

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT

The Judge Takes a Slant at the Horses

Drawn for The Bee by Tad



Married Life the Third Year

By MABEL HERBERT URNER.

"Oh, I'm sorry, but we can't—we're dining out tonight. . . . Isn't it too bad? I should love to go!" . . . "I don't know," doubtfully, "hold the phone—I'll ask him."

Warren was putting his pearl studs in a dress shirt when Helen ran in excitedly.

"Oh, dear, the Stevens have a box for the 'Lost Illusion' for tonight! They want us to come—even if we can't get there until late. Could we?" eagerly.

"Certainly not," frowning at a finger mark on his shirt front. "Nice time to invite us."

"But the box was just given them this evening—they couldn't ask us sooner."

"Well, if we dine with the Dawsons, we'll spend the evening there. Don't think I'm going to rush off right after dinner, do you?"

"No, I suppose not," murmured Helen, reluctantly, as she went back to the phone to tell Mrs. Stevens they could not go.

But Mrs. Stevens insisted that she would leave a couple of seats at the box office in case they could come.

"Now hurry up there," called Warren, as Helen went back to her dressing room. "Dawson said 7 o'clock—we don't want to be late."

Mr. Dawson was a new business friend of Warren's, and while Helen and Mrs. Dawson had exchanged calls, this was their first dinner.

"You're not going to wear a hat?" demanded Warren, as a few moments later Helen came out drawing on her long gloves.

"Why, yes, dear: it's only a dinner. We needn't go so formally, need we?"

"Well, this is one of the places we're going to-night. Take off that hat. I've ordered a taxi."

"A taxi. Oh, couldn't we have gone in the subway?"

But Warren did not deign to answer this. Helen went back, took off her hat and threw a light scarf over her hair. She also changed her shoes for a pair of evening slippers, which she had thought too dressy for the subway. But since they were going in a cab, she might as well wear them. It was evident Warren wanted her to look as well as she could.

A moment later the taxicab was announced.

"It's too bad that everything should come in one night," murmured Helen, as they drove off. "That was the play I was so anxious to see—the 'Lost Illusion,' and this is the last week."

"Well, it's a darn sight more important to dine with Dawson than to go to any play. He's pulled off some mighty big deals lately, and if I can interest him in our company, it'll mean a whole lot. While I think of it, he's got a fine collection of old prints—that's his hobby. He'll probably show them, so for heaven's sake, try to seem interested. Don't sit like you did the other night when Wilson showed us those coins. By George, you looked bored to death."

"Why, dear, I didn't," indignantly. "Only I don't know anything about coins, and I thought it better to keep still than to make stupid comments."

"Don't know anything either," admitted Warren, "but I faked it, and you can, too. If you want to."

"This did not add to Helen's prospect of a pleasant evening. It was hard enough for her to dine with comparative strangers, but to feel that she must try to talk and pretend a knowledge of something about which she knew nothing always terrified her.

The cab drew up before the imposing entrance of the "Kensington Arms." A uniformed hallman opened the door.

"Mr. and Mrs. Curtis to see Mr. Dawson," Warren announced briefly to the boy at the switchboard.

"Mr. Dawson is not in, sir," the boy informed them a moment later.

"Announce us to Mrs. Dawson, then," said Warren curtly.

Another moment's wait and then the boy said stolidly:

"Mr. and Mrs. Dawson have both gone out."

"Gone out?" murmured Helen in amazement.

"Of course not," scoffed Warren. "That's a mistake. Now you get this thing right," severely to the boy. "I want you to announce Mr. and Mrs. Curtis to Mr. Dawson's apartment."

"Well, I had their maid on the wire," stolidly. "She says they've gone out to



dinner. I'll ring her back, you can talk to her yourself."

Warren turned to a desk phone near by and the boy connected him.

"Hello! Is this Mr. Dawson's apartment? Will you say that Mr. and Mrs. Curtis are here. What's that?" sharply. "What message did they leave?"

Helen was standing by listening breathlessly. The maid's shrill voice carried beyond the phone, but she could not make out the words.

With a muttered exclamation Warren slammed up the receiver and strode toward the door. Helen followed, her heart in her throat. What could it mean?

Outside Warren stalked along, his face crimson with rage. Helen had almost to run to keep beside him. A dozen breathless questions were whirling through her mind, but she dared not ask them. She was afraid to question him when he was in a mood like this.

They had gone almost two blocks before he spoke. Then he snarled savagely: "Dawson will pay for this all right! I'll get square—just wait and see."

"But what did the maid say, dear?" breathed Helen.

"Say? What could she say, but that they'd gone out."

"And hadn't left any message?"

"Not a word."

"But maybe some one was ill and sent for them," suggested Helen soothingly, "an accident or something."

"Then why didn't they leave a message? No, nothing can excuse this."

"But dear, where are we going?" Helen was hobbling along painfully in her thin high-heeled slippers.

"We're not going home—nothing to eat there. Where are we now?" for in his rage he had walked blindly on, not noticing where they went. "We'll take a taxi and go to some restaurant."

Another taxicab! But Helen did not dare protest. And finally they were seated on an expensive uptown restaurant, she could only look on unhappily, while Warren ordered an extravagant dinner. It seemed as though he was trying to soothe his wounded vanity by reckless expenditure. The obsequious attention a waiter always gives to a lavish order seemed also soothing.

Helen saw his savage frown gradually relax under the pacifying effects of the food and wine. At length she ventured timidly:

"Dear, couldn't we go to the theater, after all? Mrs. Stevens said she'd leave there. Where are we now?"

Warren glanced at his watch. "Suppose we might as well go there as anywhere."

Warren called another taxicab, but by this time Helen was resigned—a sort of desperate resignation. They had already spent so much money this evening—a little more would not matter.

The tickets, marked with their name, were at the box office. The curtain was up and the usher led them through the back of a darkened house to a box at the right of the stage.

As they entered Mr. and Mrs. Stevens rose with whispered greetings. Then to Helen's horror she realized that the two people in the box were Mr. and Mrs. Dawson. Fortunately the theater was so dark that her involuntary start and the expression of Warren's face were not noticed.

"No—no, we'll sit back here," whispered Helen, refusing to let Mr. Stevens place their chairs in the front of the box.

Happily it was a long scene, and Helen had time to regain her poise.

"Act as though nothing had happened," she whispered pleadingly to Warren behind her program.

But he only growled a curt "Hush."

"I'm so glad you could come," smiled Mrs. Dawson, turning cordially to Helen.

"We hadn't hoped to see you before tomorrow evening."

"Tomorrow evening?" gasped Helen.

"Why, yes; you haven't forgotten you're to dine with us?"

"Oh, no," broke in Warren heartily. "We're looking forward to that. And, by the way, Dawson; we drove by your place this evening. We were on our way uptown to a Bohemian club dinner and thought you and Mrs. Dawson might like to join us."

Helen bit her lips, and bent lower over her program.

Warren had always said he stuck to the truth when he could—as it was not such a tax on the memory—but that when it was necessary he could "be magnificently." And this was a sample of his art.

Whose mistake had it been—his or Mr. Dawson's? Helen knew if it had been Warren's he would probably not admit it. But, at least, the fault was not hers, for Mr. Dawson had phoned the invitation to Warren himself. For once something had happened for which she could not be blamed.

Daffydils



Says Divorce is Wife's Fault!

Happy in Wedlock, She Lectures Sisters

By ADA PATTERSON.

"Seventy-five per cent of all unhappy marriages are unhappy through the wife's fault."

Mrs. Edward W. Hooke, by twenty-four years of uninterrupted marriage, has established her right to one of the proudest degrees of womanhood—H. W. (happy wife). Meeting her at clubs, at teas, at matinees, in the gymnasium, in any of the score of places where smart women congregate, one hears first that she is a young woman of active mind, with married executive ability, shown by her capable performance of the duties of a president of the International Pure Milk League. But while one woman in admiring her trim tailored suit and another observes that she has traveled so much and lived in so many of the large cities of this country that she is what the politicians call "a good mixer," one who knows her is sure to say, "she is the best wife I ever knew. She thinks it is easy to get along with one's husband."

Mrs. Hooke whisked into a team room for breathing space in a busy day, and asked her three if she agreed with the trend of modern thought that marriage is a hard job which the far-sighted woman declines to undertake.

"Boosh!" was Mrs. Hooke's brisk answer. "It is the easiest thing in the world to make one's marriage a happy one and a man is the easiest thing in the world to manage. All one has to do is to bring it down to the basis of a business proposition."

"You are not advocating the un-American idea of marriage for money?" I inquired.

"I promise you not to do that, for I don't believe in it. But the difficulties that come up in marriage can be settled as they are in a business partnership. If two business partners disagree about something they don't think at once of business dissolution. They argue the matter out earnestly, but not offensively, and reach a bedrock of understanding on the essential points. That is what the reasonable wife does."

"Are not most wives reasonable?"

"Far from it. Seventy-five per cent of all the unhappy marriages are made unhappy by the wives. Three-fourths of the separations and divorces could be prevented if the women did their share in the business partnership."

"The greatest fault of women in married life is their extravagance. Yes, I know about the women who work hard in their homes and bring up well a large brood of little ones. But with all their virtues of patience and loyalty many of them have that great marital fault of women. Perhaps they don't go down town and buy a dress they know they can't afford. And maybe they don't insist upon living in an exclusive locality, or a garish apartment house, when they would be better off in an old-fashioned side street."

"But they do use poor judgment, when it is a form of extravagance, in buying food. Delicatessens flourish and their owners grow rich because women make them the mainstay of the household instead of the emergency stations they are intended to be. I haven't been inside a



delicatessen once in two years, because often offered for them that they don't know how much their husband earns. They do know it, but they have not enough self-control to live within his earnings. They see a gown they like, think they must have it, order it, and when their husbands say they can't afford it there is a quarrel. The right may need a pair of shoes, but that makes no difference to the woman, who must have the dress. Women seem to chloroform their consciences in these matters. No wonder men say that we have no sense of justice."

"The other twenty-five per cent of marriage failures are due to women's thoughtlessness—that is, a degree of

A Cowboy's Song

By WINIFRED BLACK.

"Ten thousand cattle straying." What is it that the soft little voice is trying to sing so bravely?

"They've left my herds and wandered away."

What a voice it is, to be sure. A voice made up of piping winds and the soft whisper of the great dahlias that stand so tall and brave against the garden wall towering. What there is no such thing as frost.

And what a brave little figure it is which stands there in the strong November sunshine singing his mental song of herds and strays.

"They've scattered my herds, my herds away." Dear little boy. How far, how far, shall you wander before you lie down to rest, and who shall lead your herds for you into what strange lands, I wonder?

Hark! The song changes: "For I'm a young cowboy and I know I've done wrong." What a swing to the shoulders of the boy who almost cried yesterday when the puppy scratched him.

"I'm a young cowboy and I know I've done wrong." Have you indeed, young sir, and what, pray tell, was your manner of wrong doing and whom did you harm by it?

A friend who trusted you? Oh, never that, I hope. Then a woman who loved you? Not that, not that, little boy. And how bravely you tell it out, "I know I've done wrong."

What did you do to fright the wrong, young cowboy? And are you really ashamed of what you did, or do you glory in it after the witless fashion of some foolish men?

I have heard them often boast: "I was a gay dog in my young days. Ah, indeed, do you think you have to tell us that, you with the shaking hands and the face of a shen hee, you with the blotted

countenances. Women get out of bed unsmilingly and shuffle about all morning in a kimono and slippers. Husband goes downtown and meets an attractive woman who dresses daintily, who seems to admire him and who makes an effort to be entertaining."

"He remembers the kimono and he goes home and finds a wife who interrupts what he thinks a good story by saying: 'Dear, I saw a lovely hat marked down to nine that I really must have.' He thinks, 'How did I ever happen to marry this woman?'"

"Men are only kids. We are all only grown-up children. When the man's day's work is done he comes home in the mood of a boy, expecting to be amused. He wants a wife who will talk entertainingly to him and will pass along anything worth while she has heard during the day. If he has a wife who is good fun at home he won't be so likely to go out to clubs."

"A man's day must be started right, and the way to start it right is to give him a good breakfast and share it with him. Many a man who goes downtown and does good work begins the day with muddy coffee he makes himself. You've no idea how many men in this town get their own breakfasts. And there is a vast number of wives who are still lounging in bed when their husbands begin the day's work."

"Men are fickle creatures, and if the day begins badly and ends badly at home they are likely to turn for comfort to some woman who is more thoughtful—or pretends to be."

"The 75 per cent of marriage failures that lie at women's doors, prove that the selfishness of our sex has been overrated. It is the selfishness of women that is to blame for three-fourths of the marriages that fail."

"Most men are less selfish than we are. Take the show window gazing habit. You know yourself how and it is to get past a show window full of pretty things, even though you don't intend to buy. Men will stop and look into the show windows with us, though they are not interested. But there are show windows that interest men—tobaccoists' and haberdashers' windows. When do you see a woman standing beside her husband and looking into such windows? If a man edges toward the window his wife is sure to hang back and scowl."

"Twenty-five per cent, or one-fourth of the marriage failures are due to the selfishness of men. But I will say this for them, they go into the marriage partnership with the intention of remaining with the firm for life. Many women don't. They become engaged to marry with a mental reservation. They say to themselves: 'If this doesn't turn out well I can get a divorce and try again.' It is a point of view that is positively wicked."

Who do you suppose first sang that strange chanting song you whom so joyously, little boy? Some man sitting at a camp fire in the far west, I suppose, and all the other wanderers around the fire listened and found their cheeks wet with tears that were no credit to them—perhaps.

How romantic it sounds—"I know I've done wrong"—and yet what the young cowboy did was doubtless prosaic enough if you knew the truth. Stole somebody's old bay mare, most like; ran a way with the preacher's daughter, lied to her and left her alone and friendless in some frontier town to be forgotten—except in the sentimental moment of song around the camp fire.

Broke the heart of the mother who worked her fingers to the bone for him; brought shame on an honest name! What is there picturesque in that?

Drank more than was good for him and rode his pony over some poor bride's little flower garden that she was trying to make homey out there on the edge of things. What a pitiful, sordid, cheap mouth without a shudder!

I remember once I called a tonic sea with the water the color of a purple petunia, with silver gleams in it that sparkled like magic jewels. And on the ship that carried us were three young women and an older one.

The young women were not pretty, except as all young things are pretty. They were not clever either, and they wore the most astonishing clothes in the most astonishing way. The old woman was a horror. I could not look upon her cruel face and cold eyes and loose and creased mouth without a shudder.

She took the young women with her to far lands to make money to pour into her culture-like talons, and she sat in the strong sunshine and blinked at them and fairly counted their poor young bones, one by one, and smacked her lips at the thought of what fine eating they would be for her and her kind.

And all the way down the purple sea these three young women sat on deck and held one another's hands and sang a song wonderfully popular in that day. There's a name that never's spoken. There's a promise that is broken from the old home, that is all.

Oh, what a dying fall they gave that tune. Pathetic it was meant to be, but somehow—

There's a father unforgetting, There's a mother tired of living, There's a picture that is turned toward the wall—

How it caterwaulled out into the soft night and drowned even the cry of the hungry gulls that wheeled and circled above and around all the while!

How romantic they felt, the poor young fools—"Pictures that were turned toward the wall"—and how picturesque, those wandering peddlars in petticoats, poor things!

One I found was a butcher's daughter who was too lazy to work, and one was a waitress in a cheap boarding house who "couldn't take nothin'" from the cook, and one was a selfish, vain creature who wanted more fine clothes than her honest, hardworking mother could buy for her, so she took the "easiest way." Heaven pity those who think it so, and there was not a thing the least romantic about one of them.

Poor Hilda, sitting on her wash tubs, waiting for Ole to come and take her to the Sweet Hugs mask ball, is more a figure of romance than they. The good little Irish girl who works all day to save a few dollars a month to send across the black waters to those who pine at home by the peat fire is a thousand times more romantic; but just think, her picture will never be "turned toward the wall."

Poor things! Poor, feeble, foolish, selfish, wicked things. When will they learn that the only real romance comes with sacrifice and devotion and honor and purity? You can't even be really beautiful unless you are good. And you aren't even clever unless you do the decent thing.

"Ten thousand cattle straying. Come home, little boy, come home. Wear the red bandana knotted at your brown throat; slip that knavish hat of yours at a rickshaw angle over your funny, chubby little face; frown desperately at the puppy if you like; but you shall not come me with your tales of romantic wickedness. If you are, as you so brazenly chant, a 'young cowboy,' and you know you've done wrong," stop doing it this instant, you little gump boy, or all the romance—that is, real romance—will fade from your poor disappointed life, and you'll be an old cowboy with a very bad taste in your mouth and not a real friend in the whole round world.

Come, let's be good, let's be honest, let's be fair, let's be open-hearted, let's be frank, and so let us find the real romance.