



# The Bee's Home Magazine Page



## SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT

Just Leave It to His Honor

By Tad

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## IS IT WORTH WHILE?

Just Exactly What You Make of Yourself Today You Will Be in Planes and Realms and States Beyond.

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

That is a good question to ask yourself if you are on the verge of a temptation to do something you would not like the whole world to know. Perhaps it is a matter of the emotions, and you are deciding that happiness lies for you only in the possession of some other man's wife or some other woman's husband.



First look about you and study the people who have done as you are deciding to do. It will not be difficult to find one couple who defied the world and hasten to gratify such desires now repeating at leisure, showing by appearance and actions that happiness has not been attained.

And you may search many a day before you find a man and woman who have violated any principle to obtain their happiness, who are both growing in character, nobility and worth.

Perhaps your temptation lies in the way of making money. You know of methods not quite regular, yet not open to the punishment of the law.

Will you find enough happiness in the result to pay for all the consequences which may follow? These consequences may be fine, prison or open disgrace. But they will be worse than that, for they will mean a loss of self respect. And they will cheapen your character and make you feel the need of constant excitement to avoid sitting alone with yourself.

Any day a great cataclysm of nature may occur which will destroy your fortune, but your character can never be destroyed.

Just exactly what you are making yourself today you will be in planes and realms and states beyond this earth. Nothing is worth while but nobility of character.

There shall come a great convulsion. Or a rushing tidal wave. Or a sound of mighty thunders. From a subterranean cave. And a booming world's commotions. Shall be buried in one grave.

From the Centuries of Silence We are bringing back again Buried vase and bust and column. And the gods they worshipped then. In the strange unmentioned cities. Built by prehistoric men.

Did they steal, and lie, and slaughter? Did they steep their souls in shame? Did they sell eternal virtues Just to win a passing fame? Did they give the gold of honor For the tinsel of a name?

We are hurrying all together Toward the silence and the night; There is nothing worth the seeking. But the sun-blessed moral height— There is nothing worth the doing. But the doing of the right.

## The American Boy

Be Prepared.

By THOMAS TAPPER.

In the announcement of the business houses, particularly those of bankers, brokers and trust companies, you will often see a statement like this: Capital .....\$1,000,000 Surplus, all earned... 1,500,000

This means that the business house announces to the public that it has an actual reserve fund, available at all times, that serves as an insurance in any emergency.

The workingman who has a steady job, whose bills are all paid, and who has \$500 in the bank, in another type of the same business methods.

Now, this form of surplus can be made available in many other ways. For the American boy who has just begun work two reserves are necessary. The first is strength reserve; the second is cash reserve. We will take up the former in this article and the question of cash reserve is another.

and his friend. He tried, and he succeeded.

Business is full of overturned boats. That is, there are always arising conditions that put double the work on the worker, and the American boy who wants to keep to the front must be ready for the call of the heavy burden of more work.

If he is in fine trim, with mind clear, and body not out of order through foolish habits, he will be able to stand the strain. Not only that, but it will be a positive pleasure to him, when he feels the load settle down, to brace himself for it and know that he can, by steady force, lift it.

After it is done, he is not only no worse off—he is decidedly a better American boy. He has discovered that he has a great strength reserve, that he can draw on it, and that it will respond to his call; that the very use of it, like money at interest in the bank, will actually increase it.

If, then, the American boy wants to start in business on a safe basis, he must be able to issue an announcement, like the banker's, but in these words: Capital .....Strength Surplus (all ready for use) .....

Business men get a surplus capital in money by earning it. The American boy will get his surplus capital in strength by earning it. Or, better, perhaps, by letting it earn itself.

This is accomplished by living according to a few simple rules: 1. Simple food. 2. Deep breathing. 3. Some time out of doors. 4. No destructive habits. 5. Plenty of sleep.

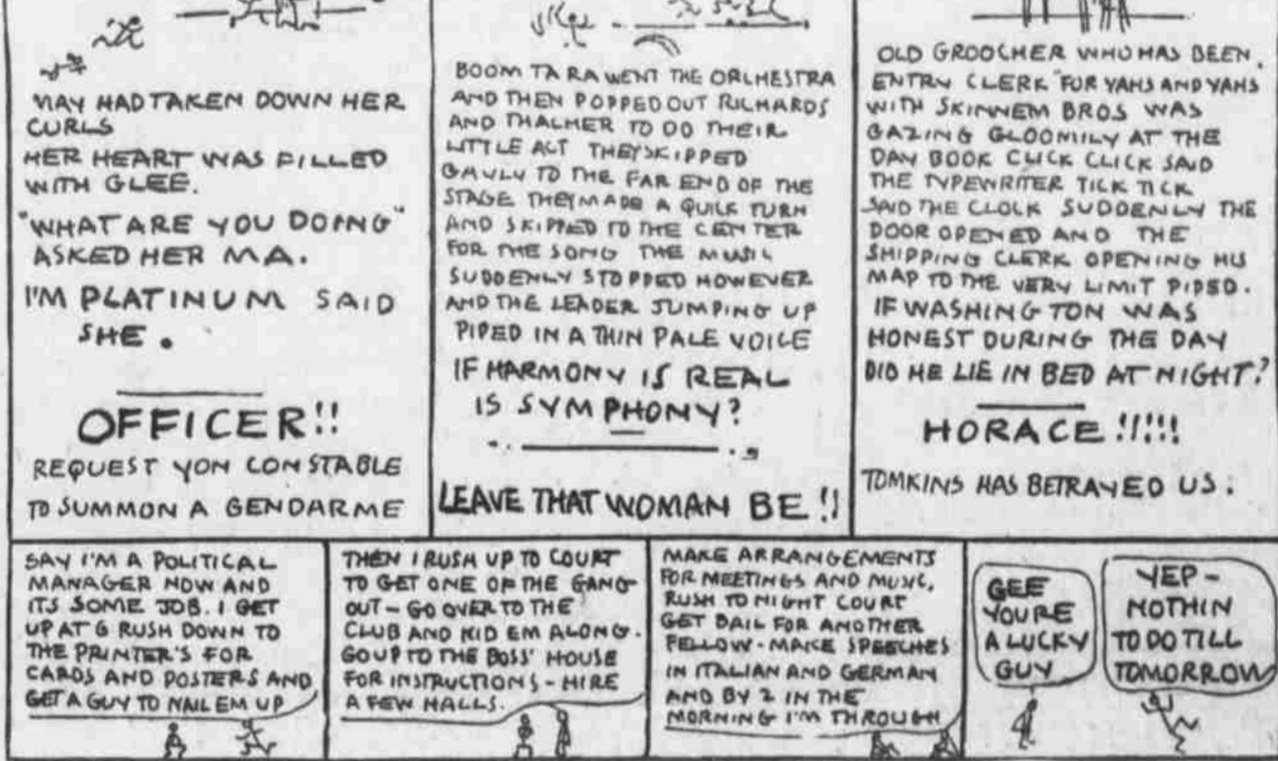
Then the strength reserve puts the American boy in line for the next thing, which is 'cash reserve. Meanwhile, if the boat turns bottom up, he can swim ashore, and, if necessary, carry a weaker friend on his back.

## Officer, Summon a Gendarme

By Tad

### Daffydila

A STITCH IN TIME SAVES MANY A GINK FROM AN EMBARRASSING EXPOSURE

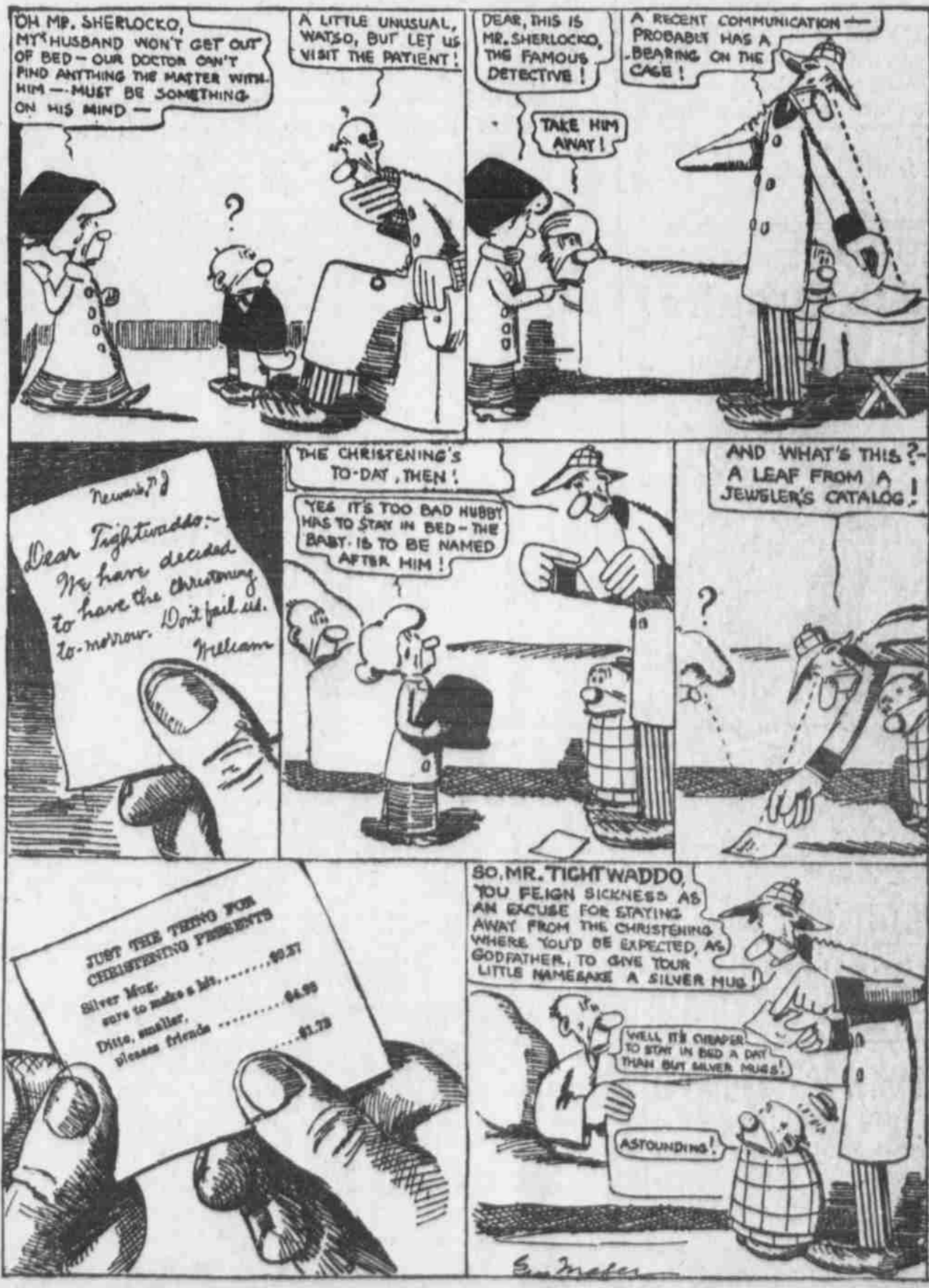


By Gus Mager

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## Sherlocko the Monk

The Case of the Man Who Stayed in Bed



## A WOMAN'S REWARD

As a Mother She Gets More Out of Life Than a Father, and as a Spinster is Never as Useless as a Bachelor.

By THOMAS TAPPER.

In the spirit of discontent which the times are fostering, the housewife looks at her husband with envious eyes because the sun puts a limitation on his day's work, and hers is never done. If she will look a little farther along the years to the day when his tasks are ended, and hers go on, she will think a merciful Providence that she was born a woman, and that from the day when she was big enough to sit in a chair and hold the baby of the family in her lap, until her hands are still forever, there will always be work for her to do.

The ordained customs of life are so much kinder to women than to men that a woman's old age is sweetened by that which is denied an old man. Work, sewing, knitting, a baby to hold, a little housework to do—all are tasks that become magnified joys when a woman is too old for arduous labor, and while she is putting around them a man of her own too feeble for office work or manual labor and unfitted by training for the little tasks that round out her days, sits with folded hands and waits.

money to support them, a task without the reward of love, for, while mother is all the world to them, he is only the man who comes home nights. They remember the bruises mother bound up longer than they remember the dollar their father earned. Her ministrations are warm and loving and his have a metallic ring. Little wonder that to the end of her days she reaps a harvest of love, and he, who did his part as faithfully as she did hers, reaps only indifference or tolerance.

All the pretty illusions of life are left to her long after he has been stripped of them. He learns early in business that those in whom he trusted have knifed him. Her most serious lesson in the total depravity of the race is an experience with a neighbor who borrows cream and pays back in skim milk.

She spends her life in ministration and personal service, yet is so blind that sometimes she despises her lot and wishes she were a man. As a mother she gets more of life than a father; as a spinster she is never as useless as a bachelor.

She envies a man because he is freer than she to come and go, and doesn't see that responsibilities and duties that limit one are all that make life worth while. And so it is immaterial if she says her prayers in her closet on her knees, prostrate on the ground with her head toward the sun; if she calls in a loud voice or a whisper, her prayer of gratitude lacks the fervor of appreciation unless it includes a thank offering that she is a woman, has a woman's work to do and the ability to do it.

## Fables of a Wise Dame

By DOROTHY DIX.

Once upon a time there was a young married couple who were big fish in the social swim, and who were greatly admired by all of the smaller sardines.

Both of them were cultured and agreeable, and they lived in great happiness and prosperity for many years, while the man hustled for the needful, and the woman did society stunts that made her a headliner attraction wherever they went.

Finally, however, the wife began to read in the newspapers about the high cost of living, and that it was the woman's extravagance that put the country on the blink. She also fell for a course of lectures in which the theory was aviated that a female creature could dress elegantly and stylishly on a wad of dough the size of a homeopathic pill, and other females, who had never tried it, opined that the trick might be done if you hunted the bargain sales, and never wasted the mautina.

Being a gutsless creature, the woman also believed the articles in the chambermaid's Home Journal that furnished diagrams to show how a last year's bird nest could be converted into winter hat that would make a French confection look like 25 cents, and it all appeared so plausible on paper that it stamped the entire feminine bunch.

"I perceive," she said, "that I have been wrong in scattering my hard-earned plunks around so freely among Louis, and Ffine, and the other almost Paris robbers who hold up us women for our glad rags. My conscience i, paches me for it, and hereafter I intend to lead a different life. It's me for the made-over gowns and strict economy."

Thereupon the woman went forth to put her good resolutions into working order. She beat it to her dressmaker, and by the addition of some chiffon and applique and a few yards of velvet and some cut jet and hand embroidery, she succeeded in having an old frock made over for not more than twice what a new one would have cost.

"I do not really care," reflected the woman, "for this crazy quilt effect in a gown, nor do I appear to have made any conspicuous saving."

"I am also aware that every one of my dearest friends who see me will penetrate my disguise at sight, but I prefer that the consciousness of virtue in wearing a made-over frock makes up

for its lack of style."

Now, as an awful example of the extravagance of the modern woman, the wife had only bought what she needed, when she needed it, but in the pursuit of economy she felt it her sacred duty to attend all the marked down sales, and she became the center rush on the bargain counter, where she acquired enough things for which she had no earthly use to stock a store simply because they were cheap.

In her housekeeping she was equally thrifty. She purchased a handy manual that told her by the expenditure of \$3 worth of expensive sauce and \$5-worth of time you could convert 3 cents' worth of cold potatoes into an appetizing entree. It also gave directions for constructing an empire chair out of a soap box by the simple addition of some real Turkish rugs and Persian embroidery, and after she had spent her quarter's pin money and brought on nervous prostration trying to construct a piece of furniture which collapsed every time you looked at it, the Woman took counsel with her husband.

"I do not deny," she said, "that the theory of domestic economy is all right, but I opine that takes a miracle worker to operate it."

"Furthermore, it is clear that made over clothes are a luxury that only millionaires can afford, and that we are fooling to attempt to be economical beyond our means."

"Noble creature," replied her husband, embracing her tenderly, "you have saved me from ruin, for while I could support your extravagances your organs were bankrupting me."

Moral: This fable teaches that it is only the rich who can afford to be economical.

### The Coffee Label.

It is not going to be safe as it used to be to label coffee Mocha or Java unless the product really had its origin in those places. This the government makes evident by preferring charges against a Boston coffee company for alleged violation of the pure food law in this respect.

We fear it has long been a "trade custom" to call coffee Mocha or Java that never saw either region. It's just its "name," so to speak. As a matter of fact, customs statistics show that 99 per cent of all the coffee used in this country comes from South and Central America. The Asiatic amount is negligible. And yet dealers will cheerfully answer yes when asked if they have that kind.

This act of misrepresentation still works in the retail stores, but it cannot last much longer in interstate trade. Uncle Sam proposes that his people shall be told the truth about coffee—Boston Post.