

MANY GROUNDS FOR DIVORCE

Pleas for Separation That Seem of the Most Flimsy Kind--They Range in Importance from Pumpkin Pie and Dogs to Writing Poetry and Kissing the Cat.

NAPOLÉON declared that every man in the ranks carried in his knapsack a marshal's baton, Victor Newman, a clever English artist, now in New York, declares that every American girl tucks divorce papers into her trousseau.

Whether the analogy be just or unjust, certain it is that the American woman proves almost as fertile in the matter of excuses for securing a divorce as she is in marshaling wiles with which to net a husband. writes Anna Steese Richardson in the New York World. For while scarcely more than a round dozen causes are cited by the law as grounds for divorce, even in this country of liberal and varied state divorce laws, the average woman can interpret the most common cause, "cruelty," in a hundred and one ways, each of which will go straight to the hearts of judge and jury.

For instance, the superior court in Seattle, Wash., was recently asked to decide whether "dyspepsia" and "cruelty" were synonymous terms.

Harriet Bendick Kohl was a culinary artist. Her husband, Mr. Kohl, was a dyspeptic. So long as Mr. Kohl stuck to a diet, he was a companionable spouse. When he yearned for some of his wife's tidbits he would surely fall from grace and into a tantrum. One Sunday he induced his wife to make waffles. After eating plentifully of these, floating in maple syrup, he threw the family canary in its cage through the window. A batch of especially fine soda biscuits led him to stray from his diet, and that afternoon he kicked the family watchdog into the neighbor's back yard. When no family pet was at hand, Mrs. Kohl was the butt of his displeasure and dyspeptic rage. After eating an unusual quantity of her very best strawberry shortcake, Mr. Kohl actually refused to speak to his wife for 48 hours. Mrs. Kohl urged this ingratitude for her culinary ability no effectively that divorce on the grounds of cruelty was granted.

Cruelty in Restricted Diet.
Mrs. Anna M. Hodge of Pittsburg, Pa., secured a decree because her husband limited the daily bill of fare, breakfast, dinner and supper, 365 days in the year, to sausages and rice pudding. He threw on the diet, but Mrs. Hodge called it cruelty, and the court agreed with her.

Mrs. J. B. Stetson of San Francisco, in applying for a divorce from a traction magnate of the far west, cited as "cruelty" the fact that she had to eat pumpkin pie three times a day and was denied the privilege of adding soup and salad to the family menu. Mrs. Harry Maremont's divorce from a Chicago carriage maker was due largely to a difference in opinion over sauerkraut. She liked sauerkraut, but her husband could not endure the smell of it. When she persisted in cooking it he struck her and fled from their home in anger. Mrs. Joseph T. Colvin of Pittsburg secured a divorce because her husband, a prominent secret society man and an all-round fellow, insisted upon supplying champagne when she asked for bread. The court agreed that no woman could live on champagne alone.

Codfish Cause for Divorce.
In the little town of Union, Bergen county, New Jersey, Mr. and Mrs. Theron C. Knapp amicably agreed to secure a divorce because Knapp, in a moment of extravagance, brought home a box of prepared codfish. Mrs. Knapp had always humored her husband's fondness for codfish cakes with the good-old-fashioned brand of codfish which you soak over night and pick by hand. Shocked by his extravagance in buying the prepared article, she pulled his hair. The records do not show which constituted cruelty, the codfish purchase or the hair pulling.

A Marquette (Mich.) man cited as one instance of cruelty, in his petition for divorce, the fact that his wife had invariably refused to make for him a lemon pie, of which delicacy he was extremely fond, "much to his discomfort," the papers set forth.

Family pets have often figured in petitions for divorce. Mrs. Andrew Mahu of Alton, Ill., had 40 picked Leghorns, which she kept at the rear of her cottage. Her landlord served notice that this property could not be converted into a chicken ranch. Her husband announced that he could not afford to sacrifice his trade as a piano tuner by moving into a different neighborhood. The two had been married 15 years, but Mrs. Mahu calmly packed up her personal property, including the chickens, and moved away, leaving Mr. Mahu to the cold comfort of a divorce court.

Poodle Separated Fond Hearts.
William B. Entrinckin of Chicago objected to the attentions showered on a French poodle by his wife, and took it out on the poodle, to the latter's

physical discomfort. Whereupon Mrs. Entrinckin took herself to the divorce court, with "cruelty" for her open sesame.

On the other hand, Mrs. Leroy Morgan of Marion, Ind., secured a divorce because her husband insisted upon having his pet dog for a bedfellow.

Mr. and Mrs. George E. Abram of Detroit, Mich., also parted over a dog. Each claimed the family pet as his individual property, and both bought tidy brass license tags. The dog disappeared, and each accused the other of kidnaping dear little Bessie. The cocker spaniel later appeared as exhibit A in the divorce trial.

Gottlieb Herring of Muskegon, Wis., gave his wife her freedom and \$125 in alimony because she insisted upon having her Angora cat share their couch, which gave poor Gottlieb a creepy feeling. Theresa stoutly insisted that her cat—plus the alimony—was worth a thousand Gottliebs.

Justice of the Peace William B. Williams of Montclair, N. J., tried in vain to make peace between a couple whose names he refused to divulge, but who were separating because the



prisoner at my wife's house. The week I was there I earned just \$4.20. I had to run away, and after 16 days of over-kissing I applied for a divorce."

On the other hand, Mrs. Henry Rodgers of Hasbrouck Heights, N. J., applied for a divorce on the ground that her husband, who holds a prominent position with the United States Steel trust, no longer kissed her on leaving home and returning. Vice-Chancellor Garrison of Jersey City dismissed the complaint because "the wrongs complained of are of a sentimental nature and the court of chancery has no jurisdiction."

When Mrs. Frederick W. Maschmeyer of St. Louis begged Judge Hough to grant her a divorce on the grounds that her husband cruelly refused to kiss her, the judge was incredulous, for she was lovely and altogether kissable, but when he learned that the refusal to bestow the fondness for kisses was the outward and visible sign of an inward and almost perpetual frown, the judge decided that here was a case of cruelty, indeed.

Children and Divorce.
Children often appear in petitions as reasons for divorce. Prof. George W. Burns, a teacher in the public schools of Cincinnati, secured a divorce because his wife, having borne him ten children, refused to have any further additions to the family.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Neuman of Los Angeles had made an ante-nuptial agreement that they were to have no children. Mr. Neuman, after a few years, changed his mind on the subject, but Mrs. Neuman did not, and returned to her own home and mother.

Mrs. Hamilton Fries of Stonetown, N. J., thought her husband ought to walk the floor with the baby when the latter so desired, especially after nightfall. Hamilton declared that after covering 750,000 miles of carpet in the wee small hours, he was justified in striking. Mrs. Fries and the baby decided that papa must either walk or lose em. Papa lost.

But Rudolph Bartzat, Jr., of Lincoln,



wife insisted on kissing her cat good night.

Differences over the site of their home have led many a couple to the divorce court. In Chicago, Willis Howe, manager of the Palmer house for 20 years, and later manager of the Virginia, secured a divorce because his wife refused to live in Chicago, and he refused to leave the Windy City. She said that after Vienna and Paris, Chicago was cruelty. Her husband dubbed her actions "desertion," and both won their point—a divorce.

Too Many Kisses.
Kisses, though quite within the matrimonial law, have been known to pass as cruelty. Poor Arthur Kebr, a Chicago musician, sued for divorce because his career as a bread winner was interrupted by his wife's appetite for kisses. "I could not elude that constant cry of 'Arthur, kiss me,'" he said in his complaint. "I was a

Neb., thought his wife was going some when she sold a \$20 baby buggy for one dollar in order to buy a ticket for a theatrical performance. He said he did not mind having her sell an occasional article of furniture to buy a new gown, but he drew the line at her selling what he had given their baby. Another case of home and mother for hers.

The most innocent pleasure, carried to excess, may be counted as an exhibit in a divorce case. Mrs. J. W. Smith of Bellefontaine, O., sat up in bed at night to roll and smoke cigars, and her husband secured a divorce. Mrs. Grace C. Markell of Scranton, Pa., secured a divorce because her husband would not permit her to dance with other men, and talked out loud about it, too, thereby cruelly embarrassing her in public.

Released from "Fire Fiend," Joseph A. Kuntz, a Bronx brewer, is what the professional firemen call

"a buff." He lived opposite the firehouse, and, no matter what hour an alarm rang, he followed the engines. This disturbed the neighbors of his wife, who after enduring the excitement of four years applied for a divorce.

George G. Genereaux of Oakland, Cal., entertained his men friends at poker in the family woodshed. When his funds ran low, he stepped into the house and borrowed of the family exchequer. His wife said this cut off the supply of household delicacies, and she secured her decree without trouble.

Jules Joseph Moquette and his wife of Newark, N. J., split over Socialism, and his wife said she would not be kept awake nights listening to his tirades on the subject. Mr. and Mrs. Victor Johnson of St. Louis split because he wanted to do the housework and let her seek a job "downtown." She said she wanted to make the biscuits and broil the steak herself.

Charles F. Healy of Chicago must have been a good-natured person, because when his wife was ill and her doctor said that the divorce decree which she wanted would be a sure cure, he yielded without a murmur. Then she regretted the act, and on her recovery he demanded that the decree be set aside.

NO POSSIBLE SHOW TO WIN

Once Famous Gambler Tells How the Greenhorn is Systematically Fleeced.

A little white-haired, black-coated, bespectacled old gentleman, who looks and is the personification of benevolence, that is Mr. John Philip Quinn, once notorious as the "prince of American card-sharps," but for the last 20 years a reformed man. Mr. Quinn is now appearing at St. George's hall in his most interesting performance consisting of an exposure of the methods by which sharps despoil their victims. This is what he says:

I was born and raised, brother, in the southern state of Missouri—in days when slavery was still in force, and my father himself owned many slaves.

I was a wild lad; nothing could keep me at school, and by the time I was 15 I was the associate of professional gamblers and sharps, and before very long I had definitely thrown in my lot with them. I had an accursed skill at sleight of hand, and for 25 years I lived by my wits and on the money of fools, or "suckers," as we call them.

Was I ever caught? I was prosecuted 17 times as a professional gambler, but those were days when "graft" was rampant, and I always managed to buy my freedom.

But in the end I went to gaol, and the irony of it, for an offense of which I was entirely innocent, I was accused of complicity in a gold-brick swindle, but although I was by no means new to this form of fraud, and had worked it successfully more than once, I had nothing to do with this particular case. I went to prison for 14 months, and during that time I became a changed man.

My little boy died while I was in prison. Although I was a sharper I loved him passionately and his loss broke me up. When I came out of prison I went to the house where I had left my wife and children, only to find them gone.

The woman of the house did not know at first for whom I was inquiring, and then she said: "You mean the lady who had a little boy that died?"

"Yes," I said, "and I want you to show me his grave. I have something to settle with my conscience there."

Then she recognized me and said: "Why don't you live to be fit to meet him in another place?"

"I will," I said, and for the last 22 years I have been trying to get ready to meet my boy."

I went off to Chicago, took a room in a basement, and started writing my book, "Fogles of Fortune" which such famous men as Dr. Talmage and Dr. Lyman Abbott, editor of the American Outlook, to which Mr. Roosevelt is contributing, have described as the best sermon against gambling they ever read.

One day I got a wire from a brother sharper, telling me to come to St. Louis quick—there was "a horse for \$6,000," which, of course, meant a "sucker" to be sucked dry.

I took no notice, and then one day in walking my old confederate. "What are you doing here, John?" said he. I told him and he scoffed. He tempted me with the promise of \$2,000 for my share, if I would stand in with him, and he offered me a hundred dollars down.

As I had about 80 cents in the world just then, that \$100 bill looked mighty big and good, but I put it away, and in the end he shook hands, the tears standing in his eyes, and insisted on my taking \$10 to help me along. The last I heard of him he was doing ten years, poor fellow. Well, since then, brother, I have devoted my life to stopping people from gambling by showing them how impossible it is for them to win against professional gamblers.

Now, here's a point: At my performance people know that I am cheating, yet they can't detect how it is done. But when a man goes gambling he thinks the game is straight or he wouldn't play—he is not looking for trickery, and what chance then has he of finding it when, as I say, people right on the stage, watching me as close as they can, can't see how I cheat them.

Well, brother, I guess my time's up—never, never play cards with strangers, for you are sure to lose. That is what we call a clinch.—Pearson's Weekly.

The Winning of Hulda

By Charles L. Doyle

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Hulda was having a hard time of it, for she found herself unable to decide which of her two suitors she preferred. Hans, she had to confess, possessed some advantages which weighed heavily in his favor. Mr. Ball, the man across the street who owned the big apartment building, was particular about his furnace man and she knew that he liked Hans. Besides Hans could speak Swedish and she acknowledged that it was pleasant to talk with him in the language of the dear old home across the sea.

But whenever his plain, open countenance with the blue eyes twinkling below the yellow hair was pictured in her mind, she blamed him for being a little too ordinary. She could see a dozen such any Sunday in the little Swedish church. Now with a man who wore a fine blue coat with a five pointed star on the front of it, and carried a mahogany club it was different. No one who looked at him could fail to see that he, being a part of the government, was superior to the common run of men. Michael had told her that he was the right arm of the law, and she had looked her admiration. She had known him almost as long as she had Hans and he was very good to her.

On Sundays in the park he would get her a seat close up to the band stand. Then when the concert was over, he would stroll across that part of the park that had signs to keep off the grass erected upon it. Of course Michael the all-powerful could walk



He Would Get Her a Seat Close to the Band Stand.

wherever he pleased. He was aware that Hans was his rival, for one Saturday night he had come to see Hulda and found the Swedish swain there. Hulda had said:

"Hans, this is Mr. Flanagan," and Hans had responded cordially, but Michael accepted the introduction sulkily, and sat scowling at the sink all the rest of the evening.

After that the sagacious Mr. Flanagan ceased visiting Hulda on Saturdays and obtained a transfer to another platoon, so that he could do his calling on Monday or Tuesday nights. Hans did not alter his visiting schedule, so the rivals never met at Hulda's home again. Indeed Michael took so little pains to cultivate Hans's acquaintance that he never even dreamed of inquiring what the former did for a living, and this disdainful indifference was destined to prove costly in the end. How Hulda would have learned to know the true sentiments of her heart had not Hank O'Day, the ice man, set in motion a fateful train of circumstances, one cannot guess. Hank did not know Hulda, he does not know her to the present day. And yet it was none other than the guardian of the ice wagon who unwittingly unmasked her heart's desire.

Hank O'Day drove a pair of remarkably high-spirited horses. One morning when the ice wagon was empty, his aesthetic instincts led him to return to the yards by way of the street that skirted the park. Just as the chariot of fate was nearing Hulda's home, the chain at the back of the wagon slipped and let the end gate drag upon the ground. Hank swore impatiently, stopped his team and jumped to the ground to fasten the chain. He jerked it quickly through the iron rings and then, swore vividly again as the team, becoming alarmed by the sudden noise, sprang forward and galloped madly down the avenue, making straight for the nearest entrance to the park. The Lorrified Hank stood still long enough to see the end gate banging out defiance. Then he started after as fast as his rubber boots would let him.

When officer Michael Flanagan turned from his faithful guardianship of a bevy of simpering nurse girls in the park, he saw coming toward him at full speed a pair of wild-eyed horses with an ice wagon swaying from side to side. Behind the seat of the wagon stood a man trying desperately to get hold of the reins. At once Michael recognized the waving yellow hair and pale features of the driver as those of the detested Hans, and in the same moment there came to him the realization of his opportunity for revenge. He ran into the roadway and as the flying wagon passed, caught the chain of the end gate and swung himself in-

to the box. As he gained his feet the wagon slowed suddenly and he lurched forward, bringing up against the back of the sturdy driver. Seizing him firmly by the collar, Officer Flanagan gasped:

"I arrest you in the name of the law." Hans did not quite understand, but the hands on his collar in the moment of success made him angry.

"What you want?—let me go," he cried indignantly.

"Not me," retorted Michael triumphantly, "you are under arrest for driving a traffic team in the park, and must go with me to the station."

Hans clung to the reins and refused to come. In his broken English he explained and expostulated, he all but exploded. Another officer was approaching, and when he came within earshot the victim of circumstances appealed to him volubly. But the newcomer was indifferent. If Hans was arrested why of course he must go to the station, and so to the station he went, in charge of the exultant Flanagan.

The magistrate was busy when they arrived and Hans was allowed to go until the afternoon, when he was told he would be given a hearing. Policeman Flanagan smiled grimly to himself as he strolled back on post. There was a goodly chance that Hans's employer would fire him for carelessness, and what would Hulda say when she heard that Hans had offended the majesty of the law and been arrested. There was no fear that she of the flaxen hair and bright eyes would not hear of the occurrence. Michael would attend personally to the conveyance of the tidings.

In the afternoon Officer Flanagan made his appearance in court. Hans came in due time, accompanied by no less a person than Hulda. With them were also his employer, Mr. Ball, and Hank O'Day, the ice man. Michael narrated the details of the arrest, and then Mr. Ball had his innings.

He told the magistrate how Hans, at the risk of his life, had sprung into the runaway wagon as it dashed by the building where he was employed, and succeeded in bringing the maddened team to a halt after passing the park entrance. This statement was corroborated by Hulda, who had witnessed Hans's daring leap, and lastly Hank O'Day testified that he was the regular driver of the team.

Before discharging Hans, the magistrate addressed a few remarks to officer Flanagan which made that zealous member of the force wit perceptibly. Michael left the courtroom with such sentences as "official interference, bungling stupid work, utterly unfit to wear a police uniform"—ringing in his ears. But the hardest part to bear was the sight of Hulda clinging to Hans's stalwart arm as they walked away together.

GUARDING TOWER TREASURES

System Is Said to Be Most Perfect That Has Ever Been Devised.

The Tower of London has the most perfect system of burglar alarms that has yet been devised.

From Scotland Yard, from the governor's headquarters, and from other places known only to a few responsible officials, the whole tower can be closed electrically within a few seconds. Even the ponderous gates at the middle tower, which weigh some tons and through which visitors pass, swing to automatically, and the escape of every one within is instantly barred. At the same time an alarm bell rings to warn wardens, police and soldiers.

In particular the precautions in the apartment containing the crown jewels are of a most scientifically elaborate kind. One of the beefeaters on duty in the room has merely to press a button, whereupon the heavy door closes, the alarm bell below rings, the other gates slam to and lock, and every person within the tower is instantly cut off from the outer world.

"The man who can get away with any of the crown jewels deserves them," observed a tower official. "From where I am standing I could close every important door and gate in the tower in as short a time as it takes me to utter these words."

It was mainly to insure the safety of the crown jewels that the system was installed.

No order was issued for the closing of the tower on a recent day, when greatly to their alarm, the visitors found doors locked, bolted and barred against them for about ten minutes, preventing any one leaving the tower.

"The tower simply closed—that is all," remarked an official. "Who caused it to do so we do not know. It might have been Scotland Yard, where the pressing of a button would imprison every soul within the tower until the police gave the signal for their release. Or it might have been the governor, anxious to learn whether we were all at our posts. At any rate, it was none of the minor officials."

"In fact, who closed the tower and why is a secret known only to the highest authorities. There was no alarm—no attempt to seize the crown jewels."—London Daily Mail.