



MONDAY, MAY 10, 1920

THOSE PERIODIC MARRIAGES

DISADVANTAGES—

Expense of Two Apartments
Supplying Two Cellarettes
Explaining Sudden Calls

ADVANTAGES—

Miss Wife in Curlpapers
Miss Hubby Shaving
Absent When Aunt Jane Calls

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WHAT are the advantages, what the disadvantages, of the Week-End Husband? Given marriage, legal, moral, perfectly respectable marriage—is the new, periodic, two-breakfast-a-week sort preferable to the old, continuous, three-hundred-and-sixty-five-days-a-year variety? Or isn't it?

Ever so many wives, ever so many about-to-be spring brides, must be asking themselves these questions, since Fannie Hurst's disclosure of the conditions of her five years' marriage to Jacques S. Danziger, conditions which include separate establishments, an average of two breakfasts a week together, the wife's retention of her profession and of her maiden name, a platform of personal liberty for her and for the man she married. In this particular case there also was complete secrecy as regards the conjugal union, with the exception of Miss Hurst's parents and half-a-dozen close friends.



And Her Answer is: "I'm Sorry, but I Feel a Plot Coming On!"

A few silly persons may be shocked by such an arrangement, but the natural reaction for those of us who have been taking marriage in the conventional table d'hôte fashion—from ship to coffee—is a wistful wonderment as to whether we might fare more happily in marriage à la carte, marriage ordered according to our moods.

There are—oh, there are—undoubtedly, unmistakable advantages to Periodic Marriage, the Week-End Husband! For instance, never would he have to look upon his wife when she was wearing cold cream on her nose (perhaps that's what Miss Hurst meant when she said the dew was on the nose) when her husband Saturday-to-Monday at her apartment.

Never would the wife of a Week-End Husband catch him in the act of shaving—no, no, no, and disfiguring a spectacle as an annoyed nose. He merely would have to visit the barber the last thing before and the first thing after his visit home.

Neither husband nor wife would have to make any dietetic sacrifices for each other. There is a world of ability over to serve apple tapioca pudding at the family dinner table, because to her husband it is as wood alcohol; there is a problem play in many a man's unrequited passion for tripe croûte, which his wife puts in the category with deadly nightshade and corrosive sublimate.

This enforced joint hospitality of the continuously married is another strain which the partners to Periodic Marriage escape. John need not be the job when Mary is entertaining Aunt Sallie, who tells everybody about the exact condition of her insides. Mary need not pay her dues to John's Southern cousin who is wound up on the subject of the Civil War.

Consider, however, a few of the disadvantages. Two households are by such an arrangement, but the short stories and a musician with a studio, but how many of the rest of us could afford it? As one editorial comment on Miss Hurst's experiment feelingly remarked:

"It is hard enough to find one apartment in New York, let alone pay for two." It's also hard enough to find a servant for one apartment, let alone pay for two; it's hard enough to keep one cellarette stocked against the ravages of faithful friends, let alone acquire private stock for two. Maybe a few of our plutocratic plumbers, carpenters and window-cleaners—especially if they happen to be married to ladies—who-go-out-by-the-day—could afford to run matrimony on the two-ring circus plan, but such an arrangement would put most of us in Ludlow Street Jail.

Then, assuming that your Week-End Husband is a secret between you, him and a Jersey Justice of the Peace, how can you always explain him? He has, you know, no appointment for Saturday, May 8, and on the morning of that day you get a telegram from your dear old Sunday School teacher in Binghamton, N. Y., saying that she will be with you for Saturday night and Sunday morning.

What CAN you do, a case like that? Call off your husband, send your teacher to the Martha Washington, or develop a case of the mumps and declare a quarantine? New York is a fairly casual, mind-its-own-business sort of a town—still, there are other complications to the Periodic Marriage which must suggest themselves even to the most optimistic defenders. So I really doubt if for some little time the Week-End Husband will assume epicurean form. Even the woman who grows wearied of Continuous Conjugality probably will decide to bear sides with her husband, rather than flee to John's Southern cousin who is wound up on the subject of the Civil War.

For originality, courage and candor!

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The Evening World Daily Magazine

The Day of Rest!

By Maurice Ketten



The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

"W"HY, Dinkston! Where have you been this long time?" cried Mr. Jarr in pleased surprise, as, hearing his name, he encountered the famous verse librettist.

NOVEL HAT MADE FROM A HOUSEHOLD UTENSIL



Here's New Kind of Crime Wasting Dandelions? Yep! Worse Than Profiteering

THE gentleman who called last night, as the shades of evening were descending upon the Battery and incandescents were popping in the windows of tall office buildings out the back window, appeared to be nursing a secret sorrow.



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Bride Shortage on Farms, Husband Shortage Abroad; "Combine," Urges Pastor

Rev. Charles W. Savidge Advocates Importing Shiploads of Peasant Girls to Be Helpmates to American Farmers.

By Marguerite Dean.

THERE is a bride shortage on the American farms! There is a husband shortage in Europe! Then why not put two and two together and make one—in other words, why not bring the husbandless girls from Europe and marry them off to the wifeless men of the American rural communities?

That is the innocent proposal of the "Marrying Parson of the Middle West," the Rev. Charles W. Savidge of Omaha, Neb. Dr. Savidge has started no less than 4,500 couples on their matrimonial journey, so he may be assumed to know something about marriage. And if his ideas do not meet with favor among the bachelor girls of the East—well, how many of those more or less pampered young women would be willing to marry a hard-working farmer who believes in saving everything except daylight?

Personally, I don't know any city girls who would wish to compete with the shiploads of European peasant brides Dr. Savidge would like to import for the benefit of the blameless and wifeless young men of the rural districts. But I may be prejudiced.

"I am very much in earnest about this matter of peasant women from Europe as wives for American farmers," Dr. Savidge declared. "Through-out the Middle West there are any number of likely young bachelors of considerable means who are only too willing and ready to enter the state of matrimony. Most of them are farmers and, having a considerable income, are anxious to share their fortunes and labors with some capable woman."

"Naturally they wish wives who will fit in with their mode of living. They want women who will help them in the running of their farms, girls who in addition to tending their house will be able to attend, through early training, to the other incidental duties attached to life on a farm. These women are not to be found in the cities of the East, and there are not enough of them to meet the demand in the Middle West.

"The mode of living of the American women in the Eastern States is entirely different. Many of them do not believe that they would become acclimated to life on a farm, but that if it were open soon they of it in most cases. So it seems to me there is only one way of solving the problem and that is to bring shiploads of peasant women, girls born and brought up on farms, from Europe."

Dr. Savidge said that many young farmers had confided in their longings for matrimony and their inability to find the right sort of girl because of the shortage of eligibles. He recalled that when a bride short-

age threatened our pioneer forefathers they imported wives from England and France by the shipload, and in 1855 a shipload of women sailed from Boston to become the helpmates of our lonely miners and ranchers on the west coast.

"Many of the boys who were in service on the other side," he pointed out, "married girls from the old countries. They were not all French or English, either. Transports are even now being sent back to Europe from Germany, Poland, Italy, and even Russia.

"With but few exceptions these marriages have turned out happily. A great many of these girls have shown why they have succeeded in winning our great, big, American soldier lads away from American shores to become the helpmates of our lonely miners and ranchers on the west coast.

"The bride has remained loyal, has stood shoulder to shoulder with him. She has jumped right in beside him and helped him earn the daily bread of the family. She is proud that she has an American for a husband and is willing to undergo hardship for him, if need be. "So we'll say it is. But the weekly sailing schedule of the bride ships has yet to be arranged, and meanwhile if any New York bachelors are ready to be a farmer's one and only wife, the 'Go West, young woman, go West!'"

The Murderer and His Mother

By Sophie Irene Loeb.

THE other day four men, within six hours of being executed in the electric chair, were granted a respite.

One of the condemned men made the following statement: "Fanny how the mothers stick to their kids. I guess we bring on the gray hairs more than we know and have a lot to do with making the wrinkles come into their faces and the laughs fade out of their eyes."

"Another of these men said: 'I guess my little pal, my mother, turned the trick. You bet we're rappy. It is a big strain to think death is the stake and then have life handed back.'

"The mother who secured the respite said: 'I never lost hope. A mother never does. Mothers are called upon to bear the burdens of the world. We never know when baby hands press our hearts where those baby hands may go to do with the 'gradients, or whose we go from here—for all I know that would be a violation of this dodged rule head last but I will say that Crime is being done in all the outskirts of New York. Compared to them women that is wasting dandelion blossoms in times like these, the meanest profiteer is a gentleman.'

And, after suggesting vainly that the "tip" ought to be "worth something," the sententious departed. "Somebody may know just what to do with the 'gradients' he mentioned."

Any good? One only has one mother.

Fables for The Fair

By Marguerite Mooers Morrill.

A s dapper, polished, spatted, golden-mustached Boudier Pele, Roderick has the trick points, the matinee idol, Henry VIII, Louis the Sun-King and every other ladies' man lashed to the mast.

His clothes come out of Bond Street, He came out of Rockland, Me., some thirty years ago, his living comes out of an art editorship on a magazine. He is the darling of New York society—ninety-nine and 45-100 per cent women—

Without ever aspiring to be its dictator. Roddy never pretends. Although Mrs. Millions sobriety confides to him that, since Prohibition, her husband is drinking himself into a dipsomaniac's home; And Miss Millions psycho-analyzes her dreams for him. In a conversation that is NOT deleted by the censor, Roddy's approved method

Of treating the confidences of any feminine thing over thirty is to murmur "my dearest child!"—and to paw. He is the sort of man who loves playing with a lady's hand, squeezing her arm, patting her shoulder.

When she is under thirty the only change in his technique is that he says, "dear lady!" Roddy shows the rest of New York "what the man should wear." He is invaluable in directing and press-agenting all the French charities. Designs fancy-dress costumes for his women friends. Gives just the loveliest teas in his studio apartment.

It is estimated that he has invented sixty-two new sandwiches—serves as guide, philosopher and friend to half a dozen pretty actresses—Really takes the best of care of them; (One, who wrote a book of deep pink poems, told me with tears in her eyes. How Roddy had read them all through and then said, "Mary, if I were you, I wouldn't publish these until I was married!") Yet once life took hold of even Roddy with her strong, warm hand. Life, pro tem, was a crude young stenographer from the other, and wrong side of the Mississippi. With red-brown hair, eyes to match, And a wild and woolly Western roll to her "ra." Not one of his smart friends was able to imagine "what he could SEE in her."

But as for Roddy—he could see NOTHING else! All one winter he taught her What plays to attend, what music to hear, what art galleries to visit, even what clothes to wear. Then he, the A. B., the Bachelor by Avocation, PROPOSED to her! She refused him, and when he pressed for a reason, She forgot all his lessons in Culture and blurted out That she always had looked forward to marrying a MAN and not a perfect lady in pants.

Thus Roddy learned that being a ladies' man is not quite the same thing as being THE Lady's MAN. But he was fifty and too old to change. So he's still confessor to the debtee and errand-boy for their mamas—The dear fellow!