



The Bee's Home Magazine Page



HARRY DIDN'T EVEN HESITATE

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By Tad



Mr. Frederick Martin's Remarkable Arraignment of the Extravagant Rich

By EDWIN MARKHAM.

Mr. E. T. Martin, the wealthy New Yorker, is one of the honest and courageous men of the times, and his recent volume, "The Passing of the Idle Rich," is a surprising commentary on the questions now agitating all thoughtful minds. It is the brave utterance of an earnest man. Here are a few paragraphs from one chapter:

"I purpose in the course of this book to write down the scenes that gave us this plague of idleness. It was the curse of gold, no more, no less—the same condition that laid in the dust the glory of Athens, that hurled to ruin the spender of Rome, that brought upon Bourbon, France, the terror of the revolution.

"There is a vast difference between the healthy, wholesome spending of money for amusements, pleasures and recreations and the feverish searching for some new sensation that can be had only at a tremendous cost.

"A wealthy, bored group of men arrange a dinner. They had been attending dinners until such functions had lost interest for them. Similarly their friends were weary of the conventional dinner of the time. Why not prepare a meal the like of which had never been before? Why not amuse society and astonish the part of the community that is outside of society? They did so. The dinner was served on horseback on the upper floor of a fashionable New York resort, the name of which is known from coast to coast; the guests were attired in riding habits; the handsomely groomed horses pranced and clattered about the magnificent dining room, each bearing, beside its rider, a miniature table. The host of the animals were covered with soft, rubber pads to have the waxed floor remain destruction.

"How much did it cost? The public inquired interestedly. The man who paid the bill knows. The public and its newspapers guessed, their estimates running from \$10,000 to \$20,000.

"The fond owner of a diminutive black-and-tan dog gave a banquet in honor of the animal. The dog was worth, perhaps, \$20. The festivities were very gay. The man's friends came to his dinner in droves, the men in evening clothes and the women bedecked in shimmering silks and flashing jewels. In the midst of the dinner the man formally decorated his dog with a diamond collar worth \$10,000. It contained 500 small brilliants, varying in weight from one-sixth to one carat. The guests shouted their approval, and the dinner was regarded as a huge success.

"A bred individual with a fondness for gems covered as much of his person as possible with diamonds. When he walked abroad he flashed and sparkled in the sunlight. He also became the possessor of a happy inspiration. He went to his dentist and had little holes bored in his teeth, into which the tooth expert inserted twin rows of diamonds. He had found another way of spending money.

"At the conclusion of an elaborate affair in New York City the guests leaned back in their chairs to listen to the singers. The cigarettes were passed around. Oddly enough, the banquet had not been marked until that moment; and, as the host was famous for the unbusiness of his dinners, many of the diners were dis-

appointed. Their disappointment gave way to admiration. Each cigarette was rolled, not in white paper, but in a blue and the initials of the host were engraved in gold letters. This change of habit was applauded until the voices of the singers struggled amid the uproar.

"A well-known metropolitan spender has an annual bill of some ten thousand dollars for shoes alone. His order stands in every manufactory in America and Europe. Whenever a new style of men's shoes is designed, a sample pair is immediately shipped to him. He cannot possibly wear a tenth of the shoes sent to him, but he has the satisfying knowledge that he is never behind the style.

"The wife of a western man owns a pet monkey. The little beast lives in a private room and is constantly attended by a valet. It rides abroad behind its private trooper, has its own outfit of clothes, its dining table and a bed made of solid ivory tipped with gold ornaments. All told, perhaps, a dozen human beings minister to the comfort of the little simian, and its mistress cheerfully pays from \$10,000 to \$15,000 yearly on this one extravagance. She became dissatisfied with the dining service in the monkey room of her home and her pet now eats its meals of solid silver plates.

"At a dinner party given by a notorious millionaire each guest discovered in one of his oysters a magnificent black pearl. It was a fitting prelude to a sumptuous banquet and it contained an element of surprise. It is said that the dinner cost the giver \$20,000.

"An Italian savant and student has visited America. He has set down his opinions and some of them are interesting. He finds, for instance, that the wife of one of our foremost millionaires wears a necklace that cost more than \$100,000. The infant son of this favored lady reposed during his tender years, in a cradle that was valued at \$10,000, and immediately following the birth of the boy—an event that was flashed by telegraph to the furthest corners of the earth—a retinue of servants was formed for the sole benefit of the infant. The corps of retainers consisted of four nurse ladies, four high priced physicians, who examined the child four times a day, and posted serious bulletins for the information of the clamant press and public.

"A man of common name, but of uncommon wealth, decided to have a home in New York City. He purchased the palace of a friend who had died, and paid for it \$1,000,000, which was popularly supposed to be one-half the original cost of the pile. On his garden, to make space for which he tore down a building that had cost \$200,000, the new owner spent \$500,000. His bedstead is of carved ivory and ebony, inlaid with gold. It cost \$100,000, and the dressing table \$25,000. The washstand cost \$25,000, and the bed hangings \$50 a yard. The chimney piece and overhanging mantel threw into general circulation \$1,000 more, and the four doors consumed another \$10,000."

writing a nice ad for some new kind of breakfast food. Gee, I wish I could write poetry, you bet I would be there with the old bank building's seamless gloves.

"I'd wear McQueen's seamless gloves." The head barber grinned sardonically. "If you let them know who wrote that, he ventured, 'you would be shot at sunrise.'"

"I didn't think it was bad at all," said the manicure lady. "I know I ain't no regular poet, but that one sounded good to me, and so did this."

"If I was a bird that could sail and sail way up in the sky so high. To the planet Mars or some distant stars I would fly and fly and fly. And when I got to them distant stars I would buy O'Sullivan's Chocolate."

Again the head barber grinned. "Keep on trimmin' nails, kiddo," was all he said.

The Manicure Lady

"There ain't been much talk lately about that Italian war, has there, George?" asked the manicure lady.

"I never paid any attention to it from the beginning," said the head barber. "I got battles enough on my own hands."

"I wouldn't have noticed it much myself," said the manicure lady, "only brother Wilfred has took so much interest in it, and he is thinking right now of going either to Italy or to Persia. He thinks Persia might be the best stunt, because he says the Italians can take the best care of themselves, while the Persians need cool heads."

"You can jump from one war to another faster than any girl I ever seen," declared the head barber. "A minute ago you was talking about Italy, and now it is Persia."

"Well," retorted the manicure lady, "didn't I just tell you that it was Wilfred's talk that got me interested at all, in either way? Wilfred is a kind of a bug on them things, ever since he read how Lord Byron went over to Greece to help free that poor little country. I don't know why that interests Wilfred so much, except that Wilfred is a poet and I believe that this Lord Byron dashed off some verses himself."

"That's the trouble with Wilfred, George. He is all the time looking for some republic to save or some king to stab with his pen. He never thinks of setting down to his writing desk and

Felix! Behave!!

By Tad

Women Losing Sentiment

By DOROTHY DIX.

I've had a curious experience lately. One day I chanced to hear a discussion among three college girls, who talked of life with a big L. They all expected to elevate the world and were very serious in their views of the uplift they would give, but as nearly as I could make out from the consensus of opinions expressed the two things that they regarded as the greatest calamity that could befall a woman were, first, to get married, and second to be tied down to a home.

The next day I met a beautiful and wealthy young woman who was a retaining belle in society, who calmly told me that she had broken her engagement to the young man to whom she was engaged to be married. She gave as a reason for doing this that she had been to see one of her girl friends, who had been married a couple of years, and who looked faded and weary, and whom she found wrestling with a crying baby, no servants, and a husband who was cross because there was no dinner. "Of course, I'm lawfully fond of Jack," the girl went on, "but I took one look at Lulu, and one at myself, and I came home and wrote that matrimony was too strenuous for me."

The third day I heard somebody ask a working girl if she ever intended to marry, to which she replied, with emphasis, "Never. Catch me giving up my pocketbook and latch key for any man that lives."

These three groups of women may not represent their sex as a whole, but they do undoubtedly represent the three types of women of today—the intellectual, the gay and frivolous, and the working woman, and the thing that struck me so forcibly was that all of them displayed an absolute lack of sentimentality.

The college bred woman did not want to marry because it would interfere with her career. The society girl did not want to marry because she would lose her beauty and have to worry about servants. The business woman did not want to marry because she would have to give up her liberty and her salary.

All three traveled by different roads, but they reached the same goal. To them matrimony was a life sentence, and home a prison, and it was plain that if love ever came into their lives, it would be in the nature of a surprise party. It was nothing that they counted on. They were not on the lookout for the Fairy Prince. They were dodging him.

Of course, this may be rather an extreme illustration of the modern disillusioned young woman, but nothing is more obvious than that women are growing less sentimental of the time, and it begins to look as if the woman who lives only in her emotions, and who views the facts of life only through a haze of romance, will soon be as extinct as the dodo.

A thousand little proofs of the decadence of sentiment in women force themselves on one's attention. Take novels, for instance, which are traditionally written for women, and which fairly reflect women's point of view at every period. Compare the Belvidera and Ivalina, and Amelia, who simply exuded sentiment at every pore, with the strenuous heroine of the modern novel. It is the difference between Miss Edgeworth and Richard Harding Davis.

Even the broken-hearted heroine, and the heroine who suffered and was strong, have gone out of fashion because women are no longer sympathetic with that state of mind. What interests women in fiction is a heroine who sees things fairly and squarely, and perhaps unconventionally, and who grapples with problems of real life. She must be involved in a love story, of course, but the love story is a side issue, not the whole thing.

The theater, which is also largely supported by women, shows the same indifference to sentiment. The most successful plays of late years have been the problem plays of action, and not those that depended on sentiment. Women are the most enthusiastic Shakespeare and Ibsenites, whose appeal is always to the intellect and not to the heart.

Two other strands that show which way a woman's mind moves are the facts that women have ceased to swoon, and almost cease to weep. The woman of the past was so sentimental that she could be touched to tears by anything. She wept for joy, and she wept for sorrow, just as she swooned away when anything unexpected happened.

This was extremely interesting, but a woman now who couldn't control herself would be considered the victim of hysteria, and would hustle off to the nearest nerve specialist to get herself treated, because she would know that she was an object of derision to other women.

The ladies who died of broken hearts, because they were jilted by a faithless swain, and who spent forty or fifty years weeping over a packet of yellowed letters, seem also to have left no successors. A woman who had no more backbone and pride than to pine away for a faithless lover does not now appeal to other women as a romantic figure. On the contrary, they have such a contempt for her that it stings her into bracing herself up, and keeping quiet, if she does not adopt the modern tactics of the forsaken, and sue for damages to her heart, and had and vulgar as the breach of promise suit is, it is better than for a woman to grieve over a man who didn't want her.

Even the deserted wife, who surely has cause, if anyone has, to bemoan her fate, is beginning to take a less sentimental and more practical view of her situation. It has been the traditional attitude for a woman whose husband forsook her to bemoan her loss and love him still and wait patiently for his return.

But women are beginning to ask themselves why they should grieve for the loss of a worthless man, or weep over being deprived of a husband who was willing to humiliate them? And the result has been eminently satisfactory.

To the fact that women regard the marriage tie with less sentiment is also attributed much of the increase in divorce. There used to be a sentiment about the matrimonial fetter that gilded it, and made women endure any kind of treatment rather than break it. There was even a halo about a husband that made it right for him to be cruel and tyrannical and give him the right to do as he pleased, she could not even imagine a life in which she would have to stand alone, and so she endured an unhappy married life as being the better of two evils.

That was the sentimental point of view. The practical one is that man is human, and marriage a contract, and that if her marriage yoke galls unendurably she has a right to free herself from it. Just as many women in the past had grievances against their husbands, but the woman of the past bore her wrongs in silence because she regarded marriage from a sentimental standpoint. The woman of the present is less sentimental and she gets her divorce.

And in this loss of sentiment may be found one explanation of a great moral problem.

Double-Ended Stories

By WEX JONES.

Estelle was dissatisfied with life in the country town where she lived. Her parents had a beautiful home and Estelle had many friends in Oscosca Corners.

One in particular, young Jack Snoogle, was a very close friend indeed. Jack was a fine, honest young man who owned a large and prosperous farm on the country road.

But Estelle was tired of Jack. He lacked polish, she thought. He had not the city ways that are so fascinating. Accordingly, when Estelle left Oscosca Corners to go on the stage, she didn't send Jack Snoogle her address.

ENDING NO. 1
Ten years later Estelle returned to Oscosca.

The old village looked much the same. But Estelle had changed. She craved the intense life of the vocalist in a moving picture house.

So she quickly shook the dust of Oscosca Corners from her feet, hat, gloves and skirt and hurried back to catch the daily train east.

As for Jack Snoogle, he kept on winnowing his potatoes, all ignorant of the fact that Estelle had been in the village.

Anyway, he would have been afraid to show any interest in her, for Mrs. Snoogle was what the neighbors called a holy terror.

ENDING NO. 2
As Jack Snoogle didn't know where Estelle was living in New York, he had to make a house-to-house canvass of the entire city.

This took quite a long time, and when Jack had covered the Bronx and Brooklyn he was about ready to give up the quest. But he persevered, and finally he had inquired for Estelle in every building in Greater New York.

Alas, Estelle had moved to Brooklyn just after Jack had finished his inquiry in that borough.

So they never met.

Sherlocko the Monk

By GUS MAGER.

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The Adventure of the Uncomplaining Bear



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