



HERITAGES OF HATE

HOW TWO WIVES LOST THE FORTUNE.
 1—The Older Hackett Parts from His Distinguished Son for Taking a Young Wife. 2—The Young Widow and Her Child, the Future Matinee Idol, Are Cut by the Heiress Daughter of the Old Brother. 3—The Mother Sees Her Hated Boy Become a Great Actor. 4—She Shows Her Dislike to Her Son's First Wife, Mary Mannering, Just as Her Husband's Brother Did Toward Herself. 5—The Heiress, Dying, Tries Unsuccessfully to Make a New Will. 6—The Second Wife of Actor Hackett Will Enjoy the Fortune First Wife and Mother Missed.

The Inside Story of the Deadly Feud Which Made Matinee Idol Hackett a Millionaire Over Night Just Like the Hero of His Most Impossible Melodrama.



The Gentle Robert Louis Stevenson, the Unwitting Cause of the Stevenson-Osbourne Heritage of Hate.

FROM time to time Fate moves so that fortunes fall into the last hands the original owner would want them to. Sometimes through ironic turns of events they go to persons to prevent whose ownership the fortune's dead possessor had, in life, spent every effort. These are called heritages of hate, and, commonly enough, their possession does not often bring happiness.

Such a heritage of hate is that which recently turned over night into a millionaire James K. Hackett, the matinee idol. Another heritage of hate is the fortune founded by the gentle Robert Louis Stevenson, which for sixty years has been a curse to the family and which only a few days ago prompted Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson to cut off her daughter-in-law and to leave this record of hate for all to read:

"To Katherine Durham Osbourne, of incredible ferocity, who lived on my bounty for many years, at the same time pursuing me with malicious slander, I leave five dollars."

The true reasons for the Hackett heritage of hatred has never before been told. Stranger than any melodrama the star has ever played is the story which follows:



James K. Hackett and His Present Wife, Who Was Alice Mary Beckley, His Leading Woman. She Will Enjoy the Hate-Laden Fortune Mary Mannering Has Missed.

CHAPTER I. How It Started.

"FATHER'S a fool!"
 Recorder John Keteilas Hackett, for nineteen years the predecessor of Recorder Smyth in New York, had a bitter tongue. His daughter, Minnie, was accustomed to its weight.

She knew he was not jesting when he all but shouted "Father's a fool!" gringing his mighty fist down upon the library table with such that the window panes rattled in their frames. "There ought to be a law restraining men from making silly spectacles of themselves at his age. A commission ought to be named to inquire into his sanity. I am sorry he has lived to bring ridicule upon his family."

Miss Minnie Hackett listened and believed. She always listened to her father's words, always believed them. There was etched into her young brain in letters of fire the words: "My grandfather is a fool. His son, my father, has said so."
 Cupid tread a more stately measure in those days of the middle sixties. It was neither meet nor seemly for old men to marry young women. If December mated with May, relatives of December cherished thoughts of commitment to lunatic asylums.

There was no mistake about it. The sedate little newspaper spread upon the library table contained the brief notice:

"James Henry Hackett, the eminent actor, so identified with the character of Falstaff that he is familiarly known as 'Falstaff Hackett,' yesterday wedded the young and beautiful Miss Clara Cynthia Morgan."

It was the beginning of a heritage of hate.

CHAPTER II. "A Son Is Born."

MISS MINNIE HACKETT sat beside the fire in the old home in Stuyvesant Square awaiting the callers who might drop in that afternoon for a formal cup of tea, for not

even tea drinking was informally done at that time, and especially in the old square, two-story mansion occupied by Recorder Hackett.

The door bell rang. There was a rustle of stiff silks in the hall. "Miss Keteilas," the man announced, and a woman with gray curls and wearing lavender silk over mammoth crinolines came in with all the dignity a tilting hoopskirt permitted. She kissed her young hostess on the cheek and settled herself and the crinoline beside the fire.

Miss Keteilas drank her tea very hot, as cavaliers have drunk their brandy, "for courage." Then setting down the cup she looked at her young hostess.

"Isn't it time to forget, Cousin Minnie?" she said.
 "Time to forget." The young woman looked very stately and unapproachable in her black silk gown and her wide rosepoint lace collar, despite her face of twenty-two. "I will not pretend to misunderstand you, cousin. We began forgetting five years ago. We have never ceased to forget."

"After all, there is nothing criminal in sentiment regulated by marriage." "There is no dignity in the senile marriage," responded the young woman in icy tones.

Miss Keteilas rose and looked at the space once filled with the portrait of the great Falstaff. In its place now hung that of Recorder Hackett, the features firm to hardness, eyes of steel looking out from a well-cut face, whose pallor merged into the black of his justice's robe.

"The quality of mercy is not strained," the caller quoted, her eyes on the portrait.
 "Why do you plead so persistently to-day?" demanded the young woman.
 "It is the time when mercy is asked and granted and when love should rule."

"What do you mean?"
 "That a son has been born to your grandfather."
 "Impossible! When? Where?"
 "At Wolf Island, in the Thousand

Islands. Last week. A letter tells me of it. Will you read it?"
 "Thank you, no. And so my grandfather has crowned his folly. At sixty-nine he is again a parent. And his child is not even born on American soil."

CHAPTER III. The Heritage Shows Its Head.

IT was the opening night of "The Princess and the Butterfly." The smartest society of New York crowded its favorite playhouse, the old Lyceum.

James Keteilas Hackett was the most popular leading man in New York. He was the greatest matinee idol in the United States. His handsome face, his manly height, his well-built figure, his suavity crowned him with the gift of popularity.

While he "took the curtain alone" after his best scene in "The Princess and the Butterfly" the lovely young leading woman that season imported from England to play opposite him waited in the wings to congratulate him.

"This is a great night for you, Mr. Hackett," she said. "There seems nothing needed to complete your life."
 James K. Hackett bowed over the hand of the lovely importation, Miss Mary Mannering.
 "Complete? No, it lacks two ele-



James K. Hackett as He Was, the Only Time His Father's Grandchild, Who Hated Him So, Saw Him.

ments to make it truly successful."
 "Indeed! What?" You would have fancied the lovely leading woman could not possibly guess, by the way she lifted her innocent eyes to his.

"I should like to see every member of my family, even though remote, occupying seats in this house. But that I will honor their name. You mother sits alone there in a box. "But she is very proud of you and jealous of your reputation."
 "Too proud. Too jealous," he said.

On the way to her hotel that evening the actor finished his story of his life's incompleteness to the actress. What that was will be revealed in the next chapter.

CHAPTER IV. "I Hate Your Wife."

EIGHT months after the night of confidence James K. Hackett sat talking in their home with his mother. He held her hand. Her face softened.

"I am very proud of you, son," she said. "And fond. It is not often that a heart holds both these feelings and in the same degree. You are dearer to me than other sons to their mothers, because other mothers usually have more than one son."
 "We have suffered together. We endured great poverty together. When you were but two years old and your father died, at the age of seventy-one, we were left in a wreckage of fortunes. Some one suggested that I go upon the stage. Though I had never been nearer than the wings, it was thought your father's name would help me. Well, I tried. I played Lady Macbeth as well as I could. It was in a Brooklyn theatre. When I came home you had been allowed to sit up to wait for me. You were sitting, a dear baby, by the fire, with your nurse. You looked up and said: 'How did it go, mammy?' I



Mary Mannering, the First Wife of Actor Hackett. Her Mother-in-Law's Hate for Her Resulted in the Separation and Subsequent Divorce of the Two.

said: 'That will have to be decided by the papers to-morrow.' They decided against me, my son. I played for only a few nights.

"We struggled on together in poverty, trying to piece together the poor fragments of a fortune. You decided to go upon the stage, because there you could make money faster. Well, dear, you've made it. And you're paying off the debts on the old property. We can have peace and comfort for the rest of my days. We will show your father's family that we can get on without them; yes, and that we will honor their name. You mother sits alone there in a box. "But she is very proud of you and jealous of your reputation."
 "Too proud. Too jealous," he said.

Young Hackett's face saddened, then settled into firm family lines. "I must tell you, mother dear, that I am married. I was married eight months ago. We have kept our marriage secret, because I wanted you to have time to know and love my wife."
 The woman's face looked like a mask of tragedy.
 "Not Mary Mannering?" she said chokingly.
 "Yes."
 "My son, I hate her."
 CHAPTER V.

"Unto the Second Generation."

THE young pair of Hacketts took up their abode in a rebuilt home on East Thirty-third street that had once belonged to "Falstaff" Hackett. Magazines described it under the title "The house where happiness reigns." Mary Mannering Hackett said to her husband: "He is the one man in a million world."

A little daughter was born to them. They named her Elsie. She is eight years old now, with the strong beauty of her father's face and figure, the soft loveliness of her mother's grace and speech. "Brownie" is the nickname the parents gave her.

No love match ever started better than theirs. None endured so perfectly for a time.

And then—no one quite knows how

it began. The elder Mrs. Hackett lived with them. She told her friends her daughter-in-law was charming to be sure, but a little temperamental, a bit difficult.

The younger Mrs. Hackett told her friends it was without doubt true, the Chinese proverb, that no roof was strong enough to shelter two women, the young husband adjudicated as impersonally as ever did his older brother on the bench.

A wife's place was by her husband's side, of course. The elder Mrs. Hackett took rooms directly across the street from the playhouse her son had leased and which had been named the Hackett Theatre.

Every night the matinee figure, dressed in black, wearing its widow's bonnet, appeared at the entrance, nodded to the doorkeeper, and took a seat in the rear of the theatre and watched the performance. To some one who had stopped beside her for greeting she would nod at the matinee idol's tall form as it walked upon or left the stage. Her eyes would glisten with pride.

"That's my son," she would whisper. She was living thus when illness overtook her and she died. But she did not die before she saw approaching the fulfillment of her wish. There was a breach, small but perceptible, between the younger Hacketts.

Miss Mannering had become a star on her own account, and was touring in a separate company. He had for leading woman a beautiful English actress, Miss Alice Mary Beckley. His acquaintance with her, it was said, widened the breach. Miss Mannering sued for divorce. She secured it. The court decided that Elsie, or "Brownie," Hackett should divide her time between her parents. Shortly afterward Mr. Hackett married Miss Beckley.

CHAPTER VI. Hate on the Death Bed.

AT the old homestead at No. 72 Madison avenue Minnie Hackett Trowbridge was dying.

When all was quiet, and the sheet had been drawn over the still face of Recorder Hackett's daughter, search was made for her will. One was found, that left all but a few minor bequests to her husband, William Em-

ory Trowbridge, whom she had married late in life for both of them. She had married at sixty-four and her bridegroom's age was the same as that at which her grandfather had made his second marriage. But her husband died three years ago. She had made no provision for the estate in that event. Shortly after his death she was declared incompetent to manage her own affairs and a guardian was appointed. She could make no other will.

James Keteilas Hackett, who had called once a year to pay his respects to her but who was never admitted to her presence, this despoiled one, was her next to kin, and will inherit one and a half million dollars, the major part of her fortune!

"Too effectually had she forgotten him when that will was drawn. The heritage of hate had converted the matinee idol into a multimillionaire."

CHAPTER LAST. The Helplessness of Hate.

AT the funeral of the woman who would not forgive a woman who followed the aged body to the grave said to others in the slow-moving black carriage that followed the flower-laden hearse:

"Poor Minnie! There were days when she had lucid intervals and saw things not as they were in her distorted dreams, but as they really are. In those flashes of sanity her sufferings were horrible. She used to weep and wring her hands and beat her head against the pillow."

"He will get it," she said. "In spite of all I can do—in spite even of my insanity. The last of those lucid intervals occurred two weeks before her death. She screamed: 'I hate him! I hate him, and I can do nothing.'"

The epitaph of her hate was the word she herself had spoken—helplessness.

A Serum to Prove Whether Oysters Hurt You

SOME people are born with a taste for oysters, some acquire it. Yet many persons who are fond of oysters are unable to eat them because, when they do, they "break out" with hives—multiple red spots and itching blemishes, which make them look like leopards and feel as uncomfortable as when on a hot griddle. The reason for this is that some human textures are oversensitive to the oyster's juices and resent the insult of contact with them by swelling up in big red spots. Hives and similar evidences of over-sensitiveness to sea foods in general, and oysters in particular, sometimes prove a serious condition that it is all a physician can do to keep the sufferer from choking to death.

been in doubt as to whether the entire blame should be placed on oysters. Professor H. H. Hazen, head of the Skin Department of Georgetown University, has lately devised a means of definitely settling this question. One of his patients, a trained nurse in Washington, ate a few raw oysters, and within two or three hours she was suffering from a violent "breaking out" of giant hives. A week later she ate some fried oysters. The meal was quickly followed by a similar eruption, accompanied by a high fever and severe nose bleed.

Into the patients' skin. Within three hours after the inoculation the nurse was suffering in the same way she had after eating oysters—her body covered with hives, high fever and nose bleed. This was accepted as conclusive that the oysters were guilty as suspected.

Professor Henry Lee Smith, of Johns Hopkins University, has applied the same method to another similar problem. He made a vaccine from buckwheat and inoculated patients with it. If the inoculation was followed by nausea and skin troubles it established the fact that those persons were over-sensitive to buckwheat and would better avoid the delectable vegetable cakes.

The new oyster and buckwheat vaccine will be used just as the Wasserman and typhoid blood tests are, to verify the diagnosis of the maladies which result from eating buckwheat and oysters.