



The Bee's Home Magazine Page



SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT

They Are All Pale—but They Know the Joke

Drawn for The Bee by Tad

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We Have Only Ourselves to Blame for Our Failures

By ADA PATTERSON.

"I am working for the same employers with whom I started out fourteen years ago. I have worked like a horse, but have never got paid. At this moment I have 12 cents in my pocket. I can't put by a dollar to help buy a place in an old ladies' home."

"This is the plaint of a woman who signs her letter 'A Plodder,' who has found the plodding hard because she has gotten nothing out of it.

"The situation is not so discouraging as you may seem to think, Miss Plodder. The testimonial you unconsciously gave when you said you had been employed by the same firm for fourteen years is a strong one. It is a tribute to your worth and to your tenacity of purpose, if not to the firm's generosity. It is possible that the firm has been no more fortunate than yourself. It, too, may have been grubbing and keeping alive, but not making notable progress. This may be the history of a firm or an individual. Don't let any bitterness grow up in your heart toward the firm. Perhaps, like most persons, it has done as well as it could. But have you?

You are growing angry. Your face flushes and you exclaim: 'The idea. If she isn't blaming me.' I am, if you deserve it. Others can cause temporary setbacks, but only ourselves are to blame for ultimate failure. But let us take counsel together.

Have you ever watched a race, run by horse or man? If you have you have seen that they did not spend their strength in the first half of the race. They didn't hurry. They took it rather easy, struck their gait and kept their eyes ahead and their senses alert. Both these last are important. When they had reached the post half way between the starting and finishing points you saw that what you thought was the beginning of the race was really only a warming up for it. The man began or the horse began to let himself out. His speed increased. Maybe it doubled. Steadily toward the end it increased. You saw that he had saved his strength for the last effort. Finally, with a splendid dash, he passed the finishing point. He had won.

Business and professional success, what we have named a career until every one has grown tired of it and asks for a new name for it, is a man or a woman doing his or her best in the work of the world. The first part is merely a learning how. It seems long, it is tiresome. It is disheartening, but it is necessary. Preparation for anything that is worth while is inevitable. Even in the career of living Arnold Bennett says we are amateurs until we are 35 years old.

Breathe deeply half a dozen times, take a long view at the farthest sky line of the glimpses of hill or river beyond the smoke of the city, attune your ear to some fine inner voice that speaks of hope and courage and better things farther on and begin again, Plodder.

Take stock of yourself. Find out where you stand. Those fourteen years have been valuable years—experience filled years.

Every twelve-month has brought you wisdom in its hands. Whatever your work, you have learned how. It has become as easy to you as the alphabet. You feel the racing joy of knowing how. You know what the philosopher meant when he said, 'Happy is the man whose work has become play.' You have learned how to get on with your associates in business. How hard a lesson that was at first; as hard as learning the fundamentals of the business you now know well. You are a person with a trade, a soldier armed. You have what no robber in all this world can take from you—experience. You know.

How easy it would have been for you at the beginning had you been this armed, so equipped. Don't make this admission with a sign. Let the knowledge brighten your eyes, straighten your shoulders and strengthen your back. You know. You know your business. You know people, you know life. Begin again. Get your second wind.

Bless you, Plodder, what millionaire was ever heard from before he was 20 years old unless he was a father-made, not a self-made, millionaire? The United States has a president, a good one, whose name had never reached beyond the city of his birth until he was 50 years old.

What is true of men can be true of women. The realm of achievement is sexless. The brain is not at its best until you are 40 years old or past. A bishop in a play cried: 'Oh, that we were born old and could die young!' You are fulfilling in business the bishop's wish. He longed to start the race with experience. That is what you can do, may do, must do. Start in the real race. Count fourteen years as the first half, as the learning time, as the warming-up time. Begin again. Get your second wind. No man is whipped until he takes the count. No woman has failed until she tells her soul she will no longer try. Work and earn an old lady's home that shall not be the old ladies' home.

Playing With Love

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

"Love," said Napoleon, "is the occupation of the idle man, the amusement of a busy one, and the shipwreck of a sovereign."

And he might have added that it was the plaything of the thoughtless.

A young man, who was thoughtless so long that he has had to begin to think most seriously, writes me that last January he became much interested in a young lady, and secured her acquaintance.

As time progressed they became very intimate, and she became much attached to him. He says he has no serious intentions, as he is barely able to support his widowed mother, but entertained such a strong friendly feeling for the girl that he couldn't keep away.

His visits became so frequent that other young men, thinking he had a prior right, stopped going to see her, and it became understood among their friends that they were engaged.

He had played with love all this time, and when the girl's affections became seriously involved, he decided that he must make his visits less frequent. He told her why; that he didn't love her, and couldn't marry her. To this rather cold-blooded decision after so many months of pleasant intercourse, she replied that it would break her heart if he ceased coming, and he calls "four nights a week out of sympathy and duty" a week.

"After sympathy and duty" for several months, he decided to end it, and didn't go again.

Then he wrote to her that if he didn't come back, she would do herself bodily harm.

Because of his foolish declaration on her part, he has resumed his visits.

"What," he asks, "is to be the end?"

No one asks himself that question in the beginning. Those who have had the years that should stand for wisdom are just as foolish as this young man. They deliberately play with matches, and when a blaze results, turn to their friends and ask "What is to be the end?"

There are many endings to an affair of this kind, and the right one depends on the rationality of those concerned. If this girl is foolish and hysterical, as her declaration to him implies, his punishment is to all the greater.

He will merit all he receives. It is with the girl I am most concerned. It is to her that I make the plea to be sensible, and act like a rational being.

She doesn't love her. Can she prove that she has lost much? By forcing his attentions she lowers herself in her own estimation, and feeds the flame of vanity. She can't live without him. He may be frightened by such a statement, but he is of the nature that is all flattered.

She can live without him! She must! She will! If instead of looking at the long evenings without him (an appalling prospect to one in love), she will regard them as so many greater opportunities for study and good reading, she will find such profit and pleasure in them that her only concern for the past will be that it was such a deplorable waste of time.

She must forget him. She must not feed his vanity by picturing a denunciation of her life without him. She must learn for her own good that there are better men in the world; men more worthy of such outpouring of affection. She must learn that if she spends the time in waiting for such a man in improving her head, instead of a hysterical waste of emotion, it will reap her greater happiness.

As for him: One of the great mysteries of life is that a man so little worth love as he should awaken so much of it.

Cleaning Silver Easily.

The easiest and quickest way to clean tarnished pieces of silver is to boil them up in water to which has been added a small lump of washing soda.

Daffydils

SPEAKING OF THE SNOWS THAT FALL IN THE WINTER, SUMMER HEAVY AND SUMMER LIGHT—THAT'S A GOOD ONE TO SPRING.



City Boy Has Little Chance Compared With Rural Cousin

By MARGARET HUBBARD AYER.

"I've been quoted as saying that New York is not a fit place to bring up children in, but as a matter of fact, what I said was, 'New York is no place to bring up children as compared to the country.'" explained Supreme Court Justice Marschauer, whose statement that New York was no place for children to live in has gone all over the country and caused the New York wife and mother much concern.

Justice Marschauer is an exceedingly friendly, sensible person, and if it wasn't for the thought of the late New York's mother, I am sure that the justice, who was once the president of the Children's Aid society in New York, would let the statement go as it first was printed.

Just opposite his rooms in the court house at White Plains the children were piling back to school in a new and very up-to-date school house as the justice talked to me of the boys and girls, whom he considers less fortunate because they have to live in New York.

"It stands to reason," said Justice Marschauer, "that the city can't give the child what it gets in the country in the way of health and physical benefit. If you only go half an hour out of the city, even the difference in the atmosphere is enough to make a vital difference in the health of the child."

"Of course, with the right kind of bringing up, with the right sort of parents, the city child thrives as well as his country cousin; but taking the average child of the city, it hasn't got much of a chance."

"The awful congestion of most districts of the city pollutes the very air that the children breathe, and of course the great trouble is the lack of space."

"The child has got to play, and there's no place for it to play but the street. Now the country child has a tremendous variety of interests, and he has the whole country to roam around in."

"If the country boy is any kind of boy, he learns to do a great number of things, and in consequence he is more practical with his hands than the city child."

"Of course there are certain kinds of knowledge that the city boy acquires, of which the country boy remains ignorant. But the close association with nature is an education in itself, and one which city life cannot make up for. The boy who hasn't had a chance to hunt rabbits and squirrels, to go fishing, who hasn't acquired some knowledge of cows and horses by being around them, who hasn't set traps in winter and helped with the hay in summer, has been robbed of something that no city pleasures can ever replace."

"With all that philanthropists do for children in the city, I know there's many a boy and girl who has never gone farther out of town than Fourteenth street, and whose only playground has been the city streets."

"It's this one particular fact—that the country child has all out of doors, while the city child has one narrow, dangerous street to play in—that constitutes most of the difference between the two."

"Courts are beginning to realize that children must play in the only space that is free to them, and they are more lenient in punishing children who get into mischief, in consequence, or commit a misdemeanor of some kind."

"It's the boys playing out in the street who have no legitimate outlet for their activities, who finally get together in gangs and terrorize the neighborhood. These gangs generally form in some sort of a center, cave, or tent, which one or more members of them built. The minute a single boy or group of boys try to segregate themselves that way, the boys' fathers ought to make it their business to find out what their children are doing. That is where the whole mischief begins."

"Many a little life would be saved if the city child had some other playground than the streets. Besides the constant physical danger from the traffic, there is the more subtle moral danger from the contamination of older boys and girls of a criminal or degenerate train of mind."

"There is only one proper place the city child should play, and that is the roof. Now it wouldn't cost much to get all the roofs fixed into playground grounds. Not just bare play grounds, either. It's possible to have roof gardens, and some of the experiments show that the average roof has all kinds of possibilities as a recreation center. Certainly it seems to me that no new tenement house should be built without recognizing the necessity of turning over the roof to the tenants' children and giving them a legitimate, safe place to play."

"All children need some sort of supervision, whether they're in the country or in the city, but certainly, as compared to the New York child, the children brought



SUPREME COURT JUSTICE MORSCHAUER

The Sorrows of a Second Wife

By WINIFRED BLACK.

The man has two daughters, and he loves them more than he does the woman, who is his second wife. The woman has written to me and told me all about it.

"She leaves me for weeks at a time and stays with the girls at their flat," says the wife, "and he spends all of his money on them, and will not take care of me when I am ill; and when I go to the doctor and tell them that they are separating husband and wife they laugh at me."

"He gives them \$20 a week to live on, and I have to hide when the grocery boy comes for his money. What shall I do. Do you think that he is crazy or something? I am that way out for you, a plain, sensible, practical wife; take it and have an end to the matter."

"What! You love him? You can't live without him? Oh, well, if you are that sort of a woman, there's no use trying to help you even with advice."

"If you can love a man so lacking in all that it makes a man even likable, as you describe this one to be, there's nothing for you to do, but to be miserable. But I don't believe it—I can't."

You are like a great many other women hypnotized by an ideal. You are used to thinking that you can't live without this man, and it's a habit with you to be miserable. Get out of the habit, move to another neighborhood, get a new dress, throw away the one that makes you think of the man and how mean he is to you. Trim up a new hat; don't even remember you ever had one that he said he liked once. Buy a pot of geraniums and set it in your window. Go to work and earn some money for yourself, and take the money that your strange husband will have to pay you and help some woman with a lot of children to support and no husband to help her.

There's a lonely little girl in the same flat with you. What interest do you ever take in her?

Who is that frail woman down the block? Maybe she would be glad of a friend. Why don't you try it and see?

Get out yourself, get out of your misery, get out of your rut; let the selfish husband go, be glad that he is gone; set a new road for your feet and follow it with a light heart and a head held high.

His daughters will triumph over you? Oh, no, they won't. They can't, unless you let them.

Forget them, forget them entirely; that's the only way to punish them and such as they. Life is too short to remember disagreeable people and unpleasant things.

You saw a snake one day last summer. Do you sit down and think about it now? Not if you are a sensible woman.

The world is a big, broad, wide world, and how high, how awfully high is the sky above it!

Step out of your narrow room and glance about you; you'll find such interesting things to see on every side. The poor, little, self-centered man isn't a thing to you, not a thing.

Put anger and resentment out of your heart as your would put a rat out of your room. They gnaw, gnaw, gnaw, and you can't afford them for company.

Write a letter to those girls? Not unless I value them more highly than I do myself. Keep your postage stamp money and buy a stick of candy for the boy in the next flat; save your envelopes and write to a friend who knew you when you were younger and happier.

See, there's a row of doors open right before you. Shut the old one, shut it tight, and watch the other doors.

The Manicure Lady

By WILLIAM F. KIRK.

"Wilfred got bunked good and plenty last week," said the Manicure Lady. "I ain't sure if I told you about it before, but it served the poor boob right, anyhow. He seen a ad in the paper that told how anybody could learn all the Shakespeare's poetry in four weeks. Wilfred was always a kind of a nut on Shakespeare, so he sent the dollar that the ad asked for, and this was the answer he got for his case note."

"The way to learn all of Shakespeare's poetry in four weeks is to divide it into four parts and learn one part each week."

"That's an old stunt," said the Head Barber. "I guess it has been pulled on suckers a million times." Where did your brother get the dollar?

"That's the worst of it, George," said the Manicure Lady. "He got it from me—his own little sister. It was a dollar that a traveling agent from Omaha, or somewhere else in California, or wherever it is, gave me for a tip one day when he was in and had his nails did. I was saving it up to go and get my hair fixed up. I guess now I will have to let the shampoo go until another western cent comes in. Wilfred says that he is going to pay it back, but you know when that will be."

"There's a lot of ways to trim suckers in this world," said the philosopher.

In the country have a big advantage."

It is Justice Marschauer's custom, when dealing with divorce cases or separation suits, to make the interest to the children, if there are any, of paramount importance. The justice made his much quoted remark regarding New York against the country, as a proper place for children, in directing that the children of Mrs. Katherine S. Johns, who is separating her husband, Henry Ward Johns, for separation should remain with the father pending the trial of the suit, which will take place in about two weeks. Mrs. Johns had left the children with her husband, who lives in the country, when she decided to separate from him last summer.

To clean a vinegar crust put a teaspoonful of lye in it and then fill it with water. Let this remain in it a few days and then rinse the crust out thoroughly, when it will be perfectly clean.