



The Bee's Home Magazine Page



SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT

His Honor Takes No Chances

Drawn for The Bee by Tad



Fables of the Wise Dame

By DOBOTHY DIX.

Once upon a time there was a man who wooed and won a beautiful young creature for his bride, and they set up housekeeping in a little flat that was a two by four dream of bliss. The wife was an artist, who performed with equal skill upon the gas range and the piano, and as she thought her husband a world wonder, they lived together in much peace and happiness.



Unfortunately, however, wife was possessed of a mother who was a hoodoo. She was a hard featured old female with a face that would sour milk, and a tongue with a double action movement. Besides which, she was a reformer who felt that she had a mission to interfere with everything that everybody else liked to do.

Now, mother-in-law was addicted to paying her daughter long visits and no sooner would she appear on the scene than the household would run up distressed signals. She would begin by knocking all of the man's faults, and she felt it her duty to put her daughter wise to all the shortcomings that her husband might do if he got the chance.

"It is clear, she would say, 'that you are not taking an attitude of firmness and decision with your husband because I observe that he has a latch key, and that when he comes home late you meet him with a glad, sweet smile instead of a club.'

"Do you not know that a wife should police her husband's habits? If you have not enough strength of character to do it, I shall see that he has no one stronger who is not cross-eyed and fat, and I shall give the double cross to all of his old friends, and put a stop on his wasting his dough in little games."

This line of conversation from mother-in-law greatly grieved the man, and he put up a kick to his wife.

"When I married you," he said, "I did not espouse your mother, and while I do not wish to appear inhospitable, I am weary of this continuous lecture performance by one who has no legal right to boss me. Therefore, tip your mother off to the fact that she would be just as welcome back home."

At these words the wife made a dolorous moan, and turning on the weeps, declared that she would never stay under a roof where her precious mother was not wanted, and seeing that it was a case of both hands up, or all hands in, the man threw up the sponge and mother-in-law continued to make a rough house.

Now the man was a fussy gasabo, and going aside, he thus commended with himself, "Seeing that I have lost out on my rights," he said to himself, "it is up to me to put something over on my wife, and the only way I can frame it up is to play the old one up as a hot favorite, for I am next to the fact that a wife can be jealous of anything from a wooden Indian, up and down."

So he went to his wife and thus addressed her: "I see," he said, "that you are on, in what you said about your mother, and that I did not appreciate her at first, I now perceive that she is, indeed, an enchantress, and it grieves me that you have not inherited more of her charms. It is true that she is not so young and beautiful as you are, but I opine that a mature female who understands life is really more fascinating than an ignorant young creature who has only pulchritude of face."

"It is also true that her conversation is full of Taragon vinegar and ginger, but how insipid it makes the talk of those ladies who are merely amiable. Thank heaven, I, at last, properly value the blessing that has been vouchsafed me, and henceforth it is my duty to enjoy the society of this strenuous lady as I can induce her to remain in my house."

Thereupon the man began casting bouquets at his mother-in-law, and casting after her hot-foot with theater tickets and rides in his white car, and whenever wife tried to break in on their duet he made her feel that she was one too many.

It was not long before wife got good and green with jealousy, and when she could bear it no longer she shut up the apartment and went south for her health, in order to evict mamma as a permanent resident. Moreover the next time that estimable lady came to pay them a visit, it was on a strict time limit, and every time she made a suggestion, daughter jumped on her with both feet, and made things so unpleasant that she did not linger long.

Moral: This fable teaches that there is a way to solve the mother-in-law problem if you only know how.

The Daily Beginning

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Wouldn't shape a noble life? Then cast no backward glances toward the past. And though somewhat be lost and gone. Yet do thou act as one new-born. What each day needs that shalt thou seek. Each day will set its proper task. —GÖETHE.

It is as if every one arose in the morning with a clean slate in hand.

There is nothing that was written on the slate of yesterday that should affect the writing on the slate today.

You won yesterday. Begin the writing today as if every winning were before you.

You failed yesterday. The fresh slate in your hand today shows no sign of that failure. Yours the fault and yours the punishment if your memory rewrites it.

You hated some one yesterday. Do you want the slate of today to bear the ugly marks of yesterday? Do you want a clean surface spotted beyond service to yourself or to your friends by an ugly image of yesterday's wasted emotions?

The sorrows, the disappointments, the jealousies, the resentments, the lost opportunities, and the lost faiths that marked yesterday's slate cannot appear on that of today unless you voluntarily and willfully rewrite them.

Remember that, and read it again: The sorrows, the disappointments, the jealousies, the resentments, the lost opportunities and the lost faiths that marked yesterday's slate cannot appear on that of today unless you voluntarily and willfully rewrite them.

The days do not repeat themselves. You repeat them when you cherish in memory today the mistake you made yesterday.

You weaken yourself; you scatter your forces; you burden brain and heart with a debris that clogs; you shatter ambition; you begin a day with every pre-disposed inclination to failure when you begin with a memory of a bad yesterday.

"Yet do thou act as one new-born."

Set your feet on a new path with the firm belief that yesterday with hampering memory of discouragement, is back so far in the past that it never had real existence.

It seems to me that Goethe, when he wrote that verse, had in mind the women whose love letters have been told wrong, and who feel that their lives are wrecked.

Women are more inclined than men to nurse a sorrow of yesterday. A man's disappointment is healthier, and sooner forgotten. He finds no morbid joy in pining away; he hunts the pursuits that will soonest make him forget his disappointments.

Will not the women, young and old, be as wise? Just starting each day as if it had no connection whatever with the day before.

"Yet do thou act as one new-born," and begin all over again with hope, faith and enthusiasm unhampered by an unpleasant memory.

Also a Hostmaster.

They gave a dinner to Gus Thomas, the playwright, the other night, and W. H. McElroy most felicitously acted as toastmaster. The chief duty of a toastmaster is to make the guest of honor feel as uncomfortable as possible and Mr. McElroy qualified. When Mr. Thomas rose to reply he fairly furred. "I remember a previous dinner at the Lotus club," said he, "at which Mr. McElroy acted as toastmaster. Mr. Gilbert Parker was the guest of honor. During the dinner I saw him pass his menu card to Mr. Gilbert, with the whispered request that he write his autograph thereon."

"Humph," said I. "Gathering autographs at your time of life?"

"No," said Mr. McElroy. "But in the course of my speech I must say something about our guest, and I want to be able to say truthfully that I have read something he has written."

"Just now," added Mr. Thomas, "I received Mr. McElroy's menu card, with the request that I write on it an appropriate sentiment."—Cincinnati Times-Star.

Daffydils

WHAT'S THE GOOD OF BEING THE EARLY BIRD IF YOU DON'T LIKE WORMS.

A collection of short, humorous poems and verses. Examples include: 'THE JURY WAS UP IN THE AIR... THE DEFENSE CLAIMED THAT NONNIE COULD CHIRP THIS SONG... BONES - MR JOHNSON AN AH HEANS DAT DE WAH DEET IS GOIN TA SEND SOME O DEM GUNBOATS UP TO DE JT. LAWRENCE RIDDER DIS SUMMAH INTERLOUUTOR - WHAT FO MR BONES...'

The Naturalness of Love

By Beatrice Fairfield



"THE SPRINGTIME OF LOVE"—FROM THE FAMOUS PAINTING BY TH. UMANN.

"Oh, there is nothing holier in this life of ours than the first consciousness of love—the first fluttering of its silken wings."—Longfellow's Hyperion.

This famous painting is famous for the story it tells. The background, with its appeal to lovers of nature; the strength and youth of the man; the grace and beauty of the woman; and the attire which makes the mind leap back to the joyous days when romance ran riot, have their charm.

But it is nothing compared with the story the picture tells. It is the story that grips the heart, and causes a second look at the picture. A story of love, and love is the heritage of every living being. When a little girl is only a few months old, some one with a deep understanding of the hearts of maidens, be they young or old, puts a doll in her arms.

She does not have to be taught to hold it tight to her heart. She does not have to be taught that the proper attitude for a doll is the head up. She does not have to be taught to love it. She loves it because love is natural. It is the first emotion of life, and if the aged woman on her deathbed has rightly

encouraged and fostered this most divine of all sentiments, it is the last. The Lord forgive her for a mispent life if it isn't.

The day comes when the little maid her outgrown dolls, which are only images of love, and her heart turns as naturally to the boy as to the doll a few years before.

She loves because it is her nature; a God-given nature of which she should be proud and never ashamed. She was loved because of her love for the doll. Her love for the boy is just as sincere, just as pure, just as innocent and just as holy.

She reaches young womanhood still there is nothing in love if it blooms more than once.

They would compare this wonderful sentiment with the century plant that must be nourished and guarded and watched over with magnifying glass and thermometer for ninety-nine years that it may in the hundredth year produce a few and very ugly blossoms.

If love were a century plant, the world would stop moving. If love were as chary of blossoms as these skeptics think it should be, who would have loved and married your father, or your mother? Where would you be, and would you be at all?

Bird's Eye View of China as it Is

Selected by EDWIN MARKHAM.

Prof. Edward A. Ross in his new volume, "The Changing Chinese (The Century Company), has set forth an interesting record of his travels in the far east. Here is a part of what he says of present conditions in China, now in the upsurge of the most astonishing revolution in history:

"China is the European middle ages made visible. All the cities are walled, and the walls and the gates have been kept in repair with an eye to their effectiveness. The mandarin has his headquarters only in a walled fortress-city.

"The streets of the cities are narrow, crooked, poorly paved, filthy and malodorous. In North China they admit the circulation of the heavy spring carts, by which alone passengers are carried; but wherever rice is cultivated, the mule is eliminated, and the streets are adapted only to the circulation of wheelbarrows and pedestrians. The shopkeeper builds his counter in front of his lot; the stalls line the street with their crates and baskets; the artisans overflow into it with their work benches, and the final result is that the traffic filters painfully through a six-foot passage which would be yet more encroached on but for the fact that the officials insist on their being room left for the sedan chairs to pass each other.

"Until recently there was no force in the cities to maintain public order. New, khaki-clad policemen, club in hand, patrol the streets; but their efficiency in time of tumult is by no means vindicated. A slouching, bare-foot, mild-faced gendarme, such as you see in Canton, is by no means an awe-inspiring embodiment of the majesty of the law.

"There is no common supply of water. When a city lies by a river, the raw river water is borne about to the houses by regular water carriers, and the flowing drip of the river stairs are wet from the drip of buckets. When the water is too thick it is partially clarified by stirring it with a perforated joint of bamboo containing some pieces of alum. There is no public lighting, and after nightfall the streets are dark and forbidding and little frequented. Until kerowans began to penetrate the empire, the common source of light was a candle in a paper lantern, or a cotton wick lighted in an open cup of peanut oil. Owing to the lack of a good illuminant, the bulk of the people retire with the fowls and rise with the sun.

"Fuel is economized and household economy simplified among the poor by the custom of relying largely on the food cooked and vendid in the street. The portable street restaurant is in high favor.

"Proper chimneys are wanting, and wherever cooking goes on the walls are black with the smoke that is left to escape as it will. Chinese interiors are apt to be dark; for, in the absence of window glass, the only means of letting in light without weather is by pasting paper as lattice. The floors are dirt, brick or tile; the roof tile or thatch. To the passerby, private ease and luxury are little in evidence. If a man has house and grounds of beauty, a high wall hides them from the gaze of the public.

"Most striking is the contrast between China and Japan in respect to neatness. The Chinese seem neglectful and ignorant of the art of caretaking and repair. They have never acted on the maxim, 'A stitch in time saves nine.' They prefer to build new rather than to keep up the old. In Japan everything looks spick and span, walls well washed, mats bright, roads in good repair, piles of rubbish nowhere to be seen.

"The Chinese peasant is fortunate in opening at the side instead of at the front. When the winter winds of Peking gnaw at you with Siberian teeth, you realize how stupid is our western way of cutting a notch in front right down through overcoat, coat and vest, apparently in order that the cold may do its worst to the tender throat and chest. On seeing the sensible Chinaman bring his coat squarely across his front and fasten it on his shoulder, you feel like an exposed totem worshiper.

"In the absence of good roads and draft animals the utmost use has been made of the countless waterways, and there are probably as many boats in China as in all the rest of the world. Nowhere else are there such clever

river people, nowhere else is there as vivid an application of man-muscle to water movement. The rivers are alive with junks propelled by rowers who occupy the forward deck and stand as they ply the oar.

"In the south, population is forced from the land on the water, and myriads pass their lives in sampans and houseboats. In good weather, these poor families, living as it were in a single small room, with a porch at either end, seem as happy as people anywhere. There is no landlord to grind them down, no foreman to speed them up.

"Their children, little river Arabs, have their wise shavers early, and not for long is the baby tied to a sealed empty jar that by floating will mark his location in case he tumbles into the water. The year-old child knows how to take care of himself. The tot of 3 or 4 years can handle the oar or the pole and is as sharp as our boys of 6 or 7 years.

"The great wall in the north is undoubtedly the grandest and most impressive handiwork of man. Beside its colossal bulk out hoisted railway embankments and tunnels seem the work of pygmies. Save the pyramids of Egypt and the Panama canal, there is no prodigy of toil to be mentioned in the same breath with it. The brick and stone in every fifty miles of this wall would near a pyramid higher than that of Cheops, and there are at least 1,300 miles of it.

"At Nankow Pass the wall is wide enough for seven or eight men to march abreast along its top, twenty feet high, faced with heavy stone, battlemented and strengthened every forty or fifty rods by huge towers ten yards square inside. It clambors boldly up the steepest slopes, creeps along the sheer precipices and springs from height to height, leaving a square crenelated tower on every crown.

"It follows the comb of the mountains in order that the ground may slope from it both ways. It zigzags from crest to crest, dips into ravines and reappears mounting the range beyond; so that it is seen in fragments, the linking parts being hidden in the gullies.

"For perhaps thirty miles the eye follows this serpent in stone, now streaking up the slopes, now passing across the line of vision defined against the black of the mountains beyond, now cutting the afternoon sky with its battlements as it follows some distant ridge. To the north the mountain drops away into foothills, each crowned with its watch tower. Then a plain, another range of mountains with another wall, end, beyond, the bleak, wind-swept plateau of Mongolia."

"Fuel is economized and household economy simplified among the poor by the custom of relying largely on the food cooked and vendid in the street. The portable street restaurant is in high favor.

"Proper chimneys are wanting, and wherever cooking goes on the walls are black with the smoke that is left to escape as it will. Chinese interiors are apt to be dark; for, in the absence of window glass, the only means of letting in light without weather is by pasting paper as lattice. The floors are dirt, brick or tile; the roof tile or thatch. To the passerby, private ease and luxury are little in evidence. If a man has house and grounds of beauty, a high wall hides them from the gaze of the public.

"Most striking is the contrast between China and Japan in respect to neatness. The Chinese seem neglectful and ignorant of the art of caretaking and repair. They have never acted on the maxim, 'A stitch in time saves nine.' They prefer to build new rather than to keep up the old. In Japan everything looks spick and span, walls well washed, mats bright, roads in good repair, piles of rubbish nowhere to be seen.

"The Chinese peasant is fortunate in opening at the side instead of at the front. When the winter winds of Peking gnaw at you with Siberian teeth, you realize how stupid is our western way of cutting a notch in front right down through overcoat, coat and vest, apparently in order that the cold may do its worst to the tender throat and chest. On seeing the sensible Chinaman bring his coat squarely across his front and fasten it on his shoulder, you feel like an exposed totem worshiper.

"In the absence of good roads and draft animals the utmost use has been made of the countless waterways, and there are probably as many boats in China as in all the rest of the world. Nowhere else are there such clever

Then and Now

By PERCY SHAW.

'Twas not so long ago when schools were run by quaint and ancient rules, Geography and spelling lay their gloom on many a perfect day; Arithmetic and grammar made the most audacious lad afraid. While history, how many a game was interrupted in its name.

As for the girls, they learned to smirk, Have banished been by clogs and aboos; Where once they fought declensions, we Now fight disease of grain and trees; Where once they parsed the time away We try to make an acre pay; Where once they scanned Virgilian odes We scan increasing harvest leads.

As for the modern maid she knows "She reaps not best who always sows." Therefore, where once her sister sighed On questions they could not decide, She tells mankind the thing to do, And mankind balks, but puts it through. Adept in politics and game, She's full as charming, just the same.

A Bachelor's Reflections. It seems as if a girl is always willing to marry a man if there are reasons enough why she shouldn't. When a man has to go on a visit to his relations it's a sign he isn't one bit afraid of railroad accidents.

A woman's idea of being fair-minded is to say that probably another wouldn't stain her hair if she didn't have to. When anybody is making an explanation you can tell how short of facts he is by how long he is of enthusiasm.

Nobody ever heard of a good housekeeper trying to tell her husband how to run his business, but everybody hears of a poor business man trying to tell his wife how to run the house.—New York Press.

It is a completeness. To go through life without it is to only half live. Do you admire the picture above? Then in your heart there is a tender sympathy for all maids in love, and, having this sympathy, you will never grow old. No perpetual youth is attainable without it. A loving interest in love and the lover is a fountain of youth more efficacious than that found in a beauty parlor.

Look at the picture again, and let these words sing in your heart: And on her lover's arm she leans, As round her waist she felt it fold, And far across the hills they went, In that new world which is the old.