



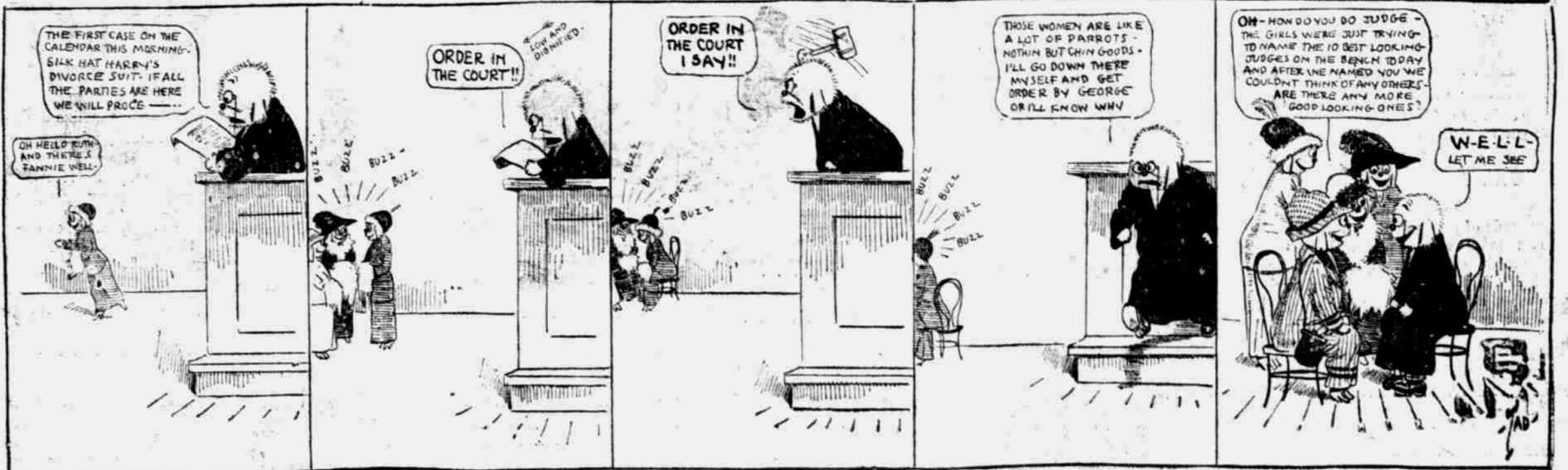
# The Bee's Home Magazine Page



## SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT

Judge Rumhauser Demands Order

By Tad



## A Matrimonial Contract

By DOROTHY DIX.

Not long ago I had an interview with a distinguished jurist who tries so many divorce cases that he is known as the "Divorce Judge." In speaking of the many causes of domestic infelicity that led people into his court this wise and kindly man said:



"In my opinion one of the chief causes of friction between husbands and wives is the indefiniteness of the bargain they make when they get married, and I believe that nothing would do more to prevent divorce than an insondable contract, written out in resounding legal phrase by a lawyer, that both parties would be required to sign before taking out a license to marry."

"Most people have to have things visualized before them, and the fact that they had contracted to perform certain specified duties and to respect certain obligations by name would make them a thousandfold more binding on the ordinary man and woman than is the marriage ceremony, which has an air of deal-making with glittering generalities. For instance, a man promises, with all my worldly goods I thee endow, when he marries his wife, but it doesn't make him feel that he has got to hand her over a regular allowance of money half as much as it would if he had signed a definite contract to give her ten dollars a week. A woman swears at the altar to love, honor and obey her husband, but that doesn't keep her from heckling him nearly as much as it would if she had signed a contract not to deliver certain lectures every time he was an hour late for dinner, or wanted to go downtown to see a man at night."

"Marriage is the most important thing in the world to both men and women. Nothing else that they undertake has such far-reaching consequences to it. In nothing else is it so vital that they shall make no mistake of judgment and that they shall safeguard every point, yet there is no other step in life that people take so blindly and with so little regard for consequences. If two men wanted to go into partnership they would look up each other's records; they would find out how much money each had and what credit, and they would make a definite arrangement beforehand about what work each was to do and what part of the profits each was to have. Nothing would be left to chance, and they would start out at least on a good working basis."

"But when a man and woman enter into the most important partnership in the world they don't take the trouble to find out a thing about each other, nor to settle what each is to do, nor what each is to expect from the other, nor what part of the profits of the firm each is to receive. Is it any wonder that so many matrimonial firms thus loosely organized end in bankruptcy?"

"Believe me, the marriage contract is the remedy for the divorce evil. People will object on the ground that it does away with romance, but there isn't much romance left, anyway, after five years of matrimony, and there would be a deal of comfort in a home where the husband and wife were both living up to the bargain they had made before they were married."

I feel sure that the "Divorce Judge" is right, and that nothing would do more to insure domestic peace and happiness than for a man and a woman to have a definite understanding before they were married as to the duties and obligations they were undertaking.

For example, there is nothing that there is quite as much friction about in the average household as there is about money. The majority of men refuse to give their wives any regular allowance, and the women write and chafe under the injustice that makes them have to go like beggars to their husbands for every cent they need for household expenses. All of this could be avoided if there had been a marriage contract in which it was specifically stated what part of his income a man should hand over to his wife.

The in-law problem is another continual source of discord. The wife rebels at having her husband's mother under her roof. The husband fumes and frets at having his wife's mother poking her nose into his affairs. All of this trouble could be avoided if the marriage contract stated that neither party would have to live with the other's family and that family visits were to have a time limit upon them.

Personal liberty, that boon dearest to the heart of humanity and which is generally sacrificed in matrimony, might also be secured by a contract which would state in black and white that both the husband and wife retained the right to their own individual religion and politics and to exercise the privilege of eating what they liked, and of having an occasional evening off. A very liberal contract might even go farther and specify that each one secured to himself the privilege of taking a vacation from matrimony every now and then.

Certainly a man has a right to have it written in his contract that his wife shall keep a neat home and set well prepared food before him, and not force him to live in boarding houses or hotels, and the woman has a right to hold out for a pay envelope for her services and not be expected to work for her board and clothes. Also she has a right to stipulate that her husband shall treat her with as much politeness and consideration as he would if she were not his wife.

Undoubtedly the thing that makes matrimony so often a failure is its blighting disappointment when one finds that the husband or wife falls so far short of one's expectations. If the man knew beforehand that the wife he was marrying hated children, that she would not keep house, that she was selfish and extravagant, if the woman knew that the man was stingy and boorish and would lead her a sorry dance, how few weddings there would be.

The merit of the marriage contract is that it would at least prepare a couple for what they were about to receive and give them a chance to back out if the provisions were not to their liking.

## Mars and Pleiades

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

Did you see Mars last night, in his red panoply, close beside the white-robed Pleiades? If you did you will not need to be told to look at that slight tonight, and if you did not you will be glad, after putting it into practice that somebody thought of giving you so good a bit of advice. It is an astronomical up, worth more than a ticket-bag full from Wall Street.



It is a lesson in comical perspective. Mars, looking so big, fantastical and fiery, is only a few feet from us; but the timid, glimmering, starry stars, which seem to shrink away from him, half obscured by his warlike blazonry, are upward millions of millions of miles away in soundless space, and if he were actually as near them as he has the look of being the fairest Pleiad of them all would consume him in a flash of white fire!

He will not stay long; he is plodding on in the path which the sun prescribes for him, and in a few days he will seem to have left the frightened Pleiades behind him, but they may laugh at his small pace and scorn his pretty orbit, for they are acting together—a flock of suns—on a course so tremendous that mathematics give no measure of it, and at a distance from our lone sun so enormous that, though the speed of their flight would make the swiftest cannon ball appear to be standing still, yet after ages of slapping and still they are seen by the same part of the sky where they shone when the astronomer of old Egypt cut a slit through the great pyramid to watch them.

Mars is the enigma of our little family of worlds, puzzling us with his ruddy face and his snow-white caps and his juggling with the cobwebs called "canals"; and the Pleiades are the enigma of the whole universe, amazing the greatest minds with their inconceivable whirls of fire and, and their scintillant rows of stars strung upon lines of glowing nebulae, trillions of miles in length.

If the stars should appear one night in a thousand years how men would believe and adore, and preserve for many generations the memory of the city of which had been shown.

## Here Comes the Soup!

By Tad



## Sherlocko the Monk

By GUS MAGER.

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The Episode of the Plot that Failed



## Confiding in Mother

By DOROTHY DIX.

A clergyman has promulgated a doctrine for girls. His first commandment is, "Make a confidant for your mother." This is good advice, and if girls religiously kept this first commandment they might well do without the other nine, for very few girls would ever get into trouble if they were in the habit of having a heart-to-heart talk with their mothers over their little affairs.

The difficulty, however, is that the average girl doesn't confide in her mother. She couldn't do it to save her life. There is no other woman in the world she is so shy with as her own mother. There is no stranger to whom she could not more freely speak her real thoughts, and before whose eyes she could not more easily fetch forth for display her little secret hopes, and plans and aspirations and affections.

Nor is there any other girl in the circle of her acquaintances with whom the mother is so little really acquainted as she is with her own daughter. She knows more about the girl next door. She is on terms of a closer intimacy with the girl across the street. All she really knows of what her own daughter is thinking and feeling is what she gathers from the teasing remarks of the other girls.

Why is this? Mother says it's the daughter's fault, and she's bitter about it. She says that nobody ever loved their daughter better than she does her, or was better to one. She points to the sacrifices that she has made for the girl, and then says it's pretty hard that daughter doesn't confide in her.

No doubt, but confidence between people isn't a matter of right and duty. It's the result of a spiritual correspondence and a comradeship that makes you want to be babble that makes everything complete until you have turned it over and talked it over with another. All girls have an intimate friend, it is what makes having an intimate friend, as Emmy, you said, an absolute necessity to them, and if mother hasn't been foxy enough to establish herself in the position of "intimate friend" it's her own fault.

Before blaming the girl because she doesn't confide in you, mother, suppose you try to look at the matter from her standpoint. Of course, you and I know that all of your admonitions to her, and your criticisms of her, are just the result of your over desire for her to be perfect and make no mistakes. But this is about the way it works out. Mamie comes joyously into the room and throws herself down on a couch. She is bubbling over with some plan, but before she can speak you begin:

"For goodness sake, Mamie, won't you ever learn to enter a room like a lady? Why can't you come in quietly, without banging the doors? Do sit up, and draw your feet in; don't stick 'em out like a hoodlum. And hold your shoulders back. You're getting to be a regular humpback. Is that gun you're chewing? How often have I told you that it's the most unrefined thing to do? What's that you're reading? I don't see why you waste your time on trash when there are so many really improving books. Where have you been? To Benny Thompson? You know I disapprove of her because she's so silly and flighty. And who was that came home with you? Bobby Burnett—well, I shouldn't think a girl like you would waste her time on a great big lumbering foot ball player like he is. Now, don't bounce out of the room. If your own mother can't talk to you I don't know who can. But you've never got a word to say at home. I'd never even know half you did if it wasn't for the neighbors."

Do you think that line of conversation is likely to establish a confidential footing between mother and daughter? Yet it is the way ninety-nine mothers out of 100 talk to their girls.

The truth is that in the minds of the majority of girls mother figures only as a hindrance. She is the veto power. She is the critic on the hearth, and they don't confide in her for the same reason you don't put a tender plant out in a temperature of 80 degrees below zero. You don't want your little hopes and plans nipped in the bud. If Mamie knows that mother is going to raise a thousand objections to every frolic, no matter how innocent and foolish, she naturally doesn't tell mother until after it is over—and then it is often tragically too late.

Then there are Mamie's leaguers, callow young boys who bring her books home from school, and shamefacedly come to take her to frat dances, and who hang

around the house. Or, perhaps, they don't come to the house at all, and Mamie meets them at the street corners. Mother knows nothing about them, nor what Mamie thinks of them, and she blames Mamie for not confiding in her, but how can the girl get courage to tell her mother that she has a queer, choky feeling and gets hot and pale when Tommy so much as touches her hand, or that she feels as though she'd like to go off and die when Dick dances with another girl, when mother makes fun of Dick's big feet, and laughs at the way that Tommy's wrists protrude from his coat sleeves?

The staple of wit in many families is Mamie and her beaux, yet mother wonders why it is that Mamie never tells her anything about her love affairs.

It is generally supposed that there is a close bond of sympathy between mothers and daughters. As a matter of fact, mothers are curiously unsympathetic to their daughters unless the girls happen to be exactly like them in temperament. Most of the undutiful daughters you hear about are merely girls who want to follow their own tastes instead of their mother's.

That is why serious minded Jane can't tell her mother, who thinks that fashion is the chief end of a woman's life, about her settlement work, and why frivolous Kitty runs off and joins the chorus instead of confiding in mother, whose chief interest is mission work, that she aspired to her career.

Undoubtedly it is the greatest pity in the world that girls don't confide in their mothers. But before they do mothers will have to learn not to be such wet blankets as they are now; also they will have to learn to be chums with their daughters instead of critics of them. None of us are irrevocably drawn to tell things 45 people who invariably sit down on them.

## Manicure Lady

"What was ten of the greatest men that ever lived, George?" asked the Manicure Lady.

"Are you talking to me?" snorted the Head Barber. "I thought that everybody was sick and tired of that dope, I ain't read anything else for three or four months. What good is it arguing about which men was great and which was minor leaguers? All of the names that was picked out in the names of men that was dead a long time ago, and even if we pick their names that don't get them nothing."

"I was only mentioning it because I got a funny letter this morning," explained the Manicure Lady. "It was a letter from one of them suffragettes, and it gave a list of the ten worst men that ever lived and ten of the best women. Here is some of the names she gave, George: 'Harold, Cain, Henry the Eighth, Nero, Caligula, Benedict Arnold, Guy Fawkes, Jesse James and George, the Head Barber.'"

"I don't like to be in with a lot of pickers," objected the Head Barber. "If they had put me in with regular bad men like St. Peter, J. Incafort, Rev. Richeson and men like that, I would glory in my shame. The others are only pickers. Nero was supposed to be a tough guy, but I'll bet that if he was living, now he wouldn't bow to Rev. Richeson if he saw him on the street. He wouldn't bow because he would be jealous."

"She named ten of the best women, too, George, as I was saying," the Manicure Lady went on. "She named Eve, Joan of Arc, Florence Nightingale, Frances Willard, Lady Godiva, Carrie Nation, Mrs. Pankhurst, Mary Queen of Scots, Queen Victoria and Lillian Russell."

"It listens like a good list to me," said the Head Barber, "although I never met any of them except Lillian, and I only met her once, when I went down to her home to shave one of her husbands. But there is grand names, from all that I have read about them, I might scotch Carrie Nation and Mrs. Pankhurst, but the rest of the layout meets with my sincere approving, as the poets say."

"Some of these days I am going to get up a list of great people regardless of their sex or imperious conditions, and when I read it to you I would like to bet that you agree with me. I ain't sure just what names I will put into the list, I will try to ring in your brother, Wilfred, if that will do him any good, but the rest of the names I ain't decided on yet."

"If you put my brother, Wilfred, in," declared the Manicure Lady, "the 'pog' boy will be that daffy with the news that he won't go to work for a month, and then how will I get the money he owes me? Leave him out, George, for my sake. If you must take one of our family, take the old gent. He may get to be truly big, but he had a truly big head this morning at breakfast."