

Divorced Yesterday— Married To-day



"THIS METHOD of making a farce of the courts has got to cease."

Judge Pike was angry clear through. And a judge of the Court of Reno, Nev., which makes divorce so smooth and easy—for the rich—is no think, either. But this was going a little too far—here was Mrs. Henry Spies Kip of New York—beg pardon, of Reno—getting married again at two hours' freedom as Miss Francena Coater Jones.

"The ink is hardly dry on the decree yet," was the burden of the angry Judge's remarks, when he heard that the bride was now Mrs. Little.

But why so fast? If Mrs. Kip had been the only possessor of a Reno divorce to adopt such hasty proceedings there might have been some cause for anger. But only the other day there were Mrs. Elihu B. Frost and Miss Margaret Illington—Mrs. Daniel Frohman in real life—both possessors of Reno divorces, doing the same thing. And what of all the get-married-again divorces of recent times?

Offended at Judge's Rebuke.

Really, Mrs. Kip's friends saw no reason why the judge should rebuke her, particularly as he had already done so once before when the case had come up in court. Judge Pike didn't like it because Mrs. Kip—she is Mrs. Julius M. Little now—didn't ask the custody of her little boy.

"I won't sign the decree," announced Judge Pike, with emphasis, "unless a clause be inserted allowing Mrs. Kip the right to see her son at any time she pleases."

"The boy is with his father," answered the would-be-divorcee, "and I think that as his father is wealthier than I and abundantly able to care for the child, it is better he should have it."

"Have you made any effort to obtain possession of him?" demanded the court.

"I have not," answered Mrs. Kip sweetly.

"Then there must be an understanding between counsel," announced the judge, "that Mrs. Kip may see her child whenever she goes to New York, where he is now."

Happy with Second Choice.

Mrs. Kip assented gladly—but then she had no intention of going to New York. She was thinking of her second wedding trip. Her mind was set on California for her new honeymoon. And she is there now enjoying the soft air on the balmy Pacific coast with the second man of her heart. In fact, as soon as the amended decree was signed she and Mr. Little went to the county clerk's office in Reno and there got a license to marry.

Mr. Little is much richer than Mr. Kip, who lives in New York at the Osborne, No. 207 West Fifty-seventh street. Mr. Little, Sr., is a retired captain of the navy and young Little is the western representative of Wendell Phillips, the millionaire mining man of New York.

The Kips were well known in New York society up to a few months ago, when they suddenly parted. It was said that Mrs. Kip wanted to try her superb voice on the stage, but Mr. Kip opposed. Friends hoped to the last for a reconciliation—both were young, well-to-do, popular in the smartest society, parents of a handsome little son, with everything to live for. They were married in New York in 1902 and their wedding was one of the events of the season. They entertained brilliantly; Mrs. Kip was often seen in amateur theatricals.

Matter Made Clear.

But when she appeared last May in Reno and took a house there friends of the family knew her mind was made up. The minute her legal residence was gained she instituted the suit for divorce. The minute she got the decree she started out getting her marriage license—the two papers went through the same office, in fact, on the same day.

But that's nothing new for Reno. Take Miss Illington's case. She even asked the judge who divorced her to marry her again. Women of the stage envied the beautiful actress when it was found that she had captured her manager's heart—she became Mrs. Daniel Frohman. Things went beautifully for a while, and then Miss Illington,

ton, who had been staged in many successes, tired of the stage. She said so. Finally she quit altogether.

Mystery Made Clear.

But nobody guessed what was the matter till one day the despatches went out from Reno—Margaret Illington had come to live there. And as soon as she had the six months' legal residence she brought suit against Mr. Frohman. He would not discuss the case; neither would Miss Illington. Nothing but the formal charge of non-support was made. On November 14 last the same Judge Pike granted the divorce.

The next week, in the afternoon, Miss Illington climbed the stairs of New York's office in the Reno court-house, accompanied by Edward J. Bowes, a wealthy business man of San Francisco and Tacoma.

"I would like you to marry us," said Miss Illington, taking Mr. Bowes' hand.

Judge Pike was astounded. Then he refused, point blank, when he found words to express himself.

"It was my duty, under the law," he said, "to grant you a divorce on grounds of non-support, but I cannot consistently perform the marriage ceremony."

Both Miss Illington and Mr. Bowes were nonplussed; they had expected no such setback. However, they hurried away to the office of Justice of the Peace Soucheau and got him to tie the knot in short order.

"Whew!" said Judge Pike when the door closed behind them. "That's quick even for Reno!"

Mrs. Elihu B. Frost didn't have a Reno marriage, though she had a Reno divorce. Instead she hurried to New York and became Mrs. Hamilton Wilkes Cary, wife of the millionaire clubman, just as fast as she could. And she got the license and had the ceremony performed just as secretly as possible.

New York society has seldom known a handsomer woman than Mrs. Frost, who was Miss Marie Dow. She married Mr. Frost several years ago, and soon afterward met Mr. Cary, who is a relative of the Astors and well known in society—in fact, more so than Mr. Frost, who devotes his time to his law practice and the Electric Boat Company, which has bought out the Holland submarine boat patents. Though nobody guessed it, the Frosts were in matrimonial difficulties. Mr. Cary's troubles were more public because his wife, who was Miss Nellie Bostwick, daughter of a Standard Oil millionaire, had been adjudged incompetent to manage her large fortune and had been committed to a sanitarium. There she died.

Quick Developments.

One day last May Mrs. Frost suddenly appeared in Reno and announced her intention of joining the divorce colony. She was soon chums with Mrs. Kip and Mrs. Frohman, and many of the other women of society of New York and elsewhere, out there for divorces. In Reno she soon made herself one of the most popular of the young set of matrons who found marriage—at least their present one—slightly galling.

In one season Mrs. Frost got her divorce and two days later, on December 19, took the train from Reno to New York. Her friends gave her a picturesque "Godspeed" as the train pulled out for the east, deluging her with flowers and candy, the entire colony going down to the railway station where Mrs. Frost took the Overland Limited.

Rumors soon reached New York that Mr. Cary was on the same train. Then followed a despatch that they had been married in a Pullman car while speeding east. This, too, was denied. Finally the afternoon after she arrived in New York Mrs. Frost and Mr. Cary showed up at the marriage license bureau in the city hall just as the clerks were closing up for the day.

Knot Finally Tied.

"None; looking for a job;" laughed Mr. Cary when asked his occupation, but not mentioning the fact that he is a millionaire. He owned up to forty-seven and Mrs. Frost to thirty-seven years. They had a hard time finding a clergyman, but finally secured the services of the Rev. Winfred R. Ackert at a little mission at Tenth avenue and Fifty-fourth street, aptly named—for them—"The Helping Hand." And then they hurried away on their honeymoon.

Mrs. Frost-Cary left behind in Reno at least two very dear friends who are still kept by cruel Nevada law to serve out their six months' period of residence—Mrs. Keith Donaldson and Mrs. Smith Hollins McKim, both society



matrons of New York. They are there to avail themselves of the easy Reno divorce, because under the laws of New York they could not free their life partners. What may happen after then—who knows?

Muddle of the Belmonts

Take the stunning Mrs. Perry Belmont of New York. No people had higher social position in New York than Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Sloane, and few had more money. But they were unhappy, and Mr. Sloane got the divorce—and in New York. And two hours later Mrs. Sloane married Perry Belmont, but in Greenwich, Conn. The clergyman came in for plenty of censure, but the marriage was never questioned. The Belmonts have little use for Newport now and spend their winter in Washington.

The dashing Freddy Gebhard, clubman and bachelor of New York, fell in love with the charms of the vivacious and beautiful Miss Louise Morris of Baltimore. They were married with great ceremony and jollification and went to New York to live. Things progressed smoothly for awhile, and then Mrs. Gebhard got a Dakota divorce. One month later she was married to Henry Clews Jr., seven years her junior, the artist son of the millionaire banker. And Mr. Gebhard retaliated by making Miss Daisy Green of the Floradora sextet his wife. And to make it all the more distressing, Mrs. Clews and her second husband have now decided to part.

Other Prominent Cases.

It was a double divorce and remarriage for Irene Bentley, the musical comedy star and beauty, and Henry B. Smith, the playwright. Miss Bentley divorced her lawyer husband, and Mrs. Smith No. 1, divorced her librettist husband. Then the two were married and are now living happily in New York.

And who doesn't recall how Prince Helle de Sagan followed Anna Gould to New York after she had divorced Count Boni de Castellano, and by his persistent wooing finally won her hand in London, following her back across the ocean again?

If de Sagan had had his way he would have married Mme. Gould the day after her divorce, but she would have none of that.

FROM INSIDE THE SANCTUM

Editorial Work as It Is, and as It Seems to Be, from a Humorous Standpoint.

Miss Beatrice Sparerib, the editor of "Hints to the Lovelorn," lost his corn-cob pipe one day this week while he was out having his whiskers trimmed. There is no clew, but Mrs. Gazazza, editor of the "Beauty Department," is under suspicion, as he is an inveterate smoker.

The religious editor, who was plucked last week while out joy-riding in another man's automobile, got off with a warning from the court; but, as it is his third offense, no leniency will be shown in the future.

The financial editor, who has recently been very busy predicting the stock market and advising those who have money to invest, lost his piano last week for non-payment of the installments, and his wife talks of starting suit for non-support.

The city editor got lost last Tuesday five blocks from the office and was located later by the police while studying a map of the city in a corner drug store, trying to find his way back.

The sporting editor has been obliged to give up his Sunday school class on account of ill health, and the society editor is covering the ball games and prize fights temporarily, in addition to his regular work.

Our culinary expert, Mme. Uneeda, has been made defendant in a divorce proceeding brought by her husband, who claims that he is a victim of chronic indigestion contracted since his marriage.

Miss Euphemia de Coursey, editor of the Mother's Department, says she is tired of being a bachelor and hopes

In Spite of Her Bonnet

By JEANETTE IRENE ALDEN

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Karen was hurrying past Miss Fry's window with downcast eyes, not daring to glance at the bewitching millinery displayed within lest her heart fall her, when she ran right against Fanny Reid, who was just as quickly approaching from the opposite direction.

"Why, Karen!" Fanny said. "I didn't know you with your head down like that. Come on into Miss Fry's with me. I'm going to get my new hat."

"Oh, I can't," Karen faltered, but Fanny laid her by the arm.

"Come on," she said, and Karen went.

"Is my hat done, Miss Fry?" Fanny asked.

"It is." The milliner jerked open a drawer behind the counter and took therefrom an exquisite Gainsborough shape, all maline and vanity, with handfuls of sweet peas to further bewilder the senses. Karen gave a little cry.

"Oh, Fanny, it is beautiful!"

"Isn't it? Miss Fry knows exactly what I like," Fanny replied, complacently.

Miss Fry smiled in her superior way. "Just set it upon your head, my dear," she said, "so that I can get the effect. Very becoming, don't you think?" she turned to Karen. "By the way, Miss Ives, I never see you in here. Have you bought your hat yet?"

pinned the toque to her scalp instead of her hair she would not just then have felt it. In giving up the Tuscan straw it came to her that she was giving up a great deal besides—hope and the possibility of having an even chance with Fanny and other well-dressed girls in winning what she so much wanted to win—Dan Eustace's regard.

"I'm sorry," Miss Fry said. She understood, but she could not of course give her hats away.

Fanny laughed. She felt glad that Karen could not have the hat, for she saw for the first time that Karen would be altogether too pretty were she fittingly adorned.

"Karen is awfully economical, Miss Fry," she said. "How much is my hat? Seventeen dollars? Papa will send you a check."

She took her purchase, which Miss Fry had incised for her in a paper bag, and went out with it, holding her chin high, while Karen followed soberly.

They parted immediately and Karen went home to prepare her father's supper. Twice she had to leave her work to fling herself down upon the old lounge and cry, but when at last her father came home tired and hungry he found the supper waiting and Karen unusually gay to greet him with a loving kiss. But after she was in bed she cried again, and morning found her looking so big-eyed and pale that her father was alarmed.

"Are you sick?" he asked, anxiously, turning from the glass where he was taking his Sunday morning shave.

"My head aches," Karen said, feebly. "If you don't mind, father, I won't go to church this morning."

"I don't mind, but the choir will. They need your voice to help out."

"Oh, there's lots they can get besides me," Karen said, trying to ease the bitterness of the words by smiling.

So her father went to church without her, and she remained at home and rubbed camphor on her temples.

"I'll give up," she thought. "Fanny will get him of course. That new hat of her's will just finish the business for me."

She prepared dinner carefully. While her father ate it he gave her news of the service. What a nice looking girl Fanny Reid was! She had a new hat. All the girls in the choir had new hats.

"I want you to have one, too, Jean," he ended. "You go to-morrow and get it."

"I don't want a new hat, father," Karen said, stoutly. "My old one will do. It is as good as your coat. When you can have a new coat I'll have a new hat, but not before."

"But you are young," her father protested, "and I'm old. Old things are suited for old people. And I'm rather fond of that coat."

"Oh, you dissembler!" Karen cried, laughing, tremulously. And she went round the table to him and kissed him.

The afternoon dragged. A smart rain had come on and the streets were forsaken.

"I won't have to go to church to-night," Karen thought, drearily. "This rain will be an excuse for my not going out."

She read diligently, but her book did not entertain her. Her father dozed in his chair, and presently, tired from the conflicting emotions of that and the previous day, she, too, fell asleep. When she awoke the rain had ceased and the door bell was ringing. Her father went to answer it. A Sunday caller! Who could it be? She heard her father take a man into the parlor. Then he came and called her.

"Somebody to see you, Karen."

Wondering if the director of the choir had taken the pains to look up her name, Karen went into the parlor. But it was Dan Eustace who stood beside the little center table waiting for her.

"I've come to take you to church, Karen," he said, in his grave way. "You aren't sick, are you, that you stayed away from rehearsal last night and service this morning?"

He had noticed her absence, then! Karen's face lit. Her heart leaped.

"You'll go, won't you?" the young man persisted.

"I will indeed," Karen laughed.

Beside him she walked to church that night on air. Never had the way seemed so short. At church the music sounded heavenly. Karen, carried out of herself, forgot her old clothes. She was conscious only of a great new unexpected happiness. After church Dan walked home with her. The moon shone. The air was fresh after the rain. In a burst of confidence Karen told Dan the whole tragedy of the hat—told it laughingly, for it seemed trivial now.

"But don't you know," he said, when she had finished, "that a man cares nothing for a woman's clothes so long as the woman herself interests him?"

They lingered long at the gate and he held her hand.

"You'll let me come again?" Dan begged. Karen nodded, too happy to speak. "Often?"

"Often—if you wish."

"I do wish, Karen." His voice was tender. "I never knew until this morning when you were for the first time missing how big a place you filled—"

"In the choir?" Karen breathed.

"No, in my heart," Dan said, boldly, confessing all.



Her Face Glowed and Sparkled.

"No," Karen stammered, watching Fanny, who, with a handglass close to her eyes, was turning every way before the big mirror, absorbed in her reflection.

"I'd like to sell you one. This Tuscan straw, now," Miss Fry lifted it from the standard and twirled it deftly upon her hand. "I'm sure this will be becoming. Just try it on and step up to the other glass."

She proffered the hat and Karen gasped as she saw the price mark upon the dangling tag.

"Oh, I can't buy such an expensive hat," she began. Then temptation seized her. She snatched off her shabby old toque and set the Tuscan straw upon her head.

"Just as I thought," Miss Fry said, nodding. And Karen, beholding herself in the long glass, gasped again. What had that hat done to her? Why, she was pretty—ten times prettier than Fanny! Color sprang to her cheeks, light to her eyes. Her face glowed and sparkled. She was radiant as she turned and met Fanny's stare.

"You should buy that hat, Miss Ives," she said. "It is just what you want."

Fanny did not speak. Karen turned again to the glass. Never in all her young life had she wanted anything as she wanted that hat, yet she could not have it. A hundred reasons why she could not flashed through her mind. Only that morning her father had said, sadly:

"They are going to cut down the hours at the factory, daughter, and we shall have to go a little more carefully if we can. It's hard times, you know."

Karen knew, and under stress as her father's housekeeper and sole helper, she dealt carefully with the flour bin and sugar box, trying to spend as little as she could of the money earned by such hard labor. It was wicked for her even to want a hat that cost so much as this one, yet she loved pretty things as well as old Fanny, who was indulged in them to her heart's content. And she saw suddenly that she could look as well in them as Fanny did. In to-morrow morning she should go into the choir wearing this beautiful hat and looking as she did now, Dan Eustace would perhaps see that she was there, and to have his eyes upon her in admiration would have changed the whole world for Karen.

"Well?" Miss Fry prompted.

Karen took off the hat, tenderly, but resolutely, her face dimming with inward struggle.

"I can't take it," she said, firmly, "because—I can't afford it." She laid the hat upon the counter and resumed her toque, jabbing in the hat pins with unnecessary violence. If she had

to scrape up an acquaintance with some marriageable young woman while on his vacation at Long Branch. De Lancy Montgomery, the dramatic critic, who has been writing a series on his personal observations of the new plays now being produced in London, expects to be absent from the office for the first time in a year next Thursday, when he will enjoy his annual vacation at Coney Island.

We regret to announce that Prof. Gern, the eminent specialist who has been conducting the Health Department of this paper for several years, is taking an extended course at a sanitarium for acute dyspepsia, but will contribute occasional articles on proper dieting.—Roy K. Moulton, in Judge.

The Cautious Lover.

The young law student, having proposed and having been accepted, observes that the party of the second part is looking up at him with an expectant air and that her lips are invitingly pursed.

"One moment, darling," he begs, and takes some paper and a fountain pen from his pocket. She waits and watches in bewilderment until he asks her to sign the following document:

"Be it known by these presents that I, Lucile Peachey, spinster, for and in consideration of valuable property this day intrusted to my care, to wit: the heart of Coke Blackstone, bachelor, do hereby sell, give, barter, trade, exchange, deliver and tender to the said Coke Blackstone, one kiss, buss, smack or salute, the same being given, sold, bartered, traded, exchanged, delivered and tendered of my own free will and accord, and without any undue suasion, duress, restraint or compulsion. And I do hereby bind my self, my heirs, successors and assigns to freely and fully return to the said Coke Blackstone, his heirs, successors or assigns, the said valuable property, to wit: One heart, in case I shall demand, insist or request of him the said kiss, buss, smack or salute. Witness my hand and seal this—day of—, 19—."

Forest Rangers at College.

"It is not generally known that forest rangers in the west are allowed to take courses in forestry and conservation work at the colleges and universities of that section of the country, but such is the case," said O. L. Kenney of Seattle.

"Recently several hundred forest rangers were detailed by the government to study forest subjects at the University of Washington. They are there now, taking special courses. The course lasts for three months, and of course is mostly practical. The rangers continue on the pay roll, just the same as if they were at work in the forests. The government believes that they will be better fitted for their actual work by some theoretical instruction and the benefit of the experience of older and experienced foresters. While this is an experiment, it is believed that it will become a permanent matter, and the rangers will be sent to the university every winter to learn more of their profession."

Music Charms Sea Gulls.

That music has charms for sea gulls was believed this morning by a number of people who watched a large flock of the birds in the vicinity of the roller skating rink at the foot of Fourteenth street.

As an accompaniment to the skaters there is an electric organ of considerable power, and as it played the sea gulls assembled about the edge of the tent, paying little or no attention to the people.—Astoria correspondence Portland Oregonian.