

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT

And Now They Give Him a Loving Cup

Drawn for The Bee by Tad



## Married Life the Third Year

Helen for Once Refuses to Be Governed by Warren's Unreasonable Demand.

By MABEL HERBERT URRER.

"Dear Mother: I almost feel that I have reached the end of things. I have never needed you so much as I feel I need you now. Last night I even thought of closing up everything here, and bringing Winifred and coming home to you for a while. But of course I know that is impossible—at least now."

"Yesterday I received the harshest letter from Warren that he has ever sent me, and also one that his mother had written him which he enclosed."

"You know I wrote you that she called here last week and found I had rented the spare room. She said she had ever taken roomers, and she knew Warren would be furious, and if I did not write him about it she would feel it her duty to do so. And she did. A most unkind letter, exaggerating the circumstances and saying I had been almost insolent to her. And also that I had claimed Warren was not providing for me and I was forced to do this."

"What I did say was that Warren had complained of the expenses since he had been away, and that I rented the room to help reduce them. But she distorted everything and ended her letter by saying I had always been headstrong, and always resented any advice or suggestions from her."

"Of course this made Warren furious, and he wrote a most scathing letter and said I must get rid of my roomer at once—or there'd be trouble."

"But I am not going to send Mrs. Morrison away! On that I have fully determined. And I know were you here you would say I was right. Mother I won't be threatened and bullied any more!"

"And if Warren writes the way he writes to me now—what will be his attitude when he comes back? Somehow I feel this is the beginning of the end. That when he does return it will only be for a longer separation. And just now I am bitter and indignant enough to think it might be for the best. Of course I may not think this way long. When I'm with him again I may care as much, and be as abject as I have ever been. But just now I feel that I won't."

"And I feel, too, that his family are more against me now than they have ever been. How could his mother deliberately try to make trouble in this way? What difference did it make to her if, while he was away, I was renting a room to help pay expenses. And it is for that. I never said Warren did not support me, but I did say he had complained about the expenses—and you know how economical I am."

"Oh, mother, what shall I do? I know this is a rambling, incoherent letter, but somehow tonight I can't think coherently—I'm too wretched. Oh, if there was only something I could do! The desire to be independent—to make my own living, grows stronger every day. I am thinking of it all the time."

"How I regret now that when I was in school I did not perfect myself in some one thing. You wanted me to; you said every girl should be able to make her own living if necessary. But I felt so sure I would never have to."

"But oh, I shall see that Winifred does not grow up without some training or profession by which she can support herself. At least she will never be in the position I am in now. Mother do you think there is anything I could still learn?"

"I have thought of stenography. The papers are full of advertisements of schools that promise to prepare you for a position in six months—and secure the position for you. But do you think I could ever learn? From the little I know of shorthand it always seemed such a difficult thing and something I felt I could never master."

"I have thought of everything of going into a millinery store—you know I could always trim hats. And Mrs. Morrison is the buyer of millinery for a large firm. Perhaps she could help me. I haven't spoken to her about it yet, but I'm going to."

"What I would like most and think I could do best, would be—shopping. You know there are women who make a very comfortable income buying for out-of-town people on a commission. But I suppose it would be very hard to get myself established to get enough customers to make this pay."

"Then I thought of a tea room. Oh, I'm sure I could run a dainty little tea room and give people better things to eat"

and at a more reasonable price than most of them do. But, of course, for I would have to have capital. The only possible way I could start would be to rent a tea room already equipped. But I doubt if one could be found."

"And then I have thought of a mending shop. I have seen advertisements in theater programs and papers of places where they do fine mending at a moderate fee. I know I could do this work, and would love to do it. But again comes the question of getting customers. I would have to advertise—and that would be expensive."

"Mother what do other women do? Think of all the women who are left widowed, or whose husbands desert them, women who are no longer trained for bread-winning than I. How do they get along? Surely there must be some way. What was it that Sally Hewitt did? You remember her husband was killed in that accident and left her with two little children. She moved to Chicago and went into some kind of business. What was it? Write me if you know."

"Irene Thompson took an agency for some children's books, didn't she? But oh, mother, I couldn't sell anything. I would rather go out and scrub than to be a book agent—or any other kind where canvassing is required."

"Oh, I suppose I am getting morbid, but I am thinking of these things all the time. Last night I couldn't sleep for picturing myself seeking one position after another. And then I pictured the hall rooms of the dingy boarding houses that I would probably have to live in. Of course everything seems worse at night—yet the horror of it has been with me all day."

"I haven't answered Warren's letter yet—but I am going to now. I thought I would have more courage if I wrote you first. I shall make it very brief—merely say that until he returns I have decided to let Mrs. Morrison keep the room."

"I don't know what he will say or do—I have never disobeyed or defied him in any way before, but he has simply goaded me on to this. If I have a shred of self-respect left I have no choice."

"Mother, I know what you are going to write for me to come home, that I can always have a home with you and father. But I can never do that, at least not for more than a visit. I know how little father has, and how you have to struggle to get along as it is. So I could never inflict myself and Winifred on you in that way—even the book agency would be better than that."

"You will say I am morbid to think of such things—and perhaps I am. But tonight the whole world seems black—and I have never felt that I stand alone in a way I never did before. And it frightens me."

"Forgive me for writing this letter, it is selfish I know—but I had to. There is no one else in whom I can confide."

"Lovingly your daughter,"

"HELEN."

Helen folded and enclosed this letter in its envelope and then took a fresh sheet of paper. She did not hesitate. She wrote rapidly, for each word in the letter was clearly fixed in her mind. In the sleepless hours of the night before she had gone over it again and again.

"Dear Warren: I have decided to let Mrs. Morrison keep the room. I see no reason why I should send her away until you return. She is very quiet and no trouble and pays her rent promptly, and I do need it in many ways."

"I am sorry your mother thought it necessary to misconstrue and exaggerate everything I said. Of course, I know she has never liked or approved of me, but I did not think her antagonism would go to such length."

"I will not try to write any more tonight. After your letter and your mother's there seems nothing else for me to say."

HELEN."

THE MUSINGS OF AN OLD SPORT.

The fellow who drops in just between brilliance and benevolence is the one who gathers:

Don't Run Away—The shadow may pull up if you stop and take a slant at it! Whenever some preternaturally smart zig tells us that he's got our number we wonder where he got his adding machine!

When a jury brings in a verdict of not guilty, people generally say: "I'll bet he was."

When you say that you'll "try any old thing once," you forget how many times you've sat in at poker sessions and taken your dents with a dental grin!

The chap who, when he's swinging strong, declares that he "hates sentiments," always is the one who blubbers with dreary self-sympathy when he is handed a wallop—New York World.

## Daffydils

"I GOT CHA" PIPED AMUNDSON "I GOT CHA"

THE LONDON BULLDOGGICAL SOCIETY HAD AWAITED NEWS FROM CAPT. SCOTT UNTIL THEY WERE PURPLE AROUND THE GILLS THEY SAW IN THE BLUE ROOM FOR DAYS AT A TIME. FINALLY THERE WAS A KNOCK AT THE DOOR AND A BOY RUSHED IN WITH A CABLEGRAM ITS FROM SCOTT BARKED THE PRES. HERE, I'LL READ IT. HE SAYS, FRESH MILK CANT BE KEPT AT THE SOUTH POLE BUT PEMMICAN.

BOOM!! BOOM!!

ITS THE BATTLESHIP JORGEON BOYS WE ARE SAVED.

SEE I GOTTA PIPE JOB NOW I'M A LAW CLERK. I NEVER GET DOWN TILL NINE A.M. THEN I CLEAN THE BOSS' INK WELL, SHARPEN HIS PENCILS.

OPEN THE WINDOWS AND GET HIM A GLASS OF WATER, READ THE PAPERS TILL 12 THEN GO OUT TO LUNCH. PLAY FOR TILL ONE THEN RETURN AND READ THE PAPERS TILL 4.

IN THAT TIME THE BOSS AND THE TENDONGRAPHER HAVE DONE ALL THE WORK SO I DELIVER THE LETTERS AND SERVE SUBSOPHANS AND SUMMONSSES TILL 12 THEN MORE POOL TILL 2.

MAE FISMAH AND RILEY HAZH WERE RIDING HOME TO THEIR FAMILIES ON THE LONG ISLAND CANNON BALL EXPRESS RILEY WAS QUIET. HE WAS DUMB. HE WAS SLANTING OUT OF THE WINDOW AT THE DARK BLUE SKY. "WHAT'S UP RILEY?" ASKED MAE. AS HE TAPPED THE RISING YOUNG THESPIAN UPON THE ARM. "I WAS JUST THINKING SAID RILEY IF THEY MAKE A HONK ON THE FARM WHEN A CHICKEN CROAKS, WHAT DO THEY SAY WHEN A WHIP OF PARADISE."

EASY WITH THE WHIP, SOL, ITS A HIRD HORSE!!!

AMUNDSON THE NORWEGIAN EXPLORER WITH HIS HOUNDS HAD JUST REACHED THE SOUTH POLE. HE GRABBED IT THEN REACHED FOR HIS TRUSKY AXE TO CHOP IT DOWN AND BRING IT HOME. JUST AFTER HE TOOK THE FIRST WALKUP WITH THE TOMAHAWK A MAN WITH PINK WHISKERS SHOWN HIS FACE AROUND THE POLE AND PIPED. "WHAT ONE WANT? AMUNDSON WAS STARTLED FOR A MOMENT BUT REGAINED HIS COMPOSURE AND ASKED. IF AN EXPLORERS TIMEPIECE WENT ON THE BUM WOULD THE ANTARCTIC!

QUICK DOC THE BRASS TUBE.

SEE YOU A HAPPY GUY

YES NOTHING TO DO TILL TOMORROW

## The Latest Dances---How to Dance Them

The Tango

By Maurice, the Cabaret Artist.

We are hearing a great deal now-a-days about the craze for freak dancing. The turkey trot, the bunny hug, the straitly trot, the San Francisco slide have all occupied a full share of the public prints and the very nature of some of them are enough to arouse solid shivers of horror, especially among those who have never seen them danced, that is, danced properly.

Almost every dance, even the stately minuet, can be made grotesque and revolting if the dancers wish to do so. On the other hand, these modern dances are having such a tremendous vogue among society people that there must be something to recommend them, and there is. These dances, performed in the conventional way in which they are danced in drawing rooms are nothing more terrible than the two-step or the Boston, but they allow of more originality in the figures of the dance.

To do this one must keep the ideal of elegance in mind, elegant gestures and elegant attitude. The minute the position of the dancers look awkward or slovenly the beauty of the dance is lost and those who wish to can find it objectionable.

The Tango music presents complete and continuous contrasts in time and measure. Some of it is Spanish in rhythm and at other times it suggests African melodies.

The dancers change their steps and positions with the change in the music, which occurs at intervals of eight bars.

As the Tango is a dance of the people it is spontaneous, and the steps and positions change not according to set rules, but according to the mood and whim of the dancers.

The two dances must be absolutely in accord and must "feel" the music, keeping perfect time and continuing the dance steps no matter what the pantomime.

The dancers begin holding each other as for a waltz. After the eight measure they face to the right, making short swirly, glissades, or slides with the right foot and describing a circle with the left slides. While they do this the arms are extended. In this way it is easy for the gentleman to step behind his partner and dance eight measures with her in this position, ending with pose which is shown in the picture. During the pose as well as in changing positions in the dance both partners must continue absolutely in time and rhythm.

If you haven't got natural rhythm and can't keep absolute time don't try to dance any of the new dances; indeed, don't try to dance at all.

Rhythm is especially necessary in the Tango because each beat of the music should be accepted by a movement of the arms or body. When the arms are extended they are moved up and down. When the partners are dancing in the conventional position a very slight movement of the hips such as is used in Spanish dances brings out the rhythm of the music.

The slides can be done with the gentleman close behind the lady or with the lady in front, and holding only one of her partner's hands while he imitates the slides back of her as far as his extended arms will reach.

In a close position he places his hands on the lady's waist, being still behind her, and after the eighth measure swings her around to the first position of the dance.

and they give the graceful dancer a chance to show a variety of pretty poses and steps.

One of the most graceful of these dances is the Tango, which is society's version of the Tango Argentino.

On the stage the Tango is frequently an acrobatic dance, and it can be made as vulgar and suggestive as the dancers choose. On the other hand, danced by people who dance with grace and elegance, it loses all these qualities and is just as proper as well, say the cake walk or some of the Russian folk dances.

To dance it you must have the right kind of music, the right kind of a partner, a good deal of inspiration and originality, and you should know a few steps which I am going to describe to you.

The Tango is danced to Spanish music with a heavily accented rhythm. The dance originated in Buenos Ayres and its popularity has spread all over the world. Just now it is absolutely the rage here. One can keep the rhythmic beauty of the dance and yet banish every idea of suggestion.

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## How China Got Ready for Revolution

By EDWIN MARKHAM.

In the last volume of "After Dinner Speeches at the Lotus Club," New York City, I find the speech of James Whitfield Bashford, a missionary bishop to China, a speech given at the dinner to Mr. Wu Ting-fang in 1908. It shows us the education that has long been preparing for the splendid revolution now playing its way through China, the most amazing historic event since the descent of the Goths and Vandals upon Rome. Mr. Bashford said in part:

"The first proof of the new intellectual life of China is found in the revolution in education. There is only one aristocracy in China, and that is not an aristocracy of wealth nor of birth, but of education. Under Chinese customs usually only those persons can be appointed to office who hold a degree won in the great examinations which the Chinese government conducts to test the educational qualifications of its subjects. With very few exceptions all young men can offer themselves for the examination and those who succeed in winning the degree become the intellectual and official aristocracy of the nation."

"Again, competitive examinations in western subjects have been held in leading Chinese cities for the selection of students to be sent to America. Thus, west-

ern learning has already become the standard of education for the officials of the empire. It was the demonstration in 1906 and 1908 of the genuineness of the educational reform which sent some 15,000 young men to Japan in a single year for the western learning, and some 4,000 more to Europe and America; a far wider and swifter movement in education than the Japanese made in their eagerness for the western learning, a far larger number than ever went from America to Europe for university training in a single year."

This reform, which is now in full progress, revolutionizes the intellectual training which has prevailed among 400,000,000 people for 2,500 years. It promises to become the greatest single change which has taken place in the intellectual history of mankind."

"Turning to political progress, the metropolis of northern China, with a population of 1,500,000, in July held the first municipal election ever known in the history of the Chinese empire. Yuan Shih Kai, the man of power in China today, holds that the Chinese, from their centuries of village government and of guild government, are far more ready for republican institutions, and indeed, are far more democratic in spirit, than the western world dreams. Hence he is urging the Chinese government to adopt a constitutional form of government, and that a constitutional government is practicable, he has established a municipal government in the northern metropolis of the empire."

"Passing through Tien Tsin last fall, I saw a lecture hall in which perhaps a thousand listeners could stand, and was told that a half dozen such halls had just been opened in the city, in which illustrated lectures on western geography, western science, western inventions, etc., are delivered two or three times a week to audiences which fill the halls to overflowing. If Tien Tsin persists in demanding this high standard of morality and intelligence in her voters, possibly fifty years hence American citizens will be sending delegations to China to learn the secrets of municipal government."

"Last fall, when I was in Peking, I had the honor of calling upon our American minister to China, Mr. W. W. Rockhill. I remarked that, from such reports of the two hundred newspapers published in China as I received from some Chinese students who were furnishing a few of us the summary of Chinese newspapers, there seemed then to be no defense of conservatism by the newspapers. Mr. Rockhill immediately answered, 'There is no conservative party today among the officials in Peking.'"

"He added that there are two parties in the empire, one of which he would characterize as the liberal party and the other as the radical party. All parties believe in progress and are sure that China must immediately adopt great and far-reaching reforms. The liberals, however, believe in studying the conditions which now confront the empire, and striving to adopt such reforms as will prove permanent and will not result either in a revolution or a reaction. The radicals, upon the other side, are committed to all, and every kind of reform, and desire these reforms adopted immediately."

"All representatives of foreign governments and all missionaries in China are in sympathy with the liberal rather than with the radical party."

"I believe that if we will strive more and more to let the Golden Rule govern the spirit of our dealings, political, industrial and commercial, with China, China and the United States can make a greater civilization along the Pacific coast than any other, and one that will dominate the globe."

## THE PEANUT MAN

By MINNA IRVING.

Where grimy tenements dark and high  
Shut out the blue of the city sky,  
In the country lanes that are sweet and bright

With flowers of morning and dews of night

A shriller note on the breeze is heard  
Than call of cricket or song of bird,  
An echo faint of the days of Pan—  
The peevish pipe of the peanut man.

The swarthy vender is next of kin  
To the famous piper of Hamelin.  
For drooping dolly and hat and ball,  
With peanutes clothed in their finger small.

The eager children go running after  
The smoking oven with peals of laughter—  
Rowan and Molly, and Ted and Dan,  
Dance to the pipe of the peanut man.

Whistling boys and romping girls,  
Teddies wee, with their flaxen curls,  
Some in velvet and some in rags,  
Reaching up for the paper bags.

Filled with the goobers crisp and hot—  
(Only a nickel, and what a lot!)  
The happiest crowd since the world began,  
Follows the pipe of the peanut man.