

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

THE JUDGE HAD A BIRTHDAY BLOWOUT--YES, HE DID

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By Tad



The Flirtatious Husband

By DOROTHY DIX.

A woman writes me the following letter. Can you solve this problem for me and tell me how to cure a husband who has an apparently incurable case of the wandering foot? I have been married for ten years, during which time my husband has had innumerable "affinities," and has made my life a burden by continually telling me of his "hits" he makes with other women.



To a woman in such a position there are three courses of conduct open. One is to pack up her doll rags and hike out to the divorce court. She can say that she doesn't propose to be neglected and insulted, and have some other woman preferred before her, and that if John isn't just as true to her as she is to him she'll quit.

A great many women take this view of the case, but divorce isn't all peaches and cream. Quite the contrary. It's apt to leave a very bitter taste in one's mouth. There are objections to it, one of which is that a woman may still love a man in spite of his shortcomings. Another, that a man may be a very poor husband and a very good provider, and still another, that there may be children who are to be considered before a wife's hurt pride.

The second method of dealing with the situation is for the wife to fight the devil with fire. If a man is vain enough to imagine every woman he meets is in love with him, his conceit gives his wife a tool with which she can work him to a finish. Let her pile on the flattery with a shovel, so that the compliments that any other woman would pay him would seem poor and inadequate.

Such a case calls for no half measure, and it is up to the wife to assure her husband that he is a concatenation of very charm and beauty, and fascinating on earth. No other woman will take the trouble to pile the gun on that thick, and so in time he will come to believe that his wife is the only woman who has the intelligence to really appreciate him.

The third and best solution to the difficulty is patience. If the wife only has the courage to wait, the wandering husband will come back to her at last, and the more the woman can laugh instead of weep over his little flutterings away from the family hearstone, the quicker will be his return.

In time a man tires of pretty faces. He finds that his fancy has dulled, his blood runs colder, that he's gotten too old and stiff and rheumatic to kismet even at the feet of beauty, and then he comes home to mother-to the woman who knows him for what he is, and loves him in spite of what he is, and who doesn't expect too much of him, nor demand too many attentions.

Nor will the waiting seem so hard if the wife can only realize that under her husband's idle fancies is the real, solid superstructure of his love for her, and that while he may admire a hundred other women she is the one who is necessary to him and to whom he turns in times of trouble.

But as for curing a man who is a woman chaser and who thinks himself a fascinator, there is no known remedy. The only advice that can be given is to let the man up, and if he is worth waiting for--wait for him, with peace and quiet and good humor. Otherwise pack your trunk for Reno.

And only the wife can decide the point.

Little Bobbie's Pa

By WILLIAM F. KIRK.

Pa brought a song riter up to the house the other nite. He was a very fine looking man. His name was Mister Schultz. He had long hair. Sum of it was on his coat.

I am always glad for to meet a gee-ny, sed Ma, at all times. What kind of soogs do you rite moastly, Mister Schultz? sed Ma.

The soongs I rite moastly, sed Mister Schultz, is the kind of soongs that moastly doant git published. It is the classical

yet that cud keep from being a trophy for oaver a year.

Wait a minnit, sed Mister Shults, that is not the end of the soong. The girl looks back at him & sings in the second verse like this:

Yes, my darling hart's desire, When the Hudson is on fire & the Regions of the Lost are frozen tight.

You can have that diamond ring, You fat, old grasping thing. Goodnite, dear Luv, goodnite!

That is the kind of a soong that I like, sed Ma; there is so much sentiment about it. I can just see that dear girl putting her diamond ring in the safety deposit vault & giving the key to her big brother, sed Ma. After all, Ma sed, it is sentiment that makes the world go around. Sing us another soong, Mister Schultz, & then Mister Shults sang:

The coln I've spent on thee, dear hart, Has surely got me up a tree. I'll have to go & learn the art of Bank-rupt-cy, of Bank-rupt-cy.

Ma didnt like that soong so well, & wen Mister Schultz went hoam she didnt shak hands with him.

Two Things Worth Knowing.

A Welsh shipping firm, which has been criticized for seeking orientals for seamen, says that the standard of British seamen is very low.

The value of Amsterdam's diamond exports to the United States in good years amounts to \$10,000,000 or \$12,000,000. About the same annual export in value goes to the United States from Antwerp, \$5,000,000 to \$6,000,000 from England and about \$1,000,000 from France.

Oh, my darling hart's desire, I am setting by the fire. I am thinking moost of you, my Sophie. You're the dearest little thing. Let me take that diamond ring. And I'll keep it always, sweetheart, for a trophy.

That sounds natural enuff, sed Ma to Pa's friend. I never saw a diamond ring

My Boy You'll Find Sympathy in the Dictionary

OUCH DOC! YOU HIT THE NERVE

HANG ON BOYS!! YOU'RE COMING TO A CURVE.

LEAVE THAT WOMAN BE!!!

GEE YOU'RE A HAPPY GUY

YEP NOTHIN TO DO TILL TOMORROW

MAHA SAM, I AM TRAVELING MAN IN MILLINERY GOODS. I HAVE TO CARRY MY STOCK WITH ME INSTEAD OF SAMPLES. SELL AND BE LIVER THE GOODS OUT OF MY TRUNKS FOR A LARGE BROADWAY FIRM.

I CARRY FIFTEEN TRUNKS WHICH I START TO UNPACK AT 5 O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING AND AT 5:30 BEFORE I HAVE ALL MY GOODS LAID OUT THE CUSTOMERS START COMING IN.

THEN AT 11 P.M. I'M READY TO PACK UP THE NEW GOODS THAT HAVE BEEN SENT TO ME AND AT 2 A.M. I GO TO BED AND DON'T HAVE TO GET UP TILL 5 WHEN I GRAB THE NEXT TRAIN.

Between Two Fires

BY NELL BRINKLEY



Modern Business

By ELBERT HUBBARD.

Success lies in mutual service. This great truth concerning the solidarity of the race marks a mental epoch in the onward and the upward march. It has been hinted at pretty strongly in 1776, and carried into business as an experiment about 1876.

It is no longer an experiment. The spirit of the times -- the latest, to borrow a word from our German friends -- is a constantly progressing entity.

The present spirit of the times is a kind of unequalled in history. We have thousands upon thousands of men and women who are thinking great and noble thoughts and doing great and splendid work.

Very many of our big business men regard themselves as public servants. Our setgeist is sensitive, restless, alert, impressionable, progressive, and is making for righteousness. The man who can imagine a better religion than now exists is allowed to throw his vision on the screen, and he who can formulate a better government than we now have is not hanged for his pains, but is allowed to express his dreams.

Public opinion rules. No law that is contrary to the setgeist can be enforced. Judges construe, translate and interpret the laws to suit the spirit of the times.

Every man who speaks out loud and clear is tinting the setgeist. Every man who expresses what he honestly thinks is true is changing the spirit of the times. Thinkers help other people think, for they formulate what others are thinking. No person writes or thinks alone--thought is in the air, but its expression is necessary to create a tangible spirit of the times. The value of the thinker who writes, or a writer who thinks; or a business man who acts, is that he supplies arguments for the people, and confuses all who are on his wire in their opinions, often before unuttered.

The Brotherhood of Man is an idea now fully appreciated in business. Commerce

today stands for mutuality--reciprocity. The American department store has taken up lost motion, and given the people better goods at a lower price. It has been the inevitable, because it does the greatest good to the greatest number. It has worked for economy and length of days. It means mutuality, reciprocity--brotherhood.

Every purchaser must be pleased. A child who buys a spool of thread is given the same courteous attention as the shrewdest buyer. The customer is made to feel that he is at home, that he is with strong and influential friends, that his interests are safeguarded. This matter of faith between buyer and seller is a new thing in the world.

But to give the people the things they want is not enough. You must show them what they want. The great modern store is a leader in taste. It is an educator. It stands for economy, color, proportion, harmony and increased happiness. It inspires the imagination by bringing from the far corners of the earth the products of the loom, workshop, farm, mine and studio. It displays these goods so that the public may come and examine them--compare, weigh, analyze, sift, decide and make them their own if they wish.

Employees who plot and plan for private gain are swabbing the greased chute that leads to limbo. Owners who run a business but to make money, rather than money nor do they last.

Merchants cannot make money on one transaction. Every sale must pave the way for further sales. We make our money out of our friends, for our enemies will not deal with us.

A transaction where both sides are not benefited is immoral.

The modern business man has taught us these five things:

1. The value of honesty as a business asset.
 2. The excellence of commerce as a civilizing influence.
 3. That the interests of proprietor, public and employe are mutual.
 4. That art, ethics, economics and education can and should move forward hand in hand.
 5. That business righteousness is simply a form of commonsense, a move toward self-preservation.
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His Majesty the Baby

By FRANCES L. GARSIDE.

If it were not for the love babies bring with them into this world, how many of the little red things would be kept ever night?

After the baby has arrived its father has to fall down in a fit and kick the chandelier to attract his wife's attention and sympathy, though previous to its arrival, if he complained of an aching corn she was ready with a remedy. The first baby is a more serious rival than any man knew in his courtship days.

After it comes, its father feels very much as an old doll looks when its owner gets a new one for Christmas, and if he starts off to work in the morning without kissing the baby's mother goodby, she doesn't notice that he has neglected to observe a very important custom. Should he want to kiss her, he must wait till she rids her mouth of pink.

The first accident insurance taken out for the baby is a safety pin, and though the house was run pretty well without safety pins before the baby came, after its arrival they are used for everything, even on father's clothes.

The women, who love all kinds of babies, compare the kind that keeps its mouth open with a little bird, and the men, who love without poetic sentiment, look at the open mouth and wonder if it is going to have good sense.

The sweetest and tenderest of lullaby songs are sung on the stage, and if a baby happens to be in the audience that needs putting to sleep the audience protests with a roar. Baby soon learns that lullaby songs are not sung according to fashion unless sung loud enough to wake up every baby in the block.

There are many reasons why it is a good thing to have a baby in the house; it increases one's capacity for love, and takes the attention of the mosquitoes from the grown folks.

The man like to say a woman can't run. There is a notable exception to this rule. When the baby cries, its mother can outrun any male sprinter the world ever knew.

Sometimes the baby comes into the world with a serious handicap--a mother whose breasts are filled with indignation at the wrongs of her sex.

Here of late babies are so improved that they wake up laughing, and when a baby cries its father voluntarily looks at

its mother to see if she heard it.

Even a colicky baby is more desirable to have next door than a graphophone, for the reason that if its parents keep it it may grow to be a useful citizen, but a graphophone will never be anything but a graphophone.

Would you be as good as the baby if a lot of giants got around you with the idea that to amuse you they must pinch your cheeks and pinch you in the ribs, and ever so often your mother took you to a place downtown where a man looked at you through some sort of a machine after first reaching you to death by ringing a bell, or having an imitation bird sing, that he might make a picture of you that has no more expression than a lump of dough?

If the baby is treated right, the floors always look as if they had been swept with a hasty glance, and if the baby is the first of a number, it is grown up at 10, and if it is the last it is still considered a baby at 65.

If it gets a toy balloon, its possession means two weeps: A weep to get it, and a weep a few minutes later when it blows up, and all through life its joys are attended this way.

When the baby cries, its mother doesn't scold. She looks it over for offending pins and waist bands that pinch, and this excuse for tears and temper attends no one over the age of 5. There is always some one to pull the baby back from the fire to keep it from burning itself. There is always some one tempting it to play with fire when it grows. A man never knows how small his house is until baby screams, nor how large until baby is dead.

Ask a baby what its name is, and its mother will wipe its nose and say, "Tell the gentleman." Every time someone looks at it its mother is reminded that it is time to wring its nose. Therefore don't look at the baby.

The father comes home in great excitement to tell his wife his rich uncle has failed. "Is that so?" she will say. "Do you know, I think the baby is looking more like you." He tells her of a change in the map of the world, and she replies, "The baby hasn't cried once today," and his delight in an election is met with a eulogy on baby's new food.

All these things and more come to pass when there arrives in a home His Majesty the Baby.