The World.

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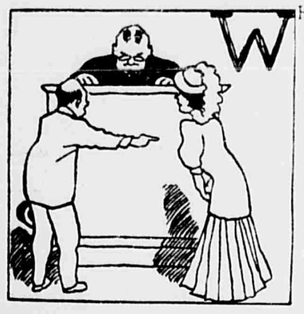
UNSTABLE MARRIAGES.



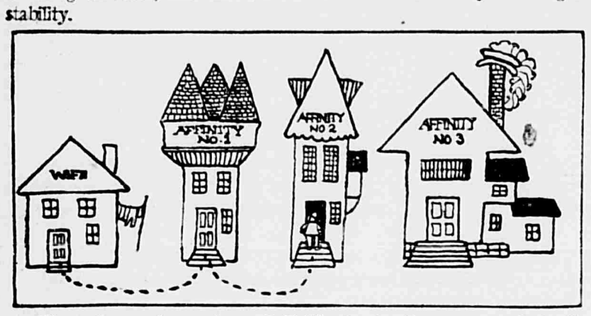
WHY are there so many divorce suits nowadays?

The announcements of fashionable marriages frequently contain the statement that instead of being a bachelor, spinster, widow or widower, one or both of the contracting parties was divorced. The name of the former husband or wife, the date of the marriage and the date of the divorce are given somewhat like a cook's references.

But these fashionable divorces, which on account of the social prominence of the parties have more publicity, are only part of the great divorce tide, which in Chicago has reached the proportion of one divorce to every seven marriages, and in New York, including the separation suits, has grown to an almost equal ratio.

The courts are crowded not only with ordinary divorce suits but with alimony proceedings, suits for damages for alienation of affections, breach of promise and like actions betokening a state of matrimonial instability.

Also, the proportion of these cases where there are living children is increasing. This indicates that the welfare and reputation of the children, which should be a powerful deterrent to the divorce of the parents, is losing its force, and that the institution of matrimony is losing its stability.



There have always been "affinities." In European capitals like Vienna, Paris and Berlin the "affinity" has come to be a recognized social class, but in these cities few wives feel called upon to get a divorce for such a reason, especially when there are children for whose sake to continue the family life.

If the institution of matrimony is to disintegrate, some stable substitute must be devised or the social structure of which the home is the centre will collapse.

The Mormon system is stable. Divorces are most rare. Before the United States prohibited polygamy in Utah, whenever a Mormon met a new "affinity" they were married and she was established in a house of her own. The prior wives never sought a divorce on this account.

Men are naturally polygamous, and if every time a new "affinity" comes into their fickle lives their wives are to obtain a divorce the legal formalities attending marriage and divorce might as well be dispensed with.

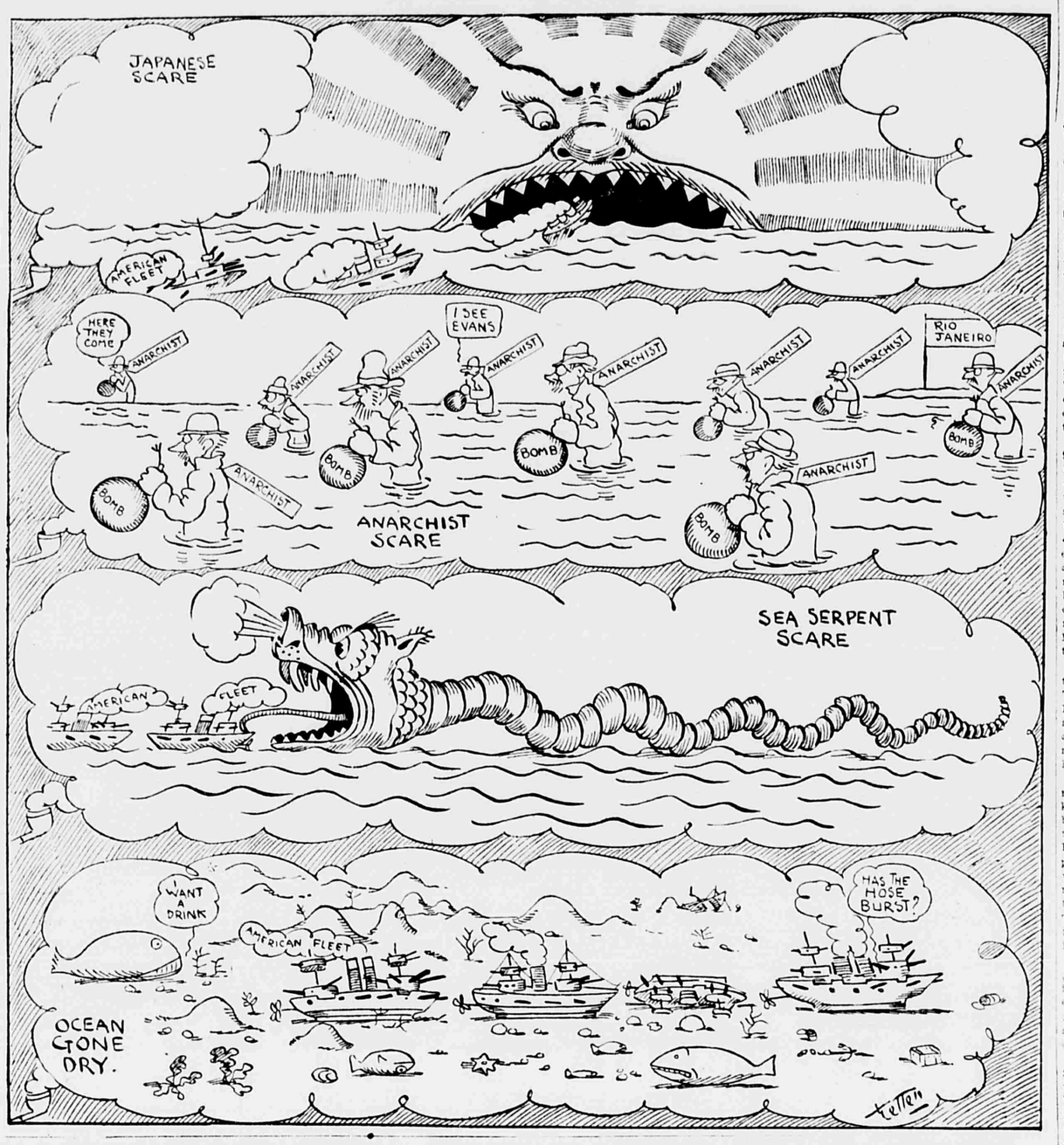
The question is naturally suggested whether increasing divorce is the sign of increasing immorality or of increasing deference to legal forms.

The new law making adultery a crime may induce timid wrongdoers to seek to legitimatize their conduct. More significant, however, is the fact that in many of these divorce cases wives are defendants. In the past it was rare that the woman was the accused. Rather do the records of thousands of divorce cases contain the names of the wives as the plaintiffs. The sundering of the marriage ties by reason of the infidelity of the woman is of serious portent.

Matrimony is an institution for the protection not of men, but of children and their mothers. If women join in its destruction masculine support will not avail to save it.

"Pipe Dreams."

By Maurice Ketten.



If a Woman Has Her Feelings Injured by Anybody, What Does She Do? Jumps on Her Husband, of Course, and the Poor Man Must Stand It!

By Roy L. McCardell.

ROY L. McCARDELL

"WHAT'S the matter with you?" asked Mr. Jarr, hurrying after Mrs. Jarr as they came up out of the Subway.

Mrs. Jarr turned on him with flashing eyes. "Don't you ever, don't you ever dare!" she exclaimed. And then her feelings were too great for words. Her lips quivered, her eyes filled with tears, and again she glided on ahead with anger-swiftness.

Mr. Jarr caught her by the arm. "Please, Clara," he said, "please tell me what's the matter? I didn't do a thing, honest I didn't!"

"Of course you didn't!" cried Mrs. Jarr, the torrent of her pent-up anger breaking loose. "Of course you didn't! You'd see any loafer insult me and never say a word! I suppose you were pleased to see me affronted and humiliated in a public place! Don't you ever dare to ask me to go anywhere with you again as long as you live!"

"But—but, my dear," stammered Mr. Jarr, "I didn't notice it. Why didn't you say something at the time?"

"Because you would have made a show of me, that's why!" snapped Mrs. Jarr. "If I had said anything you would have struck him, and then there would have been a brawl and perhaps a lot of unpleasant notoriety to follow, that's why!"

"There's a lot of loafers travel on those lines. I'd have liked to have caught him at it. What did he do?" said Mr. Jarr.

"He kept pressing my foot all the time," said Mrs. Jarr. "And I looked across at you, and there you sat smiling like a Chessy cat! Ugh, it drove me wild!"

"Doggone it! Why do you roast me?" said Mr. Jarr. "You say yourself I didn't notice it, and that you were afraid of calling my attention to it for fear I'd smash the dog; and yet here you are giving me fits about it when I couldn't help it!"

"When you saw me uncomfortable—and you could have seen I was uncomfortable if you had looked—you should have changed places with me. But you don't care what happens to me!" said Mrs. Jarr.

"You never did let on; you admit that yourself," replied Mr. Jarr. "And will you tell me why when anything goes wrong with a woman she blames her husband?"

"Because she has a right to!" said Mrs. Jarr.

"Not unless being married to him gives her that right," said Mr. Jarr. "But now I come to notice it and think it over I see it's always that way. If a woman has her feelings hurt by any one, who does she get back at? Her husband! If she loses at cards, playing bridge, who does she accuse of being a cheat? Her husband. She will smile at her dearest foe who is jaboing her right and left with sneers and stings, and then when her husband comes home, the poor, good-natured slob, and offers a few cheerful words he gets his head taken off! Here you are, mad at a loafer and roasting me!"

"Well, you sat over across from me as if you didn't care," said Mrs. Jarr, softening somewhat.

"I didn't know," explained Mr. Jarr.

"Oh, all men make me sick!" said Mrs. Jarr, flaring up again. "Give me the rude man in preference to the imitation polite one. When I ride in the street cars and subway I'd rather stand up in front of the man who is ashamed he isn't going to give me his seat and so holds his paper in front of him as if he didn't see me. Most of those so-called 'gallant gentlemen' who do give you a seat with such a sweeping bow and an air as if to say, 'See what I am doing!' are going to get out at the next station."

"Oh, now, don't say they are all that way," said Mr. Jarr.

"No, they are not," said Mrs. Jarr. "Most of them are worse. They stand in front of you, eying you over and smirking as if an act of common politeness was an introduction; and some of them have the impudence to try to strike up a familiar conversation with you!"

"And you give them the icy stare and go home and take out your indignation on me!" suggested Mr. Jarr. "Why should I get roasted; I don't do things like that, do I?"

"How do I know what you do when you are out of my sight!" said Mrs. Jarr, viciously.

Mr. Jarr whistled and said nothing. Let them have their heads, fellows, when they get thinking along those lines.

Letters from the People.

She Went on Stand.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

In order to decide an active argument kindly inform me whether Nan Patterson took the witness stand in her behalf in either of the two trials for the murder of Caesar Young.

ALEXANDER NATANSON.

The City Owns It.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Did New York City appropriate the funds to build the subway commenced in 1900 or was it built by the capital of a syndicate with August Belmont at the head? C. A. R.

None Universally Observed.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Is there a legal holiday celebration all over the United States? G. W. Y.

The Passengers' Fault.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Some one complains that there are not enough trains running on the Ninth avenue "L." The public is to blame for the trains being so far apart. They all want to get on at one gate instead of two. There will be five or ten getting off at one gate and none off the other, and about the same number wanting to get on. Instead of using the idle gate they will wait until all the passengers get off at the other gate. Then they will get on at that gate. If that was done with all the gates on the train at five or six stations it would mean that when the train reached One Hundred and Thirty-fifth street it would be about fifteen minutes late. Nearly all the trains at night are thus delayed. Some time ago some one said that the guards do not treat the passengers with respect. Practise what you preach! Treat the guard with respect and not as if he was a servant, and you would get better treatment. The men get fifteen minutes' relay after each trip, but if the train should be fifteen minutes late all the other crews are gone or they have used a "gap train." That is why you find the guards mad, because some of them would have eaten on one of these relays, but owing to the delay of some people are deprived of a rest and something to eat for two or three trips.

NINTH AVENUE GUARD.

Tobacco and Brains.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

A friend of mine makes the assertion that people addicted to the use of tobacco are failures intellectually and seldom or never make a success in business life. Would expert readers kindly give candid opinions regarding this? I think it positively absurd and wish to hear it discussed. C. F. H.

At Bureau of Vital Statistics.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

What is the department where marriages are recorded? M. R.

Marriages are recorded at the Bureau of Vital Statistics, Board of Health Building, Sixth avenue and Fifty-fifth street.

Blue for Boy, Pink for Girl.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Which colors are correct for a boy baby and for a girl baby?

ALBERT ULMAN.

The Story of the Operas

By Albert Payson Terhune.

NO. 19—WAGNER'S "GOTTERDAMMERUNG" ("DUSK OF THE GODS.")

"Gotterdammerung" is fourth of Wagner's quartet of "Ring" operas. Its predecessors describe the strife of gods, gnomes and men for the magic Ring which gave its owner dominion over the universe. The Ring was stolen from the Rhine gymphs by Alberich, the Nibelung gnome. Wotan, king of the gods, wrested it from Alberich, who in revenge placed a terrible curse on it. Wotan lost it to the giant Fafnir, who in turn was slain by the fearless hero, Siegfried. The hero, winning the Ring and the Tarnhelm (wishing cap), wedded Brunnhilde, former valkyrie (warmaiden) of her father, Wotan. Alberich's son Hagen sought to recover the Ring by craft for the Nibelung.

SIEGFRIED—

SIEGFRIED and Brunnhilde had long dwelt in ideal happiness on their fire-girt mountain rock. But at last the Valkyrie knew she must send her hero forth into the world again for a time. There were adventures to be encountered, new fame to be won and wrongs to be redressed. So great a warrior must not linger forever at home. So she gave him her own armor and war horse and wished him godspeed. As he bade Brunnhilde farewell Siegfried slipped upon her finger the magic Ring as pledge of his fidelity. Then, embracing her, he rode forth in quest of knightly adventure, leaving her confident of his triumphant return. * * *

Gunther, lord of the Gibichungs, sat in his great hall on the banks of the Rhine. Beside him was his sister, the fair Gutrune. The two were deep in talk with their half-brother, Hagen, a swarthy, stern man, Alberich's son. Hagen (secretly instructed by his father) was telling them of Siegfried's prowess and Brunnhilde's beauty. Gunther, as Hagen intended, grew excited over the tale. He foresaw prospects of greatness and fame should he be enabled to marry Brunnhilde and induce Siegfried to become Gutrune's husband. Hagen, knowing that Siegfried on his wanderings was drawing near the hall of the Gibichungs, explained that this could readily be arranged. Gutrune had but to give Siegfried a draught of enchanted wine to make him forget Brunnhilde and fall in love with herself. He could then be persuaded to penetrate the fire wall again and bring Brunnhilde to Gunther.

Soon after this plan had been arranged Siegfried appeared at the entrance to the hall. Having heard of Gunther, he had come to offer him friendship. The hero was warmly welcomed and Gutrune proffered him the magic wine. Raising the cup Siegfried pledged the woman he loved and drank deep. At once all memory of Brunnhilde was swept from his mind and he found himself gazing ardently at Gutrune. Turning to Gunther, he demanded the princess's hand in marriage. Her brother accepted on condition that Siegfried would bring Brunnhilde from her fire rock to be Gunther's bride. Siegfried gladly agreed. * * *

Brunnhilde on the mountain top scanned the horizon for signs of Siegfried's return. Suddenly before her appeared Valtraute, her sister, one of Wotan's Valkyries. Valtraute said the gods were growing feeble under the effects of Alberich's curse, and that unless the Ring were returned to the Rhine daughters the deities' abode of Valhalla must fall and the gods themselves become extinct. Brunnhilde refused to part with her absent husband's gift, and Valtraute departed weeping. Almost directly afterward a man sprang through the guarding wall of flames to where the amazed Brunnhilde stood. It was Siegfried. By means of the Tarnhelm he had assumed Gunther's face and form. Seizing the terrified Brunnhilde he tore from her hand the Ring and placed it on his own. Then he bore the helpless woman away to Gunther's hall, forgetful (thanks to the potent draught) that he had ever before seen her. She, too, did not recognize him as Siegfried, but believed it was Gunther who had captured her.

Arrived at the hall with Gunther (who had meantime secretly changed places with Siegfried as her escort) Brunnhilde with horror beheld her husband standing happily at Gutrune's side. Nor was her dismay lessened when Siegfried honestly denied all former acquaintance with the unhappy Valkyrie. Thinking him false she burst into a storm of heartbroken rage and accusation. Hagen craftily stirred the weak Gunther to believing Siegfried had betrayed his trust and secretly won the Gibichung's scared consent to the hero's death. * * *

The three Rhine nymphs sat mourning their stolen Ring next day, when Siegfried, coming along the river's bank, chanced upon them. A great hunting party was in progress in honor of the double wedding, and Siegfried had strayed from his companions. At sight of the hero the nymphs set up a cry, begging him to give them the Ring. At first, touched by their appeal, he was inclined to yield. But when they told him the Ring if not returned would cause his death he laughingly refused to part with it. Hagen, Gunther and the others reached the spot and stopped to rest. While wine was brought it was suggested that Siegfried tell them of his early adventures. The rather boastful hero willingly consented and described his winning of the Ring. When he came to the telling of his meeting with Brunnhilde he paused. Hagen gave him a draught to awaken sleeping memory. Then, remembering all, the hero burst out into glowing praise of the peerless Valkyrie.

Hagen, who had crept behind the narrator, at this moment plunged a spear into his back. Siegfried sank dead to the ground, whispering his adored Brunnhilde's name with his latest breath. Once more the curse had brought death to the Ring's possessor. * * *

Back to the hall of the Gibichungs came the hunters, bearing Siegfried's form on a bier. Scarce was the body set down when Hagen seized the opportunity to demand for his own the Ring. Gunther claimed it for himself. The two fought for its possession and Gunther was slain. Hagen rushed to the bier to tear the Ring from Siegfried's hand. But the dead hero's arm lifted threateningly and Hagen shrank back in superstitious dread. In the turmoil none had heard Brunnhilde enter the hall. Waving aside the weeping Gutrune, the Valkyrie ordered a vast funeral pyre built and the body laid on it. Then she thrust a lighted torch into the pyre. Taking the Ring and mounting her warhorse she sprang upon the flaming heap, and with Siegfried was consumed.

The Rhine overflowed its banks, sweeping about the pyre. The three Rhine daughters, riding upon the waters, clasped gleefully their long-lost Ring and bore it back to the depths. Hagen, seeing the king about to be forever taken from him, leaped into the river after it and was dragged down to death by the nymphs.

Meantime a red glow filled all the heavens. Valhalla, fired by Wotan's orders, was burning, and all the gods and heroes who abode there sat calmly in their lofty seats awaiting destruction. Their reign was at an end. The Dusk of the Gods had come. Of their once bright glory nothing remained but the fierce, lurid blaze that was devouring Valhalla.

The story of "Madam Butterfly" will be published Thursday.

Circus Riders Were Sawdust Kings.

By Tody Hamilton.

RIDERS at one time were the chief attraction of the circus and were billed as we now bill our "death-defying deeds." In the old one-ring days the whole performance was practically divided between the rider and the clown. When the rider was not riding, the clown had the ring all to himself, even the band ceasing to play until the clown sang or got off his jokes, after which the rider resumed the performance. All riders in those days were "champions" in the show printing, writes Tody Hamilton in the Washington Star.

When the late James A. Bailey made his tour of Australia he had Jim Robinson, the great rider, at $500 a week, payable in gold. The showman became sick of his bargain and tried to scare Robinson out of it by dwelling on the unhealthfulness of the climate. He told Robinson that it was very risky, that few people could stand it.

Robinson finally "tumbled" to this trick and met it half way with: "Say, Bailey, you can pitch your tent in hell and I'll ride there just the same for $500 a week."

It used to make Bailey turn cold to approach Robinson on the long voyage every week and hand the champion $500 in gold coin the same as if the rider were at work; but Jim held Bailey to his contract. No rider before or since has ever received such a salary.

Cos Cob Nature Notes.

THERE is considerable excitement in the neighboring village of Greenwich as to the proper steps to take in case of a fire. One party seems to think that the correct thing to do when the fire breaks out is to take it to the engine house on Greenwich avenue and let Amgerone Hook and Ladder No. 1 put it out. Others think Amgerone ought to hitch up and run until it is out of breath to the place of the flames and spill water over them. All this grows out of the fire at the Bachelor Hall, on Dublin Road, the other night, when C. S. Somerville, F. S. Doremus and L. R. Alberger were burned out. Amgerone was called up on the telephone and invited to come out and play with the fire demon. Amgerone yawned and said it wasn't interested. The Greenwich Snooze takes high ground in favor of bringing fires to the engine house to be put out. It reprehends Mr. Somerville and his companions on the following grounds: (1) They deserved to be burned out because they are bachelors and do not cultivate home ties; (2) they do not vote in Greenwich, and so fail to cast their annual ballots for R. Jay Walsh, William J. Smith and James F. Walsh for Selectmen. This is called neglecting their duties as citizens. (3) They lived too far away from the engine house, anyway.

Mianus Hook and Ladder No. 1, the Cos Cob organization, will never fail to accept an invitation to attend a fire, but its usefulness is limited by the fact that it has nothing but hose to squirt with. The parties having the fire must provide a hydrant.

Nearly everybody in town has a skate on. The ice is slick.

War is being made on the Greenwich, Mianus and Cos Cob saloons. The prospects for a fat political fund are fine.

Miss Lonely Tries the Heroic Dodge on Mr. Man

By F. G. Long