

The Very Newest Kind of Divorce

Couple Are to Live in One House, But Never Meet--Strange Situation Created by the Decision of a Chicago Judge--Mr. and Mrs. Aarup Ordered to Live Peculiar Life.

CHICAGO.—In making an announcement as above from the bench, a few days ago, Judge Honore established a unique precedent for the disposal of divorce cases.

Mr. and Mrs. Aarup, like many other mismatched couples, were anxious to be freed from the matrimonial bonds which held them one to the other. Mrs. Aarup wanted the three children—Anna, William and Edward—and the home they have lived in for many years at No. 1709 Elizabeth street, Chicago. The house, together with the land on which it stands, is the joint property of Mr. and Mrs. Aarup.

Mr. Aarup, on the other hand, is willing to waive whatever rights he may have to the possession of their three children. They can go with their mother provided that the divorce is granted.

All that he asked for—and this is where the problem arose which Judge Honore has ingeniously solved—was the house at No. 7099 Elizabeth street. The husband had several good reasons for wanting to retain possession of the house. In the first place, it belongs to him just as much as it does to his wife. In the second—and most important—place, it is his place of

business. He has his office there, and his business is such that if he were compelled to move to another neighborhood it would mean considerable loss of business and a heavy financial loss as well.

Just so long as Mr. and Mrs. Aarup remained husband and wife this arrangement seemed to furnish a satisfactory way in which they could continue to occupy one house between them. But the court's announcement that a decree of absolute divorce would be granted rendered such an arrangement no longer possible. Both husband and wife recognize this; hence the desire of each that the other vacate.

Matters stood thus when Judge Honore was called upon to make a decision for them. After intimating that he would grant an absolute divorce he ordered the husband and wife who insisted on living in one house to continue to do so. But the imaginary dead line drawn by Mrs. Aarup is to be replaced by solid partitions and Mrs. Aarup and her three children are to dwell on one side of the partition and Mr. Aarup on the other.

Divided Up the House.
Judge Honore said it seemed to him, since there was no other way out of the difficulty, that some arrangement could be made whereby the husband might continue to occupy his office and the bedroom above it, thereby re-

stricting himself to the only two rooms in the house which he really needs for his own use. As for Mrs. Aarup and the children, they could occupy the other two bedrooms, as formerly, the kitchen, drawing-room and dining-room, and rent the other apartments in the front of the house.

There was only one obstacle to the successful carrying out of this suggestion, and the attorneys interested in the case called it to the attention of the court. With his two rooms partitioned off from the other part of the house, Mr. Aarup would probably suffer some inconvenience climbing up and down a ladder and in and out of his bedroom window every time he wanted to go upstairs. There would be no other way for him to reach his bedroom after it was partitioned off from the remainder of the house.

Has Private Staircase.
Judge Honore has disposed of this little problem by suggesting the construction of a private staircase leading from Mr. Aarup's office to the bedroom overhead. The judge has even constituted himself architect for the reconstruction of the house that is to be divided against itself, and he has drawn up plans for the construction of the partitions which, when completed, will enable Mr. and Mrs. Aarup each to live in his or her own side of the house without any fear of ever meeting the other face to face.

At present they have no desire to meet each other, and Mr. Aarup has formed the habit of making a noise whenever he is about to walk through the front hall toward the front door or to the staircase. If Mrs. Aarup is in the hall or on the staircase when she hears her husband's signal announcing his approach she withdraws until all danger of having to face him has passed.

"I should think," said the court, "that a stairway may be built from that one bedroom. This will obviate the defendant's having to go through that part of the house occupied by the rest of the family. An arrangement may be made whereby they may have separate entrances. There might be a separate stairway."

There was, however, another feature of this complex problem which the court was called upon to dispose of in some way. Neither Mr. Aarup nor his wife has any desire to remarry. He is limited in his own home to two

rooms, one of which is his business office, and in the other he sleeps. Obviously he cannot be expected to do his own housekeeping under such circumstances.

Meals from Dumbwaiter.
Realizing all of that and also the fact that the divorced husband and wife are joint owners of the house in which they are to continue to reside, and the one additional fact that both are equally entitled to share in the use of the kitchen stove and the laundry, Judge Honore has arranged for the construction of a dumbwaiter leading from the kitchen to Mr. Aarup's office. The dumbwaiter is to serve for the convenience of Mr. Aarup's meals, which his wife is to cook for him. In return for this service the husband is to contribute to the support of his wife and children. There is a separate entrance to the house from Mr. Aarup's office, and this he is directed to make use of, giving his wife and children the exclusive right to use the front entrance.

The suit of Aarup vs. Aarup has been in the courts since 1907. A settlement would probably have been reached many months ago but for the peculiarly complex conditions under which the divorce was demanded.

Find House with Tunnels.
Discoveries Made in Razing an Old-Time Cleveland Mansion.

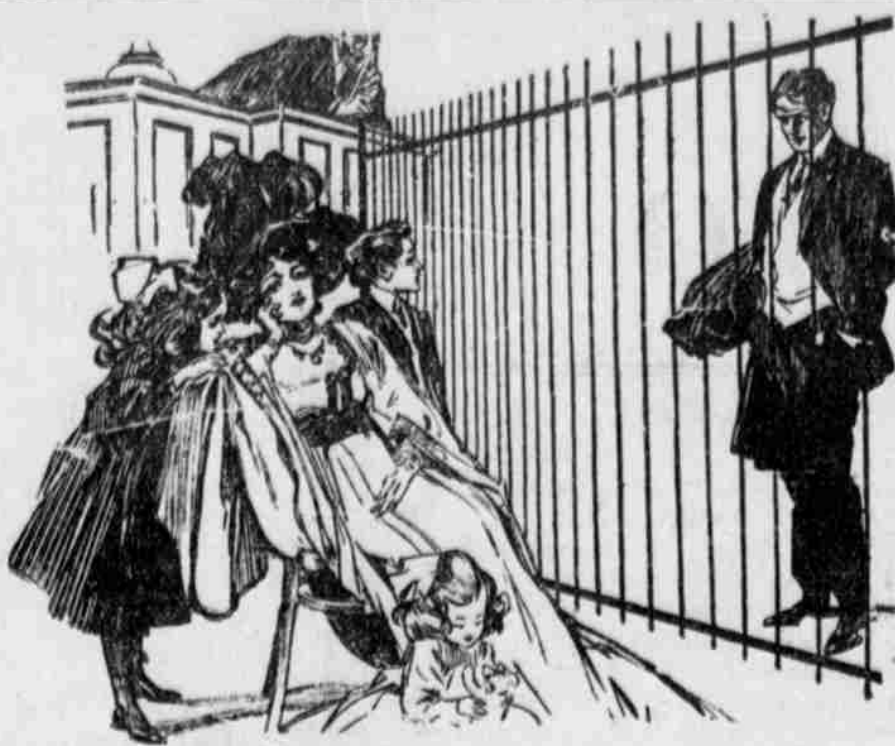
Queer old secret tunnels, built 60 or 70 years ago and leading from one of Cleveland's oldest residences to artificial caves in the hillside above the Cuyahoga river, have been discovered in the demolition of the old W. J. Gordon homestead. The tunnels have existed for decades unknown to people who have lived in the neighborhood for 50 or 60 years. Romance and mystery surround their early creation and use and many quaint traditions are connected with them. When workmen began tearing the house down many unexpected queer things were discovered. It was found that the house was divided into three separate compartments and that it was impossible to get from one section to the other without going outdoors or through one of the tunnels to the big stone barn in the rear, where passageways led to the other divisions of the old house. Secret stairways and hidden closets abounded throughout the building and were located on every floor, secret cabinets being found even in the garret near chimneys.

The old house was built nearly 70 years ago by W. J. Gordon, a wholesale liquor dealer for many years and the man who later gave Gordon Park to the city. The ground was terraced down from the hillside to the shore below, and on this hillside the tunnels emerged into outer light through a big artificial cave, made with pieces of rock fitted and slightly arched to form a supporting roof.

DECEIT THAT DIDN'T PAY.
Extreme Discomfort and Pain was Endured for Nothing.

Customs officials at an East Coast port are discussing with much amusement the smuggling adventure of a lady of American birth who now lives in England. Possibly her adventure was prompted by successes in similar cases when passing the New York customs. The lady was returning from one of the Swiss winter resorts, where she had bought a parcel of valuable lace, so before leaving France she swathed herself about the waist with the embroidery and embarked in the steamer feeling decidedly uncomfortable. The present popular style of dress, however, does not readily lend itself to these conditions of transport. The initial discomfort had grown into positive pain before the vessel got under way. The lady found the torture unendurable except when maintaining an upright posture. It was the reverse of comforting to overhear the conversation of two fellow passengers, one of whom was affirming from experience that the penalty in a detected case of smuggling

was three times the value of duty relating to the goods. How she ultimately disembarked and satisfied the revenue challenge she scarcely knows, but when she reached her hotel and divested herself of her spoils she was in a state bordering on collapse. Only once was the story unfolded as stirring drama. That was transformed into roaring comedy when a member of her first audience tendered the information that Great Britain has levied no duty on lace for about half a century.



Dematerialization

By C. MASON

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A fair young thing, with tender blue eyes, entered Woodworth's office and calmly seated herself. A glance at her portfolio impelled him to seek refuge in the cool brick vault of his neighbor across the passage, Barker, who called himself a banker, but the lady barred the way.

"No," he said, desperately, without waiting to be interrogated, "I don't want to subscribe for a 'History of the War,' nor 'Lives of the Candidates,' nor 'Picturesque Anything.'"

"But, honored sir," replied the mild, simple and rather slumping young person, "I do not ask you to subscribe for anything, unless, indeed, you would honor me by taking a ticket—"

"Ticket nothing!" again interrupted Woodworth. "I've no leisure for amusements. My time is all taken up with my profession—and science."

"Ah, that is what drew me hither!" beamed the beautiful girl. "I perceived by your sign that you were a lawyer, and I have heard that you are a member—a prominent one—of the Psychological Research society. In one or both capacities I think you can do me an inestimable service."

Woodworth, touched at two vulnerable points, unbenet.

"You see, kind sir," she continued, "that I am a materialized spirit. My manager, Mr. Shockton, who is stopping at the hotel—here is his card—called me forth from the spirit world by mistake for Martha Washington, with whom I was contemporaneous."

Woodworth had noticed the antique style and courtly bearing of his lovely visitor.

"He delayed so long in endeavoring to correct his error," she went on, "that, instead of remaining in the misty,

condition of my client, Miss Amy Alright, she is perfectly satisfied with this mundane sphere, as the reporters call it, and intends to remain here. I shall take steps to enjoin you from making her the subject of further experiment."

"Take a ticket," was Shockton's cordial response, thrusting out a card. "One dollar, please; 7:30 this evening. We are going to dematerialize the chit this very night, and if it doesn't come off, call me all the liars you like. Next!"

"One moment, Mr. Shockton," said Woodworth, severely. "I understand you to say that you intend to dematerialize, which I suppose means to disembody—to cause to disappear—"

"Into thin air—evaporate—vamos!" answered the medium, in a business-like tone.

"Cause to disappear a person now living? That, my dear sir, is murder!"

"Wrong!" replied Shockton. "Who is this girl? where does she fall from? She has been dead 130 years. Can't kill a person twice, you know. What good is she, anyhow? She's way beyond the times—can't even sell a ticket to her own dematerialization."

"Then you are determined to dematerialize the lady again?" demanded Woodworth, somewhat demoralized.

"Sure; come and see for yourself. Take a ticket, and one for your wife."

"I shall certainly come—with the police. You insist on making this preposterous experiment?"

"Fact. But tell you what I'll do. You may take the young woman—lock her up—do anything you like with her, and I'll bet you a cool hundred I'll dematerialize her all the same."

Woodworth clutched at this proposition—he began to see a way out. The Psychological Research society was hastily summoned in special session, and Amy Alright was introduced to President Barker and the members. Her frankness and timidity convinced the most skeptical among them that she, at least, was innocent of collusion with the medium. She appeared terribly to dread the threats of Shockton.

"Oh, gentlemen," she pleaded, "put me under ground; put me in some strong place, where it will be impossible to get at me. I am so tired of being a spirit. Don't let me be dematerialized again!"

Provided with a lunch from the hotel, wrapped in napkins, she was smuggled into Barker's bank—it was dignified by that name in the village—and locked into its roomy old brick vault, and a committee signed an affidavit to that effect.

Then all the Psychological people attended Shockton's seance. It was very long and very mysterious. For two hours the audience—they could not be called spectators—sat in darkness, listening to soft music and waiting for Amy Alright to appear.

At last there came a gentle tapping. "Ah, ha!" exclaimed Shockton, "she comes! Who goes there?"

"The spirit of Mistress Amy Alright, who died of the quinsy in 1770."

"Are you in the flesh, or in the spirit?"

"A spirit, alas! Oh, woe is me!"

"There you are, gentlemen!" said Shockton, switching on the light. "Now produce your Amy, if you can."

The audience, led by the Psychological Research committee, trooped back to Barker's bank. Heavens! The man had won his bet—Amy had dematerialized after all.

So had the contents of the bank! The only material evidences remaining of the guileless girl and her work were the crumbs of her luncheon, the napkins in which it had been wrapped, and a hotel table knife—snapped short off—which had served as a screw-driver. The big, old-style locks, with their screws, lay on the floor.

"O Blavatsky!" groaned Barker, "what idiots we have been!"

Electricity on Shipboard.
At a recent shipbuilding exposition held in Germany the greater part of the exhibits related to the use of electricity on shipboard, and a large number of new and interesting devices were shown for the first time. One of the features of the electrical building was a chandelier which is thought to be the greatest thing of the kind ever constructed. It comprised a large octagonal arrangement of angle iron, with some decorative material interwoven, and from it were suspended 16 flaming arc lamps. The light from this great cluster was almost blinding.

The Building of a Battleship.
The greatest single piece of work which can be given to a navy yard is the building of a battleship. It has been learned from hard experience that these ships cost from 25 to 60 per cent. more when built by the government than they do when built by contract in private yards. That is, there is a loss to the government of from \$500,000 to \$1,500,000 on every one it builds.—McClure's.

Not So New.
"A chap came along yesterday taking orders for metal mothers."

"What on earth are 'metal mothers'?"

"Incubators."

Carried 108 Babies to the Font.
At the village of Langdon, near Spillsby, England, there has passed away in the person of Mrs. Ann Fletcher, widow, the holder of a curious record. She was known among the villagers as "The Century of Babies." This sobriquet was given her because she had carried no fewer than 108 babies to be baptized. Not one of them was her own.

Biggest Parish the Most Sober.
In the whitest parish in England—that of Whittlesea—there was not a single case of drunkenness last year. This is a record for the parish, which comprises 26,000 acres. The population is 8,000, and there are 58 licensed houses.

When I Died.
Indistinct form in which spirits are preferably presented, I became as thoroughly substantial as when I was before on earth, 130 years ago.

"Upon my word, young lady—or, venerable dame—" the lawyer corrected with halting courtesy, "this is a very extraordinary statement. Do you know that you render yourself liable to prosecution for obtaining money under false pretenses when you attempt to sell tickets on such a tale as that?"

She smiled trustfully. "No, sir, I did not know that. Indeed, I am only beginning to learn the strange things of your wonderful century—but I like them very much. Though my familiarity with the distaff and spindle, the needle and quill pen will no longer afford me a livelihood, I have an ardent longing to learn the sewing machine or the typewriter—and become a New Woman. I am most anxious to resume the life prematurely cut short in 1770, in my eighteenth year, when I died from what was erroneously diagnosed as a quinsy. I have reason to believe that, had I been properly treated for diphtheria with an antitoxin serum, I would have lived to a good old age."

"What is there to prevent you from doing so now?" asked Woodworth, touched and interested immeasurably by his singular client.

"Because my master—for so I must call him—Mr. Shockton, who brought me from the other world, is determined to send me back. I fear that, from mercenary motives, he means to dematerialize me at his very next seance."

Putting on his hat, he exclaimed: "You sit right there while I interview this tyrant, Miss —, beg your pardon?"

"Amy Alright was my name before," she answered, sweetly.

Finding the spiritual manager in his improvised office at the hotel, the lawyer addressed him by name, saying: "I warn you to desist from your perse-



Contrivance for Transferring Laundry, etc., in the Aarup House.



business. He has his office there, and his business is such that if he were compelled to move to another neighborhood it would mean considerable loss of business and a heavy financial loss as well.

Recalls Judgment of Solomon.

The famous case of Biblical days in which King Solomon rendered his decision awarding the baby to the rightful claimant, its own mother, presented no more puzzling problem than that confronting Judge Honore. If he were to grant Mrs. Aarup an absolute divorce and award her the custody of her three children and the right to retain possession of their home, it was possible that a great injustice would be done to the husband. On the other hand, if Mr. Aarup were given the right to occupy the house, it would simply mean that Mrs. Aarup and her children would have to be turned out of a home which rightfully belonged to them. Neither husband nor wife was willing to concede the house to the other. It was plainly up to Judge Honore to decide.

Before presenting his solution of the problem the judge gathered some details of the home life of the Aarups from the time that the paths of husband and wife began to diverge. He learned that when they reached the parting of the ways and Mr. Aarup and his wife began to avoid each other Mrs. Aarup gathered her three children around her and drew an imaginary dead line across the house. By tacit agreement husband and wife respected the dead line as far as possible in a one-family house.

Mr. Aarup's office is on the first floor, rear, and the room above is his bedroom. Part of the front of the house is rented out as a separate apartment and is occupied by another family. Mrs. Aarup and her children occupied two of the upstairs rooms, the drawing-room and dining-room, on the ground floor, and the entire basement, where there are two large kitchens and a laundry.

Housekeeping Arrangements.

The husband's meals were supervised by his wife and served to him in his own office. If he wanted any particular dish prepared for his dinner a note to his wife produced the desired change in the bill of fare. He sent her money to meet the household expenses and he made it convenient

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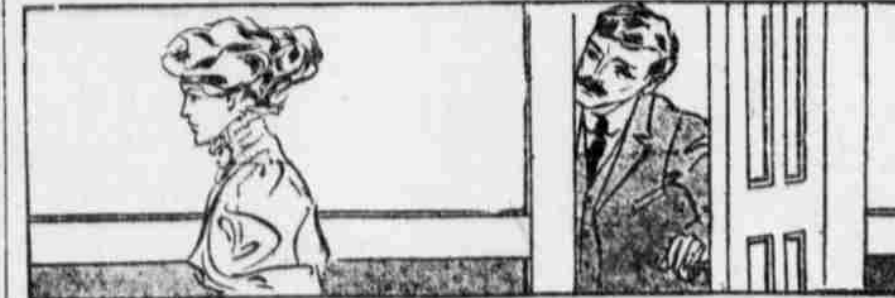
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The Danger of Meeting Face to Face.

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