

The Bee's Home Magazine Page



SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT

Have You Ever Been in a Predicament?







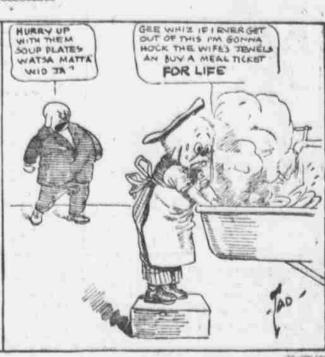


By Tad

HATE TO TALK ABOUT MYSELP BUT BY GEORGE

WHEN I WAS A BOY

CHIRPED



Marriage, the Most Important Business in World, Should Be Studied as a Science

Love, Once Dead, Not Restored by the Gun, the Sword or the Poisonous Draft-Why Should Men and Women Neglect the Business of Marriage by Not Being Willing to Work and Wait for Results?

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX. Examiner.)

of men who are regarded as manly men, the casket of a husband, who had and both in comfortable-one in affluent brought her life nothing but sorrow. elecumstances, have left their homes with, or in search

of, their affinities. Both families belong to the educated classes, and both women were moth-

In each case the husband has taken the matter with seeming philosophy, confessing the right of the wife to seekher happiness in her

own way. situations is not as plant.

There is nothing gained when a man amusement. or woman wanders from the fold of matrimony into the pastures, where

affinities browse, in adding murder or sulcide to the tragedy. Love once dead is not restored by the gun, the sword or the poisonous draft.

Nothing is gained by killing the faithess wife or husband of the affinity or Revenge is frequently obtained by al-

lowing the people who break all laws to possess each other to live to be sorry they succeeded. There have been innumerable cases of

this kind in America. One man has just taken his fourth affinity after putting away his wife and the real soul mate. His wife, who consoon as she found she was not desired by her husband as companion longer, averted. lives quietly abroad, and is no doubt much better off with her freedom and life than if she had killed her first rival

and gone to prison or the electric chair. Yet view the matter as we will, these things are terrible tragedies. When a man and woman choose each

love in the heart of the one or both. And there is an ideal of happiness formed in both minds.

The destruction of this ideal, and the disfilusionment of the one who loves, is life's greatest misfortune,

erfully and beautifully on this subject than Dorothy Dix, in a description given Within the last few weeks two wives in a little story of a wife weeping over

The wife's mother asked her why she shed tears at the loss of this faithless and cruel man.

She answered that she was weeping for her early dream, for her lost ideal. for her happy trust, for her faith, which had died a slow death, for her wrecked happiness and not for the man who had

It would seem since marriage is so serius a step, and the breaking of marriage bonds so serious a move, that educated and sensible men and women might go about the repairing of the first fractured link with as much care and skill and anxiety as they use in mending a punc-

of the dueling and an affinity seems to have no complaint blood-spilling cava- to make of her husband other that that lier of olden times, but it is more sensible. they did not care for the same kind of

So she sought the society of a youth her junior by two or three years, whose tastes were gimilar.

And she forgot her husband, her children and her vow to take the man she married for better and for worse, and has gone forth to find entertainment with her lover.

If the wife had taken up outdoor sports sufficiently to give her husband the feeling that she enjoyed his society, three other affinities in his search for if the husband had shown his w'fe enough regard to accompany her at times sented to the separation and divorce so to the festivities dear to her feminine heart, the tragedy might, have been

When men and women set forth on any business enterprise that necessitates sacrifice of time, strength and money to bring it to a successful issue they do not

of marriage by not being willing to work other as life companions there is usually and wait for good results when they meet hinderances in the path to happiness?

Marriage is the most important bustness of the world. It should be studied as a science in-

"Money Talks"

By WEX JONES.

Money talks in many voices; money talks in many a measure To one seductively it sings the siren song of pleasure; To one it peels of power, to one it crouks of greed; And sad the fate of all of those who give it too much heed. Listen to the call of money-listen through the busy years-And no other voice can ever reach your unaccustomed ears. The still, smail voice of conscience can never stir the soul

Which the louder voice of money is urging to its goal. You will heed no call of honor, if you heed the call of pelf You will heed on call of country, if you heed the call of self. Money talks in many voices—if you give it foo much heed, You will hear no other accents than the voice of gold and greed

The Thing to Do

dredged.

'Let's see,' said Grant, 'didn't I cross that stream? 'You certainly did, Mr. President

said the southerner. "Grant inused a mo cigar. Then he said: 'Look here, why don't you macada

A Petition

Former Senator Depew, at the University club's recent dinner in Washington, said of a certain reform:

"As I take my farewell of politics I would tell my reforming friends that they are going about this business in a wrong way. I would refer them to Grant's remark about the stream.

"When Grant was president a southerner came to see him about an appropriation to have a certain stream dredged."

Flease, dear Mummy, listen to me, Can I have the dirty-faced boy to tea? He lives in the little toyshop street. And we laugh to each other when we meet.

I wanted to speak, but Nurse won't stop—And reality he's only dirty on top!

Nurse says "No," because she says Dirty-faced boys bave usly ways. And if I so saking that sort of boys. They'll soil my books and break my toys. But I turned round and said to Nurse.

"If dirty is usly, greedy is worse, and if I invited my boy, of course, I should want him to ride on my rocking-horse."

horse, And run the trains on my railway line, And play with my soldiers and all that's mine.

And if he did break the things that wind I'd try to pretend I didn't mind."

Dearest of Mummies, you know what I

mean.
For you like all little boys, dirty and clean.
Say I can have him, Mummy, do!
And I know he'll wash if I ask him to.

STANDS NOW AND ITS SWELL- GETUPAT 7 REHEARSE WITH THE BAND AT 8- STADE REHEARIAL FROM 9 TO H THEN AT 11.30 WE PARADE

This attitude of the tured tire of a motor car, or the supply modern man in such ing new batteries to an electric light picturesque as that The latest wife to seek happiness with

When this husband and wife first discovered their tastes diverging, why did not each yield a point and cultivate the other's ideals of diversion and amuse-

throw it aside at the first obstacle.

Why should they neglect the business

stead of being treated like an episode.

CAUTIOUSLY HENFEATHER THERE WAS SILENCE IN THE RED THE SCOUT WORKED HIS WAY LITTLE DORIS THE CHILD DOG BAR . SKINNY SHOLL THE ROSS . TRAGEDIENNE WAS TAKING THE OUT UPON THE BOW SPRIT. COUNTY TERROR WAS COMING UP THE GULCH ENTERING THE CAPE FINAL ENCORE. SUDDEMLY THERE GRASPING THE TILLER IN HIS WAS A TERRIBLE COMMOTION. RIGHT HAND HE TOOK LONG SKINNY FIRED OFFINS GUN AND THE ORCHESTRA STARTED UP PIPED I'M THE SKIN OFF THE HICKORY AND CAREFUL AIM WITH AND JOOD VOICES CHEERED TO THE ECHO AS THE MOUSE SUBSIDED DORIS MOTHER

AND SWEET

AT I WE EAT ANDAT !

WE PLAY MUSICIH THE

BILLS AROUND FOR THE

OFTHEATRE

Sherlocko the Monk

FAIR GEOUND AND THROW

SHOW THAT MIGHT AT 7

BAND CONCERT IN PROM

BAY !

RUSHED DOWN THE AISLE AND

AS THE CROWD GATHERED

ROUND WHISPERED LOW

REFUSED TO BARK LIKE A

HOUND WOULD TAMAICA

BOOM! BOOM!

TO THE BATTLETHIP OREGON

BOYS WE ARE SAVED.

IFNEW YORK HARBOR

OFFICER, CALL A COP! -:- -:-

NUT THE BEST MAN IN VELLOW BUD GIM ME A CUT OF PIE ." THE BAR-SKINNY IN THE EVE GARGLED IN LOW THREATENING TONES

IF WILLIE HOPPE WEPT WOULD A CUE BALL?

OUT OF MY HOUSE!! NO CHILD OF MINE CAN BE AN ACTRESS

I'M DOING ONE NIGHT

A BURGLAR

HAS JUST

LOOTED THE

BOX OFFICE

830 PLAY MINOR PARTS AND DO CARD TRICKS BETWEEN THE ACTS APTER THE SHOW WE PUSH THE CHAIRS BACK FOR THE DAMLE AND PLAY MUSIC TILL 2.30

OF YON COP. GEE HIHTOH HOURE TO DO TILL A HAPPY TOMORROW. BUY

By Gus Mager Copyright, 1811, National News Association.

MANY TICKETS HAD

ALREADY BEEN SOLD

NOT A SINGLE

ONE! THE PUBLIC

DOESN'T SEEM TO

APPRECIATE OUR

HAMLET

STAR IN

SAVAGE CLINGING TO THE

WESSEL'S STERM POST JUST AS

HE WAS ABOUT TO PRESS THE

TRIGGER THE WILY HURON

IF TIMA'S BRONCHO BUCKED

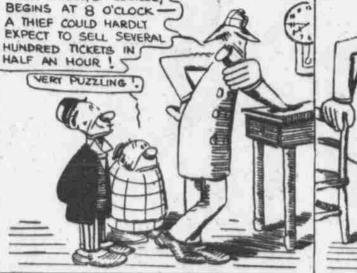
GAVE A WAR WHOOP AND

WOULD TIMBUCTOO?

HIST !!

TIS THE SHORE









Personal Opinions

Bernard Shaw.

rarely recognize him when he does come honesty of purpose, and that aplies to

in our midst; he is generally crucified .both sides of the house.-Mr. Balfour. Friendship above all ties does bind th

If you say you want a good man, you I do not think we are inferior to our heart; don't know what a good man is. We fathers either in grace of speech or in And faith in friendship is the noblest -Earl of Orrery.

The "Bossy" Father

You are 18; your sister is 20; you both work downtown. Your father makes you give all of the money you make to him and he will not allow you one visitor or is money paid for board, and that you ment or pleasure.

You have no friends, you say, no amusements, and he doles out your own money to you if you want the material for a new frock. When YOU

your two weeks' vacation from your downtown work makes you stay at home and do extra work about the house we a way to rest. Your mother.

you say, is a martyr. Well, what are you going to do about

it? Sit down and cry? This is the twentieth century, not the sixteenth. You are independent Ameri- father a word about it; just say, quite can girls, not Turkish prides of the harem of your father or of any one else. Why don't you tell that father of yours to wake up, and to wake up right now? Don't quarrel with him; don't pout then he takes your money as if it were his; do not sulk when he refuses to let

s perfectly proper for you to go. None of these things will do the least bit of good. They really do harm. A erably "bossy." man like that loves to see you made unhappy by his power. It makes him feel that way.

important. What's vour to your father. Tell him you can get all.

for \$6 a week, and that you will pay him that sum for your board at home If he agrees to this, pay tilm the money with the distinct understanding that it one girlish amuse- will pay it only as long as you like your boarding place. When you don't like it you will go to some place else.

Tell him that you are of age, and that you intend to use your own money in your own way, and if 'he doesn't like your way you are very sorry, but you don't quite see what he intends to do about it. You are of age, you know, and he has

no more right to your money than he would have to it if you were both boys, and very little of it would be get in that case. When you want to go anywhere ask your mother what she thinks about it.

Don't let your father know that you ask her; it might get her into trouble, but ask her just the same. She doesn't know as much about business as you do, but she does know about the world, after all, and if she says go, why, put on your things and go. Don't ask your as a matter of course, that you are going-that's all. If he's cross, don't notice him: if he's disagreeable, just leave the room; if he's violent, ring up an express wagon and move to the other boarding house.

If your father were weak and old or you go somewhere that your mother says ill and helpless you would owe him your forbearance. He is, you say, none of these things; just overbearing and intol-

Let him boss the cat-and take it out

The longer you encourage him in absurd ideas the harder it will be for Then next salary day you draw your you and your mother and sister. Don't salary and open an account with it. quarrel, don't argue, don't suik, don't When you go home show the bank book cry-DO-and you won't have to do at

How Will It Be?

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

How will it be when one of us alone Goes on that strange, last journey of the soul, That voyage on which no comradeship is known? Will our dear sea sing in the old sweet tone. Though one sits stricken where its billows roll? Will space be dumb, or from the mystic pole Will whisperings of love be backward blown?

When our united lives are wrenched apart, And day no more means sweet companionship; When fervent night and lovely, languorous dawn Are only memories to one sad heart, And but in dreams fond kisses burn the lip, Dear God, how can this same fair world move on?

Everything Aviating

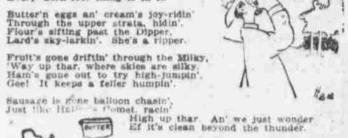
By P. L. TRUSSELL.

Everything is aviatin'.
Sugar, tea an' coffee's skatin'
'Way up. There won't be no limit,
Every durn-fool thing is in it.

Butter'n eggs an' cream's joy-ridin'. Through the upper strata, hidin'. Flour's sifting past the Dipper, Lard's sky-larkin'. She's a ripper.

Fruit's gone driftin' through the Milky, 'Way up thar, where skies are silky. Ham's gone out to try high-jumpin'. Gee! It keeps a feller himpin'.







Looks like there won't be no limit, livery gosh-bing thing is in it. Food's sky-high an' clothin's wusser, Nuff to make a man a cusser.

Only chance I see, by gravy— Leave yer home, an wife, an baby, Jump into a big sky-flyer, An go them durn things one higher.

But I've almost quit a-hopin', Everything I need 's lopin' Out of sight. I'll soon be beatin' 'Round plumb naked-an' not catin'.

Deuced Bad Form

The first night Walter Kelly, known o vaudeville as the "Virginia Judge," famous street in London was dark at

"Why," said he, "at this hour Broad-

there are 50,000 electric lights." spicuous? "--- Cincinnati Times-Star.

London Feeds Cats

London still depends upon its army of cats to handle the rate among the ships walked up the Strand he complained to that come up the Thames. The Port of his English companion that the most London authority has made known its

estimates for cats' milk for the year. The appropriations is for \$4,000. There is an way is as bright as day. There is one official feeding squad and a dozen differsign alone. The Charlot Race,' in which ent points where milk is set out for the cats. Hundreds of cats answer the whistle "But I say, old top,' said his Eng- call to breakfast. The shipping cats have ish friend, 'wouldn't that be rather con-spicuous?"—Cincinnati Times-Scar. hundreds of thousands.