

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT

The Mysterious Guy is Some Grabber

By Tad



Make Your Home "Ideal" by Force of Character and Wealth is Unnecessary.

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

Some months ago an article appeared in this column from which the following extract is taken:

"Make home ante-room to heaven. Let your work this year be to fit yourself for the ideal home."

"Whatever you are doing, or wanting to do, in these early months of the new year, there are certain things which you can do, no matter what your position be."

"You can be agreeable and thoughtful and considerate in your treatment of the people with whom you are daily thrown."

"Let your great work this year be agreeable, amiable, in the midst of disagreeableness, and considerate among the unconsiderate."

"And after a time, if you continue in this effort, you will find either those with whom you live changing, or else your environment will change, and your life will be led into pleasant paths."

"Just as soon as you are ready for a home where love, good will, thoughtfulness and good manners are the ruling laws of the domain, such a home will be prepared for you."

"Let your work this year be to fit yourself for the ideal home."

Now comes a letter to the writer of the article, which is quoted below. There was no signature, but the penmanship indicated a woman as the author of the clipping of inquiry.

"The letter enclosed a clipping of the article on 'Home.'"

"Do you ever get down to earth? Did you ever get past to a wash tub? Have you ever taken care of a sick baby? Have you raised a family and done the work for them with your own hands? Are you really human, or are you an angel?"

Quite human, but working toward an-



Daffydils

NO MATTER HOW MUCH YOU CUT THE CARDS THEY'RE ALWAYS AS GOOD AS NEW.

IT WAS ROSE POLAK'S BIRTHDAY AND ALL HER FRIENDS WERE INVITED TO VISIT THEMSELVES AROUND THE CITY. WITH HER LITTLE ASH AND JENNIE KAHN WERE THERE FIRST WHILE THEY WERE WAITING FOR THE MOB THE LETTER CARRIER BROUGHT A BUNDLE FOR ROSE.

SHE OPENED IT. INSIDE WAS A CARD. IT SAID: IF YOU KICKED A ONE A SQUARE MILE COULD YOU KICK HIM AROUND LATER. HOW'D THE DEVIL DO YOU DO IT?

THEY'RE GOLD IN THEM. HILLS BOYS BUT DEATH LURKS IN THE VALLEY BELOW.

SAY JOHN - I GOTTA SHAP UP NOW - I'VE A BILL POSTER WITH A BIG CIRCUS AND ITS SOME POSITION I DONT HAVE TO GET UP TILL 4 A.M. THEN I DATE UP 500 LITHOS, DRIVE 25 MILES INTO THE COUNTRY PASTE UP 2000 SHEETS, GET BACK TO THE CAR AT TEN P.M. MAKE OUT MY REPORTS, GET BILLS OUT FOR THE NEXT TOWN, BOIL 70 BARRELS OF PASTE, CLEAN UP THE CAR AND BY 2 A.M. I'M ALWAYS IN THE HAY.

OH FIREMAN!! SAVE MY CARNIVAL BADGE

GEE YOU'RE A LUCKY GUY

YEP NOTHIN TO DO TILL TOMORROW

Jealousy

By DOROTHY DIX.

A woman wants to be told a sure cure for jealousy. She writes: "I am a quiet, domestic, home-loving woman, utterly devoted to my husband and children. I am not pretty nor gay, nor do I dress in a striking manner, nor is there anything about me to attract the attention of men. In fact, so far as I know, no man has ever given me a second glance of interest since I was married, yet my husband is an insensibly jealous of me as if I were the flightiest coquette that ever lived."

"Worse. He even condescends to be jealous of the butcher boy and the laundry man, and looks at me and them with suspicion while I give the necessary orders to the tradesmen with whom I deal."

"I have virtually given up society because if I displayed even the interests that common courtesy demanded in a man's conversation, or my dinner partner was ordinarily civil to me, I knew my husband was glowering at me from some corner, and working himself up into a fury of jealous rage for which I would have to pay the price when we reached home. But one cannot live as a recluse altogether in this world. One must have acquaintances among the opposite sex. One must have a preacher and a doctor. One must deal with the butcher and baker. I am tired of seeing about nothing. I am tired of being treated as if I was untrustworthy. I am tired of being outchained ever night about where I went, whom I saw, if there was any man there, and what he said to me and I said to him. I am tired of having my mail opened for me and every letter read before I get it. I am sick at heart at the thought of my life being ruined by my husband's silly and groundless jealousy."

"Is there no cure for the victims of the green-eyed monster?"

"Alan, sister, I can give you no hope. Jealousy is a form of insanity that is incurable, and those who are afflicted with it should be taken quietly away and locked up in padded cells where they can indulge their mania for imagining things, and torture themselves to their heart's content, without afflicting other people."

"God pity the woman who is married to a jealous husband! God help the man who is married to a jealous woman! What they go through makes the rack and the thumb-screw look like a pleasant evening's diversion, and the only remedy for their sufferings is Reno or death."

Of all the faults that any human being can possess, jealousy is the worst and most hopeless, because it is so self-righteous that there is no chance to reform it. If a man is a drunkard or a gambler he comes out and does battle with what he recognizes as a weakness in his own character. If a woman is a shrew or a snifter, she admits that she must overcome these defects, but the jealous husband or wife is the one perfect and flawless being in the universe and never admits that he or she is in the wrong. On the contrary, he or she is a noble, lofty-minded, godlike creature whose trust is always being abused by some poor, unworthy, lying, deceitful, unfaithful weakling to whom he or she has the misfortune to be married or to love.

Therefore, there is no hope of curing jealousy, because no jealous man or woman ever admits that he or she is jealous. The green-eyed man sees his wife looking cheerful and pleased as she talks to a man at a party and he is furious, not with himself for being such a cad and a cur as to suspicion the woman whose absolute goodness and purity and whose devotion to himself he has had proven a hundred times a day for twenty years. Oh, no! He doesn't blame himself. He blames her for improper conduct of which she is absolutely guiltless, and he proceeds to make her life miserable.

Nor does the jealous woman ever think that she is in the wrong when she leaps to the conclusion that her husband is leading the double life because he is decently civil to his stenographer, or he takes his old schoolmate out to lunch some time when he happens to run across her when she comes to town. Oh, no, the wife doesn't think that she has got a nasty, mean disposition and an imagination that needs to be sent to the laundry, when she can see only harm in her husband's association with any other woman. She blames him, and thinks herself a poor, persecuted martyr.

Jealousy can't be cured, because it's the one example in the world of a self-manufacturing, double-action, perpetual-motion substance. It can make itself out of nothing, and it grows by what it feeds on, and there is no way to combat it because it is like the fabled monster whose head grew on again as soon as it was cut off.

The most curious thing about jealousy is the strange humility and self-deprecation it shows. The man who is jealous of every other man who approaches his wife actually admits that he thinks that those other men are his superiors in every way. The woman who is jealous of every woman to whom her husband speaks shows that she thinks that she is the homeliest, the stupidest, the most unattractive of women, and that she expects him to find any other woman more charming than she is.

A man certainly proclaims himself a poor, weak creature when he proclaims his belief that either he is picked out the frailest of her sex for a wife, or else that he thinks so little of himself that he doesn't believe that he can hold what he has won. And a woman is lacking in all vanity who is obsessed by the belief that there is nothing in her to keep the love she has won.

There are those who seek to justify jealousy by claiming that it is a part of love. Nonsense. Love is trust and there can be no love where there is no faith. Jealousy is the deadly insult that suspicion offers love, and which in time kills all affection.

No, there is no cure for jealousy. The only palliative is Reno or rough on rats. And either one is preferable to the torture of living with a green-eyed husband or wife.



FLORIDA EVERGLADES NOTHING BUT A LAKE

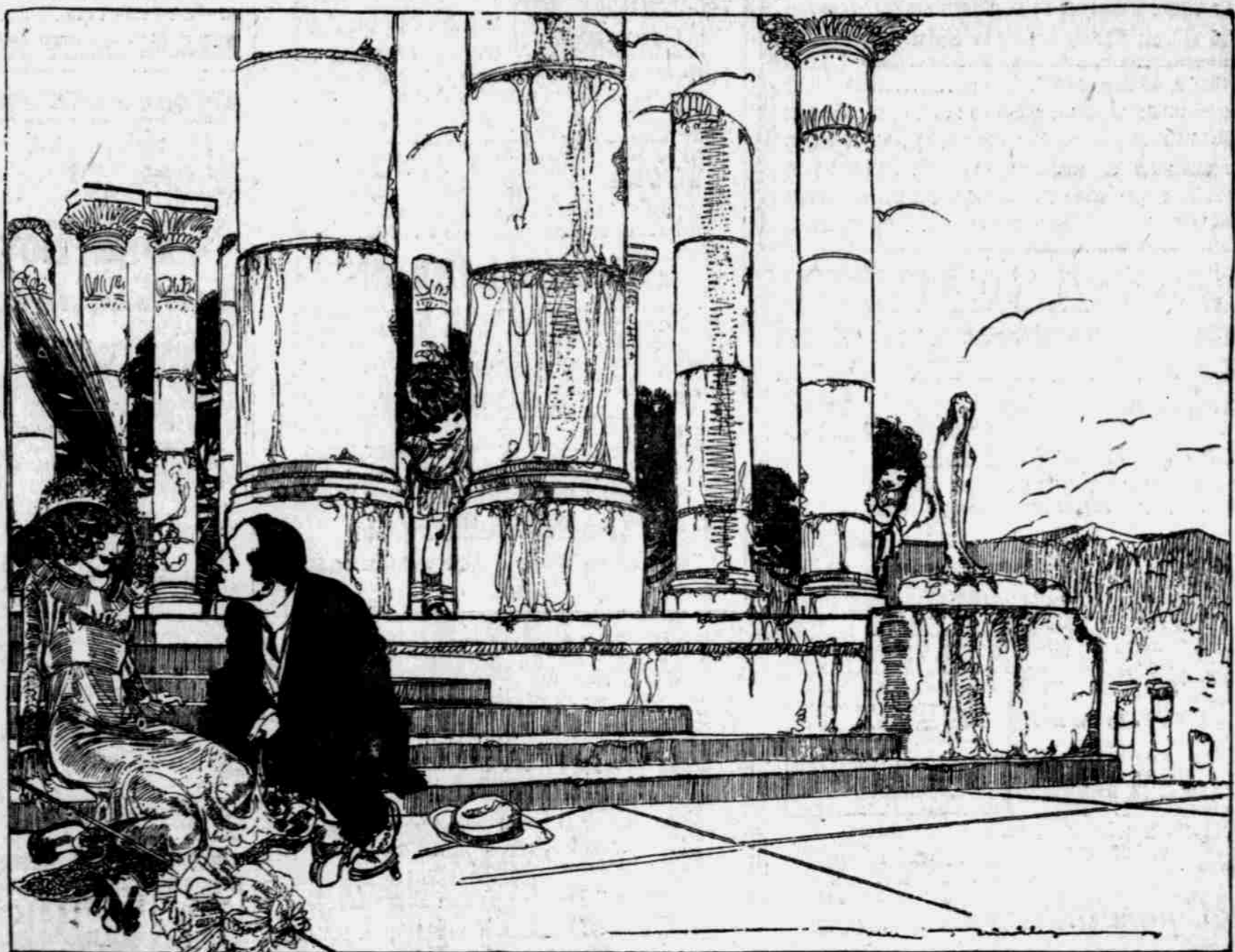
When Representative Clark on the floor of the house declared the Florida everglades, around which the latest departmental scandal centers, "should have been sold by the quart instead of by the acre," he was not so near joking as might have been thought. The everglades are listed in the encyclopedia as "an American lake." It is charged by those who caused the present investigation at Washington that the everglades were being exploited as land, and, as land, were highly advertised and sold for sums that will aggregate millions. Whatever may be the present physical condition of the everglades, it is certain that not very long ago there was not the slightest doubt that they were inundated.

The everglades are 8,000 square miles in area. They lie to the east of the Big Cypress swamp, and are situated in Lee, De Soto, Dade, and St. Louis counties. The floor of the "lake" is a limestone basin. The water ranges from one to twelve feet in depth, while some portions, "islands" are entirely free from water. No streams empty into the everglades, the inundation being caused by springs and precipitation.

The "islands" are gradually increasing in size. Their soil is exceedingly fertile. The vegetation is luxuriant. There being found the live oak, wild lemon and orange, cucumber, paw-paw, custard apple and wild rubber. Among the flowers are orchids. Among the animals there are the otter, alligator, crocodile, deer and panther, while of the birds there are the ibis, egret, heron and limpkin. The egret is especially valuable.

There are two seasons, wet and dry. Systematic exploration has been hindered by dense growths of saw grass. The first white man to enter the region was Escalante de Fontenada, a Spanish captive of an Indian chief, who named the lake Lagunto del Espiritu Santo, and the islands Cayos del Espiritu Santo-Spirit of the Holy Ghost. Explorations were attempted in 1805, 1806 and 1822. Up to 1820 the Seminole Indians were practically the only inhabitants. Latterly the state of Florida began the task of reclamation. The work is slow and expensive. In 1905 the small area reclaimed was proved to be very fertile and adapted particularly to the growing of sugar cane, oranges and garden truck-Indians call, oranges

Familiar Quotations "Ancient and Holy Things Fade Like a Dream" By Nell Brinkley



BUT LOVE SITS ON THE STEPS OF THE RUINS AND YOUTH PLAYS HIDE-AND-SEEK AMONG ITS CRUMBLING COLUMNS.

"Ancient and Holy Things Fade Like a Dream"

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By Nell Brinkley

Cynicisms.

The prodigal son may be gone long, but he generally comes back short.

Even the man with an extensive vocabulary may never learn to say "no."