



Divorced—and the Very Unexpected Results

Usually a Court Decree Means That the Former Mates Go Their Respective Ways, but in These Very Up-to-Date Cases the Wives Permit a Renewal of Courtship With Possibly a Second "Yes"



"His mother lives there and acts the chaperon."

Billie Shaw, dancer, who allows her divorced husband, Billy Seabury, to share her apartment and under her mother-in-law's chaperonage, is receiving "serious attentions" from him



William Seabury, whose post-nuptial "wild oats sowing" lost him the pretty wife he now wishes to regain.



"The very next evening after the divorce he was observed calling on her."

SIMULTANEOUSLY from New York and Chicago, out of the unhappy minds of two wives, strangers to each other, comes the latest recipe for winning back one's husband. The plan has to do only with those wives who want to do such a thing.

Both Billie Shaw, short-story writer and dancer of New York city, and Mrs. Mayme Thorne Watling, Chicago society woman, want to bring this about. So each conceived a scheme. Each divorced her husband. And when they had their decrees of freedom they informed their ex-husbands that they were willing to be courted over again. And they gave their erstwhile mates clearly to understand that good behavior over a period of several months, and evidence that good faith was intended, might mean wedding bells again.

Billie Shaw's agreement is a bit more daring than that of Mrs. Watling, who limits Mr. Watling to a daily two hours' visit at her home. For Billie Shaw permits William Seabury, from whom she got legal independence last July, actually to live in the same apartment with her. And his mother lives there, too, and acts the chaperone, and sees to it that neither forgets that the prerogatives of married life are nonexistent.

"We are living together beautifully," Miss Shaw declared, when the writer called on her in the apartment he and she occupy in West Forty-eighth street, New York city. "We show the utmost respect

toward each other and our courtship is carried on under the watchful eye of my former mother-in-law. Will I marry him again? Well, I love him very dearly and

ship he carried on with her before the departure. When they return, after several months' absence, the wooing will be renewed, their friends expect, and if he is successful the wedding bells will ring again before the beginning of the new year. Mr. Watling left after declaring that he is "too hot-headed" and that the divorce had "brought him to his senses."

The friends of Billie Shaw and Billy Seabury were greatly shocked when the divorce action was begun. For they recall the "kid" romance of the pair, which began in the dancing studio of Vernon Castle. That was seven years ago, when Billie was 18 and Billy was 17. Billie insisted that she was "too old" to marry Billy, but Billy insisted that he was old enough to marry Billie and support her. He is a New York man and comes of a wealthy family. But this business of the age question only began about five minutes after they met. For it wasn't until then that they fell in love, they both admit.

Billie was taking lessons of Mr. Castle to become a professional dancer. Billy was taking them to shine on the dance floor of society. Mr. Castle had been looking for a partner for Billie, and when he found Billy proved to be such an excellent pupil he suggested that they become dance partners. This they did and soon became life partners.

"We were such kids in appearance," said Miss Shaw, reminiscently, when talking over her case at her apartment, "that we had great difficulty making anyone believe we were married. At several hotels we had some embarrassment." They went along swimmingly for years. Then, a year ago, they dissolved their dancing team. And that was where the trouble began.

"Married people shouldn't live or work apart," says Miss Shaw, giving what she believes was the cause of her husband's interest in other women. "We were an ideal married couple for five years, because we had always worked together up to that time and were constantly with each other. But when we separated the trouble started. All the sacredness of marriage flies out of the window when distance separates a couple."

"Of course, while I realize that Mr. Seabury's wild doings were really nothing but sowing wild oats, I could not stand his high jinks forever. I had to do something to bring him to his senses. He doesn't seem to realize responsibility at all. He told me everything. In fact, he told me too much. And his letters!" She stamped her foot. "Please read this one!"

She handed the following letter received by her from her former husband during the pendency of their divorce action:

"You wouldn't worry about my health if you saw me going every morning at seven. . . . Mamma girl, you have passed the stage where you will be hurt, so I want to tell you I have met a wonderfully sweet girl. . . . you must have heard of her, as she has starred in pictures. She is almost as sweet as you, but not quite. And I love her almost as much, but not quite."

"You are my real love, no matter what I have done. . . . Lots of sweet 'tisses' for my Mamma-heart. YOUR BOY."

Mrs. Watling has had a bit more matrimonial experience than Miss Shaw. The husband she just divorced, to cure him of his temperment, was her second. Her first, Raymond Thorne, son of the founder of one of the biggest mail order houses in the country, was killed in an automobile accident.

Mr. Thorne left his widow a fortune of \$2,000,000 in Chicago real estate and also a half-dozen automobiles. Shortly after his death she met Mr. Watling. He was very attentive to her and took her to dances and entertainments in an effort to cheer her up. In January he proposed to her and she accepted him. They were married in Chicago's Little Church Around the Corner.

Society was surprised when she married Mr. Watling a few months after the death of her first husband. Mr. Watling was a well-known clubman and sportsman.

They seemed to be a happily mated couple, and society was pointing them out to the unmarried as the model husband and wife when the news that Mrs. Watling had sued her husband for divorce fell among their friends like the explosion of a bombshell.

But the amazement that followed the beginning of the action was as nothing compared to that which was subsequent to the actual trial of the case. For when the principals went into court, instead of sitting apart, as litigants in defended divorce cases almost invariably do, and glaring dagger looks at each other, they sat together, chatted and appeared to be mighty good friends. And when the sable-robed justice, granted her the interlocutory decree of divorce, the husband—that-had-been congratulated the wife—that-had-been, and, smiling and happy, they left the courtroom.

But the amazement of their friends was

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