

**"I LUF HEEM SO!"
WEEPS BARONESS
OVER EX-HUSBAND**

Mrs. Percy Procter Says She'll Find Him If It Takes Her Fifty Years.

HERE TO PLAN FIGHT.

Says Jealous Relatives Caused Divorce and Now Keep Hubby in Seclusion.

The former Baroness von Kliffus, now the divorced wife of Percy Procter, aged member of the firm of Procter & Gamble, Cincinnati soap manufacturers, is on the warpath. She arrived from Europe a few days ago and is stopping at the Hotel Astor, but if you're pressing business with her you had better go to her lawyer's office, where she spends many hours daily mapping out a campaign which she expects will result in bringing back her millionaire husband to her.

Mrs. Procter will start for Cincinnati this week, and promises that on her arrival there certainly will be something doing. Only she doesn't say it that way. In fact she talks very, very little English, but counts on getting by in the famous city on the American Rhine by slinging at the natives a choice assortment of German—high or low, pay your money and take your choice.

And a mere \$40,000 in soap stock, said to have been given her as a pre-nuptial settlement, isn't going to stop her one bit. No, sir—! Here's the secret. She loves her husband. And when 200 pounds of sweet femininity declares violently that she loves her hubby and is going to have him, what is a frail millionaire of sixty-three going to do about it?

PROCTER MET BARONESS WHILE TOURING FRANCE.

Mr. Procter was travelling in France in 1909 when he met the charming Baroness von Kliffus. A few weeks after the Baron died the charming widow became Mrs. Percy Procter. They lived together ten weeks and then one day the happy bridegroom disappeared. He had come to America, but that didn't seem to worry Mrs. Procter. Not until six months later, when he obtained a divorce in Ohio on the grounds of neglect did the former Baroness become really interested. Then she took the first boat for this country.

She searched for weeks, but couldn't locate her husband, and she declared his relatives had him in hiding. Two years ago a civil action was tried in Cincinnati and the court decided that Mrs. Procter couldn't sell the \$40,000 in stock, but could have the interest, amounting to \$1,500 a year.

Then Mrs. Procter returned to her beloved France. This two years' absence convinced her that she loved her husband more than she first thought, and that's why she started back for this country.

Mrs. Procter is a large woman, tall and fat—big pardon, stout. She has, however, the pretty, innocent-looking face of a girl just out of a convent, and the look that she gives one from her big, blue eyes could be put down as a baby stare.

BARONESS SAYS SHE DOESN'T WANT HIS MONEY.

"I don't want his money—I want my husband," she told a reporter, and she smiled mischievously.

And a moment later she said "I luf mein husband" in a way that would have brought joy to an old Weber-Feidls audience.

She dangled the lock of a heavy gold chain that hung from her neck and which is supposed to have been worn by a friend of the Czar on a boat about several hundred years ago.

"His relatives are trying to keep him from me," she continued, a bit angrily. "But they can't do it. They don't realize that they're dealing with a Baroness. They have what you call kidnapped him. But I'll find him if it takes fifty years."

"I must find him, and then everything will be all right. For I love him, and I know he loves me. Ah-h-h, poor Percy."

If the aged manufacturer could have heard the expression in her voice when she said this it is almost a certainty that his heart would have melted.

"What about the divorce?" the madame was asked.

"Fraud, that's it, fraud. I am in France and I send answer to a lawyer in Cincinnati and he doesn't go to court and they say they get no answer and Percy gets the divorce. Now I am going to fix that mistake. My plan must be kept secret, however, I tell nobody."

SAYS SHE'LL ESTABLISH SCHOOLS FOR THE BLIND

To make clear that she didn't give a rap about the Procter millions, the former Baroness said that she intended establishing two schools for blind girls in this country, one here and another in Chicago. She will teach scientific massage and to show that she is capable she explained that she has a degree of doctor of medicine bestowed at Carlsbad. Her mother, she added, is a physician, too, and started three such schools in Europe. Furthermore, the Baroness is an author. Her forte is politics.

"Oh, you're a suffragette," suggested the reporter.

"No, no, no," she cried. "I write on military politics. No votes for women business."

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WHAT IS THE IDEAL HUSBAND? Second Article of a Series.
Men Generally May Have Common Sense But Have They Any Judgment of Women?

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"Women Can Be Happy If They Will Give Their Husbands Money to Start in Business and Help Keep Store," Writes "Optimist"—"I Will Never Find an Honest Man I Can Love," Says a "Disappointed Girl."

BY NIXOLA GREELEY-SMITH.

What is the ideal husband? It would be foolish to pretend that this is not impossible. He that shall or does possess thy heart and there is a mere agglomeration of moral excellences.

While it is true that the ideal husband need not put the beauty of Hermes to shame, we need not pretend that he is all the more splendid for having outstanding ears or sloping shoulders. Every woman's ideal husband must possess the quality of manliness, which—though men don't always realize it—differs as widely from mere maleness as does the exquisite gift of femininity from the generic attribute of femaleness.

To be manly is to be truthful, courageous; to possess not the hardness of the stupid or phlegmatic brute, but that fine tremulous exaltation of the spirit wherein the fear of Fear is so much greater than the fear of Harm.

To be manly is to be intelligent, to spend one's sympathy on others and one's humor on one's self.

The reverse process is far more usual, so much so that the student of life has to admit the truth of La Rochefoucauld's bitter aphorism that there is something not altogether unpleasant in the misfortune of our best friends—something humorous, anyhow.

In my opinion, the ideal husband must have cultivation of mind and spirit and is just as much entitled as the ideal wife to the fascinating, intangible fairy gift of charm. The ideal wife, incidentally, should share the attributes of Truthfulness, Humor, Cultivation and Charm, and in addition she needs Common-Sense, Breadth of Mind and Feeling and a Sustained Interest in Life. Practically all men have common sense.

MEN NOT BORN WITH COMMON SENSE.

They may not be born with it, but they acquire it through the inseparable contacts and processes of making a living.

And men generally are broader in mind and feeling than women. I don't mean that they possess more mind or greater feeling, but they spread it thinner, a natural result of their broader lives, broader interests and broader judgments. (Always excluding their judgment of women if they may be said to have any.)

Women are such expert wire walkers, such dazzling performers on the ethical tight-rope, that they are harsh and impatient of bungling performances thereon. And when they see a sister or a brother plunging headlong, they are not so apt as men are to cast their theories away and throw out the saving net of human sympathy for error—or what they consider to be error. That is why I say the ideal wife must have Breadth

of Mind and Feeling and take the quality for granted in the Ideal Husband.

I have received several letters from Evening World readers about the ideal husband and other related things, and I hope many others will send me their opinions. Here are some interesting communications on the subjects under discussion:

HAS TO TAKE HER HUSBAND'S LOVE FOR GRANTED.

Dear Madam: I am a young married woman and a good housekeeper, have ample money for the table and an allowance, not for clothing only but besides. Now some women would call this married happiness and my husband ideal, but I do not; for with all I have I never receive one kind word from him. He thinks now that he has furnished me with a good home, that is all that is necessary, and because he stays at home at nights it is proof of his love for me. He wants me to take his love for granted, but I find just through lack of affection my love for him is wearing away.

Please tell me, because people are married should they take things for granted and not say any of the nice little things they did before marriage?

LONELY.

This is a common complaint made by wives, and in my opinion they are entirely justified in their dissatisfaction. They are starving for what Wordsworth rightly defined as "Human nature's daily food, For transient sorrows, simple wiles, Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears and smiles."

But it seems to be this occasional attitude of husbands is mainly the result of what I referred to Saturday as the

eight-hour brain—the mind that really consumes and exhausts itself in work and at home in hours of leisure seeks only silence and peace and restfulness.

Women perpetrate a great deal of unconscious cruelty upon men who have reached the supreme point of fatigue and are even too tired to quarrel.

Here are the views of other readers: **WIVES WHO HELP TO START THEIR HUSBANDS.**

Dear Madam: I believe there are many lone some maids and widows who could be quite happy and contented in marriage, but who through their unwillingness to help some good man financially remain lone some and unhappy. The secret of the successful marriages of the Jewish race is the fact that the women bring with themselves a dowry to their husbands, which gives the man a start in life. These wives live in the back of stores and help their husbands in every way, denying themselves luxuries and pleasure until he is on his feet. In this way instead of being a millstone around his neck they assist him in every way possible. It takes money to make money, and I believe these people set an example that could be followed by others with good results.

I have found that as a rule wives expect too much from their husbands and make marriage too much of a commercial transaction. There are plenty of good men who could and would make ideal husbands and business men, but need a little encouragement and assistance. I think there would be fewer divorces and happier unions if the women would be willing to meet men half way.

OPTIMIST.

A GIRL IN SEARCH OF AN HONEST MAN.

Dear Madam: I am only twenty years of age, but have seen and

heard so much of life this last two years that I am rather tired of it. My ideal is a good, true and honest man, one I could trust and love, because I know that I will make a good wife. I can sew, cook, bake and clean as well as anybody, but will I ever find a man that is good and honest? No, never. It is not true that girls like only men who bluff. None of them for me, thank you. I don't want a man who says he makes \$20 or more a week when in fact he doesn't make more than \$2 or \$10. The truth for me, please.

A DISAPPOINTED GIRL.

Guests See Shaw Comedy.

An invitation performance of George Bernard Shaw's comedy, "Fanny's First Play," was given by the English company the Shuberts brought from London to present the play. In the Comedy Theatre last night. The play will begin an engagement at the Comedy to-night.

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WAGES LEGAL WAR FOR SON SHE SAYS IS HIDDEN IN PARIS

Former "Beautiful Miss Hitt," Now Mrs. Fox, Seeks to Get Hugh Jr.

Though only four years old, Hugh Corby Fox Jr. has had some strange experiences that have taken him first to Reno, Nev., then back to New York and then across the Atlantic to Paris, France, where his mother says he now is. He is likely to have some more odd adventures before he is much older.

The little fellow's mother, before she married, was Miss Margaret Hitt, daughter of an aristocratic Kentucky family and known in society as "the beautiful Miss Hitt." Her marriage to Hugh Corby Fox, Harvard graduate, member of the Calumet and City mid-day clubs of New York and prosperous manufacturer of railway supplies, attracted interest in the Blue Grass State and in New York.

But the wedded life that started so auspiciously for the beautiful bride ended sadly. This was made known when she and her husband, who had been living at No. 130 West Fifty-seventh street, separated in 1910, when the son was two years old.

Shortly after the separation the former "beautiful Miss Hitt" instituted habeas corpus proceedings to regain possession of her baby. The child was then with Mrs. Fox's parents. Mrs. Fox charged that that home was not a fit place for the baby.

The Reno Court granted her suit and awarded her the custody of little Hugh Corby Jr. The decree was handed down last April.

In response to an order requiring Fox to show cause why he should not restore the little boy of many adventures to his mother lawyers for both Fox and Mrs. Fox appeared before Justice Blaisdell of the Supreme Court to-day and presented briefs and affidavits. Justice Blaisdell said he would consider the matter.

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