

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT

The Judge is Still Wondering

Drawn for The Bee by Tad



Married Life the Third Year

Helen's Mother Points Out the Hardships that Confront a Woman Alone.

By MABEL HERBERT URNER.

Dear Helen:

I am much worried at your last letter. I hardly know how to advise you. As you know, I have never wanted to interfere in any way between you and your husband or his people. And there are some problems that every wife must work out for herself.



"About his mother I hesitate to speak. I can understand your resentment at the letter she wrote Warren, but I am not sure, dear, that you were wise in your attitude toward her the day she called. Whatever she might have said, was it quite polite for you to do that?"

"I know she goaded you into it, and it does seem that you should be free to rent your spare room if you wish. But, it couldn't help matters for you to say you didn't think it concerned her, and that the only interest she had ever shown had been to criticize."

"Of course, she exaggerated when she wrote Warren that you were insolent to her, but, still, as she was calling at your home, I hardly think you should have said anything at that time."

"I know you feel you have taken a great deal and have said very little, and that ever since your marriage his people have treated you with more or less discourtesy. But would it have helped any for you to be discourteous, too? At least, you have gotten along for these two years without an open break, and it seems to me it would be better if you could avoid any just now."

"After all, your life is not lived with his people. You see them only occasionally. And whatever your plans for the future it will not make them any easier to antagonize his mother."

"You write that you feel you cannot go on all things are now. That your dependence on Warren is becoming more and more intolerable and that you must find some way of making at least part of your own expenses. Helen, I don't know what to say about this. I have wanted to talk it over with your father, but have hesitated to do so, for you know how bitter he already is toward Warren. And I am sure he would insist on your coming home. However little we have, you are always welcome to share it. But you say you will never do this."

"And yet, I wonder, Helen, if you realize how hard it is for any woman of your training to be self-supporting—or, at least, partially so. Even if you were wholly free it would be most difficult. But with Winifred—have you thought of what a handicap she would be? You would never want to be separated from her, and yet that is what almost any work you might take up would mean."

"You write that many women whose husbands have died and who have had no more training for bread-winning than you, support themselves and their children. That is true, and were you forced to do it, you probably could. But I cannot bear to think of your facing the hardships, anxieties and humiliation that must surely come when a delicate woman who has always been sheltered faces the world alone."

"You ask me what Sally Hewitt did after her husband was killed on the railroad. I don't know what she took up at first, but now she is in Chicago working for some fashion publication—doing designing of some kind. But, of course, she always had a knack of drawing—which you have not."

"How I wish you had kept up your music, for I feel you have a real talent for that. But I suppose in New York it would be useless for any one with only a moderate training to try to give lessons. You speak of shorthand and ask if I think you could learn that. I know so little about it, Helen, but even if you did learn—do not the pay very small? And are there not many applicants for every position?"

"And this work would take you out in the business world. You would probably have to be in some lawyer's or broker's office, and I know how hard that would be for you. Don't think I am trying to weaken you if you are convinced that your happiness lies in being independent. But I want you to realize more fully some of the difficulties."

is always more irritable when he is engaged in any enterprise that is uncertain. It is hard to wait for developments. And I suppose that is what he is having to do. So, dear, if you can be patient a little longer and try to think the future holds some happier solution than for you to have to work outside your home."

"About Mrs. Morrison, your roomer, I hardly know what to advise you. It does seem a little unreasonable that you should not be free to rent the spare room while Warren is away. And yet, since both he and his people are so against it, I am not sure that you are wise in keeping her."

"After all, it can be only a few weeks until Warren returns, and is it worth going against his wishes to keep her for that short time?"

"Helen, as I grow older I think I grow more dependent. I haven't the courage that I once had. I can see that even in my housework. This spring we are going to have that door cut through from the hall to the dining room. You know we have planned that for several years. But somehow, just to set everything ready for the men seems to me such an effort. And I even dread the housecleaning this year. And the cloth you sent me Christmas for a suit—I haven't had it made up yet, just because I dreaded taking it to the dressmaker's and plan it out. I am so afraid she will spoil it that I keep putting it off."

"I know all this is just because I am growing old. So perhaps I should not let my fears influence you. You're young, and have most of your life before you. And if you think that sooner or later you will have to make some radical change—perhaps you had better make it now."

"For your sake, Helen, I wish that I was younger, so that you could lean upon me more. But this winter I feel that I have aged a great deal. The rheumatism in my hand is worse, and at times it is all through my arm and shoulder. And this has been a hard winter on your father, too; he stoops more that I have ever seen him, and he is more feeble than when you were here last year. So you see, dear, we are both getting old; and that is why I so dread to think of you without all the protection of your husband and your home."

"Well, dear, I am afraid this is not a very cheerful letter or a very helpful one, and yet one that I felt I should write. I shall be anxious to hear from you. Write me often, if only a few lines. Try to keep well, for, after all, health is the greatest thing. And it will be easier for you to meet any conditions that may come up if you are well and strong."

"With much love to you and Winifred—

MOTHER."

Helen read this letter with the feeling that somehow her mother had failed her. She realized now how much she had wanted to hold to her. But this letter only showed that she could not. It only made her feel that more than ever she stood alone.

Again she read the passage where her mother said she was growing old—that everything now seemed an undertaking. It almost terrified her. Somehow she had never thought of her mother as ever being really old. She had vaguely felt that she would never change, that age with its weakening influences would never claim her.

And she had looked forward to this letter as one that would give her courage, and would strengthen her in her plans. Instead it had shaken what courage she had—it made her feel all her helplessness and incapability.

And more than this her mother had questioned the wisdom of her attitude towards Warren's mother, and also her determination to keep her roomer.

She took up her mother's letter and read it again. "Don't think I am trying to weaken you if you are convinced that your happiness lies in being independent." And yet the letter had weakened her—and her mother knew that it would.

For the moment Helen had almost a fierce contempt for her own wavering indecision. She thought of her many determinations which she had never carried out. No wonder Warren scoffed at her assertions of independence. Looking back on the last few months she realized that she had made one plan after another and had carried out none of them.

What! Five Cents Extra for Catsup!!

Daffydils IN THE SPRING A YOUNG MAN'S FANCY LIGHTLY TURNS TO THOUGHTS OF BOCK.

IT WAS MIDNIGHT IN MONA SCOTIA AND OLD JED GROOFER WAS SMOKIN' HIS TRUZY OLD CORN COB. IT HAD BEEN A HARD DAY FOR JED FOR HE HAD CAUGHT IN HIS NET 5000 COOPISH AND A HVENA RIN WHICH NET - TED HIM 7 BUCKS TAKIN' OFF HIS BLUE CHEATERS AND BETTING THEM ASIDE HE STRETCHED HIS PAWS LATELY AND MUMBLED WOULD YOU SHUT THE BARN DOOR BEFORE YOU LET UNCLE TOM'S CAB-IN?

BOY'S IF YOU WANT GOOD CLOTHES GO TO LEVY AND LEVY - LEVY IS THE FATHER AND LEVY IS THE SON.

ON HELLO - JAY I HAVE A LEFT SHAP NOW - I'M A JAZZ LADY IN A DEPT STORE - I DON'T GET UP TILL 5 A.M. THEN I GET MY HELLO OWN BREAKFAST PRES MASSAGE MY FACE

AND I'M AT THE STORE BY 7 THEN I BRUSH UP THE GLAZ, ARRANGE THE GOODS, HELP DRESS THE WINDOW'S AND AT 11 I'M WAITING ON THE BARGAIN COUNTER WITH 300 SHOPPERS ON MY NECK

WHY MOORE THE OLD DAFFY DIL KID JAT DOWN IN THE LITTLE HOTEL AT PRESENT TO SCRATCH A FEW LINES OF JUNK TO US HE WROTE "LIKE THE TUNOR MY BUSINESS IS INCREASIN' LET THE LOVER PRESS HIS OWN SUIT. I AM NOW RUNNING THE RIVER CAFE BETWEEN TWO BANKS DROP IN THE PHONE RANG AND HE BEET IT WHILE HE WAS GONE A SMART ALBCK WROTE BELDOW IF CHICAGO HAD A FEMALE FIRE DEPT WOULD THE MEN RUN TO SEE THE LADIES ABOUT THEIR HOLES?

ON FIREMAN!! SPARE MY CARNIVAL BADGE.

IT WAS AN EXTRA HARD DAY ON BUCKWHEAT BETTY THE WAITRESS AND SHE WAS VERY PEEVISH. PIERANNO JOS HAD WRAPPED HIMSELF AROUND EVERYTHING IN SIGHT AND WAS NOW GOING AFTER THE DESERT HE TOOK A SLANT AT THE LINE OF MARCH AND READ FROM SOUV TO CUSTARD THEN CALLIN' BETTY OVER HE TYPED "WHAT'S THIS LAST LINE JAY" BETTY PEEKED AT IT AND READ IF A MAN LEND A CARPET WOULD A COCONUT LAYER CAKE?

WHAT!!!

5 EXTRA FOR CATSUP?

GEE YOU'RE A HAPPY GUY

YEP NOTHING TO DO TILL TOMORROW

What Women Do With the Ballot and Suffragism and the Liquor Traffic

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Just what the effect of woman suffrage would be on public morals has been a subject of discussion for years in America. In New Zealand, according to the reports of residents of that wonderful land, woman suffrage has resulted in marked decrease of alcoholism.

Drunkennes has virtually ceased to be in New Zealand. In California the first vote of the women was not for prohibition, because they found organized politics without principles or ideals, back of that movement.

The women realized that the people must be educated and prepared for total abstinence; they could not be forced into it.

Women are the sufferers from alcoholism; and wherever they have power and voice to use it, it will, in the great majority of cases, be used for temperance.

Any one who has just read the newspapers with thought, for a decade or more of years, must have noticed the large percentage of crime which has fallen to the share of New Jersey.

Many of the most shocking crimes in the annals occurred in that state.

An intellectual woman of East Orange has made some interesting investigations and has reported them in a statistical manner.

She tells us that New Jersey has had to pay \$4,000 more annually for the care of convicts than nine other states of larger population.

Her statistics are so interesting that they will be worth reading by every one who has a regard for the public welfare.

"New Jersey outranks New England in the percentage of crime, and the data show this mainly is due to the use of intoxicants," she says.

"The statistics show there is one drinking place in New Jersey for every 24 population, or one to every fifty voters, while New England has one saloon to 62 of population. New Jersey has one convict to 187 of population and New England one to 1,121.

"New Jersey has had for years to pay annually \$4,000 more for the care of convicts than nine other states of greater population.

"We learn from the best scientific authorities that among the chief causes of insanity is alcoholism. Thirty per cent of the men and 16 per cent of the women committed to the state asylums are suffering from conditions due directly to the use of alcohol."

And here is what another woman says on the same subject:

"Rum before coffee or a cocktail before breakfast in the tropics, then commit some little imprudence, and you go home in a box."

"That is what Dr. Margaret York told a good-sized audience at the Academy of Medicine. "Alcohol in Relation to Efficiency" was the topic of the public lecture for the day. Dr. York talked of its relation to the stomach and liver, and the information concerning the tropics had come from a rugged, healthy Englishman, who told why many men who had preceded him in a post in the tropics had succumbed to the climate.

They felt the need of stimulant in the morning, took a glass of liquor, lost their appetite for nourishing food, and the result was physical dissolution.

"I took a cup of coffee in the morning," said the Englishman, "ate a little simple, nourishing food, let liquor alone, and I could sleep on the ground, wear damp clothes, and still keep my health."

All the evidence was against alcoholic drinks.

These women are but two of thousands who are awake on every subject which pertains to the welfare of the race. Excessive use of alcoholic beverages has decreased amazingly in the last decade. It has decreased since the days of George Washington, when every "gentleman" was supposed to get drunk on occasions. It will decrease still more, in the next decade; because our schools are teaching the dangerous effects of alcohol, and because our women are actively engaged in research in every line which enables them to understand what is good and what is not good for the rising generation.

And because the ideals of the world are being lifted, slowly but surely, to a higher attitude.—Copyright, 1912, by American Journal-Examiner.

"Should Auld Acquaintance Be Forgot?"

By Nell Brinkley



"GO WAY, DANNIE. I CAN'T PLAY WITH YOU FOR A WHILE—MA WON'T LET ME."

NIX ON THE HELLO STUNT

Slowly, but surely, the word "hello" passes from the official literature of telephone talk and sinks into the discard. Telephone companies long have frowned upon the expression. Recently the Pease Marquette railroad taboed it, and now the Chicago & Northwestern railroad has done the same thing.

"Hello" is such a delightfully impolite and expressive word that its passing to the shades seems a pity, and its speedy revitalization, or at least its reincarnation in some form, seems inevitable. It has behind it a history, which is lengthy if not particularly distinguished, and which entitles it to consideration. Though "hello" was officially recognized by literature only about thirty-five years ago, its first known form, "hollo", dates back into the middle ages. "Hollo" was used to incite soldiers, hunters and dogs to activity and slaughter. In the seventeenth century it masqueraded as "hillo". In the eighteenth century it became "hallo" and in the nineteenth century, "hallo" was finally "hello". In the course of its adventures it also sometimes appeared as "holla, halloo and hollco."

Really, it seems a pity to shove aside such an historic, breezy, familiar, democratic little word as "hello" for the normally, colorless expression that has succeeded it. "Number, please."—Excerpt from The Times.