

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT

Just Leave It to the Judge

By Tad

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Married Life the Second Year

An Evening at the Diners' Club—The Divorce Question is Discussed.

By MABEL HERBERT URNER.

"Ladies cloak room second floor," announced the bell boy. "Elevator to the right."

"I'll wait for you here," said Warren. "Now hurry up," as Helen entered the elevator. "Don't stay up there primping—we're late now!"

Upstairs the maid checked her wraps, but Helen could not get near the mirror, as half a dozen women were crowded about it, applying powder and rouge. So quickly stuffing up her hair by the aid of the tiny glass in her purse, she hurried down.

Warren led the way through the hotel corridor to the private room where the club was giving its monthly dinner.

The place was in a buzz of confusion. A few were already seated, but many more were crowding around the tables trying to find their names on the slip of paper at each plate.

"Here we are!" announced Warren, locating his own name at two of the places. "Not bad seats. That's the speakers' table over there. We can hear all right—there's anything worth hearing."

"Dr. Hilton," Helen read from the slip at the plate next to hers. "Do you know him, dear?"

"No, I'll doubt if I know any one here. That was a nice trick of Steven's—inviting us into this thing and then not coming himself."

"But, Warren, he couldn't help that. He couldn't come if Mrs. Stevens is ill."

"Well, I suppose not. But if it turns out to be a bore, if they're a lot of long-winded speakers that say nothing, he'll hear about it all right! I told him I couldn't stand these club dinners, yet nothing would do, but we must come."

"But, dear," Helen was interested. "Louise Miller Parks is to talk on 'Divorce'—and I've always wanted to see her."

Warren shrugged his shoulders. "These strong-minded literary women gallivant around as speakers at public dinners—they'd much better be home darning their husbands' socks."

"But she isn't married—is she?"

"Then that's why she's talking on divorce. It's the woman no man wants for a wife that goes around putting fool ideas into the heads of other women."

Here a small gray-haired man took the seat beside Helen. A stout and much over-dressed woman was with him—evidently Dr. Hilton and his wife.

"Like to know when we'll get anything to eat here," complained Warren, glancing at his watch. "The cards say 7 sharp—it's after 7:30 now."

"But I suppose it is difficult to get anything like this started on time. Oh, do you think that is Louise Miller Parks?" asked Helen eagerly, as a woman about 45 years old in a girlish pale blue satin gown took her seat at the speakers' table.

Warren grunted. "She's ugly enough to be anybody. It takes a woman like that to dress like a girl of 18 years."

"Oh, dear, don't be unkind," pleaded Helen, hoping no one had heard him and wishing fervently they would bring on the dinner, which she knew would improve his mood.

Have a worried looking waiter dashed up with the first course—four very small, discouraged looking clams on a dish of not over-clean cracked ice.

Warren sniffed contemptuously. "Four clams! George, they are cutting it close! And look at the size of 'em! Here!" trying to flag the waiter, "we want a wine card!"

The waiter handed him one from another table and rushed off again.

"Now, what do you want to drink?" Helen asked, looking at the waiter.

"Go to have something to get through a dinner like this. Keep you from being bored to death. I'm!" running his finger down the wine list. "How about some Sauterne?"

Then, without waiting for her reply, he again beckoned the waiter.

"A quart of this No. 28. And bring it now—not when the dinner's half over."

By this time everyone was seated and all the tables were filled. With keen interest Helen glanced around. It was plainly a literary crowd, as most of the women were badly dressed. A straining after the unusual and the striking was everywhere.

At the next table sat a tall, thin black-eyed woman, her black hair parted and drawn low over her forehead; long jet pendants hung from her ears, and a black and gold spangled shawl glittered over her shoulders.

At the same table was a woman who looked as though she had been dressed out of the draperies of a cosy corner. Another woman, with reddish hair worn joy on her neck, affected a flowing Greek style of gown, which Helen felt sure was made out of white silk shawls, for she had one at home with the same knotted fringe. And next to her was a long-

Daffydill

REMEMBER BAR—MY BOY AN INCH IS A LOT OF ROOM WHEN YOUR BEAK IS UNDER WATER.

THE REBELS WERE AT THE GATES OF THE IMPERIAL PALACE CHUCKIN' FRIED NOODLES AND CHOP SUEN OVER INTO THE EMPEROR'S PALACE. YET QUO YOCK HO MI KHUW KEE THEY CRIED WHICH IN ENGLISH MEANS 'WHATCHA GOT TO SAY THE EMPEROR RUSHED MADLY INTO HIS ROOM AND SCRIBBLED UP A PIECE OF PAPER. THE LEADER PLOTTED IT UP AND READ IF I STUPPED A LOT OF TAFKY IN A CHINKS FACE, WOULD THAT MAKE THE MARCHING?

BUT THE FEMALE OF THIS SPECIES IS MORE DEADLY THAN THE MALE

TAKE 'EM OFF WE KNOW YOU

WELL WOOLAH I'M A GUIDE NOW DOWN AT GETTY'S BUREAU SHOWING BOOBS AROUND ANNUAL PIDE JOB

I GET UP AT 5 WALK 6 MILES TO THE OLD FIELD WAIT AROUND AN HOUR OR SO FOR A PARTY WALK THEM AROUND 10 MILES ENJOYING A LOT OF FUN.

THEN I WALK BACK CLEAN UP TAKE ANOTHER PARTY UP CARRY JUVENILES FOR THEM BRING THEM OFF WRITE PUNTAL FOR THEM AND AFTER COLLECTING \$1 I WALK HOME I'M IN BED BY MIDNIGHT

OH FIREMAN SAVE MY GARNIVAL BADGE.

YEP NOTHIN TO DO TILL TOMORROW

GEES YOU'RE A HAPPY GUY

The Charity Organization Society

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.



Now that the cold seasons are approaching there will be much suffering among the poor in our large cities. It behooves all right-minded people to be thinking of the best and most practical methods of assisting the poor people.

The Socialists will tell you loudly and truly that all methods of charity are wrong; that justice, not charity, is needed to lift humanity to higher planes; that opportunities to work and receive proper remuneration for labor should take the place of almsgiving; that monopoly should be done away with, and that the people should have the use of the land, the right to sunshine and air and comfortable things. And this is true.

And there are millions of good men and women working earnestly to bring about such conditions.

But until these conditions arrive you and I are simply shirkers of duty and if we refuse to do our part toward relieving the immediate needs of the unemployed, the poor, the sick and the unfortunate.

We do not hasten the day of justice by sitting still, with idle hands and tight pockets, and making no efforts to relieve distress.

Whatever we have to say about the wickedness of our present system will have much greater force if we can show a record of unremitting effort toward helplessness.

There are in Omaha (and all other large American cities) charity organizations, known under various names, "Societies for the Aid of the Poor" and "Organized Charities."

It has become the habit of many people who believe our present civilization needs reforming to reflect upon these societies.

Over and over the statement is made that the agents of these organizations are brutal, harsh, un sympathetic; that they subject those who appeal to them to humiliating cross-questioning, and that they care only for their salaries.

All this I personally know to be absolutely untrue.

Unnumbered appeals for aid come to every individual who is before the public in any capacity, and the writer of this article is no exception.

It would require the combined wealth of the multi-millionaires of America to respond to all these demands.

It has been my habit for years to send the names and addresses of strangers who appeal to me for financial aid, or for work, to the Charity Organization Society of New York, at No. 105 East Twenty-second street.

This society has various branches, one at No. 229 East Seventy-ninth street.

The sympathy, kindness and delicacy which this society has shown to every applicant found to be worthy and in need of help sent through this source would fill volumes.

Naturally, every case has to be investigated, because impostors frequently seek their assistance.

For instance, one pitiful letter which was forwarded by me was found to be written by a woman who was an indigent, living with a man who supported her; and the only thing to be done for her was to make an effort to have her take a cure for alcoholism, which she refused to do, and at once went forth to malign the society as brutal, cold-blooded and useless to the poor.

Still another applicant was found to possess a good home and a good income; she could only explain her letter of crying need as the result of a "delirious mood."

Therefore it will be understood how necessary it is for the guests of this society to make investigations before giving assistance.

No person who has been able to show a record of real need has ever complained to me that the agents sent to investigate the case were other than kind and courteous.

Complaints have come invariably from the other class. Work has been obtained, necessities supplied, sickness relieved by the society, and no one has known of it save the agents employed.

Besides which, the society is ever ready to co-operate with friends and relatives of the needy person, and to write letters and make calls in the effort to bring about better conditions. It is an easy way out of an uncomfortable situation to give a street beggar a dime and pass on your way.

But it is a much better way to give him a card to this society or to take his address and have his case looked up. If he refuses the address be sure he is a professional beggar, very possibly owning two or three houses which he rents for a good income!

Most street beggars also belong to an organized society.

It is a regular business in our large cities.

Periodically some enterprising newspaper reporter-detective on some of these street beggars, and when they are traced to their lair the proof is forthcoming that they ply a regular trade.

Do not give your money to street beggars. Send them to the charity organizations.

And until we reform our whole government let our millionaires continue to endorse the organization.—Copyright, 1911, by American-Journal-Examiner.

Mirandy on Our Friends, the Enemy

Illustrated by E. W. Kemble

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By Dorothy Dix

"Dis maw'nin'," said Mirandy, "as I was a-fetchin' you' clothes home, an' I met up wid Sis Marthy, an' I stopped to pass de time of day wid her."

"Well, Sis Marthy, I said, 'how does you symptoms seem to segassuate?'"

"Oh, Sis Mirandy, spon's she, a bustin' into tears, 'I so a travellin' through de low ground of trouble an' tribulation.'"

"How so?" I axed.

"Oh, Sis Mirandy, she moans, 'I ain't got no friends. Dere ain't nobody dot loves me.'"

"Well, I axes, you ain't run out of folks dat hates you, is you?"

"Nawm, she spon's, with a sob.

"Sho, den, I says, you ain't got nuttin' to worry over for let me tell you—one real hefty, able-bodied enemy will do you mo' good dan fifty friends."

"What do friends do for you? They come an' eat up our vittles, an' borry our new flower bonnets an' a little change dat dey forgot to pay back, but our enemies de fust mile post on de road to de po'house. You see one of dese heah men what's half-fellow-well-met, an' dat ev'body has got a good word for, an' slips on de back, an' calls by his first name, an' when he dies de preacher has to pass de hat around to git enough money to bury him."

"I spec's da friends is about de mos' expensive luxury dat anybody can indulge in, and dat's why de folks dat get rich don't have none. You don't hear of nobody what's bangin' on de neck of dat Mr. Rockingfeller, or dat loves Mr. Carnegie lak a brother, does you?"

"But enemies is cheap. You don't have to buy no drinks for 'em, nor waste no time entertainin' 'em, nor set up wid 'em when dey is sick. All dat dey expect from you is dees to give 'em de cold shoulder an' a contemptuous look when you wassess 'em by."

"We talks a lots of foolishness about de power of love, but it's de power of hate dat makes us sit up an' do things. As long as we are in de bosom of our friends, who lak us no matter wedder we want to choke him, an' den you gits busy. You rolls up your sleeves, an' slips on your hands, an' grits your teeth, an' hits de ole wid you, an' dat one measly lit-

friends. I know how dat is myself. When Sis Sally Sue, what me an' her has been lak twins ever since we was born, is coming to see me, I des sort of gives de house a flick an' a promise kind of cleanin' up, an' I des lets her take pot luck dinner."

"But when Sis Marletta, what she an' me has hated each oder lak pisen since we had dat run-in together at de chuch fair, is gwine to drop in an' pay me a call, I sweeps under de beds an' dusts behind de pictures, an' puts out fresh tidies on de chairs, an' I has some cake an' wine settin' around handy lak I ain't used to eatin' nuttin' else, for I ain't gwine to have dat long-tongued snake a-gwine around tellin' dat ole Mirandy is a shiftless housekeeper dat lakly starves her fambly, an' is dat stingy dat she begrudges company a bite to eat."

"An' what makes me wuk my fingers to de bone a-lakin' in washin' to buy me a three-cornered hat, an' one of dem harem-scarem skirts? Is hit fur de sake of Sis Becky, what's my friend, an' dat I'll look good to in any kind of ole duds? Nawm. Hit's for Sis Luellen, what I can't abide, dat I does all of dat extra wuk, so dat I can flaunt myself down de chuch lele of a Sunday maw'nin', a rattlin' as I walk, an' a shakin' my silk petticoats in front of her very face, so dat she is dat filled wid envy dat she can't hear what de preacher says."

"Yessum, Sis Marthy, I goes on, 'we'll do more for hate dan we will for love, an' hit's our enemies dat help us, an' de way I catch a good husband was by battin' de hook wid spite."

"You know dat when Ike was a young man he sho'ly was a buck nigger, an' all de gals was hotfootin' hit after him, an' trying to tote him in wid angels' food an' chicken fixins an' sich lak, but he et der good cooking, an' flew de coop, an' was dat foxy dat none of 'em coldn't lay der hands on him."

"Well, when I come alone, I didn't waste no time over de cookin' stove. I

was jest obliged to take Sam's girl away from him ef he busted do traces doin' hit, an' by de time he done cut out Sam he done led me to do aliar."

"Dat's what makes me any what I do, Sis Marthy. Don't you worry none about not havin' no friends as long as you've got plenty of enemies. Our best friends is our enemies, for dey are de ones dat keeps us up an' hustlin'."



Magnanimous Man

Abundantly supplied with means of his own, John Powling of Johnston, Wis., recently went to Indiana to take his former wife of 25 years ago and her invalid husband back to Wisconsin with him and care for them the rest of their days.

In 1884 Powling and the now Mrs. William Porter were married and separated three years later, he going to Wisconsin and marrying again, and she to Jeffersonville, where she was married to William Porter. Powling prospered; her husband did not.

Hearing that she was in almost destitute circumstances Powling went to Jeffersonville to investigate. He found a man, who was no aid to his invalid father and helpless mother, and had him jailed. In the spring Porter and his wife will go to Wisconsin to live on one of Powling's farms. Powling is 72 years old.

An Awful Blunder

During the recent visit of President Taft and several governors to the Hutchinson fair, the officers of the Kansas National Guard, including the governor's staff, appeared in full uniform. Senator Charles Huttman of Columbia, regimental surgeon, among others was togged out in all the gold braid and brass buttons that go with a regimental uniform.

On the morning that Taft arrived Huttman went into a barber shop to get shaved. He drew a chair pushed over by a rather loquacious barber. After

"NOBODY LOVES ME."

de enemy has done mo' for you dan forty-even friends did.

"An de funny thing is dat we'll do more for our enemies dan we will for our

So I jest passed over Ike lak I didn't see him, an' begun makin' sheep's eyes at riled Ike lak a red rag does a mad bull.

Sam, an' dat dono de trick for Ike. He