

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT

Well, You Wouldn't Kick a Jelly Doughnut in the Ribs, Would You?

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Drawn for The Bee by Tad



## Married Life the Third Year

Warren Sends to Helen His Mother's Very Critical Letter.

By MABEL HERBERT URNER.

"Dear Helen: So that's your last move, is it—taking a room? Mother has just written me, says she called on you last week and found you had rented the spare room. Your excuse was you were in need of money."

"Things have come to a nice pass when you complain to my people that I don't provide for you, that you're forced to rent rooms to pay expenses. Mother knows better—but everyone else won't. Suppose you did it to arouse sympathy—that would be just like you."

"And you asked mother not to write me about it—that was like you, too. You knew well enough I wouldn't stand for such tomfoolery. Now get rid of that woman—and get rid of her quick—there'll be trouble."

"I knew from your last letters with all that trouble about independence and making your own money that you'd be up to some fast shenanigans. And now you're renting a room for the miserable sum of a week—and given everybody the impression you're driven to it. But you tried mighty hard to keep it from me. You knew darned well I'd see through your little scheme. Now you take my advice and don't try any more of these schemes. You've been playing on the 'I want to be independent' chord about long enough. Get some thing new to harp on."

"As a second thought I'll send you mother's letter. It'll be a good lesson for you to see how all this appears to others."

"Nothing settled here yet. Don't know when I'm coming home—and can't say, that I'm anxious to just now. Our letters of the last few weeks would not indicate a pleasant homecoming. There's nothing that sickens a man more than a woman's attitude of constant hysteria. So for heaven's sake get it out of you system."

"WARREN."

Enclosed with this was the letter from Warren's mother:

"Dear Warren: I received your last post card the early part of the week. That must be a very beautiful country out there. And you say 'the weather's been delightful. It's been very cold here. This morning the thermometer is down to 8.'"

"I was out to see Helen yesterday. The first time I've had a chance to get up since you left. Warren, I think it's my duty to tell you that she is keeping a cooler. She has rented her spare room for \$5 a week to a Mrs. Morrison—a buyer of millinery somewhere."

"Helen did not want to know, but the woman came in while I was there. I caught only a glimpse of her in the hall, but she seemed a most ordinary looking person with bleached hair."

"Naturally I was shocked that Helen had done such a thing. Her excuse was that she wanted to help pay the expenses. She didn't say you did not send her sufficient money—but she strongly implied that. Of course, I know you provide her with all that is necessary. But as I have told you before, Helen is very headstrong. She wants to follow her own inclinations and she always resents any criticism or even suggestions from any of our people."

"I don't like to tell you this, but she was almost insolent to me yesterday. When I asked why she had not consulted us before renting the room, her exact words were, 'I didn't think it concerned you. The only interest you and Mr. Curtis have ever taken is to call here occasionally and find something to criticize.'"

"After this, Warren, you can hardly expect me to call again. At least not while you're away. It seems to me that more respect is due your mother than Helen has shown me. None of my children have ever spoken to me in this way and I can see no excuse for her."

"I forgot to say that she practically asked me not to write you about the room. But I told her that you should know and unless she wrote herself I would consider it my duty to do so."

"As you know none of our family have ever kept secrets. And to me it seems a very unjustified thing for Helen to take such a person into her home while you're away, and to insinuate that she is forced to do so because you do not properly provide for her."

"Am sorry to have to write you all this, Warren, but I felt that you should know."

"Your father has gone to Trenton to-

day on business. Carrie was over last night, said she was going to write you. Well, I must close. Write soon. Affectionately, "MOTHER."

Helen had received these letters in the morning mail. Twenty minutes afterward she had on her things and was hurrying down the street. The first uncontrollable impulse had been to get out—to get away from the room.

She paused uncertainly at a corner. Where was she going? She must have someone to talk to. She had reached the stage where she could no longer go on alone. She must pour out to someone some of the fierce bitterness that was raging within her. Suddenly she crossed the street to take an uptown car. She would go to Mrs. Stevens.

Never before had Helen made a complaint of any one about Warren. She had never in any way talked about him to other women—as do many wives. Always she had felt that whatever his treatment of her, he was after all her husband and nearer and dearer than any one in the world. But now her something indignation and the longing to understand it to some one must be met.

When she reached the apartment Mrs. Stevens, who rarely went out in the morning, was dressed for the street. But she greeted her affectionately.

"Oh, my dear, why didn't you phone me? I'm going to the tailor's and to luncheon with Mrs. Bennett. But if I'd only known—I'd much rather stayed and listened with you. What's the matter?" as she suddenly saw Helen's face in a strong light. "Has anything happened?"

Helen shook her head. For the moment she could not speak and she had to fight against the hysterical desire to cry.

"Why, what is the matter?" Mrs. Stevens drew her down on a couch.

"Oh, nothing," quaveringly. "I just felt nervous and depressed this morning and I—I thought I'd come over here a while. That's all."

Mrs. Stevens was watching her closely. "That's not all! Something's the matter. Tell me!"

But Helen realized suddenly that she could not tell her. Now that she was here the impulse that had driven her here had left her.

"No, no," as Mrs. Stevens insisted. "It's nothing—I'm just a little unstrung. I'll go to the subway with you and then walk home. The walk will do me good."

"Are you sure? Hadn't I better phone Mrs. Bennett that I can't come and stay here with you?"

"Oh, no!" excitedly. "If we stay here I'll talk with a break in her voice. And I know now I don't want to talk!"

Reluctantly Mrs. Stevens let her have her way. She knew that something was wrong and that Helen had intended to tell her. But with rare tact she refrained from further questions, for which Helen was dumbly grateful.

"If there's anything I can do, dear," as they parted at the subway, "you know."

"Oh, yes—I know," murmured Helen. "But there is nothing—at least not now."

And then she turned to walk slowly home. After all, how hopeless it was to try to escape from herself. In the end she must always come back. Always she must fight things out alone. If her mother were here—it might be different. But she knew now how she could make a confident of no one else.

And now she must go back and answer Warren's letter. Already her mind was framing the answer. Of one thing she was sure—desperately, wretchedly sure—that whatever the consequences, she would not send Mrs. Morrison away. Had Warren asked it in any other way—unreasonable as was his request—she would have yielded. But after that letter and the one from his mother! Even though it brought down upon her not only his wrath, but that of all his people, still she would write him that until he returned—Mrs. Morrison would keep her room!

"A Bachelor's Reflections."

He is a rich man that has no jiving. Art can do many things, but only nature can fill a stocking.

A demagogue is a fellow who can get more votes than you can.

Everybody is mean enough to despise poverty, but only a few are mean enough to despise the poor.

In spite of the most deplorable weaknesses, some men never sink to politics.

Running the furnace can teach a man about as many swear words as anybody can learn.

What makes a woman proud of her husband is to think how some day he will make some money.

—New York Press.

## Gee Kid! You've Got Nice Skin!!

By Tad

## The Aging Sun

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

Life is a tragedy, the earth a stage, men and women the actors, the "gods" the audience. Some pessimists believe that this great play of life is more comic than tragic in the opinion of the spectators. However, this may be, there is another, vastly greater, tragedy of life, at which man himself is an onlooker, although, unfortunately, his own ultimate fate is bound up with the denouement of the play.

It is the life drama of the solar system. Its chief actor is the sun, and men are beginning to rub their eyes and wipe the specks from their glasses, as they perceive, more and more plainly, indications that the "star" of the play is aging. The fact is becoming only too clear that, for him, this is no sport, but real, deadly tragedy. He is not acting a part, but fighting for life. He cannot win; he can only prolong the struggle, and when he falls exhausted, the stage, the theater, actors, spectators, pit and galleries, will go with him in one universal ruin.



Until recently we were only troubled a little in mind by the sun spots. It was evident that they must cut off some radiation, but the amount appeared to be trifling and their maxima were far apart, ten or eleven years. But now we are confronted by a much more disquieting phenomenon. The sun appears to "fluctuate" at irregular intervals of several days, and sometimes of several months.

Here is the crux of the whole matter. What does the recognition of the fact that the sun is a variable star mean? What may it mean to the earth and its inhabitants? These questions can best be answered by considering other variable stars.

Let us take an extreme example. There is the constellation of "The Whale," a famous variable known as "Mira," the Wonderful. In a period of about ten months, on the average, it changes from the third—sometimes the second—magnitude to about the ninth, and then back again. That means in the extreme, a probable difference of between two and three hundred times in the amount of light and heat which it radiates around it at maximum and at minimum. When it is faintest it cannot be seen with the naked eye; when it is brightest it is a conspicuous object. As it fades it turns reddish in color, and when it brightens it blazes with brilliant spectroscopic lines. It is probably a sun at least as great as our sun, and it has recently been found that its spectrum resembles, in some striking particularities, the spectra of sun spots. Did it ever have any worlds to light and nourish? If so, think of the condition of those worlds now!

A sun is like a living organism. It wears out. As it ages it becomes more and more variable. It maintains itself and its planets while its radiant power lasts, but it cannot do so forever. It contracts, flickers, struggles, fades and goes out. Its lifetime is millions of years, but it has an end. "Let us account as a mere nothing," cried Bonnet, "everything that endures, though we should multiply years beyond the reach of numbers, yet all would be nothing when the fatal term is reached."



## Dreams

By HAL COFFMAN.



## Mentological Crime

By EDGAR LUCIEN LAIKIN.

Parents of children, I respectfully ask that you take due notice of the state of "educational" affairs as at present existing. A bright girl, aged 15 years, has been tortured to the verge of collapse of mind, brain and nervous system by the terror of high algebra.

Her mind was of such a nature, as given her by the Creator, that she could not possibly comprehend algebra or any other branch of mathematics. But music, literature, poetry and the languages were her delight. She could learn the grammar of any language, and she was happy in these studies.

Early in the study of complex algebra she saw that she must fail. Deep was her terror of approaching examination. I have seen students in more alarm and within deeper suffering when coming to examination day than some criminals on their way to sentence to prison. She simply could not endure the humiliation of total failure before the entire class; but there was another source of horror—disgrace—which she fancied would be brought by herself upon father and mother.

Now to think that this awful mentological crime could happen in a great modern state.

I put in seven years teaching the mathematical sciences, and assert that I encountered quite a number of minds of students whose ages ranged between 18 and 25 years, that simply could not form any conception of a quadratic equation, to say nothing of far higher problems.

Keep algebra out of every common school in this state and nation. Establish separate schools for it, and let some enterprising statesman, who is not mathematically inclined, let no more minds be tortured and ruined by totally useless mathematics.

I personally know a child of 11 years who is now taking eleven studies. A century of crime is concentrated here in this merciless torture of the little one.

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## Happy, Though Long Wed

Mr. and Mrs. Dominick Belleville of Meriden, Conn., have celebrated the seventy-seventh anniversary of their wedding. He is 96 years old, she 91. They are both feeling very well and happy.

"I have always thought that young married folks would have fewer quarrels if they followed the rules mother and I laid down for ourselves," said Mr. Belleville, slipping his arm around his wife's neck and affectionately patting her shoulder.

Here are the rules:

"Remember each has rights the other should respect."

"Do your share of the work without boasting."

"Forget the gloomy things and discuss and think of the cheerful things of life."

"Let the better manager, whether the man or the woman, be the cashier of the household."

"Do not speak disparagingly of your life partner's family."

"Do not say you are boss. Think so, if you wish, but keep it to yourself."

"When you are peevish go out of doors, do anything to forget it; only do not fret your partner."

"In a word, let the dog sleep in the best chair if that is the only way to preserve harmony."

When the World correspondent called, Mr. Belleville was doing the family washing. When it was finished, the virtuous old gentleman took a six-mile walk "for exercise," he explained.

"I have always taken plenty of exercise," said he. "That, and looking on the bright side of life, has given me length of days."

The aged, but active couple were born in Canada. Soon after their marriage they went to Hindsdale, N. H., and there remained until they came here to live with their son a short time ago.