



The Bee's Home Magazine Page

SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT

It's No Wonder the Judge Lost His Goat

Drawn for The Bee by Tad

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Fables of the Wise Dame

By DOROTHY DIX.

Once upon a time there was a man whose wife, after a virtuous and well-spent life, threw up her earthly job and signed a permanent engagement with the angel choir.

At first the man was greatly afflicted, for they had been married many years and wife was strictly the goods in the culinary department. Besides which, it seemed loathsome to the man not to have any one to remind him of his faults and he felt that something was missing when he went home late and found nothing happening in the lecture bureau.



Now during his wife's lifetime the man had devoted himself to doing turns in the grocery line, and he had fallen for all of the privileges of age.

He dressed as he pleased and was accustomed to say that he thanked his maker that he was not one of those fool dices who sacrificed comfort to fashion. So he wore low, turned-down collars that did not chafe his neck, and broad-soled shoes, and he hung on to a loose old coat until it got rusty.

Neither did he care for society and before his wife could induce him to take her out to any place of amusement she had to hypnotize him.

It was not long, however, after his wife's death that the man began to take notice, and his friends observed a great change in his personal appearance.

He blew himself for joyous habits, and he wore a collar so tall that it looked like a section of a sewer pipe. Moreover he shaved the alfalfa off his chin, and dyed his hair a deep practical black, and he got a suit on his patent leathers like a rail-rab boy.

"We perceive," said his friends, as they got a line on this spender, "that the real secret of the elixer of youth is to be a widower, and that all that a man needs to rejuvenate him is to lose his wife."

Besides his sartorial triumph, the man likewise qualified as a society butterfly, where he did pedestrian wonders toiling around tea at afternoon functions, and the only thing that saved him from doing the Turkey Trot was a spring halt in his knee action.

By-and-by, however, the man grew weary of so much glee, and to feel that he would like to get back to business and work a while for a rest, so he picked out a beautiful young maiden and asked her to be his bride, although they lacked about forty years of trotting in the same class.

"Adorable creature," he cried, "be mine. I am sure that if my sainted Maria could look down upon us, you are the very one she would pick out to console me for her loss. I love you to distraction, besides which I have a large sized wad, although I am aware that if you marry me it will be for love alone."

The maiden was, indeed, a heart grafter, and she was as wise as she was beautiful, so she took a good, long think over the matter.

"As a general thing," she reflected, "I do not care for antique, nor does my appetite run to warmed over dishes. Still, this one is well preserved, and is lined with yellow backs, so as I optime that being an old man's darling is better than cooking for a young one, it's me for the easy thing."

But much to her surprise no sooner were they married than the man resumed being as old as he had been before he was a widower. He also left off his glad rags and got back into his old clothes, and when she mentioned going out to the theater or a party he began to groan with the rheumatism.

More than that, he began to knock her faults and to tell her how his first wife used to keep house and set a comfortable table on \$2 a week, and how she never desired any amusement except to sit up and watch him read the paper of an evening.

In reality the first wife had been a very ordinary creature with a tongue that could talk a phonograph to a standstill, but the man touted her to his second wife as a paragon of perfection.

One night when he had been doing this he observed the bride weeping bitterly. "Why do you cry?" he asked.

"Alas!" cried the new wife, "I weep for your first wife. Nobody can regret her death as much as I do."

Moral: This fable teaches that it is better to be a young man's darling than an old man's slave.

You're in Wrong - - - By Tad

Daddydails ITS BETTER TO WEAR OUT THAN TO RUST OUT

IT WAS IN THE THIRD ACT OF THAT THIRD RAIL-THRU-ILLER THAT CACTUS CHARLIE THE INDIAN SCOUT COMES OUT ON THE PAINTED DESERT TO LOOK FOR HIS YOUNG BRIDE. THERE'S NOT A SOUL WITHIN 37 MILES WHISPERS CHARLIE IN A DEEP HUSKY VOICE. AT THAT MOMENT MAYME GEMRUE, 10 MINUTES AHEAD OF TIME HOPPED OUT AND IN A SWEET WHISPER CRIED:

IF YOUR BARBER ATE ONIONS WOULD YOU WANT HIM TO SHAVE YOUR HAIR?

BACK OUT, YOU'RE IN THE WRONG SLIP.

HUN-I GOTTA SWAP NOW- I'M GOING TO TONY FEE? I NEVER GET UP TILL I SAM THEN I STUDY A BIT OF LATIN, FRENCH, GERMAN, GREEK AND ALGEBRA.

I GET TO SCHOOL AT 8, WORK AT LESSONS TILL 12, TAKE 10 MINUTES TO EAT, THEN WORK AGAIN TILL 3:30. THEN I GO HOME TO DO ABIT MORE READING, STOP TO

HELP 3 KID BROTHER, JEDDY AS AIN TILL 2 AM. THEN I READ A BIT OF THE LIFE OF MICHAEL ANGELO AND BY 4 I'M UNDER THE QUILTS.

WAS EVER THIS?

JAMES EDWARD BRIT THE ACTOR- WE SAY ACTOR, BECAUSE THEY HAVEN'T CAUGHT HIM, AT IT NET- WAS DOING HIS MONOLOGUE AT THE OPENING PERFORMANCE. JAMES STARTS HIS ACT BY RECITING A TEAR JERKER, ENTITLED MY PAL IN THE WINGS WAS JACK GLEASON THE RENO BEAR. HE WAS PROMPTLY JAMES GOT AS FAR AS THE FIRST VERSE IN HIS POEM THEN BLEW HE LEARNED HIS LISTENER TO THE WINGS FOR HELP JUST AS JACK PIPED IF GEORGE WASHINGTON WORE A PIERRY WHEN HE CUT THE CHERRY TREE DO YOU THINK HE HAD THE HAT-CHEAT? UPSTAGE - UP STAGE!!

WILLIAM!! TAKE YOUR FEET OUT OF THE OVEN.

SEE YOU'RE A HAPPY GUY

YEP NOTHING TO DO TILL TOMORROW

Spring House Cleaning

By WINIFRED BLACK.

Why, the sun has stopped pretending and is really going to shine again. Drip, drip, hear the water falling from the eaves-look, there are little puddles all along the walks, and in the street the astonished horses look as if they wished they had fins instead of legs.



Yes, it's a thaw, a regular old-fashioned early spring thaw. I wonder if this isn't the time the maple sap begins to run somewhere out in the clean, clean woods, where you can look up between the branches now and see the real sky just as it must have looked the first day after the world was made.

The next-door neighbor's man is cleaning the yard. I can tell that the next door neighbor is from New England the minute I look at that yard, anyhow, and from all the upper windows along the way some one is shaking rags.

See, there's house cleaning going on across the street; and, look, there's a little boy with his chubby arms full of bottles. What a herd of ponies he hopes to have when he has sold these bottles.

"Rags, bottles, old clo", calls the queer old man from his queer old wagon. He knew what the thaw meant to him, and he's out bright and early.

Come on children, let's go up in the attic and clean house, too. Dear, dear, what heaps of rubbish. How could any one family collect such mounds of good for nothing things? Old shoes, old collars, old coats, old boxes, old wrapping papers, and there in the corner-yes, it's the little Christmas tree, with all its finery gone. How gray is all its plumage now, how forlorn the droop of its one-time festive branches. Cheer up, little tree, you made us all very happy not so long ago. We'll all turn to and send you up the chimney this very night in a roar of glory-just for old time sake.

And while we do it, let's have a house cleaning of the soul, too.

What's that in that dark corner-an old hatred? What do I want of that? Why didn't I throw it out, neck and crop, the very day it came into my heart? Never mind, it's never too late to mend. Here you go, old enemy, you've kept me awake many a night. I'll sleep sweeter now, for your room is better than your company.

How black it is over there where the light ought to be pouring in. What's the matter? Why, there's a faded, old dust-covered curtain at the window of the soul. Tear it down, tear it down, let in the glorious light; there, that's better.

I inherited that certain prejudice from my grandfather? Well, what of it? It may have been a fine fabric in its day, but all it's good for now is to breed motifs of hate and unhappiness. Hurrah, it's down! Took quite a wrench, didn't it? It's gone now-see the blessed light stream in.

Here's a great box full of-what? Rubbish, the worst kind of rubbish in the world. Old grievances, old slights, old snubs. What am I treasuring them up for in the name of common sense? Even the old clo' man wouldn't look at them. They're poisonous, out with the old box; laugh, it spoils the air. Out you go, old box, cover and all. There-there's room for good, comfortable thoughts now where you have stood so long.

What poor, sickly, drooping thing is that-a plant? It was pretty once. But now it is so wretched it must make the mice miserable to look at it. It is an old sorrow, wept over, kept alive with tears. What a mistake!

Poor little plant! What it wants is fresh air and sunshine. Put it out the minute you can and let it either grow into something beautiful or let it wither and become as it should, in time, a part of the earth from which it sprang.

It-r-r-r, there-the housecleaning is at least begun. Come, little tree, good little friend of gay hours-you're all ready for the glory of the flame.

Snip, snap, snare, there you go, sparkling, dancing, laughing, singing, waving us a gay goodbye-up the chimney. May all the old sorrows, all the old griefs, all the old misunderstandings go with you.

How fine and fresh and wholesome and free the air is in the house when the house cleaning has once begun.

His Own Answer

By HAL COFFMAN.



The Selfishness of Men

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

"Honey Boy" writes me the following letter:

"I am a young man 24 years of age, and I am in love with a young lady the same age, and she loves me dearly. I love her, and have kept company with her for the last four years. She now wants that I should marry her, but on account of one leg she lost in an accident I really don't know what to do, because I don't want to marry a cripple. Please advise me what to do.

"HONEY BOY."

My dear young man, the first charge against you is that you use a signature that doesn't belong to you. "Honey Boy" means some one who is loving and tender and kind and just.

You haven't one of those endearing qualities. There isn't a much honey in your whole system as a druggist would garner in a week. Indeed, if you were in a hive the other bees would sting you to death.

You kept company with this girl for four years. You won her love. That I do not doubt, as women easily lose all power of discrimination so far as men are concerned.

You say you love her. That I do doubt. My dear "Honey Boy," if you loved her you would want to marry her if she had two wooden legs.

If by some stroke of misfortune her arms followed, you would want her all the more. For love, the right kind of love, is endowed with the protective instinct.

shapen soul can never keep step with the world. He is of no more use than if he had embalming fluid in his veins. The sunniest, happiest, "lovingest" people in the world are those of deformed bodies. Did you ever know a man with a deformed soul who brought happiness to any mortal?

If this poor girl has a wooden leg, Nature, the great mother of us all, has given her a greater gift of some other kind to make up for it.

She has more love, more charity, a greater patience, a broader mind, a greater sense of humor than others with sound limbs. She has a quicker intellect, quicker hands, and they are more willing.

One of the best wives I ever knew had only one arm. She born her husband children and she raised them to be honorable, intelligent and capable men and women. She was the wife of a farmer, on a farm in the west, where work is the greatest word in the English language.

Here began before the rising of the sun, and she worked all day, accomplishing with one arm more than other women accomplished with two.

Her husband loved her as few wives are loved. His love was the right kind. Yours is not.

You have monopolized this girl for four years, and owe her marriage if he deserves it. But when you offer it, all her what you have told me. That after four years you have decided you don't want a cripple.

Then, if she has the intelligence I credit her with, she will realize that she has been loving a greater cripple than she has ever been: a man with a heart crusted with selfishness, and a misshapen soul.

If she consents to marry you, knowing this, she makes a greater sacrifice than you ever dreamed of making. And may the Lord help her.

Be sure of your aim in life before moving into a glass house. Music is the food of love-which is more than can be truthfully said of the onion.