

If Marriage Really Hampers What is She Going to Do?



MAARTEN MAARTENS.

NEW YORK, April 20.—"Marriage," said Maarten Maartens in the middle of an interview which ranged from philology to peace, "hampers a woman, but what is she going to do about it?"

The Dutch novelist, who agonizes, rather than rejoices, in private life in the company of Joost Maria Willem Van der Poorten Schwartz, was seated in the corridor of the Hotel Belmont. He is far removed in appearance from what is popularly considered the Dutch type, being tall, blond and with classic features. He has too keen a sense of humor to suggest the Englishman and was too immaculately attired, wearing frock coat and silk hat at 10 a. m., to suggest the American.

The remark quoted above was brought out by a question about the dedication of his latest book, "The Woman's Victory, and Other Stories." The dedication is "To three women, my unknown friends in two hemispheres, whom my stories have moved to address to the strange evidence of life's consummate sweetness and its consummate pain."

"The strange evidence I refer to?"

Maarten Maartens was silent a moment while he stroked a blonde moustache. Then—

"That contained in the hundreds of letters that come to me from every quarter of the globe, that have made me humanly acquainted with your people before I visited them. These letters have been written to me by women who have found in my books, in 'Dorothea' perhaps, 'Some Women I Have Known,' 'An Old Maid's Love,' 'God's Fool,' 'Her Memory' or in others some note of understanding and sympathy.

"In these stories I have tried to depict the feminine heart. I have tried to show the unhappiness and tragedies that come about by the inevitable laws that rule the relations of man and woman.

"Some of these many letters merely corroborate the truth contained in these stories. Others, on the contrary, go further, and having expressed their belief in my intuition and observations, relate their own experiences and ask my advice or sympathy.

"Others, again, seem to look on me in an

impersonal way, as a professional, where, if no penance is exacted, at least a momentary surcease of sorrow is granted through the opening of the secret doors to the sun and light of understanding.

"Do I answer these letters? If they require it. Most of them are, however, anonymous. It is that impersonal appeal which can only be answered by the published work, which makes them doubly interesting to me."

"Why do you paint women as an unhappy being? Is she unhappy?"

"I certainly do not think that all women are unhappy, but I think it is only the unhappy ones who are interesting."

"Why are women the unhappy sex?"

"Why? Because in her relations with man woman must inevitably suffer, on account of her more tender sensibilities, her greater range of emotions, her more lofty ideals.

"Clashing forever with the cruder forces of his nature, at war continually with his more primitive, less complex perceptions, more highly strung than he, more alive to presentiments, less philosophical, is it any wonder that she sounds greater abysses of despair than the man ever dreams exist?"

"Marriage does not help her, but it can hamper her. Yet so far we have discovered no other solution of the question. Marriage as it exists today seems to be the only sensible answer to the problem, the only one that accords with the knowledge we have gained with the tremendous force of tradition and with the needs and possibilities of the human soul.

"It hampers, because once a woman has taken the step, and perhaps—in fact very

probably—made a mistake, there is no redress.

Mrs. van der Poorten Schwartz stopped a moment to bow courteously to a timid suggestion and to murmur with a smile of understanding as he corrected himself.

"Pardon, I forgot for a moment that I was in America, where, of course, a woman can correct a mistake of that kind."

"Generally speaking, however, she has a limited choice in the matter of partners, selecting her life's mate and no freedom after the choice is made to live her own life. She cannot go into a shop and choose the goods she wants, as man can.

"And so there come the disappointments, the great disappointments that are the result of ideals destroyed, of needs unknown and unanswerd. They are all interesting to the student, and from them result the stories of the human heart."

The trial marriage was suggested as a remedy, but received scant attention.

"It might do it, instead of taking people who were madly in love with each other, the experiment were made only by people who were indifferent and wanted to see how they would get along. But for people who are in love it would never do; at least one would suffer. The novel has recesses that must be taken into account in any reckoning of that kind.

"But think of the enormous possibilities in the idea for the novelist and the dramatist. There are millions of stories that could be written from that viewpoint, millions of plays. In the interests of art and literature I believe we should insist upon the trial marriage, whatever our human nature may say to it."

It was quite evident that Mr. Maartens did not consider the trial marriage a serious subject of conversation, and so the topic of women's suffrage was touched.

"I was interviewed concerning my ideas on that subject by two very earnest women just before I left Amsterdam, and I can only repeat what I said to them.

"I think the idea is a fine one if it could only be carried out. I think it is no less strenuous because it does not seem to be that is, the women should be allowed to vote instead of the men. Why not?"

"We are all quite well aware of the horrible mess men have made of the matter, but we don't know whether women would make a worse one, or better one, than would result by their use of the ballot. But why drag men into the matter? Women have been allowed to watch men's mistakes, why not accord us the like privilege?"

"And on the other hand why not give women, if they desire it, the privilege to show their influence openly. We all know that they exert it every day. It is no less strenuous because it does not seem to have been published already."

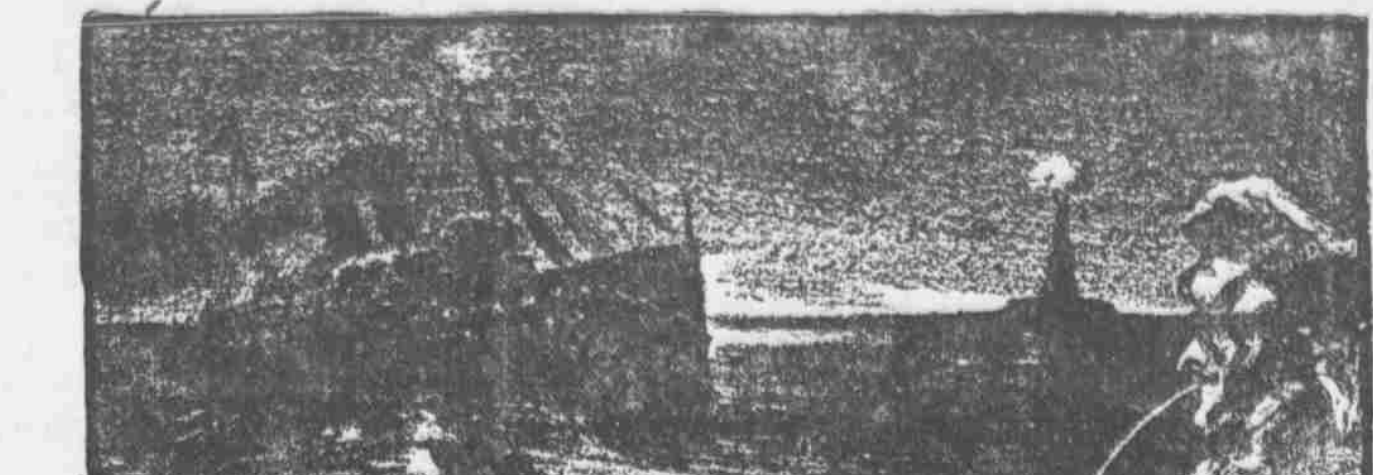
Gilding from the subject of woman in general, Maarten Maartens told of a beautiful young American woman who said to him after his arrival here:

"You doubtless find our city very ugly. It is ugly. But we got used to it, while a foreigner it must strike him with surprise that with our possibilities we have achieved so little in the way of municipal art."

The novelist repeated his assertion to her that no masculine visitor could ever look upon New York as a city at first; he is so busy looking at the human beings, that the city seems only a frame, a background for its beautiful women.

"Personally I have never got beyond that point," he went on. "I may later on and then I can tell you whether it is ugly or not."

He referred to the English artist who came last winter, and having been coached beforehand, said as soon as he was interviewed at the gangplank to the group of waiting reporters: "Gentlemen, I can only say that your women are the most beautiful I have ever seen." And, in con-



A WELCOME GUEST FOR FATHER KNICKERBOCKER.

sequence of his tactful introduction, received columns of free advertising.

"I didn't even have to get my feet on the gangplank," laughed Maarten Maartens, "for I have met many American women in Paris, on the Riviera; where I spend much of my time, motoring over Europe; everywhere you go. They are as ubiquitous as they are interesting."

"This is your first visit, is it not?"

"It is my first, my very first," the novelist said, smiling a word.

"And you remain a long time?"

"Not a long time, for I imagine if one did that, one would never want to go back."

"New York is not entirely a surprise to me. I have been prepared for it by my reading and talking and the enthusiastic descriptions of my friends."

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HEARDING A LION IN HIS DEN.



"HOW CAN ONE LOOK AT THE BUILD 'INGS?"

Across World's Greatest Desert

(Continued from Page Three.)

the men were buying wool and other sugar and tea. The average store was not much bigger than a good-sized dog kennel and the customers stood in the street as they bargained.

Here we left our horses in charge of the soldiers; and, at the suggestion of Mr. Pascalet, visited one of the principal citizens, a merchant of wealth. He was probably worth \$500. We met our host in the square I have just referred to, and went with him to his house. He was told to wait a short time in the street outside that he might go in and tell his women to get to their own quarters as strange men were coming.

A moment later the door was opened. We first entered a courtyard roofed by the sky and surrounded by stables. In one stall there was a stallion and a woman had been weaving a blanket and in another a boy was cutting up palm roots for firewood.

This court was surrounded by mud buildings about forty feet high. They were of two stories with a gallery running around the second floor. These buildings contained

the living rooms of the family, all of which faced on the gallery. Such rooms are used chiefly for sitting or reading, the sleeping places being on the roof. Except when the weather is bad all Figuis sleep with only the sky for a cover, and the whole population thus practices the open air cure.

Crossing the yard, we were taken up to the second floor into what I suppose was the best room of the house. It was about twenty feet square, with a ceiling at least twenty-five feet in height. The walls were whitewashed and the ceiling was decorated with palm leaves dyed red and green. The room seemed well lighted, although it had only one little window high up in the wall. This had no glass and it was barred with iron. With the single exception of a rug about as big as a bed quilt there was no furniture. There was not even a divan built out from the wall as in some Moorish houses. The room was perfectly bare.

Tea in Figuis.

Nevertheless our host seemed to think his house very fine, and I doubt not that the rug was better than those of many other homes in the town. He motioned for us to sit down upon it, and then feeling that we might not be comfortable with our legs under us he had several soap

boxes brought in and asked us to sit upon them. We preferred the rug. After we had taken our seats about a half dozen dark-faced, bearded men, relatives and friends of our host, came in and were introduced to us. They were all Arabs, and we sat together cross-legged upon the rug.

After a short time a slave appeared with a musk melon and a bowl of ripe dates, fresh from the trees. We ate these with our fingers as we watched the man of the house make the tea. He did this in an odd way. He first put a handful of green tea in the pot and then a bunch of green mint leaves on top. He now filled the pot with lumps of sugar, which he broke with a tack hammer, from a round sugar loaf as hard as rock candy. He then poured on boiling water from a kettle brought in by a slave and left the liquor to steep. As the sugar melted he added more from the loaf, and now and then put in more mint, tasting the tea from time to time until he had it just right. He then poured it carefully out into little wine glasses, seeing that each guest's glass was filled to just the same height. When all were even he handed them around. We drank the tea slowly, chatting as we did so. Our host then made a second pot and a third, and we each took three glasses, an etiquette prescribed. The mint gave the tea a delicious flavor. It was not a mint julep, but a sort of mint syrup, and on the whole it was about as good as any tea I have tasted. FRANK G. CARPENTER.

Ghosts Again Active

(Continued from Page Three.)

fatal inquisitiveness a grim Bluebeardish tale is told.

She tried to see the Glamis mystery which was supposed to be secreted in a portion of the castle to which only the castle and his heir had access. Yet a more dreadful fate that that Bluebeard prepared for prying Fatima, befell this poor old lady, who suddenly disappeared. Her husband announced her death, but the gossip said he had not seen her for weeks and she had got off and placed her in exile in a remote town in the Italian mountains.

This, of course, was to prevent any revelation as to the nature of Glamis' awful secret and when at last the wretched woman really died, she was hurried into a tomb in Westminster Abbey. As this tragedy took place at least 100 years ago, it sounds like a fairy tale to modern ears; nevertheless, Dean Stanley did unearth the remains of a countess of Strathmore, a pathetic skeleton without any hands.

About twelve months ago another rumor relating to Glamis percolated through England and stirred up discussion about the mystery. This time a laborer, coming home in the dead of night, saw a group in the churchyard near the castle burying somebody or something by the struggling moonbeam's misty light and lanterns dimly burning.

Of course, the laborer promptly made a record for 'cross-country sprinting, being a plain man with no taste for psychical research and confessing to a most unscientific belief in ghosts in general and the Glamis ghost in particular.

However, word of these midnight doings got about and it is now said that not only is the mystery removed from the gloomy castle, but that its occupants and owners are far more genial and apparently at ease than ever before. Still, with the mystery tucked away at last in the churchyard, Glamis has other things to fall back upon.

Last winter, for instance, while a large dinner party was taking place at the castle and while the guests were gathered in the great hall, a nine of diamonds, a card of singular ill-omen for the Strathmores, fluttered down from the oak-beamed ceiling to the carpeted floor. The present lord of Glamis hastily put his foot on the card in an attempt to conceal it.

Eventually he was seen to toss it into the fire before leading the way to table. The guests who had witnessed the incident discreetly hid their time to add this as substantiating proof of the fact that Glamis is still haunted.

To refer to phantoms or mysterious is decidedly bad form when under the ancient roof of the Strathmores; yet so oppressive is the influence the house exerts on some persons that one pretty, well-bred and very admired American woman, who was a member of a house party, left after one night spent in the ancient stronghold. She was not nervous by nature, she insisted, but the atmosphere of Glamis and the odd noises she heard during her one night there convinced her of the wisdom of a prompt return to her prosaic hotel in London.

She did not mind an intermittent ghost, she confessed, and she had enjoyed her stay in Arundel castle, one of the homes of the duke of Norfolk, where the family ghost dutifully turns up at intervals to apprise the household of an approaching bereavement. Among the duke's tenants few can be found who do not cherish a

childlike confidence in the Aundel ghost, who is a gentle old man.

He has been asked to see the duke or duchess and pleads for assistance and aims. By the time the person to whom he has spoken returns with food or money the old man has invariably disappeared. This sad ghost never walks or walks or otherwise makes distressing noises, but the interesting fact remains that the household to which he presents himself never dreams of doubting the prophecy his appearance implies.

For the last 300 years he has been paying Arundel these brief visits, and there are hundreds of houses in England that boast ghostly guests equally infallible in their diabolical predictions. The ghost that worries the Percy family at Alnwick castle assumes the guise of a saddled and bridled but riderless gray horse. He is seen grazing in the park and then disappears.

Even in this most enlightened day there are standing in civilized England many homes that, ruined by their ghosts, are now rotting slowly down for want of human tenants. In Kent, not far from Canterbury, a famous mansion of Tudor times has recently been turned out to grass, so to speak. It had always possessed an evil reputation for ghosts and finally was thrown into the market. It changed hands frequently, for the ghost in the oak room demoralized the hardest. For a space of sixteen years it stood unattended, when at last a rich south African bought it. He devoted a large sum of money to its restoration and lived in it one year.

The worst trouble he had with the ghost was in a sort of wrangle over a portrait. It was a precious Van Dyke, that portrait, and a likeness of one of the ancient swab-bucking owners of the estate.

Having paid a goodly sum for this painting when he bought the house, the millionaire owner hung up his Van Dyke in the haunter's oak room. Again and again the picture fell from the walls, again and again it was replaced, but it was determined not to be done by a mere spook.

At last, in a rage, the resident of the ancient manor had the painting built into the wall. Promptly it began to crack and rot so badly he was forced to remove it, and a short while after he was found dead in his chair in the notorious oak room.

The physicians said heart disease, but the family said ghosts and moved. All the carved wood work, mantelpiece, etc., have been torn out of the house, and now it stands a prey to weeds and weather; only the ghosts are in possession.

Up in one of the northern shires of England recently a ghost has been dragged into court. A pretty house occupied by the poet Stephen Phillips had to be given up because of the annoyance caused by an inexplicable agency.

Some years ago a murder was done in the grounds of the building, and since then it has been seriously troubled. Lately the haunting influence became so venacious that the poet, a peace loving man, concluded that he had a good excuse for breaking his lease and trying for quieter quarters.

Instantly the owner began a suit for libel. He called in counsel to defend the house's reputation, and the legal brains of a British court took the ghost into grave consideration, but so far nothing satisfactory to the complainant has been decided.

Mr. Phillips has settled down in a new ghostproof home, and the popular English mind seems to agree that in spite of science and the twentieth century it is just as well

not to set up your household goods in a mansion which is rumored to be a favorite resort of unlicensed spirits.

Tales of a Photographer

Poetical taking is not so monotonous and uninteresting a calling as one would suppose. In the course of a day a photographer meets with unusual adventures and learns remarkable stories about people.

Recently a well known photographer in a large city was visited by a woman who asked him to photograph more than 200 letters. They were addressed to the woman by a man and were of a very ardent nature. After she had secured pictures she purchased the plates and smashed them. It is presumed the woman was offered a sum for the return of the letters, but wished to retain her hold on the man besides getting the money.

On another occasion a photographer was summoned by a prominent society man, who directed him to take a picture of a man, whom he described, as he was leaving a house. The photographer concealed himself near the door and snapped the man. He later saw the picture in a newspaper as that of a man who figured in a famous divorce suit.

Sometimes photographers are called upon to take the pictures of two friends meeting after a long absence. Many can tell of taking pictures of dead pets for broken-hearted housewives. A photographer recently took a picture of a dog laid out in a shroud in a little coffin.

In London a photographer was called to the house of a wealthy man, whom he found dressed in the costume of King Lear. He posed and ordered several pictures to be sent to friends. Later the photographer learned the man had committed suicide.—Chicago Chronicle.

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New Table Linens

Pattern tablecloths are now considered handsomer than any piece goods. They come in the double damask, from the eight-quarter size to eight yards long. Many are hemstitched, with a border to rest on the table and another lower down. One of these cloths, two by four yards, with a dozen seven-eighth napkins to match and of excellent quality, costs \$5. The yard-size of napkins rivals the above mentioned ones, leaving the five-eighth for breakfast use and the smaller fringed or hemstitched ones for tea. The damask most highly valued by housekeepers is the fine french linen bleached to spotless white. It may be found in such patterns as bunches of lilacs, snowdrops, dots, shaded disks, clover and shamrock leaves, ferns, oak, maple and ivy leaves, the arm tity, hazy mountains, arabesques, the Greek scroll. Persian designs, renascence, and conventional patterns that modify a simple blossom into a cross between a scroll and a stately stalk. The seventy-two-inch width table linen will fit a square or oval table. The length for a really handsome cloth should be four yards, the table which it covers seating ten persons comfortably.

Round tablecloths are considered a novelty as yet. They come in sizes from 10x30 inches for a large table down to forty inches in diameter for an afternoon tea table.

There are cloths to match in the oak leaf, French scroll, fern, anemone and ivy designs. If the purely useful is sought after nothing will wear like the unbleached German linen. Cloths may be had in the bleached, half bleached or cream and unbleached shades. The latter in German or Irish goods.

The average napkins are the five-eighths and six-eighths sizes, twenty-one and twenty-seven inches.

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