

Piracy on High Seas of Matrimony Will Disappear When Women Get Vote



At Least That's the View of Mrs. Alice Duer Miller, Who Has Written a Book on This Feature of High Society and Called It "Ladies Must Live"—The Pirates Are Women Who Must Marry Wealth and Power.

BY NIXOLA GREELEY-SMITH.

Fifteen girls on the rich man's trail. To have her, and a bottle of musk. Come hearken, my hearties, to a tale of piracy on the high seas of matrimony—a fearsome tale told fearlessly by Mrs. Alice Duer Miller in "Ladies Must Live," a new and delightful novel which its publishers describe as "a pirate story of New York high society." Now, New York society has been described so often by persons who were on the outside looking in that it is distinctly refreshing to come upon a book which one recognizes instantly as what the police department calls "an inside job."

Draw nearer, mates, while I sketch briefly for you the awful story of Max Blunt, for whom two women pirates of New York contended. Christine Fenner wanted to marry Max because he was rich and broad-shouldered. Nancy Almar, the other pirate, tried to prevent the match to make Max her prize. Nancy was married herself, but her chief pleasure in life was taking men away from other women. The battle between the two pirates is brilliantly described. No quarter is given or asked, and every maneuver is vividly set down. That's why I said to the author of "Ladies Must Live":

Are You Fair?
"You have given the most detailed picture of the game as pirates play it that I have ever read. It is wonderful, but is it clubby?"

And I thought that it is rarely given to a woman to be slender and blond and witty at the same time, but that is given to Alice Duer Miller.

"I hope," Mrs. Miller answered, "that people won't think Nancy and Christine are drawn from individuals. They are studies of a rapidly disappearing type—the woman trained to demand every luxury, but unable to get it except by pleasing men. It is the training of women or rather their lack of training for work that makes them pirates. The pirate must marry. There is nothing else for her to do. And the rewards of piracy are still very great, greater than women can win in any other profession, perhaps. I think the one redeeming trait of my pirates is their candor. Christine wants to marry a rich man, and she tells him so."

"Yes, your heroine believes frankness to be the best policy for pirates," I said. "She discards absolutely the Victorian tradition of waiting to be pursued by the man."

Man at Her Mercy.
"Oh, that tradition would be very hampering," Mrs. Miller answered. "It takes a lot of brains and patience and courage to be a good pirate. One thing the successful pirate realizes is that any man would rather marry any woman than refuse her to her face. No graceful way for a man to say no has ever been discovered. So that puts the poor defenseless creatures at the mercy of the first woman who proposes to them."

"There are, you know, several general types of proposals by pirates. There is the calmly rational, in which the pirate explains to the victim that she has watched him from boyhood and has reached the conclusion that their tastes, their intellects, their sentiments, make them suited to each other; then there is the meltingly pathetic in which the girl with tears streaming down her cheeks admits that she has always looked up to him "as a sort of god;" then there is the passionate whirlwind, the dangerously controlled or volcano under a sheet of ice."

Does Piracy Pay?

"Then," I interrupted, "there is the 'Nothing matters but You! You!' You!!! I will give up everything (generally she would have difficulty in itemizing everything): come fly with me to an island in the blue Pacific!" And the poor man, terrified by the mere thought of what would happen to his career if she did manage to make him behave so scandalously and melted to a rhapsodic pity by her calculated obsession, agrees to marry her. Who wouldn't when given no other choice than to walk the plank? But seriously,

Mrs. Miller, do you believe piracy pays women? Don't you think the same amount of intelligence devoted to a decent occupation than the pursuit of a rich husband would be more remunerative?"

"No," Mrs. Miller answered frankly. "I don't. The prizes of piracy are still very great, but, of course, the pirates are many and only one can win. But the game itself is interesting. Competition between women is keener, more direct, than in any other field. And women today tend to admire, to love, the rich man in as former days they loved the warrior. Really the rich man is a sort of warrior. Women admire power. He has it."

Only Rich Men.

"The pirate never allows herself to love any save a rich man. And remember, there are men pirates, too. The man pirate does not permit himself to be charmed by any but rich women. It is impossible for him to perceive charm without money. But when he sees a rich woman and watches her maid bring her opera cloak and place it about her shoulders he is thrilled by the sense of her power."

To Prevent Piracy.

"What are we going to do with our pirates?" I asked Mrs. Miller at this point. "Do you suppose your book will

Many Heroes Among Pastors Who Followed Men to Front and Faced Death With Them

Braving the perils of life on the battlefield, the army chaplains of Europe are going about among the troops daily administering to their spiritual needs. Jew and Gentile, Catholic and Protestant, working together in khaki for the common good.

The heroic deeds of these churchmen, who many times face death to give comfort to stricken soldiers and live usually in the trenches with the men, have gone unsung, but when the great war is over the world will learn of the glorious sacrifices of the "padres" who made for the cause of humanity. Many chaplains among the allied troops already have received decorations for conspicuous gallantry.

A Rabbi's Humane Act.
A correspondent writing from London to the Boston Transcript tells of an incident which came to light recently in which a Jewish rabbi figured. A British soldier was dying. He lay in front of the trenches quite close, but too far to reach; the Boche took good care of that. The rabbi happened to be in the front line trenches. Someone told him that the lad who lay dying in No Man's Land was a Jew. Deaf to all protests, regardless of almost certain death, the rabbi crawled out over the top and among the wire. Boche bullets sipped around him and spat up little angry clouds of dust, but the padre crawled on until he reached the boy. With infinite tenderness he raised the tired head and whispered consolation. But the palling lips began to move and the head to shake wearily, for the lad was not a Jew, but a Catholic.

prevent the capture of a single poor merchantman by the first lady flying the black flag that he encounters?"

"No," Mrs. Miller answered. "Warning men of piracy will not keep them from capture, though I do know one young man who was prevented from marrying by reading 'Middlemarch.' He says that Rosamond Vincy, so sweet, yet so impossible as a wife, saved him from marriage."

Training for Work.

"Training girls for definite work, as boys are trained, will diminish piracy. Suffrage, by making women people, would give piracy its death blow.

CONGREGATION DOES NOT LIKE HUN TYE

Minister Threatened by Mob for Pro-German Talk.

Lexington, Mo.—The Rev. C. A. J. Buck, former pastor of the German Evangelical church at Mayview, Mo., narrowly escaped lynching after it was charged that he made sedition utterances to his congregation from his former pastorate at Mayview. The timely arrival of the sheriff and the hurried removal of the minister to the county jail here were all that frustrated the plans of the lynching party.

STORM LETS ENEMY ALIENS GET AWAY

Germans Escape in Downpour From Prison Camp.

Chattanooga, Tenn.—Taking advantage of a terrific rainstorm which visited this section, three Germans—Carl Hentchell, Gustav Hartwig and Paul Niebaum—escaped from prison camp at Fort Oglethorpe. This is the second time Hartwig has escaped. In the last few weeks, having made away from the camp with two companions and reached Trenton, Ga., where they were recognized by a Chattanooga woman lawyer and arrested.

ter men than I, braver, more unselfish and broader minded.

The "Good Samaritan."

"The man who carried me down to the beach, dressed my wounds, and nursed me as tenderly as any woman until I was taken over by the Ram (Royal Army Medical) Corps, was an Australian, who ought to have felt bitterly toward me."

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Is Arrested for Giving Testimony 10 Years Ago

Poteau, Okla.—Louie McKibben of Mena, Ark., who was one of two witnesses who say they saw J. W. Terry murdered 10 years ago near Heaven, was held to the district court today on a charge of perjury.

ACCUSE DRAFTED MAN'S FATHER OF USING FISTS

St. Louis Parent Is Charged With Striking Exemption Board Official.

POLICEMAN RESCUES

Objected Because Son Had Been Certified as Member of National Army.

St. Louis, Mo.—Chilton Atkinson, government legal representative in the First ward, announced that he would report to the department of justice that Anton Hemmy of 8409 North Broadway had accented and roughly handled J. T. Wiedemeyer of 8527 Concord place, acting chairman of the First ward exemption board, for certifying Hemmy's son for the National Army.

He stated that he also would report that Hemmy said to Wiedemeyer: "You're a hell of a fellow to be with us Germans up here."

Seized by Shoulder.
Wiedemeyer last night told a reporter his version of the encounter. He had alighted, he said, at the loop at the north end of the Broadway line, near which both he and Hemmy live, when Hemmy seized him by the shoulder and swung him around and thrust at him the card which had been sent to Charles Hemmy notifying him to present himself for the national army. It was signed by Wiedemeyer as acting chairman.

"Is that your signature?" Hemmy demanded, Wiedemeyer acknowledged that it was.

"Well, you're a hell of a fellow to be living up here and making your living with us Germans," Hemmy said, according to Wiedemeyer, and added: "Is Pierpont Morgan paying you for that kind of work?"

Policeman to Rescue.
Wiedemeyer raised his hand, in which he held a paper, to defend himself. Hemmy struck him in the chest and pushed him away, he says.

Policeman Thomas Walsh came up and separated the men. Hemmy went away and Walsh accompanied Wiedemeyer to his home. Last night Hemmy went to Wiedemeyer's home and apologized. Wiedemeyer says he is willing to accept the apology and suggests that Hemmy in his agitation may have expressed sentiments which he did not really feel.

Long-Time Friends.
Hemmy for 30 years has been employed as a fireman at the Gast brewery, and he and Wiedemeyer have been friends about that long. He is the father of eight children. He admits that in his distress over the drafting of his son he accented Wiedemeyer in an excited manner, but denies that he used the language attributed to him by Wiedemeyer. He told a reporter that what he said was: "What the hell did you want to take that job for and create hard feelings between old friends?"

He says that he merely wanted to ask Wiedemeyer if his son could not serve as a baker instead of a fighter, and denies that he struck Wiedemeyer. He says that he was greatly perturbed by the drafting of his son and other family matters, and when he realized afterward that he had accented Wiedemeyer excitedly he went to him and apologized, and Wiedemeyer accepted his apology.

HUNTING INDIANS' GOLD.

Decatur, Ala.—Indian mounds in this section will probably be leveled by fortune seekers. The gold, it was said, was dug from the mountains of Alabama and Georgia, and when the Cherokee were moved to the west they buried their gold.

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