

LITERARY MAGAZINE

said, "you didn't do nothin', and I paid you for it, too. Give me my money back."

Rechtsanwalt Meyer nodded. With alacrity he drew forth a five dollar bill and passed it over. "You do not know law, madam," he said with dignity, "law is not talk. Law is saying nothing. But I give your money back. I do not want it. I have another reason."

He glanced, as he said it, back into the corner where little Lena Vogel was shaking forlornly with defeat and disappointment. Meyer waited until Gustave Vogel and Miss Smith had left. Then he retraced his steps.

"Lena," he said, gently.

"Don't you Lena me," answered Mrs. Vogel fiercely, "you who went against me there in that there court room."

Meyer shook his head. "I did not know it was you—that you were this here complainant," he explained, "or I should never take this case to defend this here Smith girl woman. No. And I am through with them. I have discharged them as my clients. I want that you should be my client. That you should come to my office, where we could talk. Some day we may get this here up on some appeal."

As they waddled down to Meyer's office, Lena Vogel's mind went backward fifteen years. This Meyer, this poor, poor Meyer, he had loved her then. And she hadn't married him, because he had been poor, because she had pitied him then, just as she pitied him now. Even the judge had treated him with contempt—had she not seen? And yet, she knew somehow, that Meyer never would have been like Gus. It was strange. Ever since Gus and she had made a little money, Gus had been looking all the time after these skinny women.

"And why ain't I skinny," Lena had wailed often to herself. But Meyer—well, she never would have married Meyer, anyway—but he never would have looked after these here skinny women, like this here Smith.

"Well, Rechtsanwalt Meyer," she said at last, when they reached his poverty-stricken office, "what should I do?"

"Nothing," answered the rechtsanwalt. "Such is the law."

"But," said Lena. "I shall pay you for such good advice. Give me such good advice as I should pay for. What shall I do?"

"It is the law," returned Meyer, "that you should do nothing. You should only wait. And watch."

Mrs. Vogel sniffed. "And pray," she added.

"Sure," said Meyer, "that won't do no harm, neither. No. Just one moment, Lena Vogel. When something happens—"

"Ah," said Lena.

"How much do I owe you, rechtsanwalt?" she queried. At first Meyer shook his head. Then he bethought himself that if he did not charge her she would not value his advice. He didn't want to charge her. For way down in the bottom of his heart—

"My fees for such advice, Mrs. Lena Vogel," he replied, "is never less than fifteen cents. Thanks."

WELL, something happened. And when it happened, Lena Vogel went to Meyer. It happened within the next six weeks or so. Meyer was making up an imaginary case on appeal when Lena rushed in upon him with tearful vehemence.

"Has it happened?" queried Meyer. Lena nodded.

"What?" asked Meyer, sniffing with excitement. Lena Vogel placed upon the desk of the rechtsanwalt a square white envelope.

"He forgot to take it with him," she explained. "I found it in his beauty box on the mantel in the kitchen."

"His what?" queried Meyer.

"His beauty box," sniffed Mrs. Vogel. "What she give him for his nails, and corns and such. Read that, rechtsanwalt."

Meyer took from the envelope the printed prospectus that he found within. It was a dainty bit of literature, in pamphlet form. On the blank white cover appeared nothing save these words: DO IT NOW. Within he read: "Sparrowbush & Spurr, the well known divorcee firm, of No. 13 Lawyers Building, Sioux Falls, S. D., submit to the following interview upon the DELIGHTS OF A DAKOTA DIVORCE."

"What do you think of him, eh?" queried Lena, as Meyer read with growing wonder, "but, no, you go to page three, section seven, and you read there, to me aloud, just where Gus had a marked."

Meyer turned to page 3, section 7, and read aloud: "Incompatibility of temper. Cruelty. Un-

der these heads may well be grouped all causes of dissatisfaction with the party's present mate, whether due to mind, or face, or form or figure."

FORM or figure," wailed Lena. "I know what that there means. It means shape. I say it. I, Lena Vogel. You cannot fool me. But read on; read on, rechtsanwalt. Turn now to the last page and see what there it says."

"Do not poison your wife," read Meyer. "Do not drown her. BUT GET A DAKOTA DIVORCE WITHOUT DELAY."

"Ah," went on Lena, "and that's what he's doing. He has gone."

"Gone?" echoed Meyer. "No. Is it true?"

"He has gone," said Lena desperately. "And now you tell me what to do, before I follow him."

"Before you follow him," Meyer blinked his eyes and rubbed his hands together. "And when do you follow him?"

Lena was beside herself. "You stupid Meyer," she exclaimed. "I follow him at once. I shall follow. Do you think I shall let him get a divorce. No, I shall fight. What do you think?"



Divorced in South Dakota, married in New Jersey and a bigamist in New York.—Vogel was perplexed.

Meyer nodded. "Yes, you shall fight."

"I thought so," she returned. "And I go tomorrow. And you tell me what to do."

Meyer rose and paced the floor. "Do you really mean it?" he queried. "Do you really want to fight?"

"Sure," she answered. "And what shall I do you tell me what to do?"

"To fight," said Meyer, "is to do nothing. To do nothing is to fight. You shall do nothing. You shall stay here."

"No wonder you are poor, Meyer," burst forth Lena. "You call yourself a rechtsanwalt. You have no spirit."

"I know the law," answered Meyer. He mused. "And this here Smith girl woman. Has she gone, too?"

"Nein," said Lena. "I know her game. She waits—she waits here till he comes back with these here divorce papers. She does not care for Vogel. She cares for his money—for my money. My hard earned money. That is all. She waits till he comes. Then she marries him."

"Um," said Meyer. "Did he take much money with him?"

"All of it," yelled Lena. "That is the worst of this here. Everything he takes except the bakery. He leaves the business and he leaves me, that is all. And he is rich, rich."

"Will he spend money out there?" asked Meyer.

"He will not," she answered. "He is stingy, this Vogel. He will spend money only on this skinny Smith, when he comes back and marries her. After he shakes me off. Then he will spend the money I have made for him and have saved for him. But he will see. Wait till I get to this here Dakota

and get a rechtsanwalt who is a rechtsanwalt. You see."

"Womans!" thundered Meyer. "You sit down. You listen to me. If you go to this here Dakota, Vogel will get his divorce from you. If you stay here by this Borough of Manhattan, he will get his divorce, too. But the first one would be good. The second one would not. If you fight, you lose. If you don't fight, you win."

"What nonsense," spluttered Lena.

"It is the law," said Meyer. "You go to Dakota. Dakota grabs you. Dakota puts in your face this here summons and complaint and Dakota says: 'Aha, I now have jurisdiction over you, Lena Vogel.' If you stay here, this here Dakota simply sends you something by mail and publishes some orders in some newspapers out there and this here Dakota gets no jurisdictions over you—"

"But Vogel gets his divorce."

"Sure," answered Meyer, "out there."

"Then," she said. "I go and I fight."

"At your perils!" thundered Meyer. Lena Vogel didn't go. It was not only that Meyer wouldn't let her, but she didn't have the requisite amount of

cash. Vogel had made his preparations as complete as possible, aided by Field Marshal Genevieve Smith.

"Take everything you can lay your hands on," his field marshal had told him. "It's yours, dearest, and it shall be mine. And when you come back we shall marry, marry. And no longer shall I have to work."

"Only for me," Vogel had interjected.

"Wait till we're married," Genevieve had told him. And then she had added to herself, "and see whether I work for anybody."

WELL, everything waited. Genevieve waited. Vogel waited. And—Rechtsanwalt Meyer waited.

One day Vogel came back. As he stepped from the smoker there were four people looking for him. One was Genevieve. One was Lena. One was Meyer. And the fourth, Officer Mulvaney.

"Mr. Vogel," said Officer Mulvaney, "got to take you into custody. I got a warrant."

"What for?" asked Vogel.

"Non-support. Your wife's complaint," said Mulvaney.

"Is our martyrdom—ain't it never going to end?" wailed Genevieve.

"Sure," said Vogel. "Come around to the magistrate's and it ends right now."

Magistrate Sullivan was on the bench. "Now what's trouble?" he inquired.

Vogel, with his newly acquired air of a divorcee, explained. "I'm in here, Judge your Honor, on a warrant for non-support issued by your Honor, on my wife's complaint. It's easy. I move that this here be dismissed. I ain't got no wife no more.

I got a divorce."

Lena Vogel shook Meyer by the arm. "Now," she said, "rechtsanwalt, go in and speak up to the Judge His Honor. Fight."

"I say nothing," whispered Meyer.

"Divorced, eh," said Magistrate Sullivan. "Let's see your papers." He looked them over. Then he tossed them on the floor.

"Can you pay your wife twenty dollars a week, Vogel?" he queried. Rechtsanwalt Meyer smiled. Vogel spluttered. "Why—why," he gasped. "I been divorced. I got no wife. I got my decree. This here."

"Decree's no good in this state, Vogel" said His Honor. "It was granted upon an order of publication in Dakota. We won't recognize a divorce granted by publication here, you know. At least you ought to know. Can you pay your wife twenty dollars a week?"

"You've got a wife here in New York," said His Honor.

Rechtsanwalt Meyer smiled and rubbed his hands. "Twenty dollars a week is something, Mrs. Lena Vogel," he whispered to his client.

Vogel signed a bond. He did it reluctantly and under protest. He threatened to appeal.

"I'm divorced and yet I got the same wife yet," he faltered. But Miss Genevieve had it all down pat. "It's the New York law, deary," she said, "but we shall have no trouble. We shall go to New Jersey, or Greenwich, Connecticut. There they'll recognize it. There we can marry."

They consulted Goldstein, Miss Smith's new lawyer, and Goldstein, who was a fighter, and not at all like Meyer, told them to go to Jersey, and get married. They did it. Then they came back to

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