

## How Heiress Morosini Tried To Tame Her "Cave Man" Husband



Werner, the ex-Policeman, in the Soldierly Equestrian Attitude that Won Heiress Morosini's Heart.

### And the Uncommon Devices She Is Using to Keep Him Away from Her When the Unique Experiment Failed

MRS. GIULIA MOROSINI-WERNER, of New York, has declared her half-million-dollar estate in a state of siege, has equipped her mansion with a searchlight that at night sweeps the surrounding country like a battleship, and with all the chores being done by a corps of detectives, is sitting back waiting for the worst.

The worst she is awaiting is to have her husband—ex-Policeman Arthur W. Werner—outwit the garrison and come back.

Mrs. Morosini-Werner is the favorite daughter of the late Giovanni Morosini, the Italian banker who linked his fortunes with Jay Gould and accumulated upwards of seven million dollars by doing so. When he died he left Miss Giulia five millions of the seven.

The Morosini estate, known as "Elmhurst," is located at Riverdale-on-the-Hudson, just below the northernmost limits of New York City, and is one of the show-places of the country. Its collection of armor and curios has been envied by connoisseurs from every corner of the world. The value of the precious stones contained in the treasures has been estimated at over \$400,000.

Miss Giulia was educated in a convent. One of her sisters had eloped with a coachman; one of her brothers had married Mary Caroline Washington Bond, a great-granddaughter of a relative of George Washington—a marriage which was strongly opposed by the Italian banker because the bride was a Protestant. The old man determined that Giulia should not marry at all. He kept the most vigorous watch of all her movements, personally attending her on every possible occasion. He gave her everything in the world but freedom to meet the opposite sex.

Miss Giulia was a lover of horses and dresses. She had a stable of blue-blooded animals and spent \$500,000 a year on clothes.

Enter now Mounted Policeman Arthur W. Werner, whose rounds took in the Riverdale estate.

Mounted on his beautiful horse, "Mr. Jones," the giant policeman, expert horseman as he was, made a vivid impression on the carefully nurtured, man-starved heiress, and frequently put Mr. Jones through his paces for her edification.

giant-like figure riding down the green slopes of the estate he had married when he married her, and said: "Everything is possible where love is. You will see."

The next day Mrs. Arthur Werner paid her first visit to the shops since her wedding day. Although she had changed her name from that of Giulia Morosini, the change of name made no difference in the credit of the woman to whom her father, the old banker and follower of Garibaldi, had left five million dollars.

"Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast," she whispered with the ecstatic smile of one for whom the honeymoon is shining.

True, this giant-like man she had married was taller than most men—six feet two inches in height and with a corresponding girth and weight. True, he had made love in a roar rather than a voice. Admittedly he demanded whatever he wanted. He did not ask. He didn't even remember to say "Thank you" for services performed and favors rendered.

But despite these trifles she had married what every woman—well, nearly every one—wanted, a splendid creature whom J. M. Barrie characterized as "a monstrous man." Every woman—nearly every woman, she did not wish to be different—wants a master. In her heart every feminine being seeks a cave man. Well, she had him. Now, what should she do with him? The words of her friend recurred to her. "Tame him!" Certainly she would and could. Nothing is impossible to a bride.

The bride reached the exclusive department store; she went straight to the music department. "Show me some music boxes," she said. "I've read of them. Some made especially for gentlemen." She blushed.

A clear box that played an aria from "Il Trovatore" every time you opened it? Yes, the very thing. Were there not other articles of like nature? A hair brush contained an odd device that set a grand opera duet in motion whenever it was used. The bride was charmed.

A clothes brush of the same sort? They had none in stock, but they would order one. Yes, it should be ready within ten days. So it happened that while the honeymoon still shone every room in the mansion was equipped with music. Like any hero on a melodrama, her bridegroom's entrance into a room was accompanied by music. Fondly she watched and waited for results. Had they not established a music cure at Ward's Island for the insane? Then without doubt the influence of sweet sounds would affect for the better the too strong personality for her "cave-man."

sands of the sea, and in colors as magnificent as the rainbow. Pictures? Every one knows that they develop the taste and encourage the intellectual life. The Morosini home was crowded with works of art. The bride led her lord into the gallery filled with old Italian masters. Books? The library at Elmhurst overflowed with the classics. She tried reading to him from the post. In the midst of a translation of Dante's "Inferno" he got up, yawned, open-faced, and tramped out of the room. His wife peered out from the curtains of Italian silk, saw him walk up and down the piazza, gazing at the sky.

"Love of nature is refining." So she comforted herself. "We must take up the study of astronomy together."

It was a bit disconcerting to hear a whistle, to see her husband go to the barn where, following him in her thousand-dollar evening gown and in diamond-buckled slippers that were ruined by the dew, she found him playing poker with a policeman. She ran sobbing back to the house. That night they had their first quarrel.

"Drop your policeman friends," said the five-million-dollar heiress.

But he responded in cave language. As good wives do, Mrs. Werner forgave him and tried to forget.

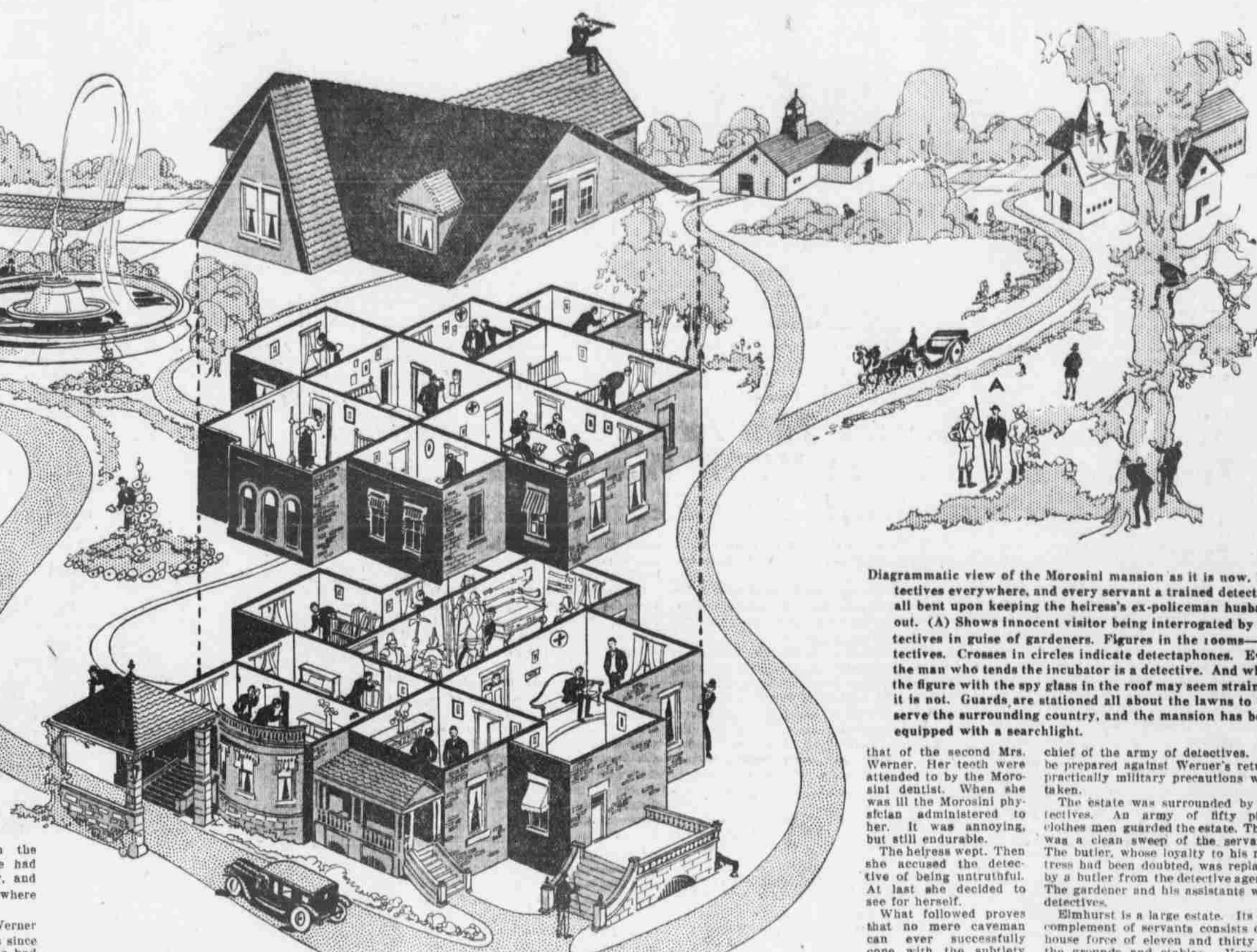
"He is so lonesome, poor dear," she reflected. "I will provide him society of a more elevating type."

Sad to state, they were not a success.

But what was more dispiriting was the fact that her husband manifested more and more of a disposition to take his gallops across the hills overlooking the Hudson alone.



Mrs. Giulia Morosini-Werner in a Militant Costume and Attitude Betraying the Defense She Is Conducting.



Diagrammatic view of the Morosini mansion as it is now. Detectives everywhere, and every servant a trained detective, all bent upon keeping the heiress's ex-policeman husband out. (A) Shows innocent visitor being interrogated by detectives in guise of gardeners. Figures in the rooms—detectives. Crosses in circles indicate detectaphones. Even the man who tends the incubator is a detective. And while the figure with the spy glass in the roof may seem strained, it is not. Guards are stationed all about the lawns to observe the surrounding country, and the mansion has been equipped with a searchlight.

that of the second Mrs. Werner. Her teeth were attended to by the Morosini dentist. When she was ill the Morosini physician administered to her. It was annoying, but still endurable.

The heiress wept. Then she accused the detective of being untruthful. At last she decided to see for herself.

What followed proves that no mere cave man can ever successfully cope with the subtlety of woman, especially of an heiress with centuries of education in the arts at her command.

Mrs. Werner proved her possession of initiative. Also of subtlety. Also of tact and unbelievable self-control. She vanished for a few days from Elmhurst. She had gone to New Rochelle disguised as a cook to verify for herself some of what she had been told.

Close upon that visit Mrs. Werner visited her lawyers in New York. Returning from that all-day conference she wrote her husband a note telling him she knew the secrets of the visits to New Rochelle.

"I have engaged lawyers to bring suit to annul our marriage," on the ground that it was never legal. You may go back to the wife from whom it now seems you were never really divorced," she said.

Thereupon it was proven that none of her three years' education of the cave man had been successful. Not even had he learned the rudiment that one must never make a scene.

He called all the servants together. He sent for his wife. "Did you write this note?" he said, waving it in her face.

"Yes," she answered. "That was a painful scene. Terrified, the heiress prepared her fortress for a state of siege. "Drop the portcullis!" she would have cried in another time and place. In this age and at Elmhurst she telephoned for an army of detectives.

chief of the army of detectives. To be prepared against Werner's return, practically military precautions were taken.

The estate was surrounded by detectives. An army of fifty plain clothes men guarded the estate. There was a clean sweep of the servants. The butler, whose loyalty to his mistress had been doubted, was replaced by a butler from the detective agency.

The gardener and his assistants were detectives. Elmhurst is a large estate. Its full complement of servants consists of a house force of eleven and thirty for the grounds and stables. Versatile men were sent to fill every position and have capably filled them all.

W. J. Burns has seen the advisability of having his men trained in such occupations to maintain their state of incognito.

The only way to keep it up and allay the fears of the heiress wife was to have the work done by detectives. For its thorough maintenance it was even necessary to have a detective in charge of the chicken incubator and another to milk the cows.

Diagrams were placed in all the rooms to record the words of fleeing servants and suspicious visitors.

On the night when Werner returned to secure his princely wardrobe and other personal effects a big searchlight flashed full in his face, nearly blinding him. His former poker partner challenged him with "Who goes there?" A half dozen determined-looking men stood at the back of their commander-in-chief. It was evident from their casual placing of their hands upon their pockets that they were armed.

In view of all this and the newly installed searchlight that followed him up the green terrace and to the side door of the red brick mansion, the ex-policeman's manners were most commendable. They almost conformed to his wife's high standards.

He neither stormed nor bulled as he made his way to his own apartments and began his packing. The packing done, he walked quietly out, departing from the house that should know him no more, without a sound. He was really dignified.

### Our Drinks 'Memory' Cocktails

A RECENT investigation that has been made by one of the large coffee growers of Porto Rico into the taste of coffee after its preparation for breakfast has brought to light a number of curious facts about taste.

Foremost among these is the knowledge that the actual beverage being drunk is seldom being tasted. Memory plays so large a share in taste that, unless our attention is called to the drink that is before us, we are generally unconscious of its character.

Thus, for example, if a man is firmly convinced that his wife invariably makes good coffee, he will seldom question the tastefulness of his cup at breakfast. On the other hand, if he is drinking coffee made by some one else, he compares that, not with the coffee made by his wife, but the general idealized conception he has formed of his wife's brewing.

In order to taste a beverage that is being drunk it is necessary for the mind suddenly to stimulate the organs of sensation of taste, and this very mental stimulation brings the forces of memory to bear on the situation.

It is for this reason that medicine usually tastes so nasty, not because all medicine is necessarily bad-tasting, but because even the least objectionable recalls to the mind some other mixture nauseous in the extreme.

What we taste when we drink, therefore, is, as a matter of fact, only a "memory" cocktail.