

## The New Reno

Continued from Page Eight.

the fatal day comes her lawyer takes care of her interests, merely presents the ready written decree to the presiding Judge, obtains his signature, and in a few minutes has arranged with the clerk for publication in some obscure newspaper, where even the misspelling of a name does not violate the sanctity of the court's decree. Perhaps three weeks later the decree reaches the office of the recording clerk, but unlike the American system, all he does is to fill in a small index card with the names of the plaintiff and the defendant and the date of the decree and file it alphabetically. The copy of the decree, in a bundle of anywhere from forty to a hundred other verdicts of the same date, is then shelved, subject to public inspection if the clerk is in a good humor, for at last the case becomes public record! But the casual visitor in the official record rooms cannot merely ask for the "bundle" for a certain date. He must tell the number of the court rendering the judgment and the names of the parties concerned, which implies a definite knowledge that the case had been terminated. Should the recording clerk in indexing on his cards make a slight error in the date of the decree, which has been known to happen, searching of thousands of handwritten folios might eventually reveal the lost decree. The court officials point out that these numerous obstacles have been created to prevent scandal mongers reading divorce records and possibly besmirching family reputations. This explanation, however, doesn't "hold water," for the decree, as heretofore explained, does not give the true charges upon which the divorce application was based, at least in the case of Americans who are anxious not to have their marital sufferings indelibly recorded on the pages of French justice. In a dozen important cases which have come under my attention during the last year all decrees were granted on grounds of what would in America be called "willful abandonment," yet the original complaint and the subsequent proces-verbal of reconciliation meetings would show, were they maintained public, scandalous conditions.

But the divorce ring's ramifications extend even to members of the French journalistic profession. Those covering court rooms belong to a special syndicate, known as *La Presse Judiciaire*, and the majority, working for French newspapers, are barred by law from publishing any more than three lines regarding divorce decrees, and usually do not even worry their readers to that extent. But should an enterprising member, representing an American newspaper, endeavor to follow the secret proceedings and tell the whole truth of the Paris divorce scandals, he is immediately set upon by other members of his syndicate and menaced with a protest to the Procureur-General of the Republic. As this would mean the exclusion of the guilty but enterprising reporter from the courts, discretion proves better than a valorous battle with this new *point d'appui* of the Divorce Ring—and the public merely learns that Mrs. Etcetera has divorced her husband because he refused to live with her any longer. Interesting, but not, in many cases, an accurate presentation of the incidents leading up to the divorce.

Whether this secrecy really benefits divorcees is not so certain, as the public, after watching the French procedure, is beginning to realize that in nearly every case there is a black spot which has been covered up, and the reception accorded many successful divorcees in recent functions has been none too warm.

One thing, however, is evident—it pays the lawyers, especially the American side of the clique. Their fees for a decree, exclusive of all court charges, are said to run from \$5,000 to \$10,000 in the case of well known society clients, with \$2,000 as a fixed minimum, which means a very appreciable bundle of francs for a few hours' work. The French advocate who is responsible for the pleadings, seeing that the papers are in order, &c., usually gets \$1,000 to \$1,500, plus the promise that he will be advertised among the client's friends as the best secrecy getter in the French capital. When it is considered that in a divorce suit in which the parties are both French citizens the plaintiff's lawyer seldom asks more than 5,000 francs, it is evident that a new element enters into the Franco-American divorces, and even the applicants themselves seem to believe that the

fees charged are not too high—as long as the great requisite of secrecy is amply fulfilled.

"But there is a day of reckoning ahead," one French lawyer told me. "There will either be an opening of all records, with a special court devoted to the hearing of foreign applications and a stricter supervision of methods, or there will be an order to exclude foreign divorcees from the French dockets."

"Justice, although represented as blindfolded, should not blind others to the real facts which are brought before the courts, and it is safe to say that our protests against the present system will meet with the approval of at least nine-tenths of the Paris bar."

"Reform is coming, perhaps slowly, but we have decided that French conceptions of justice are not to be made ridiculous by the mere fact that an American client for divorce may be a society leader in her own land and endowed with millions with which to balk notoriety."

## Cutty Sark

Continued from Page Five.

most delicate of all cargoes to load, the first lighters down the river distributed a ground tier of chests to each of the racing clippers, and after that loading proceeded against time like the coaling of a battleship. Night and day, seven days a week, the loading continued, Chinamen with big mallets stowing the chests tier on tier like fitting pieces together in a Chinese puzzle. Once loaded the racing clippers went down the stream at once, and in the race of 1871 the Thermopylae docked in the Thames 106 days out, with Cutty Sark a day behind. It was in 1872, however, that the two great rivals fought out their historic duel. They left Shanghai on the same day and the same tide, and seven days out, with the monsoon holding, they were in sight of each other, with Cutty Sark in the lead.

Down the Cochin China coast they worked the land and sea breezes to the last cupful, and, three weeks out, Thermopylae sighted Cutty Sark eight miles ahead. A month out, both ships arrived off Anjer, with Thermopylae a mile and a half in the lead. Five weeks out, they ran into the southeast trades, and Cutty Sark went flying to the front with three consecutive runs of 340, 327 and 320 miles. Seven weeks out, with Cutty Sark battling a strong westerly gale well in the lead, a heavy sea carried away her rudder and put her out of the race. With fair winds carrying Thermopylae around the cape, Cutty Sark lay hove to for six days while her crew worked night and day rigging a jury rudder. Then, with her jury rudder shipped, the wind chopped around into the west and began to blow up a series of head gales, but during the week before she passed St. Helena her daily runs varied between 297 and 227, although she was limited to eight knots an hour. The jury rudder held the ship until she had crossed the line, when the last of the eye bolts holding the rudder to the stern post gave out and it had to be hoisted up for repairs. Although she had to be kept down thereafter to 200 miles a day, she reached the Thames seven days behind Thermopylae, and this unsatisfactory race began a life-long rivalry, in which possibly the fairest verdict which can be stated was that Thermopylae made the better passages in the '70s and Cutty Sark in the '80s.

Both Thermopylae and Cutty Sark continued to fetch the new teas home from Shanghai, but with the opening of the Suez Canal, in 1869, the tea races began to near their end. By 1863 the tea steamer Stirling Castle had come home in twenty-nine days from Hankow, and the tea trade thereafter went to Holt's Blue Funnel Line, MacGregor's Glen Line and Skinner's Castle Line. Thermopylae and Cutty Sark both left the tea trade in 1878 and went into the Australian service, and as steam followed them into the Australian tracks they were one by one reduced and sold off. One by one the little thoroughbreds disappeared into the oblivion of the back seas, some of them to founder under alien crews, some to be broken up in alien shipyards, a few to knock about alien ports under alien flags. But their build was still in their lines; their breed was unmistakable. When Capt. Downman went aboard the Ferreira, flying the Portuguese flag in Falmouth harbor last year, he reorganized her at once as one of the old aristocrats of the sea. She was daubed with jarring splashes of color, but her wheel and gear were of the old pattern. Her saloon was pretty bare, but it was

still paneled in teak; her captain's room was equally bare, but its old four post bed of teak was still there. There were huge scales of rust on her beams, her fore 'tween deck was filled with the usual junk, but her knifelike entrance was still a reminder of the high freights of the days when she raced the new teas home to England. The old teakwood stanchions at the break of her poop had been painted over, her old bell had been thickly covered with paint,

but the date it bore and her famous name, Cutty Sark, could still be scraped out. For more than fifty years her old bell has sounded through the trades, the tropics and the roaring forties with as mellow a tone as it is sounding to-day on her last voyage to "Falmouth for orders." Amid the deep rumble of steam whistles which fill the world's ports are there any of the oldsters around New York who grow young again at the sound of her bell?



**FACED** with a crime which would bring every man's hand against him Judson Clark—young, handsome, the owner of a hundred million dollars—fled in panic to the corral, saddled a horse and headed at a mad gallop for the mountains—in the teeth of a blizzard!

What connection could there be between Judson Clark—rich, notorious, infamous and dead—and young Dr. Richard Livingstone, from whose memory the past was shut off as by a veil?

Some men cannot face reality. To escape it they will make supreme sacrifices. Others build up unconsciously in their minds a defense against the truth they cannot bear. The modern psychologist calls this the protective mechanism of fear. Recollection snaps. **THE BREAKING POINT** is the story of the erection of just such a barrier of forgetfulness and its results upon a group of people who are involved in a tragedy not of their own making. This new novel combines the charm of **THE AMAZING INTERLUDE** with the mystery and drama of **THE BAT**. It is a thrilling story that will hold you from the first page to the last.

# THE BREAKING POINT

By Mary Roberts Rinehart

At All Booksellers \$2.00

