

SOCIETY AND DIVORCE.

Should Divorced Women Be Received in Society?

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX'S ANSWER

Publicity of Our Divorce Courts—Circumstances Under Which Women Only Seek Divorce—Claims of Divorces.

[Written for the Bee—Copyrighted.] When this question was first propounded to me I thought one might as well ask, "Should the spirits of our dead go to heaven?" Not that society and heaven are synonymous terms—far from it; but the ranks of the divorced represent almost as many varieties and kinds of women as the ranks of the departed.

The life of the spotless Empress Josephine proves to all of us that the word "divorce" may only imply misfortune—not error.

However strongly opposed we may be to the principle (or lack of it) involved in the divorce law, each of us knows some one innocent woman who has passed through its fiery ordeal and yet retained our sympathy and respect.

Without doubt it is the most painful experience which can befall a sensitive woman. Publicity given to one's sorrows, of whatever nature, intensifies them tenfold. Publicity given to the most private and sacred relations on earth is little short of crucifixion.

To have your disappointments discussed in the frivolous fashion of the daily press, to have bleeding wounds pierced by the coarse jests of law dispensers, to hear your most secret troubles commented on by strangers, surely the cup of earthly sorrow can hold no bitterer notion than this.

The woman who voluntarily passes through this mire in order to find her way out of marriage into freedom is either a great sufferer worthy of our deepest sympathy and our strongest support, or else she is a coarse-fibered creature, who revels in notoriety and is galled by the domestic yoke. She must be one or the other.

Woman is by nature and education a refined and sensitive, and somewhat vain being. She shrinks from any publicity which does not present her in a flattering light. She may feel a foolish pride in posing as the professional beauty and admired belle, but she does not court the role of the neglected wife. It is not complimentary to her powers of attraction.

Therefore I do not believe she enters the divorce court unless she is compelled to do so by an unrelenting fate, which she finds to cruel combat.

When she does, she is an abnormal creature, who, through some accident of birth, is devoid of the finer qualities of the sex. The average wife is made happy and content by a very small exhibition of kindness. Every day and everywhere I see women giving pounds of gratitude for ounces of attention from their husbands.

Everywhere and every day I see women economizing with cents, while their husbands throw away dollars.

Therefore I believe that it requires pronounced cruelty and decided lack of support to force women into an application for divorce. They will bear a vast amount of poverty and neglect before they resort to such a method of redress.

Indeed, we can all of us cite scores of cases where wives cover up and condone the worst offenses against their dignity and their happiness rather than give publicity to their sorrows.

I heard a gentleman express an opinion on this subject not long ago. He said: "If the law permitted the inattention and impolitiveness and fault-finding ways of husbands to be just causes of divorce, men would make far better life partners. A man often neglects a woman," he said, "just because she belongs to him, and he knows she will bear it. If he knew that he would be liable to lose her, that neglect he would be more on his guard, as he is in the days of courtship."

I asked him if the same rule might not apply to both sexes. "No," he said, "for women are truer and more domestic by nature, more easily satisfied with their lot, more forgiving, and more unwilling to become themes of public gossip. Nine men tire of their wives where one woman tires of her husband. The law amended as I suggest would not increase divorces, but would speedily increase the number of good husbands."

I once heard an opinion expressed that no divorced man or woman was ever happy afterward. They might be less miserable than while in bondage, but no absolute happiness ever came to them, the speaker held.

I do not think this is true; yet it must require a great and unusual joy to eradicate the effect of such an experience to heart and soul.

One of the most refined and beautiful women I ever knew, a good daughter, a faithful wife, a devoted mother, a noble friend, was compelled to become a divorcee in order to preserve her self-respect and to retain the legal custody of her children.

Surely the "society" which bars its doors to such a woman is itself the loser. The woman who would allow a foolish whim or a lawless passion to bring her into the divorce court, or the woman who is compelled to appear there to maintain her husband's dignity at the cost of her own reputation, is quite another being.

Even if society is sometimes deceived by her, we cannot deny her the little pleasure she may derive from the little favors.

There is no success, no wealth, no triumph which can render truly happy the woman whose life will not bear investigation. A spiteful wife, even by her side, a skeleton sits with her at the feast, the voice of her own true self is forever accusing her, and she dreads discovery by the cruel world, which is so pitiless to a wrong woman.

No matter what prosperity may seem to be hers, she is to be pitied by God and man. However much and sincerely we may pity her, we could not console the true life and mother who refused to receive her into the sacred family circle. The woman who man who does not violate the law which holds the civilized world together, is certainly more deserving of society's favor than the one who lives in a man or secret immorality.

stones are desolated, characters undermined, and general destruction prevails.

Yet it behooves us to be humane before we are zealous. We have no right to pass judgment carelessly on any person whose private life we do not know. We have no right to brand a woman unworthy because she is divorced. Life is too short to be used in wounding one another without just cause.

The woman who has found happiness in marriage has reached the highest joy this earth can offer; and the woman who has met with disappointment and sorrow in marriage has sounded the very depths of earth's misery.

It is good for us all to remember this when we hear the word divorce applied to any woman.

Remember she has tasted the very bitterest cup fate can force to human lips, and that she has missed the one blessing which makes life worth living, "divorcement."

They spoke the word in a sneering tone, As she passed along her way, They did not pause to question the cause That made her a Divorcee.

They did not think of the blighting blast That had rained her fair dream-bower, Of hope and youth and her heart's best truth Struck dead in their early flower.

Of the bitter dunes in the wine of love That she had been forced to drink, Of trust that was dead, and joy that had fled, They did not stop to think.

Oh, better by far if we all would think Ere the sneering word we say, For the path is rough and troubled enough At best for the Divorcee.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

Cowen's new oratorio of "Ruth" has won great success in England.

Mrs. Scott Siddons is not making a fortune with her current series of readings.

Josef Hoffman, the boy pianist, will give his first concert in New York on the 29th.

Kate Claxton and Charles Stevenson have secured the rights to "The World Against Her."

Again an announcement is made that the stage will not know the sprightly Lotta another season.

Lucca is soon to sing in Vienna. Her voice is said to be as good as ever, and her acting has always been the best to be seen on the operatic stage.

Marshal P. Wilder, the humorist and mimic, has been engaged to appear at the annual entertainment of the press club at Central music hall on December 5.

Barton McGuckin, the Irish tenor with the National Opera company, considers the Philadelphia academy of music the finest hall for singing he has ever seen.

Messrs. Booth and Barrett's company consists of thirty-five people and three carloads of scenery and baggage. Their businessness announcement of the season has been enormous.

After her Baltimore engagement Mrs. James Brown Potter is reported to have married by her manager, Mr. Harry Miner, for what are technically called "one-night stands."

Mrs. Charles Doremus, whose pretty play, "The Circus Rider," was so successful, in Miss Voke's repertoire, has a play in consideration by Kate Forsyth, "A Fair Bohemian," and Louis Harrison, "A Fall from the Clouds."

Lillian Norton has captured the Herline. The German journals are full of praise of her performance at Kroll's Summer Opera. She sang for the first time in "La Traviata" and "Faust," and won great success in both operas. This is especially unusual for an American singer in Berlin.

Bonham is now a rancher in Montana. He was seen the other day driving a team attached to a farm wagon loaded with household goods from Missouri to his ranch, about four miles from town, with Louise seated on the front seat and a stouter lady balancing the wagon behind him. He is not ambitious.

Probably few persons who have seen Miss Connie Jackson play "The Heart of the Matter" are aware that she is the sister of Mr. Joseph Jefferson, who plays Caleb Plummer in the same piece. Such is the fact, however, and although she doesn't appear to be more than fifteen years old, she is nearer to forty-eight.

The trustees of the Actors' Fund propose to purchase a building on Fifth avenue, New York, for the offices of the fund, and also for the offices of the Elks. There will be a fine reading room and library. The next benefit of the fund will take place December 1 and Henry Irving and Mrs. Potter are to participate.

Henry Arthur Jones, author of "The Silver King," and other successful plays, has scored another triumph by his "Heart of the Matter," recently brought out in London. In fact, his "Heart" has turned out to be an ace. Mr. Jones is now in New York, and is at the home, "Townsend House," Regent's park, London.

The first representation of "The Begum" at the Fifth avenue theatre, N. Y., was in every respect a pronounced success. "The Begum" is an American work and as such is suggestive of both the will and the ability on the part of American composers to do acceptable work in the present and great work in the early future if permitted.

A superb interpretation of Wagner's masterwork was given at the Metropolitan last evening—one of those performances which thrill every nerve, raise the pulse to fever heat and chase away sleep for hours after the performance. Herr Niemann was in one of his best moods, and when Niemann is at his best there is nothing on the stage comparable to him, says the New York Evening Post.

Napoleon Bird is astonishing the north of England with his long and fine pianoforte performances. Last week he started at Stockport for thirty-six and one quarter hours, without stopping, thereby beating his own record, and was actively engaged during the last hour or two he seems to have finished very fit and wound up by singing "The Begum" to his accompaniment.

It is not generally known that Gustav Heinrichs, who has lately come to the front as an orchestra conductor, is the composer of two operas. The work is a composition was done while he was engaged in San Francisco, and which he went to the age of nineteen, immediately after arriving in this country from Germany. Both of these works were brought out there, but nothing has been heard of them since.

Among the novelties preparing for next season in the Harman and London shows is a realistic "Wild East," in which natives from far eastern countries will take part. Hassa Ali, an Arabian, has just been commissioned to go to Algeria and Morocco to secure a number of first-footed horses of those countries for racing purposes, and, if possible, his quest will include a permission from the sultan to bring to this country several of the interesting natives, completely equipped with their accoutrements, arms, costumes, domestic utensils, etc., to convey an idea of their manner of life, mode of using weapons, warfare and other interesting features.

The Comahly Went on Strike. Chicago Herald: Two ex-conductors of the Missouri Pacific met in the rooms of the General Pacific yesterday afternoon and began to discuss the reasons for their discharge.

"I was fired," said one, "because I was color blind."

"I didn't know," said the other, "that conductors were compelled to undergo the same test in regard to colors as the engineers."

"They don't, but my color blindness went so far that I couldn't tell the difference between the color of the company's money and my own."

An Epigram Gone Wrong. Chicago News: "A public office is a public trust," "That's too bad."

"Why?" "Well, every public trust that I've looked into has turned out to be an infernal swindle."

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LORD TENNYSON AT HOME.

Living as a Recluse in an Old Gothic Mansion.

HIS LOOKS AT SEVENTY-EIGHT

The Poet's Dislike of Strangers and Visitors—His Eccentric Dress—His Circle of Intimate Friends.

[Written for the Sunday Bee—Copyrighted.] LONDON, Nov. 15.—Tennyson, in his own grounds at home, looks the poet from top to toe. He is even theatrically costumed, in his dashing felt wide-awake Byronic collar, carelessly lolling like dogs' ears over any how-wisped-up neckerchief, and the famous Inverness cape, half-cock, half-cloak, flung grandly over his shoulders. It was only a few weeks ago that I saw the noble hermit who is England's poet laureate. It was in a busy London thoroughfare—midday—and his lordship looked as thorough a fish out of water as any Norwegian rustic who strays into Broadway from Castle Garden. As no one seemed to notice him it was evident they took him for an East End Jew dealer in "Old clo'" which he strangely resembles. The romantic wike-wake was discarded for a dismal, antique, foot-and-a-half tall silk tie that proclaimed it was enjoying its first full dress holiday for twenty years at least. The Inverness cape was there, of course, but it was closely hugged up to the neck as if to shield the sensitive weather from the contact with the vulgar herd the laureate so dreads. His feet shuffled and slid barely one foot's length at a step, and the way those inspired but damp and limp locks clung to the cheeks of the stooping son of genius was enough to sadden the heart of the sparrows.

Yet this man (now elevated above the more genius into patent nobility) has for a quarter of a century been the most idolized and socially persecuted lion of the time. Persecuted by hero-worshippers of both sexes for autographs, interviews, even a passing contemptuous nod; they have driven the lion into his den, and now, "take it out of him" by saying "he's a bear. And so he is, in truth, of late. Tennyson always has been a genuine Briton, which means that he has got a bit of the bulldog in him. Carlyle had more of the snarling cur, but Tennyson is one of the uncuttiest old-fashioned giants now left in England. The poet's nature accounts for much of his exceptional reserve. When he is in his most amiable mood he is absent, and makes you feel doubtful whether he isn't really talking his thoughts to the solid wall. Tennyson was driven from his lovely Isle of Wight home by the hordes of sight-seers, who invaded his grounds, his house, and would have snipped his curls and collar by the inch as relics, if he had not been so miserably poor. So he built himself a house out of the princely fortune his books have brought him, though he has been the most business-like poet in the money making line that ever meted fame. I forget how many had changed his publishers, the last of whom candidly informed his lordship that even a titled laureate should only effect a fair market profit on his wares. If Tennyson had been festered, as he is unconquered by American publishers, he did not object to the £200 check sent him by an American periodical for a short poem.

The poet's new house stands in a charming bit of Sussex landscape, far from the beaten track, just where it should follow. The old seaside home is still used for a portion of the year, but in this house at Hazlemere Tennyson lives most of his now fading life. It is reached high, on a rich wooden ridge with the beaten track, and the garden, teeming with all the varied luxuriance of the garden of England. Those most familiar with his works say that Tennyson's later poems were inspired by the hills that surround his Sussex home, in contrast with the earlier ones, influenced by the flat expanses of Lincolnshire, where he spent his young days. He has buried his home amid trees. They stand all around the thick platanus of sentries, keeping grim watch and ward over the strange man who will be heard but will not be seen. Inside the inner ring there are gardens trim and pretty, though no especial pride is taken in anything outside the walls. The garden of the Isle of Wight home was more pretentiously ragged than elegantly ordered.

Since he accepted Mr. Gladstone's peerage (though he will live as plain as Alfred Tennyson) he has favored society with more of his poetry than of his graciousness. In return for his barony Tennyson gave one vote in the house of peers, it was first and soon after his elevation, on Gladstone's side extending the franchise, but ever since then his attendance and his sympathies have been in the opposite direction. Since the death of his favorite son, last year, he has been less in society, and after his recent illness it is unlikely he will return to it, even in the half-hearted way he did. Tennyson has his circle, a small one, of intimates, and they are celebrities like himself. For he is a philosopher, a student of science, politics and art, and enjoys upholding his dogmatic views with the foremost apostle of such cult. He gathers a handful at a time around him and rare must be the talk that wings its way up the chimney instead of recording itself for the delight of the humble world beyond the wall of Hazlemere.

There is an old-world flavor in the many cornered gothic mansion whose gables and pinnacles stick out "like quills upon the fretful porcupine." The interior is rich in its design and furnishings, the old book with the new as it should in a poet's library. The welcome visitor knows the sincerity of his welcome if he is led along a mysterious corridor into the sanctum sanctorum of the poet. Tennyson is now in his seventy-eighth year. He looks as if thinning fast and there are fewer dark ones than there were even three years ago, but his wonderfully noble face has not lost its lustre. Most likely he shifts a clay pipe into his left hand that he may grip you with his right. This pipe is his emblem of peace, his secret charm for abstraction; his incense to the gods. At noon, at noon at night, alone or accompanied, the pipe is his half-way house between meals, and the sure precursor of a night's repose. The Tennysonian costume is seen at its best here, and does not seem

ISRAEL'S WEALTHY SONS.

The Fortunes Accumulated by New York's Hebrews.

New York Star: Of the 400,000 Hebrews computed to be in the whole United States, at least 125,000 are settled in New York. Two-thirds of the 30,000 Hebrew immigrants who landed here during 1886 remained in this city. The Hebrews have formed a part of the city's population for over two hundred years. It is said there were two of them in the crew of Columbus's ship on his first voyage in 1492. In 1654 a colony consisting of Abram, Isaac, David, Israel, Moses, Abraham, Abraham de la Simon, Salvador D'Andrada, Joseph de Costa, David Fera, Jacob Barsonson, Jacob C. Henrique, Isaac Mesa and Isaac Levy, took up their quarters in New Amsterdam in spite of the protests of the testy old Dutch governor, Petrus Stuyvesant. They came here from the port of Cape St. Ann, near Bahin, Brazil. They met with much hostility from the governor and the other residents, and several of the colony removed to other localities.

Since the rebellion a number of Hebrews have accumulated great wealth and have made their mark in the commercial world. In such numbers as to attract attention. Many of them landed on these shores almost penniless, but in spite of the most discouraging surroundings and outlook their fortunes show surprising growth and amazing rapidity. A singular instance of this is found in the great bankers, the seven Seligman brothers. They came here from Bavaria with a capital consisting of brains and pluck, and had to work hard for years, often carrying a pedlar's pack, before they got into the clothing business before the war and met with so much success that they drifted into banking. Through their connections in London, Paris, Frankfurt, San Francisco and New Orleans, they were able to place large amounts of government bonds; mainly in Germany, when Uncle Sam needed money most to carry on the war, and were finally made the government's fiscal agents in Europe. The Hebrew millionaires of the city are mentioned below, and their estimated ratings are as follows:

Table listing names and estimated wealth of Hebrew millionaires in New York, including Max Well, David L. King, S. W. Glazier, David Metzger, Henry Herz, etc.

In the stock exchange, the produce exchange, the metal exchange, as well as the cotton and petroleum exchanges, the Hebrews are among the most influential members. The Hebrew capital in the cotton exchange is estimated at \$6,000,000, in banking at \$1,000,000, and in real estate at another \$1,000,000. They are also prominently identified with railway, steamship and insurance companies. Anywhere there are big monetary transactions they are to be found, and their great financial influence in the financial circles of this and other leading cities is well known and recognized. In several important branches of trade they have a complete monopoly, and a correct estimate of the annual transactions of Hebrew merchants in the wholesale trade of New York gave the following remarkable figures:

Table listing various industries and their annual transactions, such as Manufacturers of clothing, Wholesale butchers, Wines, spirits and beer, etc.

Total. Within the past fifteen years of the 1,200 wholesale firms that occupy Broadway from Canal street to Union Square, nearly one thousand show the signs of Hebrew occupants. In the side streets adjoining, which are now almost entirely deserted to the manufacture of clothing, hats and caps, shoes, hosiery, embroidery, millinery goods, fur underwear, feathers and fenders, dry goods and fancy goods of all kinds, and kindred trade branches, the predominant name of Hebrew character is one of the most noticeable characteristics of the locality. This feature is forced on public notice whenever there is a great Hebrew religious festival. The stores are all closed, and the whole neighborhood is almost as devoid of traffic as it would be on the Christian Sunday of some national holiday.

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