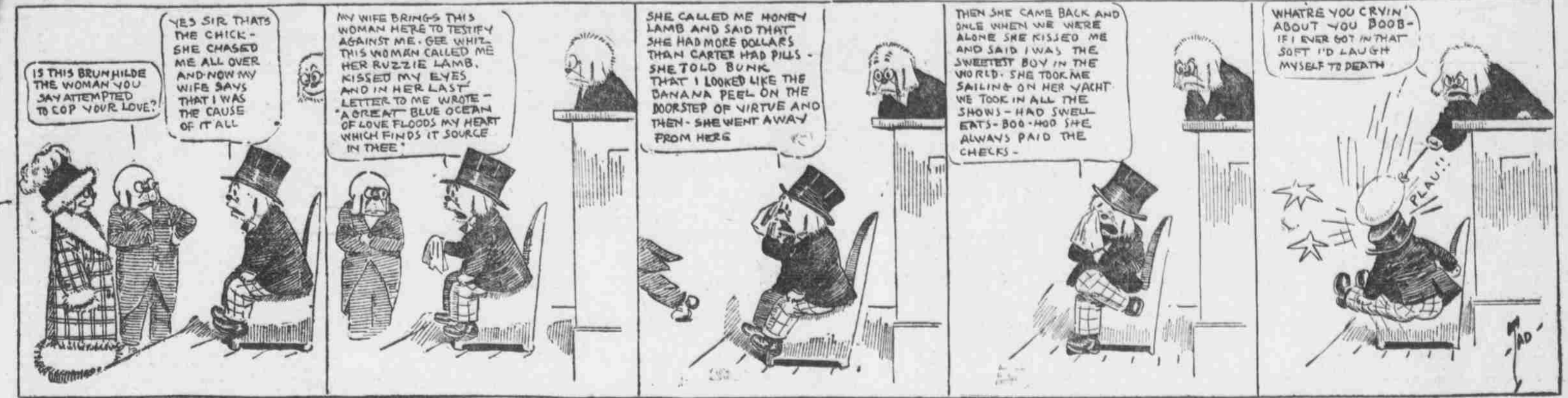


The Bee's Home Magazine Page

SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT :- No One Ever Called the Judge Ruzzielamb :- By Tad



The First Aid to Love

By DOROTHY DIX.

A great many people besides Mr. Roosevelt are greatly concerned about the decline and falling off in matrimony, as Mr. Wegg might say. All sorts of reasons, such as the growing independence of women and the high price of living, are brought forth to explain why people don't seem to fall in love and marry as much as they used to do.

Rate! The trouble with matrimony is modern architecture. It is the portiere and not the wince of beef that has blighted love's young dream. It is because there is no provision made for entertaining him in the modern home that Cupid has packed up his darts and taken to the woods. It is the mantle for grille work, through which every sound is distinctly audible, that is responsible for the increase of spinsters.

In the good old days, before the acquired living room in which a whole family herded together, was devised, and when there was a set parlor, sacred to the girls and their beaux, every girl of ordinary attractions had plenty of beaux, and in due time got comfortably married. Nowadays when the young man who goes a-visiting has to sit in the bosom of the girl's family, and where he has to do his love making, if he does it at all, in the presence of all her immediate relatives, men callers are few, and courting is fast becoming a lost art.

Nor is this to be wondered at. There are some things for which a man wants privacy, and the absolute certainty that no other ear than the one for which they are intended is listening to his remarks, and that is when he makes love. It is death to sentiment to suspicion that a cold, dispassionate third party is taking notes, and the apprehension that beyond a pair of flimsy curtains papa is reading the evening paper and mamma is darning socks, and little brother and little sister are waiting, with the artless curiosity of childhood, to hear how he does it, has prevented many a man from popping the question.

Now, inasmuch as most parents recognize that the best and happiest career for a woman is matrimony, it is just as much their duty to use some intelligent effort in helping their daughters to make good marriages as it is to help their sons to get some sort of good business. They should be Cupid's aids, not his hindrances.

In the first place, then, a father who has marriageable daughters should provide them with a home in which there is at least one room where a man can propose in peace and safety. The advantages of nooks and corners, and vine-shaded porches are not to be overestimated as promoters of spooning. Unhappily these are not always obtainable, but when they are not it is up to the family to go and sit in the kitchen on the wash tubs, if they have nowhere else to go, in order to give the girls a chance.

Don't be too critical of every young man who comes to see your daughters. It is every father's duty to investigate into the moral character of every youth who shows symptoms of becoming a regular visitor at his house, but after he has found out that the young man is sober, moral and industrious his jurisdiction over the love affair ceases.

In selecting a place to live parents should also consider what the social advantages would be for their daughters, and what the matrimonial prospects are. Success in matrimony, just as success in business, depends entirely upon opportunity. The prettiest and most charming girl on earth couldn't marry in an Adamless Eden, whereas a maiden of very ordinary attraction will often make a fine match if she goes to live in a community in which eligible men are plentiful.

The question of clothes is likewise a



Over the Hills to the Bughouse :- By Tad

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Daddydick NEVER GET GAY ON FIRST.

TOOT TOOT BLEW THE WHISTLE IT WAS 6 O'CLOCK AT THE MILL. BEAUTIFUL TESSIE THE VARNISHER CAME OUT OF THE DOOR AND WAS GREETED BY RENO JACK, THE GRAINER. "WILL YOU BE AT THE HOP TONIGHT" ASKED JACK WITH HIS WINNING SMILE. TESSIE ASKED "WHY ARE YOU ALWAYS ASKING ME QUESTIONS?" "WELL PIPED JACK ASK ME ONE," TESS THOUGHT A MOMENT THEN WHISPERED SWEETLY "IF MISS SMITH LOVED HER RUZZIE LAMB WHO'D DID POMPADOUR?"

GIVE ME YOUR HAND STEVE FOR I BELIEVE YOURE AN HONEST MAN.

QUICK MATES! THROW HIM AN ANCHOR.

LIFE!! SAID THE JUDGE IF HE DONT SERVE IT HANG HIS OLD MAN.

THE TOURIST AND THE GUIDE THEN ENTERED INTO ANOTHER ROOM TO TAKE A SLANT AT THE TOMB OF NAPOLEON THE GUIDE SPILLED A LOT OF CHATTER ABOUT THE LATE EMPEROR. TOLD OF HIS EARLY HARDSHIPS AND HIS BIG SUCCESSSES LATER THE TOURIST RUBBED HIS CHIN AND THEN ASKED "IF NAPOLEON BOUGHT WINE FOR JOSEPHINE DID HE WATER LOO?"

THE MOUTH PIECE FOR THE DEFENCE HAD JUST FINISHED HIS CHATTER. THE COURT ROOM WAS AS QUIET AS A BOILER FACTORY. THE JUDGE LIT HIS PIPE AND LEANED BACK TO LISTEN TO THE PROSECUTORS LINE OF CHAIN GOODS WHEN CUROR NO. 6 AROSE AND ASKED - IF THE KING OF ENGLAND ABHORS COFFEE WHY IS IT THAT HE IS SO FOND OF ROYALTY?

IM WRITING THE BASEBALL STORIES OF THE WORLDS SERIES FOR A PAPER NOW HA HA WHAT A PIECE 25 A WEEK AND EXPENSES.

I GET UP AT 6 CATCH THE TRAIN FOR PHILLY RUSH AROUND FOR NEWS SEND OVER ABOUT 25 PAGES OF STUFF TO THE PAPER. RUSH TO THE GROUNDS AND SEND OVER THE GAME

PLAY BY PLAY CATCH THE NEXT TRAIN BACK TON-Y-WRITE A LONG STORY FOR NEXT DAY GET TO BED AT 3 THEN GET UP AT 6 AND RUSH OUT ON THE JOB AS US

GEE YOURE A HAPPY GUY

YEP NOTHIN TO DO TILL TOMORROW

The Desert Island Library

By THOMAS TAPPER.

Almost every one has a favorite book. It may be the Bible, or Shakespears or the Almanac, or the Dream Book. Some men have even said that they have one hundred favorite books. It seems incredible, but they say so.

Now suppose, for the sake of playing a game, that you were to be sent to a desert island, there to live the rest of your days. Everything you desire is to be at your service in unlimited profusion except books. Of these you may have only ten, and these ten you must select yourself before the ship sails to your island paradise.

What ten would you take?

This is not so much a fool game as it might appear. With the tremendous increase of books in the world it is becoming a serious question what we shall try to read. It is clear enough that we cannot read them all, or any considerable portion of them all.

Hence it is wise for every one to have up his sleeve--so to say--a few favorite books that are solid enough to be to him as good friends. Therefore, if you answer this question you may clear up your own thoughts on the subject, and probably help some one else to do the same. So come more:

What ten would you take?

II.

We all read more or less badly. By this, I mean we read too many books, and none deeply or thoughtfully enough.

But with a background of the best books, to be read repeatedly, one can afford to do light reading without missing all the joys of deep reading. Certainly there are many novels, books of adventure and the like that are not worth reading twice, but which are entertaining enough for one reading.

We ought to have this pleasure, but we should not be confined to light reading alone. A little of the more solid sort now and again keeps the mind in the hills of thought--hard to climb, to be sure, but offering a fine view, and showing us just it is wise, now and then, to climb a hill and look around.

A reader of this paper has sent me the following:

"In a scrapbook, which I have kept for many years, I find two lists of good books--ten in each. Perhaps your readers may be interested to have them. They are supposed to be, in each case, the best ten books for a desert island." I do not know who made these lists.

"The first is this: (1) The Bible, (2) Shakespears, (3) Milton, (4) Blackstone's Commentaries, (5) Hugo or Carlyle, (6) Emerson, (7) Wordsworth, (8) Tennyson, (9) a dictionary, (10) 'Don Quixote'.

"In the second list are three books that occur in the first: The Bible, Shakespears and 'Don Quixote.' The others are Homer, Dante, 'Arabian Nights,' 'Picklewick Papers,' 'Robinson Crusoe,' 'Vanit' 'Fair' and Burton's 'Anatomy of Melancholy'.

"Perhaps no other person in the world would select either of these lists. I wonder how these lists will strike your readers?"

What ten would YOU take?

The Man in the Moon

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"Good even good fair moon, even to thee, I prithee, dear moon, now show to me.

"The form and the features, the speech and degree Of the man that true lover of mine shall be." --WALTER SCOTT.

What One Man Did

By PERCY SHAW.

A group of laborers was filling in a street trench; half a dozen loaded shovels were poised in air when the moon whistle blew. All but one man dropped the dirt back on the pile. The other five were young, but they might as well have been centenarians, for they will be shoveling dirt till they die. Which is another way of saying that discriminating nature has provided plenty of room at the bottom to accommodate her children of the clock.

Nature never makes a mistake, and therein she differs from the thinking creatures she creates. She regulates her multi-trillions of unthinking animals and plant families with nicest precision; she colors each flower for a distinct purpose; she fashions her legions of insects that they may better attain their foreordained goal in her general scheme; with all-seeing eyes she watches the course of the ant in the fornicary with the same patience that she supervises the titanic upheavals on our shrinking sun.

But, having bestowed upon us the unique gift of reason, she leaves us to determine when, where and how we shall sow and reap.

Therefore, when at the sound of the whistle you see a man dropping his shovelful of work back on the pile of things undone, you may set him down as one of the children of the clock.

Lawyer, doctor, minister, anything you will, if he is a child of the clock, he will tell you he is not appreciated even as he is being swept away to the meadows of opportunity lost.

Time was when pioneers in new paths faced the scoffings of an intolerant world. Galileo braved the inquisition to maintain a truth; Socrates drank the fatal hemlock with a smile; the names of the martyrs are legion, likewise their fame is undying, but they were never children of the clock.

Fortunately in the enlightened days things worth while are not long passed by. Education has begotten discriminations; the benefactor of the race, be his service great or small, is sure of a present reward.

Of twenty-two of our railroad presidents seventeen battled their way to the top from telegraph key, coal yard and way station; behind they left an army of associates equally poor with them when the march began.

The ladder of success, like other ladders, narrows rapidly at the top. Those who stepped off the lower rungs when the whistle blew could never attain the skill needed to balance on the top rung with nothing to support them. The envious voice of this great army will tell you why they did not get there. Is it strange that you are not interested? What thrills you is the story of the heroes who did.

Paradoxical as it may sound, sympathy belongs with the man on the heights. The children of the clock are sufficient unto themselves.



Truthful Tips

Every man has his price, subject to a cash discount.

The fool and his money never have to look far for grounds for divorce.

"They also serve who only stand and wait," except at tennis.

Time has touched many a woman lightly who used to be a brunette.

If there is anything at all in a person, an ocean voyage will generally bring it out.

It isn't the well-dressed man who wears the latest wrinkle in trousers.--New York Times.