

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT

The Judge Saw Something

Drawn for The Bee by Tad



Hunting a Husband

Tired and Worn Out, the Widow is Surprised by Dr. Haynes.

By VIRGINIA TERHUNE VAN DEWATER.

Mary and his mistress were too weary to prepare any dinner that first night in the bungalow. The widow appreciated also, that in the country, where there are fewer modern conveniences than in town, one must humor a maid if one would keep her. Indeed, Mary's discontent at certain conditions was evident and added to Mrs. Minor's general sense of discomfort. She tried to appreciate that the domestic, like herself, was tired and depressed, and she forbore to answer sharply when Mary called her attention to the fact that to get into the cellar where the coal was stored one must go out of the house and down an outside staircase to the lower steps.

"And the cellar door's hard to lift," remarked the girl, "and the coal will be heavy to carry upstairs."

"I know it," said Beatrice regretfully, "but it won't be for very long, Mary. We'll be here only about two months."

"Yes, but a body can get real tired in that time," observed the maid. "And it's just come to me that takin' care of the lamps will be quite a job. I should think, since they have water in the houses here, they'd have gas too."

Beatrice paused to bite back the impatient exclamation that rose to her lips. If she were only rich enough to be independent and keep as many servants as she wanted. But again she forced herself to speak patiently.

"Well, Mary," she said, "I know it's not easy. But you see, it's for the little girl's sake that we came." She paused to steady her voice before going on, "I appreciate that there's more work even in a small house like this than in a city apartment and I will make it as easy for you as I can. We won't have much company, and we'll not have much cooking. And—hesitatingly—"I'll put out the washing while I'm here. It will cost me more than I can really afford," she went on more sharply, "but I, at least, am willing to sacrifice myself for the sake of having Jean well."

The sarcasm was lost on Mary.

"All right," she responded more cheerfully. "If you fix things that way, I guess I'll get along. Now I'll fix you a bit of supper. It's so late perhaps just a boiled egg and a cup of tea'll be all you want."

"Cook what you want for yourself, and give me a bread and butter sandwich and a glass of iced tea later," said the mistress. "If Mr. Robbins had not been so kind in ordering groceries, ice and milk for us, I don't know just what the children and I would have done this first night."

She sighed wearily and bent over another trunk. Jack and Jean had had their supper of bread and milk and were in bed. It was almost twilight in the little parlor where the trunks had been set for unpacking, but the lighting of the lamps would increase the heat of the small room and Beatrice deferred the illumination as long as possible. She was feverishly desirous to get everything unpacked and put away tonight. She was disgusted with all the mess and disorder of moving. If she must be out here, she wanted to get settled as soon as possible.

So she toiled on until the last trunk was emptied, and its contents stowed away in closets and dresser drawers before telling Mary to bring her frugal repast. She was too tired to eat, but drank glass after glass of iced tea, seated alone in the small dining room where two candles made flickering light across the unmade table. What was the use of setting the board for one lone woman? The reflection brought tears once more to the widow's eyes. She noticed she was getting into the habit of crying easily. Well, she would go to her room and try to sleep.

But that kind of thing is simpler to plan than to do. It is as easy to make the proverbial horse drink when led as the water as to compel one's self to sleep when that self is over-tired, over-excited and over-stimulated by too many draughts of strong tea. So tonight Beatrice Minor turned and tossed for a long hour and a half; then glancing at her watch by the light of a match, she found it was only a quarter before eleven.

She could not stand this sort of thing she told herself. She must go outside, where she could breathe better. Partially dressed she slipped on a wrapper and stepping out upon the veranda, groped her way to the hammock that swung near the front steps. She was not afraid for she was lacking in the timidity that makes some women dislike the country. Moreover, neighbors seemed quite near tonight, for the sound of merry voices from Helen's veranda and the whir of an occasional automobile rushing along the road at the foot of the hill were borne

Club Woman Favors the Idea of a Committee on Divorce



WOMEN'S CLUB PRESIDENT FAVORS THE PLAN OF A COMMITTEE TO WORK TOWARD REUNITING ESTRANGED COUPLES, AND THEREBY WORK AGAINST THE INCREASE OF THE DIVORCE EVIL.

By MARGARET HUBBARD AYER.

The Life as a Fine Art club, which resumed its meetings at the Astor hotel, wrote the other day to find itself famous. According to the public prints, this club was to aid women contemplating divorce, but let me tell you at once that this is a complete misunderstanding of the case.

The Life as a Fine Art club goes in for all kinds of high and uplifting things, dealing with the soul and deals with mental and spiritual welfare, but it does not touch upon divorce. No, no, no, not at all, although—

The whole trouble arose when Mrs. Mildred Manly Euston, president of the club, tried to impress upon her hearers at the club meeting the ideals of the club into practical realities.

Mrs. Euston made a joke about the divorce question, and it's from that little joke that all the trouble came.

She explained the joke to me when I asked her at the Pennsylvania station just as she was fitting out of the city and away from thousands of telephone calls.

"Now, wasn't it a dreadful thing to misinterpret what I said?" Mrs. Euston is a pleasing looking woman of bright and ingratiating manner.

"It was our first club meeting for the year, and my idea was that a committee should be appointed to look after the members of the club who remain in town during the summer and to keep in touch with the members whether they attend the meetings or not.

"During the summer time you have probably noticed that all clubs, as well as the philanthropic societies, suspend animation entirely. You can't get in touch with any member of the club unless that member is your personal friend.

"In the autumn you come together again and lo and behold! One member has died, another member is in the hospital undergoing a serious operation. The club knows nothing about it and has offered no aid or sympathy.

"Now what we are going to have is a social service committee, composed of a number of women under one particularly fine leader. Mrs. William F. Peters was named as a woman of splendid personality, especially fitted for this work. This committee will try to keep in touch with all members, will aid whenever it is possible, and yes, I did say that such a committee under the right leadership would be a great deal. In case, for instance, a man and wife had separated and were contemplating divorce.

"That was merely a joke, because the members of our club are opposed to divorce rather than for it. But still, now that there has been so much talk about it, I believe that it would be a sensible idea if clubs and social centers—the settlements, for instance—had such a committee.

"Just the right kind of person would have to be chosen to do this work, for it would require infinite tact, but I believe that there are thousands of women who would give anything to be able to talk over their domestic troubles with a sympathetic yet impersonal friend, who could give them wise, sensible advice and who was not related to them in any way.

"I think that the judges of the Court of Domestic Relations know that this is true. The committee that I have in mind would work for the reconciliation of the estranged couple, and consequently they would work against the increase of divorce."

The Zeitgeist

By ELBERT HUBBARD.

When we have an idea we either invent a word to express it, or else we borrow one. The best use of ideas is for gift purposes. We keep ideas by giving them away.

And only through formulating thoughts for another do we make them our own. Language, like electricity, is for purposes of transmission.

In the last issue of the Century Dictionary will be found the word Zeitgeist. It is a German word, now naturalized and accepted as an American citizen.

The word Zeitgeist means the soul of things. It means that great mass of opinion, ideals, hopes and tendencies that men in the mass accept.

We are all partakers of the Zeitgeist. Any man who thinks thoughts that are original and belong only to himself will die of heart hunger, marooned on a desert island called Nostalgia. We are happy only when we are expressing the best in the Zeitgeist. We only succeed as we live in the Zeitgeist.

No one understands us, save as we explain to them the things they already know, but which perhaps they do not know they know until we tell them.

The arts of speech, sculpture, painting, literature, are all endeavors to interpret the Zeitgeist. When a man's head is in a certain stratum of spiritual atmosphere he knows all the thoughts of other people whose heads are in the same stratum. If you are on my wire when I ring, you respond.

In the Zeitgeist there are degrees of subtlety, just as in sound there are vibrations which to some ears are never felt. There are tints and shades that are observable to some people and not to others.

We are influenced by the Zeitgeist. Also, we are helping to form the Zeitgeist.

A man may die and drop out of the game, but the Zeitgeist lives on and on. And the influence that this man has exerted on the many still endures because they are products of the Zeitgeist.

The present Zeitgeist is of a kind unequalled in history. We have thousands upon thousands of men and women who are thinking great and noble thoughts and expressing those thoughts in their work. Many of our big business men, our people are sensitive, restless, alert

impressionable, progressive, and making for righteousness. The man who can imagine a better religion than now exists is allowed to throw his vision on the screen, and he who can formulate a better government than we now have is not hanged for his pains, but is allowed to express his dreams.

Public opinion rules. No law that is contrary to the Zeitgeist can be forced. Judges construe, translate and interpret the laws to suit the trend of the times.

Every man who speaks out loud and clear is tinging the Zeitgeist. Every man who expresses what he honestly thinks is true is changing the Zeitgeist.

Thinkers help other people think, for they formulate what others are thinking. No person writes or thinks alone—thought is in the air, but its expression is necessary to create a tangible trend of the times.

The value of the thinker who writes, or a writer who thinks, or a business man who acts, is that he supplies arguments for the people, and confirms all who are on his wire in their opinions, often before unuttered.

The brotherhood of man is an idea now fully appreciated in business. Commerce today stands for mutuality, reciprocity, co-operation.

The American department store has taken up lost motion and given the people better goods at a lower price. It has been the inevitable, because it does the greatest good to the greatest number. It has worked for economy and length of days. It means minimum—or one.

Every purchaser must be pleased. A child who buys a spool of thread is given the same courteous attention as the shrewdest buyer. The customer is made to feel that he is at home; that he is with strong and influential friends; that his interests are safeguarded. This matter of faith between buyer and seller is a new thing in the world.

Employers who plot and plan for private gain are swabbing the greased chute that leads to limbo. Owners who run a business but do not make money neither make money nor do they last.

Merchants cannot make money on one transaction. Every sale must pave the way for further sales. We make our money out of our friends, for our enemies will not deal with us. A transaction where both sides are not benefited is immoral.

The trend of the times is all in the direction of enlightened self-interest. Righteousness is a form of self-preservation. We prosper personally as we minister to the well-being of others. The universe is planned for good.—Copyright, 1912, International News Service.

Regular Road to Success

While women during the last decade have forged rapidly to the front of the ranks in the industrial world, there is but one woman in the country who personally supervises the work in a large glass manufacturing plant. She is Miss Edna T. Crick of Brookville, Pa., and the story of her career is not essentially unlike that of many ambitious members of her sex who have become business successes. As a young girl she worked as a waitress in a restaurant in Du Bois, Pa., and later as a kitchen maid. But while her days were taken up with the hardest kind of work for but little more than her board and lodging, this plucky girl who, almost from childhood, had to look after herself, passed her evenings in study. Concentrated effort on a night school business course resulted at last in her qualification for a position in an office, and her first position was with a law firm. She had this for three years.

When a glass company was incorporated in her home town the directors chose Miss Crick from among several applicants for a position in the office. That was ten years ago. One year ago, after having filled the position as secretary, director and assistant treasurer, she was made factory manager. Looking after the employing and replacing of workmen—400 of them—in and about the factory is just one phase of this hustling young woman's position. Although more than one business man doubted Miss Crick's ability to make a success of her latest undertaking, she made good right from the start.

Notwithstanding her unusual experience in active public life, where she has stood shoulder to shoulder with the brainiest of men while discharging her duties, Miss Crick has remained an anti-suffragette—Norfolk Virginian.

A Low Grade of Knowledge.

"Did you know Charlie Goldie call on you last night?"

"Yes, he calls almost every night."

"That sounds serious. What sort of young man is he—pretty intelligent?"

"Intelligent! Why, say, he doesn't know enough to embrace an opportunity."

Sensation of Flying Three Miles in the Air

What it means to fly three miles from the surface of the earth is graphically described by Royland Garros, whose record of 15,400 feet, made on September 8, has been exceeded September 19 by Lesageux. The latter reached an elevation of 18,435 feet, or well over three miles and a half. Garros, at a height of more than 16,000 feet, found his motor stop, and was forced to volve plane to the ground. Garros describes his experience vividly in the Paris Matin. He writes that, after waiting a week for the sky to become less covered with cloud, he started on Friday without much confidence of success. There were a few patches of blue sky, but the weather was unfavorable, the wind fresh and bitterly cold. He continues:

"I start with a two hours' supply of petrol, an oxygen breathing apparatus and a costume worthy of a polar explorer. It is 12:45 p. m. by my watch. The clouds are rather more than 1,000 meters high. I reach them in four minutes and pass them, through a gap of blue sky. I rise very quickly. According to the diagrams of my two barometers I reach 2,000 meters in less than ten minutes. At 3,000 meters I have the impression that I am being driven back from the coast, although my machine is making over seventy miles an hour. At 4,000 meters there is no longer any doubt. I am being carried backward by the wind, which is consequently moving at more than thirty-two meters a second. One would almost say, however, that it was a calm dash, as it was so regular. From time to time through a gap in the clouds I see beneath me a corner of Normandy.

"The motor weakens; there are misfires, which I overcome with more petrol. I begin to breathe oxygen while counting the beat of my motor, which continues to run normally. The climb becomes arduous. It is very cold, but I am well wrapped up and do not feel it much.

"Four thousand six hundred! I again hold the 'record' which is the greatest thing. The machine begins to waver in the air, which seems no longer to support it. The fight against misfires becomes ever more critical. I still hope, however, to get 500 or 600 meters higher. I notice, unfortunately, that my supply of oxygen will not last out. Here is 4,800 meters, the height of Mount Blanc! I have a mouthful of oxygen left, and my motor misfires so frequently that I climb no longer. I even notice that the barometer diagram marks a descent, but I am, as it were, hypnotized by the 600-meter line, which is less than two millimeters from the point of the recording pen. I shall stick to it till the motor gives up. I try to find a more favorable air current and call upon all my resources, those of an old acrobat. At last the diagram shows again a slight ascent; I climb 150 to 200 meters higher. Breathing is now very difficult, but here is 5,000 meters—I have got it! I mean to get beyond it.

"An alarming shock and a great noise! I cut my ignition and start planing down. Every turn of the propeller shakes the whole machine violently, and I do what I can to come down as slowly as possible in order to spare my wings, which have already been too severely tested. Evidently some important piece, probably a valve rod, is broken in the motor. But gradually the vibration diminishes, and at last the propeller sticks fast. Thus I glide down with the stay wires whistling more or less shrilly, according to my speed. I am still 4,500 meters up, but I have the conviction that I am out of danger. I pass through the clouds again at 1,500 meters, and see with joy beneath me the most beautiful pasture land. I have merely to choose where I will land. It would be a mere joke if it were not for the terrible buzzing which I have had in my ears for the last five minutes. At last the earth draws near. I am exactly head to wind, and I land in a few yards.

Garros actually landed at a place twelve and one-half miles inland from Houlgate,

Little Bobbie's Pa

By WILLIAM F. KIRK.

I think Taft has a cinch, sed Pa.

For hevings' sake, sed Ma, don't pester me with politics talk all the time. That is all that I have heard all day. The butcher was here to collect his bill and he told me that Taft wud win. The ice-man was here and he was boosting Wilson. The milkman was here & he sed he wished they cud git a good presidential candidate. No wonder. Please cut it out, sed Ma.

All rite, sed Pa. One morning you tell me not to read the paper at breakfast & to talk to you instead, & the next morning, when I try to talk to you instead of reading the paper, I git another bawling out. That is sum motto that we have on the wall, is it? sed Pa.

Don't burn up, deer, sed Ma. Talk about something else, that is all I mean. Wimmen isn't interested in politics. Why don't you ever talk to me about things that wimmen prizes, like bargains? There is the luvliest silk sale at one of the stores. I was jest reading it.

I think Roosevelt has a outside chanst, sed Pa. Of course Theodore has made his mistakes, the same as the rest of us, such as cumming back from a tour of the world & making a tour of Albany, but Mister Lewis says there is sum thing for-ge-ful — compelling about a man & he mits happen to hop back into the chare a third time, the way George Washington & Mister Grant did. You never can tell, sed Pa. This is a funny age we are living in. Just wen you think you are a grate man & wise guy, along cums Dago Frank & Gyp the Blood.

As I was saying about this silk sale, sed Ma. It is the chanast of a lifetime. You know, husband deer, I like to help you all I can, becaus I know how hard you work I always try to be of assistance to you. This silk is only five dollars a yard. It was nearly six dollars a year ago to day. It will wud need wud

be ten yards & I would have a butifull frock.

Of course, sed Pa, wen it cums to the state campane, I am up in the air a littel. I think Mister Hedges wud make a grate govnor, but I am afraid there aint enuff peepul with a vote who reealls like him what a joke life is. If the democrats pick the rite man, or the progressives, Pa, sed, one of them is label to be elected if Mister Hedges isn't.

I am gitting smaller than I was, sed Ma. Not I know I wud need ten yards. Not any more than ten yards, tho. That wud make me a frock & you know I need a frock to match my others frocks.

I wish we had a man like Grover Cleveland or that grate old master of them all, Abraham Lincoln, Pa, sed. Speak up, Bobbie, Pa, sed, & tell yure mother who was the grate old master of them all.

All rite, Pa, I sed. I think the grate old master of them all is Matty.

Habits of the Democracy.

At last, Thors, a regular and optimistic republican, was solving his opinion that in the next election the democrats would repeat their many former experiences and bury their hopes at the polls. It reminded him of the experience of the middle-aged woman who went into a shop, and, without hesitation, made straight for the crepe counter. The girl who handled this funeral material was extremely affable.

"We have a large stock of crepes," she explained. "Let me show you some new French goods, very popular at this time for every kind of mourning and designed to express every degree of grief. If you will tell me for whom you are in mourning, I can fix you out in exactly the right thing."

"Husband," replied the customer, briefly.

"In that case," said the girl, graciously, "I can tell you just what—"

"Young woman," interrupted the older woman, angrily, "you needn't bother yourself. This is the fourth husband I've buried, and I know all about it!"—Populus Magazine.