

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT

His Honor's Nerves Are Shattered

Drawn for The Bee by Tad



Married Life the Third Year

Which Shows that Most Women Love the Man Who Rides Over Them Roughshod.

By MAREL HERBERT URNER.

When Mrs. Morrison came home that evening Helen met her in the hall. "Mrs. Morrison," hesitatingly, "may I speak to you for a moment?" "Why, certainly."

With a note of surprise for Helen was so rarely in evidence. "Won't you come in while I take off my things?"

Her arms were full of bundles, and she threw them down on the bed as Helen followed her in.

"Oh, I do so hate to carry things—but I needed these, and it was too late to have them delivered tonight. But it's dreadful having to carry anything in that crowded subway."

"Yes, I know it must be crowded at this hour," murmured Helen, wondering how she was to approach the subject of the room, which she so dreaded to bring up.

Mrs. Morrison was standing before the mirror taking off her veil. Helen watched her absently, while she thrust the veil in the top drawer, threw her coat and hat on the trunk and then sat down to take off her gloves. She looked tired and worn, and Helen had a feeling almost of guilt that she was going to give her added worry.

"It's been a hard day," throwing her gloves on the bed with a sigh. "One of the days when everything goes wrong. And one of my best girls left me—going to get married. But I'm glad for her that she's through with this daily grind."

Helen was sitting by the window pulling nervously at the cord of the window shades and now she said abruptly:

"Mrs. Morrison, you remember when you came here that I said I couldn't rent you the room for any definite time?"

Mrs. Morrison looked up quickly. "Yes, you said only until your husband came back. But he isn't coming so soon?" with a note of dismay.

Helen hesitated. "No, I don't know just when he's coming—but he doesn't want to rent the room." And then quickly, "Oh, of course it's nothing personal—he doesn't even know you! It's only that he objects to my renting the room at all."

"And why?" asked Mrs. Morrison, coldly.

"It does seem unreasonable, I know," apologetically. "But he seems to think it reflects on him—that it implies he's not able to take care of me. I was afraid he'd think that and I didn't intend to tell him, but his mother called here the other day and found it out. And she wrote him a long letter—I'm afraid she exaggerated things, for War—Mr. Curtis was furious."

Helen was uncomfortably conscious that she was telling Mrs. Morrison much more than she wished to. But she was talking nervously. It was most disconcerting to tell a person who had been in every way an exemplary roomer that she had to give up the room for such a reason.

"Well, of course, I have no choice," said Mrs. Morrison, still coldly. "It's our busiest season just now, and it will be hard for me to move. But you can have your room whenever you wish it—if you'll tell me when that is."

"Oh, no—no, please don't take it like that. I can't bear for you to be offended. I would so like to have you stay—but don't you see," almost tearfully, "I can't go against my husband's wishes."

"No, I suppose not," thoughtfully, "but it does seem rather unreasonable."

"I know it does; that's why I wrote him—and I insisted on letting you stay. It was the first time I had ever really gone against his wishes, and after that he wouldn't write me. He merely sent the weekly check folded in a blank sheet of paper. I stood it for two weeks and last night somehow—I got panic-stricken over it—I felt that I must hear from him—so I telegraphed I would do as he wished."

Helen was more than ever conscious that she was saying too much—that it was not necessary for her to go into such intimate details. But she felt nervously apologetic; she owed Mrs. Morrison more than a curt dismissal, and she talked on without quite realizing how much she had said.

After a moment's silence, Mrs. Morrison said gently, "I think I understand—and I'll not make it any harder

for you. I'll manage to find some place next week—probably a hotel—for you know the firm's sending me to Europe in May."

Then she rose suddenly and opened the trunk. "Wait a moment—there is something I want to show you."

The box she lifted out was full of letters. She looked through them hurriedly, took out a photograph and handed it to Helen.

"This is a man whom I know very well—and I think in some ways he must be much like your husband."

The face was an exceptionally strong one—one of determination and force. But there were hard, almost cruel lines around the mouth, and the eyes under the heavy brows were stern and piercing.

"It is a very strong face," murmured Helen, awkwardly, hardly knowing what to say.

"Yes, and he's a very strong man—but in many ways a very hard one. All his life he has dominated every one with whom he has come in contact—and now he is trying to dominate me. He rides roughshod over everything. And yet I think it's partly his very harshness, his brutal indifference that makes me care. Every other man seems weak in comparison. Somehow his very neglect and discourtesy make the ordinary attentions and courtesies of other men seem feminine. "Oh," with a catch in her voice, "why does the mere brute force in a man appeal to a woman? Sometimes I think all women are primitive savages—that they want a cave man to knock them over the head and drag them by the hair."

Helen was gazing at Mrs. Morrison with breathless attention. Then was her own experience a common one? Did other women love the man who roughly dominated them? And who was this man—whose picture she still held in her hand? She looked down at it now with keener interest.

There is nothing that draws two women more closely together than love and shared unhappiness in some form. And now Helen had to crush down a dozen eager questions. It was her mere curiosity that made her long to know more about this man—it was something far deeper than that.

Perhaps Mrs. Morrison divined her sympathy and the unasked questions, for she went on musically:

"I told you about leaving Mr. Morrison because we were so desperately poor and he had so little ambition. That was a mistake. He was a good man, and he loved me, and I should have stayed with him. But I was more capable than he, and for a woman to be more capable than her husband is always an unfortunate thing—unless she is tactful enough to hide it. Anyway, I started out for myself. And I have succeeded—at least I make \$25 a week, which I suppose for a woman means a fair amount of success. But, oh, I've been so lonely!"

She hesitated over a moment, and then went on:

"Of course I have met men—many of them. But no one for whom I have ever cared—no one who has ever dominated me as this man does. He's away now. He has interests in Toronto; he's there most of the time. And I—I simply live for the few days a month he is here. He only comes on business, he never comes purposely to see me, or if he did—he wouldn't give me the satisfaction of knowing it. He has never really said that he loved me—and yet I know that he does. I know he would rather be with me than with anyone else. But oh, he's so selfish and so self-centered!"

"I wonder," asked Helen gently, "if all men who are strong are not self-centered?"

"Yes, I have thought of that," she said quickly. "It's the man who is forceful—who is unyielding and full of egoism—that is the man who dominates us and whom we love. While the man with less strength, less personal force, is apt to be more gentle and more unselfish—and yet that man rarely gets a woman's intense, abject devotion. Her instincts are primitive, and she loves most the man who rides over her roughshod."

lines bags, which are to be worn with lingerie dresses, have one stole embroidered with a monogram, or with a conventional floral design. They are lined with pink, pale blue or any light color. The lining is made separately and is merely tacked in so that it can be easily removed when the bag that it is to be laundered.

Stimulate your business by advertising in The Bee—the newspaper that reaches all the O-mahas.

Babydile

"LIFE IS NOTHING BUT A STRING OF NIGHTS BEFORE AND MORNINGS AFTER." W. HANANA.

WASH WAS IN CHICAGO AND THE LITTLE OLD FAT WAS WORKING OVERTIME. THE PEOPLE DOWN STAIRS WERE COMPLAINING. THE FAMILY UP STAIRS WERE THREATENING TO VACATE UNLESS THE MIDNIGHT OYSTERS WERE DISCONTINUED. EVERYTHING WAS EXCITED. SUDDENTLY A KNOCK CAME AT THE DOOR AND FERGUS MAEN OPENED IT. THERE STOOD LEAH WITH A NOTE IN HER HAND SHE GAZE IT TO MARK, HE OPENED IT AND READ:

IF ABE ATTELL EVER COMES BACK WILL HE KIL BANE?

OH SHE'S ALL RIGHT—BUT DON'T TRY TO TELL ME!!

MA, HA, I'VE GOT IT ON ALL OF YOU IN A BAC HELOR. ALL I DO IS GET UP AT 7:00, SEND OUT MY LAUNDRY, GO OUT AND BUY A COLLAR, SOME BREAD, WASH THE DISHES FROM THE NIGHT BEFORE, COOK BREAKFAST, BARN A FEW SOCKS.

GO TO WORK TRY TO THINK OF SOME NEW RESTAURANT TO TRY FOR SUPPER, RING UP THE ONLY DAME I KNOW IN TOWN, FINE HER IN TOWN, FINISH HER, SHUT UP MY DESK.

DECIDE NOT TO EAT A SUPPER, SHOOT A FEW GAMES OF POOL, START HOME TO READ, DROPPED IN AT THE MOVIES FOR A SHORT TEA MINUTES GO HOME, FALL ASLEEP, WAKE UP IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT AND STAY AWAKE TILL MORNING.

GEE YOU'RE A HAPPY GUY!

YEP, NOTHING TO DO TILL TOMORROW.

OUCH! MY PET CORN!

THE DOOR BELL RANG LEAH ANSWERED IT AND RECEIVED A PACKAGE WITH NO ADDRESS ON IT. THINKING IT WAS AN INFERNAL MACHINE SHE HANDED IT TO FANNIE WHO GAVE IT TO LAURA. LAURA SLIPPED IT TO BETTY, BETTY THREW IT AT AGNES, VIVIAN PICKED IT UP AND HANDED IT TO HAZEL. HAZEL DROPPED IT ON MYRTLE'S TOES MYRTLE PICKED IT UP OPENED IT AND ON A CARD INSIDE READ:

ABIE AINT BUT MORRIS.

Heroes and Heroines in Humble Life Who Do Not Wear Medals

By DOROTHY DIX.

I wish I had the distribution of a few of the Carnegie hero medals. I would pin them upon the worn and weary breasts of the men and women who are fighting the battle of life with blunt weapons. There is heroism for you! There is courage for you, there is loyalty, there is victory, wrested out of defeat, greater than any poet ever sung. Anybody with a drop of red blood in his veins can lead a bold playing in his ears and the mob cheering behind him.

Anybody in a moment of impulse can dash into a burning house or plunge into the water to save a life. Anybody can be faithful to a trust in the face of a single temptation. Anybody, with health and strength, and intelligence, and talent, and powerful friends can achieve success.

"God," said Napoleon, "is on the side of the heavy artillery."

It is easy to win the battle when you have the big army, and the heavy artillery, and all the newest munitions of war, and a well-stocked commissary.

But how great the valor of those who also win who have no big guns, no skilled leaders, who fight on empty stomachs, whose muskets are obsolete, whose swords are dull!

I would not rob the brilliant, and clever, and strong of one laurel leaf, but the hater of their achievements dim before those of the men and women who, without talent, without health or strength, have still done their part in the world.

They are those who have fought the battle of life with dull weapons and won out.

As I write these lines I am thinking of one of these heroes. He is a little dingy, dried up old bachelor, whose abilities have never been higher than a clerk's stool in a counting room.

He has seen hundreds of bright young fellows pass him in the race for success, and he knows they look upon him as a failure. That is the way he regards himself.

He cannot do things swiftly. His hands are clumsy. Ideas come to him slowly. He can only work patiently, and faithfully and honestly.

These are not the qualities that insure promotion, but they hold him a job, and on the meager wage he has earned he supported a household of helpless old women who were left dependent on him. He is one of those heroes who have fought the battle with blunt weapons.

And I think of still another—a man, who, without education, labors at a menial occupation for weary hours every day, and then does extra work at night in order that his children may have better advantages than he had.

His shoulders are bent under the burden he carries, his hands are knotted and gnarled.

He is shabby. He never thinks of spending a cent upon his own pleasure.

He is worn with labor until his very soul

faints with weariness, but he keeps his children at school instead of putting them to work to help him.

He is giving every ounce of strength he has to lifting them up above his own head. He is another of those who are fighting the battle of life with blunt weapons.

And I think of a woman who was a pretty, petted, spoiled young girl, accustomed in her youth to every comfort and luxury. While still a mere girl she married a drunken brute who abused and mistreated her, and finally deserted her, leaving her penniless with a six-month-old babe in her arms and two old women dependent upon her.

The woman had never done a day's work in her life. She had no trade nor profession, nor special aptitude at anything. She was not clever, and she was frail in body, yet she went bravely and cheerfully to work at the first job that offered itself, but it has never even occurred to her to turn her back upon those who cling to her skirts, or to give up the fight.

Somehow, despite ill health, despite lack of much intelligence, she has managed to care for her own without asking any one's help. The wolf has never been more than an arm's length away from her door, but with her poor little blunt weapons she has kept it at bay.

And I think also of another woman, a little ignorant country dressmaker, so unskilled she does not even ask first-class prices. There is no magic touch in her fingers, no artistic sense of color in her taste. She can only do plain, honest, ill-paid sewing.

But for years and years she supported an invalid husband, who died by inches of a lingering disease. Then when he was gone, and she had toilsomely paid the last cent of the funeral and doctor's bills, a railroad accident killed her brother and his wife and left seven little children with only her to stand between them and the orphan asylum.

The woman crowded all seven of the children into her little cottage, and by a miracle of self-sacrifice and labor she fed and kept them together and raised them up into being men and women.

She was a figure of fun, this clumsy, ignorant, homely little village dressmaker, but I never looked at her without seeing a halo of glory about her battered black bonnet, for she was one of the greatest of these heroes who have fought the battle of life with dull weapons and triumphed.

All honor to the brilliant and the strong who achieve success, but surely our finest tribute of reverence should go to those who are weak and not clever, and are, perhaps, afraid, but who do great things through sheer loyalty and sense of duty—those who fight the battle with dull weapons and win.



The Sick Monkey Why This Picture is Typical of the Human Family



This famous picture by Landseer is most typical of the human family, and those who look carefully will find much to prove the claims made by those who favor the Darwinian theory.

The men are urged to look at the picture thoughtfully and candidly; then if they were young and alling, they will confess to the discredit of their sex, that Landseer's painting is true not only to monkey life, but to human life.

When a child is sick it is the mother whose love conquers desire for food and sleep and who watches through the long hours of the day and the longer hours of the night beside the bed of the little one. The father is concerned, naturally, but this concern does not delay him at the dining room table nor keep him awake at night.

If the cries of the sick child awaken him he opens sleepy eyes to find the mother ministering to it, and falls asleep again. The incident remains in his mind to this extent: The next day he tells inquiring friends that "we" were up all night and are worn out.

He is never the first to waken. Should this miracle happen he would judge his wife reproachfully, saying:

"What kind of a mother are you to sleep when your child cries like that?"

Picture of a man in his nightshirt walking the floor with a crying baby in his arms are his conception of realism in

"The Wells of Peace"

Far from the shore I hear the water falling,
The water from the hidden Wells of Peace;
Far from the shore where men pursue their calling,
And work, and laugh, and talk, and will not cease.

Deep in the heart whereon God lays His Shadow—
The Shadow that His loneliness has made—
Deep in the heart where dwells the Lonely Sorrow,
The seven wells lie hidden in the shade.

Five ye may find before your journey's over,
The journey that but ends with setting sun;
Five ye may find; and yet one more discover
What time your life upon the Earth is done.

Then by the road that leads from dark Endurance,
The dark Endurance that your love has willed—
By that long road, through deepening assurance,
Your soul shall reach the well of Love—
Purified.

To Prevent Sagging.
In making little girls' dresses with the gored or pleated skirts, take a piece of salvage or firm, straight piece of material and sew it along the center back seam; it will prevent them from hanging lower in the back than in the front.

New Hair Ornaments.
New hair ornaments for the evening are made of silver metal and rhinestones. There is a square or round ornament mounted on a single hairpin which holds a rather full aigrette which is nevertheless extremely delicate and effective.