

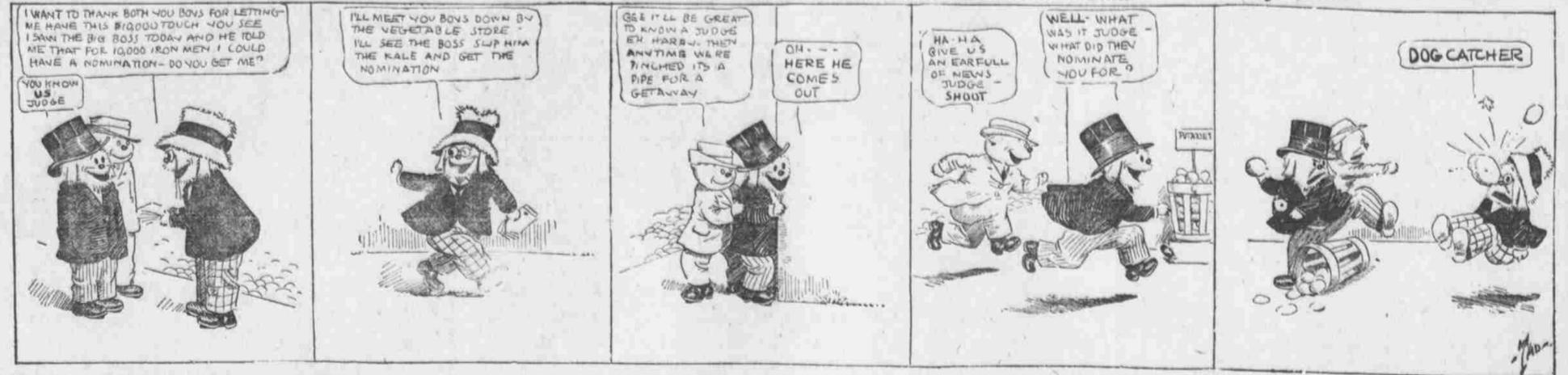
# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## 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 sunning 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.

pective bridegroom put his vows into the shape of a legal document, but, as a matter of fact, this affidavit will be no more effective or binding than have been all the other lovers' oaths.

In the first place, it promises too much. It is not in the power of weak humanity to be the pin feathered domestic angel this man agrees to be, and if he could, no woman on earth would be long suffering enough to be able to endure it.

A brute of a husband is bad enough, goodness knows, but heaven preserve a woman from the awful fate of being married to a masculine doormat, 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

MOTHER'S NOT DADDY'S BEST GIRL - SHE'S ONLY HIS WIFE -

### Daffydils

THE TEACHER HAD THE BOOB ON A SIDE STREET GIVING HIM HIS LAST LESSON IN THE CHAUFFEUR GRAB. "NOW YOU UNDERSTAND THINGS PERFECTLY DO YOU NOT?" HE ASKED AS HE HOPPED THE BOOB SLAMMED AT THE WHEEL A MOMENT AND THEN SAID MEEKLY THERE'S ONE THING I'D LIKE TO KNOW BEFORE YOU DEPART AND ITS THIS: IF A RESTAURANT IS DIRTY WOULD YOU CALL IT A MIDLIN?

DEAR OLD GRANDMA SENT THE CAT TO DOWN ALL THE WAY FROM SARATOGA WITH THE MOLLIE BRUISER CAME A LETTER, TAD. "DON'T LET THE CAT GO AWAY FROM THE HOUSE UNLESS YOU PUT BUTTER ON HER FEET SHE MAY LOSE HER WAY. DON'T FEED HER CROCKERY NOR WIRE AND REMEMBER MY CHILD, YOU MAY STRING BEANS, KID BOATS AND CON GLOMERATION BUT YOU CANT BULL FROGS -

BEN RILEY HAD ORDERED HIS HOUSE PAINTED A BEAUTIFUL GREEN THE PAINTER HAD BEEN ON THE JOB TWO DAYS AND BEN THINKING HE MIGHT BE STALLING ON THE JOB TOOK A WALK OVER TO LOOK THE THING OVER. THE VERY FIRST THING HE SAW WAS A BUNCH OF LETTERING ON THE NORTH SIDE, WALKING UP CLOSER HE READ, IT SAID: IF THE SENORITA WERE INVITED TO TAKE A TRIP TO THE NORTH POLE AND REFUSED WOULD THE HIDALGO?

I'LL GET YOU TURNER MORGAN IF I HAVE TO FOLLOW YOU CLEAN TO RIO JANIERO.

ARE TOM, BUT DEATH LURKS IN THE VALLEY BELOW!

HA - I GOT A JOB NOW! IT'S WORKING AT BERGER'S BAKERY - DON'T HAVE TO GET UP TILL 2 A.M. - HAH!

THEN I FEED THE HORSE, HITCH HIM UP AND TAKE OUT THE MORNING ROUTE. AT 9 I'M BACK SIFTING ASHES, CLEANING UP THE YARD, WASHING WAGONS, GREASING THE PANS AND WASHING CAKE BOARDS.

THEN I HITCH UP AGAIN AND DELIVER THE LUNCH ROUTE TILL 2 P.M. THEN I SLEEP TILL 4 AND DELIVER HOT BREAD TILL 8 P.M. THEN I TURN IN THE CASH AND CHARGE PUT THE KIP UP AND BY 12 I'M DONE.

GEE YOU'RE A HAPPY GUY

YEP NOTHIN TO DO TILL TOMORROW

## Daysey Mayme and Her Folks

By FRANCES L. GARSDIE.

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 unfaithfully true that Lyander 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 Lyander 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 Lyander 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 as 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 a foot ball or boat racing crew; we leave Marathons of endurance to put flesh on and take flesh off, with this difference: 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?"

Lyander 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 shriek 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 denials, put an 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 Lyander John to himself in a very low whisper, "that you will ever be free."

## 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 fatter, furrowed and scored— What's an old woman's reward?

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 hempeck him. Beneath the veneer of civilization woman is still as primitive 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 denied it.

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 coat? 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 apron 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 hats and voices, 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.



"I'M 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 pay milliner's bills?"

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

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

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