

# Reno Reveries

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Impressions of Local Life  
by Leslie Curtis

# RENO REVERIES



BY  
LESLIE CURTIS



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IMPRESSIONS OF LOCAL LIFE BY LESLIE CURTIS

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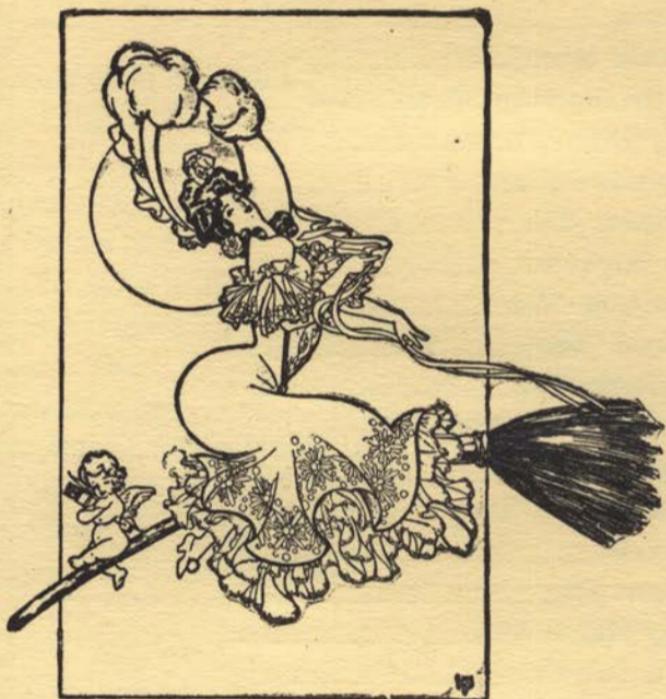
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*WISE BOY !*

*Miladi fair to Reno goes,  
To ventilate domestic woes,  
While Cupid acts as chaperon  
That she may not return alone.*



SCENE ON THE TRUCKEE RIVER

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# RENO REVERIES

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## APPRECIATION.

**R**ENO? A cameo set in snow-clad mountains, kissed by glowing sunsets, caressed by pure breezes from the great wastes of silence, a beautiful garden on the edge of the desert.

Are you so steeped in shams of society, bondage of cities, slavery of convention, that you can gaze upon it without wonder?

Behold the sky—Nevada's blanket of perpetual blue, that puts the East to shame and routs the Storm King to less lovely climes. See how the shafts of sunlight lend a thousand hues to barren mountains, crowning the snow-capped peaks with glistening halos of pure gold. Even the sagebrush, gray with desert dust, changes to pink, deepens to rose and finally joins the purple of immeasurable distance.

How soft the music of the Truckee, a mystic stream born of the snow, in Tahoe's hills begotten and doomed to sink in weird Lake Pyramid. Pure as the soul of childhood, clear as crystal, did rippling water ever whisper such good cheer to him who loiters by a river bank? Yet there are quiet pools, in whose still depths the water flows as peacefully as lives that know no pain and on the surface all is calm and sweet. Pause on the bridge and listen to its message—you who are weary, bowed with human care.

All hail the sunset, Nature's crowning glory, spread on the canvas of a perfect sky. No artist lives to duplicate its wonder—deep purple shot with gold, the crimson splendor or the green and rose, while sometimes yellow blended into orange floods the whole valley as in tri-

umph thrown. Then fading slowly into shades of pearl and opal, the twilight reigns until the veil of evening shrouds the great West in darkness.

'Tis night in Reno. Pure air, unspoiled by smoke of crowded cities—through which the stars shine brilliantly and clear like diamonds set in Heaven's wondrous dome—brings to the one who breathes it joy of being and love of all things beautiful and good. Behind yon distant mountain lurks the moon, disclosing first a tiny silver rim which rises on the canopy of night until its circled body clears the hills and floods the valley with inspiring light. While far below, the Truckee winds like thread of silver, binding the heights to valleys vast and fertile, where once the sagebrush knew no conqueror. How like our lives it is—laughing and bubbling through youth's happy moments, meeting the quiet pools with steady flow and current strengthened in the mill of time, then ever drawing near to sad oblivion—inevitable journey of mankind. Yet on its tranquil breast, bathed in the matchless moonlight, lie the boats with gentle movement gliding to and fro, lulled by the sounds of laughter and of song. Upon the banks, beneath the deep tree shadows, sit happy lovers dreaming of Life's morrow. And over all a silence born of ages, like benediction soothes the souls of men.

To Reno, home of beauty, salutation! Blessed by the Gods and loved by all who know thee, what wonders lie unfathomed at thy gates? What treasure house of precious stores beneath thee and vast unconquered lands that hedge thee 'round? Wake, smiling Reno, greet thy glorious future, ascend the throne of industry and reign—a Sovereign City in the hearts of men!



Anne—"Her last husband had only one eye."

May—"And she couldn't even pull the wool over that!"

## A FEMININE PLEA.

*Recently judges have been questioning plaintiffs about "affinities" and the desire to re-marry. This is most annoying to ladies who have made "plans."*

Please, oh please, dear Mister Orr,  
Do not tease us any more.  
You ought not to spoil the future  
E're you remedy the past.  
For the future ('tis no fiction)  
Lies not in your jurisdiction,  
Even though a dozen lovers  
Hover 'round my cottage door.

Surely you are not forgetting  
How we're fuming, fussing, fretting,  
Waiting for your tardy verdict  
Which will bring a glad decree.  
Can you blame if Desolation  
Looks ahead for Consolation  
'Till it finds the Heart's Desire  
In a Soul Affinity?

Really, Judge, you must be joking,  
Ridicule or fame provoking,  
For the future is subjunctive  
Far beyond your legal lore.  
If Life's happiness we hurry  
It's unkind to cause us worry.  
Please be lenient, we implore,  
Dear, good, sensible Judge Orr.

Oh you kindly Judge Moran!  
How can such a lovely man  
Ask such terrifying questions  
Of our poor, down-trodden sex?  
When one feels so calm and restful  
Then you thunder out a chest full  
Of the most upsetting questions  
That a plaintiff leasts expects.

"Residence" of course you mention,  
Also touch our "good intention,"  
But it gets our Pet Angora  
When you ask our truly age.  
So when horrid things you're saying  
Please remember what we're paying  
Just to suffer in the spotlight  
In the center of your stage.

Seats are high at the Majestic  
More so in the mill domestic,  
For the witness chair's expensive  
When the lawyer gets his fee.  
So to plaintiffs please be tender,  
Oh, it matters not the gender!  
Whether tearful little woman  
Or a poor unhappy man.  
Please don't murmur "case submitted"  
Meaning suit must be refitted,  
And omit these horrid questions,  
All you can!

6

He who marries a divorcee is the Undertaker for a matrimonial corpse, but not necessarily a "dead one."

## WHAT THINK YOU?

EVER and anon a cry is raised against the divorce industry in Nevada. A Reno newspaper has taken up the cudgel and daily advises a revision of the laws, on the ground that Reno's fame as a divorce center is a disgrace. Citizens are divided on the subject, merchants and business men contending that the Colony pours a flood of gold into the lap of a city possessing few industries, while others firmly believe that the divorce element should be eliminated for the good of the community. This latter view is not surprising, considering that Reno is a small city of twelve thousand souls, where the presence of strangers is readily noted and their business discussed freely. Consequently, divorce and divorcees occupy the center of Reno's stage and the inhabitants absorb an exaggerated idea of conditions which in a larger city would pass unnoticed. They assume that Reno is the hub of the divorce evil—if it is an evil—and by taking a stand against it locally, they hope to free their State of a stigma which to them seems monstrous.

It is only too true that by outsiders Reno is undeniably connected with divorce. Why shouldn't it be? It first came into the limelight through prominent people who came here for divorce. Newspapers commented on that fact and the world woke up to the knowledge that in a certain Nevada town called Reno, one could establish a residence in six months. Other well known people followed, keeping Reno in the telegraphic news day after day. Gradually a smile crept over the face of civilization at the mere mention of Reno, in recognition of the one thing for which it is known. Sensational writers seized upon this unique reputation and flooded the yellow journals with stories of Reno and its colony without the least knowledge of, or regard for, the truth. This remunera-

tive sensationalism resulted in erroneous impressions regarding Reno, but no more so than general ideas concerning the West entertained in the East. Many New Englanders believe that Indians abound west of Pittsburgh and that all citizens of Chicago carry firearms. Colorado and Kansas are wild regions composed of ranches, cowboys and rattlesnakes. Mormons are a kind of hydra-headed monster and California is a lemon farm on the other side of the globe. Nothing short of a mallet will dispel these illusions.

What can Reno accomplish by abolishing divorce—quick divorce? The immediate result will be a small announcement in the journals of the nation stating that Nevada has placed the ban on colonists by declaring a twelve months' residence requirement. The world will smile and forget it, for compared with vital news of the day, it will be like the Biblical mustard seed. Then would come the gradual disappearance of the colony. Could bona-fide Renoites fill the expensive apartments thus necessarily vacated? Who would sit at the many tables at the Colony Cafe or buy the imported garments at the principal stores? Surely not the miners at Wedekind? Think of the lawyers and doctors forced to leave Reno for lack of business! Up to the present time Reno has enjoyed a period of growth and prosperity. Theaters and public institutions have been built worthy of a much larger city, apartment houses and hotels flourish, stores send their buyers to New York and Paris, cafes have to be enlarged and the streets hum with automobiles.

What has caused this unusual state of affairs in such a tiny city possessing no great industries? Ask the dry goods merchant and the butcher, the hotel man and the grocer! Without the luxury loving and extravagant colony, what is to prevent a period of retrogression, barring, of course, the possibility of a stupendous mining boom in

the vicinity? Can we afford to shut out such enormous revenue? Poorly patronized hotels and cafes soon close, empty houses and apartments reduce rentals, prosperity grows thin and Reno would soon reach a state little better than Hawthorne or Wadsworth. Again—ask the merchant!

And what of the outside world? Would the revision of laws in Nevada affect divorce? Not an iota! Too late will Reno discover that it cut off its nose to spite its face, for divorce is prevalent even unto the corners of the earth. Nevada isn't so important after all, for it stands *thirteenth* in the list of States according to Government divorce statistics, and the number of people who migrate to other than home states for decrees is so small in proportion to the "stay-at-homes," that the local colony is a mere drop in the bucket.

To those who consider Nevada the hub of evil, a list compiled by the Government will be interesting. Notice particularly that Western states lead all the rest. Washington takes the prize with 513 divorces to every hundred thousand married population. Montana follows with 497; Colorado, 409; Arkansas, 399; Texas, 391; Oregon, 368; Wyoming, 361, and staid old Indiana with 355. Idaho occupies ninth place with 347 for every hundred thousand married population; Oklahoma, 346; Arizona, 344; Indian Territory, 326, and Nevada with 315.

Census reports state that Nevada has only 111 divorces to every hundred thousand population. The 315 stands in relation to married population only. If only permanent residents took advantage of our laws, the number would be exceptionally small.

California, whose people look askance at Reno in regard to the divorce business, stands next to Nevada in the *fourteenth* place with a ratio of 297 to each hundred thousand married population. If the earthquake had not

destroyed a lot of Court Records, California would rank higher than Nevada, a fact not much relished by those who ridicule Reno.

Delaware possesses the lowest rate of all the States—  
42. This is not surprising for in that State the Legislature alone can grant divorces. The laws, too, are unusually harsh, requiring a desertion period of three years before one can seek redress in the Courts.

New York has the second lowest rate, that of 60 for each hundred thousand married population, but this is food for laughter, as three-fifths of the Reno divorce colony hail from that State. Massachusetts, another generous contributor to the Nevada rating, has a record of 124. After reading these interesting statistics, does anyone think Nevada has a monopoly?

Regarding the importance of the Reno colony, court records in the United States show that four-fifths of all divorces are granted in the same counties in which the marriages took place. From the remaining fifth must be taken the number of people who have moved from the scene of their marriage and live happily in other States and counties. Therefore, the proportion of people who migrate to obtain divorces is too small to consider seriously. What looks like a mountain in Reno is only a mole hill. To remove it will cut off a source of revenue which the young State needs and will do no particular good in checking outside divorce abuses. People will merely stay at home and sue, or spend a year in some neighboring State.

For many years England and Canada have decried the prevalence of divorce in the United States. This attitude is amusing when one considers the number of English and Canadians who obtain divorces in this country. Many of Reno's most prominent colonists come from Canada,

England and even India. As a matter of fact, the United States holds only second place on the list of countries. Japan leads with a ratio of 215 per hundred thousand population (not married population), while the United States boasts only 73, a modest ratio compared with Japan. Europe follows with Switzerland 32, Saxony 29, France 23 (this has largely increased since 1900 when these figures were collected), Roumania 20, Denmark 17, Germany 15, Servia 13, New Zealand 12, Belgium and Hungary each 11, Australia and Netherlands each 10, Sweden 8, Norway 6, England 2 and Austria 1, per every hundred thousand.

The situation in Germany is interesting. While the marriage rate is practically stationary, divorces increased at the rate of 100 additional each year from 1883 to 1893. After that, they jumped to the alarming excess of 456 a year, until a uniform divorce law restricted the grounds for divorce. This checked the advance two years, but since 1901 the yearly increase has averaged 840. An investigator recently stated that divorce in Germany is increasing steadily, according to official statistics for 1909.

While the average number of divorces for the five years preceding 1909 was 12,000, the number rose in 1909 to 14,730. No fewer than 6,228 divorced men and 6,261 divorced women had been previously married. Does this indicate that divorce becomes a habit? Here is a chance for some enterprising Chicago professor to place the ban on beer and sauerkraut as a flagrant cause for marital dissension.

It is a significant fact that divorce is more prevalent among civilized and educated people than elsewhere. The rate is highest in progressive and enterprising sections. Can this be an argument in favor of divorce? According to world statistics the most progressive and enlightened countries possess the most liberal and humane laws, pro-

viding that civilization must recognize and alleviate conditions of unrest brought about by economic changes. If ignorance or tenacity to traditions places a stigma on divorce, then modern legislation must remove the stigma and seek to remedy the causes which render marriage so intolerable.

Many people consider divorce an evil which should be entirely eliminated. Could such a thing be done without bringing on the greater evil of defiant immorality? Happiness is the right of every human being and history and psychology of the human race have proven that unjust and inflexible rulings result in rebellion, mental, moral and physical. Has anyone who understands human nature the courage to contemplate a condition of Government where divorce is absolutely forbidden?

A uniform divorce law would alleviate inter-State confusion to some extent and eliminate migratory movements, but it can never prevent divorce. Neither will it remedy the conditions causing divorce. Common sense in rearing children, sex knowledge incorporated as a part of education, publishing of marriage bans and united effort to establish the home as the unit of national life, may, in time, re-organize society and remove the causes which now disrupt homes by the wholesale. If a uniform law is adopted by the Government, the disappearance of the Reno divorce colony will take place naturally, but until that event, why fret? Sweeping back the ocean with a broom has never proved effective. Prosperity reigns in Reno. Isn't it wiser to cling to it than to take a chance on losing it? Regrets don't amount to much when the consequences of a rash act stare one in the face. Better slow up a bit, Disgruntled One, and think twice. Sioux Falls sank into obscurity in a very short time and Sioux Falls had size and industry in its favor. Has Reno anything to swap equal to the Colony? Not yet!

### NEVADA MOON.

Nevada moon, Nevada moon,  
Pale guardian of the desert waste,  
The silent land that God forgot,  
Shine gently on my lonely cot  
Where Sorrow sleeps and Love is not.

Nevada moon, thy beams to me  
Bring memories of a symphony  
Played on the heart strings long ago.  
A weird and haunting melody  
That stirs the very soul of me,  
As here I lie on lonely cot,  
Within the land that God forgot,  
Where Sorrow sleeps and Love is not,  
And Silence speaks Eternity.

—*Leslie Curtis, in Overland Monthly.*



A professional beauty is a battle-ground of Art and  
Nature.

An affinity is the witch hazel of Dis-illusion.

#### **TO A COLONIST.**

Here's to your eyes, dear,  
And your lips.  
Here's to the warmth of your hand  
And the thrill of your finger tips.  
Here's to the charm of your clinging arm,  
To the throb of a heart so true!  
To nothing else in the wide, wide world  
But life and love and you!

Many a box of rouge is born to blush under false pretenses.

Reno—the clearing house of illusion.

### **HELEN.**

Divinely tall and more than passing fair,  
Bright sunbeams love to linger in her hair,  
A tangled mass of gold.  
Though laughter lights her lovely eyes of grey,  
There comes a somber sadness as the day  
Changes to dusk and slowly fades away  
Into its shadowy fold.

Art is long for the Johnnie at the stage door.

## ONLY BILLY.

New York City, November 20, 1911.

**B**EAR BILLY: Just a wee-little note to thank you for all you have done for me during those terrible months in Nevada. You can never realize how much I appreciate your kindness, you dear, sweet "kiddie-boy."

Going to a strange place was so hard, Billy, but you chased away the shadows and made me enjoy every moment of my stay.

I have told the One Man of our friendship, and I want you to write and tell me all about yourself—straight from the heart, just as we used to talk. Will you?

I am quite happy in my new home, but I miss Nevada's matchless sunset and the glorious freedom of the open country. Do you remember our walks along the Truckee—our talks in the moonlight—our rides through the wonderful silent places? And here? My windows offer nothing but thousands of other windows and millions of human ants eking out existence in the heart of a great city. Do you wonder that my spirit longs for wings?

You must be the link, Laddie, between me and the sagebrush. Send me a whiff in your letter and remember—all about yourself!

Address me at Spencer Arms—the name is "Atwood" now.

With infinite gratitude,

HELENE.

P. S. Did Armitage marry the "Lavender Lady?"

Reno, Nevada, December 1st, 1911.

**D**EAR HELENE: Your saucy little note has been lying on my desk for several days, watching me with accusing eyes, calling up visions of you and tormenting me with a thousand memories. What a poor substitute for all that you mean—pardon, have meant—yet it is all that is left, this little square of tinted note paper!

How exquisitely you torture me, Helene—you who seemed the very essence of tenderness. Forgetting has been so difficult, the ordering of life into its old groove, the search for happiness among the commonplace, the struggle to regain ideals—and now your letter, filled with honeyed venom, drags me back to anguish and unrest.

Your pen dripped irony when offering thanks for what you term my “kindness.” It was not kindness that brought me within your radiance, not kindness that turned our paths toward lonely places, not kindness bowing at the feet of a cruel Lorelei. It was love—and well you know it—born in the light of your wonderful gray eyes, nurtured through long hours of sweet communion, fed by your wit and brilliancy, drunk with your smiling beauty, strong in the sight of your weakness—love, Oh, Siren of the World, the blood of a man’s soul!

Let us laugh together, you and I! Laugh at the boy child stretching his pink hands toward the moon, Youth longing for the unattainable, honest affection seeking its true haven. What a fool I’ve been!

How cleverly you told me of the future in which I had no part, laughing as the secret left your lips! Did my quick breath and haggard face exact no tithe of pity that you should still delight in rasping quivering nerves within an open wound?

What fiend incarnate prompted you to seat me at the farewell dinner like a broken setting in your crown of conquest? Was it desire to drag your victim through the last agony of torture before your sneering guests? And when you said "To one I love" and raised your wine glass high, what demon in your eyes could smile at me? Then at the train, as if to tempt my numbed and broken spirit, you breathed a world of passion in a kiss, burning my hurt as never man can know. Laughing, you passed out of my life into the arms of one who waited long—while you, unmindful, sought forbidden fruit. If happiness is built on such foundation, then I would wish you all that I have missed.

Some day, perhaps, when beauty fades and leaves you poor and friendless, sickened with memories of other days, your thoughts may lure you back to dreams of God's great open spaces, where often we have revelled in the silence. And yes! God help me!—should you come crawling through the dust a woman of a thousand sins, a thing despised, degraded, sunken to the lowest depths, still would my arms be glad to lift you up.

I've learned my lesson well—the one you taught me in your own sweet way. No woman's eyes shall know me save in friendship, no lips shall tempt me or soft voice betray. The joys of love will find me always master—a man who buys, wearies and casts aside without qualm or conscience. My heart is but a desert stripped of all that makes life worth living.

I see your pretty mouth smiling and hear you pout, "Well, what could he expect?" Nothing, my dear, but what you led me to expect. I blame you not for inability to love me—a simple boor—but for playing with sincerity. Women like you, Helene—fair as the dawn, warm as the noon, blessed with a thousand charms—should med-

dle not with hearts of honest men, who, loving blindly,  
tender pearls to swine.

Now you know all about myself—a pretty story, is it  
not? Even as I write, Armitage and his pretty bride pass  
the window, both radiant in their new-found happiness.

I send a sprig of sagebrush as you wished, gathered  
where once we wandered north of town. Its grayness  
may remind you of my dreary lot. Enough! For your  
brief friendship I have paid dearly, but the page is turned.

If ever into your bright life comes retribution, re-  
member a foolish country boy whose name was

BILLY.



Reno is a co-educational Turkish Bath for matrimo-  
nial drunkards.

## THE MILE POST.

"One hundred miles to Reno"—Arcadee!  
One hundred miles across the desert sea!  
Blest haven of the heartsick, shelter me,  
Nor seek to know the wherefore and the why.  
Let me but creep into your welcome fold,  
So young in years and yet in life so old!  
Fair Reno—jewel set in desert gold,  
A gem beneath Nevada's azure sky!

The world may shout derision, prophets blate  
The desecration of the sacred state—  
Last station for the souls who think too late,  
Who doubts thy wisdom never knew the pain.  
Is there no solace for the hearts that break?  
No grave to bury deep youth's sad mistake?  
No rending bonds that Heaven did not make?  
Or forge for broken links in Cupid's chain?

Not all the penitence, nor yet the tears  
For shattered hopes and fully realized fears,  
Nor all the solitude of bitter years  
Can make a holy thing of loveless tie.  
Off with the lies in legal license dressed!  
Announce the truth and frailties confessed,  
Hail humane Reno, rendezvous of rest,  
The kindest spot beneath the nation's sky!

One hundred miles to Reno—and to rest!  
One hundred miles—Sierra's snowy crest  
Will smile its glory on another guest,  
Another craft upon the troubled sea.  
One hundred miles—how slow the moments creep!  
Hope lives, the Past is dead, and Love asleep!  
While ever on, my thoughts impatient leap  
To Reno—kindly Reno—Arcadee!

### **AN OPPOSITE OPINION.**

Reno—fair Cameo upon the desert waste,  
Resplendent with thy coronet of hills,  
Upon whose snowy heights the rising sun  
Throws shafts of glory, changing hour by hour  
Until the purple shadows of the night  
Envelop thee—and, covering thy shame,  
Bid the pale moon ascend and bring to thee  
A silvery canopy of needed peace!

Where flows the Truckee—ever rushing stream,  
As turbulent as hearts whose restless sleep  
But answers to the water's endless roar.  
And in whose depths great rocks and boulders lie,  
Deflecting currents—like the tangled lives  
That seethe and whirl about the rocks that Fate,  
In her omnipotence has cast abroad.

False, smiling Reno! Did the Maker plan  
So fair a setting for so foul a use?  
And shower blessings on a mangy dog  
That proudly licks a legal leprosy?  
Were those great hills—majestic monuments—  
Fashioned to mark a nation's restlessness?  
To cast their shadows on a human mass  
Of living lies—whose god, Inconstancy,  
Bids his weak votaries assemble there,  
To lightly shatter vows so lightly made?

Weep, lovely Reno, Cameo of the plain,  
That Desecration, 'neath so blue a sky  
Can live, and thus the purity refute  
Of thy surrounding snow-capped coronet!

## TWO LETTERS.

Hers

Reno, Nevada, November 7th.

**D**EAR ROBERT: I am calling you by the old name for the last time. You are no longer mine. Today I stood by the side of an open grave—heard the clods falling one by one—on all that is worth living. How dull they sounded on the hollow coffin of my disillusion! It may seem right in time—I don't know—there are so many angles to this life.

The proof of our parting is trembling in my hand—a frail parchment that divides us—you and I—until eternity. The Judge was very kind—he did not disturb the ashes—except once—he asked if I still cared. I faltered and answered that you wished to be free. That was all.

There—I am crying—christening the document that separates us. It has fallen to my feet. I can see the teardrops glistening in the firelight. There are six of them—one for each year. How childish I am!

The wind howls horribly tonight—like a lost soul crying for its keeper. It reminds me of our first kiss—do you remember? You took me in your arms so gently and said, "Sweetheart, if I had you—life would be all sunshine!" Tonight the wind howls. I am alone! And you—my Robert—are with her. Do not think me jealous—my heart is hurt too deeply for that. There was a time—at first—but it is over now. If you can find happiness with her—I am glad. But she can never understand—as I do. That is why I give you up so willingly.

It came to me in the ballroom—the night of Alicia's debut. I was sitting behind some tall ferns—it was not your fault—you did not know. Besides I should have been dancing, but I was so tired and wanted to be taken

home. Suddenly I heard your voice through the shrubbery—the voice I loved. A woman laughed and you said, “Adele, I love you—have always loved you!” The music seemed a thousand miles away—my finger nails cut into the flesh—the color faded from life. Someone asked me to dance—I sent him away that I might listen to my own death knell. You said, “It was all a mistake—this marriage. She is simple and childish—she doesn’t understand a man’s life.” Oh God—I understood too well!

How the music wailed and when an hour later she gave me her soft white hand and said “Goodnight”—I smiled into her beautiful dark eyes. May she never know the price of that smile!

You were kind that night—were you sorry for me? It seemed that you had never been so gentle before. I nestled close in the carriage—even though the odor of her violets permeated your clothing. Nothing mattered then—I was beyond pain.

Such a long, cruel night—hours that dragged themselves into eternities—and you slept like a healthy school boy. How I wrestled with the bursted bubble of my happiness—clinging close to you who had hurt me most—listening to the steady throbbing of your strong man heart—knowing the glad warmth of your dear body for the last time. Robert, may you never know the agony of such a night. Life is all froth to you, who skim its surface—I have drained the dregs!

At last the morning came. The light fell across your face and played on the gray hair around your temples. I kissed your eyes, your cheeks, your mouth—and then—Oh, God!—you murmured in your sleep “Adele,” and kissed me many, many times. I did not stop you—coward that I am—hungry for the love no longer mine, I took the kisses given to another—I became a thief!

It was a sorry breakfast that last morning, wasn't it? The coffee choked me, yet you never once laid aside your paper. I thought it would never end—there was so much to be done!

Were you surprised when you came home and found my letter? Such a pitiful one—all lies! I thought it out myself—that our marriage was all a mistake—I did not love you as a wife should—I wanted to be free. Oh, Robert, a simple, childish creature penned those words, but it was a woman's heart that broke!

You are free now—free to begin anew with Adele. I wish you nothing but happiness. Should you ever realize—long to turn back—but here is a little verse I wrote this afternoon—a cry from my heart to yours.

#### Resignation

Are you tired, Dearie—  
Tired of love and me?  
Has your heart grown weary  
Of my constancy?

Were we only dreaming,  
Sweetheart, you and I—  
Is there no redeeming,  
Must we say goodbye?

Life will seem so strange, Dear,  
Loneliness and pain!  
You have wished the change, Dear,  
I shall not complain.

Should your heart grow weary  
Wandering down the years,  
You will find me, Dearie,  
Smiling through the tears!

My eyes are brimming—I can no longer see the lines. Forgive my childishness—it seems such a tragedy. I have tried to be brave—to understand a man's life. Do not send money—I could not bear it—and there is no need.

I am going to my sister in Canada. You shall never hear from me again—unless you want me. Make the best of my sacrifice, Robert! I stretch my hands to you across the body of a great love! Goodbye!

RUTH.

\* \* \*

**His.**

Dear Ruth:

Your letter reached me this morning. I thank you for the information, but am sorry it has made you unhappy. You always were unduly sentimental. I could never quite follow your line of reasoning.

I scarcely know what to do with this freedom you have so generously given me. Why are you so impulsive? I did not mean to hurt you. You should not take these things to heart. Life is not so serious as you imagine.

Neither must you blame Adele. She is older than you, and accustomed to the social game, while you were like a little frightened bird. I tried to make you like it, but you were always dreaming in a world of your own and writing your queer little verses. By the way, the last was pretty and very like you.

Will have my lawyer arrange for a settlement in a few days. You must accept what is your due. I will hear no protest.

I will write you occasionally, if you wish it. Whenever you want money or anything, address me at the office and mark it "personal." It will receive my immediate attention. You see, I am still your friend.

Hastily yours,

ROBERT.

## OUR ALPHABET.

A—Stands for ALIMONY, ANSWERS and AIM,  
Also AFFINITY (whisper his name!).

B— for the BLUFF, which they hand out so strong,  
And BRIEF an affair sometimes awfully long.

C—stands for CLIENT, COMPLAINANT and COURT  
CHARGES of CRUELTY (any old sort).

D—for DEFENDANT, DIVORCE and DECREE,  
DESERTION, DENIAL and DESTITUTE. See?

E—stands for EVIDENCE, ERROR and EASE,  
EVERYONE striving to ENTER decrees.

F—stands for FAILURE to FAIRLY provide,  
(FRIENDS and the FAMILY all on one side).

G—For the GIRLIES who Reno-wards roam,  
Then the word "GRANTED," which hurries them  
home.

H—for HER HUSBAND, a HORRIBLE brute!  
Also HER HAMMER which knocks the poor mute.

I—for INTENTIONS to live here awhile,  
IMMEDIATE cause for an INNOCENT (?) smile.

J—for JOY, JOURNALIST, JURY and JUDGE,  
Also for JEALOUSY born of a grudge.

K—for KIDNAPPING—quite usual now—  
And KISSES as well (Reno laddies know how!).

L—for the LAWYERS who worry us through,  
Also the LOVERS we telegraph to.

M—stands for MARRIAGE—a bothersome state!  
And MONEY extracted from grouchy ex-MATE.

N—for NEGLECT—the cause of much woe,  
To NEVADA for NERVOUS disorders we go.

O—for the OATH we must everyone face,  
“Honest, dear Judge! there’s no man in the case!”

P—stands for PROPERTY, PLAINTIFF and PRAY,  
PREJUDICE, PAINT (which is seen every day).

Q—for QUEER QUIBBLES, while fair plaintiffs pout,  
At the QUESTIONS His Merciless Honor calls out.

R—for RELIEF from the marital yoke,  
Also RE-MARRIAGE (and this is no joke!).

S—stands for SACRIFICE, SORROW and SIGH,  
SAD SEPARATION—“Write Reno, Goodbye!”

T—stands for TRIAL, TESTIMONY and TEARS,  
And later, TRANQUILITY, missing for years.

U—for UXORICIDE, quite the style now,

V—is for VENUE, VICE, VIRTUE and VOW,

W—for WITNESSES WIVES we endow.

X—for ex-anything, just as you please!

Y—for YOUTH'S YEARNING to capture decrees.

Z—ZESTFUL ZEALOTS, who hustle for fees!



Judge—"Why do you wish to resume your maiden name?"

Plaintiff—"Because I want to be a-Miss legally."

## THE WANDERING BOY.

Where is my wandering boy tonight,  
My darling, my son, my prize?  
Out with the woman who does not care,  
The "colony" queen with the bleached blonde hair  
And a laugh in her wanton eyes!

Where is my wandering boy tonight?  
Wasting the pearls of life,  
Close to the woman who stands on the brink,  
Kisses and curses, music and drink,  
Somebody's wayward wife!

Where is my wandering boy tonight,  
My darling, so young and fair?  
Innocence writing its own epitaph,  
Clinking a glass to the empty laugh  
Of the woman who does not care!

The "colony" must be amused tonight,  
To brighten a dreary stay.  
And my heart's prize is the sacrifice  
For the cruel smile and the wanton eyes  
Of the woman who goes away!

The boy will creep into my arms some night,  
Away from her selfish snare,  
With eyes that fathom the ghastly truth  
Of ideals lost in the haze of youth,  
For the woman who did not care!



How often one sympathizes with pretty women—and gets stung!

## **NEVADA.**

Nevada, my Nevada,  
A desert and a sky,  
A thousand miles of sagebrush  
To greet the weary eye.  
A thousand miles of sagebrush  
Upon a field of gold,  
A thousand miles of silence,  
A charm that's never old!

Nevada, my Nevada,  
An endless inland sea  
Of alkali and sagebrush  
And winds forever free,  
Out of thy desert vastness,  
Out of thy deathly dust,  
There comes a lure that grips the heart  
And kills the wanderlust.  
A lure of length'ning shadows  
Of sunsets in the West  
Of winds forever sighing,  
That soothe the soul to rest.

Nevada, my Nevada,  
Far from the haunts of men  
My weak and weary spirit  
Has found its own again.  
Out of thy desert vastness,  
Out of thy deathly dust,  
There comes a balm that heals the heart  
And kills the wanderlust.



Teacher—"Willie, where is the Great Divide?"  
Willie—"Reno!"

## REVERIE

Do you ever think of me, dear,  
When the Lamp of Life burns blue,  
And wonder if I'm living yet  
To dream and think of you?

Do you ever long for bygone days  
When shadows obscure the glow,  
Recalling the stolen happiness  
That we knew long ago?

Comes never an imp to plague you  
In the shape of a wee regret?  
For every joy has a price, my boy,  
And I am paying it yet.

The ghosts of the past have ever  
Clung close through the joyless years,  
To sadden the eyes you loved, dear,  
And chasten the soul with tears.

So whenever you grow pensive  
And the Lamp of Life burns blue,  
Remember the world of tenderness  
That lives in my heart for you.

No matter the price I've paid, dear,  
For all that the dead past dared,  
But how it would lessen the burden  
If I thought you knew—and cared!



"My crop is a failure," wailed Cupid, as he rested on  
the steps of the Reno Courthouse.

## WELCOME TO OUR CITY!

**D**LUE? Bored? Disgusted? Stuff and nonsense! Wake up, look around, Stranger, and dissatisfaction will soon make itself scarce.

Stop thinking about yourself and your misery, longing for the day of departure from this disagreeable place. Yet Reno is convenient, you admit, for some things. Oh certainly! If one is driven to it!

Why not bury the painful past in moth-balls of oblivion, ignore the roseate future until it has fully ripened and then shake hands with the one best bet in life—the present?

Happiness is not a question of locality—and Reno furnishes no reason for depression. Happiness is a mental condition and in your own self lies the canker spot.

Through long gone centuries the old Greek slogan, "Know Thyself," has lived, yet many fail to heed its wisdom. A look within might bruise some tender vanity or tread upon the toes of petted pride. Hence, 'tis more human to place the blame upon exterior agents for most unlovely moods.

Abused? Of course, else why would you be here, doomed to stay a full six months or more? And yet, why mope? What use to waste such precious time and let the soul grow rusty?

Surprise yourself by rising early in the morning and gaze from your hotel window toward the south. Notice the ever-changing colors on the snow-clad mountains and fill your starved, city-cursed lungs with Nevada's life-giving air.

Don your old clothes and stroll out to Moana, along the well traveled Virginia Road, which leads to the treasure city of the Comstock, to Carson, the Capital of Nevada, and on to Genoa, a quaint historic town.

If handsome residences do not interest you, how about the "Cowboys' Home," some distance south of town? Anything like it in New York, London or Paris?

Moana, too, is different from usual resorts. A bath in the great pool after a brisk walk will add ten years to life and coax back youthful appetite. Here one may watch lovely colonists playing in the water and listen to their laughter ringing to the rafters. What a sight this pool must have presented when Moana was the scene of Jeffries' training quarters! Imagine the collection of athletes, journalists, sportsmen of all classes and famous characters from everywhere gathered in this tranquil spot.

A trip to Rick's will lead you to Johnson's headquarters, where a similar scene was enacted and crowds congregated to see the black giant in training. This also is the goal of merry parties of colonists who seek seclusion for their celebrations, far from the haunts of newspaper men and other curious persons. Mechanical pianos grind out waltz and two-step for the dancing visitors and glasses clink far into the night while waiting autos line the country road.

Farther on is Laughton's, another bathing resort, a favorite haunt for walking parties, who after indulging in the refreshing dip, return to Reno on the Truckee motor.

If you wish seclusion and secrecy, it is not necessary to mingle with your fellow-colonists. Later, you may lose the desire for solitude and realize that it is foolish to waste such opportunities for pleasant pastimes among others similarly exiled.

However, until then, why not enjoy them from a distance? Drop into the Colony Cafe, where many congregate. There you will see famous and beautiful women dining with sons of the sagebrush or Eastern gentlemen who also belong to the "Separation Squad." Study their

faces and notice new combinations forming all the time. What brings them here to Reno? Why are such attractive women apparently un-appreciated? Whom will they marry? Puzzle upon puzzle will keep your mind busy and in a few days your own troubles will sink into the background. You will become obsessed with the study of human nature, steeped in the problems of psychology, intent upon divining the mystery embodied in these personalities, which come and go like pictures on a screen. Who are they? What are they? Why are they? Make it your business to find out. Reno dull? Not much!

Do you know that Reno has a theater equal in beauty to the Lyric or Knickerbocker in New York? Stroll over some evening and examine the audience. What other town of twelve thousand souls can exhibit such a wonderful aggregation of well-dressed people? Metropolitan and cosmopolitan in appearance and in fact, a greater number appear in evening costume than one sees at a Gotham first night. Bored in Reno? Absurd!

If you know naught of mining, seek the new camp at Wedekind—not far from Sparks. Note the bustle and activity, the enthusiasm and spirit of optimism in the very air. Then journey to the old camp of Virginia, where over seven hundred millions in gold have been extracted. Visit the underground workings of the C. & C. and watch the men who toil that you may purchase life's necessities. Above ground, see the town, alive in memories of the greatest boom in history, rich in the names of famous men and filled with monuments of fabulous expenditure. Note the old mansions, rearing proud heads among rough shacks and miners' cabins. Visit the International Hotel, a relic of past glory, finished in solid mahogany and filled with memories of noted guests. Dine at the Chinese restaurant and search eagerly for interesting personalities among the patrons.

The homeward ride to Reno across the famous Geiger Grade will cause your dormant senses to jump with fear and every dangerous curve will seem the last. Far below is spread the lovely valley with Steamboat Springs sending a fringe of steam into the clear air, a message from the roaring caverns underneath.

Just over a mountain from the Geiger Grade lies Jumbo, a quaint and romantic mining camp, so secluded that it bursts upon one suddenly and looks for all the world like one of Brete Harte's story pictures. It is almost inconceivable that this primitive camp is not miles from civilization instead of within walking distance of two cities.

Forty miles north of Reno is a strange freak of nature, known as Pyramid Lake. It is an enormous body of water, possessing no outlet, although the famous Truckee River flows into it.

That volcanic action is responsible for its existence is probable, for along its shore are petrified fragments of vegetable formations, evidently thrown with great violence from depths below. Queer pyramid shaped cones stand like sentinels in this strange lake and add to the uncanny surroundings. On the east, high mountains rise abruptly from the water and, enveloped in purple shadows, frown upon the lake. Between Reno and Pyramid Lake are vast valleys carpeted with sagebrush and filled with the silence of centuries. Strangely shaped rocks and mountains enclose these valleys and isolated cabins speak the presence of man at long intervals. Jack-rabbits and wild horses play in the silence and strange birds soar overhead.

A trip to Goldfield and Tonopah will afford diversion without violating residence requirements, and a stop-over at Sleepy Hawthorne and Lucky Boy on the hill-top will stimulate new mentality.

At Carson City, the State Penitentiary is open to visitors and the footprints of pre-historic colonists are still visible. While impressing your footprints on the records of Nevada, why not enjoy the novel attractions of this wonderful State?

Even in Reno are countless points of interest. The Carnegie Library; the Courthouse, where the Divorce Mill grinds the steady grist; the homes of departed celebrities; the University of Nevada, so generously endowed by Clarence Mackay; the gypsum plant; the water works; the Elks' Home and the Y. M. C. A. Could any other town of similar population offer equal diversions?

Cheer up, Stranger! Lose the grouch and imitate our sunshine! Forget the woes of city life and come into the open, ready to love and understand Nevada, within whose fold poor, slandered Reno reigns.

## WHO KNOWS.

The parting of the ways  
    Watered with tears,  
All joy of bygone days  
Gone,—and by devious ways  
    Lost in the years.

Sad are the thoughts that throng,  
    Bringing a sigh.  
Love, once a joyous song,  
Faltered and then went wrong,  
    Now comes "Goodbye."

Where is the joy of life  
    Once held so dear?  
Torn in a wordy strife  
Husband and tender wife,  
    Why gather here?

Is there no other way?  
    Youth's hope must die?  
Vows of a sacred day  
Fade into hopeless gray.  
    Wherfore and why?

Whate'er the answer be,  
    May the Gods weep!  
Lowly and high degree  
Pray to be rendered free,  
    Love is asleep!



Separation is the anarchy of marriage; Divorce—the assassination.

### THE CONTESTED SUIT.

Mother dear, I'm in such trouble!  
All my hopes have gone to smash,  
Like the bursting of a bubble,  
Changed from lobster into hash!  
For he's going to contest it,  
Mother dear, what shall I do?  
As I never once confessed it,  
I just wonder how he knew.

Maybe, someone has been telling  
My affair with Charlie C.  
But a story more compelling  
Is the one with Von der Lee.  
Can his purpose be to draw us  
As affinities? Oh, dear!  
I am sure that no one saw us  
Kissing nightly on the pier.

Was a woman ever harassed  
Half so much? The cruel brute!  
It's enough to be embarrassed  
By an uncontested suit.  
Think of the humiliation  
When he mentions seven men!  
He will spoil my reputation,  
I can never wed again!

Horrid brute, he has no reason.  
To contest the suit is wrong.  
(I must marry George this season,  
He has stuck around so long.)  
Don't you think I've done my duty  
Toward my husband, mean old thing?  
I've a figure and some beauty  
And can dance and play and sing.  
I was pleasant to him often  
When I wanted something grand,  
And indeed—to make him soften  
Once I let him kiss my hand!  
Then he says I'm cold and cruel,

(George thinks quite the other way)  
And my flirting added fuel  
To his anguish every day.

It is awful when a woman  
Cannot smoke or drink or chew,  
And to spoon is only human  
'Tis a harmless thing to do.  
I can't see why he's objecting,  
Fifty thousand is so small!  
I suppose he is expecting  
Not to pension me at all.

Mother dear, I'm simply frantic!  
Is there nothing you can do?  
Your influence is gigantic  
He is quite afraid of you.  
Call on him at once, dear Mother,  
Beg him not to spoil my plan.  
Frighten him somehow or other;  
Telegraph the answer!—Nan.

#### ACCORDING TO TESTIMONY.

PLAINTIFF—An absolutely innocent person, blameless and without fault, wronged, abused and misunderstood by the loved defendant.

DEFENDANT—A horrible example of fiend incarnate, inventor of excruciating cruelties, perpetrator of innumerable atrocities, possessing no good qualities, without pity or conscience, whose sole aim in life is to torture the loving plaintiff.

Isn't it so, Judge?

## MODERN IRONY.

**A**woman of Great Gifts ventured into the world to win Fame at any cost save Chastity.

Laden with Youth, Hope and the Will of Inexperience, she passed from the Valley of Simple Joys through the Gates of Obscurity, lightened her once joyous burden in the Lane of Lost Ideals, and rested her bruised feet on the Hill of Infinite Loneliness.

Caught in the Maelstrom of Ceaseless Endeavor, she came unheralded into the City of Men. Vainly she knocked at the Door of Opportunity. Beauty and Dulled Sensibility, armed with the key of Influence, passed readily through the Portals of Alpha, but the Door of Opportunity closed with a hopeless clang on the Woman of Great Gifts. She had no key save Merit. Despair and Starvation crouched beside her on the doorstep. Temptation in a touring car pointed meaningfully at the closed door. She cursed him and clung closer to her gaunt companions. Death sharpened his sickle and passed the tip to a friendly undertaker.

Presto! A stray song winged its way into the heart of a Power. Popularity and Success knocked at the Shelter of Lost Hopes. Youth and Prosperity healed the sick soul of the Woman. Comfort and Luxury sat by her fireside, while Hunger and Cold sneaked out the back way to join Failure and Distress in the Alley of Dissolution.

The Motley Multitude arrived to pay tribute to the fair protege of Fame.

Said the Fool: "Your luck is phenomenal!"

Said the Wise: "Fine personality!"

Said the Frivolous: "Your beauty exceeds all else!"

Said the Sensual: "What capacity for love!"

Said the Pious: "Such knowledge is unseemly!"

Said the Wordly: "Life has given you understanding!"

Said the Poor: "Charity becomes you!"

Said the Cynic: "Unusual brain for such a beauty!"

And the woman of Great Gifts, standing alone on the Height of Achievement, gazed backward through the smoked glasses of Memory to the peaceful Valley of Simple Joys, retraversed the Highway of Hard Knocks and the Lane of Lost Ideals and crept slowly through the Field of Futile Sacrifice to the Hill of Infinite Loneliness. She smiled wearily and said: "Yet the most precious of my possessions you have not named. A pearl of great price preserved at great price—Virtue!"

A strained silence fell upon the Motley Multitude. Some smiled; other said "Impossible!" and not one believed her!

—*Leslie Curtis, in Smart Set.*  
*Used by permission of publishers.*



## COMPENSATION.

I laid the shattered idols one by one

Upon Life's crowded shelf—

Nursing the wounds—the silent battle done—

Seared on the Inner Self.

I turned and lo—the world seemed strangely bright,  
Illusions lost, past purged—came second sight!

—*Leslie Curtis, in Theater Magazine.*

## THE PRAIRIE.

Morn on the Prairie—the dew on the grasses  
Lit by the sunrise, a warm amber sea;  
Painting the sage in its sombre gray masses  
Color of rose as each gay sunbeam passes,  
Blending bright hues, creeping on length by length.  
Come and be part of me—quicken the heart of me—  
Lend me thy *gladness*, thy *vastness*, thy *strength*.

Noon on the Prairie—the great sun ascending,  
Grasps in its fury the desert and me.  
No drop of water the dry earth defending;  
Not a blade rustles! Is silence unending?  
Death stalks abroad in the glare of thy light!  
Boil the young blood of me—else what's the good of me?  
Lend me *intensity*, *purpose* and *might*.

Dusk on the Prairie—the wind softly blowing  
Sweeps o'er thy domain untrammeled and free!  
See! The last glow of the sunset is showing  
Deeper and darker the shadows are growing;  
Fading from sight are the hills in the west!  
Solace the soul of me—chasten the whole of me—  
Lend me *forgetfulness*, *happiness*, *rest*.

Night on the Prairie—the bright stars are gleaming,  
Lighting the dome of the vast inland sea.  
Cold is the moonlight that endlessly beaming,  
Chills the young blood of me—sets me to dreaming!  
Makes the mad youth of me plead for release!  
Come be a part of me—enter the heart of me—  
Lend me thy *brilliancy*, grant me thy *peace*.



The best way for a woman to avoid lawyers in Reno  
is to marry one.

## HUMILITY.

Though my heart sings to you  
Clings to you, brings to you  
Love that has slumbered through all that is past,  
I ask for nothing, dear,  
Only a passing tear,  
Only your tenderness true to the last.

Life has meant pain for me,  
Youth smiled in vain for me,  
Love came like sunshine to brighten a day.  
I grasped the whole of it,  
Reached for the soul of it,  
Held it with joy till it faded away.

Time is not long enough,  
I am not strong enough,  
Courage is lacking to struggle and live.  
If in my sorrow,  
I hasten tomorrow,  
Cherish my memory, dear, and forgive.



## THE PRODIGAL.

Deep in a hidden corner of my heart,  
There lived a song—a living joyful thing.  
It breathed of life and love and youthful fire—  
Great worlds to gain—and fame—the Heart's Desire!  
The little song took wing.

Soul empty—waited I the proud return.  
Years passed and still I loved the song and prayed,  
With paling hope and long sequestered fears  
Until it came—so timid and so strange,  
White faced and sad—Oh agony of change!—  
A little song of tears.

*Leslie Curtis, in Theater Magazine.*

### HER ANSWER.

**D**EAR MARGARET: I received today your little volume of verse—so fine—so exquisite, that it startles me. Can the great soul that breathes such delicate sentiment, divine tenderness and wealth of passion belong to the little girl I held in my arms so many years ago?

It seems like a dream now—my knowing you. This little book, so like you in its quiet cover, has led me deep into forgotten memories and left me wondering. Somehow, I have always felt that you loved me—were loving me all the time out in the great unknown. And tonight, as I read your verses—I know it—every one of them a message from your heart, the heart that holds such wonderful depth of feeling. How blind I was to ever let you go!

Perhaps you do not realize how much I love you, have always loved you! Life has been full since then—a long procession of events and disappointments, of young ideals shattered and regretfully laid away. Through it all has lived one memory—you—your loving eyes and soft brown hair, that little sob of happiness, the warmth of your dear hand in mine. That memory has spoiled all other loves for me. They came and passed—not one like you! And tonight, this little book has brought you back to me with all the old love shining in your eyes, all the joy of living trembling on your lips. Margaret, I want you—want you to creep into my tired heart—to make the wasted past a glorious future! I want you for my wife, Margaret, my wife!

The hours will drag until I hear from you. Write fully and freely—I must know your heart. Life has much in store for us. I am young, rich and tired of frivolity—you are full of love and your heart sings.

There is one verse that touches me, called "Recompense." It seems unlike you—a strange thought for one so gentle—yet somehow, it brings to me your answer. Love, to a woman, means just that.

If I could place the full breast of my youth  
To your dear famished lips,  
Bidding you drain the fountain of my being,  
Drink the warm blood that surges through young veins,  
Thus to absorb the fabric of my soul!  
Then—One so Loved—I'd ask as recompense,  
That you but smile into my dying eyes  
And know the fullness of the sacrifice!

Ah, my dearest, those words fill me with new life—thrill me with dreams of the joy that is to be—must be! Time will be eternity—do not torture me with waiting. I shall be in a fever until you throw open the gates of happiness.

Hasten, my dearest, for I need you.

WAYNE.

---

Dear Wayne:

I am tired tonight—so tired that my thoughts ache. Are you ever like that? Perhaps not—your world is not so serious.

All day I have thought of you—pondered over your letter, word for word—traveled with you through long forgotten byways. Forgotten?—they could never be that—only long unused.

You seem startled at the qualities revealed in my poor little verses—the tenderness, the passion and the knowledge of life. You reproach yourself for allowing such a jewel to slip from your grasp. You need not—all men do that—leaving the jewels for the merest dross!

Wayne, Wayne, how blind you are! Don't you know that I have paid for these things—paid with struggle and

sorrow—paid with years of heartache—paid with all the ideals and illusions that make a woman's life worth living? Out of despair comes humility—out of suffering, sympathy—out of pain, tenderness! What do you know of these?

Your letter, so full of masculine selfishness, comes just five years too late!

There was a time when the possibility of being your wife would have filled me with delicious joys and solved life's farthest problem. I was poor then—young and unprotected. Because I was a poor girl whom no one knew, you hadn't the courage to say to the world, "I have found a jewel worthy of the finest setting—I will honor it before all men!"

What cowards men are! You took my kisses—won my young love—filled my thoughts with foolish dreams—and then you let me go out into the world to fight my way unaided. The world is a hard school for a tender, sensitive woman—it will bruise the soul if it does not scar the body. But I have conquered—hardship and struggle, trouble and tears, hunger and cold, endless temptation! Out of the furnace I am come—shorn of my weakness, and triumphant!

And you—who might have saved me all that—you, in your luxurious uselessness—ask me to pour into your outstretched hands the fruit of my suffering—the love, the sympathy, the passion that came to me through agonies you have never had the courage to endure. Now, that I have fought and won—have burst into fame on the heart-throbs of my poems—brought the world to my feet in adulation—who are you? What have you done to deserve such reward? Young, rich and idle—you jest!

In all that volume—the voice of my soul—there is but one verse to you—full of the bitterness that marked our parting!

God gave me life  
And laid me gently in a poppy field,  
Within the vale of utter loneliness.  
Whichever way my childish need might wander  
Tall poppies beckoned—flaunting scarlet shame!  
While I affrighted, trembled and refused them,  
Until at last—you came!  
You came!  
Laid your cool hands upon my fevered temples;  
Answered the longing of swift passing hours,  
And kissed away from starving lips the hunger,  
Then left me there, among the flaming flowers!

“Recompense”—which you so readily accept as yours  
breathes for another the boundless gratitude that binds  
my soul to his!

Older than you and chastened by long years of struggle—it was his hand that smoothed my rough path—his smile that comforted me in moments of despair—his love that crowned the waiting elements with such divine fulfillment! His eyes will reflect all the tenderness and understanding that you might have honored—his lips will feast upon the lips that once sought yours—and as I yield my pure white body into his dear arms—there will be no thought of you—save friendship.

Into the school of life you sent me—I have learned its lesson—and now, Thank God—I see!

Goodnight,

MARGARET.

### **THE OPTIMIST.**

Youth! What is Youth? Speak, Seer!  
"The gladsome springtime of a human year."

Hope! What is Hope? "Ambition's smile—  
A vision of reward deferred awhile."

Love! What is Love? "Immortal fire—  
And held within two arms—the Heart's Desire."

Regret? The answer, Seer! What is Regret?  
"Mistakes for which we pay—and then forget."

Death! What is Death? "Only release—  
Eternity to come and perfect peace."

Life! What is Life? "A master key  
To Past, to Present and the Yet to Be."

6

Love laughs at locksmiths and the family secret escapes through a keyhole.

### THE PESSIMIST.

Youth? What is Youth? Speak, Sage!  
"The fair, false forerunner of age."

Hope? What is Hope? "Yearnings ahead,  
Hope is frail, faints, gasps, is dead!"

Love? What is Love? "Only a mad, sweet pain;  
A sorrow chanted to a bright refrain."

Regret? What is Regret? "Only a backward thought;  
Only a bit of experience, dearly bought."

Death? What is Death? "Only the end;  
Eternity, alone, without a friend."

Life? What is Life? "A fleeting breath;  
Youth, Hope, Love, Regret and blessed Death!"

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6

Quarrels are pimples on the cheek of Happiness:  
Divorce—a boil under the collar of Love.

## AS OTHERS SEE US.

**R**ENO is situated on an island in the Sea of Matrimony. It is parted in the middle by the Truckee River, which flows from the Reef of Many Causes to the Harbor of Renewed Hope and More Trouble. The tide comes in regularly by the Southern Pacific and the untied depart the same way.

Reno is a winter resort for some people and a last resort for others. It consists of well-defined grounds both outside and inside of a courthouse. The town is laid out in sub-divisions and the inhabitants are laid out in court. The population is mixed, consisting of men, women and lawyers.

Hotel Refuge, on Evidence avenue, contains separate suites and individual pillow cases. Rates dependent upon alimony. Affinities and other luxuries, extra. Special department for family skeletons.

The principal industries are divorce and mining. Judges Moran and Orr control the most profitable mines. The main shaft extends to the level of desperation and is crossed by the drifts of non-support and cruelty. Hundreds of lawyers are engaged in sorting high and low grade domestic ore. Considerable brass is discovered and is in evidence daily. A rich vein of humor pervades the situation.

The divorce mill is situated on Alimony avenue, near Separation street. It is used for grinding grounds and pulverizing reputations. Scandal is a by-product which is devoured while fresh by a species of buzzard known as "the journalist." Painless extraction of fees, life histories and dramatic episodes a specialty. One bottle of our deadly divorce dope will eliminate husbands, wives and other insects in six months. Assumed names, new or

second-hand, delivered at your door upon request. Phone 23.

The style of dressing in Reno is distinctive. Neckties, home-ties and railroad ties are being gradually eliminated. Separate skirts and waists are all the rage. Wardrobes consist in most cases of two suits, Sunday and legal. Contested varieties occasionally in evidence, but are not popular. Hair is worn parted. Double chins not encouraged.

The Reno city government is unduly severe. All trains arriving in the city are uncoupled according to city ordinance. All wagons affect single-trees. Persons doubled up with pain are requested to redouble their efforts to leave the city. Broken hearts mended at the Double Cross hospital.

Left over husbands and wives may re-enter the United State (s) by collusion and a conference with the license clerk.

Bonds of matrimony discounted at the courthouse. No interest after six months.

Children possessing progressive parentage must be labelled with their right names.

Motto of Reno—"Part the speeding guest."

—*Leslie Curtis, in Judge.*



Baldhead—"Has Tessie Tiptoes left the chorus?"

Manager—"Not exactly. She's out in Reno—changing brokers."



An affinity is a fresh disappointment in disguise.

## ON THE MARRIAGE OF AN ARTIST.

*Vale et pax vobiscum*—Art is dead  
By tender missives and a fancy fed!  
*Dementia conjugalis* chokes thee, Friend,  
And drives Progression to untimely end.  
Weep Gods of Art! Recall thy erring child,  
Who would by human rite become defiled  
And bury Freedom in the phrase, “I will!”  
Expansion trades for a Domestic Mill  
That sinks ideals in the Commonplace  
And draws the gifted captive from the race.

Love laughs at Youth and the artistic mind  
Can in Anticipation, pleasure find.  
But Realization kills the joy to be  
And bathes young hopes in cold Reality.  
Fond arms grow lax and rosy dreams turn gray,  
The color fades from Life, as day by day  
Love's little gifts but answer Duty's call,  
And one by one the leaves of Romance fall.  
While Jealousy clips close the wings of Art  
And like a canker eats the aching heart.

When Duty marks the confines of the Soul,  
Ambition's son must pay a heavy toll.  
E'en though in dreams he seek relief from care  
The cry of peevish infant rends the air.  
While lofty thoughts (returned to claim their own)  
By Interruption to the winds are thrown.  
Complaints of loved ones, neighbor's petty ills,  
The nervous tradesmen's avalanche of bills,  
Distractions bound to kill the patient heart,  
For “Freedom!” is the battle cry of Art!

Then Memory—living Nemesis of Fate—  
Paints pictures of the past—Alas, too late!  
To starving soul brings all the bygone charms  
Of deep-hued eyes and gentle, clinging arms,  
The clasp of hand by Youth's fierce fires fed,  
The kiss—hot pressed—on lips of ruby red,  
The glint of loosened hair—the mad embrace—  
And passion's answer in a lovely face.  
With these and more—too cruel Memory plagues.  
Art takes the cup and drains the bitter dregs!

While Freedom smiling, bids her sons rejoice  
And pay good heed to Wisdom's tardy voice,  
That they may soar in Art's domain sublime  
And float unfettered on the wings of Time.  
A chosen few the Heights of Fame to find,  
Leaving the sordid Commonplace behind.  
Lo—and the Gods grant, as a Recompense  
A boundless storehouse of Experience!  
The Hampered Spirit plays but minor part,  
For Freedom is the battle cry of Art!

*Vale et pax vobiscum*—Art is dead  
By tender missives and a fancy fed!  
*Dementia conjugalis* watch will keep.  
Ring wedding knell! Bend low, ye Gods, and weep!



Child—"Mamma, what was my last Father's first name?"



Blushing is virtue's color, but rouge is inexpensive.

## THE COLONY.

Have you ever thought about the Reno Colony  
And what we owe this little fad, divorce?

Fair plaintiffs oft advising,  
Forever criticising,  
Yet their money helps us on a bit, of course.

If you legislate against the Reno Colony,  
To other fields the fair ones you will drive.  
For ill-advised propriety  
Brings poverty with piety,  
And some of us would much prefer to thrive.

Does Reno really know how much the Colony  
Contributes to the cafes and the stores?  
Hotels would soon be closing,  
The population dozing,  
If broken hearts should favor other shores.

A necessary evil is the Colony,  
It must exist when Love has sullen grown,  
So quit the foolish knocking,  
Your own progression blocking,  
And learn to let what's well enough alone.



## REPENTANCE.

Divorced for an affinity,  
I married my divinity.  
But wiser now,  
I feel somehow  
'Twas simple asininity!

## THE LADY WITH THE BRONZE HAIR.

**T**HE Colony has a friend—the Lady with the Bronze Hair. Many a newly-arrived colonist, lonely and heartsick, holds her in grateful remembrance for the first friendly smile, the first kind word. It is hard to come to a strange town in a strange country, to adjust oneself to new customs and faces, especially if the heart is heavy and the tears are so near the surface that life seems not worth living.

Is it to be wondered that the crushed and timid stranger should seek the haunt of the Lady with the Bronze Hair, just to hear her pleasant greeting and absorb the warmth of her smile? She is always cheerful, always smiling, this lady, with a warm heart as big as the Southern Pacific ocean. Her sympathetic ear is ever turned toward the heartsick, and her right hand never advertises the countless little charities performed by her left.

Pickle-faced people with ingrowing dispositions and perpetual gourches would do well to watch the Bronze-Haired Lady.

She has a pleasant word for everybody—divorcee, shop-girl, newsboy, lawyer or down-and-out soldier of fortune. She divides her blessings with others less fortunate, loans an evening coat to a working girl who wants to impress a new beau, gives some tired housewife a ride in her auto, carries food and clothing to some suffering family, and says nothing about it.

In other words, she is a "brick." Generous, big-hearted and sympathetic, she wins the regard of everybody. Even her husband idolizes her, a great thing in these days of installment plan marriage.

Here's to Mrs. Bill Thomas, the Lady with the Bronze Hair, Reno's fairest exponent of joy-giving optimism!

### LOVE'S MIRROR.

Sweet Peggy sat before the glass and gazed at the reflection,  
As o'er each feature she would pass in intricate inspection.  
Said she, "They say that love is blind. 'Tis true and so is Charlie,  
If he, in me, can beauty find, indeed, 'tis arrant folly.  
Now, there's my eyes, just plain blue eyes, and yet to Charlie's vision,  
They're bits of blue Italian skies, their depths are fields Elysian;  
My lips are tempting Cupid's bows where lingers sweetest honey;  
My cheeks like bloom of Damask rose; these men are very funny!  
Nose retrousse, no form it shows like those of Grecian issue,  
Yet Charlie says, 'That darling nose! I'll really have to kiss you!'  
My teeth are rows of 'rarest pearls,' my ears like 'shells of ocean,'  
And I'm the best of all the girls; now, what a foolish notion!  
He must be blind such charms to see. He stole my heart, the bandit!  
Why does he love plain little me? I cannot understand it."

Ah, Peggy dear, your lover's eyes detect a thousand graces,  
For in the soul more beauty lies than in a dozen faces.  
Deep in your inmost heart he sees affection that lies dreaming,

Truth, constancy, desire to please, from out your eyes are  
beaming.

Your innocence of worldly lore, your ways so sweet and  
luring,

Combined with qualities galore, bring love that is enduring.

'Tis not the charm of face alone that draws your lover  
nearer,

It is the sweetness all your own, reflected in Love's mirror.



### MUSTN'T TOUCH!

Homer, dear, listen here!

Don't you lose your head.

Charms may come and charms may go

To your Art stay wed,

Art is long, while love is fleet,

Women are uncertain,

Hearts get trampled under feet,

Better stop your flirtin'.



If you want to know a woman's right name take her  
walking by the Truckee on a moonlight night.

### THE RENO RIDDLE.

Sing a song of lawyers, sing a song of woe,  
Sing a song of Reno, where all the misfits go.  
Sing a song of clients, much perplexed, of course,  
To find a good attorney and get a quick divorce.

Such a lot of lawyers! McCarron is a dear!  
One has to mount a ladder to weep in Harwood's ear.  
Shall we look for Martinson, Reeves or Jimmy Boyd?  
Brown and Heer or Lewers not socially annoyed?  
Oscar Smith looks delicate—see his pallid face!  
Is Huskey's voice quite strong enough to engineer a case?

Which is most expensive—Summerfield or Seeds?  
Would just-wed Thomas Kepner suit our tearful needs?  
What of Messrs. Gardiner, Hubbard, Burritt, Fink?  
This array of legal lights is driving me to drink!  
Salisbury or Waldo—Frame and Breeland, too,  
While handsome Ed O'Brien might pull our cases through

Stoddard is a winner who deals in Cupid's darts;  
Woodburn is a dandy chap to comfort aching hearts;  
Moore is sympathetic—Lunsford, too, and Mayers;  
Albert D. is married now and cannot put on Ayers.  
O'Farrell or McDowell? What of Mack and Green,  
Cheney, Price and Hawkins with Downer in between?

Thunen, VanDerwerker, Platt and Gibbons, too,  
Burton, Campbell, Kennedy—Golly, what a stew!  
Parker, Dixon, Barrett, Dodge and Jimmie Glynn,  
Massey so good-natured, in spite of being thin;  
Barry is a gentleman always just and kind;  
Springer is a handsome chap and Curler speaks his mind.

Moran, Ohmart, Painter—Hogevoll and Brede,  
Hinckley, Miller, Henderson—which one do I need?  
Turner, Williams, Stewart, Shutter-Cottrell, King,  
Murray—A revolver! This is awful! Bing!  
Leroy Pike or Wilson—Jones will do, you think?  
Take me to the Foolish House, my brain is on the blink!



### CONFESION.

I love you, dear,  
Quite unashamed,  
Gone is the yesteryear  
Wild and untamed.

You broke the barrier down,  
Stormed at the gate,  
Is it for me to frown,  
Questioning Fate?

You who have conquered me  
Must not forget,  
What it has meant to me,  
Means to me yet.

Love has brought bitterness,  
Life is so drear.  
Yet in each mute caress  
I love you, dear.



There is many a slip 'twixt the ring and the millionaire.

## A COMPLIMENT TO THE WEST.

**W**PTON SINCLAIR in a recent magazine article declared against the religious idea of marriage and divorce. Marriage, according to the church, is not a merely economic and social institution, but a religious sacrament. That which God has joined together no man may put asunder. Sinclair designates this as a "tabu" marriage, because it means in substance that two people who have walked into a trap are in the trap for life. According to this doctrine youthful mistakes should not be righted, or a man who catches smallpox given medical aid.

Sinclair's ideas of a uniform divorce law are given as follows:

"The question of divorce is being much discussed at the present hour, and it is a fact that I note with a mixture of amazement and fear that in practically every argument it is taken for granted as a truism that divorce is an *evil*, and that its abolition would make for the protection of the home and of women. I say I note with fear, because it seems to me that the triumph of ignorance and superstition in this matter is a most serious symptom of the degradation of American thought. The most superficial study of the divorce statistics proves the fact that our so-called 'migratory' divorces form an almost negligible percentage of the total; and that by far the largest percentage of divorces are gotten by women and under conditions which make of the woman a slave, and of her life a torment.

Just at present there is well under way a movement for the establishing of a uniform divorce law in the United States; what this means, or is meant to mean by all our ecclesiastical advisers, is that all the states are to

be cajoled or forced to submit themselves to the standard of the 'tabu' marriage. There are portions of our country, mainly in the West, where freedom still has a message for the minds of men and women; and I would most earnestly urge the people of those happy regions of the earth to study this most important of social problems, and to set their faces resolutely against any attempt to force them back into the conditions of sex-slavery and degeneracy which obtain in the mediaeval states of our country, such as South Carolina and New York."



### THE WANING MOON

LATELYWED: "Guess I'll run out for a shave and hair cut."

MRS. LATELYWED: "Oh, darling, you promised never to leave me."

LATELYWED: "But, dearest, I must have *some* pleasure."  
*Leslie Curtis in Satire.*

### THE WAITING LOVER.

I wandered in the moonlight, dear,  
And wondered if you knew,  
That all the love within my heart  
Is living there for you?  
That every tender thought of mine  
Goes searching weary miles  
To find the one I love the best,  
And change his tears to smiles.

Oh tell me truly, gentle moon—  
Why must we mortals part,  
When love brings joy into the soul  
And fills the hungry heart?  
You kissed me in the moonlight, dear,  
Beside a singing stream,  
And since then life has been a song  
And memory a dream.

There is a home in your dear arms,  
A pillow on your breast,  
Where my poor heart is safe from harm,  
And gains its sweetest rest.  
For in this sad and weary world,  
I've known no greater bliss  
Than when you told me of your love  
And sealed it with a kiss!

The kiss still lingers on my lips,  
Far sweeter than before,  
And memories of that happy day  
Shall live forever more.  
And so I send my love, dear heart,  
Across the distant blue—  
That you may meet me in your dreams  
And hold me close to you.

## THE WHITE SLAVE.

I am a woman and my sad eyes turn  
To shrouded windows where the home lights burn.  
How dark the night! How pitiless the rain!  
Yet children's shadows dance upon the pane.

How great the loneliness that folds me in  
A broken flower in the world of sin.  
Yet with a woman's heart of hopes and fears,  
A woman's need for love—a woman's tears.

No tiny hands to wander through my hair,  
No loving arms to bid me nestle there.  
Only the clinking glass, the hollow laugh  
A life too gay to gain Love's epitaph.

And still the lights shine through the window pane.  
How dark the night! How pitiless the rain!  
A woman's tears fall on a painted face,  
A murdered hope lives in the market place!

### TO A MARIPOSA LILY.

Flower, I envy thee, in thy cool bower!  
Lend me tranquility—peace—for an hour.

Let my world-weary feet rest here beside thee—  
I find in thy retreat all things denied me.

Thou mightst a maiden be—pure is thy feature.  
Tempters come but to me, frail human creature.

Deep in thy lily eye—all things regretting  
I look and wonder why—all things forgetting.

Purity there I see—calmness unending;  
Can there be peace for me? Is there no mending?

Why must my weary road know a tomorrow?  
Here in thy cool abode there is no sorrow.

Strife, pain, reality—lost for an hour,  
Would I were like to thee! Pity me, flower!

*Leslie Curtis, in Overland Monthly.*

## **WANTED—INFORMATION!**

Howdy Juan—what's on?  
Anything new in town?  
Who's the latest, Romeo?  
Blue eyes, black or brown?  
Must keep you busy, boy,  
After business hours.  
So? Deserted native buds,  
Cullin' full-blown flowers?  
Ah! I see—quite agree!  
Can't you think of one for me?

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Curl papers are the acid tests of love.

## IN RENO.

**S**CENE—A courtroom. Judge Blank presiding. Haughty lady on witness stand.  
Question. Name and address?

Answer. Mrs. Ira Kissam, Riverside Hotel.

Q. Former residence?

A. New Yawk—Riverside Drive.

Q. Why do you wish to obtain a divorce?

A. (shrugging shoulders). One must be in the swim, you know.

Q. Then you wish to further your social ambitions?

A. Why else would one endure the foreign atmosphere of Reno?

Q. How long have you been here?

A. Six months and ten minutes.

Q. Time enough. What is the grievance against your husband?

A. Grievance! I am not the wife of a laborer, sir!

Q. But you must have some complaint. Does your husband beat you?

A. Frequently—at bridge.

Q. Does he drink?

A. Certainly! He is a gentleman.

Q. Does he use loud and unbecoming language?

A. I could not say.

Q. Surely, you must know that.

A. Really, I knew very little about him. You see, he is not in my set.

Q. Does he support you?

A. I believe so. Some one pays the bills. I never annoy myself with such details.

Q. So far you have given no reasonable ground for divorce. What is your objection to Mr. Kissam?

A. His name annoys me. Could anything be more disgustingly vulgar?

Q. Did you know at the time of your marriage that his name was Kissam?

A. (sighing). He had money then.

Q. It does make a difference. Does Mr. Kissam indulge in "affinities"?

A. I really never exerted myself to inquire.

Q. Have you any children?

A. (indignantly). Certainly not.

Q. Calm yourself madam. This is a very sad case of neglect and extreme cruelty. How much alimony do you wish?

A. I live simply. \$5,000 a month will do.

Judge. Decree granted. Witness dismissed.

A. (rising). Very well! You will oblige me by handing me the papers as soon as possible. My fiance is impatient, you know.

Judge. Ah! A fiance? Then you expect to remarry?

A. Certainly! He is a lovely boy.

Judge. Congratulations. Hope your second plunge will be happier than your first.

A. Perhaps. One never can tell. Good day. (Exit.)

Judge. Next! (Indian squaw takes the stand.)

Q. Name?

A. Red Star. Ungh!

Q. Husband's name?

A. Bad Egg. Ungh!

Q. What is the matter with Bad Egg?

A. Much booze. Brave no good. Ungh!

Q. Is that all?

A. No papoose. Me want papoose. Ungh!

Judge. Decree granted. Witness dismissed.

Clerk. Your Honor is wanted at the 'phone.

Judge. Hello! Yes, this is Judge Blank. Mrs. Ura Nagger, Colonial Apartments? What can I do for you? Certainly, what kind do you want? Absolute, \$2.50; limited, \$1.98, marked down from \$2.00. Very well. Do you want it sent C. O. D.? All right, it will be there by dinner-time. What? Send the license over with it? All right. Going away tonight? Well, congratulations! Goodbye.

Judge. Court is adjourned. (Exuent protesting attorneys and disappointed women.)

—*Leslie Curtis, in Life.*

*Copyr. Life Pub. Co.*

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Not even a plumber can keep a family skeleton from leaking.

## **LOVE'S AWAKENING.**

I looked into his eyes—those glorious eyes,  
A calm came o'er me as of Paradise.  
It seemed as though my soul were locked in his,  
Lost in the depths of those all-glorious eyes.

He drew the bow across his violin,  
A low sweet strain came floating to my ears,  
Then changed to the wild ecstasy of joy,  
The throb of Love—the music of the spheres.

He played a passion song—so fierce, so sweet,  
My heart strings quivered till the song was done,  
Then as he turned on me those glorious eyes,  
I saw within their depths that Love had won.



## **IN MEMORIAM.**

Lady Gray "has went" away,  
E. C. will be lonely.  
He'll be true at least a day,  
Faithful to her only,  
'Till he finds another flame.  
Oh, already? What's her name?

## FATE THE JESTER.

Fate, the Jester, is hard of heart,  
Love or pity he knows for none.  
He flings at random his fatal dart,  
Nor wots the mischief that he has done.  
But we are the victims—mortals—men,  
Caught in his unerring aim and then  
Awaiting the sequel from sun to sun,  
Of the work that a mischievous Fate begun.

Fate was pitiless, Fate was grim,  
The edge of his wit was cold and keen  
When your eyes sought mine o'er the glasses brim  
To see in each other, a King—a Queen.  
We are the sufferers—dare you ask why?—  
Victims of circumstance—you, dear, and I.  
How could Fate stoop to a trick so mean  
When he knew that a barrier stood between?

Love from your eyes smiled into mine;  
Words half spoken died unexpressed;  
Lips turned white as they touched the wine;  
Could it have been but an idle jest?  
Saw you in my eyes—in my eyes alone—  
Love you had longed for and never had known?  
While I, child of Folly, had ended my quest  
To find in your tenderness, solace and rest.

Ties that torture us now exist;  
We must be patient, dear, and wait  
Till they fade away like morning mist.  
Though it may come soon and it may come late,

Like two tired children, our hearts storm-tossed,  
We'll find in each other the worlds long lost.  
For Duty and Love may yet open the gate—  
To the Land of Reward for the victims of Fate!



### PREDESTINATION.

Women are bubbles afloat on Life's stream;  
Youth is the kiss of the sun, in whose gleam  
Onward they dance like the joys of a dream.  
While Destiny lurks in the boulders below,  
Shaping the currents of Life as they flow,  
Issues too deep for the surface to know.  
Poor little bubbles that glisten and gleam!

Some drift to shallows, secluded and sweet,  
Safe in the pools where the love lilies meet;  
Others are borne on the waves' highest crest  
Home to the shores on the Isles of the Blest,  
Just as the sunset illumines the West,  
Gilding the sands for Eternity's rest;  
Whisper! The loveliest, frail as a breath  
Float toward the shadows—Dishonor and Death.  
Fate's tiny puppets that dance in a dream,  
Beautiful bubbles afloat on Life's stream!



Fair Stranger—"Please direct me to a reliable attorney."

Village Cut-up—"Do you want a separator or a plain lawyer?"

## THE SQUAW.

*Go to the squaw, my fair one,  
Study her ways and be wise!*

“**L**EARN from a squaw! One of those greasy fat things we see every day? Imagine a mere squaw teaching us anything! Absurd”

But is it absurd? If “the Colonel’s Lady and Julie O’Grady are sisters under the skin,” why deny the stolid “Piute” her sisterhood? She is human and plays her part of wife and mother just as effectively as the beautiful white matron on Mill Street. In fact, modern womanhood would do well to observe the squaw and her ways, for she possesses admirable qualities of character which civilized charmers consider ideal but oft-times fail to embrace.

Humility, that rare state of mind which exists only when conceit and self-adulation are conquered, is personified in the squaw. She is satisfied with her lot in life. She never complains. Man is her Lord and Master through years of tradition and she is content in her own sphere with no desire for equal suffrage. Taking care of her bow-legged buck and the papoose is glory enough for her.

It is said that women are naturally envious and will strive tirelessly to outshine a neighbor. Not so the squaw, for after years of contact with extremely gowned colony queens, she remains normal and appears daily in simple “headkerchief,” shawl and bright-hued dress of calico. Even among her own people, the war of dress is unknown. The use of calico is universal and envy has never caused the appearance of more costly materials.

The happy Piute loses no sleep over changing styles. While Reno streets swarmed with hobble and tube effects, the squaw placidly exhibited voluminous gathered skirts and petticoats, each trimmed with generous twelve-inch ruffles. Her entire lack of interest in the attire of her fair sisters is demonstrated by the fact that a squaw seldom turns around to gaze upon a passing creation from Worth or Paquin.

Economy is another virtue of the red woman. She discards no article of dress until it is worn out. Everything in her wardrobe is substantial and inexpensive. Dressmakers never worry the sensible Piute who makes her own calico raiment and wears it proudly. Many a white man, worn to a mere shadow by the extravagance of his foolish half, has gazed upon the economical squaw with sad-eyed approbation. Her "man" is unacquainted with the great civilized slogan, "Please remit." Happy man! Thrice happy squaw!

The red lady never worries. Her bland countenance exudes good nature and self satisfaction. She has no nerves. If "Mike" comes home with a load of Tanglefoot, does she weep, tear her hair, deliver a Caudle lecture and threaten to return to mother? Not much! She deposits him on the family pallet and ignores his condition. Sleep sobers the festive red man and peace reigns in the wigwam.

Public opinion and Mrs. Grundy have no power over Mrs. Squaw. If tired, she sits upon the most prominent curb-stone, regardless of spectators; if hungry, she eats her lunch where all may see; if sleepy, she snores beside some friendly door-step. All these things are harmless, yet would white woman be so brave? "Certainly not! What would people say?"

Squaws never gossip or criticise their neighbors. They never speak without saying something, a habit their white sisters might well emulate, although the adoption of these characteristics by white women would naturally kill Clubs, Guilds and Aid Societies, where idle talk is the main occupation. Hatred and Malice would die from neglect and poor crushed Truth could rise again. Whether civilized women could reach such a state of perfection as personified by the squaw is problematical, for gossip is largely a habit, apparently harmless, but in the mouths of the un-thinking it becomes a two-edged sword.

The squaw is never ashamed of her husband or "man" as he is called. He accompanies her wherever she may wander. She is not above playing craps with him and his gentlemen friends on a vacant lot in the heart of the city. This attribute should be considered by ladies who look down upon their better halves as "mere business men entirely out of place among cultured people." Oh, fussy, fussy! And if it wasn't for uncouth Hubby's business ability to furnish the rags for milady, society would drop her quicker than a hot cake.

American mothers are flattered by the attention paid to their offspring on the streets when perfect strangers pause to admire "Goo-Goo" in his new go-cart. They beam with joy at the mere mention of Goo-Goo's fatal beauty, even if his nose is crooked and his eyes are not mates. Walk up to an Indian mother and try to engage her fat papoose in conversation. She will turn on you a look of injured dignity and remove her child from your contaminating presence by turning her broad back whereon the babe reposes. Flattery does not impress her.

Hypocrisy is also lacking in her make-up. While some of Reno's fair church members are ordering cocktails

served in tea cups at the Colony cafe, the honest squaw extracts a long bottle from her ample pocket and gulps her fill regardless of consequences. If detected, she betrays not the friend who procured the fire-water, but trots along to jail like a high born suffragette, threatening and cursing in true English style. This characteristic and her subsequent noisy conduct in the jail constitute the only "sister under the skin" similarity between "Piute Kate" and the followers of Mrs. Pankhurst. Outside of that, she is all right and deserves more than mere mention in discussing the fair sex. If comparisons are odious, who wins?

6

Who begins amiss ends a miss—if she is a school teacher.

## THEY MET IN RENO.

We are sorry for each other,  
    You and I.  
Full of care for one another,  
    Wonder why?  
Fearing always, hoping never  
Paths may part and pass forever  
    By and by.

In the painful past still living,  
    Foolish two!  
Though for me there is forgiving—  
    And for you.  
Can the future not be brighter?  
See the path is growing lighter—  
    Skies are blue!

Though our ways must be asunder,  
    Do not fret.  
Destiny oft makes us wonder  
    And forget.  
Let the present joy of living  
Make us tender and forgiving,  
    Why regret?

We've no time for silent sorrow,  
    You and I.  
All too soon will come tomorrow  
    And "Goodbye."  
Friendship found for one another  
Is more true than any other  
    Mortal tie.

Let us glory in the knowing  
That we met.

Let us suffer in the going  
No regret.

Meet and smile and part forever,  
Better each for vowing never  
To forget.



The successful author rises from a bed of rejected slips.

## INCREASE OF DIVORCE IN THE UNITED STATES

These statistics show the increase in the divorce rate per each one hundred thousand population in the following states, between 1880 and 1900.

This estimate is based on the entire census and should not be confused with figures referring to married population only.

STATE	1880	1900
Washington . . . . .	from 75	to 184
Montana . . . . .	" 68	" 167
Colorado . . . . .	" 138	" 158
Texas . . . . .	" 49	" 131
Indiana . . . . .	" 70	" 142
Nevada . . . . .	" 106	" 111
California . . . . .	" 84	" 108
Rhode Island . . . . .	" 83	" 105
Missouri . . . . .	" 40	" 103
Illinois . . . . .	" 68	" 100
Ohio . . . . .	" 55	" 96
Iowa . . . . .	" 60	" 93
Tennessee . . . . .	" 38	" 89
Kentucky . . . . .	" 35	" 84
Virginia . . . . .	" 31	" 58
Massachusetts . . . . .	" 30	" 47

STATE		1880	1900
Louisiana . . . . .	"	10	" 41
Maryland . . . . .	"	12	" 40
Pennsylvania . . . . .	"	21	" 35
Georgia . . . . .	"	14	" 26
North Carolina . . . . .	"	6	" 24
New Jersey . . . . .	"	13	" 23
New York . . . . .	"	16	" 23

Since the year 1900, the divorce rate has increased by leaps and bounds. Kansas City, Missouri, dissolves one marriage out of every four. In the City of Detroit alone, 1,002 divorces were granted in the month of November, 1911. Reno had less than fifty in the same month.

Judge Hugo Meunch of St. Louis recently rendered a report to the Annual Conference of Missouri, stating that in Kansas and Missouri, one marriage in every eight was a failure. At this ratio twelve thousand out of every hundred thousand marriages are failures.

Who called Reno the "hub of divorce"? Scat!

## ACCORDING TO UNCLE SAM.

The total divorces granted in the United States between 1887 and 1906 were 945,625, against 328,716 for the period 1867-1886. The average divorce rate for the whole country, per one hundred thousand of population, increased from 38 in 1880 to 73 in 1900.

The grounds upon which the grand total of 1,274,341 divorces were secured in forty years between 1867 and 1906 are interesting.

Desertion leads with 494,178 of that number, and in the latter half of this period reaches a percentage of 38.9 of all divorces.

Cruelty holds second place with 257,820 decrees and a percentage of 21.8 in the last twenty years. Husbands allege cruelty more often than wives.

Adultery ranks third with only 16.3 per cent. of all divorces secured during the forty years on record. Men are more faithful to marriage vows than women, for over 59 per cent. of divorces for adultery are granted to husbands and only 40.1 to wives.

Prohibitionists claim that the demon drink causes all our woe, although only 50,382 divorces were credited to it out of 1,274,341. In the last twenty years only 3.9 per cent. of all divorces were secured with drunkenness as sole cause. Combined with other grievances, the percentage reaches 5.7, a small showing at any rate.

Failure to provide has caused 34,670 decrees in the twenty years preceding 1906.

A millionaire on hand is worth two of his sons.

### **HEART TROUBLE.**

Greetings Hal—how's my pal?  
What's the trouble, lad?  
Forced to have a chaperone?  
Ginger! That is bad!  
Find the world no longer gay  
Since the Lampe went out?  
Here's a doll from Hudson Bay,  
What's the use to pout?

'Tis easy to moralize on a full stomach, but hunger  
is the true test of virtue.

## ALIMONY DAY.

Call me early in the morning,  
Call me early, Mother dear,  
For tomorrow is my alimony day.  
Tradesmen surely can be vexing,  
Their accounts are so perplexing,  
And I'm sure there are a thousand bills to pay.

Make a list to help my shopping,  
Have it ready, Mother dear,  
For tomorrow is my alimony day.  
Bargain sales are so attractive  
And I've been so long inactive,  
That I feel like throwing all reserve away.

First I need a new kimona,  
Something dainty, Mother dear,  
And you know I always favor baby blue.  
I must get some new cosmetic,  
(Twenty-nine is so pathetic,  
Although I don't look more than twenty-two.)

All my evening gowns are shabby,  
Quite impossible, my dear.  
I haven't got a decent thing to wear!  
I must renovate my figure,  
Hips are slowly getting bigger,  
Though they're cutting down the size of hats and hair.

Don't forget to call me early,  
'Tis important, Mother dear  
I must beat the other women to the sale.  
Lingerie so sheer and nifty,  
Lovely things for fourteen-fifty,  
So eject me after breakfast, without fail!

For I'm going to be married,  
('Tis a secret, Mother dear,)  
To a party not so very far away.  
Hence this awful rush and worry,  
Mother, Mother, can't you hurry?  
For tomorrow is my alimony day!

### THE CRY.

I grasp the edge of life and I am tired.  
Why all the struggle? What the recompense?  
How beautiful the world—and many joys  
Throb in the breasts of others—why not mine?  
God of Eternities, what justice here?

That which is naught to others, comes to me  
Through years of struggle, hours fraught with pain,  
Tears that have drained the grief depths of my soul  
And endless quarrelings with environment.  
While others yawn and sink on velvet cushions,  
A fawning Fate strews flowers in their way;  
Success and Wealth arrive, unsought, unaided;  
And I—an outcast—press the window pane.

Father of Tangled Cords, if in thy greatness  
My bit of clay you fashioned for an end—  
Keep not from me too long the precious bauble,  
Lest all my strength be vanished in the quest  
And tears have washed away the joy of living.  
Success is failure when it comes too late!

Ask I too much—which others know unthinking?  
The common joys of life—the simple things?  
If so, forgive the human need, my Father,  
I grasp the edge of life and I am tired.

Alimony is the dark brown hangover of a matrimonial  
jag.

Illusions are the velvet curtains of Life's boudoir.

**TO ONE ADMIRED.**

A dark eyed beauty of the Orient,  
Sent by the Fates to cheer the desert waste.  
A languorous being still more radiant  
Than her weird jewels of barbaric taste.  
A modern Cleopatra still more fair  
Than she of Egypt where the lotus sighs.  
Dark hued and lithe, like midnight is her hair  
And hidden fires slumber in her eyes.

Kissing is the wireless telegraphy of love and anyone  
can master the code.

## DID YOU KNOW

That one's profession influences the divorce records? See what they discovered in New Jersey:

		Divorced	Married
Actors	.	I to every	6
Commercial travelers	.	I "	9
Musicians, bar-tenders, music teachers	.	I "	22
Physicians, surgeons	.	I "	23
Telegraphers, telephone operators	.	I "	24
Bookkeepers, stenographers, clerks	.	I "	32
Barbers	.	I "	33
Factory workers	.	I "	34
Bankers, brokers	.	I "	52
Manufacturers	.	I "	82
Farmers, hired men	.	I "	113
Engineers, firemen	.	I "	140

## AS 'TIS DONE IN RENO.

An interested stranger dropped into a Reno church one Sunday morning. "Just As I Am, Without One Plea" was the hymn announced. It was evidently subject to change without notice, for this is what the stranger heard:

"Just as I am, without one fee," bellowed the deep bass of a lawyer who attends church in spite of his profession.

Next to him a fair divorcee piped, "Just as I am, with no decree," while a visiting Californian contributed his version, "without one flea."

In the adjacent pew, a much married man sang in quavering tenor, "Just as I am, with no latch-key," but when a square-faced suffragette glowered at the stranger over her spectacles and hissed, "Just as I am, without a he," the stranger made a bee-line for the nearest regret parlor where he sank into a stupor muttering, "Just siam, 'senuff f'r me."



## THE QUARREL.

Love's lamp burns low and Cupid is asleep!  
Dreams fade away and Memory grieves alone;  
With human tears the pools of Life grow deep  
And shadows fall where once the noonday shone.

The waxen face of Wisdom wears a smile.  
No soul so great but must through mire creep.  
And Joy betroth Oblivion for the while  
Love's lamp burns low and Cupid is asleep!

## **CONTRARY TO GENERAL OPINION.**

Nevada's six-months residence requirement was not made to favor matrimonial misfits, but to give citizenship to prospectors and miners who wander about and seldom remain a year in one place. Consequently, Nevada, being a young and thinly settled State, secured voters by shortening the residence requirement.

When Dakota placed the ban on the Sioux Falls' divorce colony, someone discovered the six-months clause in Nevada's law and hitcher flocked the "worms that turn."



## **A FILIAL TRIBUTE.**

Here's to the memory of one  
Whose love exceeds all other.  
My inspiration, guide and friend,  
God bless her—to my Mother!

## BRIEF SYNOPSIS OF THE DIVORCE LAWS OF NEVADA.

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Divorce may be obtained in the State of Nevada by complaint under oath to the District Court of the County in which the cause of divorce shall have accrued, or in which the defendant shall reside or be found, or in which the plaintiff shall reside for a period of six months before suit be brought.

"Reside" or "legal residence" was recently defined by the Nevada Legislature as "continuous presence in the State for six consecutive months".

"There are seven grounds for divorce in the State of Nevada.

First and Second—Complaints covering the usual statutory grievances.

Third—Wilful desertion, at any time, of either party by the other for a period of one year.

Fourth—Conviction of felony.

Fifth—Habitual, gross drunkenness contracted since marriage of the parties, which incapacitates such party from contributing his or her share to the support of the family.

Sixth—Extreme cruelty in either party.

Seventh—Neglect of the husband, for a period of one year, to provide the common necessities of life, when such neglect is not the result of poverty on the part of the husband, which he could not avoid by ordinary industry.

The law of Nevada provides that in the event that the defendant is a non-resident, and for that reason service cannot be had upon the defendant within the State, that such service may be had by publication.

A service by publication is perfected by filing an affi-

davit showing that the defendant is a non-resident, and getting an order from the Court that the defendant may be served by publication.

If the order is obtained from the Court to make the service by publication, the service may be made in two different ways:

First—If the residence of the defendant is known to the plaintiff, by a personal service of the summons on the defendant outside of the State, and,

Second—If the residence of the defendant be not known to the plaintiff, then by publishing the summons in a newspaper.

In a proceeding for divorce, where personal service within the State is had upon the defendant, the Court can enter money judgment against the defendant, as well as judgment to dissolve the bonds of matrimony.

If the service is had upon the defendant without the State then the Court cannot enter money judgment in disposing of the divorce case. Neither can the Court make any order affecting minor children, in a case of constructive service, if the children are not within the jurisdiction of the Court.

