

# SAD YEAR FOR CUPID WAS ONE JUST PAST

## DOMESTIC JARS FREQUENT AND SEVERE

**Matrimonial Wrecks Almost Beyond Counting Have  
Strewn the Shores of Life--West Far Ahead of the  
East in the Number of Divorces That Have  
Been Asked For and Granted.**

Chicago.—Surely New Year's day must have been the saddest that Cupid ever has spent. When the little god balances his books for 1906 he will be compelled to sit down and weep, for the list of the matrimonial wrecks of the year shows an awful number of disasters. There have been enough domestic jars to shake the continent worse than the earthquake shook San Francisco, if they all had occurred at one instant. The tears that have been shed would make a salty sea if they could be collected in the desert basin of Sahara.

Indeed, it has been a bad year for Cupid. Divorces have been more numerous than in any other twelve months since marriage became an institution. Princes, dukes, counts, statesmen, magnates, and millionaires, butchers, doctors, grocers, lawyers, and laborers have come to grief in their love affairs.

In the good old days people married and "lived happily ever after." Now the problem of the novel begins instead of ending at the altar. People get married and then get divorced.

Chicago still leads the world in divorce population, and perhaps in the facility with which divorce is granted, due cause being shown. The hearing of testimony and the granting of a decree in default cases in this city takes only a few minutes, and the average length of time consumed is estimated at ten minutes by people who study divorce methods. That is why the local courts are known as "divorce mills." They work with the speed of a steam buzz saw as they go through the knots of matrimony. Your lawyer files the papers, your case is called, and burrrrr—you are divorced.

It is the women who keep the buzz saw working in the divorce mills in Chicago. Four out of five suits are brought by the wives. The men are meaner than the women, perhaps; or else the husbands are more willing to tough it out without appeals to the court.

### Air of Festivity in Courtroom.

While Cupid weeps at the sight of a divorce court, that is more than the complainant does. One Chicago divorce lawyer says that there is a noticeable air of festivity in the courtroom when cases are being heard. The average woman who appeals to the courts for release manifests no sense of sorrow or humiliation. It is a business proposition with her. She sues her husband for his cruelty or desertion and tells the story to the court in a business-like way. The uninformed stranger, strolling into the courtroom, easily might think the dispute was over a grocery bill or a ruined gown, rather than a ruined life. The law says she may have a

greater distress to Cupid, the deity of true lovers. It would seem that the gleam of suddenly acquired millions, as seen through the smoky atmosphere of Pittsburg, is sufficient to blind the eyes of love.

William E. Corey was ruined by Mr. Carnegie, so Mr. Corey's uncle is reported to have said. This was because Mr. Carnegie put Mr. Corey in the way of becoming rich. The head of the great steel trust, looking for pleasure and "thrills" in the byways of life, found only unhappiness. As the familiar saying goes, "he couldn't stand prosperity." All the world is familiar with the story of Mr. Corey's spectacular rise in the world of finance and of the alleged escapades which caused his wife to leave him. She obtained a divorce last summer after living in the state of Nevada long enough to acquire citizenship under the liberal laws of that state. In her bill she charged her husband with desertion, but it generally was understood that the family happiness was wrecked by Mr. Corey's public attentions to Mabelle Gilman, an actress.

**Coachman Figures in Many Cases.**  
The Hartje case of Pittsburg made the whole country gasp. It involved

than the loss of the man who has been her husband. All this is like a comic opera, but it makes Cupid weep. He has been telling the world for thousands of years that marriage is a sacred institution, and now he first discovers that it is a joke. The proportion of divorces to marriages in New York is one in four. In Chicago it is one in nine; in San Francisco it is one in four. The further west you go the more frequent are divorces. The decree separation has hitched its wagon to the star of empire. Kansas City, Los Angeles, and Seattle are as bad as San Francisco, and in each of these cities there being one divorce to every four marriages. The statistics for St. Louis are kept locked up in a reporter's vault.

The most notable case of the year, perhaps, was the international tragedy of the Castellanes. For years the world had witnessed the extravagances and indiscretions of Count Boni and wondered how much longer the poor countess would endure them for the sake of her children. American sympathy, almost without exception, has been with Anna Gould, for however much Jay Gould, the railroad magnate, may have been distrusted, his daughters always were popular. Count Castellane was a ridiculous joke to people who took life lightly and an exaggerated villain to those who took it seriously.

### Troubles of Heiresses and Titles.

When the countess finally left her husband, people on both sides of the Atlantic said it served him right. The matter of separation has been settled, but the count still is clamoring for money—millions of it—to pay his debts. Perhaps in the final disposition of the case he will receive an allowance even greater than the alimony of Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont, who draws \$250,000 a year from her former husband, W. K. Vanderbilt. Count Castellane is said to have cost \$15,000,000 when the Gould family first bought his title and it probably will take as much more for them to be rid of their bad bargain.

The domestic wreck of the Marlboroughs was more of a surprise to the world. There had been rumors of disagreements, but these were not thought to be serious. The duke of Marlborough, like the count de Castellane, was not able to understand the character of American girls. They might be attracted by a title, but they would not submit to the indiscretions—it is a mild word—of their husbands. It was said at the time Miss Consuelo Vanderbilt married the duke that she had made the best bargain of any American girl that ever bought a foreign lordling, but her

grave charges against Mrs. Hartje and her coachman and counter charges on the part of the wife that she was the victim of a conspiracy, in which her husband—the man she had loved and with whom she had lived—sought to blast her reputation by hired and perjured testimony. This was one of the most notorious domestic tragedies ever aired in any court of any land. It was worse even than the Taggart case. Alone it was enough to make the year memorable in the matter of divorce.

In contrast with this the trouble of Mrs. Charles T. Yerkes and Wilson Mizner were almost farcical. Mr. Yerkes, the traction magnate, died in New York in December last under circumstances that called the attention of the whole world to his widow. Although they had not been living together harmoniously during the later years of his life, Mrs. Yerkes declared that her husband had never ceased to love her, and that she was devoted to his memory.

Yet within a month it was announced that Mrs. Yerkes had married Wilson Mizner. At first the public refused to believe it. Mizner was not 30 and the widow of Yerkes was more than 50. He was a gay young soldier of fortune, and people only laughed when he smiled and admitted that the marriage had taken place, especially as Mrs. Yerkes tearfully and indignantly declared that the idea was absurd.

But the news was true. Mizner and Mrs. Yerkes were man and wife. Before people were through talking about the case the couple quarreled and parted and remained apart. It was said, though not known to be true, that Mr. Mizner had insisted upon her giving him \$1,000,000, and that she had refused. After the separation Mrs. Yerkes-Mizner explained the marriage by saying: "Mr. Mizner came to me at a time when I was looking at life through eyes that were filled with tears. He was an artist. He enchanted me. The way I was approached first startled and amazed me, then captivated me." But within a few days she discovered, she says, that the young man did not love her. The case was a nine days' joke to the public, but it was a great shock to Cupid, who insists that all matters pertaining to love be taken seriously.

**Four Times as Many Separations.**  
Among the more famous Chicago cases of the year might be mentioned that of Clarence Eddy, the organist. This was a musical romance, in which the first discord was struck after nearly 30 years of married life. The "artistic temperament" of the great organist is mentioned in connection with the domestic unhappiness. Cupid has had trouble from time immemorial with the artistic temperament. The separation of the Eddys occurred in Paris, and Mr. Eddy first brought suit in Chicago, but afterward dismissed his case and secured the divorce in South Dakota last summer.

The list of the year's domestic tragedies might be continued almost endlessly. It is no wonder that Cupid weeps. Efforts are being made by divorce congresses and reformers to cure the evil by a national divorce law. It is claimed that if the road to separation were made more difficult to travel there would be fewer divorces and perhaps less unhappiness.

In recent years, while the population was increasing 30 per cent, the number of divorces has risen 300 per cent. The disproportion is increasing rapidly. If it keeps on for another generation there will be a divorce for every marriage.

Meantime dejected Cupid ponders the case. He knows how to make people fall in love and marry, but he can find no way in which they may be happy though married. He doubts much if legislation against divorce would compel them to continue to love one another.

a good wife, if what he says be true. Or if his wife was good, as she declares she was, then the aged New York senator was not wise enough to keep her. He is not the first man marked by Cupid, however, as being unable to live up to his own epigrams. When the separation of the Platts occurred a few months ago Mrs. Platt defied her husband, notwithstanding the charges he made, and threatened to bring suit against him. She insisted that he should give her a share of his riches. She is quoted as saying: "He bought my beauty; now let him pay for it." If the senator did not pay in money, at least he paid in sorrow and humiliation and loss of dignity—paid to the last farthing.

**Love Leaves After Many Years.**  
It is small wonder that Senator Platt declared in one of his latest interviews that his life as he had lived it "was not worth the living," and that if he had the years back he would spend them differently. Rich and powerful as he is he finds nothing in his old age to compensate him for the disrupted home.

W. J. White, the chewing gum magnate of Cleveland, was the central figure in one of the domestic wrecks of the year. Perhaps he was spoiled

# A Matrimonial Mishap

BY R. NORMAN SILVER  
Author of "Wonders of the Deep."

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"Dear sir: Having seen and liked a copy of your paper, The Golden Circle, I venture to trespass a little upon your attention. I am young, only 23—"

Thaddeus Field smiled when he came to the statement just quoted. He had never in the whole course of his experience as a matrimonial agent met a would-be bride who owned to more than 30 summers. Hardly had the smile dawned upon his lips than it vanished; the letter had become interesting.

"And have inherited some money from an aunt, with whom I had lived since childhood, and who has just died. Thanks to her, I have been fairly well-educated, and I believe I am naturally neither stupid nor awkward. Yet I am now altogether alone, and am very, very unhappy. If you could see me, you would know why; I am just the ugliest woman in the world. Yet I think if some one could know me as I am, he would love me. Can you help me? I enclose \$25. I am sure it would never be worth your while to attend to my case at your ordinary rates. I am so very, very ugly. Believe me to be, yours very truly, Stella Garner."

A few days after Thaddeus Field's receipt of "Stella Garner's" letter he received an important visit. The tall footman opened the double doors, and bowed in a handsome man of middle age—a man with blue eyes, crisp, iron-gray hair and beard, and dazzling white teeth. Thaddeus Field was impressed, and rose graciously as Pierre, the footman, retired.

The newcomer held out his hand. "Mr. Thaddeus Field?" he said.

"I am Mr. Thaddeus Field," answered that gentleman, assuming his official dignity.

His visitor bowed. "I am Stephen Osborne," he explained. "Stephen Montgomery Osborne, at your service."

"Pray be seated," said Thaddeus, offering a chair.

Mr. Osborne sat down, and crossed his legs. "In what way," demanded Thaddeus, "can I have the pleasure of serving you?"

Stephen Osborne laughed out heartily.

"I want a wife," he answered. "What kind of a wife do you want, Mr. Osborne?" Thaddeus asked.

Stephen Osborne seemed embarrassed.

"To be quite honest, Mr.—Mr. Field," he replied, "it isn't so much the kind of a wife I want, as the kind of wife I've got to have."

"Indeed!" said Thaddeus, puzzled.

"Yes," said his client, irritably; "I haven't a great deal of time. You see, when I was a bit younger I was fool enough to tell my papa, who had married again—I was the only child of the first marriage—that I would never marry if I couldn't get some one a little better looking than my new step-ma. So we quarreled and parted, and when the old boy died last winter—there were no more children, and step-ma died some years ago—he left me his money on condition that I married a girl uglier than step-ma, and gave me 12 months to make up my mind, I didn't expect ever to need the money, and so took it easy, but some of my speculations have done decidedly bad, and I must have some cash before long or go bust. That's why I'm here."

Thaddeus Field's eyes shone—it was just the kind of case he liked.

"If you will call to-morrow about this time, Mr. Osborne," he said, "I think I shall have something to say. Good-day."

With this comforting assurance he rang the bell, and Mr. Osborne departed.

That afternoon Mrs. Christina Field left for Boston. Her instructions were not to return without Miss "Stella Garner."

On the succeeding morning Christina, accompanied by a closely-veiled lady, entered the anteroom. Christina left her charge and went into her husband's sanctum. Thaddeus was standing on the hearth-rug, chewing his mustaches with impatience.

"Will she do?" he asked.

Christina grinned.

"As ugly as sin," she said; "but smart."

"That's all right," concluded Thaddeus; "bring her in."

Christina opened the door and called. The veiled lady rose and entered.

"Miss Garner, I understand," said Thaddeus, rapidly; "pleased to meet you. Miss Garner, I want you to see a gentleman; if you can like him, I think he can like you. If you take a fancy to him I shall be happy to ask you to meet him at my house some evening soon. I can't stop to explain. You must just step in there with my wife, and leave yourself in her hands. You'll be able to see all right; our man's almost due."

No sooner had the two ladies been safely disposed of than Mr. Osborne was shown in, and was soon in deep converse with Thaddeus.

Thanks to the tact of Mr. Thaddeus Field, Mr. Osborne laughed and chattered and looked so merry and handsome that the lady behind the carved screen lost her heart to him, and when Mr. Field escorted Mr. Osborne out, and the door closing behind them, the ladies were at liberty to come forth again. Miss Stella Garner laughed herself, and chatted, and

looked not so ugly after all. And Mr. Stephen Osborne, who with Thaddeus had gone round another way into the hidden cupboard, that the former might spy upon Miss Garner as she had spied upon him, drew a deep breath, and whispered to the matrimonial agent, "I suppose I can't do better—she seems a decent sort."

"Quite the lady, I assure you, Mr. Osborne," murmured the wily Thaddeus in his ear; "any amount of accomplishments—young, and a little bit of money in the bank. Will you come up to my house to-night? I'll ask her round too."

"No, thanks," said Stephen Osborne, "let it be to-morrow. I've something else on to-night."

"To-morrow, then," replied Thaddeus, "you will make the acquaintance of the future Mrs. Osborne."

Now, there was one thing in the world for which Christina Field lived and moved and had her being, and that was jewelry. In her bedroom at the little uptown house she had a small strong safe built into the wall, and the key of that safe never left her possession. Her diamonds were not imperial, still they were valuable, and had been mounted to her own instruction, and she had a ruby bracelet for which many a fairly honest woman would have risked her soul. When an opportunity arose for Madame Christina to don her glittering treasures she was happy; when there were women present to envy them she became positively radiant.

In obedience to this ruling passion, Christina—dressing for the early dinner at which Stephen Osborne was to meet Miss Stella Garner, and which was to be followed by a visit to the theater—clasped about her white throat and dainty arms some five thousand dollars' worth of precious stones. Very well she looked, too, did Christina, when she took her place at the head of the table and beamed on the ugly Miss Garner, the admiring Stephen Osborne and the complacent Thaddeus.

It was a wonderfully merry little party; each seemed to vie with each in brilliancy. If Christina was gay,



It Was a Wonderfully Merry Little Party.

Miss Garner was brilliant; if Thaddeus was overflowing with good humor, Stephen Osborne proved a prince of entertainers.

Suddenly upon the mirth of the party there descended an astonishing quiet. Thaddeus, strange to say, fell asleep in his chair, and Christina, after a gallant struggle to keep awake followed his example.

Then Mr. Stephen Osborne and Miss Stella Garner indulged in a very remarkable proceeding. They rose from their places and calmly proceeded to strip their sleeping hostess of her jewelry. Miss Stella's light fingers unclasped Christina's necklace and bracelets, and removing her rings, Stephen Osborne the while deftly concealing the jewels about his person. When Christina's shoulders, wrists and fingers were bare of their glittering load, the pair turned their attention to the slumbering Thaddeus, relieving him of a diamond stud and ring, worth together a hundred dollars or so. Then they paused and, looking at one another, laughed silently.

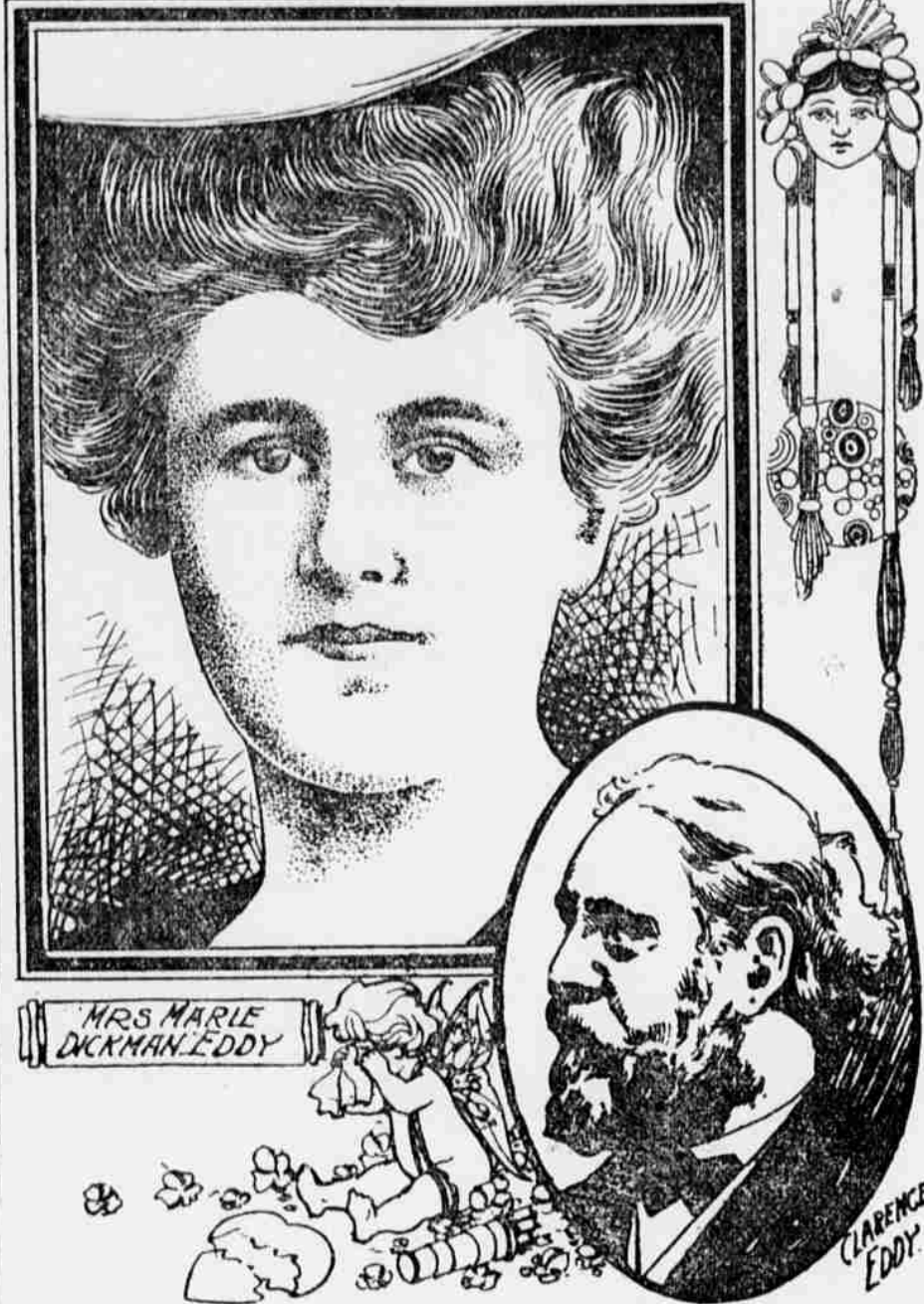
"It's a fair 'have,' Polleie," said the man who had called himself "Stephen Osborne."

Miss Stella Garner nodded. "Are you sure that stuff'll only make them sleep?" she asked, anxiously.

"Certainly sure," said the other. "Do you think I want to swing? Not much. Come on, look slippy, now; this way out."

And with that Mr. "Stephen Osborne," Miss "Stella Garner" and about five thousand dollars' worth of "swag" disappeared through the French window of Mr. Thaddeus Field's dining room.

Mr. Thaddeus Field never found a sufficiently ugly partner for Mr. Stephen Osborne, in fact he never saw Mr. Osborne again. Nor did he ever set eyes on Miss Stella Garner, nor find her some one to love. They had vanished into the unknown through that French window, and Christina still mourns her diamonds.



MRS. MARIE DICKMAN EDDY

CLARENCE EDDY



MRS. WILSON-MIZNER

WILSON MIZNER  
DIVERCE

divorce, and she proposes to get it. That is all. If her husband has a good position or a bit of property, she asks for alimony. The struggle for some form of maintenance sometimes becomes strenuous, showing that the woman regrets the loss of the man who has been her support rather more

present unhappiness proves that the belief was unfounded.

Among the wrecks of the year none has caused more comment than the "Pittsburg cases," which include the tragical unhappiness of the Thaw's, the Coreys, and the Hartjes, and certainly no other cases have caused

### Cupid and Senator Platt.

Senator Thomas C. Platt of New York is reported as saying: "It is better to be wise than to be rich," and that "a good wife is the best of all a man's possessions." Yet Senator Platt was not wise enough to get