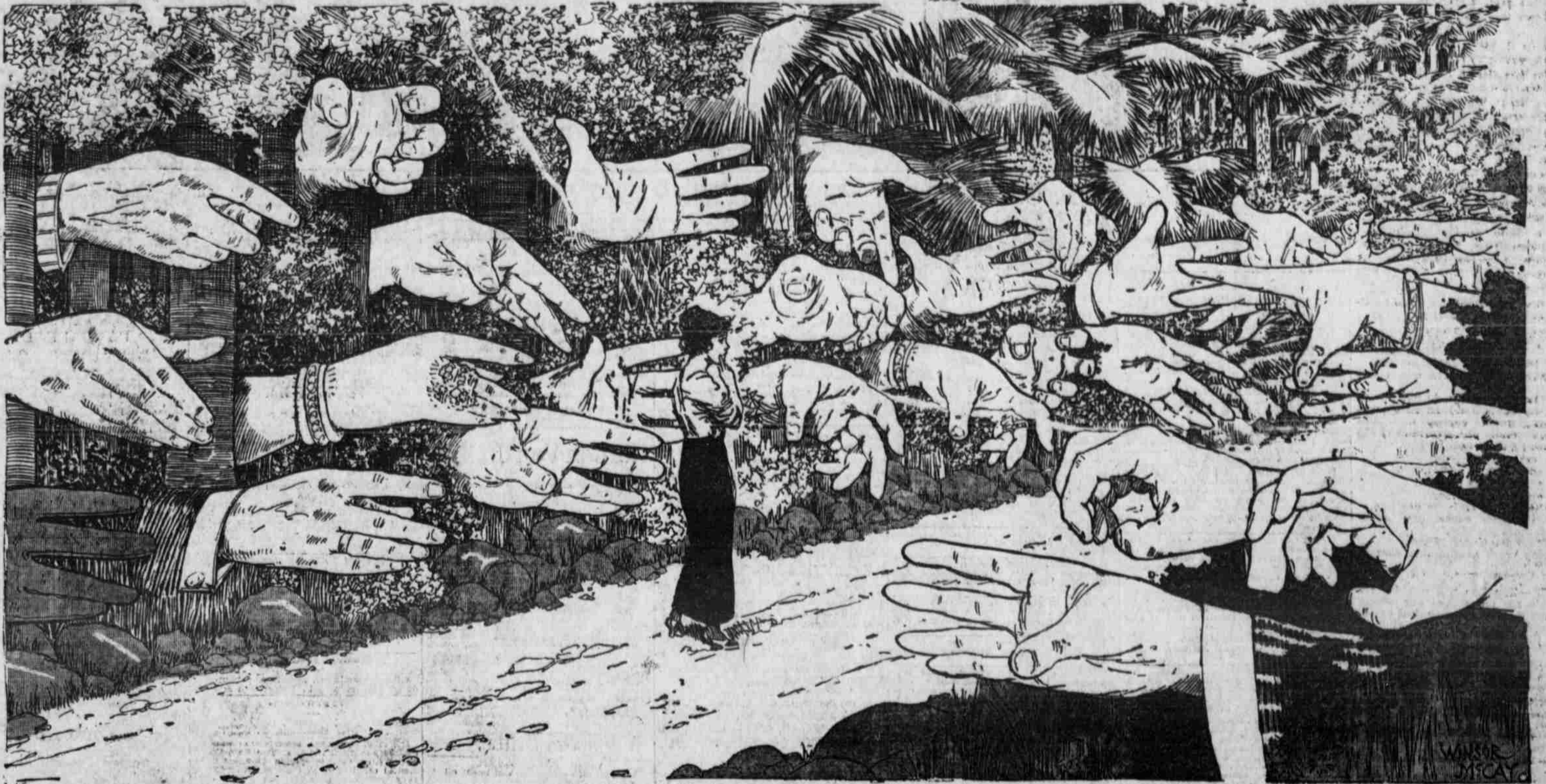


The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Hands That Reach and Beckon



This Picture is Typical of Millions of Girls in America. It Shows a Young Woman, in Our "Civilization" Trying "to Make Her Own Living," the Girl in This Picture is One of

Many Going Through the World. Victims, Defenceless, Unprotected by Law or Public Conscience. Many are the Hands Stretched Out on the Long, Hard Road of a Girl's Life—The Road That Leads so Rarely to Independ-

ence; to Sorrow, Failure and Bitter Disappointment, Nearly Always. It Should be SOMEBODY'S BUSINESS to Clear This Road for the Girl Who Must "Make Her Own Way."

Dorothy Dix Wants Law to Make Men and Women Honest About Courtship

By DOROTHY DIX.

The supreme court has decided that any kind of a misrepresentation goes to courtship, and that if a young man tells a young woman, as an inducement for marrying, that he has plenty of money in the bank, a lucrative job and a good home ready furnished to take her to that the said young woman has no recourse in law if she finds out that none of these things are true, but that they are merely the pipe dreams of some modern Claude Lorraine.



In handing down the opinion the justice said: "It is a well recognized principle that, in the state of mental exaltation accompanying courtship, statements made as to the mental, moral or financial condition of the parties shall not be too closely scrutinized, nor shall they be held to a strict accountability therefor."

This is not only the law, but it is the commonly accepted view of the matter. Men and women who are otherwise honest and who would scorn to gamble with loaded dice or marked cards do not hesitate to play the love game crooked. Men who would not inveigle another man into a business under false pretences do not scruple to entice a woman into matrimony by means of glittering falsehoods and misrepresentations. Women whose consciences would not allow them to deduct a year from the age of a horse they were trying to sell take off ten or a dozen years from their own ages when they are trying to catch a husband and hear never a whimper from the still, small voice.

ceremony is said over them as if it was a hot brick, and the most that the shell-like ears will ever hear again will be his criticism of her cooking? What is it but rank fraud for a man when he is courting a girl to shower presents and theater tickets on her and lead her to believe that her matrimonial pathway will be strewn with chocolate creams and violets, when he knows that after marriage he will row with her over a quarter for car fare? What is it but a gold-brick transaction that should land a man in the penitentiary for him to induce a girl to marry him for the sake of having his society, and then for him to go off and leave her after they are married, to spend her evenings alone? Everybody's doing it, of course, and also very nearly everybody is getting a divorce, or wishing that one could be got. If nine-tenths of the people in the world would tell the matrimonial truth, they would say that they were the victims of confidence artists, and that they never, never, never would have married the ones they did if they had the faintest idea of what they were getting. Talk about state regulation of marriage. What we need is state regulation of courtship and some law that would make it a felony for any man or woman not to give the party of the other part the square deal, and not to let him or her at least know the kind of a matrimonial bargain he or she was making. Of course, it would be a discourager of marriage, but it would also be a discourager of divorce. Fewer people might get married if they knew what they were going up against in reality, but more people would stay married. Let John Jones, when he courts Sally Smith, refrain from dealing in glitter-

ing generalities and telling her that he will stand between her and the cruel world, and no harsh wind shall ever blow upon her, and that his one thought will be to keep her in a satin-lined box. Instead let him say to her: "Sally, I am poor. I only make \$2 a week and if you marry me you will have to work and economize and wear year before last's clothes. In addition, I've got a devil of a temper and you'll need to have a strangle hold on your patience and forbearance if you live with me, but I love you, and I'm industrious and a hustler, and I'll do my best to make you a good husband and a better and better living as the time goes on." It would be up to Sally then to take him or leave him, and she'd know what she was letting herself in for if she married him, and there'd be no justification in her whining thereafter over the lot of a poor man's wife. And let Sally, when John comes a-courting, give him a real glimpse of the real girl as she's going to look when she settles down to a domesticity that is minus the aids of the toilette table. Let her exhibit herself to John in her working dress, with her sleeves rolled up and her hair slicked back and with no powder on her nose or rouge on her cheeks, and if she looks good to him then he is safe in making the bargain. Likewise let her give him a sample of her temper and her tongue and her bossiness in time for him to withdraw if he doesn't think that they would suit him for daily consumption. It's the lies of courtship that lie at the bottom of most domestic infidelity, and if men and women would be honest with each other before marriage, there would be very little trouble after marriage.

The Poets

By WILLIAM F. KIRK.

The poet in the olden days was slender as a twig; His hair was long and wavy, and his eyes were dark and big. He sang about his lady fair and sent her lines of love; He mooned around her palace, gazing at the stars above. The poet in the olden days was one romantic cuss— The center of attraction when the ladies made a fuss. While laymen sought to win a girl, their Waterloo was sure If once the fair one got a peek at Byron, Burns or Moore.

The poet of the present time is much like other men; He eats and drinks his fill, and gets a haircut now and then. More often fat than slender, more often short than tall, He hangs around the editor and answers to his call. He mooned around no palace where a charming princess dwells; He's freer far from romance than the poets that he sells. So all you dreamy maidens would do well to bear in mind That poets like those old-time sports are mighty hard to find.

Four Stunning Hats from the Paris Shops



The top hat on the left is of black plush, trimmed with pleated blue ribbon and two tall plumes of the same color. On the right (top) is a black velvet hat trimmed with pleated ribbon, blue reversed with black, and a single blue plume. On the bottom, at the left, is another black velvet hat, with an aigrette of black ribbon reversed with sage blue. The little hat on the right is a Louis XV. model with fringe and aigrette of heron's plumes and knot of moire coral ribbon.

The Manicure Lady

By WILLIAM F. KIRK

"That word 'wise' is a funny word, ain't it, George?" said the Manicure Lady. "There was two genis in here this morning to have their nails did and both of them was wise, only in different ways. The first gent that come in was a middle-aged fellow from a small town. He told me frank enough that he didn't have the habit of getting manicured, and he said the only reason he came in was because he had three or four hangnails and had heard somewhere that a manicure could fix hangnails fine. He was awfully nice and gentlemanly to me and told me that he liked it better in the small town than in the city. He said that he was a merchant in the small town and was doing so well that he wouldn't care to move into a city where everything was new and strange. He wasn't dressed very well, so far as style goes, and he didn't have no flip talk, but I could see that he had lots of brains, and I knew he was a man. "I noticed him when he went out," said the Head Barber. "He didn't give you no tip, though." "I didn't want no tip from him," declared the Manicure Lady. "Let the fresh guys tip me, as long as they have the habit. He probably never lived where folks give tips or he would have tipped me as liberal as anybody. And now I want to tell you about the other kind of a wise guy that was in. "This young fellow tells me before he sits in the chair a minute that he is a wise fish. He thought he was so deep that he was all the time saying: 'Did you follow me?' I couldn't have lost him in his cheap chatter if I had been ten times as stupid as I am, which I ain't. Yes, he says he is a wise 'ish, or a wise owl. I forget which he said, but any how he says all the way: 'If there is anything that anybody ever put over on me,' he says, 'I want somebody to walk up and tell me, I am good and hep to everything,' he says. "Just when the nice middle-aged fellow was going out this young wart comes in. The middle-aged man asked the young fellow which way to go to find a set of scales, and the young fellow says, 'Why don't you go down to the Aquarium and ask a fish?' That made me kind of tired, so I tells the middle-aged gent where there is a big hardware store, and after he had went I gave the young sport a swift call for getting fresh with his elders. I talked to him until I disgusted all my elegance and it didn't do no good. He just kept grinning that wise grin of his at me and winking his right eye. He sure did give that wink a merry game. "They've got to get up early in the a. m. when they put one over on me. Ambrose, the live one," he says to me. "Maybe I might have let one go over my head once, but if I ever did it must have been when I just got up and was rubbing my eyes," he says. He pulled three of the latest stage jokes, gave me a imitation of himself imitating George Coban and pulled a lot of flash conversation all during the time I was hurrying madly to get his nails did and get him out of the shop. "That is the kind of wise guys that our

big city is getting choked up with. George. When they know enough slang to keep everybody guessing about what they are talking about they think they are deep. They ain't any deeper than a saucer, and nobody ever got drowned in a saucer. If you ever want to get in Dutch with me, George, just come around some morning and tell me that you are a wise fish."

Discovery of Big Trees

By REV. THOMAS H. GREGORY.

John Bidwell did not discover America, or the planet Jupiter, or the X-rays, but he discovered the "Big Trees" of California, and the great find was made on or about Thursday, seventy-two years ago—November 30, 1841. The mighty Sequoia of Calaveras county are among the "wonders" of the world, and are easily the most remarkable of trees in age and size, being from 20 to 60 feet in height and from fifteen to forty feet in diameter. A fallen trunk is said to have measured eighteen feet in diameter 300 feet from the base. The "Keystone State," the tallest of the Sequoia now standing, measured 257 feet in height and 34 feet around at the base. As to the age of the big trees, it can only be said that it must be immense. A high authority declares that a tree has no limit set by nature to the term of its existence, its decay being the result of accident rather than of any law inherent in its nature. There are several trees that are known to be very ancient—the Lombardy cypress, for whose sake the great Napoleon bent one of his military roads out of the straight line, is known to be as old as the time of Caesar. The cedars of Lebanon date back to the time of Solomon. The Salween oak is 2,000 years old. The Mount Etna chestnut is known to have stood since the foundation of Rome. The yew of Brabant is 2,000 years old; and the cypress of Santa Maria del Tale is declared by no less an authority than the late Prof. Ass Gray to be over 4,000 years old. But it is claimed that the big trees of California are much older than any of those just mentioned. They were probably standing on the noble plateau, 5,000 feet above the Pacific, at the time old King Cheops began the building of his great pyramid by the Nile. It is possible, and probable, that the giant cedars of the Sierras are more ancient than any monument erected by the hands of man, yet older than civilization itself. At any rate, the big trees are among the most interesting things on the planet, appealing to us with their hoary age as scarcely anything does in all the world.