

# WORLD'S GREAT PROBLEMS LOOK EASY TO DAN

By DAN CAREY.

WE have received a note from a young lady who says she likes what we write for this page every Sunday. In fact, she says she enjoys every word of it. To be perfectly frank about it, now that we have started taking our readers into our confidence, from the general tenor of this note we gain the distinct impression that she not only likes what we write but that we personally have made a decided hit with her.

All of this is written really for the benefit of the Brooklyn man who recently communicated with our Sunday Editor to say that our stuff was "all bunk." He discouraged us very much by writing this note (it has ever been thus with those of artistic temperaments) and we were on the point of saying to our Editor, "Ah, well, if our humor, which is of the standard brand, is considered bunk in Brooklyn, and if our jokes, which we know are good jokes, because they have stood the test of time, are not to be laughed at by our Brooklyn friend, what's the use?"

Then came along this letter from the young lady saying how highly she regarded us, and we have therefore determined to continue writing for her sake, and if only she will smile at what we write it is absolutely immaterial to us what the Brooklyn man thinks. He is to us as if he were not. The mental photograph we have of him is a 9 with the rim knocked off.

In the letter we have received from the young lady she says: "The last article you wrote was fine. I enjoyed every word of it, even if I had heard the stories before. It was well written and the book review is splendid and original."

Now what about that? The very fact that she had heard our particular stories before and still enjoyed them is proof positive of two things: The first is that she has evidently been associating with some extremely clever story teller and the second is that she knows when a story is well told.

Speaking of a member of her family the writer says: "I heard her laughing on the veranda this morning and on looking out I discovered her enjoying your jokes. She says she thought it was the best you had written."

Now, then, what will our Brooklyn critic say in response to that? We rather imagine that he is now willing to drop the subject. However, let us be fair. The young lady is probably biased in our favor. Our brand of humor doubtless went to him as a distinct shock while the young lady has had time to become accustomed to it. We married her several years ago.

WELL, let's forget the Brooklyn man until next week because we have some remarks to make about Daylight Saving. We have developed a plan for daylight saving that will satisfy both sides. It will stop the complaint of those who object to rising an hour earlier in the morning (let it be known that we have a decided leaning to that side of the question) and in addition it will be a distinct saving of time.

If we succeed in putting our idea across in this country we will immediately offer our services in settling the unpleasant relations between England and Ireland, after which the United States will doubtless seek our advice about how to enforce prohibition and then the Church Unionists will very likely ask us to announce a creed to which all can subscribe. With these things out of the way we will as a mental diversion settle a few minor questions like the theory of Relativity, existence of the Fourth Dimension and the Far Eastern Problem, rewrite the Constitution of the League of Nations and select New York's next Mayor.

These thoughts have come to us as a result of reading in one of the papers that England will this year set her clocks back two hours instead of one hour. (Or do they advance them instead of setting them back? We never can remember which it is.) Anyhow, when it is really 5 o'clock in England the official time will be 7 o'clock. Thus England will be two hours ahead of the world. Now say that there are 50,000,000 population in England. We don't know the population and don't care to know about it. All we want is a number and 50,000,000 will suit just as well as the real population for the purpose of making the point. Now if they save two hours a day for each person they will have made a saving of 100,000,000 hours daily. This means a saving of 4,166,666 days every day, or 1,111 years a day. It figures into 333,300 years per month, and by the end of the five summer months England will have saved 1,666,650 years of time.

Can we hope to overcome such a handicap as that in our race for commercial supremacy? It is unthinkable that we will permit it. The thought doubtless overwhelms you. How, you ask, may we beat these English at their own game? Ah, well, you may ask how. But fear not, our brain has solved this problem.

The solution is to set our own clocks back not merely a miserable little two hours, but a full twenty-four hours. With our 100,000,000 persons each saving twenty-four hours every day by the end of five months the aggregate would be something stupendous. We would not only be saving the time, but those who object to getting up an hour earlier (and we are among those who do) could arise at their usual time with the full consciousness that they are working just as hard as every one else.

There is another thing that could be done very nicely. If we do not need all this time (and the chances are that we do not) we could set the clock back a full twenty-four hours once a week, and then, having an extra day on our hands, we could take a holiday. We could do this once a week all during the hot season.

WE started to digress just now when we mentioned "relativity" in order to tell a story that we heard a short time ago about a negro and a snake, but we dislike digressions in writing so thoroughly that we determined to keep right on with what we were saying and revert to the subject. These fellows who can't write on any topic and stick right at it until all has been said that could be and

## Beginning With Daylight Saving, He Figures Out a Way to Gain 333,300 Years or More a Month and Maybe Get a Holiday, Too---Finds a Critic at Last Who Suits Him, Tells a Snake Story and Spins a Few Other Yarns

The bath was finally arranged for 10 o'clock Monday morning.



The subject is thoroughly exhausted are very tiresome to us.

They start out writing about something and just as they catch your interest and you feel that you are really about to learn something of importance they produce one of these that-reminds-me sentences and away they go on a tangent and tell some yarn or other that they have cribbed from an almanac of 1845.

Well, as we were saying, when we mentioned "relativity" it occurred to us that there are ten men in the United States who are supposed to understand what relativity is and Mayor Hylan is said to have announced that he is one of the ten. It reminds us of a story we once heard about a sick snake in a side show which went South. He was a big snake and ten men were required to hold him while an eleventh pried

open his mouth and the snake doctor gave him his medicine.

The regular force of the side show was not enough, so the manager went outside and rescued a negro from foundering on popcorn and peanuts by offering him a job. "Boy, do you want a ticket to the show and make a dollar besides?" he inquired. "Kin yo' be talkin' to me?" asked the negro after clearing his mouth for speech with one gulp, in a tone of perfect astonishment that two such prizes should be offered simultaneously by the same man.

The manager nodded his head yesingly (which ought to be a regular word). "For just a few minutes work," he said. "White man, yo' is done hired a boy. Lead me," responded the negro eagerly. When he got inside and found that he was expected to be one of ten men to hold

a snake the negro picked up his hat and started for the door.

"No, sur, yo' all will have ter git somebody else," he announced; "I don't want dis job ertall."

"Wait a minute," said the manager in a provoked tone, "you can't get hurt. There will be ten of us holding the snake."

"No, sur, dey won't. No, sur, Dey might be nine of yo' all holdin' er snake, but dey a'n't gwine be ten er us."

However, if Mayor Hylan really wants to be the tenth man let's permit him to have the job.

Speaking of adventures brings to mind the efforts of a lady to obtain a bath in Vienna, but her name cannot be given for the reason that it is not generally known that ladies take baths sometimes and naturally she would shrink from the publicity connected with telling the story. The yarn is true, however.

This lady had been visiting with her husband at the home of friends near Berlin. Upon arriving at Vienna one Saturday afternoon she concluded that she would have a bath. She announced her desire to the chambermaid.

"Why, certainly," responded the maid, "I think that can be arranged. I will see the housekeeper."

She returned in a few minutes, bringing

"No, sur, yo' all will have ter git somebody else," he announced, "I don't want dis job ertall."

"Madame wishes a bath?" asked the housekeeper.

"Yes," said our friend.

"I see no reason why you should not have a bath," announced the housekeeper in a

tone which clearly implied that the lady had her sympathy and that she would go to any length in assisting her to obtain a bath if she really needed one.

She went downstairs and returned presently with one of the clerks of the hotel, who carried a book under his arm.

"You wish a bath, please, Madame?" asked the clerk.

"The lady was becoming nettled by this time."

"I certainly do wish a bath," she stated, "but I did not know a little request of that kind would cause so much trouble."

"It is no trouble at all, I assure you," responded the clerk. "We always strive to please our guests."

"Now, then," he continued, opening the book, and taking a pencil from his vest pocket, "when do you wish this bath?"

"As soon as possible," answered the American lady.

"How would Tuesday afternoon suit?" inquired the clerk.

"It will not suit at all," she answered, and proceeded to argue the question.

The bath was finally arranged for Monday morning at 10 o'clock. Promptly at the appointed hour a pompous man in livery appeared at her door. He was followed by a man with the soap. The extreme rear of the procession consisted of the maid, who had arrived to carry the lady's clothes for her. Our American friend joined the procession in her kimono and walked down two flights of stairs to the bathroom. The four attendants then stood outside the door in silence, and

when her bath was over escorted her back to her room.

In concluding the story she was always at pains to relate that, although she remained in Vienna ten days that was the only bath she took while there.

"Our Own Book Review."

THE THREE MUSKETEERS. By Alexandre Dumas. Paris. Translated by William Robson. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

WE have read this book thoroughly and cannot understand why Mr. Dumas did not name his book "The Four Musketeers," since there are clearly four of them in the story—Athos, Aramis, Porthos and d'Artagnan. However, it is the work we are dealing with rather than the title. We suppose "a rose by any other name would smell as sweet."

In the volume that was given us to review is a letter from Alexandre Dumas fils who addresses the author as "Father." Mr. Dumas is evidently a lineal descendant, probably a grandson, one of Mr. Dumas's daughters having likely married a Mr. Pils.

We call these Frenchmen Mr. instead of M. because it looks better in print. Once we were the editor of a country paper in the South which subscribed to what was known as the "Pony" service of the Associated Press. The copy came to our desk something like this:

"Harvey, ambassador Gt. Britn, will participate sessions Supreme Council Allies Silesia issue as representative President."

By the time we got through inserting a meaning into this missing word context the sentence would read:

"Colonel George Harvey, the American Ambassador to Great Britain, will participate in the sessions of the Supreme Council of the Allies on the Silesia issue as the representative of the President."

Well, about that time a story of world-wide interest was coming out of France. It was a story about M. Dreyfus, M. Esterhazy, M. Paty du Clam and a lot more. The telegraph operator personally brought the copy over for several days and each time inquired if it was all right. We assured him it was, but on the fourth day asked him to explain why he inquired so persistently.

"Just because I can't understand why every darn Frenchman in the story is named 'M.," he replied.

We explained to him that "M." was the abbreviation in French for Jean of Arc and that it was done to honor her memory, which satisfied him perfectly, while our own reputation for learning and general knowledge on all subjects became a household word among the cotton mill hands.

"The Three Musketeers" is a tale of four swashbucklers who go through life merrily sticking swords through various persons, sometimes in jest and sometimes with a certain degree of seriousness, to the immense delight of the ladies, who promptly fall in love with them, and to the admiration of the young children, who like to see the blood flowing down the gutters.

Throughout the entire volume runs a series of delightful love stories which make excellent reading for the young. This is a book which should be read aloud to the family circle by the Father of the family. But if any Father intends doing so he had better be about it, because the reformers will get him if he don't watch out.

Taken by and large (which is an expression whose meaning we have never discovered, and we don't believe any one else knows it either), this book is rather readable and might possibly be enjoyed by those who do not take it seriously.

## Woman Urges Simple Divorce Law as Need of the Day

BISHOP FREDERICK BURGESS of the Episcopal Diocese of Long Island in a recent sermon inveighed against the increasing custom of divorce and warned against its perils to the family. This makes particularly timely the following article by a woman lawyer, which concludes with a plea for a divorce law that shall be general in the United States.

By MARY FISHER TORRANCE.

EVERY little while some reformer sticks his head out of the bushes to warn us of the fact that the divorce rate in the United States, always high, is mounting higher. If nobody cries a halt, he says, Sodom and Gomorrah will have had nothing on us; already—whisper it low—we make a more scandalous showing than Japan, divorces to marriages here numbering in the ratio of one to nine.

Now, the truth of this statement, that so many romances, begun in a blaze of passion and in the smoke of dissipation, may be viewed as scandalous, deplorable, or simply inevitable, considering what fools we mortals be. It was Arnold Bennett—or somebody equally smart—who declared that nothing but a profound belief in miracles ever inspired a couple to get married, anyway. Yet the phenomenon occurs every day, impelled by Dame Nature, who cares only for the perpetuation of the species, nothing for human happiness; two immature young persons knowing little of each other, and still less of life, join hands before priest or civil authority and fearlessly promise to be everything in the world to each other—always.

"Whom God hath joined together—" The sound of those words pronounced by the clergyman over the kneeling couple, in the dim religious light of the chancel, with the organ playing over so softly, makes a lump rise in the throat every time, regardless of who is marrying what. Yet in after years, as one reviews subsequent developments in the cases of couples who plighted their troth under just such sacred auspices, one feels constrained to wonder what part, if any, God had in bringing these matches about. And always it seems the innocent offspring who suffers most, even when the parents, whose relation has degenerated into something resembling an armed truce, maintain the semblance of a united household "for the sake of the children"—as if the keenly sensitive mind of a child could be deceived that easily!

In every age history shows us that the institution of marriage has proved unsatisfactory to large numbers of persons, who, having proved certain grievances against the offending partner, were granted relief from the bond. As justification for divorce unfaithfulness has always stood first, and it was the only cause recognized by the early Christian church. (See Matt., v. 31.) But here it may be observed that because priests and lawmakers in every generation, including our own, have always been ready to drop a

tear at the mention of masculine frailty—perhaps through a sympathy born of understanding—justice as regards applying the single standard for both sexes has always lagged behind.

In Roman law marriage was primarily a contract and hence there always existed a power of divorce by mutual consent; contrariwise, to-day, when the fact that both parties earnestly desire it, is, in any jurisdiction, reason enough why they should not have it. Subsequently this power was taken away, but afterward restored by popular appeal, it being found "difficult to reconcile those who once came to hate each other and who, if compelled to live together, frequently attempted the others' lives." But it certainly behooved the Roman matron to walk straight, as among the more weighty reasons for which a husband might seek divorce from her were included: Drinking wine, going out with men, other than her relations, against his wishes, and frequenting the circus.

The relative number of divorces to population in a given community is accepted in many quarters as a test of morality for that community; i. e., the fewer the higher. Applying this criterion, New York shows up excellently well, standing forty-sixth down on the list of States. North Carolina comes forty-seventh, and last of all, South Carolina can afford to bask virtuous and smug, having no divorces at all; possibly due to the fact that its statutes make no provisions for divorce under any circumstances whatsoever.

New York recognizes only one ground for absolute divorce, adultery. Grievances which other States accept as sufficient—desertion, cruelty, drunkenness, non-support, &c., &c., are grounds in our jurisdiction not for divorce, but for a judicial separation; that is, the parties remain husband and wife, but are entitled to live apart under conditions laid down by the court. Usually it is the wife who profits by a separation decree, whereby she acquires separate maintenance, with custody of the children, while her husband is restrained from marrying again and establishing new obligations. Many a woman entitled to an absolute divorce, prefers a quiet separation, which keeps her husband bound; sometimes she is moved by the sacredness of the marriage tie, but sometimes by mere spite.

It costs only \$4 to get completely married in New York—\$2 for the license and \$2 more for the ceremony in the clerk's office. But a divorce here is a luxury reserved unto the deserving rich. Two alternatives are open here to the couple who desire dissolution of their union; a New York divorce, which results inevitably in some slight amount of stigma to the party proven guilty; usually the husband, who chivalrously arranges to be trapped by his wife's detectives. Or recourse may be taken to the securing of a "foreign" divorce, i. e., action brought in some other State, boasting a more liberal divorce code and a short period of preliminary residence required within its borders.

A New York divorce is expensive and unpleasant; a foreign divorce is likewise expensive; moreover, inconvenient and unsatisfactory, unless the defendant makes a

voluntary appearance in the action to guard against the possibility of the decree's being set aside, in days to come, for lack of jurisdiction.

With the permission of the judge, where attorneys for both sides agree, the issues of fact in a divorce trial may be heard before a referee. This hearing may be held in an upstate county, very quietly and discreetly, with no reporters present. Upon receiving the referee's report the judge signs the interlocutory decree, which becomes final three months from date. All papers are sealed at a minimum of trouble and publicity, without infringement of that latter-day commandment which runs: "Thou shalt not cause a newspaper scandal!"

In every matrimonial action plaintiff must come right down to cases; to stigmatize one's delinquent spouse as a generally low-lived character is not enough. To prove adultery there must be other evidence than the alleged confession of husband or wife to the other in private, as such a confidential communication is "privileged."

As to what, in an action for separation, constitutes "cruelty" or "inhuman treatment" on the part of defendant toward the plaintiff, this is a question of fact. Refusing to let the wife name the child has been held not to constitute cruel treatment; similarly, denial of the right to attend the church of her choice. In the case of Perry vs. Perry decided (1831):

"Where the wife was in a constant state of intoxication, and in fits of passion engendered by it, she committed acts of violence upon him and his children, broke windows and furniture belonging to him and their neighbors, attacked him in his sleep, beat his children with clubs, threw a billet at his little daughter and procured arsenic with which she threatened to poison him."

the court allowed "cruelty." We should say so, too.

The judge decides as to the custody of the children; likewise the amount of alimony, based upon the circumstances of the wife and the resources of the husband. Subsequently, upon the order of the court, this amount may be either increased or decreased. To most husbands the very idea of paying alimony to an ex-wife seems, for some reason, to offend something deep in their innermost nature; in preference to so doing many flee the State, where the strong arm of the law cannot reach them. Others wipe out the obligation by means of a pleasant sojourn in the famous "Alimony Curb" of the Ludlow street jail, whence, after a maximum period of six months, since "the prisoner shall not again be imprisoned upon a like process in the same action," a man emerges free and clear, forever and ever, amen.

After the final decree, the plaintiff is free to marry immediately; but the defendant, not until five years shall have elapsed, and then only upon the kind permission of the court, after proof of uniform good conduct during that period. But if, instead, defendant prefers—and he is quite apt to—to motor up to Greenwich right away or ferry over

to Hoboken and get married in either of those jurisdictions, our courts will recognize such procedure as perfectly regular. This according to Article IV, Section 1, of the United States Constitution, which begins:

"Full faith and credit shall be given in each State to the public acts, records and judicial proceedings of every other State."

If this is so, how about these divorces obtained out West? Why should there be any question concerning them?

Opposed to the principle that a divorce valid where made is valid everywhere is another, viz.: The State court may and shall protect its citizens against foreign judgments made without notice to them, and in fraud of their rights.

About fifteen years ago the test case of Haddock vs. Haddock was threshed out in the United States Supreme Court. It appeared that the Haddocks were married in New York State, but separated immediately afterward, losing all track of each other.

Mr. Haddock moved across the State line into Connecticut, where, in course of time, he obtained a divorce on the ground of "desertion," his wife in New York being served with notice by mail and by publication, according to Connecticut procedure, "as a person whose residence was unknown." Subsequently he married another woman; and then, some thirty-one years after his first marriage, the long lost wife in New York, on learning that Mr. Haddock had come into some money, elected to ignore his second alliance and sued her "husband" for "separation and alimony" on the ground of his having deserted her. And ultimately the highest court in the land allowed her claim.

Deciding that the decree of the court of Connecticut, in view of the circumstances stated, was not entitled to obligatory enforcement in the State of New York by "separation and alimony" on the ground of his having deserted her. And ultimately the highest court in the land allowed her claim.

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