



The Bee's Home Magazine Page



SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT

The Judge Was Nominated All Right, All Right

By Tad

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Too Good to Last

By DOROTHY DIX.

A young man in Chicago, where divorce is said to be easy, has sought to forestall domestic trouble by filing with the county recorder a guarantee to be a model husband. This ante-nuptial contract, duly signed and witnessed by a notary, promises:

"My wife may do as she pleases. She is free to go and come when she likes, to go with whom she chooses, and I will not be jealous. I will not go running for a fellow because he admires her beauty, and because she smiles when he speaks to her.

"I will not interfere with any of her plans.

"I will be kind and good to her. I will give her all of my earnings, and it will be her privilege to do with my income as she likes, so long as she feeds me well.

"When we have a surplus and it goes to the bank, I agree not to hold the key.

A brute of a husband is bid enough, goodness knows, but heaven preserve a woman from the awful fate of being married to a masculine doornut, that doesn't even resent being trodden upon and kicked about. A mean husband at least furnishes a woman with some interest, but of the too good husband, she dies of surfeit or boredom.

The Chicago man must know little.

Please Stop, Mr. Cop

By Tad



Daysey Mayme and Her Folks

By FRANCES L. GARSIDE.

When a woman bristles with her wrongs, she shows it by addressing the one man who makes up her audience as if he were two men, or a host. This is so unfailingly true that Lysander John Appleton knows the nature of what is coming the moment Daysey Mayme says: "You men."

"Before she has said another word, anticipation, born of painful experience, has made him look like a tomato vine the morning after the first frost.

"You men," she said, and Lysander John began to feel the cold creeping into his veins. "talk of the emancipation of women as if it will be secured the moment we have gained the glorious privilege of voting for a dog-catcher. I tell you, it will not be. We are not slaves to man! We are slaves to his demand that we become beautiful in his eyes."

A feeble protest from Lysander John, who felt that as the sole representative of his sex he should be defiant.

"You have led us to believe that a woman should be beautiful or apologize for the room she takes up on the earth, and you have worshipped so steadfastly at the shrine of a fair skin or a pretty dimple, that we are wasting our lives trying to make of ourselves something which we are not."

"We deny ourselves every pleasure that leaves a freckle in its wake; we fix our ideals on a certain weight, and starve or eat food that tastes like ashes till we attain it; we are so greased with cold cream at night that our faces slip off the pillow, and we are burned worse than the Christian martyrs of old, for they never knew the tortures of the curling iron. We train harder than foot ball or boat racing crew; we have marathons of endurance to put flesh on and take flesh off, with this difference between us and the college athletes: We are working for a prize that won't last as long as the colors of their pennant in the first rain—the admiration of man."

"We don't let ourselves think because you men prefer a woman with a face that looks like the map of an undiscovered country, and thinking makes the lines that show the country is inhabited; we go through life denying ourselves that we may become beautiful and win your admiration, and what do you men give up to win ours?"

Lysander John thought and thought, and scratched his head, but couldn't recall a sacrifice.

"You enjoy what you like best in life without any thought of your hair or your skin, and you come to us with unshaved hair on your face and no hair on your head, and a red tip on your nose, and a form that would make a straight front corset shiver with despair, and demand that we admire you. And to my dying humiliation I confess that we do."

"You like a new little pink baby, without a feature that is good, a complexion that is all one color, and no shape to you, and we look at you and get down on our knees. We don't say, 'You need training down,' or 'You weigh too little,' or 'Your color is bad.' We just look at you and admire you, and begin to bait our hooks."

"With our figures made good by self-denial and our complexions made pleasing in your eyes by more denial, but as bait on the hook, we throw in the line, hoping with so much effort and self-sacrifice to catch a whale, and some of us don't catch anything, and most of us catch minnows. And those of you who are minnows, which means nearly all of you, spend the rest of your lives in making us believe you are whales."

"What good will the ballot do woman so long as she will refuse to go to the polls in a hot sun for fear of spoiling her complexion, and in that way lose the admiration of the very man whose neck the ballot puts under her foot?"

"Until we are freed from the burden of caring what you men think of our looks, we will not be free," said Daysey Mayme.

"And it doesn't appear to me," said Lysander John to himself in a very low whisper, "that you will ever be free."



-Ch Gatchell-

"THERE IS NO FUN IN MANAGING A MAN WHO NEVER KICKS."

I agree to come home at the proper hour each night, or give her a valid excuse.

"And I further agree that I will let her get a divorce if I fail to behave as a kind, loving, gentle, considerate husband to her."

When the guarantee had been placed on record the couple sought a minister and were married.

This case is a curious and interesting phase of the domestic question, for it indicates that one man, at least, has undertaken to solve the problem of making matrimony a grand, sweet song by putting the soft pedal on himself, so to speak.

Of course, it is no new thing for a man to promise anything and everything to the lady he is wooing. It is a time when the lover lets go all hold upon veracity and qualifies for membership in the Amalthea club.

There isn't a married woman who doesn't regret how her husband—before she was married—swore to her that she was the only woman in the world and that his love would never grow colder or less impassioned than at that minute, and that he spent whole evenings assuring her that her slightest wish should be his law, that he could sit up and hold her hand forever, and that he asked nothing of fate but the privilege of toiling to surround her with every luxury.

All of which hasn't prevented him from arriving at the place where his kisses are perfunctory pecks on the cheek, when he rovers over the cooking, and when

indeed, of women if he believes he is going to retain his wife's love and insure himself a tranquil married life by the program he had mapped out.

To begin with, he asserts that his wife may do as she pleases, that she can come and go as she likes, and with whom she chooses, and that he will not be jealous.

That, no doubt, sounded noble, and strong, and self-abnegating to him as he promised it, and he pictured his wife throwing fits of joy over it. But will she? Nay, nay, Edward; she won't. About the second time she takes a squint at that proviso in the ante-nuptial contract it won't look like a gorgeous compliment. It will appear a deadly insult to her.

She will begin to think that her husband must esteem her a very poor thing if he doesn't think her worth talking care of. Also that he wouldn't be willing for her to go with other men unless he believed her so unattractive that no other man would take a second look at her. Sort of grandmother business, you know. Then the jealousy paragraph will begin to soak in on her, and she will perceive that the only reason that a man can promise never to be jealous of his wife is because his love is of such a milk and watery brand that it hasn't enough substance in it to even curdle. Oh, you can't make a hit with your wife by giving her the right to flirt around with other men.

Nor does a man make a winning with his wife by letting her do exactly as

The Riddle

By H. E. H.



Where's an old woman to go when the years Leave her alone with her sighs and her tears, Gray-haired and penniless, feeble and slow— Where's an old woman to go?

What's an old woman to do when her kin Fall to remember that hands, worn and thin, Cared for them, slaved for them, all the years through— What's an old woman to do?

What's an old woman's reward for a life Given to others as MOTHER and WIFE, Leaving her faltering, furrowed and scored— What's an old woman's reward?

A woman living that can help feeling a sort of contempt for the man that she is shrewd enough to work into adorning his fortune and taking a second place in the family circle.

No. No man can secure his domestic happiness, or the love of his wife, by making a vassal of himself to her and permitting her to henpeck him. Beneath the veneer of civilization woman is still as primitive at heart as her cave mother was, and she still worships brute strength in a man, and loves best the man who is strong enough to master her.

The Home Art Gallery

By THOMAS TAPPER.

We are all born with a handicap of one kind or another. Many of those who have most to tell their fellow-men are more handicapped than anybody else. It is comparatively easy for a thinker to write what he wants to say and get it before others, for most of us can read, or we think we can.

But many a great thinker cannot give out his thoughts in words. He has to find some other way of expressing himself. Hence there are great men who tell us what they think of life and its problems, in sound, or paint, or marble, or soil. And if we want to be acquainted with the thoughts of these men we must learn to understand music, painting, sculpture and farming. All these activities are methods by which men tell what they think, just as the article in this paper tell what writers think.

One day we read that Mr. Morgan, or some other man of means, has bought a painting and paid \$100,000 for it. Perhaps we think how fine it must be to own such a painting, or how fine it is to have \$100,000 to spend for such a thing.

Certainly the average humble home is short of fine paintings. And the average humble citizen makes up his mind that art is for the rich alone and he is dejected.

There are two things to be said in reply to this:

The first is this: Nearly all of us can visit a gallery some time or other and fill the head (and memory) as full of pictures as we wish.

And the second is this: A reproduction of practically every great painting and of all famous buildings and statues is to be bought by anybody for the average price of 1 cent in the coin of our realm. You can thus secure for a sum so trifling that it is not worth mentioning a print of any painting by Raphael, Rembrandt, Van Dyck, and all the rest of the noble company.

With a few pins you can affix a few of them to the wall of your room and be in good company. When you feel like a change, you can construct a new gallery for 10 cents, or even a nickel. The same pins will serve again, so there is no expense for frames or picture cord.

Of course, these are not originals. But you can have the satisfaction of knowing that the works of the great artists in the galleries could no more be purchased by Mr. Morgan than by yourself. Galleries rarely, if ever, part with such works, and if a rich man wants to see them he must either pay his fare to the gallery or be content with a reproduction. And

An Autumn Query

By PERCY SHAW.

What makes the college youth give up The cigarette, the flowing cup? What makes him early seek the cot That usually know him not?

Why does he train his hair to grow Till ringlets on his shoulders flow? What makes him don the padded clothes And shout strange numbers through his nose?

What makes him laugh at legs a-twist, At ankle sprain and broken wrist? What makes him weep when led away To think he's useless for the fray?

What makes staid old spectators yell And carry on like —? Very well! What wipes out bats and volens, too, And leaves in an ecstatic stew?

What makes the girl who would not go Across the street in wind or snow Sit chilled out doors with tense delight And wave a flag with all her might? Pray let us end this long suspense: Your sufferings must be intense. This mania that rhymes with Fall Is known to science as FOOT BALL.



"HE GUARANTEED TO BE A MODEL HUSBAND."

she asks for the price of a new hat he snaps out, "Great Scott, Mary, do you think I've got nothing better to do than to slave from morning to night to get my milliner's bills?"

Perhaps it was observing that pie crust has nothing, in point of brittleness, on the promise a man makes a woman before marriage that induced the astute Chicago lady to make her pro-

she pleases. There's no fun in managing a man who never kicks, nor rears, nor belis, nor hock jumps, but who comes up like a broken-spoked old plow horse, and sticks his head under the yoke.

Neither does a man elude domestic happiness by turning over every cent he earns to his wife and letting her become the family tanner. The hand that holds the purse rules the roost, and there isn't