



The Bee's Home Magazine Page

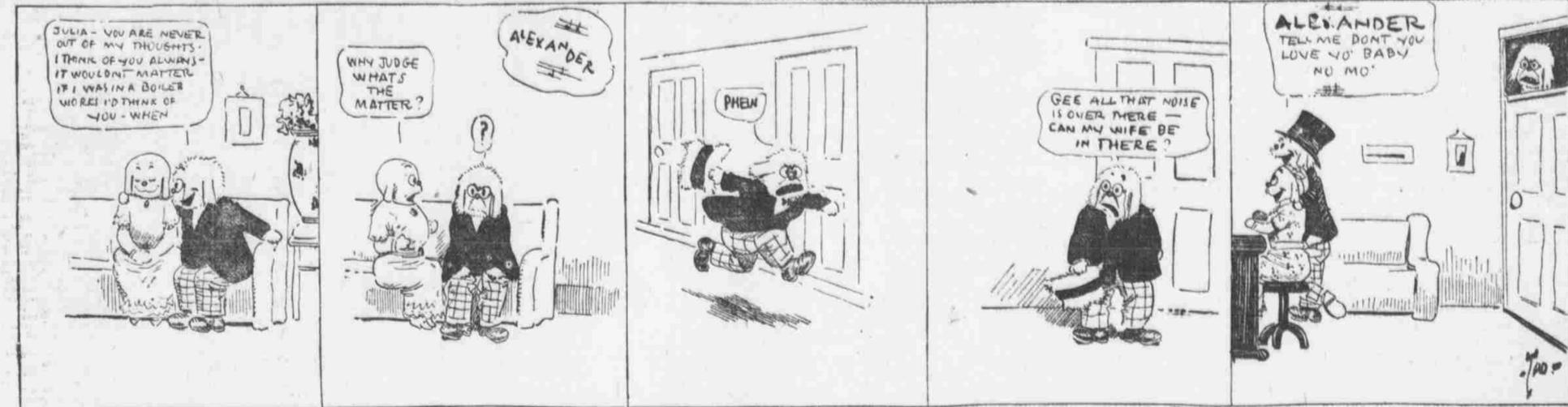


SILK HAT HARRY'S DI. ORCE SUIT

Well, There's Lots in a Name

By Tad

Copyright 1911, National News Association



Paying a Debt in Full

By WINIFRED BLACK.

So you married him—and you tried very hard to make him happy. Your little garden was gay with flowers, your little house was cheery and bright and full of sunshine. You cooked good things to eat and you set them trimly on your table. You read to him, you never looked or thought of any one on earth but him, and you dared to hope for a measure of simple happiness, and now some one has told him—and he drove you out—and life is a black misery for you forevermore.



Poor, little woman: poor, foolish, loving, hoping little heart—so you had to pay after all when you thought that the bill had been forgotten or lost or something? Who was it took the pains to tell your husband about the one awful mistake in your life? The man who persuaded you to make it, or some nice, kind gentleman friend of yours who could not bear to see you happy when her own heart was eaten with green envy?

Good work that, wasn't it, to turn your poor, little, struggling, happiness into dull misery and hopelessness. Who ever did it must be happy and light of heart now that they see what their meddling has cost you. And the man you married, what of him?—what's he going to do? You say he loves you; but his pride will not let him forgive. What are you going to do about it? Grovel at his feet like a whipped dog and beg him to take you back?

A Champion of the Powder Rag

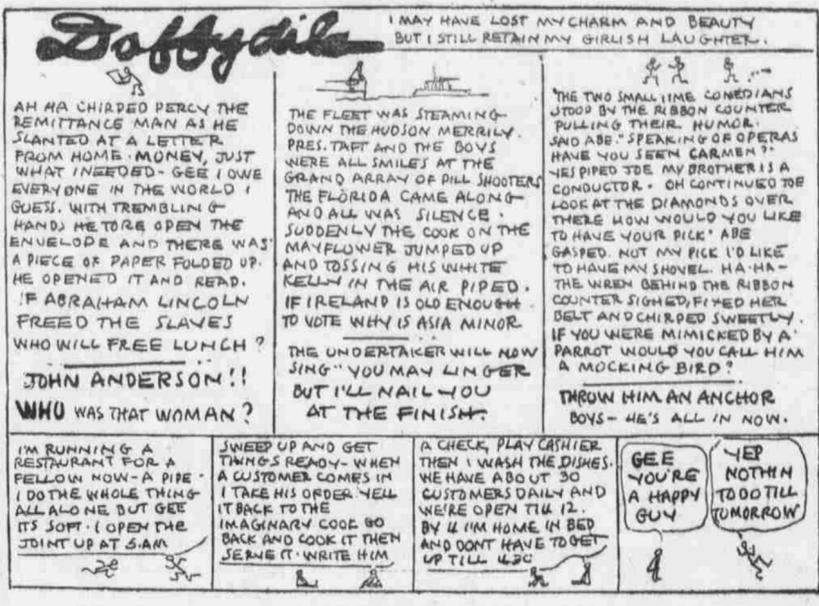
By FRANCES L. GARSDALE.

"I see," said Davey Mayme Appleton in one of those lucid moments that so rarely come into the life of a girl like her, "that the preachers are attacking the girl who uses face powder. I wish, as the president of the Drop Stitches of Life Club, and the high priestess of the Put the Men in Their Places Society, to go on record with the statement that when a girl uses face powder and rouges the men are to blame." Throwing open a window that she might have cool air on her indignation, she continued: "I will admit every sin of vanity, but the girl who hasn't enough vanity to take the shine off the tip of her nose is mighty lonesome. From the day she is too old for dolls till the day she is quite struggling and tries to find contentment in making dolls of her sister's babies she doesn't receive as much attention as a widow whose powder rag and rouge jar are offered by nine children. "The girl who gets all the attention; the girl who has an escort to theaters, parties and rides, who is never a wall flower longer than it takes her to get out a powder rag and redab her nose, is the girl on the most intimate terms with powder and paint. She begins in a retail way on the shine of her nose, and unconsciously strays over the border into the wholesale by spreading the powder all over her face and touching up her lips and cheeks with rouge. "A man loves in song, poem and prose to praise the little wren-like woman who is content with the looks the Lord gave her. That is the kind of a woman he wants for a mother or a sister, but if you ever notice that when he buys theater tickets it isn't for a wren? It is for a bird of paradise, with her hair touched up and done up in enormous rolls on top, or the new kind of haircut at the back, and with her face done in the red and white of old-fashioned peppermint candy. And those colors, by the way, are the only old-fashioned thing about her. "The only kind of a haircut she can make is in the coiffure line, but that

what to remember. Forget it all, this whole miserable business—the first terrible mistake and the terrible price you have had to pay for it. Fill your life so full of new interests, new thoughts, new developments, that you can no more take any interest in things that are dead and buried than you could go back and be a little girl again. You're young, you're bright, you're good—no, I'm not sneering, I mean it. I'm talking about what you were; and now is a big enough time for any one to attend to. Stop thinking about them, stop worrying about them, and think about now—splendid, hopeful, busy, practical now—and you'll come out all right. You did wrong, you owed a debt, you are paying that debt now in tears and anguish and humiliation. Let it go at that, and let all the people connected with that debt and the paying of it go to. Live your own life, and live it with content and honest self-respect. And hearken! You have lived in the outer darkness where there is weeping and gnashing of teeth; you know what a mistake such as yours means to a woman. Concern your heart no more with the sorrows that are past. Concern yourself with that young girl you see walking right on the edge of the deep cliff where you stumbled and fell. Who can help her as well as you? Don't preach to her, don't spy upon her, don't suspect her—just help her. The husband? Let him go. He'll find a "good" woman to marry him and make him work for her, and perhaps there will be times when he'll wish he had you back again. These "perfect" women are not always such great successes as wives after all. What is that to you? You are not responsible for him; you are responsible for yourself—and that's all. Get a fresh start somewhere—don't slip any more—climb, and smile all the time you are climbing. No man may ruin the life of any woman no matter how "good" he is or how bad she has been. The woman you were is dead and buried. Put up a modest stone at her head, join hands with the hurrying years and go away from the grave where she lies buried and think of it no more. Go on in your chosen way, be a brave woman, an honest woman, a cherry woman as a help to all who need your help. So shall the debt you owe be paid, and paid in full.

King Eric's "Enchanted Cap." Eric XIV, king of Sweden, admitted magic and had an enchanted cap which he pretended gave him power over the elements. When a storm arose his subjects said: "The king has on his conjuring cap."

More Help, Please, Mr. Cop :-: :-: By Tad



Sherlocko the Monk :-: By Gus Mager

Copyright, 1911, National News Association. The Case of the Resourceful Burglar



The Cities Beyond

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

There comes to me, from one in whom I believe, a story of clear seeing—a vision of a wonderful city, on another plane, outside of the earth realm. A city with beautiful streets and fine architecture and fair statuary and alive with action, peopled with beings like, and yet unlike, the denizens of the earth.



Personally, I do not imagine my friend saw "heaven," for I do not believe in any one locality in the further lands which bears that name. But I believe "In my Father's house are many mansions," and in my Father's universe are many continents and cities. And I think my friend saw one of the many. I have no doubt it was a spiritual city, inhabited by spiritual beings, and that innumerable others exist in space—cities beautiful and unbeautiful, on higher and lower planes, according to the spiritual workmanship of the inhabitants. I believe you and I today, and every hour in the day, are helping to build one of those cities; and just as we build, so shall our structure be when we leave this particular chemical formation in which our spirits now dwell and pass on to new realms. And when we reach that new region we shall find for neighbors those who have thought similar thoughts, held similar ambitions and compassed similar actions while on this sphere. The scientific world has decided that "Thought is Energy." This energy will select our place of habitation in the life beyond, and therefore it behooves both you and me to direct our energy to good and beautiful purposes if we wish a desirable location in one of the many "cities built by hands," but by thoughts.

There is something wonderfully stimulating to the human mind in the very vague dream of such a city. It gives new impetus to worthy action, new wings to hope, new comfort to sorrow, new solace to disappointment and failure. It makes everything good seem enduring and everything that is not good trivial and of small import. It makes the hurried transit of time in this little life seem of less importance, and arouses the heart from sad reveries over broken earthly ties to a consciousness of renewed friendships and affections in worlds beyond. For those who have always longed for the beautiful and ideal, while compelled to live in sordid and commonplace surroundings, it gives the exquisite hope of compensation for disappointment and reward for patience.

All hail to the Cities Beyond! May our eyes receive the inner vision to behold them while we are yet in the temporal body upon this plane. And a new name shall Science henceforth wear. The great religion of the universe—Copyright, 1911, by American-Journal-Examiner.

The Fleet

By CHESTER FIRKINS.

Gaunt rocks of death that darily lay, Unfettered by tide or river's sway, Against the glory of the day, The ships of war were still. Kindred in color to the wave, Kindred in menace to the grave, They floated, terrible and brave, Beneath the peopled hill. Immovable as fortified isles— Stern guns ablaze from their pinnacles The anchored squadrons marked the miles From bay to city's rim. We gazed upon the stately chain— The shackles of the mighty main— Built, by our will, for human pain, And felt the grandeur grim. But, sudden, fell the veil of night, And, sudden, to the wondering sight, From far-thronged wave, and wall and height. We saw the splendor glow. Phantasmal as a magic dream, The bosom of the hidden stream Burst, beautiful in the gleam Of lights, long filed and low. The floating citadels of death, As by some mystic sibboleth, Were fashioned, in the space of breath, Into a fairy scene. The things that men had made to kill Stood glorified and sweet and still. While music reached the shoreward hill From out the dream demense. But yet again the dawn came, cold. The deep guns, by their thunder, told Their power, where the echoes rolled Against the rocky shores. And out upon the ocean gray, Trim, terrible, in close array, The dreamful, deathful ships away Went forth for peace, or war.

Personal Opinions

The busiest thing in the world is this curiosity.—L. Browne. The longest life is but an elementary school.—Lady Warwick. Doctors are as much influenced by fashion as a Mayfair milliner.—Mme. Sarah Grand. It is a fortunate household where husband and wife quarrel only once in five years.—Lady Stout. Modern educationists do not give their scholars anything like the grounding they got in the old type schools.—Henry George, Sr. A retentive memory is of great use to a man, no doubt; but the talent of oblivion is on the whole more useful.—Louis de la Ramee. To the unimaginative man a cloud is a cloud, which either may blow over, or else may result in a downpour of rain. That is the beginning and the end of it. But to the imaginative man it is the herald and forerunner of a horror of thick darkness, which may turn the sun into sackcloth and the moon into blood, and blot out the stars for ever and ever.—Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler. Aged Apothecary. Birth is much; breeding is more. The eye is the audience of nature. To obey a despot is not allegiance. Use pastime so as not to lose time. Ill success is the contempt of fortune. Reason is the touchstone of philosophy. Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow. Give every man thy ear, but few thy voice. One murder makes a villain, millions a hero. The fly that sips treacle is lost in the sweets. We write down our bad debts, but not our bad deeds. Variety's the very spice of life that gives it all its flavor. Many complain of their memory; now of their judgment.