

Mishaps of the Astonishing Mrs. Abercrombie



REINCARNATED

This Drawing, by Harry Clarke, Eminent British Artist, to Illustrate a Tale of Poe in Which a Woman Comes Back to Earth, Is Symbolical of Milo Abercrombie's Philosophy of Her Bad Luck. "It seems as if I were paying for some sin in a former life," She Says.

POOOR Milo Abercrombie! Is her long run of bad luck fated to dog her forever? She has just received the twelfth crushing blow in a series of almost incredible personal misfortunes. All her friends are wondering whether this is the end of the jinx, or whether Destiny is getting ready to make it a baker's dozen of woes with some fresh unforeseen calamity.

"Why have I been forced to endure all this torment, this agony?" wails Milo. "Unhappiness, misunderstanding, remorse—it almost seems as if I were paying for some false step in a previous reincarnation, some sin in a former life."

No matter whose fault it is, she has certainly had a tough time of it for the past ten years. Mrs. Milo Magdalene Abercrombie, the former Baroness Wilhelm von Brincken, San Francisco society leader, and acclaimed by Harrison Fisher, famous artist, "California's greatest beauty," seemed at first a child blessed by the gods.

Her star was or the ascendant at the moment Mr. Fisher set his approving stamp upon her loveliness. And then—

Her father died. Her mother died. She married a German military attaché, who was convicted of conspiracy and sentenced to prison.

She encountered terrible divorce difficulties to marry a second time. She was sued for debt.



NAMELESS PORTRAIT
Painting of Milo Abercrombie by the Viennese Artist, Ernest Linnenkamp. He Chose Her as "One of America's Fifteen Most Beautiful Women." But When the Picture Was Exhibited, Her Name Was Omitted.



SECOND HUSBAND
Lieut.-Commander Lyman K. Swenson, U. S. N., Granted Custody of His Children, Cecilia, 7, and Laurence, 5, After Milo's Starting Charges Had Been Dismissed.

Was forced to appeal to a charities organization for aid.

Got nervous prostration when her name was left off her portrait in an art exhibit.

Was engaged for a stupendous pantomime—which never materialized.

Was repudiated as a fiancée by a man to whom she thought herself engaged.

Heard her spectacular charge against her husband dismissed.

Was publicly censured for her attack on him.

And—lost the custody of two of her children!

The crowning blight on Milo's peace of mind came when the San Francisco Court of Appeals denied her petition to set aside a decision in 1927 by Superior Judge Pat R. Parker, who ordered Cecilia, 7, and Laurence, 5, removed from the "hysterical atmosphere" of Milo's home and handed over to their father, Lieutenant-Commander Lyman K. Swenson, of the U. S. Navy.

Milo, a niece of former Congressman John Milo Abercrombie, of Alabama, once kidnapped the kids and fled with them to Portland, Ore. Later she returned. In the subsequent court proceedings there were startling charges and countercharges. Milo swore Swenson was a "terrible person."

It was her duty, she conceived, to "save" his children from him, especially his daughter. But the Court gazed coldly at this idea. "She was instrumental," read the final decision, "in inspiring and promoting a scheme directly involving one of the children, which had for its obvious purpose the ruination of the respondent's character as a man, the bringing about of his complete disgrace as a naval officer and the destruction of the affection which his children had heretofore manifested

for him.

"The trial court in unmistakable language declared the charge to be utterly groundless, and a careful examination of the testimony has convinced us that no fair-minded person could have reached a different conclusion."

"I'm licked," sighed Milo. "Not enough money to keep on fighting." She had tried to collect a judgment against Swenson last year. "I and my babies are destitute." Then she was sued for unpaid rent, broken china, telephone bills and "missing linen."

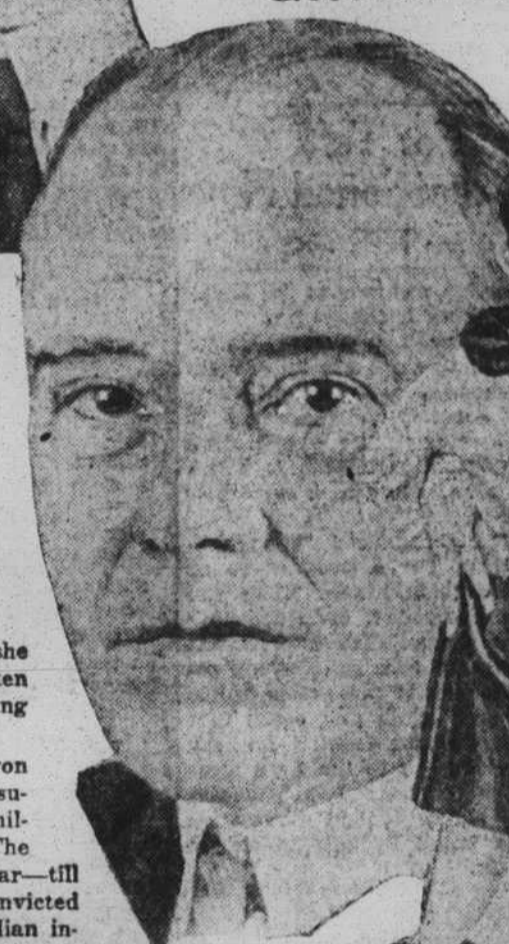
Milo first married Baron von Brincken, of the German Consulate, at San Francisco. Two children were born to them. The dashing nobleman was popular—till the war. In 1927 he was convicted of conspiring to foment an Indian insurrection and given three years on McNeil Island, Federal penitentiary in Puget Sound.

Milo didn't ask a divorce until 1919. She got her decree and the restoration of her maiden name. The Baron, still in love with Milo, shortly got a chance to prove his devotion. Lieutenant-Commander Swenson had come wooing Milo. But his religious beliefs did not acknowledge Milo's divorced state. In the eyes of his church she was still the Baroness. The Baron, also Catholic, had been married before, to a Mrs. Alice Roedel. Could it be shown, therefore, that the Baron and Milo, in such a view, had never been really married in the eyes of the church? Mrs. Roedel's identity was satisfactorily established, and the knot was cut.

In 1920 she married Swenson and they, too, had two children, the youngsters who figured in the later legal quarrel.

Ernest Linnenkamp, of Vienna, was touring the United States, painting portraits of America's "fifteen most beautiful women." Milo was one of

Fate's Twelfth Blow for the Beauty Who Lost Money, Fame, Two Husbands, One Fiance ---and Two of Her Children



FIRST HUSBAND

Baron Wilhelm von Brincken, Attache at the German Consulate in San Francisco, Before the World War, Whom Milo Divorced After He Had Been Convicted of Conspiracy.

them. But, horrors! When the exhibition was opened, there was no label on Milo's picture. She might have been Miss Nobody. Milo took her to bed, suffering from "nerves."

Another tribulation swept along in the wake of Mme. Barry-Orlona, connected with the production of a pantomime, "The Resurrection," sponsored by the Salon of International Arts. Milo was cast as the Madonna. There was a musicians' row, and "The Resurrection" didn't materialize.

At Honolulu Milo had been introduced once to Lieutenant-Commander Hugo W. Koehler, U. S. N., by her



MADONNA-LIKE

Milo Magdalene Abercrombie, San Francisco Society Leader. This Classic Costume She Hoped to Wear in the Pantomime, "The Resurrection."—But for Various Reasons Didn't. At Left She Is Shown with Two of Her Children, Cecilia and Laurence Swenson.

second husband, from whom she was by this time divorced. Koehler, transferred to Panama, read in a paper that he was engaged to Milo. "Some error," Koehler told the press. "Imagine Milo's feelings then! I have been deeply humiliated," Milo declared, her big eyes wet with tears. "This is a most unkind blow of fate. I cannot possibly understand

how this false rumor got about. It is all very distressing and annoying." Now Milo's lost her children, failed to find a chink in her husband's legal armor, and been chidden by a judge. "Am I atoning for some sin in a previous life?" Milo asks herself. "If so, I have paid—and paid—and paid. How much longer must I keep on paying?"

"Intelligence—Character Are Vitally Important"

—Says W. C. Teagle



WALTER C. TEAGLE, President of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey.

"THERE is no standard recipe for success. But there are two ingredients of vital importance: Intelligence and character."

This is the belief expressed by Walter C. Teagle, president of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey. A third scarcely less necessary quality is persistence, he adds.

The long-argued question as to whether the college-educated man has a greater chance to succeed than his non-collegiate rival is sanely and subtly analyzed by Mr. Teagle, who at fifty-one is the head of the world's mightiest petroleum organization.

"Whether or not a youth goes to college doesn't materially affect his success," is the opinion of Mr. Teagle.

"It is, of course, true that the college-trained man who has made the right use of his opportunities has more tools to work with and a broader capacity for understanding than the boy fresh from high school or shop."

"But if in acquiring a college training he falls into easy ways and loses the urge to get on, it is his own fault. He will pay for his indolence when he goes into competition with the youngster who takes his work seriously."

"I have never known of any discrimination toward an employe because he has or has not a college education."

"The decision as to what a young man shall make of himself lies largely with him. If he is of the type that deserves recognition in the business world, he will get it, even if his school record stopped with the three R's. Let me impress on you that there is no single qualification for success. Long observation of the personnel of a big organization has convinced me that with a reasonable amount of intelligence and character anyone can succeed, if he carries through to the very end the tasks assigned him."

"Give me the fellow who will stick to his job until he finds the answer, in preference to the brilliant performer who arrives at a solution he can't guarantee in half the time. I never knew a man to lose a job who gave it his whole-hearted efforts, no matter how lacking he may have been in brilliance or campus background."

These words carry convincing weight, coming as they do from Mr. Teagle. For he is a college graduate and a trustee of Cornell University, which he left to plunge into the oil business. It is also a suggestive fact that he was born into an atmosphere of more than comfortable competence, but also of hard work. At thirty-six he was president of the Imperial Oil Company of Canada, and at thirty-nine president of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey.

He is today one of the foremost figures in the industry, with a passion for acquiring facts and an extraordinary memory in their retention.

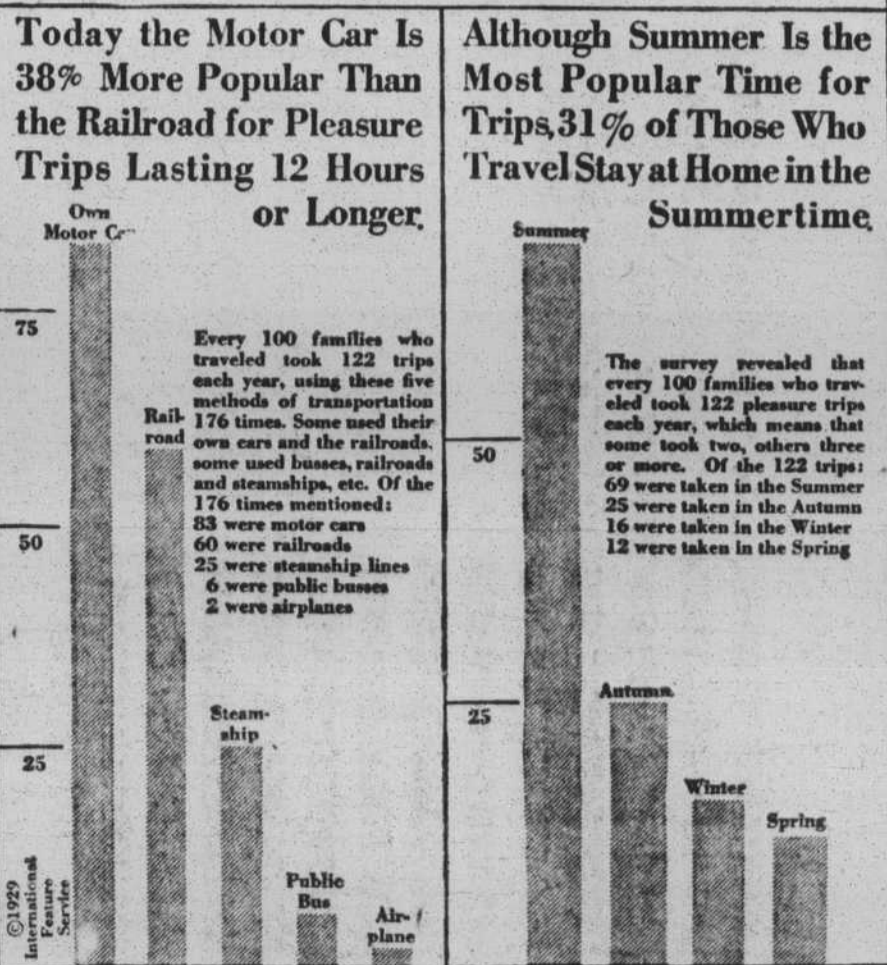
The ABC's of General Knowledge

How and When Families Travel

Based on Pleasure Trips of 12 Hours or Longer

Source: Survey Made by Good Housekeeping Magazine, October, 1929

Chart By FRELING FOSTER



By CLARE MURRAY—Girl Poet—Artist As the Rainbow— (On the Riverbank)



"The rainbow hovers, untouched above."

LIGHTLY she steps along,
Lightly she dances,
And all her words are light
and innocent.

Like sunlight on a waterfall
She sparkles into smiles capriciously
Her moods as many-hued and elusive
As the rainbow.

She goes with many men,
Fifty or a hundred—does it
matter?
Each one in love with her,
Each for a different grace...
One for her low-toned laughter,
One for her wistful eyes,
One for her smooth skin.

DELICATE as a camella,
One for her lips...
And each one sighs as the
rainbow slips

Like a fog through his eager finger,
And hovers, untouched, above him.
They turn away, one by one, baffled,
To look for a human touch elsewhere.

And never a one of them dreams
that she,
With unutterable longing,
Each night prays for a lover—
The vague and childish,
Cherished hero in her heart—
"The rainbow hovers, untouched
above."