The Bee's Home Magazine Page

SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT

The Judge Still Laughs—What's the Joke?

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Drawn for The Bee by Tad

The Rights of Daughters

By DOROTHY DIX.

Frequently I get letters from girls complaining that their parents will not permit them to have any friends, of either sex, visit them in their homes, and that no jailer could be more cruel or more tyrannical to them than their fathers and mothers.

I confess that I have given scant credence to these charges, for it did not seem possible to me that in this enlightened day any father or mother could have little enough sense, to say nothing of little enough affection, to do the one thing that was sureat to drive a young girl away from home, and into the very dangers that beset youth and beauty in a great city.

I thought that the narrow, ignorant, selfish opinionated, mean little despot of the home existed only in melodrama on Fourteenth street, where the stern parent still survives, and turns his daughter out of house and home. But it seems that I was mistaken, as the following letter shows. And it's a real, genuine, bona-fide letter written by a woman who signs herself, "One in Trouble."

She writes: "I am the mother of two daughters, who are both working, but I think I have the right to control their actions in every way and expect their implicit obedience. I have no trouble with my younger daughter, who is delicate, and always obeys me in everything, but the older girl, who is 28 years old, and a milliner, gives me great annoyance.

"I thing a girl's place is at home after her day's work is over. But my daughter wants to go out. She prefers other people's company to ours, and likes to go out to the theater. I do not give her permission to go, nor does she go, as she knows her father would disown her if she did, and she gets very mopy, and this is disagreeable for us.

"We do not object to her getting married to a good man, but where is one who will be to her what we have been? I am constantly telling her this, but she rebels and says that she would like to have young men call at the house. Now, my husband has gout and we cannot be annoyed with men calling. Besides, we all retire at 10 o'clock every evening, and no one comes or goes from our house after that hour. We are highly respectable and allow no nonsence in our house.

"I have just found out that my daughter is keeping company with some man. I cannot tell how, as she is always home before 10. I do not know how to keep her from him. She used to tell me everything, but as I put a stop to all of her other men acquaintances, she is hiding this from me, and I am much worried. I do not even know if the man is a married man or not, and I do not believe any respectable man would have anything to do with a girl who cannot openly receive him in her own home. Please tell me how to gain my daughter's confidence, and also how to stop this affair before it goes too far."

Desn't it seem incredible that there could be two human beings in the world with little enough knowledge of life and youth to act as this father and mother are doing? Undoubtedly they love their daughter, and desire her good, and yet the most malevolent enemy in the world couldn't have devised any better plan for ruining her life.

To begin with, they are so incredibly selfish that to prevent themselves from being disturbed and their provincial little pleasures broken into, they cut their daughters out of all of the joys and pleasures of their girlhood. Youth has a right to laugh, to have company, to dance, to make merry and to go to theaters and places of amusement, and for a girl's parents to keep her from enjoying these innocent pleasures is to defraud her out of her birthright.

This home, according to the mother's own statement of it, is worse than any jail, and that the girl doesn't run away and leave it, as she would be perfectly justified in doing at 28 years of age, shows that she is a young woman with an extraordinarily high sense of duty. If she had been of a more pleasure-loving disposition and a weaker fibre, she would have skipped out long ago and joined the ranks of the chorus—or worse. Many a girl is driven into the primrose path by her parents making her own home so dreary and unattractive that it seemed better to take any risk than to stay in it.

As for refusing to let a girl have a beau at home, are there any parents so dull as not to be able to figure out what the result of that is bound to be? If the girl is very homely, and the father and mother lucky, it dooms her to be an old maid. If the girl is good looking and attractive, it means that she will meet men on the street and pick up chance acquaintances, and that some day she will elope with some stranger of whom her people never heard, and who is more likely than not to be just the man she shouldn't have married.

Instead of driving young men away from their home, every father and mother of daughters should not only welcome their daughter's male acquaintances, but should use every means to get personally acquainted with the young men and find out everything possible about them, for only in that way can they guard their daughters and prevent them from making disastrous marriages.

This mother complains that her daughter doesn't confide in her. Why should she? How could the mother expect it when she puts her foot down on every plan the girl has and forbids her every pleasure? Such a woman is not a mother. She's nothing but a grinding tyrant, and she had as well realize that her daughter looks upon her as a despot and not a sympathetic friend.

The mother asks my advice. It is this: Turn over a new leaf. Wake up to the fact that a girl of 28 isn't a baby. She is a woman grown with a woman's rights. Give her some pleasure at home if you want her to stay there. Let her invite in all of her friends, and make as many parties as she wants to. Suspend your 10 o'clock rule, for it's a lot better that you and your gouty husband should lose a little sleep than it is for you daughter to be meeting strange men on the street.

Just remember if you want to keep your children at home you've got to make your home an agreeable place to stay in. If you want your children's love you must be lovable, and if you desire your daughter's confidence you must listen to her with understanding, sympathy and helpfulness. Nobody, not even a daughter, loves a jailer, or confides in a wet blanket.

Pointed Paragraphs.

It's tough on the society bud who marries a becoming idiot.

A bluff may prove an effective substitute for the real goods.

After the fight is over many a man is sorry he didn't compromise.

No, Cordelia, it doesn't make a singer's tones clear to strain her voice.

Some men never miss the water until the well runs dry in a dry town.

Don't waste your sympathy on the poor. The rich need some of it.

Really, every man walks with a measured tread. He uses two feet at a time.

It's easier for most men to pray for forgiveness than it is to fight temptation.

When a man talks about love he acts as if he felt ashamed of his conversation.

Once in a great while nature makes a mistake and it turns out a handsome man.

There's nothing better than marriage for bringing out all the temper there is in red hair.

One way to get the reputation of having good judgment is to agree with everybody.

It doesn't take the man who thinks he knows it all very long to tell how little he really knows.—Chicago News.

BOOTH'S HYOMEI

Breathe it for Catarrh
Physicians Prescribe it
and Pharmacists
Recommend it.

Quickly Clears Stuffed-Up Head and Stops Snuffling and Hawking

In the morning, shortly after you awake. Dear reader, do you have to hawk and strain to get that stubborn piece of mucus out of your throat?

Get rid of catarrh now; it will grow worse as you grow older. One day of breathing pleasant, healing HYOMEI (pronounce it High-o-me) the guaranteed catarrh remedy will give you such wonderful relief that you will wonder why you doubted the statement that Booth's HYOMEI would end the most aggravating case of catarrh.

A hard rubber pocket inhaler and a bottle of HYOMEI with simple instruction for use is $1.00. This is called the HYOMEI outfit. If one bottle does not banish your catarrh, you can get another for only 50 cents. Thousands use it for coughs, cold and croup. Sold by druggists everywhere.—Advertisement.

Daffydils

"HALF THE WORLD ARE SQUIRRELS AND THE OTHER HALF ARE NUTS."

THE REAL ESTATE BROKER WALKED UP TO THE PROSPECTIVE TENANT AND HANDED HIM A LINE OF CHATTER THEN HE DREW OUT THE PAPERS AND THE MAN WAS ABOUT TO SIGN THE AGREEMENT WHEN ONE OF THE CLAUSES STRUCK HIS EYE. IT SAID, "IF A TIN SOLDIER IS SICK IS THE HOBBY-HORSE?"

WINCENT! WILL YOU HAVE WINEGAR ON YOUR WITTLES?

THE SMALL TIME COMEDIAN HOPPED LIGHTLY UP TO THE FOOT LIGHTS. THEN IN A VOICE THAT THUNDERED THROUGHOUT THE HOUSE, HE PIPED, "BREATHES THERE A MAN WITH SOUL SO DEAD, WHO NEVER TO HIMSELF HATH SAID, IF A CAT WAS SITTING ON THE BACKYARD FENCE AND YOU THREW A CORK AT HER WOULD THE BOTTLE-STOPPER?"

KITH ME!!

NOTHING MAKETH ME THICK

THE EARLY SHOPPER RUSHED IN TO THE DEPARTMENT STORE, DROPPED HER PACKAGE AND IMMEDIATELY GOT BUSY BUYING STUFF. AFTER FINISHING HER BUYING SHE PICKED UP HER PACKAGE. THE WRONG ONE HOWEVER. SHE DIDN'T KNOW IT UNTIL SHE READ ON THE OUTSIDE, "WHEN THE CLOUDS GATHER IS RAIN-DEW?"

STAND BACK CHILD!! THE CANYON IS FILTHY WITH INDIANS

The Girl at the Cigar Stand

By ELBERT HUBBARD.

A new type of new woman has evolved. You will find her presiding at the cigar stand in the lobby of the first hotel you enter.

She corresponds to the barmaid of merry England, being a sort of survival of the days when Shakespeare made love to Mistress Davenant at the Oxford Inn.

This girl at the cigar stand is fluffy ruffles with a business education. Her hair effect is wonderful to contemplate; her manner friendly; her information colossal. She know everybody and their relatives and calls a thousand men by their first names.

When not otherwise employed, you can find her carefully examining her features in a hand mirror and applying the polish to the part of her classic physiognomy that seems to need it most.

This operation, I have sometimes thought, is in the line of publicity. It is always interesting and usually causes comments by the males who stand close by.

There are fashions prevalent in cigar girls. The demand now seems to be for the blonde with the Titian crown of glory.

Next in favor is the bichloride effect, with widow's weeds to match. This one usually goes on at 3 o'clock and works until 11. Her partner, who goes on at 7 o'clock in the morning and works until 3, is played against her by contrast. And for her, walnut brown or raven black are just now the vogue with ribbons and violets blue.

The lady is never cast down or abashed. Good cheer is her chief asset. She shakes hand with all the customers, young and old, as she passes out the persiflage. Jolly and josh leap easily from her lubricated tongue.

She lives right out in sight of the public. Her life is above suspicion. No man flirts with her excepting across the glass case where the cigars are kept. A full yard of distance separates her, save as she reaches over and gives the glad hand.

She knows the smokers all, or at least she pretends to. Each one flatters himself that he is next. The older he is, the bolder he is and the more short of breath the more the affinity microbe is in his mind and nowhere else.

A little mild gossip with the girl, a shaking of the dice; the telling of a few stories, trimmed with lilac on the edges; the purchase of a big, fierce black cigar—these things fulfill the requirements for a bit of psychic devilry, and satisfy the ambitions of the has-been.

In any event, he buys cigars and as the girl talks to him she shakes the bones in the leather box, and then she throws out the dice on the glass case. She throws again and again. And then they shake for the cigars.

The more the girl shakes the more money she makes. If she could do this all day she would make money for the institution. She knows this full well, because the man buys cigars at the retail price, and when she loses she loses at wholesale; and so if this girl did nothing else but shake dice for cigars, according to the law of averages, she would be money to the good.

She is an honest girl. She gives an undivided service and she adds greatly to the good cheer and to the picturesqueness of the lobby, just as women always do wherever they officiate.

Depend upon this, that no girl at the cigar stand who meets any of her customers in executive session ever holds her job. The girl at the counter that you see there week after week, month after month, is on the dead level. She is a working woman and her ruffles, fluffles, frivols, smiles, rouge and wonderful hirsute creations are all in the line of legitimate business.

At the same time she drives away nostalgia from the hotel habitue. Two hundred times a day she is addressed as "sister," and confidentially told that she looks exactly like "my wife," "my daughter" or "my sweetheart," as the case may be. Five hundred times a day she is called "kiddo."

But she gets even by selling the fresh party one cigar or a box. She never resents anything. She is a salesman and when she passes out a box of cigars and the man scowls and says, "Not those!" she smiles sweetly, apologizes profusely, puts the box back and takes out another label, and the man is satisfied.

Even if you do not use tobacco, you can talk to the girl at the cigar stand just the same. If you prefer to "shake" for gum, she will accommodate you.

She does her work as well as she can—and is kind.—Copyright, 1912, International News Service.

Lays Blame on Human Greed

Woman Tells How to Fight the High Cost of Living

MRS. WINIFRED H. COOLEY.

By MARGARET HUBBARD AYER.

Why is the cost of living high?

"There is something so utterly absurd in the individual trying to solve the high cost of living," said Mrs. Winifred Harper Cooley, who is at the head of so many domestic science federations and a real authority on foods, domestic economy and such like necessary things.

"It is like ants laboriously toiling on their little sand pile only to have a big foot stamp them out of existence.

"Hysterical housewives mob the retail meat stores, forego butter for a week, or skimp on eggs, thinking thereby to alter the conditions of Big Business. Their ignorance is absolutely pitiful, and they are doing nothing to get at the root of the matter and to reduce the high cost of living.

"All the remedies in the world invented for economizing in the little home are but tiny doses of medicine which do not reach the great economic ill.

"Modern competitive business is inefficient and criminally extravagant," continued Mrs. Cooley. "Here and there firms realize their waste and get up schemes of scientific management and efficiency. But 95 per cent of all business enterprises are said to fail. Of course, somebody has to pay for these failures, as well as for the risk the new enterprises incur. Is it any wonder that the consumer has to pay high prices? For the consumer is paying not only for what he is getting, but for the possibilities of failure and loss.

"Our present commercialism is artificial and opposed to common sense.

"A big expose was made in Pennsylvania last week of a railroad charging the same freight rates to carry a certain amount of goods fifty miles as it charges to carry similar goods 500 miles in another part of the country.

"In Michigan it was found cheaper to get refrigerator cars of meat from Chicago, rather than from the country near by. Look at the street railway systems of this city. Some of them will not transfer to certain crosstown lines, and the working man and woman has to pay 10 cents for each trip or 20 cents a day. What is the use of wondering why the cost of living is so high?

"Human greed is at the bottom of it; just common graft and criminal selfishness.

"Eggs brought here from Long Island are handled eight times. First, by the farmer to the middleman; then from him to the shipper; then to the receiver, who sells on the railroad tracks to the jobber, who again sells to the wholesaler, from whom they eventually get to the hands of the retailer.

"Of course, each one of these men has to get his profit. Is it any wonder that we have to pay 8 cents apiece for the egg, when it eventually appears on the breakfast table?

"Every one knows that food is deliberately held up in time of plenty to keep the price up, and that large crops have nothing to do with lowering the prices. This has been a phenomenal summer and harvest, but the cost of living continues to soar.

"Fortunately, people are becoming tired of being manipulated. Almost every woman that you meet is really seriously endeavoring to find out what is the matter, and even those who advocate marketing at certain central markets, and other futile forms of economy are earnestly anxious to get at the root of the matter and to find the remedy.

"Of course, everyone must meet the problem in his or her own way, day by day. The housewife must buy cheap cuts of meat, and she must learn to substitute nutritious fruits and cereals when she can; she can co-operate with her neighbors in purchasing through little market clubs, but all these things are only a tiny temporary makeshift.

"We must somehow get control of the trusts which keep up the price of food and necessities. And we must control human greed through law."

Mrs. Cooley is well known as a suffrage leader, and speaker, because her arguments appeal particularly and convert the woman in the home who doesn't know whether she wants to vote or not, and doesn't see what good it is going to do her. Mrs. Cooley has been all over the country educating women in domestic economy, endeavoring to standardize certain food products and to awaken the women to the possibilities which they have of getting better laws regarding food and getting these laws enforced.

"Yes, I think that votes for women would help reduce the high cost of living to a certain extent," continued the hard working authority on domestic science, "for there are millions of conscientious home-makers whose first concern will be to tackle this problem, and women are now organized to such an extent that a concerted action on their part, once they have the ballot, is bound to bring about results.

"But even with the ballot, women must be educated as must men also, and realize the great strength of the people against the plutocrats, the heads of trusts, who can force up the price of living necessities at will. Then the people will be able to compel better legislation and a wider distribution.

"I think the parcels post will do a good deal towards simplifying matters and getting the products from the farm to consumers without passing through so many hands and increasing in expense. In a few weeks a farmer on Long Island will be able to mail a dozen eggs to a housewife in Harlem, providing they are in a proper container, and she can get her chickens, butter and fish direct by post.

"Or you can even have your laundry mailed to you at a cost of 5 cents if it is not over two pounds."

"Sunkist" Oranges

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Luscious—Thin-Skinned — Juicy.
Buy "SUNKIST" ORANGES by the Box—of Your Dealer. No other Christmas Gift so Appreciated.

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