



# The Bee's Home Magazine Page



## SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT

## Have You Ever Been in a Predicament?

By Tad



## 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.  
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Within the last few weeks two wives of men who are regarded as many men, and both in comfortable—one in affluent—circumstances, have left their homes with, or in search of, their affinites.

Both families belong to the educated classes, and both women were mothers.

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

This attitude of the modern man in such situations is not as picturesque as that of the dueling and blood-spilling cavalier of olden times, but it is more sensible.

There is nothing gained when a man or woman wanders from the fold of matrimony into the pastures, where affinites browse, in adding murder or suicide to the tragedy.

Love once dead is not restored by the gun, the sword or the poisonous draft. Nothing is gained by killing the faithless wife or husband of the affinity or one's self.

Revenge is frequently obtained by allowing 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 three other affinities in his search for the real soul mate. His wife, who consented to the separation and divorce so soon as she found she was not desired by her husband as companion longer, 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 other as life companions there is usually 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 disillusionment of the one who loves, is life's greatest misfortune.

Perhaps no one ever wrote more powerfully and beautifully on this subject than Dorothy Dix, in a description given in a little story of a wife weeping over the career of a husband, who had brought her life nothing but sorrow.

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 died.

It would seem since marriage is so serious 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 punctured tire of a motor car, or the supplying new batteries to an electric light plant.

The latest wife to seek happiness with an affinity seems to have no complaint to make of her husband other than that they did not care for the same kind of amusement.

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

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.

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

If the wife had taken up outdoor sports sufficiently to give her husband the feeling that she enjoyed his society, if the husband had shown his wife enough regard to accompany her at times to the festivities dear to her feminine heart, the tragedy might have been averted.

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 throw it aside at the first obstacle.

Why should they neglect the business of marriage for not being willing to work and wait for good results when they meet hindrances in the path to happiness?

Marriage is the most important business of the world.

It should be studied as a science instead of being treated like an episode.

## "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 croaks of greed; And 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, small 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 no call of country, if you heed the call of self; Money talks in many voices—if you give it too much heed, You will hear no other accents than the voice of gold and greed.

## The Thing to Do

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."

"Let's see," said Grant, "didn't I cross that stream?"

"You certainly did, Mr. President," said the southerner.

"Grant inquired a moment, chewing his cigar. Then he said: 'Look here, why don't you macadamize it?'"

## A Petition

Please, 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 really he's only dirty on top! Nurse says "No," because she says Dirty-faced boys have ugly ways. And if I go asking that sort of boys, They'll sell my books and break my toys. But I turned round and said to Nurse, "If dirty is ugly, already is worse. And if I invited my boy, of course, I should want him to ride on my rocking-horse."

And run the train 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 can't have him, Mummy, do! And I know he'll wash if I ask him to.

## OFFICER, CALL A COP!

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By Tad



## Sherlocko the Monk

By Gus Mager

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## The "Bossy" Father

By WINIFRED BLACK.

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 one girlish amusement or pleasure.

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

When you get your two weeks' vacation from your downtown work he makes you stay at home and do extra work about the house as 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 American girls, not Turkish princes 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 when he takes your money as if it were his; do not sulk when he refuses to let you go somewhere that your mother says is perfectly proper for you to go.

None of these things will do the least bit of good. They really do harm. A man like that loves to see you made unhappy by his power. It makes him feel important.

What's your salary day? Monday? Then next salary day draw your salary and open an account with it. When you go home show the bank book to your father. Tell him you can get

perfectly good board in the neighborhood for \$6 a week, and that you will pay him that sum for your board at home. If he agrees to this, pay him the money with the distinct understanding that it is money paid for board, and that you 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 he 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 father a word about it; just say, quite 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 ill and helpless you would owe him your forbearance. He is, you say, none of these things; just overbearing and intolerably "bossy."

Let him boss the cat—and take it out that way.

The longer you encourage him in his absurd ideas the harder it will be for you and your mother and sister. Don't quarrel, don't argue, don't sulk, don't cry—DO—and you won't have to do at all.

## 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 the 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 aviating! Sugar, tea, an' coffee's skatin'! Way up, there won't be no limit. Every darn-fool thing is in it.

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

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

Sausage is gone balloon chasin'. Just like the Hiss's Comet, racin'! High up thar. An' we just wonder If it's clean beyond the thunder.

Looks like there won't be no limit. Every darn-fool thing is in it. Food's sky-high an' clothes' wussier. Nuff to make a man a cussier.

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

But I've almost quit a-hopin'. Everything I need is hopin'! Out of sight, I'll soon be beatin'! 'Round plumb naked—an' not eatin'.

## Deuced Bad Form

The first night Walter Kelly, known to vaudeville as the "Virginia Judge," walked up the Strand he complained to his English companion that the most famous street in London was dark at 9 o'clock.

"Why," said he, "at this hour Broadway is as bright as day. There is one sign alone, 'The Chariot Race,' in which there are 50,000 electric lights."

"But I say, old top," said his English friend, "wouldn't that be rather conspicuous?"—Cincinnati Times-Star.

## London Feeds Cats

London still depends upon its army of cats to handle the rats among the ships that come up the Thames. The Port of London authority has made known its estimates for cats' milk for the year. The appropriations are for \$4,000. There is an official feeding squad and a dozen different points where milk is set out for the cats. Hundreds of cats answer the whistle call to breakfast. The shipping cats have a record of dead rats which runs into hundreds of thousands.

## Personal Opinions

If you say you want a good man, you don't know what a good man is. We rarely recognize him when he does come

in our midst; he is generally crucified.—Bernard Shaw.

I do not think we are inferior to our fathers either in grace of speech or in honesty of purpose, and that applies to

both sides of the house.—Mr. Balfour.

Friendship above all ties does bind the heart; And faith in friendship is the noblest part.—Earl of Orrery.