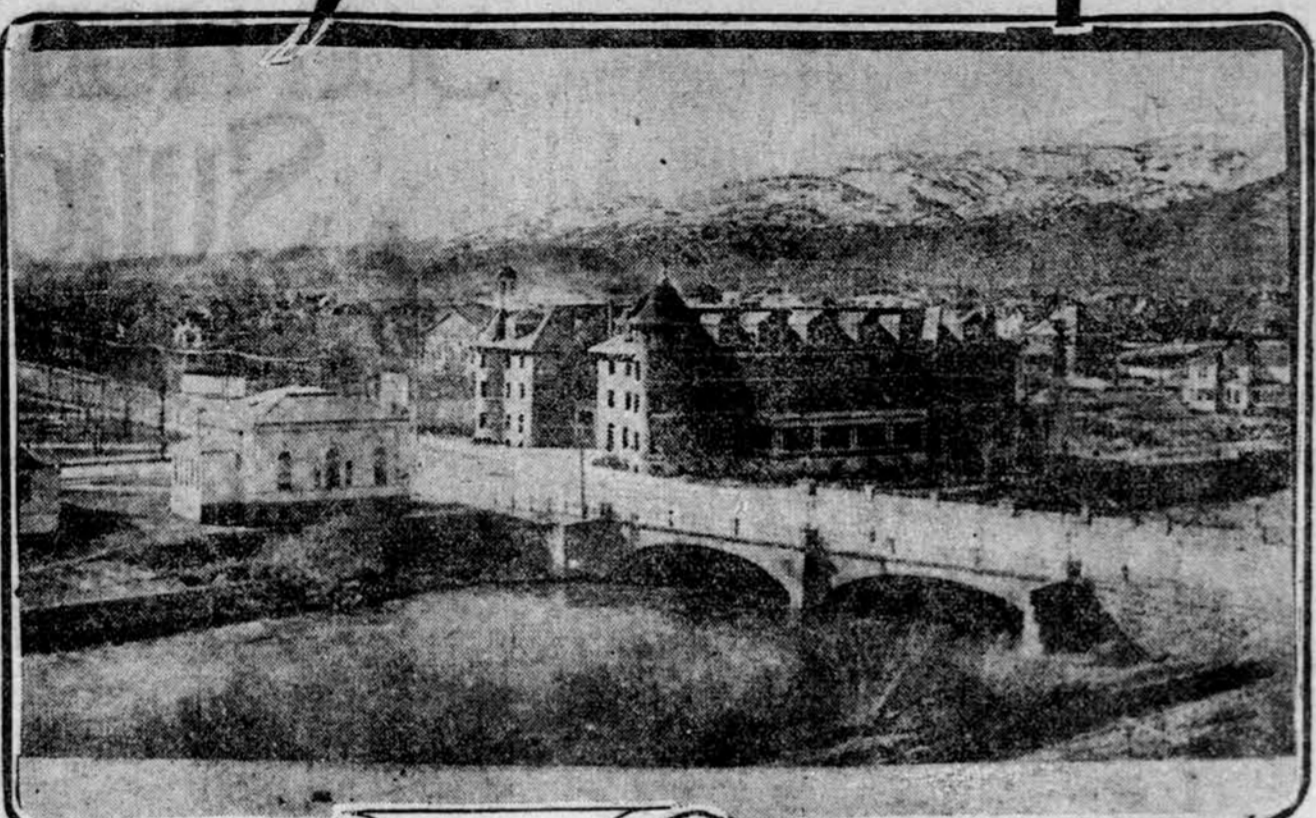


# Reno's Divorce Colony Gets a Glimpse of Itself

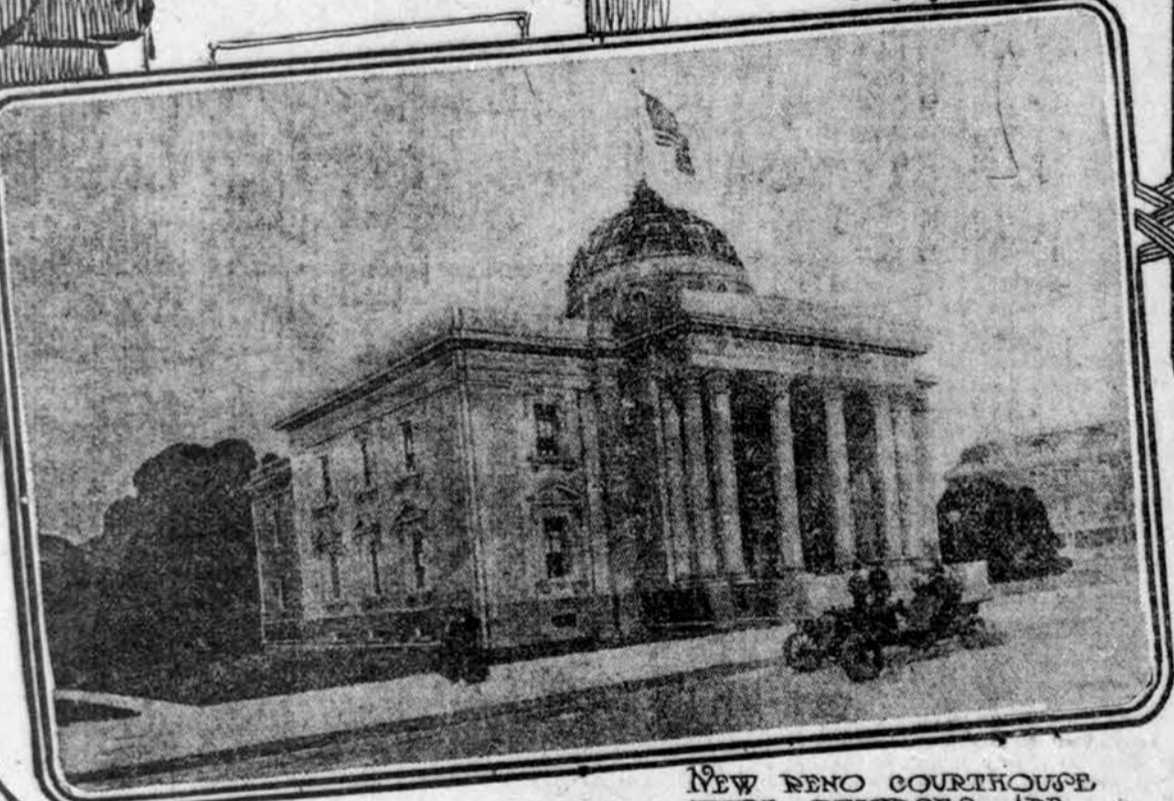
BEFORE THE FASHIONABLE CENTURY CLUB IN THE "SEPARATION CITY" MRS. LESLIE CURTISS, SOCIETY WOMAN AND WRITER, PRESENTS A VERY POINTED PLAYLET SHOWING HOW THE MARITAL YOKÉ IS SUNDERED



JUDGE W.H.A. PIKE



SHOWING RIVERSIDE HOTEL WHERE MANY WOULD BE DIVORCED REGISTER



NEW RENO COURTHOUSE WHERE DIVORCES ARE GRANTED



JUDGE JOHN S. ORR

Peach. I will do the best I can, madam.

Mrs. Kissum rises and says, "Very well. You will do me a great favor by securing the divorce as soon as possible. My fiance is impatient, you know."

The lady takes her departure and, turning to Miss Peach, Partem picks up the thread of their interrupted conversation and says: "Do you know, when you came in I thought you were after a divorce."

"That's funny," replies Miss Peach. "Do I look married?"

"No, but wouldn't you like to be?" "Maybe," responds the stenographer; "if I could find my ideal."

"If you stay in this office you won't have any," rejoins the lawyer. Miss Peach then describes her ideal as being tall with blue eyes and cute little feet; a man who keeps his trousers creased, and Partem is busy examining himself in all the points mentioned. "He must be good and kind and honest—oh, a regular hero!" bursts out the girl.

"Whew! that's a big order. Maybe I can help you find him. Suppose I did, would you take him?"

"Sure," replies Peach. Then the lawyer tells her she ought to help him find his ideal and he tells her that his ideal must be like herself.

"Like me?" she replies; "pshaw! You ought to marry some swell lady like Mrs. Kissum. Maybe the next lady that comes in will be your ideal."

"Look here, Miss Peach," replies the lawyer. "I don't like damaged goods. This is no second hand store."

"Not if she is the most beautiful woman in the world!" persists the stenographer. "Nonsense," returns the lawyer, "you are beautiful enough for me." At this point a Swedish girl enters and Miss Peach says, "Sh. Mr. Partem, your ideal!"

Partem with his back to the new arrival looks at Miss Peach and says, "I'm afraid to look. Does she resemble Cleopatra or Helen of Troy, N. Y.?"

The following conversation then takes place: Swede—Bane das Master divorce man? Partem—I am Mr. Partem. Do you want to get a divorce? Swede—Yaas. Partem—Very well. Sit down. Name, please? Swede—I don't know. Partem—Surely you know your name. Swede—Yaas. Ma name bane Tillie. Partem—Tillie what? Swede—No bane Tillie Watt. Bane Tillie Yensen.

Partem—Now, Mrs. Jensen, how long have you been married? Swede—Ten year. Partem—How old are you? Swede—Twenty-six year. Partem—Any children? Swede—Yaas. Ay got Oscar, Hulda, Hannah, Gustavus, Yennie, Peter, Yulla

and little Yennie—ma little Yennie. Partem—Did you get that, Miss Peach. We ought to have an adding machine for this family. What does your husband do for a living? Swede—He bane hired man for one time. He stop work for three year. Partem—You mean he doesn't support you. (Swede nods.) How do you live then? Swede—Ay work ver hard. Ay take care ma children. Partem—What do you do? Swede—Ay bane scrub lady. Partem—Does your husband assist you in any way? The Swede answers no, and the lawyer tells her to come in again Saturday, when he promises to have her all fixed out. He turns to Miss Peach and tells her to make the complaint neglect and failure to provide, and as she is about to take her departure, the Swede lady holds out \$3 to the lawyer, who refuses to take it, telling her that he will discuss money matters later.

"Ay tank you very much," replies the Swede lady. "You bane damn nice man. Goodby, Mr. Partem."

"Goodby, pretty lady, goodby." After the lady leaves, Partem expresses his sympathy for her and Miss Peach remarks that she believes he has a kind heart, after all.

"Of course, I have," replies Partem. "Even if this domestic rot does make one cynical."

He is about to renew his love making, when Miss Peach murmurs: "Hush, some one is coming. Perhaps this is your ideal."

An old maid with a shrill voice enters and states that she came in answer to the advertisement for a stenographer, remarking at the same time that she hopes it is a respectable office. Partem informs her that he has already made a selection and steps aside, revealing Miss Peach.

The old maid glares at Miss Peach, and then says: "Well, in case she ain't competent, here's my address. There's nothing flighty about me. No man can trifle with me. Good day, sir."

She leaves, and Miss Peach says: "Your latest ideal doesn't approve of me. She thinks I'm filthy."

Partem doubles her salary per week when Miss Peach says she must leave, and at the same time informs her that under the laws of the state of Nevada a contract is void without a consideration, and demands a nice, sweet kiss. Convinced that the law demands it, Miss Peach is about to fulfill the contract when a great noise is heard in the hall and a lady enters with a rolling pin in her hand and demands to see the divorce lawyer.

She explains that her husband has struck her and she wants a divorce. "What is his business?" asks the lawyer. "He's a skilled wurkman at doin' nothin', sir."

"What has he done to make you angry?" asks the lawyer. "He hit me, that he did!" "He struck you?" persisted the lawyer. "Where?"

"On the back porch," replied Mrs. Mulcahy. "What did you do when he struck you?"

"I hit him back, that I did." "What did he say then?" asked the lawyer. "What he said I'm too decent a lady to repeat."

"Where is he now?" "Where he belongs—in the woodshed with the dog."

At this point the telephone rings and the information comes that they are taking Mulcahy to the hospital.

Mrs. Mulcahy breaks into tears and cries, "Molke, me own bye. It's to the hospital they're taking him! Ah, Molke, me darlint, O'll be wid ye, and, begging the lawyer's pardon, she flies out of the office, while Peach remarks that another ideal has been shattered and asks how she would look with a blackened eye. "Is everybody unhappy?" she asks.

"No," replies the lawyer, "there are a few normal people left in the world. Miss Peach remarks that she hopes that she never has to get a divorce, when the lawyer replies that it would be a good idea to get a husband first, remarking that it used to be faith, hope and charity, but now it is husband, divorce and alimony."

"The poor men have to pay for the privilege of being stung," remarks Miss Peach, and adds that if she were a man she would never, never marry.

"Not if you found the sweetest little girl in the world?" asks the lawyer. "You mean your ideal?" asks the stenographer.

"Yes," replies Partem, "better than my ideal—sweeter—dearer—in real flesh and blood."

"Well, if you could find her"—says Miss Peach, when the attorney breaks in and says, "I have found her."

Miss Peach, mischievously, "Not Mrs. Mulcahy?" "Well, I should say not."

"You don't mean the old maid stenographer who called?" asked Miss Peach. "Ye gods, no!"

"Going to be a father to the eight little Jensens?" "Not if I know it!"

Miss Peach innocently remarks, "Then who is your ideal?" "Don't you know?" asks the lawyer. "Can't you guess?"

"I haven't the slightest idea." The lawyer tells the pretty stenographer that ever since she came his heart has been doing a barn dance, and that his business will go to rack and ruin unless she promises that she will never leave him, and then he asks her to marry him.

"Isn't this rather sudden?" asks Miss Peach. "Suppose your ideal should walk in after I accepted you. Where would you be then?"

"No danger of that," says the lawyer, as he attempts to kiss her. Miss Peach resists and says, "Don't get hasty, Romeo. We will let fate decide."

"Fate?" questions the lawyer. "Yes," responded Miss Peach. "Wait and see the next woman who appears. If she is not an improvement on the rest I will consider an engagement."

"Will you really?" asks the lawyer. "If you promise to give up this business."

"Anything for you," replies Partem, as he begs for a kiss. "Not until we're engaged."

"Well, aren't we?" he asks. "Have you forgotten your bargain?" replies Miss Peach. "If the next woman is not your ideal—" At this point there enters a squaw.

Partem takes in the significance of the visit and embraces Peach. The squaw tries to attract attention.

"Ugh! Ugh!" "What the deuce! Peach—it is fate. Squaw—Big chief Partem? Partem—Yes, ma Partem. Squaw—Ugh! Want 'vorces. Partem—Divorce? Squaw—Ugh! Partem—What is your name? Squaw—Red Star. Partem (To Peach)—You lost your bet, kiddo! (To squaw)—What is your husband's name? Squaw—Bad egg. Him heap big Plute. Partem (To Peach)—I'll get that kiss in a minute. What's the trouble, Red Star? Squaw—Brave no good. Partem (To Peach)—Do you love me? Peach—Brave no good. Partem—You made your own terms—you must stick to your bargain. Squaw (Trying to attract some attention)—Ugh! Ugh! Partem (Aside)—Bother this Indian. What is the matter with Bad Egg? Squaw—Much booze. Partem—What else? Squaw turns and shows empty page case. "No papoose!" Partem—Is it "yes," Miss Peach? Hurry up and say it. Squaw—Ugh! Ugh! Partem—Confound the luck! What did you say, Red Star? Squaw—Me want papoose. Partem—Well, come back tomorrow and I'll get you one—I mean a divorce. Squaw—Ugh! Squaw says "Ugh" again as she makes her exit, and Partem, turning to Miss Peach, asks if it is "Yes." Of course it is and he folds her in his arms as the curtain falls.

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