



# The Bee's Home Magazine Page



## SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT—The Judge Was in Such Good Humor, Too

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## Married Life the Third Year

They Get Into London on a Rainy Night and Helen's Enthusiasm is Forced.

By MABEL HERBERT URNER.

"First-class," "Third-class," "First-class Smoking," read the lettering on the doors of the compartment cars. It was Helen's first glimpse of an English train, and as the guard opened the door of an empty carriage with a hearty, "Here you are, sir," she entered with eager interest.

"But Warren," she whispered, anxiously, "this says 'third-class'."

"Of course. Everybody travels third—except snobs and Americans." Then, turning to the porter, who was putting their hand baggage on the rack above, "Now you see those trunks get on all right."

"Thank you, sir," pocketing a shilling. "I'll put 'em on myself, sir."

"Did he give you the checks?" asked Helen, who was always fearful that her trunk might go astray.

"Checks? They don't have checks."

"No checks! Why, dear, how do they identify your baggage?"

"They don't. You identify it yourself. You just go back to the luggage van and point it out."

"But how can they be sure?"

"That you don't take some other fellow's. They can't. We might try it if we see anything that looks better than ours."

"Warren, do be serious! Suppose we shouldn't get our trunks? Think how dreadful it would be to find ourselves in London without our things! Couldn't you get the guard to give you some kind of a check?"

"Now see here, the English people have had their way of doing things for some little time. You needn't think they're going to change it because you're over here for a couple of weeks."

"But now the train drew out, and Helen soon forgot her anxiety about the trunks in her interest in the beautiful English country through which they passed.

Flowers were everywhere. The fields were gay with wild poppies, cornflowers, daffodils and buttercups. And every little cottage had its flower garden and green hedge.

"Oh, Warren—look! That dear little thatched-roof house just covered with climbing roses!"

Helen could not but compare the charming picturesqueness of even the simplest cottage with the unattractive barrenness of the same class of house at home. Whatever else the Englishman may or may not be, his love of flowers and gardening is an admirable trait.

"These dinky little trains seem to make pretty good time," commented Warren. "They manage to get over the ground all right. We're doing more than fifty miles an hour now."

"And I love these little compartments. We're much more comfortable and private in here than in our cars."

"Wait till someone gets in with us—you won't like it so well."

At the very next station some one did get in—a woman with all the small hand baggage with which the English invariably travel. There were a couple of bags, a carryall, half a dozen brown paper parcels, an umbrella, a basket of fruit and a great bunch of roses.

"She settled herself in the opposite seat, while the guard, with the dexterity of much experience, stowed the things away on the seat, under the seat and on the rack above."

"Elsie box, little box, hand-box and bundle, bird cage and umbrella," quoted Warren in an undertone. "She's got 'em all but the bird cage."

Helen controlled her desire to laugh. "Do they always travel with so many things?"

"Always. Wait till you see a London cab taking some Englishmen to the station."

"Oh dear—look!" as Helen suddenly caught sight of a familiar sign. "An advertisement of an American canned soup! Why, do they advertise that over here?"

"Sure! You'll see signs all along here of American pills and pickles and tooth paste. See, there's one now," as a well known pickle sign flashed into view.

"But we think their pickles are so much better than ours!"

"And they evidently think ours better than theirs. The other side of the fence, you know."

To Helen it was curiously disillusionizing to see these American bill board signs against a background of English hedges and flower gardens. It seemed a sort of desecration, somehow.

"But Warren, I thought the English were so conservative? How can they disfigure their beautiful country with those signs?"

"Englishmen are conservative all right—but not where the American dollar is concerned. They're all out for that. Guess they're glad to have our pill and pickle signs in their ancestral fields."

"At the next station there were several tea wagons drawn up on the platform beside the train.

"Oh, are those the English tea wagons one reads so much about?"

"That's just what they are," answered Warren. "Want some tea?"

The tea was delicious, and so were the bread and butter and tea cakes that went with it.

"Only a shilling for all that! Why, Warren, that's absurdly cheap!"

"Food is cheap in England. Wait till I take you to one of the London restaurants. We'll have a dinner there for three shillings that you can't get in New York for \$2. In a first-class place, too, with good music and the service can't be beat. If we get in on time, I'll take you to a place on Oxford street tonight and give you for three and sixpence the best dinner you ever had."

"Oh!" excitedly, "will we get there in time to go out for dinner?"

"Don't see why we shouldn't. We're due there at 6:15. Ought to have our traps in the hotel and get washed up by 5."

To Helen the words seemed weighted with the glamour of adventures to come. To dine in London that night, London—the very name seemed full of romance and tradition.

In the last hour it had been slowly clouding up and now a fine mist was blowing in the window. Warren, who was half-dozing in the corner, roused himself and closed the window with a bang.

"Oh, I'm so sorry," said Helen, regretfully. "I didn't want my first glimpse of London to be in the rain."

"Huh, that's the chronic condition of the weather there. When it isn't raining—it's getting ready to."

The factories, warehouses and long rows of closely set cottages now showed the approach of a great city.

"Oh, Warren, are we really almost there? Are these the suburbs?"

"Yes, we're on the outskirts. Twenty minutes more and we're there."

The railroad approach to any city is never impressive. And Helen was vaguely disappointed in the rows of dull, colorless buildings which seemed of no particular character or interest.

The woman on the seat opposite began to collect her many bundles. Warren struggled into his overcoat and helped Helen into hers. They were going through one tunnel after another and at length they drew up in a great vaulted station.

A guard threw open the door and helped them out. They hurried back to the luggage van where porters were dragging out trunks and boxes.

"Here, this is mine—and that one over there," Warren pointed out the two trunks. "Now get them on a taxi, quickly as you can."

The porter promptly put them on a truck and wheeled them down the long platform to the line of waiting taxis.

"But how did he know these were ours?" insisted Helen. "Why, dear, it all seems so unsafe. Anyone could have claimed them or we could have claimed anything else."

"Well, you've got your trunks, haven't you? What else did you want? By Jove, nothing ever satisfies you. Here, this is our cab—get in there."

As they started off Warren called up to the driver, "Hotel Metropole!" A moment later they were whirling through the dark misty streets.

Helen, her heart in her throat, was sitting tense and eager, gazing out. "And this is really London. This is really London!" she kept saying to herself, trying to feel all the thrill and wonder that she had thought she would feel. But in her heart there was a dull, sick sense of disappointment.

The poorly lit streets and small sordid shops through which they were passing seemed curiously without glamour or romance. Still she tried to lash herself on to some sense of awe and wonder by continuing to think, "This is London—these are really London streets!"

And so often when we have long looked forward to some great moment and that moment comes and fails pitifully flat—

## Daffydils

TO THE MINES OF SIBERIA—DEAR EDITOR— I UNDERSTAND THAT YOU GIVE \$5 FOR DAFFYDILS. HERE'S ONE I MADE UP. IT IS ORIGINAL.

ONE EVEY ELW SAT ON THE OLD TREE STUMP ALONE BY HIMSELF. HE HEARD A NOISE. HE LISTENED. A VOICE SAID, IF LEO STUMBLERD WOULD YOU CALL IT TRIPOLI. PLEASE HOLD MONEY UNTIL I CALL.

NELLIE O'ROURKE.

CONSTABLE: "HE'S COMING DOWN THE CHIMNEY."

IM A CONDUCTOR IN JERSEY CITY NOW. IT'S A REGULAR CINCIN I GET UP AT 4 AM RUSH TO THE BARN GET IN THE SO CLOCK ROLL CALL, THEN I MAKE A FEW TRIPS TO

BERGEN AVE FROM THE HOBOKEN END. TO CLEAN UP THE CORNERS OF PEOPLE WHO CANT GET ON THE REGULAR CARS THEN AT 9 I TAKE THE SHOP CAR AND MAKE A TRIP TO EDGEMONT.

HANDLE WHEELS AXLES JUNK OLD STIVES ETC. THEY I MAKE 20 TRIPS AROUND THE BELT LINE AND AT 2:10 AM I'M OFF. I GO HOME THEY AND SLEEP SOUNDLY TILL 4 AM.

1D RATHER BE JUST WHAT I AM THAN LOTS OF OTHER THINGS.

A TAILOR THATS A BUSINESS COLLECTING BILLS THATS ANOTHER BUSINESS. DE IMMERMEN WAS A TAILOR LULU WAS THE COLLECTOR. JOE SENT OUT A BILL BY LULU. HE EXPECTED THE KALE BY RETURN MAIL. OF SUCH A HAPPINESS. NEXT DAY A LETTER CAME. NO MONEY INSIDE BUT A NOTE. IT SAID, IF U.S. NEGROES ARE TAUGHT IN BOOKER WASHINGTON'S SCHOOL WHERE IS THE HOTTENTOT?

ZOUNDS!! OSCAR THE LAMB IS PORK.

GEY YOU'RE A LUCKY GUY

YEP NOTHIN TO DO TILL TOMORROW

## Telling a Friend the Truth

By DOROTHY DIX.

I have a letter that would be funny if it wasn't so pathetic, from a girl who complains that when her "gentleman friend" comes to take her out to any place of amusement he always borrows the price from her, and never pays it back. She says that she thinks he is no gentleman.

No one will dispute her opinion of the grafting youth. Most of us, to quote T. R., would describe him by a shorter and uglier word. In fact, if one should apply all of the opprobrious epithets in the dictionary of abuse to the creature—it would be rank flattery to call him a man—who is mean enough to sponge on a poor little working girl, one could scarcely do the subject justice.

A parasite is a contemptible object at best, but the male parasite who fastens himself upon the slim pocketbook of the woman who earns her own living is beneath contempt. He is the lowest thing that crawls, and why a girl should permit anything so loathsome to hang about her is past comprehension. Every sentiment of self-respect, every intuition of self-preservation should bid her spurn him from her presence the very first time he tries to dip his hand into her purse.

To this girl, and all other working girls, I say with all the earnestness I can command, never lend money to a man. Have nothing to do with a man who lets you pay for his meals, and his drinks, and his ticket when you go to places of amusement together. He is the cheapest sort of a deadbeat, and means you no good. He is simply playing you for an easy mark that he can work by making a little love to you and flattering you a bit.

A man never tries to borrow money of a woman until he has got all he can get known as a panhandler among men that no man will lend him a cent. Any honest fellow who pays his debts can get a few dollars from his men acquaintances if he happens to strike a streak of bad luck. It is only after one becomes notorious as a borrower who never pays back, and farther by him, that he descends to preying upon women.

Therefore, you may kiss your money good-bye, little sister, when you lend it to what his wife does, or who treats her well. He will let her work herself to death for him, and then he revenges the bitterness of his dependence upon her in a thousand little tyrannies and grouches and tempers.

And this is, perhaps, natural. The right kind of a man doesn't take a woman's money, and the wrong sort may be depended upon to do the wrong thing.

Therefore I say again to you, working girls, don't lend your money. Hold on to it. A dollar in your pocketbook is worth more than a beau whose way you have to which it was earned, of long blocks

weary feet have walked to save car fare, of desires for pretty clothes and good food that have been crucified, and the man who would "take from her the few dollars of her little hoard" would steal the coins off his dead mother's eyes.

No man with one spark of manhood in him but would rather starve than take money from a working woman, while as for permitting her to pay for his amusements, he would rather go to purgatory than Coney Island under such conditions.

Of course, these strictures do not apply to rich women who have plenty of money, and who are thus put on an equal financial footing with men, and may borrow and lend just as men do. Naturally there is no more reason why a man should borrow of Hetty Green or any other woman with money to lend than there is why he shouldn't borrow of Mr. Morgan or any other man.

It is the working girl and her problem who are discussing, and the minute a woman begins to earn money she is set upon by a horde of sycophant men who get their evil living out of grafting upon women. All of the drunken, trifling, no account, lazy loafers and ne'er-do-wells, all of the tellers of hard luck stories and all of the villainous men with dopey schemes that they never have enough money of their own to finance themselves, swarm about her, and it takes grit and courage and independence to turn them down and keep a padlock on her pocketbook.

Yet that is what she must do for her own self-preservation, and what makes the situation doubly hard for a sentimental and unsophisticated girl to deal with is that the foxy gentleman who is trying to borrow her money almost always accompanies his touch with a little of the most ardent love-making.

In this way he blinds the girl to his real motive, so that she cannot see how mean and selfish and low he is, or how little worth having is the man who even before marriage is willing to live on the hard toll of a woman.

The girl who lends money to a man on the theory that she will thereby bind him to her by ties of gratitude and appreciation makes the mistake of her life, for if it is true that the man who lends money to his friend loses his money and his friend both; it is doubly true of the woman who lends money to a man. There is no easier way for a woman to make a man hate her than for her to put him under obligations to her, and especially financial obligations that shame him in real men's eyes.

For proof of this you have only to take the multitudinous cases you see all about you of women who support their husbands, and in not one single instance will you find a man who is appreciative of what his wife does, or who treats her well. He will let her work herself to death for him, and then he revenges the bitterness of his dependence upon her in a thousand little tyrannies and grouches and tempers.

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## Now I Lay Me---



"Now I lay me down to sleep. I pray Thee, Lord my soul to keep— Run a thousand lispng pleas At a thousand mothers' knees."

"Now I lay me down to sleep Any place where I may creep— Well the mother cannot see The lad who whispered at her knee."

we refuse to admit our disappointment. So now Helen tried to deceive herself into believing that it was a wonderful moment and that this first glimpse of London was that she had dreamt it would be.

And when Warren asked, with a cheerful unconcern, "Well, what do you think of it?" she answered with an attempt at enthusiasm.

"Oh, I think it's a very beautiful city!"

## The Manicure Lady

"I think it is just grand the way our boys cleaned up over in Sweden," said the Manicure Lady to the Head Barber. "Brother Wilfred was so worked up about it that he wrote an ode to our Olympic heroes. It went like this: 'Oh, noble athletes, picked by Uncle Sam. After a bit of most judicious weeding. You went across the pond in all your strength. And gained a lot of laurels in Stockholm, Sweden.'"

"You want the pole vault and the running jump. In other events no nation could pursue you."

"I think that any man would be a chump to think that athletes anywhere could do you!"

"How many times have I got to tell you that your brother is a plain lug?" said the Head Barber. "He never wrote no poetry. Think of a poet making a rhyme like 'weeding' and 'Sweden.' I don't know none too much about making verses, but I know something about rhymes, because our rhetoric teacher at school used to tell us what rhymes was. She said there wasn't anything like a good rhyme or a bad rhyme. She said that a rhyme was either a rhyme or it wasn't one. She said that them some writers that rhymes 'home' with 'alone' was just as much to blame as a man that rhymed 'raige' with 'cook stove.'"

"I never knew that you went to school that long," said the manicure lady, plainly awed by George's unexpected demonstration of knowledge. "Maybe you are less of a bonehead than I ever gave you credit of being, George. It just goes to show that one can never tell for sure who is thick in the skull and who isn't. Just to think that a man of your general appearance ever had a rhetoric teacher!"

"I had more teachers," said the head barber, rather loftily. "I studied algebra, too. I had a fine algebra teacher. She taught me a lot of algebra."

"What is algebra, George?" asked the manicure lady, now thoroughly impressed.

"It's all about them X's and Y's and Z's," explained the head barber. "If there is a problem that you can't do by arithmetic you have got to do it by algebra. X is always the unknown quantity, or whatever they call it. You have all the time got to find out what X is. Then you have to show what Y stands for, and then you know the answer. For instance, X equals fat, Y equals impudence, and X plus Y equals you."

"You think you are awful wise, don't you, George?" snorted the manicure lady. "As the poet would say, you're the guy that ended the storm in brainstorm. You make me tired with all your claims of knowledge."

"You've got me wrong if you think I am intellectual," replied the head barber. "I'm not a smart man. I'm a bad man. I'm the man that put the first sin into Cincinnati."