



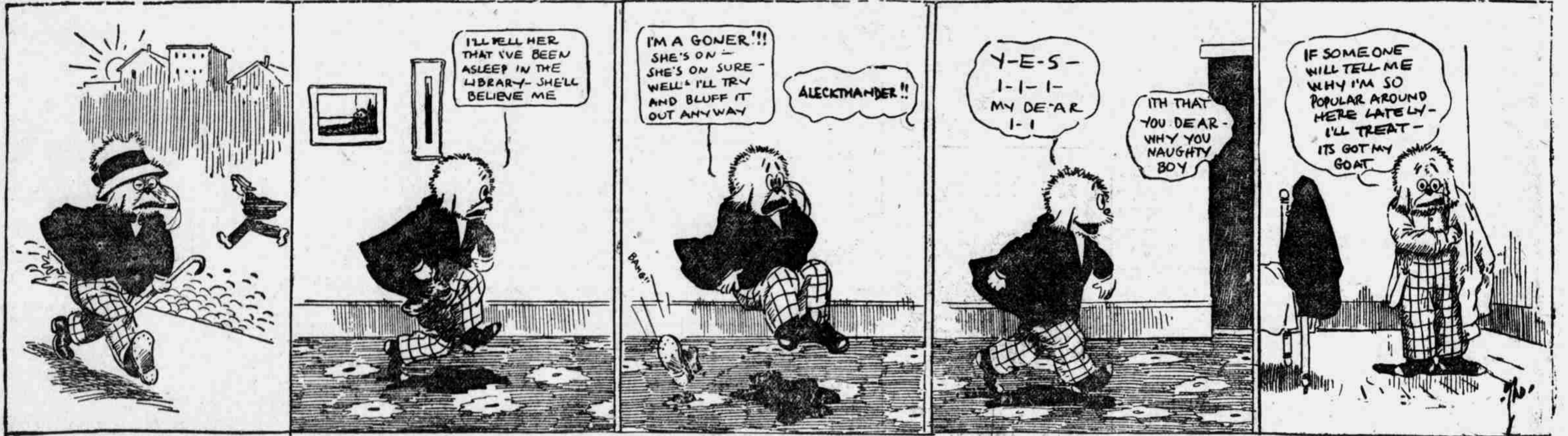
The Bee's Home Magazine Page



SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT

The Judge Can't Figure It Out Yet
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Drawn for The Bee by Tad



Married Life the Third Year

Helen Meets a Young Englishwoman Eager to Try Her Future in New York.

By MABEL HERBERT URNER.

"I know you are very busy, but if before you leave you could find time to look up this young woman, we would be very glad. We know nothing about her except that her father was a great friend of Mr. Stevens' brother Edward when he was in school in England. Of course, she does not know of Edward's death, but we would be very glad to do anything we can for her for his sake.

"Yet unless there was some chance for her success, we would not want to encourage her to come. I am inclosing you her letter, but, after all, one can judge very little from that. If you could only see her and have a talk with her we would both appreciate it.

"New York has been fearfully hot these last few days. We have been away only over the week ends, but hope to have a couple of weeks in the mountains some time in September. With much love,

EMILY S. STEVENS.

Wednesday, July 24.

When Helen had reread this last part of Mrs. Stevens' letter she took out again the letter that had been inclosed with it: "23 Longridge Road, Kensington, London, S. W., July 2, 1912.—Mr. Edward C. Stevens, care University club, New York City: My dear Mr. Stevens—You may remember that you were a classmate of my father, Benjamin R. Turnbull, who died last November. In going through his papers I found some letters from you, dated, of course, many years ago. As I am very anxious to come to New York, am writing to ask you if you think there would be any opening there for a young woman journalist.

"I have done space work, principally musical notes and book reviews, for a number of London papers. Have also written a few fiction stories and sketches for some of the weeklies here. But the pay for any kind of literary work in London is so small that it is almost impossible to make a living in this way.

"If you could give me some idea of the chances for such work in New York I would be most grateful. Very sincerely,

EDNA M. TURNBULL.

With a thoughtful frown, Helen put the letters back in the handbag. She was on her way now to look up this young woman. It was always hard for her to meet strangers and she dreaded the interview before her.

"Longridge road," called out the conductor. She left the bus and a few moments' walk brought her to No. 23. It was a dingy brick building with shops underneath. The entrance, however, was through an inside court, to which some flower beds gave a touch of cheer.

The caretaker informed her that Miss Turnbull's flat was on the fifth floor back. There was no "lift," and Helen was breathless when she had climbed the five flights.

It was several moments before there was an answer to her knock, then the door was opened by a frail looking young woman.

"Miss Turnbull?" inquiringly.

"Yes, won't you stop in?" evidently surprised and puzzled. Helen explained briefly Mrs. Stevens' letter and the cause of her visit.

If Helen felt awkward and embarrassed, the girl before her was far more so.

"Oh, I'm afraid I shouldn't have written that letter," she murmured apologetically. "I thought at the time it might seem presumptuous. But I knew Mr. Stevens had been a very good friend of father's and I was so anxious to go to New York—and I know of no one else there."

Helen, who always formed her opinions quickly, at once liked this young woman. She seemed very direct and earnest.

Gradually Helen got her to talk of her work, and of what she had hoped to do in New York. She had a small "post" on one of the London dailies, but now she was "free lancing"—writing odd sketches and stories and selling them where she could.

"And you know that's so uncertain—sometimes two or three weeks will go by before I can sell anything. London is overcrowded with journalists—and the London papers pay so little. Surely the chances would be better in New York."

"I'm afraid I don't know very much about journalism," answered Helen evasively. "But I do know New York is full of struggling writers."

"Yes, I suppose every large city is," admitted the girl. "But it seems to me no place could be so hopeless as London. Sometimes I average less than a pound a week."

"Oh, then you're not dependent on this work—for you couldn't live on that." The girl nodded. "Yes, I'm wholly dependent upon it. But one can live very cheaply in London—if you know how. You see I have only two tiny rooms here. Would you like to see the other one?"

The room in which they were sitting was evidently her workroom. Its scanty furnishings were very plain, but there were a few good pictures and some books. On a stand in the corner stood a typewriter of American make.

The other room, which was even smaller, held her cot, a chest of drawers, a stationary wash stand, a table with a tiny gas stove and a few dishes. A box of crackers and a bottle of milk on the window sill gave an insight to the frugal meals.

"I get my own breakfast here and I know a little tea room where I can have a good dinner for ninepence. So you see my meals cost very little. These rooms I rent unfurnished for two guineas a month. They are very small, but the neighborhood and the address is good. That's why I'm trying to keep them."

And then, as though fearing she had said too much, that she was seeming to appeal for sympathy, she added quickly: "But, of course, if the worst comes, I can take a position as typist at a pound a week."

"Oh, I hope you won't have to do that," exclaimed Helen. "But if you did—surely you could get more than a pound a week."

"No, typists are paid very little in England. Even the best stenographers don't get over two pounds—and I've never studied shorthand. But I'm very fast on the typewriter. I thought if I should go to New York and couldn't get work on the papers or magazines at the start—at least I could get a position as typist and make more than I could here."

"Oh, yes, if you'd be willing to start that way. But wouldn't that be very hard on you? Have you ever typed all day in an office?"

"No, but I know I could. I've typed on my manuscripts here all day and sometimes far into the night. Oh," excitedly, "if I could only get to New York, I feel sure I could do something. I've been planning this for over a year, but somehow I haven't had the courage to start. It's so hard to go to a new country all alone."

"That is hard," said Helen sympathetically. "It would take more courage than I'd have. But if you should come, both the Stevenses and my husband and I will do all we can to help you. Between us we could surely get you a position as typist. But the literary work—I'm afraid we couldn't help you much with that."

"Oh, I know," eagerly, "that work must stand on its own merits. And I suppose everyone that tries to write believes in their ability. But I feel so sure that I can write, and that in the end I will make a success of it."

Helen could not help but be imbued with some of her enthusiasm. And when finally she left it was with the promise that she would call again before they sailed.

That evening she talked it over with Warren. She had really liked the girl and had been much impressed with her earnestness and her willingness to work at anything, if only she might have a start. But Warren was most unsympathetic.

"She'd much better stay where she is," he declared. "They all hear these inflated stories about the big money to be made in New York. Nine chances out of ten they'd be much worse off. As for her thinking she can break into the literary game over there—well, she'll find it jolly hard, that's all."

"But, dear, she's willing to start as a typist. She may have to do that here—and surely she could get more money in New York."

"She might and she might not. There's plenty of stenographers there out of a job. The commercial schools turn them out by the thousands—girls that are glad to get \$6 a week or even less for a start. Most of 'em pretty good, too."

"But, Warren, she's much more intelligent than a girl just out of school." "Maybe she is, but you say she doesn't know shorthand—that's a big handicap."

Then it would cost her twice as much to live. Now you take my advice and don't encourage her in any fool notions about New York. She'd better stay in her own country where she knows the ropes."

But Helen was not convinced. She felt this girl was in earnest and that given half a chance she would succeed. Surely with her intelligence and willingness to work she could make her way in New York. So, in spite of Warren's advice she determined to encourage and help her.

It is just as hard for some people to be entertained as it is for them to be entertaining.

Women on Juries—Where Feminine Counsel Would Be of Assistance to Court

By DOROTHY DIX.

After a recent very flagrant miscarriage of justice in a murder trial in which a woman was the defendant, the trial judge expressed the opinion that it would be necessary to have women juries to try women criminals, because if a woman was young and good looking, it was practically impossible to get men to convict her no matter how strong the evidence was against her.

Judge Mary Bartelme, the first woman ever honored with a call to the bench in Illinois, who will assist as associate judge with Judge Merritt C. Pinckney in the juvenile court, takes the same view of the necessity for women jurors. She believes in mixed juries, and says:

"Women on juries will change lots of things for the better. You will find that lawyers must depend on the legitimate facts if they hope to impress

mixed juries. Women will puncture a good many balloons that prove good for daisy flights in the courts nowadays."

Undoubtedly both of these distinguished jurists are right. There is not only room for women in the jury box, but there is a crying need for them there. Our greatest two pieces of national humor have been that in a democracy one-half of the people had no voice in government, and

that in a trial by jury, which guarantees to every one a trial by his peers, women were tried by men.

And this latter joke is given a further point by the fact that men frankly admit that they don't understand women and are not up to the tricks and manners of even the smallest girl child.

It has been said that the strangest thing on earth is now twelve intelligent men can get together and act like one old woman. The next strange thing is how twelve hard-headed, practical business men dissolve into a sentimental mush when they get in a jury box.

Apparently they don't weigh evidence, nor take probability into account, nor use any common sense in judging character and motives if they are trying a woman. All that the defense has to do is to talk plattitudinously about "home and mother," little children and angel wings and wronged innocence, and the jury will file solemnly out and bring in a verdict of "not guilty," no matter how clearly it has been proven that the murderer had committed a cold-blooded and deliberate crime.

Their theory is that perhaps she didn't do it, and if she did do it she probably had good reasons for doing it, and the other party ought to have been killed anyway, and, anyhow, they are not going to send a woman to the electric chair or to prison for life, especially if she is good looking.

An American jury dealing with a woman criminal is gallantry gone to seed, but it doesn't make for justice, and does make it perfectly safe for any woman with golden hair and a willowy figure to go out and shoot any man against whom she gets peeved. Also, it makes it profitable for other tender young creatures with blackmaling tendencies to bring breach of promise suits against wealthy men.

It would have a most restraining influence on both of these types of the woman criminal if they knew that they were to be tried before juries of women instead of juries of men. For a woman knows that while she may fool a man she can never deceive a sister woman. A woman jury will not care two raps whether a murderer is pretty or ugly, or be moved thereby. A woman jury will assay at their true value her tears, and know whether she is weeping for effect or because her heart is torn with grief. And a woman jury can tell by a thousand intangible signs, as no man jury ever can, whether a woman witness is speaking the truth or not. There is a freemasonry of sex of which only the members know the grips and the countersigns.

Nor will women juries accept, as men do, the pathetic tale of how she has been deceived and wronged, that a middle aged woman with a hard painted face gives as her justification for killing some man whom she has taken away from his wife. Neither will they feel called upon to shed many tears over the broken heart that asks money to heal it.

The woman will need a cause to be just who goes before a woman jury; but, on the other hand, there are matters involving as nice a judgment as that of Solomon in which women's sympathy and intuition will make for mercy as well as justice.

Certainly, the cases that come up in the children's court, in which the relation between parents and children and childish misdemeanors must be settled, should be tried before juries on which there are mothers, with a mother's knowledge of children, and a mother's heart to feel for other mothers.

Also, it is nothing but fair that all divorce cases, and cases that involve the relations of men and women, should be tried before mixed juries. No woman is capable of understanding men any more than a man is capable of understanding a woman, and it needs the combined wisdom of both to strike the just mean in such cases.

Another good reason why women should be on juries is that they have both time and inclination for it, whereas men seldom have either. It is notorious that men will go to any length short of perjury to evade jury duty, whereas women would like it.

In every community there are numbers of women of intelligence, of good sound judgment, of irreproachable character, who have ample leisure and they might make a valuable contribution to the state by giving their services as jury women. Women's counsel and help are considered valuable everywhere else—why not in the court room? Finally the proof of the pudding is in the eating, and we have not only theories but facts to go upon. Women juries have been tried in several of the states, where women have the franchise, and the judges speak with enthusiasm of the sane and fair verdicts they have returned.

One man who would never succeed if he kept his plans to himself is the architect

The Ten Ages of Beauty

Illustration from Good House-keeping Magazine for September

The Coquette



THIS PICTURE BY NEIL BRINKLEY IS REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION AND ACCOMPANIES AN ARTICLE BY OCTAVE UZANNE, ENTITLED "THE STORY OF FURS AND MUFFS."

By MARGARET HUBBARD AYER.

When she was a very little girl, and her mother gave dinner parties, just before dinner was announced it was found that all the men guests, led by her father, had disappeared from the drawing room. They had gone upstairs and gathered about the crib of the future coquette, who conversed blithely as any of the young ladies will, flirted with them outrageously at the age of 3, ordered them about and treated these men who were to be the fathers of her future beaux as if they were little boys, made only to do her bidding.

"That child is a born coquette!" said her mother, and some of the girls whose beaux had left them to go to the nursery sighed, envying the baby who already showed the power she had over the other sex.

The coquette who is born to rule by virtue of charm, fascination and beauty is an irresistible person. The coquette who is made by artifice, whose attractions are forced and whose high spirits are artificial is a nuisance, and she generally ends by being a disgrace to her kind.

The fascinating women who have ruled the hearts of men and have been called coquettes for want of a better name, have generally been able to back up their title for supremacy with other attributes besides a pretty face and a charming manner.

The women who were famous in the eighteenth century for their wit and attraction were extremely clever and learned. These pretty young women, with their curled and powdered hair, their brocaded frocks and panniers, went through a pretty severe schooling before they were turned out as belles to rule society.

They were taught Latin and mathematics, besides their own language; they had to be able to understand and crit-

icise poetry, and all the arts and manners in those days were a study in which no well bred girl could fail.

Besides that, they must dance more gracefully than the women on the stage, they had to know something of music and conversation, which was then a high art, was the medium through which they showed off their learning, their sharp wit and intellect.

Indeed, it wasn't easy to be a belle in the days of paint and powder. It is much simpler in our time, when a pretty face and pleasant manners make up for all deficiencies of mind and education.