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**Divorced Life**

By Helen Hanson Fuenke

**Watching the Divorce Mill Grind**

The lean months which had followed on the heels of her divorce seemed like a nightmare as Marian looked back upon them. To-day, with ample ready money still in her purse, in addition to the little nucleus of a bank account she had started in one of the up-town banks, she marvelled at the curious prank of good fortune which had enabled her to sell her story to the editor of the Cliff Dweller. Had she suspected that it was through the machinations of Jack Meadows that this story had brought her the glorious sum of \$100, she would have hated herself an object of charity. Ignorance of the circumstances constituted her bliss. Thus does a simple thing like point of view make for either happiness or woe.

After Barker's departure for home, Marian returned to her writing with renewed zeal. Her glimpses of new portions of the city spurred her fancy and quickened her pen. A promising plot had been buzzing through her mind like a pin-wheel, and she found good fun in the effort to transmute it into a salable tale. She toiled hard at the task, then started with it for the office of Mr. Ransom, the editor. This time he bade her leave it with him for consideration. Ten days passed before she received a reply. It contained various helpfully critical remarks, and a second check for \$109. It was sent exactly a month following Marian's receipt of her first \$100 from the magazine. Ransom was living up to the letter of his arrangements with Meadows, the droll philanthropist. Marian overjoyed at her second stroke of good fortune, roamed the city for more material for fiction.

One day, obeying an impulse, she got off the subway at Brooklyn Bridge and crossed to a drab, frowning building, which she found was the court house. Impelled by a flood of curiosity, she entered. It was the first time she had been near a court-house since that dreary, late autumnal day when she had obtained her own decree of divorce. She made her way into one of the benches. A

**More Fires.**

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**The Unpardonable Meanness.**

the obligation is ten times more shameful.

And yet there are many people who do just this and who escape scot free because other people have so fine a sense of courtesy that the ethical bonds of noblesse oblige are to them as binding and unbreakable as shackles of iron.

For instance, a young girl whose father and mother are dead is living in her married sister's home. The older sister and her husband are not well off and while they accepted the responsibility of the girl's upbringing without a thought that anything else was possible, it means constant self-sacrifice. One would think that the younger sister would feel under great obligation and be ready to do anything in her power to make it up to her benefactors. On the contrary she realizes that her sister and husband have too much delicacy of feeling to ever remind her that she is being supported by them, and she presumes upon this safety to be thoroughly selfish and ungrateful.

She hangs upon the piano in the evening when her sister is tired and wants to sleep; she is consistently late to meals; she is needlessly extravagant about such little things as electric lights, and calls her sister's carefulness "mean." Instead of being eager to wait upon her sister or

do any little thing for her that might show her gratitude she resents being asked for services of this nature, and if she does them, manages to make her sister feel that she is demanding her pound of flesh in asking for them.

That last, to me, is the meanest thing this class of people do. If their benefactors, tried beyond endurance, do forget noblesse oblige for a moment and ask for some recognition, or reproach them for their ingratitude, these ingrates, instead of being ashamed into better conduct seize the opportunity to act the part of a martyr. "You aren't willing to do this for me," they say in effect. "You give it grudgingly. Very well then, I shall receive no more. I will go out into the cold, cold world, etc., or 'I will make way with myself since nobody wants me.' (The latter was the threat of the young girl in question when her sister, tried beyond endurance by some piece of selfishness which particularly affected her husband, did dare to reproach her.)

Of course, the benefactor promptly becomes remorseful, begs the martyred one to keep on receiving and promises never to do it again. And, of course, the beneficiary, having confidently expected this outcome, reluctantly permits himself to be soothed, and finally condescends to let things be as they were, knowing that he has forged new shackles with which to keep his benefactor in subjection.

Yes, I realize that such an extreme type as I have presented is not common. But I think a touch of this tendency to presume on the helplessness of a delicate minded benefactor crops out in many of us. And I think it is one of the meanest, most contemptible things that any human being can be guilty of.

*Ruth Cameron*

**How I Flew to Norway.**

Lieut. Gran, the Norwegian explorer-airman, flew from Scotland to Norway recently.

"He left Cruden Bay, Aberdeenshire, at 11 p.m., and arrived at Klep, near Stavanger, four hours and ten minutes later, covering the distance of 320 miles at an average speed of just over seventy-six miles an hour," says the Daily Mail.

"His own description of his great flight," published in the Mail, "shows that he had only a few moments of anxiety, practically at the end of his voyage, when his petrol was diminishing and he became 'seasick.' His flight was the longest ever accomplished out of sight of land.

"I can hardly believe it that I am in Norway now," he writes. "A few hours ago I was sitting at Cruden Bay Hotel in Scotland having lunch, and now I have tea in a lonely hut on the barren Norwegian coast, some 20 miles south of Stavanger."

"Before I started out on this flight I made up my mind to write a diary under way. Well, the diary is written; but I am afraid in too few words. I did not manage more."

"1.15 p.m.—Under way again. The Bullers of Buchan are under me some 1,500 feet. I am following the coast, steering north by east. Ahead it looks very gloomy. I hope I shall not run into fog again as I did this morning."

"1.30 p.m.—The coast of Scotland is no more. What a strange feeling to be so lonely. I have passed some ships, but now there is nothing but sea beneath me and threatening clouds above me 1,500 feet up. I can judge by the 'white horses' that it is blowing fresh from the northwest. I allow for drift and steer northeast."

"2.15 p.m.—One hour gone. I have made up my mind to carry on. It must be done now. Writing is difficult. The machine is thrown a good deal about. The compass works splendidly, thanks to my friend Pierce. (Mr. S. Pierce, of the Blériot Flying School, Lieutenant Gran's technical adviser.) Some fog now and then, but I have seen the sun and checked my course."

"4.5 p.m.—I hardly know what to believe. Thick fog, and, as far as I am judge, a strong northwest wind. The motor works to perfection, but somehow my big petrol tank has run empty. No vessels about, but I can not see many hundred yards ahead of me."

"This is the last entry in my diary. From this moment, it cleared a little, and the wind became stronger, and as far as I could judge more westerly. The machine was thrown horribly about, and I had great difficulties in keeping my course."

"At 4.20 p.m. I got into thick fog again. Up till this I had kept quite cheerful, but now I feared that my flight would finish up in the water. I felt sea-sick. My petrol was every moment decreasing, so it was not very pleasant."

"I started climbing. At about 3,000 feet there was still fog. At 6,000 feet

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