



The Bee's Home Magazine Page

SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT

The Judge Is Wised Up on the Kellys

By Tad

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The Man Who Forgave His Wife

In Illinois Recently a Man Killed His Wife's Affinity Who Sneered at Him—Having Been Freed, the Man Has Asked His Wife to Return—All Honor to Men and Women Who Forgive and Try to Forget.

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Every day we read of bad men who neglect and maltreat good women.

Every day we see patient women bearing with unworthy men and forgiving them all the sins in the calendar.

Now and then we hear of a good man who forgives an unworthy woman.

Down in Illinois such a case has recently occurred.

The wife became infatuated with another man, and the husband, thinking only of the best results for his erring wife, demanded a promise that he would marry the woman once she was divorced.

The affinity refused and made sneering remarks.

Whereupon the husband killed him. Now, having been freed by the jury, according to the unwritten law, the husband has asked his wife to return to him and go away and begin life over under new conditions.

This man seems to feel the force of the words he used on his wedding day. "To take this woman for better or for worse until death do us part."

His love for her must have died a painful death; but pity has taken its place, and a high sense of duty.

The man feels responsible for the future of the woman he married, and instead of letting her go the downward path, while he seeks happiness with some other better woman, he is standing by her side, ready to guard and protect her to the end.

It is not possible for two people to know absolute romantic happiness after a third person has intruded upon their domain.

When a man and woman set forth in life as lovers and establish a marital kingdom, where the doves of peace and the love birds build their nests among green trees, good sense, judgment, unselfishness and will must be stationed, at intervals, as caretakers, and the mental signboards, "No Poaching," must be made effective to all idle loafers or thieving trespassers who roam about the domain. Every young couple starts out in married life with an idea that no temptation, no danger, can assail them.

Their romantic love will render them immune from danger.

But as the honeymoon wanes protecting, intense emotions which first domi-

nated their hearts grow into a calm affection, and many a little sliding panel in the heart is left unguarded—the little panel of vanity, the little panel of self-indulgence, the little panel of love, of power—and through the small doors enter discord, danger and despair, unless the caretakers are on guard, ready with gun and sword to drive them off the domain of peace and happiness.

There are few women so completely and absorbingly in love with their husbands that they are insensible to the admiration of other men; and few men capable of a love so masterful that they turn away unmoved when temptation looks them in the eyes.

But there are many women, thank God, and some men, who love enough and who have sufficient common sense and good taste to turn admiration into respect, and to say to temptation, "Get thee behind me, Satan," and so keep their own beautiful kingdom of romance free from devastating marauders.

And those men and women who down the western slope of life together knowing a happiness and a peace and a love impossible to be understood by those who have yielded to every passing whim of the mind, to every call of the sense, to each magnetic influence.

And only such know real happiness.

After there has been a trespasser on the domain, after good sense, unselfishness or will has slept at the post of duty and let in the poachers, life can never again know the old white, strong, clear light of perfect peace, perfect confidence, absolute trust.

But it can know calmness, freedom from pain, and gratitude that the devastation was not greater.

So this man who has taken back his wife will have many peaceful hours, many moments of satisfaction that he did not send his erring woman on a downward path alone; and so many women who have taken back faithless and unkind husbands enjoy a pale second honeymoon, basking in the dim light of the depleted orb, glad that even that is left to them.

And it all means experience, and is all a part of the character building for which mortals are sent to earth.

And it is wholly in accord with the marriage vows, which men and women take so thoughtlessly, and so frequently violate when the times comes to carry out the promise of taking this man, or woman, "for worse" instead of "better."

All honor to the men and women who forgive and try to forget! And all sympathy for them, since it is the law that "sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things!"—Copyright, 1911, by American-Journal-Examiner.

Subsydile

THANK YOU AND YOU'LL THANK ME THAT'S THE BEST QUARTAR YOU EVER INVESTED.

MANY A MILE MIKE HAD JUST CLIMBED OFF THE BRAKE BEAMS AND SECURED A SEAT ON THE REAR END OF THE CABOOSE THE BRANDMAN WAS JUST ABOUT TO ASSIST MIKE ALIGHT WITH HIS LEATHER COVERED TIE WHEN MIKE GRABBING HIM BY THE LEFT LISTENER BARKED IN A HOARSE VOICE

IF GABY DESLYS WENT BROKE WOULD MANUEL LABOR?

OUCH DOC!! YOU HIT THE NERVE

JIMMY JAMES MISSED THE LAST TRAIN OUT HE HAD TO GET HOME THATS ALL THERE WAS TO IT. HE HIRED A MULE FOR 2 BUCKS AND STARTED OFF FOR BAYSIDE THE MULE HAD A HABIT OF STOPPING AT EVERY MERRY MULLAGE PARLOR BUT JIMMY WOULD HAVE NONE OF THAT AND KEPT HIM GOING AT WOODSIDE THE OLD GATEMAN HAILED HIM AND WHISPERING SOFTLY ASKED IF YOUR NUDE PEELES AND YOUR EARS RING WHY DNT YOUR DOME A BELFRY?

BUT THE FEMALE OF THIS SPECIES IS MORE DEADLY THAN THE MALE.

ALL THE PASSENGERS HAD OBEYED THE ORDER AND TOOK THE CAR AHEAD BUT THE BOOB AND HE WOULD NOT GET OUT THE CONDUCTOR, TWO COPS AND A SERGEANT TOLD HIM IT WAS USELESS TO SIT THERE HE FINALLY AGREED TO GET BACK ON HIS FEET IF THEY WOULD ANSWER THIS QUESTION AND HE PIPED IF RIDER HAGGARD HAD BEEN LEW WALLACE WOULD SHE HAVE BEN HUR?

WAIT LADY WAIT TILL THE CAR STOPS

I'M WORKING AS A PLUMBERS HELPER NOW—ITS A PIPE—GEE I DONT GET TO WORK TILL 7, THEN I START THE FIRE IN THE CHARCOAL BURNERS

AFTER THAT I CLEAN THE TOOLS AND PUT THEM IN THE BAGS, THEN I CARRY THE KIT AND STOVE TO THE DIFFERENT JOBS.

I PACK THE PIPE UP AND GET BACK TO THE STORE ABOUT 6. ALL I HAVE TO DO THEN IS TO THREAD PIPE TILL 10. AT 12 I'M HOME

GEE YOU'RE A LUCKY GUY

YEP NOTHIN TO TILL TOMORROW

Sherlocko the Monk

By Gus Mager

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THE CASE OF THE PURLOINED NET.

FISH PIRATES AT WORK IN THE BAY! THEY CLEANED ME OUT THIS MORNING. MY BOAT'S AT THE DOCK—HURRY!

COME WATSO—QUICK!

AH, YOU HAD YOUR NET TOMOR— I DEDUCE IT FROM THOSE POLES!

FASTER, MR. WATSO!

YOU SEE THE PIRATE TOOK FISH, NET AND ALL.

NO OUR MAN WAS AFTER THE NET ALONE—THESE DEAD FISH ON THE SURFACE SHOW HE THREW YOUR CATCH AWAY!

AND FURTHER—HE DID NOT TAKE THE NET TO FISH WITH! YOU SEE HE HAS ONLY CUT A PIECE OUT OF THE MIDDLE! TAKE ME ASHORE—I MUST CONTINUE MY INVESTIGATIONS THERE!

ASTONDING.

AH, THE ONLY CLUE I NEEDED! WE SHALL FIND OUR FRIEND'S PROPERTY ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THAT FENCE!

AREN'T YOU GOING RATHER FAR, MR. NERVO, APPROPRIATING THAT FISHERMAN'S PROPERTY LIKE THIS?

WELL, I CANT PLAY TENNIS WITHOUT A NET, AND THERE WERE ANY FISH IN IT ANYWAY!

IS LOVE

Germania Flat-Struck. German "garden city" advocates have returned from an English trip determined to smash the German belief in flat life. It has become a conviction in Germany that in industrial centers apartment houses are the only possible accommodation, because of the expensive sites. But the "garden city" pioneers have been converted by the number of small "single family" houses in England occupied by industrial workers.

Adolf Otto, one of the advocates of reform, says that in Berlin alone, exclusive of the suburbs, there are 250,000 families lodging in one room each, and over 200 families have only two rooms each. Munich, the prosperous, has over half its population housed in single rooms. Dresden and Strassburg are showing the way to the rest of Germany by means of garden cities, but the progress is slow against ingrained German notions of the necessity of the flat.

Woe! Woe! My Sisters!

Mr. Bennett, the Pocket Edition Englishman, Has Pronounced Our Doom.

BY NANA SPRINGER WHITE

"Woe! Woe! Woe!" my sisters, and shroud yourselves in sackcloth.

For our final sentence has been passed upon us, our doom pronounced.

Mr. Arnold Bennett, the pocket edition Englishman who runs a mental vivisection institute when he is at home, and who does not wish to get out of practice while he is studying Americans—from an armchair—has tagged, classified and impaled us.

Not for his own collection, not even a sample specimen, oh, dear, no! Mr. Bennett is pronounced in his preferences. He is also very frank.

Listen to this epitome of us, oh! American femininity, and then tell me if there be not reason for us to beat upon our breasts and pour dust and ashes upon our heads.

"If I wanted to spend a half hour, a half day—any casual length of time—with a woman, I would choose the American woman. Otherwise there is no comparison to be made. The English woman wears, she lasts, she understands, and for all time, the American woman meets the moment. She exhorts herself in brilliancy, in repartee at the start."

Arnold Bennett, in an interview.

It is no use, girls.

We might just as well give up hoping that Englishmen will ever approve of us. Some of them—if they are poor enough—may marry some of us—if we are rich enough—but marrying a woman isn't approving of her. All the married sisters who agree, please hold up their hands—thank you—the eyes have it.

It is many a long day since English authors and others, including our own and only Henry James, began directing their light and heavy artillery at us, and comparing us to our lasting disadvantage—to the perfect specimens of womanhood who live their enchanted lives on the other side of the pond.

They have been firing at us constantly for fifty years or more, but it has remained for Mr. Bennett to brand us as a sort of intellectual champagne or Welsh rabbit, to be desired occasionally, but carefully avoided for life's wear and tear.

And Mr. Bennett had made such an exhaustive study of us, too! He had been in America two days and ten hours when he pronounced judgment upon us. But he has studied us in Paris, oh! dear, yes. All of our frothy, freaky specimens who can't be endured at home, all our artistic temperaments who necessarily have sacrificed rational everyday living to their studies, all our idle rich, including many of our fashionable divorcees, who couldn't recognize a "lasting" quality, let alone possess one—all of these "representative" American types Mr. Bennett has studied.

And that is all that is necessary. Sh-sh! sister, don't say it.

Yes, I know that there are some millions of us who never saw Paris, who couldn't voice an epigram to save our lives, who couldn't "exhaust ourselves in brilliancy or repartee," because we don't possess any of either article.

Millions of us who keep house, raise our babies, share our husbands' cares and joys and sorrows, and, according to the testimony of the men of our own families who know us best, "wear and last and understand" while there is breath in our bodies.

But don't whisper it to Mr. Bennett. An Englishman doesn't want to be told anything. If he once determined upon a statement it holds good for time and eternity, world without end. Amen!

The only woman who could have changed Mr. Bennett's opinion of American women is that famous bride who cuddled close to her husband, laid her cheek upon his shoulder, and, looking up into his eyes soulfully, queried: "Tell me, dear, is the world round?"

If she had married Mr. Bennett—

But I always have had my doubts about her being an American girl. There must have been a strain of English blood in her somewhere.

Of course, it is going to be very hard to struggle along under the stigma of Mr. Bennett's characterization. But then, sisters, we've heard this sort of impudence far more than some of us would care to confess, and still we live and move and have our being and manage to secure the lion's share of the love, loyalty and pocketbook of that prince of mankind, the American man.

So let us reconsider any impulse to shed the life blood of the tabloid Englishman. Miss Peody did her little best, you know. Let it rest there.

Lysander John Rebels

By THOMAS TAPPER.

On August 7, 1911, there died at Graz, Austria, a man who was essentially great, true to himself and to his calling.

His name was Max De Lipman. He was by birth a baron, but he preferred not to use the title, and to live among his associates as a man successful in his calling. He was the foremost newspaper illustrator in the United States, when, in 1898, he was stricken with paralysis.

Readers recall this artist's work; that he produced with his creative brain and his right hand.

Then he became paralyzed, his speech was affected, and his right hand and arm became useless. What did he do?

He patiently set himself to work to study drawing again with his left hand. This task, this going to school to master the other side of his body, while trying to adjust himself to life with half his body stricken with uselessness, took eighteen months. Then he went back to his desk again.

Up to the time of his death he worked with the same enthusiasm that made him determined to conquer his left hand. It is said of him that he made pen and ink sketches of more men in public life than any other living artist.

It is often impressive to read what men do in affliction. Such stories always move us. We are apt to think that they belong to other days. But here is a case that in recent days was going right on here among us. Max De Lipman, from the day of his physical misfortune in 1898, was solving as difficult a task as falls to any man.

Mr. Walter Scott had to face it when, with body broken in health, he undertook to wipe off an indebtedness of hundreds of thousands of dollars with his power of imagination. Beethoven, absolutely deaf for a quarter of a century, went on undaunted writing the music that he could not hear save in the imagination that gave it birth.

Max De Lipman, deprived of nearly all her senses, rose to conquer her limitations to such an extent that her name, like that of Helen Keller of today, became known the world over. No writing of Charles Dickens is more interesting than is that chapter in his American Notes that relates his impressions of Miss Bridgman's attainment.

It is a wonderful privilege to have a body finely attuned, in splendid condition, capable of responding to any demand we make on it. But we must always remember that back of the body there is the mind, ready and capable of speaking its message, even though the body on which it has depended is suddenly bruised and broken.

Men who face affliction and rise superior to it are they who realize the supremacy of the mind. If one cylinder of their engine breaks down in midcareer they proceed to come in slowly under reduced steam.

But they come in.

First—it is easy to learn to depend on outside helps, and to overlook the mind power that is the one real thing.

Max De Lipman kept his title of baron hidden, and offered himself to the world on the basis of his genius and attainment as an artist.

Second—it is easy when affliction overtakes us to sit down in the wreck of our own body and give up, losing sight of the very power that makes the body active—namely, the power of the mind.

Max De Lipman did not recognize his affliction, except so far as to find in it an inspiration. An inspiration to throw it aside, to forget it, to sit down patiently and to begin once more, steadily teaching the left hand that degree of skill and cunning that affliction had forever taken away from his wonderful right hand.

Third—The billboards scattered over the fields of America teach us a bad lesson. We learn from them, almost unconsciously, to advertise ourselves in big type.

Max De Lipman, and great men of his kind, go on quietly, do good work, however they may be forced to accomplish it, and let the work speak for itself.

No young American boy or girl who grasps the essential facts of this man's success and struggle, can fail to realize that a great man is a simple man who regards the body as the servant of the mind.

Daysey Mayme as St. Cecelia

By FRANCES L. GARSDIE.

There stands in one corner of the Lysander John Appleton parlor (or perhaps it would be more truthful to say "the Daysey Mayme Appleton parlor," since her father is seldom permitted to enter it except for family reunions and funerals) a battered and storm-tossed piano, but which remains in spite of its years, a willing interpreter of Mozart and Beethoven. And also of a composer named Mendelssohn, a favorite with girls because he once wrote a wedding march.

There hangs above the piano a picture of a woman with her hands crossed and her eyes rolled to the ceiling, and those of profane minds like Lysander John wonder if she is looking for cobwebs, but she isn't; she looks to the ceiling for inspiration, and she is known as Saint Cecelia, the goddess of every girl whose musical abilities are so great she can play with her hands crossed.

Needless to say she is the goddess of Daysey Mayme, and when a guest is present and Daysey Mayme sits down to play and looks at the saint, and the saint looks at the ceiling, and Mr. and Mrs. Lysander John look at Daysey Mayme. It makes a delightful picture of inspiration and adoration. This is one of the rare occasions when Lysander John is permitted in the parlor.

The guest is seated between the father and mother for punctuation purposes. You don't understand? Then listen while we explain:

"Play 'The Storm,' darling," the mother will say, and Daysey Mayme, after twisting the piano stool higher than she may

twist it lower, and later removing her rings (that her hands may not be handicapped by their weight in their whirlwind of action, begins. Her hands fly like chickens before a wind.

"That's the thunder, isn't it grand?" says the mother, punching the guest in the right side.

"Just hear that high wind," says Lysander John, enthusiastically, punching the ceiling on the left.

"Then Daysey Mayme crosses her hands and touched the minor chords. "That's the lull; I can almost see the eaves starting home," says the mother, giving her guest a dig in the ribs.

"Ah!" says Lysander John, smacking his lips, "the storm is beginning again. Here is where you hear a crashing of the trees in the forest," giving his guest a poke with his elbow in her liver.

And she is punctuated with nudges and shoves and digs, to emphasize lightning, the first patter of rain, the hail, the grumbling of thunder in the distance, and the final dying away of the storm, till her sides are black and blue and she is reduced to the stage where only a doctor with poultices and liniment and surgeon's plaster can keep her from falling apart.

Some of these days all those guests who have been victims of this modern Saint Cecelia, and of all other modern Saint Cecelias, will rise in rebellion and give a storm that will be more like the real thing than even Daysey Mayme's rendition.

Will proud parents take warning?