

ONE OF NEVADA'S GREATEST RESOURCES

The more spectacular sources of Nevada's wealth have been her fabulous gold and silver mines which made in the early days multi-millionaires of many penniless prospectors, but at the present time stock-raising is one of her most valuable industries. Large areas of the State which are destitute of water and vegetation are utilized for grazing purposes, and some of the enormous ranches are from fifty to one hundred thousand acres in extent. Nevada is the most arid State in the Union, but railroads, the development of mineral resources, irrigation and dry farming have transformed a desolate wilderness and given to it a new character.

R E N O

Aspects of Nevada's Hybrid Metropolis—The Transformation of a Frontier Town—How the Divorce Industry Is Operated—Reno's Reckless Past

By WILLIAM W. GREENE

"R-R-E-E-NO — R-E-N-O," peals out the stentorian voice of the conductor on the Overland Limited. The long vestibuled train, roaring its exultant way through the crisp night, reluctantly slackens its speed as the twinkling lights of the metropolis of Nevada begin to appear on either side. Overcoats and wraps go on hastily; the buzz of animated conversation suddenly drowns out the rhythmic snoring of the coast-bound passengers; and negro porters, raised from the dead by the clarion call to arms, are hustling bags and suitcases to the car platforms. The train slows down to a stop, and in the exodus of the Reno contingent you get your first face-to-face impressions of this mecca of the marriage-lorn.

You are disembarking at a town of possibly 15,000 inhabitants, which is, nevertheless, the metropolis of this immense commonwealth of Nevada—nearly as large as all New England and New York put together! As your eye instinctively seeks the station-sign you discover data on either side of the town's label as follows: "Ogden 539 miles" and "San Francisco 243 miles." Wistfully you remark to yourself how very far it must be to Broadway, and as you note "Elevation 4,500 feet" you suddenly realize that you are left quite high—and dry.

Reno's evolution from the very roughest and toughest of pioneer towns into a little modern city has been remarkable, and to-day this desert blossom occupies a position unique in many respects among the smaller centers of population in America.

Nevada's metropolis must be seen to be fully appreciated. A strange kaleidoscope of the lights and shadows of human life, of smiles and tears, of refinement and barbarism—where the currents of civilization lap the shores of the desert's crudeness and mingle with it—it is indeed cosmopolitan with its flotsam and jetsam of divorce-seekers from various walks of life, to say nothing of the interesting heterogeneity of Indians, Chinese, Japanese, French, Italians, Mexicans, Basques, negroes and many a half-breed and hybrid. Good-natured and open-hearted, happy-go-lucky, free and easy, worldly-minded and superficial, living supremely and sublimely in the present hour, Reno is to-day one of

the last towns where the true western spirit still exists in much of its pristine vigor.

The native or non-transient inhabitants of this town are born boosters, and they delight to call Reno "the biggest little city in the world." In a word, Reno is extremely proud of itself—standing out on the edge of the desert with its metaphorical hands in its pockets and feet apart, like a small boy who thinks that he is a man. It is really a question, if the matter of the relative sizes of this town and little old New York came into discussion, whether the dyed-in-the-wool Renoite would not be found arguing, and vociferously at that, in favor of Reno's eternal claim to superiority.

A shifting (and somewhat shifty) proportion of this town's population—between 2,000 and 2,500 people—have come in connection with matrimonial infelicities. This floating or transient contingent is cared for in some twenty-five fair-sized hotels (three of these in the category "first class"), together with about fifteen apartment-houses, not to mention many small hosteleries and a considerable number of rooming-houses. It seems to be considered unprofitable, or perhaps too much trouble, to keep boarders in Reno; hence the time-honored boarding-house is rare, and by the same token the cafés and lunch-rooms do a land-office business all the year around.

The town of Reno seems to be a never-ending source of wonder and admiration to a considerable percentage of the population—those who float in from the less populous sections on the tide of western restlessness. Many of the transients, having entered Reno without knocking, remain to view and review the sights and wonders of the metropolis—all oblivious of the fact that they themselves constitute one of the most interesting elements of the city's life. Surprising numbers of men, apparently of elegant leisure, are always to be seen anchored along the inside of the sidewalks, at the curb, on the corners, and from their points of vantage bestowing the gaze of friendly interest, rather than of curiosity, upon the passer-by. In all the writer's experience he must confess that never has he visited even a large center of population where this particular manner or method of studying human

mature was more popular—or the avocation of merely standing upon the street regarded as a more honorable calling—than it is in Reno to-day. It is actually a mark of distinction here and rises easily to the rank of a profession. Situated in the heart of the western section of the State, where most of the population centers, Reno has become increasingly important through the years as the principal supply point and distributing center for the miners, ranchers and stock-raisers who constitute the population of Nevada and eastern California. Reno's climate is healthful and invigorating, with an average of three hundred sunny days a year. The town is remarkably clean and well-kept, with many concrete sidewalks and a good deal of asphalt pavement. It is built up on both sides of the Truckee River, and Virginia street, which cuts through the heart of the town, is the main artery of traffic, its southern extension leading on toward Carson City, thirty miles distant, and to Virginia City, somewhat nearer, over the famous Geiger Grade, steep and picturesque, which delighted the soul of Mark Twain as he negotiated it on the roof of an old stage-coach in the '60's, and inspired his observation: "A down grade, a flying coach, a fragrant pipe and a contented heart—these make happiness. It is what all the ages have struggled for."

From Virginia street westward, on the north bank of the river, a pretty boulevard extends for nearly a mile. Across the river from this driveway and upon a fine island have been created the beginnings of a playground and recreation system.

There are two well-conducted daily newspapers, besides several little weekly and monthly journals; and the State University is located here, with good agricultural and engineering departments, including the Mackay School of Mines, founded and endowed as a memorial to John W. Mackay, Nevada's greatest mining pioneer.

The glorious mountains round about Reno are a constant source of inspiration to the sojourner, and in the contemplation of their grandeur even the reprehensible conduct of "the said defendant" is forgotten. The nearest mountain—only a three-mile walk to its summit from the center of town—bears the unromantic name of Peavine and is just northwest of Reno, while Mt. Rose (10,800 feet) and Slide Mountain (9,720 feet) are farther away to the southwest. On the summit of Mt. Rose is an important station for measuring the snowfall in the Sierras.

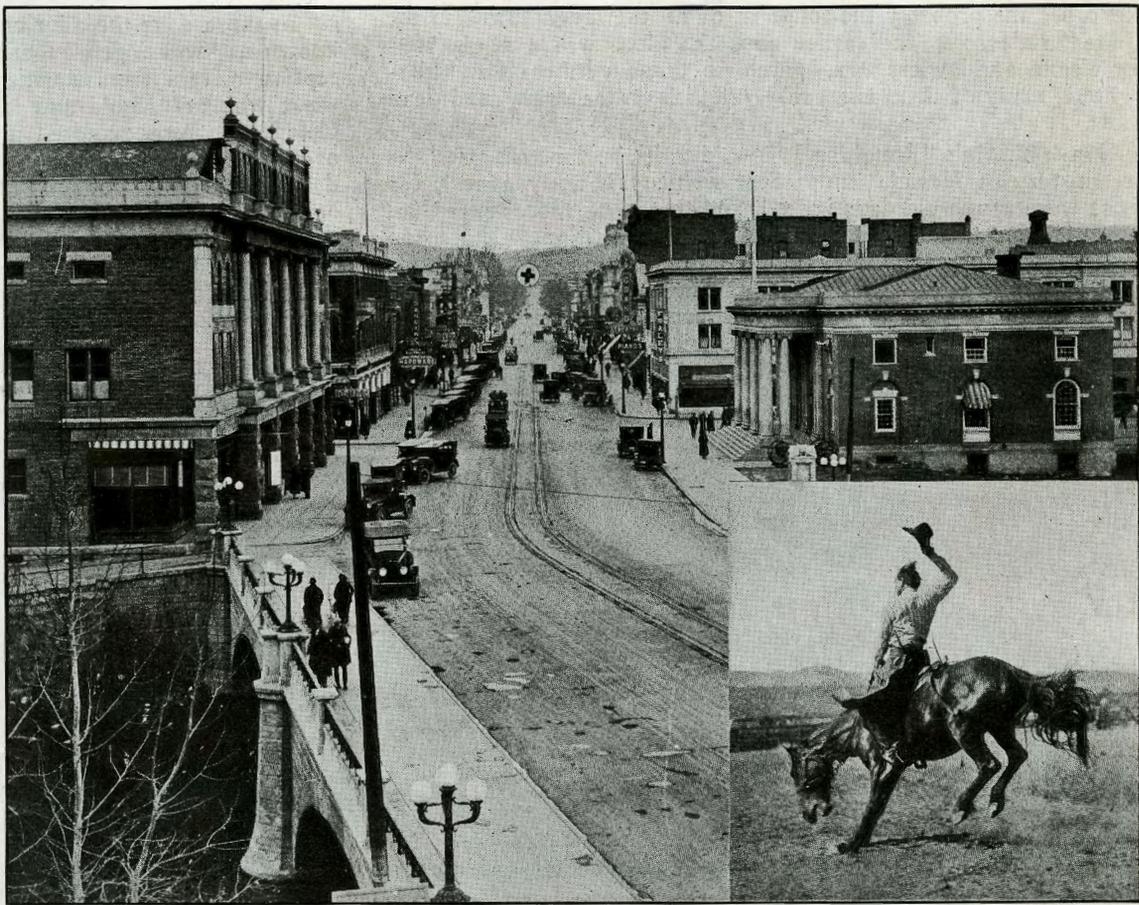
The Indians of Nevada are Putes, Washoes and Shoshones, and they are always in evidence on the streets of Reno, often sitting on the edge of the sidewalk or on the bare ground, remaining thus in perfect contentment for hours at a time. The taciturnity of the aborigines is extreme; it is as though an age-old weariness were upon them, or they were sated with the converse of mortals. They present to visitors an unusual sight, with their bright-colored clothing and gaudy blankets, the women wearing silk kerchiefs around their heads and carrying little papooses upon their backs, securely laced up in their wicker carriers like diminutive mummies.

The history of Nevada is a story of the most absorbing interest. A glance at this history will give an idea of how the town of Reno came into existence. By the treaty of February 2, 1848, Mexico, defeated in war, ceded to the United States the immense tract of territory comprising the later States of California, Nevada, Utah and Arizona. Many adventurous gold-seekers of the California "forty-niners" stopped and wintered on the eastern side of the Sierra Nevadas, but emi-

grant trains had been crossing the Great Basin to California since 1844, and, in fact, the first party of emigrants went through in the summer and fall of 1841—six months from Independence, Mo., to the San Joaquin Valley.

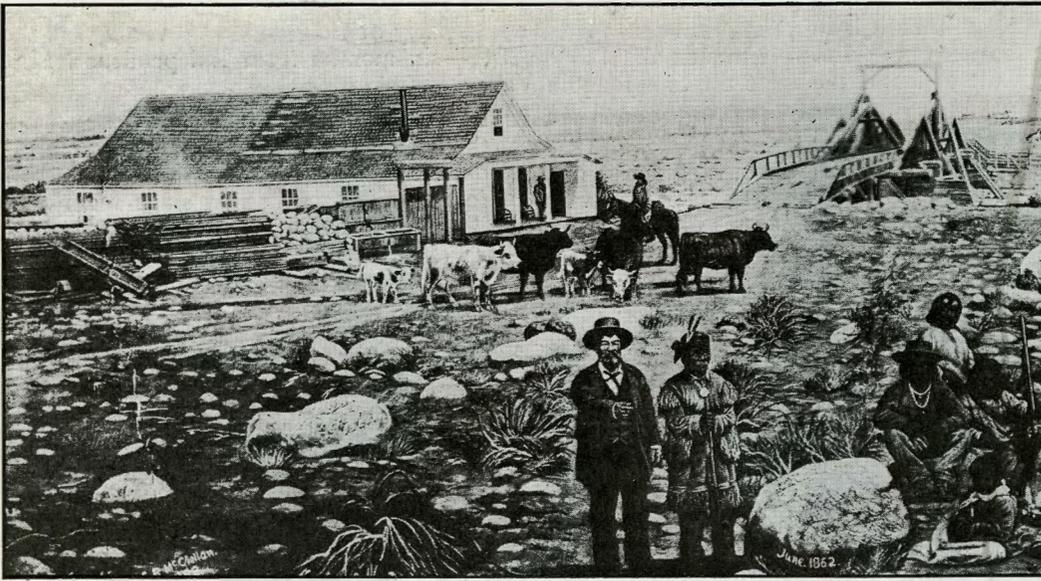
In the spring of 1851 Col. John Reese erected the first permanent home, and Genoa, the first white settlement within the present boundaries of Nevada, came into being; while in the fall of that year the first mail route was established by stage from Sacramento to Salt Lake, with stops through Nevada. By 1857 there was a regular thrice-a-week stage line in operation between Genoa and Placerville, Cal. In 1881 there were about forty stage lines (daily or every-other-day) in the State of Nevada, and several of them survive to the present writing, the charmed vehicles still careening merrily around the high rocky ledges and down into the gulches, as in the blithesome days of Mark Twain—and occasionally even nowadays one is "held up" very much in the old regulation style.

In 1859 a house was erected on the south side of the Truckee River upon the site now occupied by Reno's fashionable hotel, and this place was maintained as a wayside inn for pack trains en route to the newly-discovered silver bonanza in Virginia City. Later a toll bridge was built, and the place became known as "Lake's Crossing." In 1867 the Central Pacific Railroad Company, building the first railroad to span the desert west of Salt Lake City, selected the Crossing as the best point for unloading and forwarding goods and supplies to Virginia City and vicinity. A year later the name of the Crossing was changed to Reno, and the first train from Sacramento arrived at the new town. In the following year the last spike in the overland railroad was driven at Promontory Point, near Ogden, and the epochal event was celebrated with great rejoicing. The ribbons of steel now spanned the continent from ocean to ocean, and very soon the citizens of Reno assembled to greet the first through train from the East, which had left New York City only six days previously. Thus Reno became an important railroad point at the very beginning of its meteoric career and enjoyed an enthusiastic boom. Reno was so christened in honor of Gen. Jesse L. Reno, who fell in the Civil



THE MAIN STREET IN RENO

A view down Virginia street in Reno indicates the reformed and circumspect character of the town which a decade or two ago was one of the toughest places in the United States and a mecca for gamblers, thugs, gunfighters and lawless men of every description. The divorce industry which operates so vigorously in these peaceful times still brings some two thousand visitors each year to Reno, but these pallid newcomers, chastened by the domestic yoke, are feeble successors to the transient population of the town in the old days.



RENO IN 1859

Upon the site now occupied by one of Reno's fashionable hotels a wayside inn was built in 1859 for travelers with pack trains on the way to the newly discovered silver bonanza at Virginia City. Later a toll bridge was erected, and in 1867 this place was selected as the crossing for the first railroad to span the desert west of Salt Lake City. The crossing was named Reno, and at the start of its meteoric career the young town became a railroad point of importance.

War while leading a cavalry charge at the battle of South Mountain. He loved the West, and his rugged manhood personified its spirit.

Lurid and eventful has been the history of Reno, and if it could be accurately set down the record would reek with crime and bloodshed. As in the case of all such far western towns ever since the golden era of '49, the saloon and dance-hall and the gambling den were the first places of business to be opened and they were by far the best patronized. Human harpies flocked in and Reno became probably the toughest of all the tough towns in the United States. In the earlier days the place was a rendezvous for vicious and lawless men—gamblers, thugs, cutthroats and gun-fighters, many of them exceedingly "quick on the draw" and dead shots.

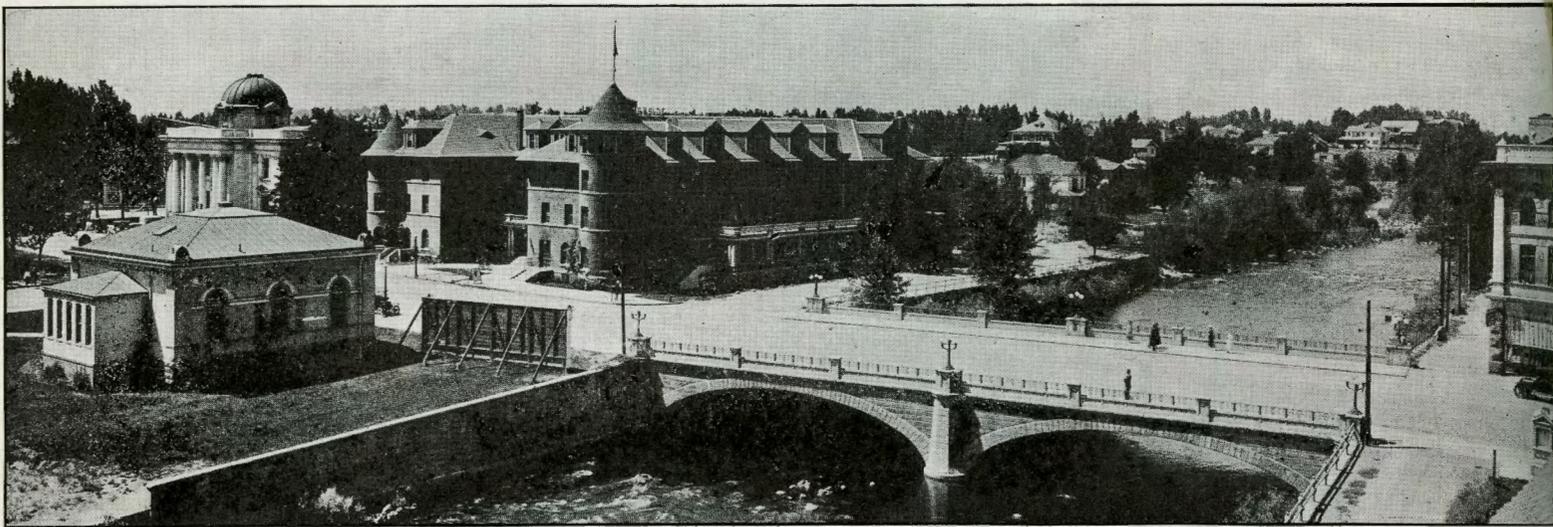
Mark Twain's "Roughing It" (said to be, so far as it goes, the best history of Nevada camps ever written) is aptly named, for those were rough old days indeed, and there was more truth than poetry in his "man for breakfast" characterization. Thompson & West's history, published in 1881, lists specifically over four hundred of the killings of which some little record had been made, and with respect to these instances the records presented show that thirty of the killers were tried and turned loose, one fined, eight hung by the authorities and thirteen by citizens and vigilantes, while twenty-three were sent to State prison for various

terms. Thus we note that even in the case of these comparatively few recorded instances of killings little more than one-tenth of the offenders (many of them with quite a long list of murders to their discredit) were given any punishment at all, and barely one-twentieth of them were given the extreme penalty by either authorized or self-constituted executioners. Moreover, very few of the murderers in those days were even apprehended. Nearly all were allowed to go on their way rejoicing—to add further notches to the butts of their revolvers. As Twain says, it was considered that these people had their private reasons for doing the killing and that interference would be indelicate. The Nevada Historical Society at Reno has a remarkably fine "gun collection," and it is worth a trip from some distance to see it. The fact that scarcely any two of these weapons are alike is a most interesting proof that the toughs who came out here in the early days were from every section; the collection, in fact, resembles a patent office exhibit more than anything else. These old weapons, instead of a single barrel, in many instances have two,

three, four or six. It must have been much more impressive to look into six barrels than into one! It is little wonder that a man's superiority was recognized when he could become an expert shot with such "hardware."

The Goldfield-Tonopah boom days, from 1903 to 1913, had a very stimulative effect on other sections of the State as well, and in that period a number of Reno's best buildings were erected. Altogether it constituted one of the most important and interesting chapters in the history of Nevada's metropolis.

In those days the alluring diversion of gambling was what is known as "wide open," there being absolutely no restrictions except to refrain from shooting the bystanders. At the height of those wonderful gold and silver booms to the south, notably at Goldfield, which acquired a population of ten thousand almost overnight, hundreds of thousands of dollars were changing hands daily in Reno at faro bank, roulette, poker, craps and innumerable other games. Reno, being one of the few Nevada towns not a "camp," has grown and developed more steadily than others. Though the Reno of to-day is a reformed and very tame and circumspect Reno as compared with what it was only twelve or fifteen years ago at the height of the Goldfield boom, it must be confessed that even yet it remains a bit lurid around the edges. Rumor has it that it is still within the bounds of possibility to obtain, for a sufficiently large consideration, various and sundry

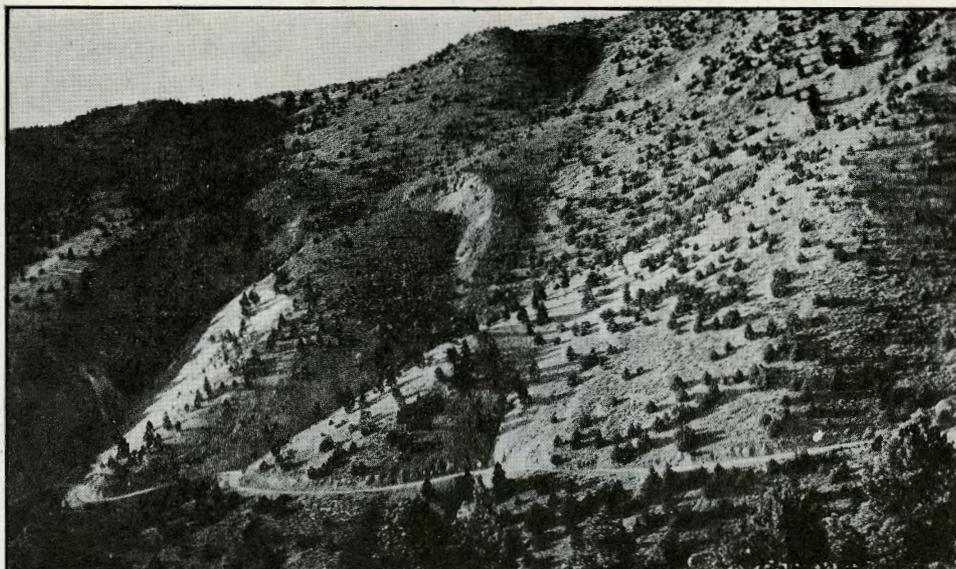


THE TRUCKEE RIVER IN RENO

The Truckee River, which flows through the center of Reno, has played an important part in the history of the city, but to-day it is playing a more important part in the history of the State. With the building of an enormous irrigation dam it will furnish water for 200,000 acres of desert land. Reno is a clean and well-kept city with a delightful climate, averaging three hundred sunny days a year. At the far left of the picture is seen the court house in which the interest of some two thousand members of that rare exotic class of Reno's population is chiefly centered.

questionable potations calculated to inebriate rather than to cheer, and in the manufacture of the same considerable ingenuity has been demonstrated. There is still plenty of gambling in Reno, and, incidentally and quite parenthetically, Nevada is the only State in the Union today, it is said, where any form of gambling is licensed and recognized.

Nowadays men may be seen seated about round tables covered with smooth-drawn whitish cloth, and draw or stud poker and other card games are thus played by the shifting crowds at practically all hours. Besides the transient players there are hundreds of professional gamblers here, many of whom eke out a more or less precarious livelihood, but never give up. The old-timers from the ranches, bronzed with the suns of many summers and winters in the open, are often hard as nails and as vigorous as men one-half their age. But there are also the derelicts of town, broken-down sports who have gone the route a bit too recklessly. These move with extreme deliberation, often with the aid of canes or crutches, but in most instances their poker-playing ability has been in no wise impaired. The people of Reno have an inherent and intense dislike to be governed; here each man, in the atmosphere of the primitive, prefers to be and remain an unquestioned and sufficient law unto himself. The wisdom of the observation of Tacitus that "good customs avail more than good laws" is expansively illustrated in Reno, where the ruling spirit is to let each man's individual conscience and sense of honor and good judgment replace the troublesome red tape of government. As a consequence, the city government is a rather quiescent affair, and the entire scheme as it works out in the matter of law enforcement is but a confirmation of the accuracy of the old adage, "They who govern most make least noise"—if not, indeed, a complete refutation of the notion that such a government is really required at all so far as police service is concerned. A glance into the police department brings strikingly to one's mind those highly diverting police-station scenes in the so-called comics of the screen—just before the phone call comes. It seems as if those pictures must have been made here. The three policemen (if I am correct in the number) are held in universal contempt as an utterly unnecessary evil, and the police department, for want of anything more exciting, amuses itself between naps by occasionally floating out of town an undesirable, taking away a bit of "hop" now and then from an inoffensive Chinaman, or painting white lines on the asphalt for parking limits. However, the community seems to get along comfortably enough without excessive authority. The cowboy still lives and thrives on the virgin soil of Nevada. The "rodeo," a typical western diversion which expresses the idea of relaxation and humor in this section of the country, is one of the biggest attractions at the Fourth of July celebrations in Reno and is a splen-



THE GOLDEN HIGHWAY

Over this famous Geiger Grade hundreds of millions of dollars in bullion were transported by stage from the famous Comstock Lode to San Francisco. In the old days the stage-coach was the charmed vehicle of the West, and it was driven at astonishing speed along rocky ledges and down dangerous narrow gulches. There are still a few stage lines running at the present day.

did exhibition of the true western cowboys' reckless daring.

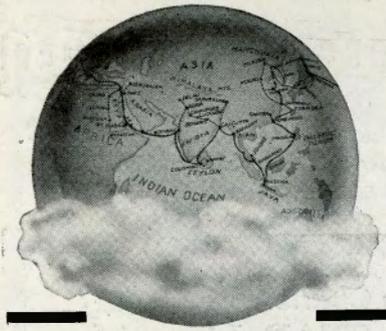
On the interesting subject of the divorce industry in Reno it cannot be denied that a great deal of more or less exaggerated information has been dispensed. Writers having usually treated it in facetious vein, the general public from the very first fell into a similar way of regarding the subject. But after all the matter is a serious one, and conspicuously the fact stands out that neither Nevada nor Reno ever sought the "industry" that has given to State and city so dubious a distinction. The laws of Nevada relative to marriage and divorce were placed upon the statute books in 1861 by the Territorial Assembly and remained practically the same after statehood was conferred. They were enacted with no thought or anticipation of attracting people from other States wishing to take advantage of them. Nevada's statutes covering these matters were made less rigid than those of some other States because her legislation reflected the unfettered spirit of her people, and carried out the safe and sane theory that if a man and woman could not live together peacefully and harmoniously in the bonds of wedlock it were better, and decidedly in the interest of public policy, for them to separate—and the less red tape about it the better. The newcomer to Reno is at first inclined to think that perhaps the prominence of the divorce industry in the little city's life has been overstated, but observation soon convinces him that it has not. Reno now has an average population of at least 2,000 in the "rare exotic" class, including

(Continued on page 40)



A SPECTACULAR MOMENT IN THE ARIZONA BULL RING

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Welding a New Nation

(Continued from page 10)

advantages of that exact spot on the Danube have never been overestimated since the days of Cæsar. But the illusion of Belgrade the Superb dies the moment one is within the portals of the city. A "close-up" presents a very different picture.

Let it be acknowledged that the city suffered tragically from the Austrian bombardment and occupation, and also that the labors of the inhabitants toward rebuilding are worthy of extreme praise—nevertheless, even the guilty Austrians cannot be blamed for everything. They did not build Belgrade originally. There is a strange and monotonous lack of inspiration and imagination in the city.

After trying the hotels and searching the city for several hours we finally got a room in a private household down on the harbor front. The street, the entrance to the building, the stairs, the halls and all the other tenements—except the rooms to which we were directed—were in the last condition of squalor. Dirt may be only misplaced matter, but the dirt thereabouts was so fearfully misplaced that I am afraid it can never be returned to its proper sphere. But the apartment we found was an oasis. Once within its well-locked door, neatness and cleanliness stared us strangely in the face. It belonged to the widow of a Serbian officer. He had led the Serb army against Adrianople in the Turkish war, and had led an army in the Bulgarian war. He was killed early in the Great War. His widow possessed nothing except a few pieces of furniture, and her meager pension did not even pay for the rent of the apartment.

From the lodgings we had to climb the steep road for a mile or so to the heart of the city for our meals. It was a road dusty beyond belief when the sun shone and the winds blew, and equally muddy beyond belief when the rains fell. It was always an adventure getting back home after dinner, as the street lights went out almost as soon as they were lighted, and we had the long stretch of harbor front to negotiate. Perhaps this neighborhood was not as vicious as its general aspect led us to surmise, and perhaps its longshoremen were not quite as villainous as their brigandish appearance suggested. At least we were never murdered.

The American Consul is a philanthropist of the first water—and also hot water! We not only enjoyed his hospitality in conventional ways, but when we dis-

covered that his house possessed a bathtub—I seriously doubt whether there is another in the city—our wistful expression was interpreted. He had had experience. We learned that his unique generosity has "tubbed" a list of American wanderers, extending from celebrities to no less thankful nonentities.

We met the Serb in his tenements and in his palaces; in his parliamentary and in his no less declamatory restaurants. There is no opera nor theater, as at Zagreb; in fact, there are few places of amusement or recreation possibilities except the cafés. The life of the Serb people has been so seriously a savage fight for freedom and existence that the social amenities have had but small chance. The Serb can, upon occasion, be more surly than a surly Russian, more dour than a Scot, and as rude as a Broadway theater box office clerk. And yet, even after one's almost chronic exasperation, one ends up by admiring his virtues. He makes progress by pegging away, and it does begin to look as if, after two thousand years of savage eddies, he is getting his boat into a straight current.



RENO

(Continued from page 29)

all of those present in some capacity or other in connection with divorce matters. Making due allowance for those who earn their living while there, these temporary residents bring to the city an average income of \$100 a month per capita, at a conservative estimate, or a total of \$2,500,000 a year. Legal requirements involve more or less delay before a divorce can be consummated. The average stay of these visitors in Reno, therefore, is about eight months. The majority of those who work during the period of the sojourn accept employment at less than regular wages or salaries. Thus Reno benefits considerably by reason of these visitors. The growth of Reno's popularity as an un-hitching post is attested by the fact that from scarcely four hundred a decade ago the divorce colony here has grown, as already stated, to fully five times that number. Although for a number of years women more frequently than men have sought relief in this asylum from matrimonial entanglements, the number of the less deadly of the species has steadily increased. Even to-day,

(Continued on page 42)

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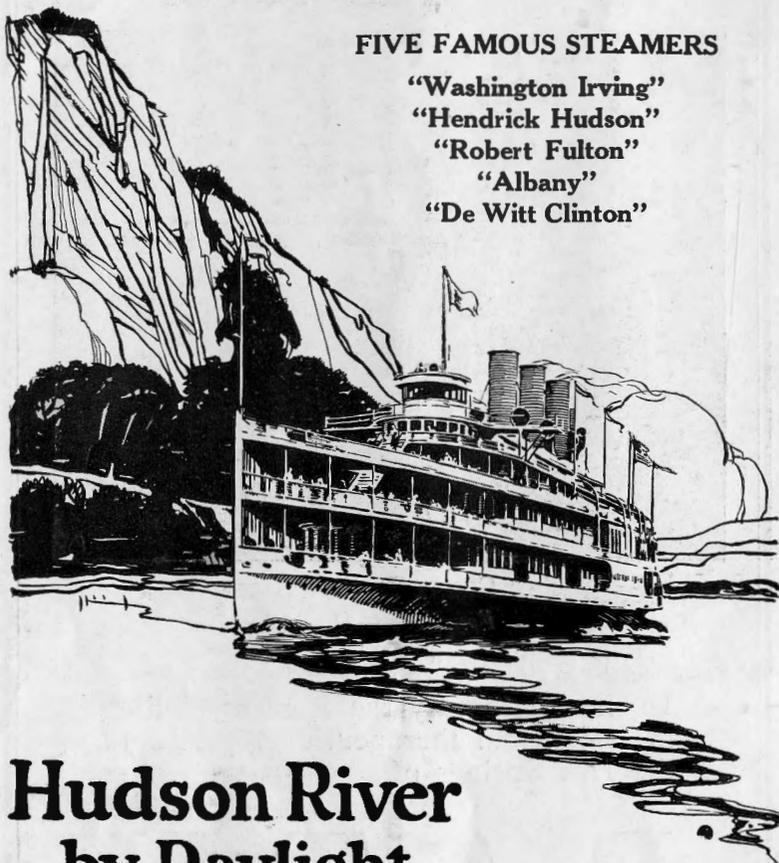
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however, there are said to be at least two women to one man among these temporary residents.

About 1,300 or 1,400 divorce actions are now brought in this city annually, and in almost every case a decree is issued. In Reno there are more than one hundred lawyers of various degrees of standing, and in the practice of almost every one the divorce business is the *pièce de résistance*. It is said that a considerable percentage of these lawyers came here as plaintiffs in divorce actions and remained as practitioners. The county courts of Nevada are called "district courts," and in the "second" judicial district," embracing Washoe County, two judges are required. In Reno there is a small courthouse, about ten years old, and the court is divided into two "departments," each presided over by one of the judges. One courtroom is rather elaborately fitted up with mahogany furniture, while the other one is less pretentious. In this court the legal proceedings go on every working day of the year, and the judges take turns in enjoying hasty vacations in the summer time.

Picture to yourself this courtroom in Reno, say department No. 1, with its massive mahogany furnishings, elegant but somber: one-third of the room's space allotted to visitors and containing four or five rows of opera seats; the judge upon the bench, sitting impassive, adamant, sphinx-like, as though his task were indeed to "unscrew the inscrutable"; just below the bench the shorthand reporter at his desk, looking up with a sort of "Let's go" expression; near at hand the large, comfortable witness chair; on one side the private box of the jury, on the other the bailiff and the court clerk; then on the main floor, inside the heavy mahogany railing, large tables and chairs for the principals, their counsel and witnesses, with ample space for walking about and conferring and for the expansive, gesticulating eloquence of the legal luminaries after they get into action. The few seats allotted for spectators are, of course, filled with eager men and women—most of them indirectly interested. The stage is set, the curtain has been rung up, and here occurs the last act in thousands of domestic dramas, peaceful and commonplace enough where the case is uncontested, but in the small percentage of contested cases often real tragedy—interspersed now and then with melodrama, comedy and farce. The divorce colony, so-called, is, of course, an extremely mixed class of society, or a complex of various classes. There is the

wealthy, luxurious movie actress who leases a bungalow in a secluded section and is scarcely ever seen except now and then through the windows of her elegant sedan. Then there is the well-to-do woman from New York, Philadelphia or Baltimore, the "abandoned" wife or one upon whom "cruelty" rests very lightly, lounging on the hotel veranda, and the little chit of a girl who has never had any ambition but to play with life and to whom this Reno adventure is no more than a new scene in the show. And we have the smaller hotels, well occupied also, the apartment dwellers, those who rent rooms or suites of rooms, and others who lease houses and rent out some of the rooms. Often the resident-to-be is accompanied by a relative or perhaps an old friend as companion and adviser.



Hunting Caribou with the Copper Eskimo

(Continued from page 25)

on caribou for their food supply all the year around. Their methods of hunting are the same as those of the Copper Eskimos just described, but in addition they sometimes attempt to lure the animals into deep pits sunk in mounds of snow. Pointed stakes are set upright in the bottom to impale the caribou, and on top the holes are concealed with a few twigs and a covering of light snow. These pits are always made near the summits of knolls, for caribou are in the habit of ascending slight eminences to watch for their inveterate enemies, the wolves. In the country inhabited by the Copper Eskimos very few caribou remained throughout the winter, and only wolves were caught in these pits.

At the time the Canadian Arctic Expedition visited this region the caribou that frequented the Arctic coast in summer were almost too numerous to estimate. The Eskimos, knowing nothing of game restrictions, and depending on the caribou for both food and clothing, killed cows and young alike. This mattered little as long as the only weapons they used were bows and arrows, for the number of animals they killed was more than compensated for by the natural increase in the herds. But the introduction of rifles produced a marked change, and already within five years there has been a very noticeable diminution in the number of herds, so great indeed that a competent observer has estimated that within twenty-five years hardly a single caribou will be left along this whole coastline.