The Bee's Home Magazine Page

SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT

It Takes a Lawyer to Steer You Right

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By Tad

Cupid and Poverty

By DOROTHY DIX.

Three thousand eight hundred and eighty-three persons were arranged in the domestic relations court in New York during the year 1911.

Just think of the amount of domestic misery that these figures represent, think of the deserts of blasted illusions and blighted hopes, of the mountains of broken dreams, the salt seas of tears for which they stand! Just think, that in one city alone, besides the ubiquitous common, or garden variety of family spats there were 3,883 husbands and wives who quarrelled to such an extent that they took their troubles into court.

It is appalling. It is enough to make anybody conclude that if marriage isn't a failure it is the short cut to trouble.

In commenting on these cases of domestic infelicity, Miss Rose McQuade, the probation officer of the domestic relations court, says:

"The chief source of discord between married people that sends them to our court is the mother-in-law. It makes no difference whether it's the man's mother or the woman's mother. Her appearance in a household is the beginning of trouble and I have come to the conclusion that a mother-in-law should never pay more than a formal call to the home of her son-in-law. And under no circumstances should she remain overnight.

"The second source of trouble is drinking on the part of the husband and slovenliness on the part of the wife. A third reason for disagreement in the family is extravagance and shiftlessness.

"But underneath all is the vital fact that the average weekly wage of the man arraigned here is between $10 and $12."

This sounds sordid, doesn't it? The romantic young creatures who are contemplating marrying on nothing but love, and who believe that they can live on kisses will be horrified at this plain blunt statement of the fact that love's young dream has to be sustained on beefsteak and onions, or else it turns up its little toes and dies, and that people who lack the ordinary comforts of life no longer kiss. They snap and snarl at each other.

Yet such is unfortunately the case. Marriage is a business, as well as a sentimental proposition, and it goes into bankruptcy if it has not a sufficientf financial backing. This does not mean that it must be capitalized into the millions. Far from it. Undoubtedly young people of moderate means who work together and sacrifice together and build up together are the happiest.

But they must have enough income to provide them with the ordinary comforts and decencies of life, or else their marriage is a foredoomed failure. There is no such thing possible as a cheerful, contented, peaceful home where the wolf sits on the door step, howling, and where the husband's and wife's nerves are on edge with anxiety about the future, and overstrain and privation in the present.

The man who sees his family half starving on his insufficient wage, who looks at his wife's worn, white face, and his undernourished children, must curse himself for having brought such misery on those he loves and for a fool for having married. The wife who sees her husband haggard and old, and worn out before his time, striving vainly to support his family in comfort, must reproach herself for being a burden upon him and feel it would have been better for both of them if they had been stricken dead on their wedding day instead of plunging recklessly into a life that has meant nothing but hardships to both of them.

It is inevitable that the man, being human, under such circumstances contrasts his lot with that of his unmarried companions who on the same salary are enabled to live comfortably because they can spend all they make on themselves. It is inevitable that the woman, being human, should contrast her lot with that of her unmarried friends who work no harder than she does, but whose salaries enable them to have good cluothes and good food and a comfortable place to live in. It is also inevitable under such circumstances that the man and the woman should reproach each other and each feel that the other was to blame.

Unfortunately for romance, our physical needs are more pressing than our spiritual ones. Nobody cares a rap about his heart when his stomach is empty. Nobody is sentimental when hungry or uncomfortable, and for these reasons cupid packs up his grip and hikes out for a more congenial location when poverty invades a home.

The statistics of the Domestic Relations court are earnestly commended to the attention of all the young Romeos who are contemplating matrimony on $10 and $12 per. It is a lesson that they will do well to heed, for it teaches that marriage on an insufficient income doesn't bring a young couple happiness. It plunges them into certain misery.

People who are always worried to death over the rent and the grocery bill, who are overworked, and whose tempers are raw with perpetual sacrifices that have been forced upon them, are not in a condition to be amiable and affectionate companions. On the contrary, they are ready to fight at the drop of a hat, and they make of their homes a perpetual battleground.

Therefore, Edwin and Angelina, heed the warning of the Domestic Relations court. Don't try matrimony on $10 or $12 a week. Wait and work until you have gotten enough money to insure love having bread and butter and an occasional piece of pie to eat. And don't be misled into believing that two people can live as cheaply as one. They can't; and as for children, in these sterilized days, to support a baby costs as much as keeping an automobile.

Don't marry until you can afford the luxury. So shall you keep out of the divorce court and the Domestic Relations court. Maybe.

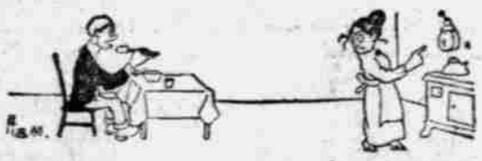
Vain Imaginings

By N. J. BILL.

I'd like to be in the Southern sea,
On a green and fertile isle;
Where the palm trees grow, and the soft winds blow,
And dusky maidens smile.

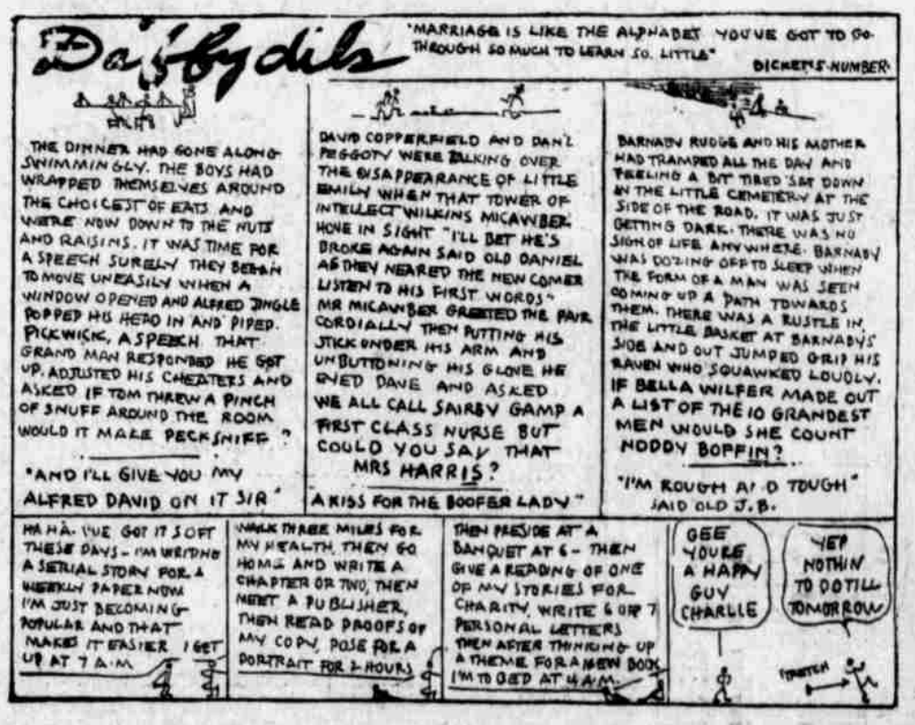
Where the flowers are fair, and the fruits are rare,
And there're cocoanuts all around;
Where the stars shine bright, night after night,
And luscious yams abound.

Where the beach is strewn from June to June
With shining pearls and shells,
Where the sands resound with the booming sound
Of the foaming ocean swells.



But what's the use of turning loose
Such reams of rhyming gush,
When we know that the work we'd like to shirk
Will follow the morning mush?

Gee! Your a Happy Guy! -:- By Tad



Sherlocko the Monk

By GUS MAGER.

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The Adventure of the Mahogany Table

Izaak Walton

By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY.

February 10, 1653.

The "Complete Angler," by Izaak Walton, published 259 years ago, is one of the most remarkable books in the world. Those who have not read it have missed the feast of their lives. It has been the delight of the elect of the earth for more than two centuries and a half, and its popularity is greater today than it ever was. The quaint old London linen draper made for himself through the writing of his little book a reputation that will live forever. There is no name in literature whose immortality is more secure than that of Izaak Walton.

Nor is the reason far to seek. Walton fished, ever "taking care to handle the fish as though he loved them, and as he fished he thought and dreamed about himself and the fishes and the great nature about him, and of human life in general; and out of those thoughts and dreams the 'Complete Angler' grew as naturally and beautifully as the rose grows out of the rosebush.

Thus are we able to account for the fact that there runs throughout the little book the "one touch of nature that makes the whole world kin." Men of all races and nationalities, of all creeds and parties, read the "Complete Angler" and find in it the joy that cannot be bought for gold, and which, having tasted, they would not sell for all the gold in the world.

It has been said that in the bland and soothing air of Madeira "babies never cry and grown people never despair;" certain it is that in the mental atmosphere of Watson's little book no one can feel blue, or hateful, or selfish. Its spirit makes us all brothers, all friends and helpers one of another, and at the same time inspires us with the feeling that there is nothing in the whole universe that is going to harm us, or that wants to harm us.

The folly of human greed; the utter vanity and emptiness of the human distinctions that have distracted and cursed the world; the sheer foolishness of the prides and ambitions which have been at the bottom of most of the wars and oppressions that have degraded and desolated humanity; the wealth of a clear conscience and a humble, contented mind; the glory belonging to the soul that quietly communes with nature and through nature with Nature's God—these things are brought home to us in the "Complete Angler" as they are by no other book in all the libraries of the earth.

"Honest old Izaak Walton," "Dear old Izaak Walton." By such terms is the linen draper and fisherman referred to by the multitude who have been made happier and better by his book.

Izaak Walton founded no empire, established no dynasty, fought no battle, originated no school of philosophy, or science, or art; but he gave us the "Complete Angler," and because he did that his name will forever live in the world's grateful remembrance.

The Head Waitress

By HANK.

"You ain't got no English in you, has you?" asked the headwaiter of the steady customer as he dolefully speared the last bean on the plate.

"I believe that centuries ago one of my ancestors was a duke or something of the kind," he replied, "but I have never boasted about it."

"I shouldn't if I were you," said the head waitress. "It ain't nothing to brag about. I used to think that them English was a pretty good sort, seeing as how they come pretty near speakin' our language and living as we do, but I'm through with them."

"Something evidently had occurred to upset your mental equipoise," suggested the steady customer.

"I never heard it called that before," replied the head waitress. "I should say that it was my temper that was upset. The other afternoon I was up to my sister's who married one of them fellers that earns his living here and uses up all his leisure time moanin' over his fate. A lot of his countrywomen was in to call on my sister for 'tea' as they call it, although the only tea I seen came from the corner in a can and had suds all over the top.

"Well, after they had the can of 'tea' filled several times, my sister borrowing 10 cent from me for the third trip to the corner, they started in pannin' America. It didn't take mo long to understand why the great American bird ain't got no ears that you can see. From the pannin' that pore bird has got from these English dames its ears must have been burned right off long ago. I sat still and didn't say nothin' for quite awhile, but finally one old dame who was dressed up to look like a chicken with its feathers rubbed the wrong way, pipes up with a spiel that sent my goat galloping madly around the room hollerin' for air."

"It must have been fierce," said the steady customer.

"Fierce was its middle name," said the headwaitress. "She begins to say as how she was out visiting a friend or hers, an American, the other day, and was asked to stay to dinner. Her friend asked her if she would like to have an particular kind of dessert and she answers that she would like to have 'roly-poly.'

"'An, what do you think?' she tells us, 'my friend said she never heard of a roly-poly! The idea! What do you think of a country that hasn't any roly-polys? Why the merest child in England knows what a roly-poly is. America and Americans are certainly exceedingly crude, and backward.'

"Well that was too much for me. Roly-poly," says I to her, 'why we knew what roly-poly was before England was on the may. Roly-polys? Why, where I come from in Connecticut, they eat roly-polys morning, noon and night. There's one town up there there does nothin' else but turn out roly-polys. Didn't you ever hear of Poli's theaters?' I asked her. She said she never had. That's where you show your ignorance,' said I, 'they was named after Mr. Rody Poli, an American and the inventor of the roly-poly.'

"Then I stopped for I was all out of breath. My sister was looking kinder mortified, but I didn't care, and soon afterward the company broke up. Just as the dame who I had had the argument with was going out she said to me very sweetly, 'And do you know what a roly-poly is?'

"'Do you know?' says I. 'Of course,' says she. 'Then what's the use of me tellin' you?' I answers back, and she goes out saying something to her friends about be being 'impossible.'"

"Well, kiddo," said the steady customer, "it looks is if you won out."

"Yes," said the headwaitress, "I did, but I'd like to ask you something confidential.'

"Go ahead," said the steady customer.

"Well, what the dickens is a roly-poly?"

"Durned if I know," said the steady customer.

Unique Station

The wireless telegraphy station at Nauen, near Berlin, now possesses a tower which is said to be the highest in the world with the exception of the Eiffel tower in Paris, and the Singer and the Metropolitan towers in New York. The tower was originally three hundred feet high, but to increase the range of the wireless station, which is already able to communicate direct with New York, it was decided to add another three hundred feet. This engineering feat has been accomplished, and in evercast weather the summit is often lost in the clouds.

There have been no attempts at architectural beauty in the construction and it is anything but an attractive feature of the district, appearing like a huge mast of iron trellis work springing vertically from the earth's surface toward the sky, from the uppermost extremity of which a nest of wirework stretches toward the ground.

From a technical point of view, however, the Nauen tower is probably original. Its sole foundation is a single steel ball let into the earth, on which rests the entire weight of the ironwork. On a structure of such immense height the power of the wind is naturally extreme, and, owing to the small sectional area of the tower, it was impossible to counteract the wind pressure by wide-spreading foundations. It was therefore decided to allow the tower a certain amount of "give," and the tower swings to the force of the wind.—New York Tribune.

New Fashion in Criminal Practice.

The accused: "Those are the facts guv-nor. What's your evidence?"

The honest lawyer: "Hum! The case against you looks clear. And you haven't any money to pay for a defense?"

The accused: "Only $18, guv-nor."

The lawyer: "Then I strongly advise you to confess. Ten dollars, please."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.