

## Evils of Easy Divorce.

Margaret Sangster's Opinion on One of the Most Important Questions of the Day—Children Suffer When Family Ties Are Broken.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

The divorce laws of this country are dissimilar in many important particulars in different localities. In some of the states divorce is easily obtained on the ground of incompatibility or on almost any pretext that enables a dissatisfied husband and wife to sever the bond that has hitherto united them.

Infidelity, intemperance and desertion are three of the most cogent reasons presented in the divorce courts and in a majority of the states; if the complaint is proven on any of these grounds, the decree of separation, either limited or absolute, is granted without much demur. In one or two of the older and more conservative states, notably in the south, and on the Atlantic seaboard below Mason's and Dixie's line, unfaithfulness to marital vows is the only cause commonly offered by uncomfortably mated people, with any hope of gaining their end. Nonsupport of a wife by a husband is a ground for divorce accepted by the courts in a large number of states, and with much reason.

Yet when all is said there remains this stigma that divorce rests on too flimsy a basis, that there is no uniformity in our laws in this department so that people are divorced and remarried with undue haste, while it is quite possible that a man and woman who live in lawful wedlock in one state may be regarded as unmarried in another, and if they live together do so under the ban of open immorality.

To assert that people never make mistakes in the closest of human relations and that divorce should never be granted except on the one ground of infidelity, is to affirm an opinion that in some cases would inflict useless and intolerable suffering, and do no good to any of the parties concerned. But to permit divorce to be easy, to let the state consent to a change of partners in marriage as children change places in the old game of stage-coach, and to remove wholly from divorced persons a reproach when they remarry as they often do, in precipitation and by evident pre-arrangement, is to strike a blow at the foundation-stone of society, the family.

Everything stable in civilized life depends on the integrity of the family. The family is the greatest of human institutions. It preceded the state and the church. When the family is no longer regarded as sacred, when its responsibilities are trampled upon, and husband and wife in mad selfishness forget the claims upon them of their offspring, there is the greatest danger that the nation will follow the fate of effete and corrupt nations in the past.

The real sufferers in easy divorce are the children. It is pitiful to see, as one often does, a father and mother at variance contending over the children who should be their dearest bond of union. The little ones clinging in the sweet simplicity of childish affection to father and mother vainly try to understand the discords that ruin their home. The love of their little loyal hearts is given alike to father and to mother. If by the adjudication of a court they are torn from the arms of one and placed in the care of the other, they begin a maimed and mutilated life.

They are ashamed when among their little mates because there is something queer and odd that they cannot explain.

Children have a strange capacity for suffering when they are forced out of the sweet and safe seclusion of a sheltered home, and are too early thrust under the lime-light of publicity. They are often reticent and hide their real thoughts and conjectures from those around them, but when they live in an atmosphere teeming with suspicion and distrust, when servants gossip mysteriously within their hearing, and people about them talk in hushed whispers, they grow too early familiar with the language of the scandal. The taint of evil stains the purity of their souls. It even seems at times as if a curse descended from mother to daughter

and father to son, when divorce on foolish and capricious grounds is granted in a family. There are instances on record and to be seen in the smart society of America at this period, in which the mother, the daughter and the granddaughter of a single line have successively discovered that permanence in marriage was for them impossible, and have made a wreck of their homes in consequence.

No matter on whom the blame may rest, those who really bear the burden and the shame, if shame there be, are the sons and daughters. Not merely while they are in the nursery and the schoolroom, but later, when the youth is approaching manhood and the girl in her beauty and sweetness begins her life in society, do the shadows meet around them. No sensitive girl can be entirely contented and satisfied if her father and mother are living apart, if she must visit one by permission or by stealth, or if she have the strange anomaly of a stepfather or stepmother who has taken the place of a living parent.

Where marriage is looked upon as sacramental and the church refuses its sanction to the marriage of those who are divorced, there is consideration for the welfare of children unknown when marriage is regarded merely as a civil contract that may be dissolved if sufficient pressure be brought to bear on the situation. The root meaning of sacrament is fidelity to an oath, and people need not be either religious or devout to understand sacramental obligation toward the family. If religious and devout, it is difficult to see how they can accept marriage except as it wears sacredness, partakes of the nature of a covenant and is, in a word, sacramental.

In Marion Crawford's recently published novel, "A Lady of Rome," there is shown with consummate skill the possibility of setting the solemnity and the permanence of marriage over passion, dissension and mistrust. People may not be happy in marriage, they may even, as in this noble story, be extremely wretched, but they may behave with courtesy, forbearance and dignity, and they may set far in the foreground the welfare and the future successes in life of a child.

Children come into the world by no volition of their own. No human being is consulted beforehand as to his willingness to accept the joys and sorrows of this chequered existence. Once a child is here, the first duty of the family is to the child. The real sufferers in easy divorce are not the parents, but the children.

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### Birth Party for Young Girls.

A young correspondent asks for ideas for a birthday party for girls who will be 13 years old a few days before Christmas. For fun I should be tempted to try the "peanut party" outlined in this week's paper and then nothing could be prettier than the Christmas green for decorations with red candles in the cake and on the table. To make the room gay and festive, hang Japanese lanterns from the ceiling hanging a row diagonally from corner to corner. As the year is so nearly gone I think a dear little calendar at each place with the name written on would make a charming place card. If they could be decorated with snap shots of "birthday" girls so much the better; at any rate they could have an appropriate quotation written on them.

For refreshments serve a fruit salad in a banana boat or an apple cup, brown raisin bread, sandwiches, "opera" stick candies, macaroni ice cream, chocolate and the birthday cake. When the candles are blown out each one must make a wish for the honored ones who celebrate.

To Reduce a Double Chin. To reduce a double chin around it with a good skin food, then, picking up the flesh between the thumb and first finger, roll it firmly but gently. Sponges the chin afterward with cold salt water.

Most of the new evening hats are made without bandeau, but if one is required it is usually covered with tulle to match the hair.

## FINEST ON EARTH.

SUPERS CARRIAGE BUILT FOR PHILADELPHIA BABY.

Proud Father Spared Neither Expense Nor Time in Providing His Heir With a Magnificent Vehicle for His Daily Rides.

Master Harold Nulton, the four-month-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Chester Nulton, of Philadelphia, rides in the finest baby carriage in the world. The carriage, not counting time and labor, cost \$840, the price representing the material alone.

Master Nulton is not wealthy, nor heir to millions—possibly not to thousands. He lives with his parents in a modest cottage out near Fairmount park, and his father works for a moderate salary for a firm of commission men down town. The baby carriage, with its gorgeous trappings and expensive material, is the only unusual feature connected with the baby's life, but it is unusual enough to attract the attention of hundreds of persons who see it in the park on fair afternoons.

In July, when the baby was born, Chester Nulton vowed that it should have the finest baby carriage in the world. Before he went into the commission business Nulton was a carriage maker. He had learned the trade as a boy, and always had a taste for mechanical work, especially for fine cabinet work. The first step he took toward building the finest baby carriage in the world was to order a set of wheels made of pure silver. The hubs, the frame work and the springs were made of finest burnished copper, while the canopy top of the baby cab was fastened to the body with a socket joint of brass, and attached to the joint itself was a shield of pure gold, covering the joint and ornamenting the side of the cab.

The metal fixtures, including wheels, running gear and the gold hardware, all were designed by the proud father, although the work was done by others. But he insisted upon doing the wood-work himself.

For the body of the baby cab he selected mahogany and white holly. The rich, deep red wood he cunningly joined to the pure white of the holly so that the mahogany formed the outside of the cab and the holly the inside. Both woods were polished to the highest degree, and in the mahogany he inlaid the initials of his baby in ivory at each side, and in front placed a tiny crest in gold buried in the dark wood.

He worked for three weeks building and finishing the woodwork for the cab and planning the framework of the canopy. The canopy itself is the real work of art of the entire thing. It is

of mahogany and holly, as is the bed, but the white and wine colored woods he cunningly carved and shaped so that they appear to be woven together alternately, both inside and outside. So beautifully is the inlaying done that the top appears to be woven of interlacing white and wine colored wicker work and, even at close inspection, the effect is that of woven work.

A month after the baby's birth, when it was ready for its first ride outdoors, all that was needed to complete the finest baby cab in the world was the tapestry fittings. For these Nulton chose white and wine colored silks, with silver and gold cords and tassels, and for a robe he selected a deep wine colored satin, edged with gold cord.

Master Harold already has become one of the most noted babies in Philadelphia—and incidentally his father has been offered a big price to make a duplicate of the cab for a multi-millionaire. Nulton refused to do it, declaring he was satisfied to have his baby own the finest baby carriage in the world.

A Gift of Solomon's.

In the ancient cathedral of Genoa a vase of immense value has been preserved for 600 years. It is cut from a single emerald. Its principal diameter is 12 1/2 inches and its height 5 1/2 inches. It is kept under several locks, the keys of which are in different hands, and it is rarely exhibited in public, then only by an order of the senate. When exhibited it is suspended round the neck of a priest by a cord, and no one is allowed to touch it but him. It is claimed that this vase is one of the gifts which was made to Solomon by the Queen of Sheba.

Treed by a Bear.

For three hours H. J. Wells, a farmer living near Malung, southeast of St. Paul, was held up on a slim sapling a few yards away from his house by a big black bear.

Wells had gone through a small woods in search of some cattle which had strayed, and as he went along the trail was confronted by a bear which rose upon his haunches as if to attack him. Wells, being unarmed, threw his hat at the bear, and while the animal worried it, the farmer climbed a tree.

The bear found the tree too small for it to climb, and after spending three hours gnawing at the roots was finally driven away by a small dog, which had been attracted by Wells' cries for help.

Spartan Upbringing.

Lord Kitchener's father, who was rather a Spartan parent, was also a soldier; but in Ireland he turned his attention to breeding pigs as a source of income. Kitchener and his brother had to drive the pigs to market. They were sent off without breakfast, and had to do without their meal on their return if their pigs remained unsold.

## DECISION EASY TO ENFORCE.

Judge Had So Mutilated Bird That Resistance Was In Vain.

Judge Loveland of Stratford, Vt., a classmate of Daniel Webster in Dartmouth college, resembled him in some things. He did not like to have anybody get the best of him.

On certain occasions "an oath" was an absolute necessity to him, although of a different type from those he was in the habit of administering to others.

Not long after his appointment as Judge he and a party of acquaintances were invited to Christmas dinner at a friend's house. To him was



"The Court Rules That You Lie There."

assigned the honor of presiding at the head of the table to carve the turkey. He had never done such a thing in his life, but did not like to decline, neither did he wish to acknowledge his ignorance. Consequently, he went about his task, apparently as unconcerned as any of the party in waiting.

The wing was the first part he attacked, and only after much hacking and cutting did he at last succeed in cutting it off. Then he took the leg and found that still more difficult to manage. He worked at it very quietly for a time, as he could not work and talk, too. Finally, after considerable maneuvering to find the best place to strike, he brought the knife down with almost herculean force, completely severing it from the body. In doing this he gave the body such a twist that it slipped from the platter onto the tablecloth beyond, minus both wing and leg. He dropped the knife in dismay, the perspiration oozing from every pore of his body when he saw what he had done.

"Well," he said, "d—n you, the court rules that you lie there; you can neither fly nor run."

### LONG-LOST WATCH FOUND.

It Disappeared in War Times, Forty-Five Years Ago.

A gold watch lost by the Polk family many years ago was recovered recently in Springfield, Mo. The watch was owned by Dr. William J. Polk, an uncle of James K. Polk, a former president of the United States. He lost it during the war.

A jeweler in Springfield, Mo., bought a gold watch recently from a stranger. The gold in it was worth \$35 and that was the price the jeweler paid for it. Upon the inside of the case was engraved:

A legacy to  
Dr. William J. Polk  
from  
Mrs. Sarah J. Polk, 1843.  
From Dr. Polk  
to Allen J. Polk, 1860.

A card in the back of the watch showed that it had been repaired by Thomas Gowdy of Nashville, Tenn., December, 1852. Under this card was a circular piece of white silk, which to one of a romantic turn voiced some tender sentiment of the past.

A remarkable thing about this old and well-worn timepiece is that it still runs.

The attention of Major Dorsey Berry (who is one of the Polk family on his mother's side) was called to the watch and he immediately placed himself in communication with Marshal Mayes of Nashville, Tenn. In reply he received a letter from a direct descendant of Dr. William J. Polk, expressing his appreciation of his kindness and marveling over the strange recovery of the watch. Its disappearance had always been a mystery, though the supposition was that it had been stolen during the war. In the letter was a check covering the jeweler's price and a request that he express it to a granddaughter of Dr. William J. Polk, which was complied with.—Kansas City Star.

### IS PUZZLE TO ANTIQUARIES.

Mystery in Ancient Tombstone in English Churchyard.

The stone, which is of Saxon origin, is in Heysham churchyard, on the



shore of Morecambe bay. The carving upon it is believed to illustrate the death of Adam, the story of the cross, Eve and Seth on their way to Paradise, and the garden of Eden, but it has long been a puzzle to antiquaries. There is no trace of lettering upon it.—London Sketch.

### Chicken Skin Gloves.

Gloves of chicken skin were in vogue in the early part of the 17th century. They were used at night to give the hand whiteness and delicacy.

## LOBBY FABLE LASTS

BELIEF DEEPLY ROOTED IN THE COUNTRY.

That Moneyed Interests Retain Representatives at the Capitol to Corrupt Statesmen is Fixed Idea.

The advance guard of the People's Lobby has arrived in Washington. Its members are familiarizing themselves with the looks of the capitol, the Washington monument, the Smithsonian Institution and the Botanical Gardens.

The People's Lobby is based in part upon a belief that is firmly fixed and widespread among a certain class of people throughout the United States, namely, that Washington is littered and cluttered with "lobbyists for big interests" while congress is in session. This belief is a curious instance of how tenacious of old stories a certain element of the American population is.

Belief in the perennial existence of a big Washington lobby is a sort of tradition. A great many years ago, and especially during the period immediately following the civil war, there were a few well-known high livers in Washington who had the name, whether rightly or not, of being pretty strong at the capitol.

These men were all in their graves long before the beginning of the ninth decade of the nineteenth century. They all died in obscurity and as a rule in poverty. Whatever pull they had ever enjoyed and used had been taken away from them.

Around these few men clustered the vast bunch of bribery stories that have been handed down through the years. Most of these yarns are simply incredible. The late John Chamberlain, than whom no man of his day knew more of the inside doings in Washington, used to lie back in his big chair and laugh until his sides ached when these narratives were repeated to him.

For example, there is the old, old story of the poor but stubborn representative in congress whose vote was badly needed in certain Pacific railroad legislation. He took dinner with the so-called Pacific lobbyist one evening. The lobbyist helped him on with his overcoat when he took his departure.

Out in the street the poor but stubborn representative dug his hand into his right hand overcoat pocket to get his gloves. Instead of his gloves he found some things in that pocket that crackled most pleasantly. He took the pleasantly crackling things out of the pocket and carried them to the light of a street lamp to have a look at them.

They were five \$10,000 bills. The poor but stubborn representative was not, of course, required to entertain any idea as to how those five \$10,000 bills got into his right hand overcoat pocket. He voted for the measure in which the lobbyist was interested, of course.

This yarn has been resurrected and reborn in year and year out ever since the reconstruction period. The reasonableness of the story is indicated by the kind of currency the lobbyist is said to use in his business—\$10,000 bills.

Almost all of the money in the overcoat pocket yarns make the bills of the \$10,000 variety. A poor representative in congress, struggling along on his salary in so expensive a city as Washington, would of course be fixed up by a smart lobbyist with \$10,000 bills as being the kind of money that would attract the least attention when he began to spend it.

Yarns in which lobbyists are pictured as purposely losing vast sums of money at poker to senators and representatives whose votes they wanted all date back to ante-bellum antiquity, but once in a while, this old legend is rehearsed even in modern times.

There are scores and hundreds of lobbyist stories, most of them in a sort of hereditary circulation in the west and south, that are wholly and absurdly unbelievable by any sane man familiar with legislative conditions in Washington at this or any previous period. Many of the yarns are the more or less exaggerated stories of lobbyist happenings in connection with corrupt state legislatures adapted to non-existent conditions in Washington.

The mythical woman lobbyist of Washington, too, has been ludicrously exploited, very often in novels that pretend to portray official and legislative Washington. The woman lobbyist is generally a strapping, queenly person, with ink masses of hair and flashing black eyes—the conventional stage adventuress of the ten-twenty-third theatrical circuit—who holds the destinies of dozens of madly infatuated senators and representatives in the palm of her lily hand, who visits them in their home libraries in the middle of the night to demand that they do her legislative bidding or be cross-anched, and who sweeps with Theodora stride through the corridors of the capitol, withering her enslaved lawmaking victims with her baleful

### One Subject Barred.

In taking testimony in the Colton will case in Washington, a quick-witted old lady had been on the stand for some time on behalf of the proponents of the will. She had testified, among other things, that she was the editor of the Book of Lineage of the Daughters of the Revolution—of which the late Mrs. Colton had been a member. Joe Redding took her under cross-examination and he commenced in a casual way:

"I suppose, my dear madam, that you and Mrs. Colton may have compared your respective ages in some of your conversations?"

"Never," replied the old lady; "I never asked her age. I would not dare take such a liberty even with myself."

Mr. Redding made one more effort. "Ah!" said the attorney, "but I can find out both of your ages in the Book of Lineage of the Daughters of the Revolution?"

"No, you cannot," replied the dame. "It is against the constitution to mention any member's age; it would break up the society."

And Joe gave up in despair.—Exchange.

## GOOD DRESSING FOR SALAD.

Some Ingredients That Improve Old-Time Mayonnaise.

This is simply a good mayonnaise to which capers, pickles, olives, parsley, etc., are added to make a pleasing acid sauce for fish, tongue, broiled chickens, crabs, etc.

To make it, mix together in a small bowl one tablespoonful salt, one-half tablespoonful paprika, or white pepper, and one teaspoonful each mustard and sugar; have in readiness the yolks of two eggs and a half or whole cup of olive oil that has been chilled on the ice. Break the egg yolks into the mixed condiments and begin beating with a fork or wooden spoon; then commence adding the oil, very slowly at first, beating with a fork or Dover egg beater. As the yolks begin to thicken, the oil may be added more rapidly, and now the Dover beater is the thing to use. Keep on adding oil until the mixture is so stiff that the beater refuses to turn, then thin with lemon juice or vinegar or half and half. It will require from three to four tablespoonfuls according to taste.

A mixture of tarragon vinegar with the other vinegar or lemon juice is especially appetizing. When the proper consistency add at the last, still beating, a few drops of onion juice, one tablespoonful each chopped olives, cucumber pickles and parsley; also, if desired, an equal amount of capers or nasturtium seed. A few of the nasturtium leaves chopped fine are also esteemed by many. This sauce will keep for days in a cold place. Before making it see that the bowl and egg beater are chilled as well as the ingredients.

### OLD MAN CROWDED OUT.

Plaint of Old Darkey Who Wanted Job as "Watchman."

An old-time southern darkey called at the office of Engineer Commissioner Biddle the other day. Opening the door just enough to allow his body to squeeze through, and leaning heavily on a stick, he hobbled up to the desk of Secretary Garges, bowing profusely at every step.

"I hope I sees you-all well," was his salutation. "Is lookin' for a job as a watchman, an' I wuz told dis is de place to cum."

"Take a seat, uncle," said the secretary, "and tell me of your qualifications to fill that somewhat onerous position."

"Say dat agin, boss," said he, scratching his head.

"I mean what experience have you had in that line?"

"Oh, yassir, I see 'sperience all rite. Yas indeedy, I see wukked in de ditches for thirty year or mo', but de boss dun discharged me coz I can't handle de pick as fas' as dem yung buck niggabs on de job, an' he says I see too ole. Yas, sah, hit's a fac' dat I am ole, but yit I has to live, an' I don' wonger go to de po' house. Seems dat dey ain't much use in dis worl' foh an ole man no mo'. Dem yung niggabs cum outen de schools wif deir book larnin', can writ deir name an' such like, an' takes de bread outen de mouf of us po' ole folks dat nevah had dem 'vantages. Boko de wah I wuz a han' in de cotton fields an' I see been a had wukker all my lif'."

"All right, uncle, I'll take your name and address, and you shall have the first watchman's job that becomes vacant," said Mr. Garges.

"Thankee, boss, thankee—de Lawd tak' cyar of yeh!"—and he hobbled out again.

### WANTED TO SEE PRESIDENT.

Young Marylander's Hallucinations Cause His Arrest.

Policeman Hopkins, of the Sixth precinct, was standing at the corner of Pennsylvania avenue and Third street northwest when he was accosted by a young man who wanted to know the way to the White House.

"I want to see the president," said the young man, "to show him the devil's confession."

Policeman Hopkins took him to police headquarters and introduced him to Sanitary Officer Sroufe.

"My name," said the stranger, "is James Nathaniel Edmund Combs, and I'm from Great Mills, St. Mary county, Maryland."

He told the sanitary officer that the Lord had appeared to him and told him of the confession made by the devil. He had labored upon the writing of the confession for about a year, he stated, and the amount of writing he had done convinced the sanitary officer that he had not overstated the time he had been engaged upon the work.

The police surgeons passed upon him as being harmless, and suggested that he return home. Combs agreed to return, and said the president could destroy the manuscript if he read it, and thought it was not worth publishing.

### Mrs. Morton Leaves Washington.

Mrs. Levi P. Morton has decided that life at the national capital lacks the flavor of yore. After spending several thousand dollars having the mansion on Rhode Island avenue remodelled, she has turned it over to the secretary of state and will divide the winter between southern Italy, Spain and New York.

No residence in Washington has a more brilliant social history than the Mortons'. Built by Alexander Graham Bell, the inventor, it was purchased by Mr. Morton when vice president. He pronounced it the most elegant and commodious house in Washington.

It was afterward the scene of the wonderful triumphs of Countess Marguerite Cassini and of the deplorable failure of her foster father, Count Cassini, the Russian ambassador, in the diplomacy relating to the Russo-Japanese war.

Mrs. Morton occupied her home for the greater part of last season and received the homage of all society, from the White House down the list. Her daughter, formerly Duchess de Valenciennes, now known as Miss Morton, was pronounced by Sir Mirtimer Durand as the most beautiful American woman whom he had ever seen.

### Carelessness in Sending Money.

Carelessness in sending money through the mails is commented upon in a bulletin just issued by the post office department. One case is given where the dead letter office received a letter from abroad, which had been addressed to a missionary in Africa. His name was given, but no post office address. The letter had been handled in various post offices there, as well as Europe, and then returned to the United States. It was opened by the dead letter office, and found to contain \$400 in gold certificates. The department has learned the sending office, and believes the money will be restored to the sender. The post office department says the letter is signed by a woman, but her name and address will not be made public.

### Cure For Cold.

Remember that colds are infectious to some extent. As a preventive, oil of eucalyptus is found very efficacious. A few drops on a lump of sugar is curative if taken at the first symptom of a cold and prevents the catching of one if you have been exposed to the infection.

### Seeking.

This always is a dirty world to people who seek nothing but dust.—Chicago Tribune.

## In the Latest Styles.



Blouse of gauze trimmed with bands of black velvet. On each side of the front these bands are finished with an edge of pale blue liberty forming a sort of little waistcoat. The sleeves are finished at the elbows with bands of the liberty and grille of lace.

Charming negligee of silk pongee in empire style. It is trimmed with bands and ruffles of valenciennes lace, which also form the collar.

The girle and the knot, with long ends are of ribbon.