

# RICH YOUTH HAS "GONE THE PACE"

## Picturesque Career of Young Man with Plenty of Money

**What Has Happened to Frank Snowden Ridgely Brown,  
Son of Maryland's Former Governor, Who Is Now  
Facing a Suit for Divorce, With Many Charges  
of Cruelty**

NEW YORK. — Give an average American boy, without the restraining influence of a mother, \$10,000 a year at the age of 14 and a million when he reaches his majority, and what will be his future?

This is the story of such a boy whose young wife is about to hale him into the divorce court at the tender age of 24, as related by the Sunday World. This boy has faced many charges—homicide among them—but it is extremely doubtful if he has ever passed through an ordeal so distasteful as that which awaits him when he answers to the many charges of cruelty, brutality and infidelity his pretty girl-wife mentions in her bill of particulars.

Frank Snowden Ridgely Brown, son of Maryland's former governor, is the unhappy youth who has sacrificed his brief and once happy married career

of the Baltimore American in his beautifully appointed stanhope, with coachman at his side and footman seated on the rumble. His horses, Brandy and Soda, wore blue ribbons, and Frank was justly proud of his turnout. The "millionaire reporter" was told to accompany another and humbler reporter on his rounds through Baltimore's East side, but when he saw that his protegee intended to drive through the ghetto in his beautiful equipage, the mere reporter balked and told Frank to meet him at a designated police station, as the street cars were good enough for his. The policemen in the station houses visited that day by Frank and his mentor still possess souvenirs of Frank's first day as a reporter, for he scattered golden gifts with a lavish hand.

Champagne for G. A. R. Veterans. That evening Frank was assigned to "cover" a banquet given by a local

him, and, finding that Mr. Warren was then living in West Ninety-fourth street, Frank, his fiancée and their attendants repaired to Mr. Warren's home and there the ceremony was performed.

Their marriage came as a great surprise to their respective families, but the young pair was soon installed in a beautifully appointed home and many predicted that Mabel would make her young husband more conservative. But her charges against him do not confirm this hope.

His wife says he never settled down. In fact, he became gayer than ever after his marriage, if that had been possible. His chosen companions were as gay as himself, although few if any of them had the funds to squander that Frank ever had at command. His escapades became more daring each day, and "the governor," as he is still called, was compelled to admonish and intercede more than once.

**Accused of Killing Child.** Automobiling was this boy's passion and he was never satisfied unless he was bowling through Baltimore's tenderloin at top speed. His arrest was of almost daily occurrence, and when Baltimore awoke about eighteen months ago to be told that Frank's car had killed a negro child the night previous the "I told you so's" got busy. It was not openly charged that Frank's car had killed the boy, but the newspapers hinted so strongly at the identity of the driver and owner of the car that within 24 hours the trail led to Frank's door and he was arrested and formally accused of running over the little pickaninny and then running away without the formality of stopping to ascertain the seriousness of the injuries inflicted.

The parents of the dead child received \$10,000 to drop the case against Frank. This frightened Frank for a while, and he did not break into print again until his friend Lester Breece, who had figured in almost all of Frank's escapades, was committed to Mount Hope, a private asylum for the insane and inebriates.

Lester had been going the pace for several years and when his mind gave way none was surprised. Frank sorely missed his chum and often motored out to the beautiful retreat on Charles Street avenue to spend an hour with him. In the course of one of these visits Lester complained of his enforced confinement and begged Frank to devise some means of effecting his release.

"I've tried that already," said Frank, "but the courts won't stand for it, so I guess the only thing I can do is to kidnap you."

"Go as far as you like," said Lester, "but for God's sake get me out of here. I haven't had a drink for a month."

**Kidnaped Chum from Asylum.** The next day Lester, while out for his afternoon airing in the hospital

tomobile, or tooting his coach and four than of playing roles upon the stage, no matter how inconspicuous they were.

Perhaps it was the inconspicuousness of these roles that induced Frank after a try at a part in "Cyrano de Bergerac" to abandon the stage as a profession. His wife was deeply humiliated at this venture, and she did all she could to dissuade him when he told her that he wanted to be an actor. This, she says, brought down his wrath upon her pretty and youthful head, and from then on trouble came thick and fast for her.

**Wife Tells of Midnight Orgies.** It is the alleged midnight orgies at her home that Mrs. Brown most bitterly complained of in her bill for divorce. Frank and his Tenderloin friends, she declares, would wander into the house at all hours of the night and from then until the gray dawn make night hideous for her and her neighbors. It was impossible for her, she declares, to make her escape from the house, as Frank would insist upon her presiding at the table and serving him and his guests with whatever their fancy dictated, despite the unseasonableness of the hour. Then, too, Mrs. Brown asserts that Frank preferred her to be at the head of the table during these bacchanalian feasts, inasmuch as she made a good target for his ribald jests or the plates or glasses he chose to hurl at her. Sometimes, according to Mrs. Brown's complaint, the glasses were empty, but more often they contained champagne, for Frank was ever jealous of his reputation as a "wine opener," and he would never for a moment have it thought among his Tenderloin friends that anything else but champagne graced his table or his wife's bathtub, for that matter.

Another sport of which her husband was passionately fond, Mrs. Brown charges, had to do with a most villainous-looking and savage bulldog which is ever at Frank's heels.

Mrs. Brown asserts that when Frank was especially deep in his cups he would set the dog on her. For some reason, Mrs. Brown declares, the dog entertained a violent dislike for her and was only too glad to do his master's bidding.

**Finally Driven from Her Home.** It was the dog episode that proved to be the parting of the ways. While in a drunken frenzy, Frank, it is charged in the complaint, set the dog on his wife, and it attacked her so savagely that she fled in her night-clothes and never returned. That was last January and since then, she vows, Frank has not contributed a cent toward her support and this in the face of his wife's statement that he had torn and cut up all her hats, gowns, lingerie and pretty boots and slippers, just prior to having the bulldog charge her.

Mrs. Brown says it is lack of home influence that is responsible for her

# A CHERRY-BUD IN A FOREIGN HAND

A Japanese Love Story  
By Adachi Kinnosuke

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Westward from the Cascade of Nunobiki, through the ever-shifting tracery-work of pines and wild azaleas, you can see, if you would climb a quarter of a mile, on a spring day, a stretch of land that looks more like a dream than the actual solid footstool of God.

That was her home; there we saw her. Her environment was common—her dress, her cottage, the people about her,—yes, the people especially. But all these common things, because of her, seemed to me as if I saw them on the canvas of Millet or Rembrandt. She was a part of the landscape, and if we say of the ensemble that it is just like a picture, I do not know whether the Higher Artist would take it as a compliment or not.

Describe her? Better ask me to pettily a dream. Her lips? Oh!—one folds his hands on his left side when he speaks of them.

Not satisfied with her success in this, her fair masterpiece, Nature placed her in the rustic surrounding to heighten all the charms of the girl through the touch of that potent magician called surprise. Yes, candidly, I was surprised, and so was Mr. Sidney White, who was with me. Mr. White is an American who has spent more years of his life in Paris and abroad than under the roof of his mother. He was an artist,—an artist who, as he confided to me once, was trying his best to fall as much

Then the olive velvet of her cheeks became a warmer color, and a smile made her lips like an opening bud. Then slowly she said,—

"I—love—you,—Sidney."

The last syllable was in the merry ring of her laughter. I saw him often teaching her English and French. In those happy hours he looked like a male mother mad with ecstasy over the first faltering words of his baby. He was very proud of her; and day by day she rewarded him with the discovery of the hidden treasures of her simple heart.

Twice winter chained water; twice spring set it free and gave it songs; twice chrysanthemums decked their little garden; and they fanned away two summers. They were too much in love to think of marriage—if that were possible.

Those were happy days for him— for her.

Then there came a little piece of paper into that studio—to that nest, to speak more correctly, of Art and a couple of spring buds. Upon that paper was a message that came from the other side of the world. Since the receipt of it Sidney White was never the same man. And poor O Tome only wondered. It was rude, to her Japanese way of thinking, to ask many things of a man, and then, if he loved her, he would tell her all she ought to know without her ever asking. So she was silent—sad, because he was sad.

"Come with me, O Tome-san," he said to her one morning.

"Where are we going?"

"I have found a nest for you. And I want to see if you like it or not."

And they walked up the hill side of Kobe City.

"You see, sweetheart," he explained to her, "I have always thought that you would like to have a cottage all your own. And I think I've found it. We'll furnish it as you like, and there you can do whatever you want. I will come and see you there very often, and we won't be bothered with people who come to my studio; for I am going to keep my studio as it is."

They saw the cottage, whose veranda laughed full-mouthed towards the entrance of the famous inland Sea of Japan.

O Tome was delighted with it. It was arranged that everything would be put in order within a week, and at the end of that time O Tome was to move into it.

"But why don't you move your studio, too? I miss the pictures so much," she said to him.

"Oh, sweetheart, you will have all the pictures you want. You see, I don't want any of my studio friends bothering us at the cottage."

It was about seventeen days since Sidney White received a cablegram stating that his parents would bring out his wife with them to join him in Japan, where he seemed to be making such a prolonged study. Sidney expected them seven days ahead. O Tome was to move to her new cottage four days hence.

She could speak English fluently now, and nothing charmed the artist as the honey words from her lips.

Her head nestling in his breast, her left arm around his neck, and the fingers of her right hand going astray in the maze of his hair, making the long, wavy locks ripple like the golden surface of a sunlit sea, she was murmuring:

"Dear, you have such pretty hair; it's like the halos of saints you paint."

There was the sound of many steps in the hall. The housemaid never allowed anyone to enter the studio without seeing if the artist were ready to receive a visitor. But this time the steps came steadily towards the door of the studio. Just as O Tome leaped off the lap of Sidney the door flew open.

There was a vigorous swish of a skirt.

"Sidney!" exclaimed a stronger voice than the dreamy melody of O Tome's throat. And he was lost behind the flutter and whirl of foreign millinery. A resounding kiss.

"Great Heaven, Kate!" gasped a husky voice.

A surprise party, my boy!" shouted his father in the doorway. "We did surprise you!—ha! ha! ha!"

Mrs. White released him at last. She turned round to signal the old people to follow her example. The slim figure of O Tome stopped her eyes. At once they flashed back at Sidney and found him ashy, all in a tremor. Something hard entered the blue of her laughing eyes.

"Pray, who is that, Sidney?" Her voice sounded like the breaking of an icicle.

Sidney was a human flame in an instant. He stammered.

"Husband, for Heaven's sake—" cried the lady, and then, turning to O Tome roughly: "Who are you?"

"I am just his model, madam," she said quietly in English with her head down. Mr. White wanted to paint me."

She walked out noiselessly. That was the last time Sidney White saw O Tome. Yes, he is hunting for her now—ever hunting. But I think he would find an insane asylum long before he would find O Tome.



on the altar of pleasure. "Young Frank," as he is familiarly called in Baltimore, has been pleasure-bent since he was a boy of ten, and his pleasures, more often than not, have been purchased at terrific cost. He has had his fling, and when a boy of 17 he was blasé and so satiated with the gayeties of the Old World that he cast about for new sensations and new fields to conquer. Life for him, even then, was one mad whirl, and what he did not know about the "butterfly life" wasn't worth knowing.

At Ostend he was the petted darling of women of title, and otherwise, and it was a prank that he played on one of these while in her bath house at this gay resort that made it necessary for his father to spirit him out of France and back to Baltimore. The boy abhorred books and rarely studied. He had the choice of any university in America or Europe if he would but say the word, but instead he preferred to run wild, do as he pleased and give little, if any attention to the studies prescribed for him by the tutors his father engaged for him.

**Started Work as a Reporter.**

About this time his father and his sister, May Brown, who later married Gordon Hughes, a New York lawyer, and since his death married Alfred Dietrich, whose former wife had eloped with Benchley, one of Alfred G. Vanderbilt's stable managers, planned a return trip to Europe. Frank was engaged in paying ardent court to a Baltimore girl at that time, and his father told him if he did not accompany him to Europe he would have to go to work.

"Fine," said Frank, "nothing could better suit my purpose." At dinner the same evening he announced that he had joined the reportorial staff of the Baltimore American. Frank's advent into journalism will long be remembered in Baltimore, and to this day the sobriquet of "Millionaire Reporter" clings to him.

When Frank reported for his first day's work he drove up to the office

G. A. R. post. Beer was the only tipple for the veterans, whereupon Frank invited everybody to have champagne with him. Accordingly a dozen cases were ordered by the Croesus scribe. The hotel proprietor later sued to recover the price of the champagne. As a tipster to his city editor on the gay dog doings of Baltimore society Frank had no equal. So disconcerting did these tips prove that friends of the Brown family in the inner circle of Baltimore society cabled to Brown pere to suggest some other field of endeavor for his youthful son, and this he did. Frank's journalistic career, while brief, was quite as meteoric as every other that he has since launched out upon.

It was just three years ago that "Young Frank" saw and met Miss Mabel Michael of Baltimore. The two families do not move in the same set and there was opposition from both sides. The Browns had always moved in that social circle which was known far and near as the "Brass Band," while the Michaels, in every respect the social equals of the Browns, belonged to a more conservative element. Frank's courtship was brief and ardent. Serious opposition from both sides but served to fan the flame, and when Frank proposed to Mabel that they elope she with some hesitation consented.

**Eloped in Touring Car.**

Just before midnight on October 23, 1906, Frank and his fiancée met by appointment. His touring car was in readiness and was geared up to its highest speed. Frank was attended by one of his many chums, while Miss Mary Grismer accompanied Miss Michael. The party bundled into the automobile and Frank instructed his chauffeur to cut out for New York and "get there as soon as possible."

Arriving in this city, they went to the Waldorf-Astoria, where Frank had spent much time in the handsome suite of apartments his father used to maintain there the year round. Frank was anxious to have Rev. Henry M. Warren, the hotel chaplain, marry



grounds, eluded the keeper, climbed over the high fence and dropped into Frank's waiting car. Frank was at the wheel, and he let it out, and in an hour or two was beyond the jurisdiction of the Maryland courts. And once more it became necessary for Brown pere to get busy and square things for Frank.

Meanwhile Frank's affairs at home had been going from bad to worse. His wife says she was left much to herself, for Frank was so busy with his other friends and associates that he had little or no time to devote to his girl-bride. Frank's gay friends of both sexes were ever welcomed at the youthful Browns' home—that is by Frank. Among these, his wife says, were many actors and actresses, and then it was that Frank conceived the idea that he would like to enter upon a stage career.

He joined the stock company conducted in Baltimore by George Fawcett, and was given small parts. The verdict of Frank's many friends after witnessing several performances in which he appeared was that he was far more capable of steering his au-

thor's waywardness, and she further avows that "the governor" is mainly responsible for this. She declares that he has alienated Frank's affections, and now she is suing the governor for heart balm to the tune of \$100,000.

In the mean time Frank is continuing on his merry way. With ample funds at his command, and with the prospect of sharing with his sister the several million dollars Gov. Brown is said to possess, young Frank has a lively future ahead of him.

Will he reform? Ask his wife.

**Use of the Eyes in Reading.**

Most people, according to the Optical Journal, believe that the eyes in reading follow the letters in a steady movement clear across the column, but if the reader's eyes are watched closely while in action it will be seen that they make a series of jumping movements, each jump corresponding to about one-half inch of letters. This shows that reading is done more by words than letters, and that the words are read without having to look directly at them.



That Was Her Home; There We Saw Her.

in love with a woman as he was with Art. Take my word for it, he had that something that goes into the making of a true artist, that all-absorbing something which made him by turns a fool and a god; he had that idolatrous adoration for the beautiful; that contempt of everything common. In order to picture his meeting with the girl, you must fancy an artist facing Art made flesh and beating in a woman's heart. In addition to this, you must take into account that poignant sense of surprise as keen as that of a man who finds a diamond in the dirt.

O Tome was her name. O Tome became an object of study to Sidney. Then, a short time afterwards, the object of study—not only artistic but also—From the very start O Tome was a thing of beauty to him, and in the course of time a joy forever as well. When, therefore, about a month afterwards I went up to his studio I was not surprised to see it converted into a huge multifaceted mirror of O Tome—every pose of her figure, every expression of her features, the innumerable blendings of her many moods, were caught in all the conceivable cunning of colors.

"Am I really as pretty as that, White-san?"

"Very, very much more beautiful, mademoiselle!"

"And my hair—and oh, but my eyes, are they softly dreaming as they are yonder?"

"That? Why, that is nothing but a shadow; that is nothing but a picture, like a picture on a temple wall,—a picture of a goddess, you know. One can look at a picture, not the goddess—the original is too dazzling!"

O Tome, who was not sure whether she understood this poetic ambiguity of the artist, smiled as if to say, "The best thing I can do for you is to pretend that I believe all that you say."

"But, really, White-san, does your humble maid please her master, then?"

"Hush, sweet one; you should rather say that your slave worships his ideal."

"What do you think I have found now, old man?" he asked me one day as he burst into my den. Dropping my brush at the suddenness of his entry and interrogation, I answered: "Hello! you? Why, I have not the slightest idea."

"Well, she is not a beautiful study, but she is as bright as a Buddha's eyes—I mean her mind. You ought to come and see her."

Yes, I found out that she had learned many an English word.

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