

The Saturday "News" Special Foreign Service.

LAW OF DIVORCE IN STAIN ENGLAND

Member of Parliament Introduces a Bill to Amend Existing Unjust Conditions.

WHICH ARE WORSE THAN U. S.

Experts Declare That Stringency of The English Statutes Instead of Checking Produces Immorality.

Special Correspondence.

LONDON, March 19.—Although there is small likelihood that the bill introduced by Horatio Bottomley for widening the scope of the divorce law, will pass the house of commons this session, and a certainty that if it did, it would be summarily ejected by the house of lords, it is of interest as calling attention to the unsatisfactory state of the English law with respect to the dissolution of marriage.

No less an authority than Sir Gorell Barnes, president of the divorce court, has stigmatized it as "a failure of inconsistencies, anomalies and inequalities amounting almost to absurdities."

Mr. Bottomley's bill is a very brief one. It provides that judicial separation between husband and wife shall, at the expiration of five years, if meanwhile the parties do not come to terms, have the same force and effect as a decree absolute for the dissolution of the marriage. It also makes incurable insanity, or a sentence of 15 years penal servitude, ground for divorce.

MAKES MORALS LAX.

The large number of divorces in America and the relatively small number in England have often been cited by English purists as proof of the superior tone of English society. It is an entirely erroneous conclusion. It is the stringency of the English divorce law, and not a higher regard for the sanctity of the marriage tie, which makes divorces comparatively so infrequent in England. Thomas Parker Allen, secretary of the Marriage Law Reform association, who has made a comprehensive study of the subject, both here and in America, says his investigations have convinced him that the rigid English divorce law, so far from contributing to a higher morality, is, in reality, responsible for a greater laxity of morals than result from the easier divorce laws of many American states.

UNJUST TO THE WOMEN.

The English law is most bitterly unjust to the woman without infidelity there can be no dissolution of marriage. But whereas a husband can obtain a divorce on the ground of his wife's unfaithfulness, the wife can secure a severance of the marital tie only when the husband's misconduct is accompanied by cruelty. However flagrant and notorious his escapades they do not entitle her to a divorce. He may commit bigamy several times over, and perhaps go to jail for it, but his one legal wife must remain his wife as long as he lives. He may desert his wife immediately after marriage, betake himself to a foreign country, never contributing a cent to her support, and that of her child if there be any, and still she is tied to him for life. As long as he survives she is debarrd from seeking an honest mate and protector. She cannot contract a legal marriage. There are hundreds of such cases.

BISHOPS OPPOSED.

A man, in every respect worthy, may leave the place of his birth, and one who has abandoned her, but the law stigmatizes their relationship as immoral and their offspring, should there be any, must bear the brand of illegitimacy. Such a state of affairs is opposed to justice, to common sense, to morality, and yet should a measure come before the bench of bishops, in their capacity of lords spiritual of the upper house, enabling a wife to sue for divorce on the ground of her husband's unfaithfulness alone, they would oppose it both with and without the sanction of the church, and the morals of society and heaven knows what else.

HOPELESS OUTLOOK.

In other respects the English law of divorce is unreasonably oppressive to both husband and wife but it is the latter who is most often the victim of its blind stringency. A man may commit a criminal offense of so heinous a character that he is sentenced to 20 years penal servitude. Still as long as he lives his wife can have no other husband. She must struggle alone. No other man can claim the legal right to support her and make a home for her. A man may even attempt to murder his wife and undergo a long term of imprisonment for it, but the ties that bind her to the inhuman monster cannot be severed. He may cruelly abuse her, but he cannot be deprived of the right to call her his wife on that account. He may desert her, but though a wife only in name she is still his wife. To reverse the picture, the wife may be a criminal, or an habitual drunkard, and lodged in an asylum but under English law that does not suffice for the dissolution of the marriage. A man or woman may be tied to a lunatic for life. Of this the English peage affords a melancholy instance. Soon

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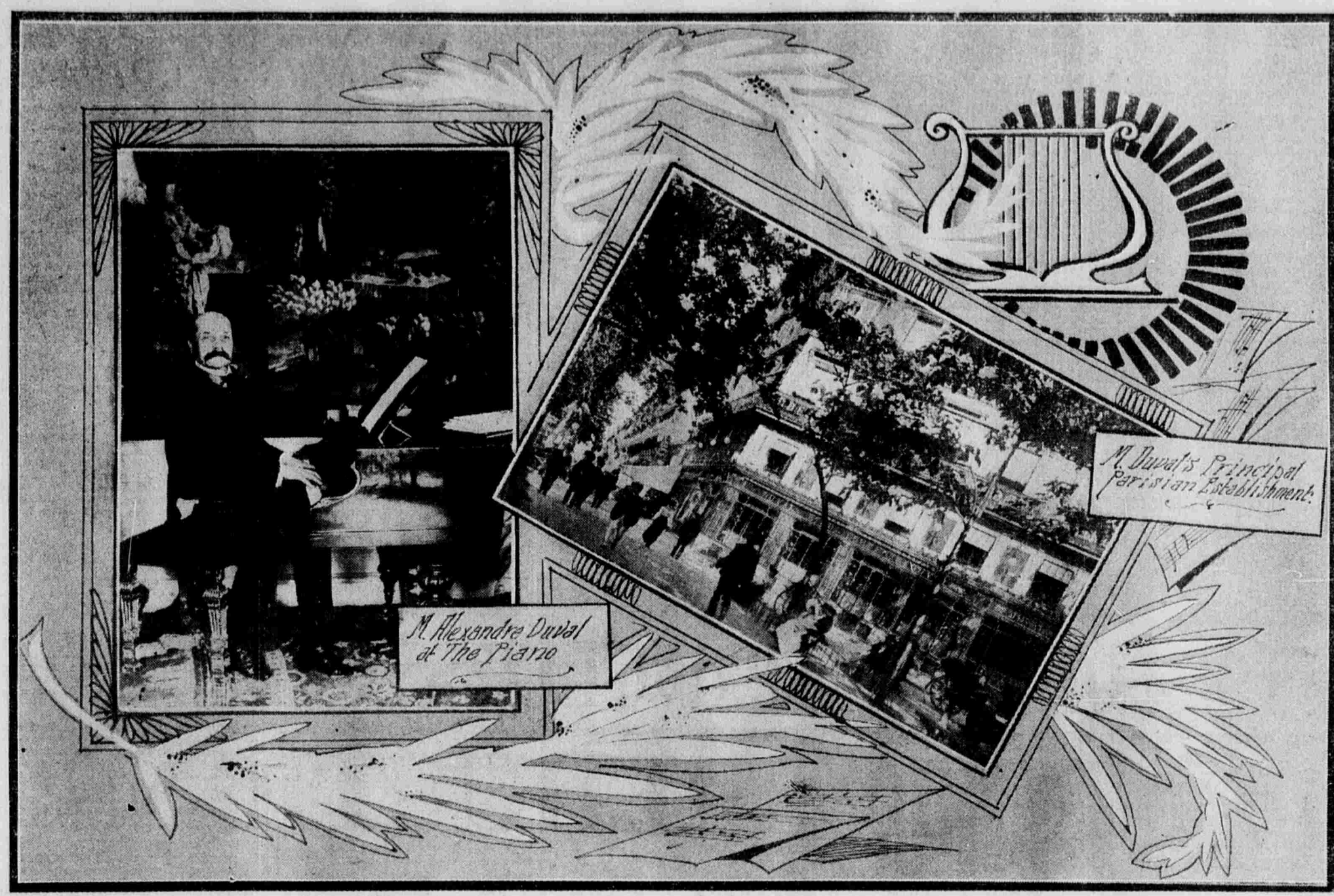
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Paris Restaurant King is a Successful Composer

M. Alexandre Duval Runs Thirty Big Establishments, Controls An Army of 2,000 Workers, and Yet Manages to Cultivate Rare Musical Gifts, Shine as A Leader of Fashion, and Win and Hold Friendship of Royal Personages.

Special Correspondence.

PARIS, March 19.—At the age of 64, M. Alexandre Duval is writing an opéra in collaboration with M. Michael Carre. On the face of it, there would not appear to be anything in that worth noting. There are lots of folk writing opéras—most of which will never be performed. It is the unique personality and extraordinary versatility of the sexagenarian composer which lend uncommon interest to the announcement.

As the "Restaurant King" of Paris, M. Duval's popular establishments are familiar to all American visitors to the gay city. He controls 20 of them and an army of nearly 2,000 workers. That, in itself, would seem to be a task sufficient to absorb all of one man's energies. Exclusive devotion to one object is almost invariably the price which is paid for pre-eminence in any one line in America. But, in addition to filling the role of the biggest caterer in Paris, M. Duval manages to do other things which make him a noteworthy man. He is a musical composer of rare merit, a dandy who sets fashions in masculine apparel; a man of such brilliant wit and originality that celebrities delight in his companionship and possessed of such fascinating manners that he is the darling of the ladies.

TALENT AS A MUSICIAN.

Certainly the most striking side of M. Duval's versatile personality, over and above his great administrative capacity, is his great talent as a musician. It is safe to say that had he been born a poor man, or could he have withdrawn himself from the responsibilities of his financial interests, he might have burst forth upon the world as a second Strauss. He has composed about 20 waltzes, and other dances, marches and songs, and you may often hear the orchestra of the Moulin Rouge or Folies Bergère strike up a waltz or a march which, on inquiry, you will learn is "par Alexandre Duval."

CUSTOMS OF THE STREET.

In crowded city streets, especially in London and Paris, when a driver is halted by another driver ahead of him he throws up his hand or his whip perpendicularly as a warning to the man back of him. This warning the next driver checks his team and he holds his hand or his whip as a warning to the man back of him.

Thus there might be seen going up one after another in a line stretching back hands or whips to the number of half a dozen or more as the drivers were successively halted or slowed down by the blockade in front.

So of drivers of horse-drawn vehicles, whose drivers commonly sit high above their hands or whips can be seen above their heads. This signaling is done somewhat differently by the drivers of automobiles, who sit low. So of drivers of automobiles, who sit low, whose drivers commonly sit high above their hands or whips can be seen above their heads. This signaling is done somewhat differently by the drivers of automobiles, who sit low.

NOT A SELF-MADE MAN.

Although he is an excellent pianist, M. Duval has never been under any very distinguished master. He has, of course, studied harmony and counterpoint, but he is essentially a self-made musician. He is thoroughly personal and original in everything he does, and this characteristic finds expression in his music.

But though to some extent he is a self-made musician, M. Alexandre Duval is not a self-made man. He inherited a considerable fortune from

his father, M. Baptiste Adolphe Duval, the founder of the so-called "Bouillons" or middle-class restaurants, which have become so characteristic a feature of modern Paris. M. Baptiste Duval died in 1879, a month or two before the outbreak of the Franco-German war.

WHERE HE GOT HORSEFLESH.

I was very anxious to know how her restaurants fared under the Commune and during the terrible siege of Paris and in the course of my chat with M. Alexandre Duval, the other day, I asked him to tell me something quite "inédit," quite new.

"Ah! I was alone at the head of the administration during the siege," replied M. Duval, with a twinkle in his eye, "and I can assure you we did not close our establishments one single day."

"But how did you manage to get supplies?"

"Eh bien! (with another twinkle) I had special sources. I went to Gen. Trochu and said: 'Mon Général, I wish to warn you that I have dealings with suspicious individuals, people of evading faith, and I buy without asking questions. You know, if I don't buy, the citizens will simply starve. What am I to do?'"

"And Trochu replied: 'It is better that Paris should be fed and that you should wink at the sources, M. Duval! And so I bought up every beast that my villainous purveyors offered to me. It was nearly all horseflesh and I had to pay a frightful price and cash down; and I knew all the time that they had in nearly every case come into possession of it by dishonest means. The poor peasants from the outlying districts would arrive at the city walls, fleeing before the advancing Prussians, and some 'kind,' disinterested friend would advise them where their horse or cow could be stabled—and in the night it would disappear and be served up in my establishments on the morrow. But if I had asked questions, there would have been no food.'"

"But how did you get on under the Commune? Were not your restaurants attacked?"

WAITERS BECAME LEADERS.

"No, not once. You see, many of our waiters and employes left us when the Commune was declared and some became quite 'gros bonnets' (big wigs) among the leaders, and they would not allow us to be sacked. Poor fellows, saw very few of them again when the insurrection had been suppressed. I expect they were nearly all shot down in the streets and behind the barricades."

It speaks volumes for the respect and affection of the employes for their "patron" that M. Duval should have passed unscathed through such a period of lawlessness. But so it was and the Establishments Duval remained open and supplied over 5,000,000 meals during those terrible years, 1870-1, the net profits of the company for that same period of two years being \$139,000. Anyone hearing M. Alexandre Duval today would never suspect that he had for nearly 40 years borne the burden of a vast business administration on his shoulders. He is astonishingly young and vigorous and looks very much like the admiration and despair of all the other beaux. For you must understand that M. Duval's hair, whether they be beavers or bowlers, are his own "creation" just as much as the hat of that dainty lady going down the Rue de la Paix is the \$200-creation of a great modiste. He is his own designer, just as much as his father was, and every-

thing he does bears the stamp of this originality.

BIG STOCK OF TIES.

It is said that Queen Elizabeth had a different gown for every day in the year, but I believe I am speaking the sober truth when I say that M. Alexandre Duval could change his cravat a dozen times a day on every day in the year and yet not exhaust his stock or use one a second time.

And lest my reader should cry out in amazement or indignation: "But this man must devote his life to dress?" I would remind him by way of contrast that M. Duval is an expert in all financial and commercial questions, that he is a deep student of political economy and that he is famed for his sound common sense, his keen intellect and his knack of going straight to the point. And with all this he has such a flow of spontaneous wit, he is so "spiritual" that I have heard it said that whenever the Grand Duke Vladimir comes to Paris his friend M. Duval is one of the first to be invited to dinner. The Duke De Morny, Prince Orloff, the Comtesse, Mary Garden, Henri Rochefort, and other celebrities eagerly seek his companionship.

DARLING OF CARTOONISTS.

It is astonishing that this amiable, witty and truly representative boulevardier should be the darling of the cartoonists. Legend numbers him among the typical Parisians in his "Bottin du Rire" (Comic directory). Noel Dorville gives him as one of the "Clous" (or chief attractions) of Paris; Cappiello devotes an affiche to the "Grand Alexandre"; and some in his scroll of Taut-Paris going to Longchamps for the Grand Prix depicts M. Duval driving his carriage with a waitress behind him poking fun at Boni de Castellane who is following behind in a humble "sapiin" (as the Parisians call a cab).

It is astonishing, too, to learn that M. Duval has never been out of France, but divides his time between his residence in the Avenue des Champs-Élysées and his chateau in the Loiret where he spends the summer with his family.

POSSESSES RARE KNACK.

M. Duval, unlike many a prince of labor who is nothing more or less than a slave in his office, possesses the rare knack of extracting a vast amount of intellectual and social enjoyment out of the day without even allowing pleasure to interfere with work. On an average he may be said to devote six to seven hours a day to business—sometimes more, sometimes less. How he manages to find time to compose music is a mystery, for there is no great social event, no premiere, no "vernissage" at which he is not one of the most familiar figures. In a word he has found out how to devote unrelenting and minute attention to all the details of a great business; how to be one of the most prominent members of Paris society; and at the same time how to be a diligent composer.

"How do you manage it?" I asked M. Duval.

"Oh, I don't devote half enough time to composition," was the reply. "He thinks as it may. M. Duval has found time to write an opera of ordinary length in the space of a few months. I know of no American with whom M. Duval can be compared. But his remarkable capacity for hustling, without ever appearing to be pushed for time, and his great versatility compare with the subject of his correspondence by Joseph Lyons, London's greatest caterer, who feeds more people than any other man on earth, and yet finds time to write novels, paint pictures and compose poetry that gets published."

"FAKERS" AND "FAKERS."

"I notice that in all this talk and discussion recently stirred up by President Roosevelt concerning the writers of pseudo nature stories there is some confusion as to the use of the words 'fakir' and 'faker,'" said the man who is fond of being exact. "One person writes 'nature fakir' and another 'nature faker,' as if fakir and faker were

RUSSIAN RED TAPE IS A BANE

Incident Where It Stays Succor While Revolutionists Plunder a Postoffice.

GIRL WIRES FACTS FOR HELP

Request Is Ignored Because in Making It Official Formula Has Not Been Complied With.

Special Correspondence.

S. T. PETERSBURG, March 17.—Red tape is the bane of official life in all countries, but Russia can now lay claim to the prize, if there is one, for the worst red-tape blunder in all the world.

The facts have been told me by a man who knows. It was scarce more than a fortnight ago. The scene was a government postoffice on the outskirts of this city. The branch office was quite similar to those in the United States excepting that the buildings are much larger and used exclusively for government business.

In district office No. 72 or bureau 72, as it is called here, there are some 30 employees. Much money is handled there, as all branches of government business are conducted in the place.

ENTER ARMED HOLDUPS.

It was a wet day and noon was striking on the clock. The clerks were just about to start off in relays for their dinners. Customers had all departed. Suddenly a score of men walked quietly into the place. They were armed to the teeth. A few closed the doors, others stationed themselves at the windows while the remainder with revolvers cocked, marched behind the railings and forced all the government employees into one corner where they were compelled to stand with hands held up.

I said all the employees, but there was one, a mere slip of a girl, who happened to be in one of the cloak rooms at the moment.

GIRL WIRES FOR SUCCOR.

The gang of men were revolutionists. The leaders were the key and opened all the safes and drawers and cupboards. While they were all busy counting the money, searching for more or guarding the prisoners, the little girl, Olga Majimovitch, crept silently into the back. She was a telegraphist and unobserved managed to reach one of the instruments connected with the general postoffice. With one hand she held down the sounder so that the telegraph worked silently. With the other she worked the key. Practically she called the chief clerk. He, she observed the revolutionists would immediately have blown her brains out. But they were busy rifling the registered mail and transferring all the valuables to small sacks which they had brought with them.

Olga Majimovitch felt rather than heard the answering signal of the main office. Her key sent the message: "Bandits are in possession of bureau 72. Send help at once. Be quick. They have opened the safes and are rifling the registered mail. There are 20 men. We are all prisoners. Quick, for the love of God."

She repeated the message and then stole silently away to the security of the clock room. There she waited with bated breath and beating heart for the sound of the coming of the police and soldiers.

But there was no rush of feet, no fierce commands, no sounds of shooting. The minutes passed and at 20 minutes past noon the band of revolutionists unbarricaded the doors, stole out with their plunder and disappeared. They had taken something over \$2,000.

For a few minutes the employees were still too dazed to do anything but herd together. Then Olga rushed from her hiding place and told them of what she had done. The employees praised her, kissed her, wept over her for her bravery. They still feared the bandits were lurking outside and prayed for the arrival of the police.

They were still wondering at the non-arrival of help when the telegraph instruments began to buzz. The chief clerk hurried to the instrument. He responded to the signal and the receiving apparatus began ticking off a message. When it finished the stationer tore off the tape and handed it to his fellow employees.

The message was from the prefecture of police. It read: "If you really desire assistance will you please employ the official formula usual in such cases?"

KING EDWARD'S GRANDNEPHEW

The little hereditary prince of Sax-Coburg and Gotha, shown here on his

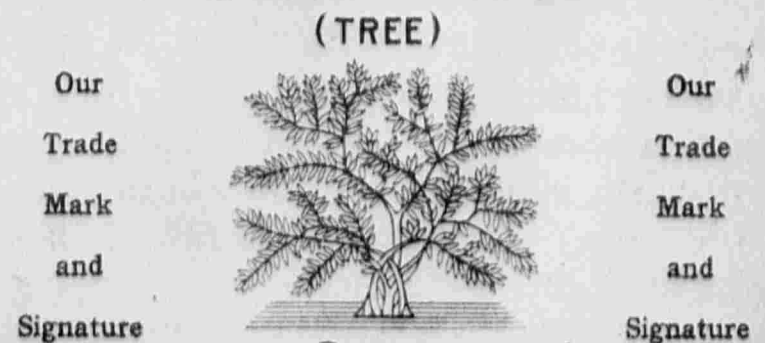


equally diminutive Shetland, is a grandnephew of the king of England. The youngster's name is Jean Leopold, and he was born Aug. 2, 1906.

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