The Bee's Home Magazine Page

SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT—The Judge Has No Second as a Letter Writer ∴ Drawn for The Bee by Tad

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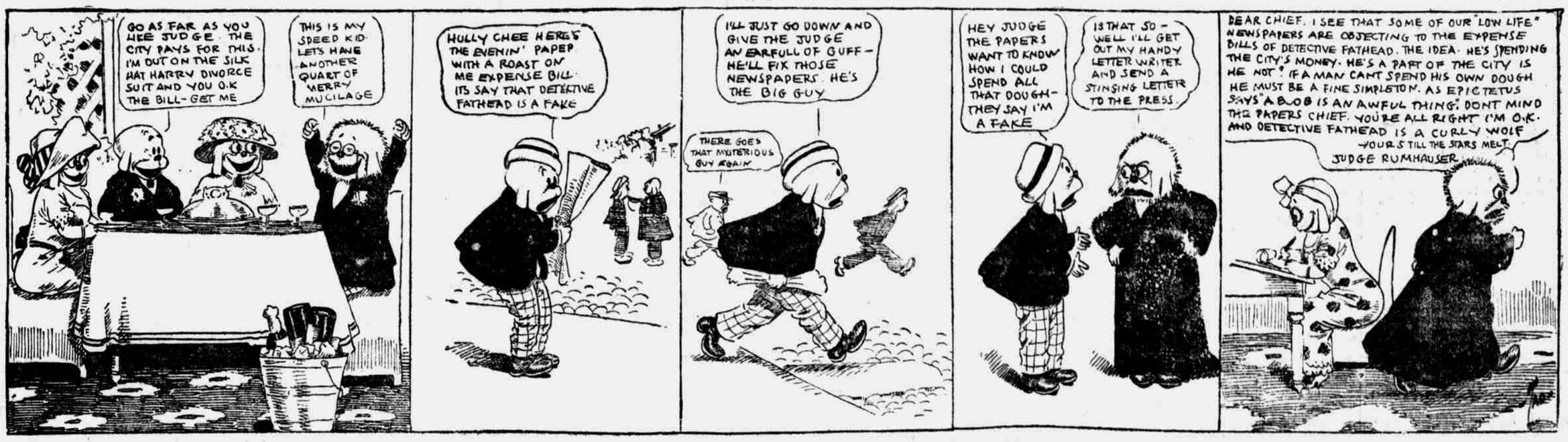


Golf and Base Ball "Widows"

By WINIFRED BLACK.

The golf widow and the base ball widow have just been to see me.

The golf widow is fairly young and more than fairly pretty, but she's nothing like the beauty she was a year ago. There is something a little wistful about her eyes, and her foolish little mouth has a doleful droop that is not quite becoming.

The base ball widow is quite a different type. Rather a sarcastic, bitter look in her bright eyes, and when she smiles it is a little sad to see her. I don't quite know why, and yet she's gay and very lively, and always what she calls "on the go."

There's something wrong about both these women, and yesterday I found out just what it was. Listen a minute and maybe you'll know, too.

"I'm the most miserable woman alive," said the golf widow, "and I don't care who knows it. My husband used to be perfectly devoted to me and now I'm lucky if I get a glance from him even once a week. I'm down sick over it, and if it were not for the children I'd 'disappear' like those men you read about who turn up in Seattle married to some one else and never knew how it happened.

"No. It isn't another woman, it's golf, golf, golf, morning, noon and night. He leaves his office at 3 o'clock—dear me, how we counted on the time when he would be able to do that—but much good does it do me, that extra time. He tears out to the links as if the fiends were after him, plays as long as he likes, rushes home late for dinner; makes us all wait while he changes his clothes. After dinner he goes out into the garden and practices drives, and then comes up on the porch and falls asleep in the swing.

He's just about as much company as a deaf, blind and dumb man. He doesn't care about a thing on earth but his old golf, and all I can do is to sit and wait.

What, stay with us—take me out. Why, the idea, it's golf, golf, golf, all day long, and I can cry my eyes out alone, and he'll never notice they are red.

"I'm about desperate. I don't believe he cares for me at all any more, and this golf is just a distraction to take his mind off his broken heart."

The poor little Golf Widow had all she could do to laugh, pretending she didn't mean it, and all the time she was talking her wistful eyes were full of tears, though she did her best to pretend she didn't know it.

The Base Ball Widow laughed—such a mean little laugh.

"You're a goose, my dear," she said. "I used to be, but I've recovered. What do you care what your husband does between meals so long as he sends you the check to pay for those same meals?"

"My husband is quite decent all winter, but the minute the base ball season opens I might as well put on mourning and buy a 'not dead but sleeping' wreath and be done with it.

"I never see the man I'm supposed to love, honor and obey at all except for a minute or so between games. He's always either at the grounds yelling himself hoarse or he's at the club telling how this play was bad and that one was 'noble.'

"He doesn't know I'm alive till he pays the bills for my new hat or something.

"Care? Not I. I'm glad of it. I married a man, not a foolish little boy, and the boy bores me to death. I'm glad to be rid of him. I have my own friends, my own world; my husband doesn't know me—the real me—at all.

"How can he? He hasn't time to get acquainted during the summer and when winter comes I'm busy at my own fads. What he doesn't know about the sums I lose at bridge will never worry him. I just put them on some bill or other and let it go at that.

"I used to sit at home and weep over the shattering of love's young dream while husband was in the grand stand whooping himself red in the face over some Southpaw This or Straight Ball That, but I've outgrown it all, and so will you, my dear, in time."

The Golf Widow smiled tremulously, sighed, twisted the wedding ring on her trembling finger and said, "I suppose so," sadly, and they both seemed to think the thing was settled then and there.

I think that both of them were wrong—all wrong.

When will women learn to give up trying to make men over into a kind of glorified woman? When will women learn that the life lived by the average man is the same normal, sensible life, and that the life she wants him to live is as far away from his natural instinct as it is for a rooster to sing a lullaby to a nest full of downy chicks?

A man is first of all a human being, then he's a man, then he's a husband.

A woman is first of all a wife, then she's a woman, then she's a human being. She's got the procession all wrong, every bit wrong, and it's about time she woke up and realized it.

The woman who spends her time "waiting" for her husband is wasting not only her own good time, but her husband's.

He is normal. Why doesn't she turn around in her tracks and be normal, too?

Wake up little Golf Widow, the world is a most interesting and most incredibly pleasant place, if you'd only look around and see it. Wake up and find some of the interesting people; wake up and get some interesting books; wake up and go walking, or motoring, or tennis playing or anything on earth but "waiting."

Make a fad of the children; they are fine fads, the most fascinating things in the world. Don't sit around and wait for husband to get through with everything and everybody else and then come to you.

Be "getting through" with something yourself and you'll never know he's late. He isn't your whole world any more than you are his whole world, and the sooner you realize this plain, every-day fact the sooner you'll be happy and make your husband happy, too.

No Men on the Planets

The fascinating speculation—the probability of the planets being inhabited—is discussed in the journal of the Royal Astronomical Society of Canada by Prof. Robert Grant Aitken of the Lick Observatory. Prof. Aitken summarizes all the latest researches, and his conclusion in regard to the possibility of a high form of life on any of the planets are as follows.

The Moon—The moon must be regarded as practically a dead world, although it may be that low forms of vegetable life are sustained by water vapor exuding through crevices from the moon's interior.

Jupiter—Obviously in such a world there can be no question of life. The conditions are chaotic. Jupiter is a semosun, probably gaseous throughout with matter distributed as on the sun, and there is no well-defined surface or crust.

Saturn—This planet resembles Jupiter, but it is probably not so far advanced, and is even less fitted for habitation than its larger neighbor.

Uranus and Neptune—They are so far away from the sun that its heat and light can hardly be effective in protecting life upon these two planets, even should life in any way originate there.

Satellites and Jupiter and Saturn—It is possible some of them may have water and an atmosphere dense enough for life. This is merely conjectural, and not very probable.

Mercury—It apparently always keeps the same face toward the sun; it gets seven times as much heat as the earth, and neither its eternal night nor its everlasting roasting day is suitable for any form of life. It seems to have no atmosphere.

Venus—In size, mass, density and surface gravity it greatly resembles the earth. It has a dense, cloud-filled atmosphere. The whole question as to life on Venus turns on the problem as to the length of Venus' day. If its day equals its year, that planet must be utterly desolate. The question is still an open one, though the evidence favors the belief that the day and the year on Venus are of equal length.

Mars—There undoubtedly are strong markings on Mars, but astronomers are not agreed as to whether the markings are natural or artificial, canals or mere earthquake cracks. The Martian atmosphere is rare, and there are no permanent bodies of water on the planet. There is not enough water on the whole of Mars to fill one of the American great lakes. The so-called polar ice-caps and "frost" on Mars may be deposits of carbon dioxide. The best that can be said is that while the temperature on Mars is very low, there may be on that planet, to a limited extent, the conditions essential to life—probably only vegetable and animal life, but no beings of intelligence.—Boston Transcript.

Not Classified.

"Who was that man who was talking so loudly just now?"

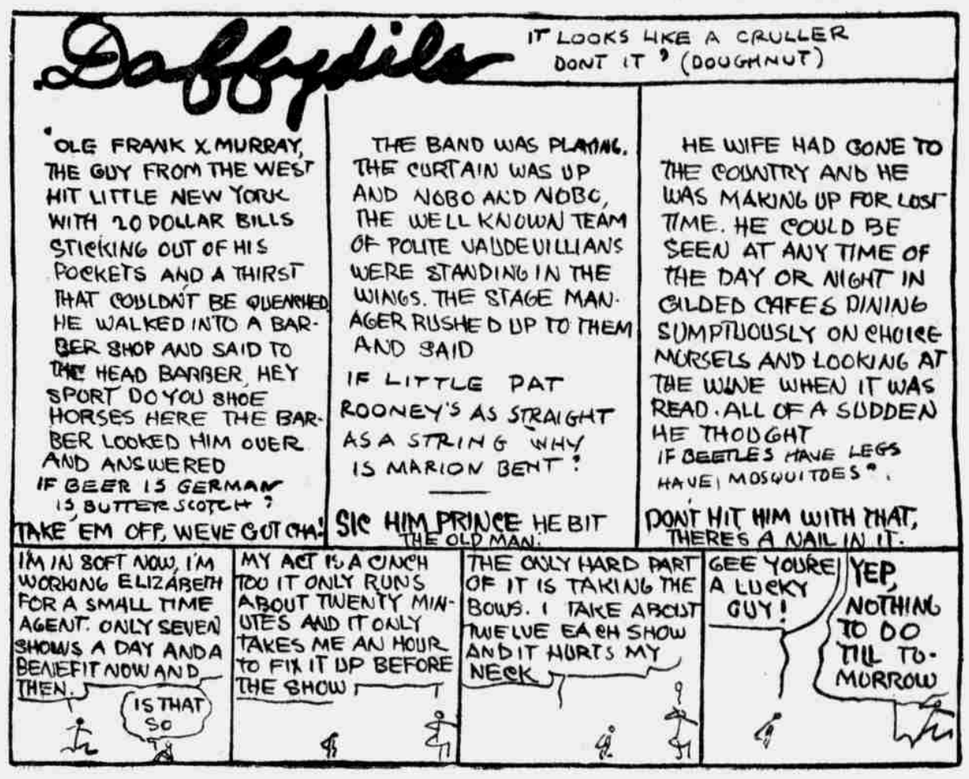
"Eh? don't you know him? Well, well! Couldn't you tell by his talk who he was?"

"No. I couldn't tell whether he was a pugilist or a politician.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Lion of the Ladies.

Mr. Morbid—I have called, sir, to offer some words of sympathy to the unfortunate wife murderer in cell, 1,001.

Prison Official—Take the chair, madam. As soon as the new block of six is made up we will dimiss the ladies who are calling on him now. Our corridors are very narrow you know.—Puck.



The Making of a Pretty Girl -:- How to Dress Appropriately

By MARGARET HUBBARD AYER.

When you go down the street you instinctively judge every girl you meet by her clothes, don't you? Do you realize that she is judging you by yours?

I recommended a young girl for a position as stenographer not long ago, and sent her with a letter to a friend of mine who had a very good position to offer.

The girl was capable and efficient, and was nicely and suitably dressed—at least she was when she left me with the letter—but she evidently thought she would improve herself by adding a few trinkets and make a better impression on her new employer, for I received this irate message from him over the phone: "She's impossible—I don't care how well she can work—I can't stand cheap jewelry—why should she wear a big sparkling flim-flam on her chest in the office? My wife would never think of wearing so many noisy jewels for a big dinner."

It was hopeless to argue with him, as the thermometer was almost at boiling point and the man was right, anyhow. I had a heart-to-heart talk with my small girl. She won't make the mistake again of wearing imitation diamonds, even in the form of hatpins, during working hours, for she was judged at once by the most conspicuous thing about her, the sparkle of cheap, pretentious and absolutely false and unsuitable ornaments.

So much imitation jewelry is worn nowadays that one cannot merely wave it aside and call it all vulgar, as was the custom even ten years ago.

There are plenty of good near-precious stones, but there is one unfailing rule for them. Never wear the imitation when it would not be good taste to wear the real jewels if you possessed them.

No woman of the fashionable world wears her beautiful diamonds with a plain shirt waist or a simple cotton frock.

The woman of wealth never wears a profusion of jewels except on state occasions and never by daylight. She confines herself to a brooch and lace pins generally of semi-precious stones for morning wear such as are necessary to her costume. Incidentally it is not considered good taste to wear many rings on the middle finger, for the simple reason that this makes the hand look larger and more awkward than when the rings are placed on the fourth finger of either hand.

The girl in the picture is wearing $1,000 worth of clothes, including her hat. With this costume, she could wear jewels of any price, and were she to wear good imitation jewelry no one would ever believe that it was not genuine. But she looks as if she were a young person who does not believe in sham of any kind, sham jewels or sham feelings.

Now sham jewelry is almost always detected, excepting when one is dressed in such a manner as to hrow the jewels in the shade. If you wear inexpensive frocks, wear plain and inconspicuous pins; even a real pearl neckless will be branded as "fake" if it is worn with an inappropriate costume.

Whatever clothes you wear, see that they and all the accessories are appropriate. A party hat and a raincoat don't go together unless the hat is protected by a veil.

The business girl can't dress like her sister who stays at home, nor should the busy housewifely woman dodge the early morning dress question by slipping on a wrapper. The shirtwaist suit buttoned in front in one piece is a blessing even greater than were the shirtwaist and skirt, and it has come to stay. There is no reason for untidiness on one hand and overdressing on the other, for these simple frocks are within the means of almost all of us.

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One Thousand Dollars' Worth of Clothes.

No Expert.

A gang of navies were employed on a railway contract removing earth with wheelbarrows. While proceeding with his work one of the navies noticed that the wheel of his barrow was squealing terribly, and to put a stop to the noise he turned the barrow over, and was in the act of greasing it when the boss noticed him and shouted out:

"Halloa, O'Brien, halloa, sir! What the deuce are you doing?"

"I'm greasing my barrow, sir."

"Who told you to do that?"

"Sure, no one, sir. I took it upon myself."

"Well, don't let me catch you at it again. What do you know about machinery?"—Tit-Bits.

Dead Wrong.

In some of the country districts of Ireland it is not an uncommon thing to see carts with their owners' names chalked on to save the expense of painting. Practical jokers delight in rubbing out these signs to annoy the owne

A constabulary sergeant one day accosted a countryman whose name had been thus wiped out unknown to him.

"Is this your cart, my good man?"

"Of course it is!" was the reply. "Do you see anything the matter wid it?"

"I observe," said the pompous policeman, "that your name is o-blitherated."

"Then ye're wrong," quoth the countryman, who had never come across the long word before, "for me name's O'Flaherty, and I don't care who knows it."—Youth's Companion.

The Old Days.

A political worker—it was in the "old" days—went to a member of the legislature of his state and asked for a job as doortender.

"Find a door without a doortender and you can have it," were the big man's instructions.

The worker looked around for several days and then reported.

"I can't find a door without plenty of doortenders."

"No door?"

"Nary door. Guess I'll go home."

"Wait a bit. You've been a good party worker. I'll have a door cut for you.

Abolition of Feudalism

By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY.

August 2, 1789.

Feudalism, after its grinding reign of a thousand years, was abolished by the French national assembly 123 years ago today, August, 2, 1789.

It is no wonder that the French revolution has such a mighty hold upon the imagination and affection of mankind—no wonder that despite the terrible excesses into which it finally drifted, it still appeals so successfully to the sympathy and admiration of lovers of humanity the world over.

There is something simply bewitching in the French world of 1789. It was full of hope, full of enthusiasm, almost intoxicated with that most beautiful of all the sentiments that can stir the human heart—faith in the victory of right over wrong; and above it all shone the child-like naturalness and simplicity which seemed to say, "It's all right now—the reign of wrong is over—from now on justice will rule the world."

All this divine hopefulness, this holy expectancy, had its voice in the famous national assembly with its 1,254 picked representatives of the realm, looking into one another's eyes and planning to wipe out all human industry by simply decreeing that it should no longer exist!

And so the blessed optimists voted, unanimously, that "the feudal system be utterly abolished!"

Feudalism! What a condition that word brings to mind. In the France of 1789 the aristocrats of church and state, numbering some 300,000 souls, owned, along with the head aristocrat of all, the king, quite two-thirds of the soil of France.

The 25,000,000 of people owned after a fashion, the remaining one-third. But the lay and ecclesiastical nobility did nothing toward the support of the nation, with the inevitable result that the taxes all came from the third of the soil that belonged to the people.

In other words, the people were simply the slaves of the aristocracy—its chattels, the dumb, helpless pawns with which it played its game of greed, power and enjoyment.

For thirty generations that sort of thing has held sway in France, changing its form now and then, but holding its substance, and evermore proceeding upon the rule that the common people had no rights that the "nobility" was bound to respect.

Well, when King Louis and his henchmen, thinking to inveigle the people into providing the money that was so much needed, called the national assembly together on that ever memorable May day of the year 1789 they did not know that they were inviting the lightnings which were to blast their whole infernal system of oppression and pave the way for the coming of a world-wide democracy, with its ultimate justice for all men.

Notice the makeup of the national assembly—661 representatives of the third estate, or people; 285 of the nobility, and 308 of the clergy, giving the people a clear majority of sixty-eight votes as against the combined opposition. And the 661 rose up as one man and voted to abolish the cursed thing that had held them down so long!

Of course, that glorious vote did not kill feudalism, but it was its notice to quiet, and from that day to this the oppression of man by man has been growing less.

All honor to the vote of the national assembly of August 2, 1789.

Elimination of the Beggar

By ELBERT HUBBARD.

"I cannot beg and to dig I am ashamed," said the college-bred prodigal as he asked for a hand-me-out.

If one wants to get a little glimpse of the way the times are changing, please make note of the fact that the general government in Spain has recently passed a law making begging on the public streets a misdemeanor.

Any individual so begging is liable to arrest with a fine from $1 to $10. For second offense imprisonment is provided, without the privilege of paying a fine. Third offenders are liable to be sent to prison for the rest of their natural lives.

All a-down the centuries men have been urged to give to the poor, and we have always taken the view that poverty was a virtue and riches a disgrace—that poor men were good and rich men bad.

When wealth was only obtainable by robbery, this view of things had a certain basis in fact. But wealth obtained by rendering a service to humanity is a thing of which to be justly proud.

The parable of Dives and Lazarus has gotten a firm grip on the imagination. Lazarus in heaven and Dives in hell is a particularly pleasing proposition for the great family of Lazerus.

The only way to help people is to give them a chance to help themselves. That is all anyone should ask for—opportunity. Giving to the poor is lending to the devil. Money earned means manhood. Money gained by an appeal to sympathy is tainted and it stains the soul of him who gets it.

Now when things are coming around to where most everybody owns a home who really wants to, we are getting a new focus.

Italy and Spain are the homes of beggardom. But now Spain penalizes beggary and Italy is introducing the Montessorr, system of education, which means eventually earning your living, not merely securing it.

The church has always cast a mantle of sympathy around the sick, the lame, the decrepit, the unfit and the poverty stricken.

Scientific sociology with its high power lens shows us in the distance an ideal world. Poverty will be done away with, disease eliminated, crime abolished.

Self sacrifice, abnegation, affected humility are all more or less forms of hypocrisy. Indiscriminate giving pauperizes. Enlightened self interest gives freedom.

We have lived in two worlds at a time. The earth has been forsaken in order that we might gain the good will of the skies. As Abdul Baha says, "Man must be conciliated to man—not God to man." God loves men who love each other, simply because no other kind are lovable.

Begging is a bad business. The more the beggar succeeds the worse off he is. Beggars breed beggars, and thus make beggardom perpetual. Spain is right—begging must be made disgraceful.

It would be almost unkind and indelicate to call attention to the fact that this was one of the chief planks in the platform of Francisco Ferrer. The "modern schools" taught that beggary should be abolished.

Ferrer was destroyed because he expressed himself in undiplomatic language and was ahead of his time. But by his death and through his death he convinced Spain that he was fifty-one per cent right.

An so now, behold, Spain, as if to make amends—for you can't bring back the dead—is now encouraging the modern school and inaugurating many of the Ferrer ideas.

Francisco Ferrer, having gone swimming in the water of Lethe, certain cowled sons of Mendax, who worked his ruin, have stolen his clothes. Aye, verily, in actual truth they have divided his raiment among them, and for his vesture they have cast lots.

Thus does the world move. Galileo was right in that remark, "It stands still, all right—aber nicht!"

Let us hope that, Galileo, Columbus, Copernicus, Bruno, John Brown and Francisco Ferrer can get together these days at a round table in Valhalla and talk it over, and with Walt Whitman say, "Death is just as good as life, and a deal luckier."

That is something the world did not know at the time when martyr fires hovered over Smithfield Market and when Torquemada drove the Jews from Spain.

The typewriter is greater than the sword, and it is good to know that even the Spanish hidalgos acknowledge it. Amen and amen!

Undesirable Impression.

"So you see no future for socialism?"

"None, whatever," replied Senator Sorghum; "at least, not in my part of the country. As soon as you talk to those people about a general distribution of wealth they take it for granted that you haven't any worth noticing and shake you."—Washington Star.

The Motive.

"So he believes that nearly all present-day reformers are acuated by selfish motives?"

"Yes, he even insists that a bald-headed man started the swat-the-fly crusade."—Buffalo Express.