of their married life brought to their splendid home the daily newspaper containing accounts, more and more numerous, of rich men here and there who had this excuse to take them from home to secret, disgraceful pleasures, or had that liaison, long mysteriously cherished, to startle into heart-gangs some condoning, complacent wife. But with her George there was never any excuse, never even the possibility of a disilluminated scandal. He was always in the office or on the floor, occupied with trade, or at home, devoted to his wife. Was there any fault to be found with him? So far as Hattibel McReynolds could discern, none. Even when it came to that fatal, fatal test, money, he was as liberal as the most indulgent of women could wish. Her regular monthly allowance was \$1000. The household and other bills that were always with a laugh or a friendly smile, made a yearly total, including that generous allowance of hers, which amounted to \$25,000. It went on, in the fine, free, lavish fashion, year after year. She could not make a call upon his generosity and his resources which he did not meet pleasantly, gladly—as though, indeed, he found it his greatest delight to gratify her tastes, however costly. And never once, as so many men are liable to do, did he intimate that business was bad, indifferent or good. Business was something she need never worry

a degree that she craved to be the creator of all whose fleeting fragrance she breathed. Her home, Kenilworth, did not afford her the facilities she needed. "Well, dear," Mr. McReynolds hastened to urge her, "why not buy a farm somewhere?" She bought the farm, at Glencoe, and he paid for it as he would have paid any other bill that might come in. The violets came, vast masses of them, making the home one great, delicious conversation overflowing to the homes of the delighted friends, building up, upon an odorous, beautiful pedestal, the social position that is craved by women when they near middle age, and is to be commanded by those who, having ample wealth, contrive to do some strikingly original thing. George McReynolds, as head of the firm of McReynolds & Co., operated three grain elevators, an important concern, even in a center where the grain trade draws upon territories greater than European kingdoms, Chicago at large, and Hattibel McReynolds in particular, no more dreamed of the possibility of the firm becoming embarrassed than the little cash girls in a big store dream of the possibility of white violets. Suddenly, two years ago, came the failure of the powerful grain firm. It would be hard to find a worse failure—\$300,000 liabilities against a pitiful \$250,000 of assets. It was one of those failures which could not happen unless somebody deserved the penalty. Somebody did deserve it—George McReynolds. The authorities proved, beyond any doubt, that he had manipulated fraudulent warehouse receipts to procure the income which, for some time, had enabled him to maintain the heavy expenses of his wife and his home.

THE WIFE'S PROBLEM

The wife? She stood by him with a loyalty, a devotion, a splendid faith in his integrity, that made every woman—and every man, for that matter—thill; and, as all Chicago knew McReynolds and his charming wife's charming life, it was all Chicago that thrilled over the brave, fond, loyal devotion of the wife whose husband could do no wrong. The jury convicted him, and the judge sentenced him to Joliet, with an indeterminate sentence. Throughout the trial she sat at his side, to give him the comfort of her companionship, to hold constantly before the gaze of the jury the spectacle of a wife who knew her husband was stainless. Joliet's doors closed upon the convict; Joliet's broom factory received another workman; twenty years of home happiness, twenty years of devotion to a loving and loving wife, remained a memory, receding with the dragging months of the sentence, for which no period was in sight. But outside, from the hour of December 16, 1906, when she parted from him in the final surrender to the clutch of the relentless law, she was waiting for him to return, waiting with the firm, staunch loyalty a wife can give to the husband who, whatever his crime, has been true to her in thought and word and deed. Waiting until March 4, 1908. Then she sued him for divorce before Judge Gibbons. "When did you separate from your husband?" her attorney asked. "On December 16, 1906," she replied. "When Mr. McReynolds was convicted by a jury for fraudulent use of warehouse receipts." "Do you know where your husband is now?" "He is in the Joliet penitentiary." "The judgment in the convict's husband's case was handed to the court. A penitentiary sentence is statutory ground for divorce. Mrs. McReynolds received hers in ten minutes by the clock. She gave her reason for divorcing him. "The greatest mistake a man can make is to keep a wife in ignorance of his business affairs. Of course, he does it because he wants to shield her from unpleasantness, but it is not a mistake, but an insult to a woman's mentality." "That is all that is the way Hattibel Cook McReynolds decided the problem when it came up to her.

WALTZING off WEIGHT the LATEST FAD



Mrs. Henry Payne Whitney, Who Gives Waltz Rehearsals.



The Merry Widow Waltz.



Mrs. W.K. Vanderbilt, Jr., A "Merry Widow" Enthusiast.

SOCIETY is now deeply taken with the newest form of exercise—no, rather the oldest. But it's new in that it is done with the distinct purpose of taking exercise. It was done for the mere purpose of graceful pleasure in the groves of Hellas, and, doubtless, in the early days after Eve left Eden. It's merely the dance—as old as the hills, but in the form of a new waltz. It's from the "Merry Widow" and society women are now using it as a

means of reducing weight by a pleasing and effective measure—at least that portion of American

society dominated by Mrs. Henry Payne Whitney and Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr., in New York. SOCIETY has discovered that the waltz—this waltz—is really exercise. It effectively reduces the weight of the too material, and is said to add flesh to the thin. It tones up the depressed and soothes the nervous and hysterical. And it's pleasant. Young Donald Brian, the prince in the "Merry Widow," was invited to the house of Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr., for tea a little while ago. All the guests

who, of course, had seen the opera, were enthusiastic about the waltz. "It's so merry, so strenuous, so full of go," declared a young matron. That is—it has the "go"; there are quick steps and lithe, active bodily movements. "I should like to learn it," declared another young woman, wistfully, looking at the handsome Brian. "And I'd be charmed to teach you," chivalrously volunteered the "prince" of the opera. "Delightful! It was so good of him! But when?" "Why not now?" he asked. "A few days later," Mrs. Whitney gave a tea. Then there was another rehearsal. "It's so exciting, so refreshing," declared one fair enthusiast. "The greatest mistake a man can make is to keep a wife in ignorance of his business affairs. Of course, he does it because he wants to shield her from unpleasantness, but it is not a mistake, but an insult to a woman's mentality." "That is all that is the way Hattibel Cook McReynolds decided the problem when it came up to her.

A FAD IN AN INSTANT So society took up the waltz as an exercise. It was just that twist which made it popular. The waltz as an exercise? Who had heard of such a thing? "But is dancing beneficial as an exercise?" "Yes," declared a prominent physician when asked the question, "dancing as an exercise is extremely beneficial." "There are the regular and rhythmical bodily movements, there is the music, which tranquillizes the mind." "The waltz certainly must be beneficial to nervous people. The stimulation, on the other hand, is of benefit to those people who lie in bed all day suffering from headaches, the nerves and other disorders after social exertions of the previous evening." "Extremely fat women would not benefit too violent dancing, but there is hardly any doubt that persons wishing to keep down increasing weight will find the waltz effective." Another physician uttered a note of warning, however, certain precautions should be taken by women when they dance. "The women dance the hall should be protected from dust. Open halls are dangerous. Not only does the dust come in, laden with germs, and is carried about by the swirling skirts, but there is a constant danger of draughts." "Dancing is a delightful, pleasant exercise. Some women, however, dance until they are nearly dead; at least until they are exhausted. This is extremely harmful." "The square dance, to my mind, is better than the round dance. Such dances as the minuet, the waltz and other square dances make the body supple and impart grace. The waltz gives an opportunity for sinuous, graceful movement, and for that reason is popular."