The Bee's Home Magazine Page

SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT

Hubby Should Have Read the Note Himself

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By Tad

A Discourager of Divorce

By DOROTHY DIX.

The trouble with the crusade against divorce has been that it began at the wrong end. It sought to rivet matrimonial misery on people instead of trying to prevent it.

All the preaching against divorce has been ineffectual because reason showed that no good could come of forcing a man and woman who hated each other, and who brought out all that was worst in each other's natures, to live together in a marriage that made life a purgatory to them. Common sense declared that it was better for such people to part and go their separate ways in peace. It was better for their children, better for society, better even that a home of discord should be broken up than that it should exist as a family battle ground.

Therefore it has been perfectly evident to everybody, except the reformers, that what ailed the domestic situation was not so much divorce as marriage, and that instead of more stringent divorce laws we needed more stringent marriage laws. Moreover, that the only way to stop divorces was to keep people from wanting them.

Personally, I have long held to the opinion that it should be as troublesome and expensive, and take as long a time, and as much investigation into all the circumstances and characters concerned, in order to get a marriage license as it does to get a divorce, and that it should be as cheap and easy to get a divorce as it is to get a marriage license.

It is consoling to learn that, at last, the lawmakers are beginning to realize that the only sensible way to deal with the divorce problem, and at least, to make marriage a contract that requires as much consideration and red tape as it does to make out a dog license, or to be bound over to keep the peace.

To this end the Massachussets legislature has passed a law that puts an end to the thrilling elopement and the romantic hasty marriage.

Under this new law, which went into effect on the first day of January, anyone wishing to marry must file a notice of intention. After that he must wait full five days before he can get a license. During these five days the parents, guardians or the relatives, or any previous husband or wife of the lovers, can come and ask questions and register objections. Should they have a justified objection, or should either of the twain be too young, or otherwise unfit, no license will be granted them to wed.

There will be no escape in New England from this law, as Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont and Rhode Island have passed similar marriage laws.

Would that every state in the Union would follow the example of the New England states and pass similar laws. It would do more than anything else in the world toward wiping Reno off of the map, for it would put a quietus on those impulsive souls who marry in haste and repent at leisure, and cumber the divorce courts with their domestic woes.

It is a crime that a silly young girl, with her head full of novels, should be able to start out for a ride and come back married to her chauffeur or groom, or that a callow college boy, who has had too much to drink at a frolic can be kidnaped and married by some adventuress while his wits are so befuddled he doesn't know what he's doing.

Yet these things happen every day, and they not only spell tragedy for the individual, but for the families of the victims of these fool marriages, which should never have taken place, and which the New England law will not prevent.

A statistican, who has made a study of the divorce question, says that he finds that in almost three-fourths of divorce cases the marriage was an elopement, or else one or both of the contracting parties were very young. General observation will bear out this statement, and it shows how important it is to prevent the hasty marriage.

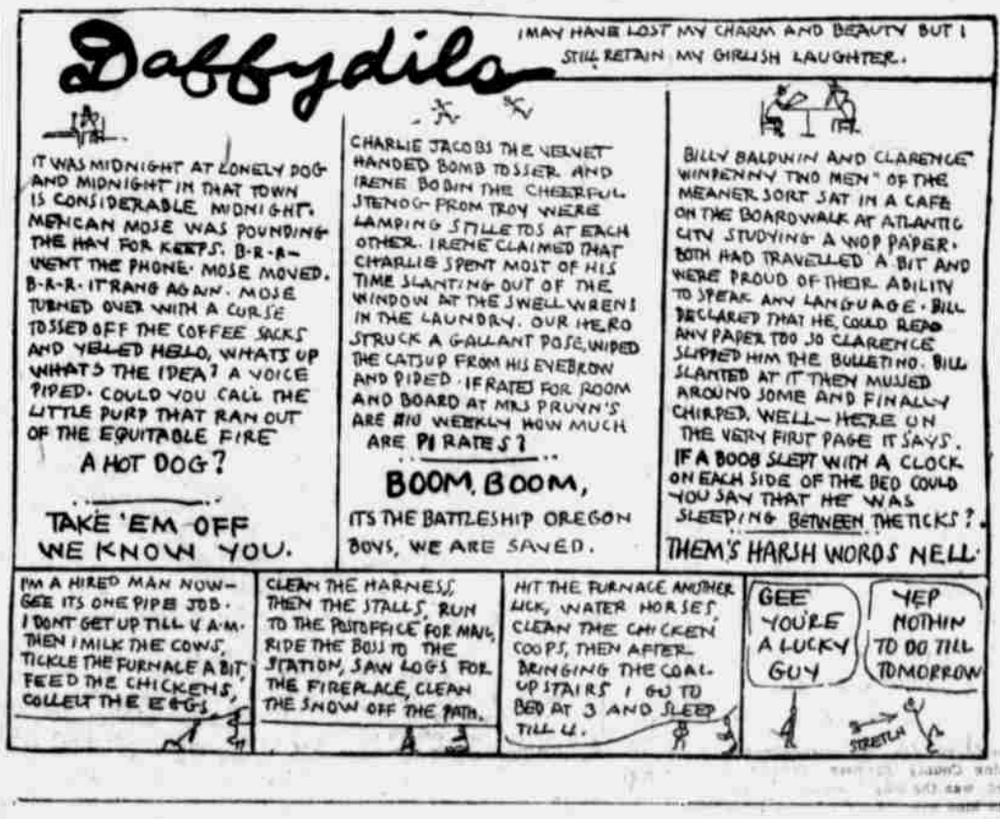
People who are entering into a contract that is to endure as long as their lives last, and whose consequence stretch out to eternity, need time to think it over. They need the cold gray light of day in which to consider it, as well as the rose scented, passion laden atmosphere of the ball room. They need time in which to figure out the cost of what they are about to do, and if they were forced to take even the five days' deliberation on the subject that the law requires in New England, many and many an ill-fated wedding would never take place.

And just think of the misery that would be prevented by the making public of all applications for marriage licenses! Think of the parents who, being warned in time, would be able to save their children from committing matrimonial suicide! Think of the bigamous marriages that would be prevented, and of the young girls whose lives would be saved from shipwreck by the suppression of the secret marriage! These three things alone would cut the divorce calendar in half.

The greatest need in America today is for uniform marriage and divorce laws. New England has blazed the trail of matrimony by enacting a sane marriage law. Let us hope that every other state will follow in her wake. And if you make the marriage law right the divorce law will take care of itself. You won't need it much, anyhow.

Dabbydils

I MAY HAVE LOST MY CHARM AND BEAUTY BUT I STILL RETAIN MY GIRLISH LAUGHTER.



The Hungry Stenographer

By WINIFRED BLACK.

I read your articles with much interest and noticed recently that you condemn the stenographer. Now you are probably secure in your position, but I wonder if you realize that perhaps this same stenographer has no other alternative.

I myself will in future give the woman the benefit of the doubt every time, and why? Because I realize what they are struggling against and I could find it in my heart to hate you for condemning something you know nothing of.

A READER.

Condemning something I know nothing of? Is that it, little girl? All because I said no woman who came willingly between a man and his wife was a woman to be admired or trusted even if she did happen to be the man's stenographer?

Well, well, how interesting it is to see the different points of view, to be sure.

Now I know stenographers, hundreds of them, and every one of them good girls, honest girls, self-respecting girls.

I wonder how they would like your inference that the only way to make success in business is to sell yourself for $10 or $12 a week and work hard to earn the money besides? I'm afraid they'd say that the thing that ails you is that you are incompetent, not perhaps faultily so, you may be too weak or too ill or too ignorant to be a good stenographer, but still incompetent. And of course when a girl is incompetent she has to make the best of a very bad bargain.

Hungry are you, and desperate? Poor girl, I wish I knew where you were. I'd like to spend the day with you right now.

The first thing I'd do would be to have a good substantial luncheon, then we'd see about a decent room somewhere and then we'd talk it all over, the foolish cross-eyed way you have of looking at life.

Get on in business by being a silly little thing for sale to the highest bidder? Not in honest business, my dear, not in honest business.

These men you've seen aren't representatives of a class, they're just a sort of parasite on the real business community. There isn't much work to do in their offices or they would want a capable stenographer and one who was there to work, not to flirt.

Forget them, honey, forget them. Every woman with her way to make in the world meets these absurd creatures once in a while, yes absurd, for they are really nothing but very bad jokes. Don't laugh with them, laugh at them, that will soon bring them to their senses.

And whisper, study, work. How many words can you take in a minute? Can you spell? Did you ever hear of the president of the United States? Who's Rockefeller, and how do you spell him? Are you good humored, tidy, obliging, quick, industrious? Do you like to work?

These are the important things for you to think of, not what sort of men you have to work for.

You'll get plenty of work when you are competent to do it, and if the man who gives it to you is a doddering old fool, or a feather-headed young one, tell him quite calmly that you have no time for nonsense, smile in friendly fashion, and go on with your work. He'll be the best friend you ever had, see if he isn't.

There's no time in modern business life for offended dignity, no time for air and graces, no time for even hurt feelings and wounded pride. There's just time for work and smiling and seeing the world as it is, not as you'd like to think it, a huge hunting ground, with all the men on earth chasing poor little timid you.

Don't run so hard, sister, they'll soon stop trying to catch you if you just stand still and let them run by. Try it and see.

How to Keep Young and Pretty

Skipping Rope Exercises

"Skipping rope will give you all the exercise you need."

"It is much more amusing than running and jumping."

"The corpulent woman is a blot upon the landscape."

"There are many ways of getting thin."

By GABY DESLYS.

Today I am going to write for the fat woman.

Yes, I know, I am not fat myself. I never was, and Heaven preserve me from ever getting fat, for I am afraid a fat Gaby would not be a success. So you see I have thought a great deal about it, and that is why I sympathize so with the women who let their lines slip away from them and develop billows instead of curves.

There are many ways of getting thin, but the very simplest is not to let yourself get fat. I know that sounds absurd, but there is a great deal in it, for you don't get fat all of a sudden, and amiable friends are sure to tell you on the very instant that you develop half a pound of superfluous flesh.

A certain amount of flesh, even when it begins to reach the fat state, is not unattractive; but alas, the really corpulent woman is an affliction to herself and a blot upon the landscape. You see very few comparatively young women, in Paris, who allow themselves to get very fat. The young matrons, as you call them over here, whether they have children or not, and meaning, I am told young married women, are far too vain to let themselves grow fat or lose their figures.

The French woman eats less sweets, and there is far less candy bought in Paris than in New York.

While we are not an athletic race, the French woman does like to walk, and if she is a good housekeeper she attends to her own marketing every day, because in France we have no ice boxes, as a general rule, and everything has to be bought fresh every day. This makes her morning one of constant exercise, and she supplements this, if she is getting too stout, by more vigorous exercise, such as running and jumping.

You do not need to go out of doors to run and jump; you don't need to go out of your own room or to step off of a small rug five feet square. Just stand in one spot and raise the feet quickly, putting them down in the same place, first one foot, then the other, as if you were running hard, but don't set off of the original spot on which you stood.

You can jump in the same way. It sounds funny that you can stand still and jump, and if you do it a great many times you will succeed in jumping off a few ounces every day, and reduce your weight considerably.

I have several friends who amuse themselves and reduce their weight at the same time by a skipping rope, just as the children do. This is really great fun and would be the first exercise that I would do if I thought I needed to lose a pound or two. As it is, I sometimes indulge in it.

Skipping rope is much more amusing than the running and jumping exercises, and after you have skipped a hundred times or more you will have all the exercises you need, both for the arms, legs and body.

Nature's Airships

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

Everybody who has seen an aeroplane in flight, and more particularly the monoplane type, has been struck by the resemblance to either a bird or an insect. This is no accidental resemblance, and it is likely to become more pronounced as soaring machines are perfected.

We are arriving where nature has gone before us with her winged type of animal. There is something to be learned from a study of the way in which nature's airships were developed. She, like her imitator, man, learned to fly last, and she had the same difficulties to overcome that he has had.

One of the most interesting discoveries that geologists ever made was the fact that for millions had probably hundreds of millions of years after the earth became an inhabited globe there were no flying creatures. It appears that living beings began their career in water, then crept out on the land, and finally learned to fly in the air.

The ancestor of the bird was the reptile. The first birds were simply flying reptiles, and the birds of today retain the insignia of their reptilian origin.

Nature's first attempts in this direction were curiously like our own, and almost as timid. The first remains of flying creatures discovered in the rocks were so much like those of reptiles—with teeth and reptilian limbs and heads—that geologists, for a time, were almost at a loss where to place them. Nature evidently experimented for ages before she overcame the difficulties which her own laws placed in her way. She turned limbs into wings; she introduced, or varied the form of joints and sockets; she hollowed out bones to make them at the same time light and strong, and she chose, finally, the smaller types of reptiles, and made them, in some cases, smaller yet in order that they might rise in the air. She altered the heart action; she introduced feathers, and made many other changes which resulted in the perfected bird.

Man attacks the same problem from a different side. He cannot make himself smaller and lighter, and he cannot grow wings and feathers, but, appealing to the laws of mechanics, just as he has done in so many other ways, he makes a machine that will ride in the air. For the strengthened and more quickly acting heart of the bird he substitutes light and powerful engines; for wings, aeroplanes and propellers; for a tail, rudders. In every direction, however, he finds that nature has been before him; only he dares what she did not attempt; he defies the law of gravitation farther than she did, and his aeroplanes are comparable in magnitude and weight with the flying alligators which nature, bowing to her self-fixed limitations, did not undertake to produce.

But the aeroplane of today is only a "bird-reptile"—a first attempt—the mechanical eagles and larks will arrive tomorrow.

The French Alliance

By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY.

February 6, 1778.

The French alliance, which so materially aided in the establishment of the independence of the United States of America, was officially declared this day, 134 years ago—February 6, 1778.

Into the making of the famous agreement, that came so opportunely for the struggling American patriots, there entered three factors—the consummate tact and perseverance of Benjamin Franklin; the real, genuine sympathy of the French people, and the political motives of the French government.

The king and his cabinet cared not a rush for the American cause. Vergennes, than whom a craftier and more unprincipled minister never lived, would not have lifted a finger to assist us had it not been for the fact that he hated England, and hoped, by helping us, to find some way of getting back at that power for having driven the French out of Canada. But for that thought Louis and his minister would never have consented to the alliance.

Franklin, whose astuteness was on a par with his love of country, understood the situation perfectly. He knew that the French government did not care a fig for American success; and also he knew that, while the French people sympathized with us, that that sympathy would have but little weight with the Versailles politicians; so the only thing he could do was to keep that wonderful tongue of his busy encouraging the court gentlemen in thinking that by helping the United States to beat England they would be putting France in a position to retrieve some of the honors she had lost by the Peace of Paris in 1763.

And gloriously well did our grand old Benjamin do his work. His massive brain—agile as it was powerful—kept that honeyed tongue going in season and out of season, with the result that Vergennes was won over and the treaty secured.

There can be no doubt that the French alliance was of incalculable benefit to us, as Fisk remarks: "Both in itself and in the European complications to which it led, the action of France very seriously crippled the efficient military power of England. It locked up and neutralized much British energy that would otherwise have been directed against the Americans." In addition we must reckon on the direct benefit that came to us from the 6,000 or 7,000 soldiers that were sent over by France, who, in conjunction with the French fleet, did such splendid service at Yorktown.

It is possible, and probable, that we could have won our independence without the French alliance; but it is certain that without such alliance the war would not have ended when it did.

To a Pair of Mosquitoes

By PERCY SHAW.

(Two mosquito larvae which had lain in the rock deposits of Brasil for 60,000,000 —estimated—years, were recently hatched out in Washington.—News Item.)

For 60,000,000 years
They say you lay
Safe from all earthly fears,
Snug tucked away.
How proud you must have been
To wake at last,
Ancestor of your kin—
One with the past.

They killed you when they heard
Your noisy breath—
Your longing wide deferred
To scatter death;
They took no sporting chance
Strange talks to glean;
They snuffed out your romance
And closed the scene.

And yet you might have done
Much for mankind,
Now that the age has run
So much to mind;
You might have left some sign
Or swollen crawl
To show by what design
You lived at all.

Voices of the Night.

"Whip Poor Will!"

"John, I just know you forgot to shoot the bolt on the kitchen door!"

"The 9:20 train is reported on time, madam."

"Can I stand in your store a little while, mister? I'm waitin' for an Elston avenue car."

"Say, you feller over there! A 5-cent drink don't entitle you to 20 cents' worth o' grub!"

"Hello! . . . Yes, this is Snoodie. . . . Yes, I was in a little mixup this evening, but for heaven's sake don't say anything about it in tomorrow morning's paper!"—Chicago Tribune.