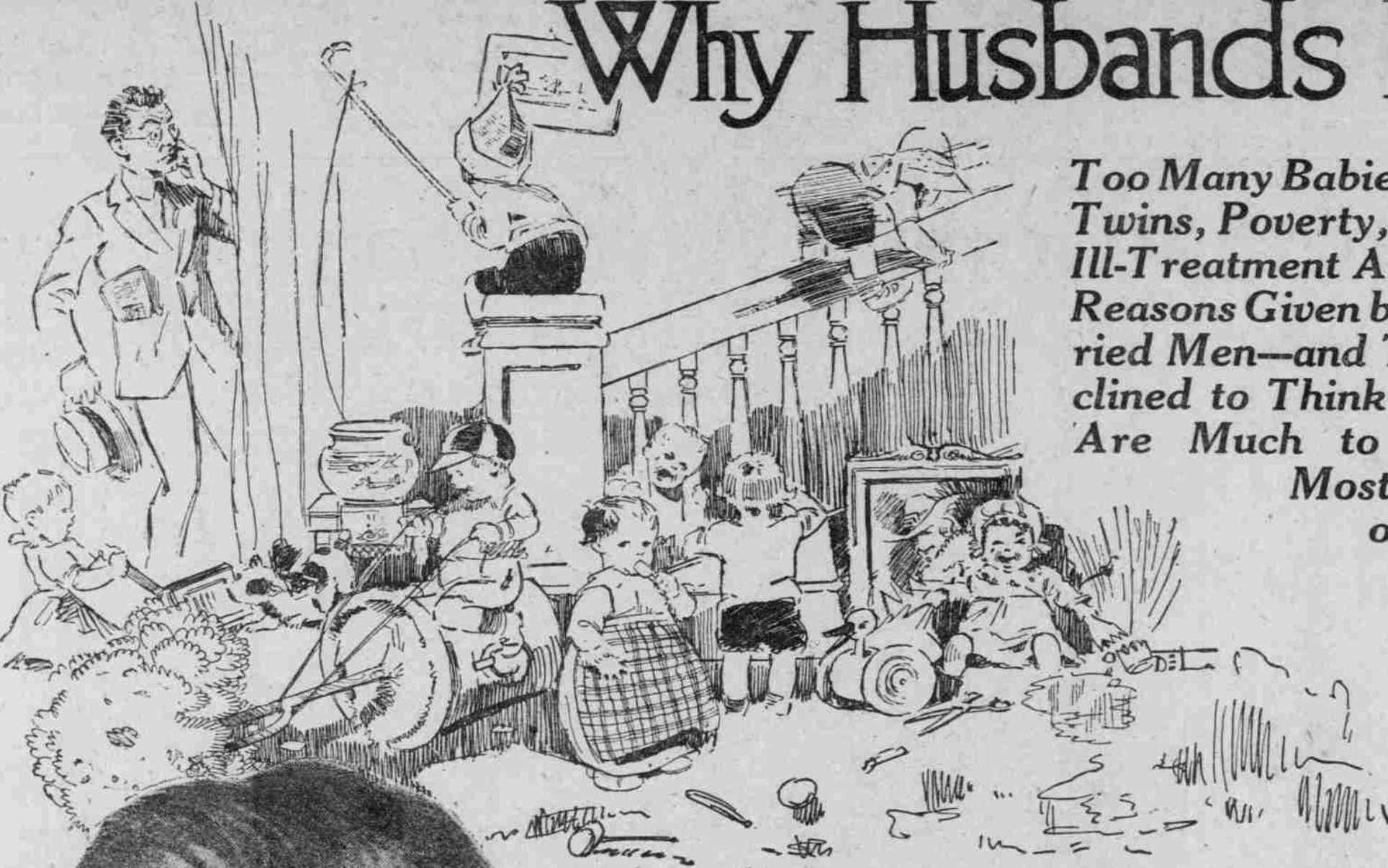


Why Husbands Leave Home

Too Many Babies, Too Many Twins, Poverty, Neglect and Ill-Treatment Are the Queer Reasons Given by Some Married Men—and They Are Inclined to Think That Wives Are Much to Blame for Most Everything on Earth.



J. W. Clark, of Americus, Ga., left home 25 years ago because he couldn't stand poverty. He is rich today and home again.

In five years Mrs. Sullivan has mothered 132 children in her splendid home. The divorce she has just obtained was granted on the grounds of desertion.



Mrs. Marie B. Tiffany, Los Angeles opera singer, whose husband, Willis, declares that she has spent only one day at home in three years. So he is suing for a divorce.



Mrs. Daniel F. Sullivan of Chicago and three of her latest adopted infants. She has mothered as many as 15 at one time, and now her husband has vanished.



Twin babies overwhelmed Pas Lujan of Jim Town, Cal. He has disappeared.



Ignatz Klucyosh, of Lockport, N. Y., left home because, he said, his wife used to get up at night and go through his pockets.

BY JOHN SHELDON.

SUPPOSE you were a hard-working, highly respectable, sober-minded married man with the patience of Job and a hankering for a happy home and home comforts. And suppose you had a wife who only found time to spend just one day at home with you in three long, weary years of waiting. What would you do?

Ask Willis R. Tiffany what he did. Or, suppose you were prosperous and had a wife on whom you were prepared to lavish your wealth. And instead of cutting a wide swath in society and the pleasure-loving world, suppose your wife preferred to stay at home playing the part of mother to as many homeless orphans, children of the slums and foundlings as she could entertain at one time in your home. What would you do?

Ask Daniel F. Sullivan what he did. And suppose—but what's the use? Sociologists, humanitarians, learned professors and distinguished preachers have answered from various angles the familiar old question of why girls leave home. They have told us why wives leave home and why some leave home.

But no eminent lecturers, so far as we know, have undertaken to explain why husbands leave home. So a few husbands, firmly believing that actions speak louder than words, have been absenting themselves from home of late, leaving the reason for their departure to be explained by subsequent developments.

Take the case of the Daniel F. Sullivan, for instance. They had a splendid home at 328 Kenesaw terrace, Chicago. The only regretful part of their otherwise happy married life was that no little Sullivans arrived to make their union doubly blessed.

Mrs. Sullivan has a keen love for little children. Her motherly instinct is finely developed. Having no children of her own, she began about five years ago to borrow babies and tots of 3 and 4 years from slum nurseries. And on these youngsters she lavished her affections in her own home. The house was there and she played

mother to them and was as happy as a little girl with a new doll.

If five years Mrs. Sullivan cared for 132 babies. Some she kept with her for two years. She did not adopt them, but looked out for their support and education. Last year she took eight of her tiny charges to Florida for a month's outing.

Objected to Other People's Children.

Mr. Sullivan objected to his home being turned into a day and night nursery for other people's children. He objected to various things inseparable from happy childhood days. Namely, he didn't understand why his wife wanted all these squirming, howling, destructive, dirty-faced babies crawling around his home.

He stood it as long as he could and then he simply left home after settling a reasonable allowance on his wife. Now Mrs. Sullivan has got a divorce on the grounds of desertion. She expects to take seven other women's babies to California for a little outing trip next spring.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Clark were dreadfully poor when they lived in Americus, Ga., 25 years ago. They had two children at that time, but living conditions were so hard that Clark couldn't bear to see his family suffer. So he left home to see if his luck would change. At first it didn't. Then he wrote to his wife, suggesting that she might do better for herself and the children if she got a divorce. Mrs. Clark refused to do anything of the kind. Some women are that way. She went out to work for herself and the two children and managed somehow to keep a roof over their heads and the wolf from the door.

Meanwhile Clark drifted down into Oklahoma. Several times he wrote to his wife, asking if she had got a divorce yet, but she hadn't.

Too Many Twins for Him.

Then during the recent Oklahoma oil boom Clark's luck turned. He struck it rich and made a fortune practically over night.

Without wasting any time he headed back to Americus, where his wife received him with open arms. During

his 25 years' absence his two children died, the oldest daughter having been buried three days before his return.

The case of Mr. and Mrs. Willis R. Tiffany is a most unusual one, although there may be some husbands inclined to say that Mr. Tiffany was to be envied instead of pitied. Mrs. Marie B. Tiffany is a grand opera singer, a member of the Metropolitan Opera company. Her professional duties made it impossible to be home very much. One day in three years was all she could spare.

The one day that Madame Tiffany spent in Los Angeles, where her home was, was November 2, 1919, and she traveled 1000 miles to get there. But even then it was not to engage in domestic pursuits. It was to sing at

the Philharmonic concert at Trinity auditorium.

"It is the same old story," said Mr. Tiffany. "It seems impossible for a woman to have a successful musical career and retain interest in her home. Mrs. Tiffany has been in New York about three years now and during that time she spent one day in Los Angeles. She has worked very hard with her music and deserves the success she has won, but her interests, her whole life and soul are centered in her art, and husbands have a way of talking to be second, even to a career. The only thing I could do was to apply for divorce on the ground of desertion. I think there will be any difficulty in proving my claim."

Two pairs of twins, both arriving on the self same day, proved too much

for Pas Lujan of Jim Town, a suburb of Rivers, Cal. That is why he left home. At the moment of departure he remarked that there was a limit to all things. First of all, Belle, the family cow, became the mother of two lusty little Jersey calves. Lujan didn't object to that. A calf is worth \$40 or \$50 today.

But then, about an hour later, the hired nurse walked in on poor Mr. Lujan carrying two very red-faced babies which she wanted him to admire. He didn't want twins and said so. Then he left home.

Ignatz Klucyosh says he would rather remain in jail all the balance of his natural life than go home. He lived at Lockport, N. Y.

"I can't live with my wife," he told the judge when Mrs. Klucyosh had

him arrested for non-support. He explained that he was a hard-working man, trying to make an honest living and save a little money. What he objected to was a habit his wife had of getting out of bed when he was asleep and going through his pockets.

Early one morning he woke up very suddenly out of a sound sleep and caught Mrs. Klucyosh in the very act of abstracting money from his trousers pocket. The neighbors had him arrested for beating her. That's why he left home.

Some wives don't know when they are well off. Good husbands, like Rogers "born to blush unsexed," often are unappreciated. Take George Edwards of Pleasantville, N. J., as a case in point. Even his promise, backed by action, to do all the house drudge-

ry, if his wife would only stay home, failed to stop Mrs. Edwards from going to Philadelphia, he asserts in a bill for divorce.

Letting George Do It.

Mrs. Edwards wanted to go to Philadelphia to live. Her husband begged her to remain in Pleasantville. He did everything a good, kind husband could be expected to do to induce her to stay home. He says he washed the dishes, washed the clothes, cooked, baked, cleaned windows, scrubbed floors, darned socks, made the beds and attended generally to all the household work to try and keep his wife at home. But she packed up and went to Philadelphia just the same. So he left home, too, locked up the house, and now he wants a divorce.

It may be refreshing, perhaps, to turn to a totally different kind of married man and hear the opinion of a woman whose husband hasn't left home yet, although they have been married more than 50 years.

Mr. and Mrs. John G. McCarthy celebrated the 50th anniversary of their wedding last May. They live on East Thirtieth street, New York city. They have never quarreled, never been separated and are quite happy.

"I suppose," said Mrs. McCarthy, "that I am just an old-fashioned wife, but I do know that we have been very, very happy, and we have had a very happy home."

Then Mrs. McCarthy proceeded to make a statement that no doubt would have drawn down on her head the wrath of many of her sex, could they have been there to hear it. She declared that nine times out of ten, with a strong possibility of the tenth time as well, it is the wife's fault today when married couples cannot agree. When the women stop wanting to be "new" women, or emancipated women, or enfranchised women, then will marriage once more become a success, was her next asseveration.

To make marriage a real success and to keep husbands from leaving home, it is the home and its care that must come first with the wife, Mrs. McCarthy said. Too many girls today know all about eating celestines of pullet, a la something, or other, or mouseline of kingfish, or imported caviar, and aren't even able themselves to fry an egg.

Don't bother your husband about your own petty affairs during the day, is the advice Mrs. McCarthy gives young wives. Don't weep on his shoulder if the dressmaker has out two right sleeves for your new blouse, and don't try to make him sympathize with you if you have spilt the steak. Keep your household troubles to yourself and let friend husband find peace and quiet when he comes home tired out from the business cares of the day. And then he will never want to leave home.

NEW AMERICANS GET GLAD HAND WHEN THEY LAND ON THIS SHORE FROM NEW COMMISSIONER IN NEW YORK

Frederick A. Wallis Assumes Charge of Ellis Island Sheds and Initiates New System of Humane Treatment to Those Who Have Severed All Ties for Chance in Beckoning World in Far West.

NEW YORK, Sept. 18.—Each day now about 5000 men and women are receiving a striking lesson in Americanism in a school which many informed people believe has heretofore been a preparatory institution for the most advanced course in bolshevism. The school is the Ellis Island immigration station and the new principal who has begun a course in Americanization there is Frederick A. Wallis, the new immigration commissioner.

There is a daily average of 5000 immigrants arriving now and Wallis estimates that it soon will climb to 10,000. He says every bit of space on every steamer plying the Atlantic will be occupied by immigrants for at least the next 10 years. Despite the difficulties of emigration from war-torn Central Europe and the high cost of passage, 700,000 aliens entered the United States during the year ending June 30 and, according to Wallis, everyone of them got a preparatory course in bolshevism at Ellis Island that made them apt pupils for the incendiary teachings of radicals of their own race when they arrived at their respective destinations.

When Wallis took charge several months ago he found that no towels had been allowed the immigrants for several years. He discovered that whereas nearly 8000 meals were sold to the immigrants undergoing examination in the course of a day no drinking water was provided. He ordered the drinking water turned on and immediately some persons interested in preserving the old regime knocked off the faucets. He went about from place to place on the island before he became personally known to the guards and attendants and was brutally insulted by several.

"If you treat me, a well-dressed American, in this manner, how do

you treat the poor immigrants?" he inquired and answered his own inquiry satisfactorily with certain dismissals.

"A change in the method of receiving the immigrant has been needed for 50 years," Mr. Wallis said the other day. "The immigrants are treated as prisoners and treated as such these foreigners who come here with visions of the land of the free. Their first contact with the land of which they have dreamed so fondly is too often some brutal or at least discourteous government official. Their first taste of American hospitality is a long session cooped up in some little pen where there is not even room to sit down."

"When I came here I found the detention pen crowded with 750 men, women and children. They were so jammed they all had to stand up. It was Ellis Island custom. I immediately gave them the freedom of the large examining hall. As it is now we have an average of about 400 sleeping on the floor every night. I have applied to the army for the loan of 400 cots to remedy that."

"Imagine the case of an immigrant coming now from Europe. He has been harassed by more than five years of war and the consequent turmoil. In order to get here he must sell everything he has. He must pay more for third-class passage than was paid for first-class booking before the war. He travels ten days or two weeks cooped up in the hold of some ship and the holds of all ships smell alike—awful."

"He arrives here and the first ordeal is quarantine, where he is examined by the doctors. When he has undergone that the customs officers tackle him and sometimes break open his little trunk or handbag. Sometimes he is at the pier for days be-

fore the customs officials are through with him.

"When they are by the customs they are sent to us on tugs. When they start early in the morning the ships do not furnish their breakfast. Batches of them have arrived here late in the day without having been fed at all. Then we begin on them again here and they have to go through another long, tiresome examination and heretofore they have been herded and treated worse than cattle, shouted at and shoved about and not even afforded the bare necessities of decent existence."

"Then they start for some railroad in Jersey. I find that they are often kept standing in the yards for as long as 24 hours and are compelled to walk long distances through the yards, sometimes in the rain, to their trains. What do you suppose the poor, tired immigrant is thinking about the land of his dreams by that time? Don't you think he's pretty good material for any agitator of his own race who wants to work on him when he gets to his destination? Indeed he is!"

"We owe it to these people and to ourselves to greet them with a smile, a little common courtesy and at least the necessities of decency. If an immigrant is good enough to be admitted to this country he ought to be started right and not treated like a criminal. If he is not good enough to come in he ought to be barred. We must teach these new-comers that here at Ellis island is a gate that swings both ways, courteously welcoming in the worthy alien and rejecting out to bar forever the agitator who wants to overturn our government."

One recent Sunday there were 2000 immigrants waiting on the island for examination. Under the old system

they would have been cooped up like cattle in a car, hungry, thirsty and filthy. Instead they were given the freedom of the grounds. They were given a picnic lunch and a band concert. Commissioner Wallis gives them a little talk on America which was interpreted for their benefit and at the close of the proceedings the band played "The Star-Spangled Banner," translations of which were furnished the immigrants.

"I have never seen anything more touching," Mr. Wallis told me. "The whole 2000 of them wept and laughed in turn. Several of them went to their knees as I passed them and prayed. They were worn out from the long journey and shaken with the fear of the unknown and here for the first time they found themselves accepted and welcomed as human beings rather than convicted criminals and for the first time they found a promise of truth in their long-held vision of a new heaven and a new earth in a new country."

"Mr. Wallis took a bill from his desk and showed it to me. It was for \$25."

"That's for the band and the sandwiches and the whole thing on Sunday," he explained. "Don't you think it's worth \$25 and the exercise of a little courtesy to start 2000 prospective Americans right instead of wrong? I'm going to have something like that every Sunday. I'm going to get Caruso and a lot of famous artists out here to sing and play for these people. I know they'd be glad to give their services. There's going to be no more treating decent immigrants like dangerous criminals and more than that, we're going to give them a real hearty welcome to this land of their dreams."

While Wallis believes in welcoming the decent immigrants he also believes in barring the undesirables. He strongly favors more stringent immigration measures and will make such a recommendation to congress.