

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT :- It Looks as Though They Rubbed it In on the Judge :- Drawn for The Bee by Tad



What to Do With a Husband

By DOROTHY DLX.

In the course of a year I get hundreds of letters from neglected wives telling me their tales of woe. Every one of these letters is soaked in tears and dripping with the very life blood of a broken hearted wife. They are tragedy itself, and yet, at the same time, they areardonically humorous in their lack of reason and refusal to accept the logic of a situation.



For after feeling the wrongs she endures at her husband's hands - enumerating his trifling faults to her; after feeling that he never speaks to her, except to abuse and insult her; after relating that he has tired of her and forsaken her for some other woman, and that he spends his money rioting with his companions, leaving her and the children to half starve, and after writing that he, perhaps, beats her in his furies when she remonstrates with him for his conduct - the woman almost invariably winds up by saying:

"What can I do? I don't want to leave my husband, because, in spite of the way he treats me, I love him still!"

Isn't that the inscrutable feminine at its most weirdly mysterious moment? Can there be anything more curious than that a woman should love a man who so mistreated her? Or could there be anything more cynically funny than that a woman should blandly ask for some reliable recipe for changing her husband's nature, and converting him from a rouser or a beast into a loving, tender domestic spouse?

You don't know whether to weep over such a woman or to laugh at her. But it is easy enough to answer her question. What shall a wife do who is married to a man who neglects her and insults her, but who still lives him so much that she doesn't want to leave him?

The answer is - stand it without whining. If you have no more spirit than the whipped dog that licks the hand that bears it, at least forbear to disturb other people's peace by howling about your grievances.

To a decent, dignified woman, with any shred of self-respect, there are but two courses open in dealing with a husband who neglects and abuses her. One is to pack her trunk and get up and leave him. And the other is, if she stays with him, to cover her bruises from the gaze of the world, and to bear her troubles in silence. It's up to her to either hike out and leave the conditions that she finds so afflicting, or else to put up a bluff at liking them, but she hasn't any right to stand being neglected, and then bewail the innocent bystander with her tears over an unfaithful husband.

As for a wife changing the attitude of her husband who neglects her, and who is surly, and grouchy, and niggardly to her, that's an impossibility. No wife can work that miracle. It takes some other woman to do it, and I, myself have killed a brutal husband, who had literally beaten two gentle, refined, delicate wives by his cruelty, so tame and henpecked by a third wife that he dared not call his own his own.

No! No woman can alter, by so much

as a hair's breadth, the way her husband treats her after he has fallen into the habit of tyrannizing over her and abusing her, but any woman with a grain of sense and the backbone of an angle worm can prevent herself from ever becoming the victim of a bully.

Every wife decides just how her husband shall treat her, and she gets just what is coming to her. If she will stand for insults and being sworn at, she will be sworn at and insulted, but if she insists on being treated as a lady, she gets the respect due to a lady, if, from her wedding day, she insists upon a fair share of her husband's income she will get it, but if she stays in the background, and wears made over clothes while he flaunts about in joyous raiment, she will always be left at home, while he goes abroad to enjoy himself.

If a young wife begins meeting a husband at the door with a sweet smile, and an ice pack when he comes home drunk, she'll have to keep doing it till the end of the chapter, if she forgives his every time he goes siffenpping, and loves him still, he won't think it worth while to be faithful to her, but if he knows that he has either got to walk straight or face divorce proceedings, it's the narrow path for him.

The only reason on earth that women, as a class, are more moral than men is because men have forced them to be. A man does not forgive an erring wife, and therefore women behave themselves, whereas the women shuts her eyes to her husband's frailties, and she takes advantage of this to do as he pleases.

In my opinion the chief reason that men get tired of their wives is because the wives haven't got enough spirit and independence to make the matrimonial game interesting. It's human nature not to value those who hold themselves cheaply, and no woman ever does a more fatal thing for her own good than when she lets her husband find out that he can use her as he pleases, and she will meekly overlook it, and that her love is of the kind that nothing will kill.

The women men love, and are faithful to, are the capricious, hard-to-please ladies, whose affections are as slippery as an eel, and if you will look about you, you will observe that the wives who demand most of their husbands not only get it, but have the husbands who are most devoted.

The foregoing remarks are intended as tips to young wives. The old wife who can still love a man who neglects and abuses her is not a subject for newspaper advice. She is a study for alienists.

Time to Care for Elbows.

There are few pretty elbows about adult years are reached, mainly because, through careless, slouching habits or using the elbows as a support (as a crutch, for instance), it becomes hard, pointed and calloused. The awkward and ungainly practice of slouching upon the elbow must be abandoned, and emollient creams and bandages applied nightly to improve this very conspicuous and important part of the arm. The roughened skin is first to be removed with pumice stone, the elbow bathed in softened warm water, then rubbed well with some good emollient cream, which is also a whitener. The cream is also smeared quite thickly on a bandage and the so formed plaster worn during the night.

Persistent Advertising is the Road to Big Returns.

Daddydile

I MAY HAVE LOST MY CHARM AND BEAUTY BUT I STILL RETAIN MY GIRLISH LAUGHTER.

THE FAKER WAS DISTURBED RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF HIS DISCOURSE UPON THE GREATEST CORN CURSE EVER MADE. A MAN WITH A SLOWING FOREHEAD BUTTED IN A COP GRABBED HIM AND WITH THE AID OF A NO. 12 STRIKE HELPER HIM OUT. THEN THE BENEFACTOR OF THE HUMAN RACE PROCEEDED THUSLY.

BECAUSE A MAN VISITS BOSTON YOU CANT CALL HIM A GOOD CHURCH MEMBER. BECAUSE HE'S AT MASS. SURE SHE'S WELL HEADED. GET THE DIAMONDS.

IF DETROIT LEANS ON COBB TO WIN THE PENNANT THIS YEAR WHO'S IT NEW ORLEANS ON?

CARR ALLEN IF YOU ALL DOES THAT YOU DOES IT AT YOUR OWN RISK.

HE WAS A LARGE COLORED NEGRO AND ON THE LEFT SLEEVE OF HIS TAN OVERCOAT HE WORE A BLACK HEART. OF COURSE IT ATTRACTED NO MORE ATTENTION THAN A TWO HEADED MAN WOULD GET HE WORE IT HE TOLD A FRIEND THAT HIS SWEETHEART HAD KICKED OFF AND THAT HE WAS IN MOURNING. HE MEANDERED FURTHER DOWN THE STREET AND A ROUGH NECK ON A TRUCK YELLED - HEN JACKSON. IF KING GEORGE WEAVES DOES ALPONSO. AND I LOST ANOTHER CHANCE TO BE A HERO.

ALL YOU FELLOWS WHO WASTE LONG EVENING'S TELLING WIVES, WAITERS AND BARTENDERS

ABOUT YOUR TOUGH JOBS QUIT ANWHILE AND TELL ME JUST WHY

YOU'RE A LUCKY GUY

AND HAVE MOTIV' TOMORROW

When the Daughter Goes Wrong

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

You tell me that you are the mother of young daughters, and that your young relative, still in her teens, has disgraced the family name.

You tell me that you warned her and tried to advise her, but she would not listen.

And now she is disgraced forever in the eyes of the world, and you feel you are doing right in keeping yourself aloof from her.

"She has made her bed; let her lie in it. She has had her own way in defiance of wise counsel; let her accept the consequences."

And so you intend to rear your little daughters to shun and avoid your kin; and in all this you feel justified, through some strange method or reasoning.

To my thinking the calling of the blood, and the call of the soul should prevent you from taking such a stand.

The unfortunate girl who has disgraced her name needs you now more than ever in her life. It is your hour to stand forth and prove yourself worthy of the title of good wife and mother and good woman, which you claim are yours by right of your own behavior.

The divine goodness of Christ never shone forth more fully than when He said to the unfortunate woman: "Go and sin no more; your sins are forgiven you." And again when He said, "Let him that is without sin cast the first stone."

If you saw a foolish, vain girl walking about a precipice and you warned her, and she laughed at your warning, and presently she fell over the edge and lay at the bottom, wounded and bleeding, would you walk on and leave her there, saying, "Well, I told you to be careful." That would be no more inhuman than what you are doing.

How can an unfortunate girl rise - how can she try to climb to higher ground if no good woman of clean life and secure position is ready to reach her a hand and speak a word of encouragement?

And now ask yourself, and demand a true answer:

"Would you take this high and mighty stand of outraged respectability if the unfortunate one were your own brother, or male cousin?"

Of course you would not.

You would permit him the freedom of your home; you would let him sit at your

table with your young daughters, and you would say it was all youthful folly and the indiscretion of boys, and that he would outgrow it, and in every way possible you would make light of the matter.

Now there was a long era when the separate standard of morals for the two sexes was accepted by all good people. "Boys will be boys" was the extreme of criticism passed on a fallen boy, but any girl who lost her reputation was shunned and shut from all respectable circles save the back pews of a church, where she must go veiled, and the only doors open to her were those of the convent, the Magdalene home or the tomb.

She could find no occupation other than that of a sister of charity.

But the world has changed mightily. Less regard is felt for sin; men and a wider sympathy is shown sinning women.

It is beginning to be understood that a woman who has made a misstep in her ignorant youth may grow into noble womanhood and be a useful member of society, and may be a worthy wife and mother.

Just as men who have sowed their wild oats become good citizens and heads of families.

Your own position in this matter is very narrow, very cold blooded, very cowardly and very old-fashioned.

If you want to keep in step with the great, altruistic, philosophical, humanitarian spirit of the day, you will go to this foolish girl, suffering the penalty of her folly, and you will say: "Let me be your friend. Let me help you to rise into a purer and clearer atmosphere."

"I am anchored in a safe home. I have a good husband and dear children. I owe it to God, who has so blessed me, that I befriend and help every less fortunate woman to such extent as lies in my power."

"There is hope for you yet. You have learned your bitter lesson. Now let me help you to live down your trouble."

"Let love and sympathy be a strength to you to make a new record."

Then you can talk to your little girls and make them understand that their relative has taken a false step; that she is unfortunate and has been grievously wounded, and that she needs tender pity.

You will sweeten and broaden their natures by this method, and at the same time save them from ever falling over the same precipice.

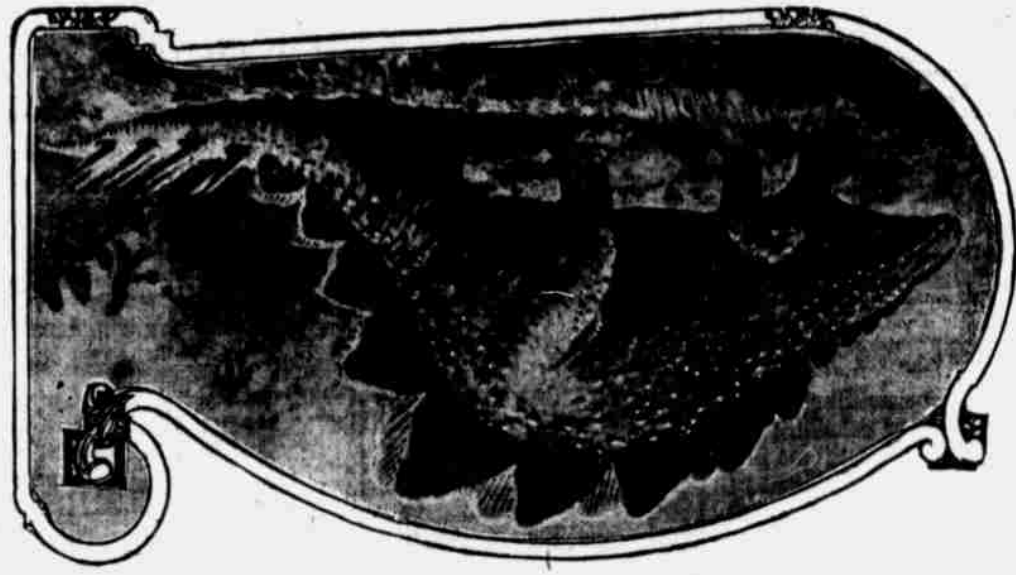
It is, indeed, a dangerous attitude of mind for the mother of children to be exceedingly critical and unforgiving toward other's children.

Be careful.

Life teaches hard lessons sometimes to the severe judges of the erring.



The Stegosaurus or Roof-Backed Lizard



"ONE SWISH OF THE GIGANTIC ANIMAL'S TAIL COULD HAVE KILLED AN ELEPHANT."

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

In the first of this series of articles, concerning some of our great predecessors in America, I described the gigantic Triceratops.

Today we have to do with an animal equally gigantic and perhaps even more wonderful, the Stegosaurus, or "roof-backed lizard," which probably lived still earlier than the Triceratops, along the great, shallow inland sea which crossed the continent east of the present line of the Rocky mountains, in the geological epoch known as the Jurassic and Cretaceous eras.

Twenty-five feet seems to have been a very common length for the monsters of that time. These were the dimensions of the Stegosaurus as well as of the Triceratops. Geologists call their time the "Age of the Great Reptiles." Evidently they needed to be big and strong, for everything about them indicates that they passed their days in fighting for their lives.

They were armed and armored from end to end to tip of tail. Man found war full panoplied upon the earth when his turn came to take up the struggle for existence. He imitated the armor and the weapons of his predecessors. His spears were modeled after the great horns of the Triceratops and his shields after the immense bony plates of the Stegosaurus. When he began to fight, he fought as the great reptiles had done, foot to foot and hand to hand.

The Stegosaurus was more wonderful in its defensive armament than a modern battleship. When it reared itself on its mighty hind legs, braced and anchored by its tail or more of tail, it must have towered fifteen or twenty feet high. The imagination cannot go astray in picturing the terror of the scene when one of these tremendous creatures were attacked by its enemies.

The pitching and plunging of the enormous body, the terrible strokes, the growling, roaring and snarling of the combatants, the thrashing among the trees, the fall of the conquered shaking the ground, the plunge into the water in the effort to escape - these things are told in the very form of the creatures.

There was one thing about the Stegosaurus which made it different from all other animals, that, as far as we know, have ever lived. Along its back ran a row of upright bony or horny plates, the largest of which were four feet broad, while their edges were like saws. At the end of the tail were eight immense sharp-pointed horns, ranged in pairs.

Sweep round with the tremendous force which the tail must have possessed, these horns may have been able to penetrate the thickest armor carried by the fiercest lion or tiger encountering one of these monsters in battle would probably have been slain in an instant. Nothing could live then that did not carry armor. An elephant against a stegosaurus would have been like a wooden ship fighting the steel-clad North Dakota.

It is difficult to say how the saw-edged plates on the back, that you will see in the photograph were used in fighting. If the gigantic creature could roll itself up like a hedgehog it would present to its assailant a circle of weapons as dangerous as a buzz saw, especially if the plates were, to a certain extent, movable, so that their owner could give them a cutting motion. When it stood erect, an enemy leaping upon its back would be helplessly impaled or even sawed in two by these fearful sharp-edged plates.

Yet with all its war panoply, the Stegosaurus was not a flesh-eating animal. It fed upon plants, lifting its clumsy body on the great hind legs and tail against the trunks of trees, and pulling down the branches with its jaws and its short fore-feet. It did not kill to eat, but simply to defend itself, and to destroy its rivals. Jealousy was not introduced into the world by the sons of Adam. The Stegosaurus fought for its mate. The principal use of its armor and its weapons, like that of the moose's antlers, and the bear's tusks, was for contest with its own kind. But the strength and thickness of the armor, and the size and power of the weapons, indicate how terrible, beyond all modern example, those contests must have been. And with its cunning or so of brain, the Stegosaurus did not calculate odds or consider consequences.

As time went on the fighting equipment of these creatures of the "Age of Reptiles" became more and more complicated and massive, until, as was remarked in former article, they became so heavy and unmanageable that their bearers exterminated themselves. These war lords of the geological past seem to have acted upon the principle now governing England regarding Germany - for every new battleship, two to meet it; and for every increase in the thickness of armor plates, two inches to beat it. In making war a matter of brains as well as of brute force we have not departed far from its original principles.

In later articles I shall describe the Dipodocus, the biggest animal that ever walked the earth; the Iguanodon, a monster as strange as the creation of a dream; the Tyrannosaurus, a flesh-eating giant, whose name alone is enough to denote its terrible nature; and also tell the strange story of the transformation of the great reptiles into great birds with teeth, and of these into the beaked and feathered birds of today.

assaulting a circle of weapons as dangerous as a buzz saw, especially if the plates were, to a certain extent, movable, so that their owner could give them a cutting motion. When it stood erect, an enemy leaping upon its back would be helplessly impaled or even sawed in two by these fearful sharp-edged plates.

Yet with all its war panoply, the Stegosaurus was not a flesh-eating animal. It fed upon plants, lifting its clumsy body on the great hind legs and tail against the trunks of trees, and pulling down the branches with its jaws and its short fore-feet. It did not kill to eat, but simply to defend itself, and to destroy its rivals. Jealousy was not introduced into the world by the sons of Adam. The Stegosaurus fought for its mate. The principal use of its armor and its weapons, like that of the moose's antlers, and the bear's tusks, was for contest with its own kind. But the strength and thickness of the armor, and the size and power of the weapons, indicate how terrible, beyond all modern example, those contests must have been. And with its cunning or so of brain, the Stegosaurus did not calculate odds or consider consequences.

assaulting a circle of weapons as dangerous as a buzz saw, especially if the plates were, to a certain extent, movable, so that their owner could give them a cutting motion. When it stood erect, an enemy leaping upon its back would be helplessly impaled or even sawed in two by these fearful sharp-edged plates.

Just About Men

By FRANCES L. GARSIDE.

No man is a perfect husband so long as he feels sorry for himself.

Almost any married man can make his friends smile by saying he does as he pleases around home.

Every man who is whipped for a sin claims that other men have committed greater sins and been whipped less.

As a man gets older he finds that the path from the cradle to the grave is not as long as it was from soup to desert when a child.

Some men have to worry in order to raise the money to pay the taxes to provide a poor farm for those who didn't worry.

No man would listen to you talk if he didn't know it is his turn next.

About six months after a man has married, he makes the discovery that he has to get twice as mad as formerly to make his wrath count for half as much.

When daughter is sew, a man is pleased to have her go through his pockets when he gets home at night, but as her years increase his pleasure diminishes.

There is one test of faithfulness that not many men can pass. And that it is putting their wives in all the air cases they build.

The average man tells so many women that he has a corner set aside in his heart just for her that that organ must resemble a hornet's nest.

What is a man to do? He is mean if he shows his temper at home and people find out how mean he is if he shows it away from home.

The only unqualified praise a man gets is that at least his clothes don't take up much room in the closet.

Every man would rather talk about his sins of omission than his sins of commission.

Say to any man, "How you have suffered!" and he will have great trouble in trying not to look pleased at the recognition of what he has undergone.

Every time a man shakes the pepper shaker at the table he frowns at himself because he mistook it for the salt. Then he reaches for the salt shaker, shakes it, and frowns at his wife because it is empty.

WHAT THE YANKEES DID

Rev. Dr. McCready tells the story of two negroes ambling along the streets of Louisville. It was in the days when electric cars were an innovation, and one of the darkeys, on seeing the trolley whiz by, asked his pal:

"How you reckon dat kyar gets along?"

"Why, I tell you," answered the more sophisticated negro, "de kyar gets along by dat little wheel dat runs along de wire. The Yankees invented dat 'ere little wheel."

"Well," continued the first darky, lost in wonderment, "the Yankees suttinly are de mos' wonderful people I ever see. Dey come down here and set de niggers free, an' now they've set de mules free, too!" - Brooklyn Eagle.

New Law for the Hon. Tom Fong.

Save all the little tons that come in boxes of buns for hulling strawberries. They perform this task rapidly and neatly without staining the finger tips. If a berry has a defect it can be sliced away with one of the arms.

The Manicure Lady

"I think it is just shameful the way they are imprisoning them girls over in London, and the way they are acting over the coal strike over there, and the way Mister Roosevelt is knocking Mister Taft, and the way Mister Taft is reproaching, and the way they are acting over in Russia."

The Head Barber looked at the complaining Manicure Lady for perhaps as much as three seconds. "I see," he said, finally, "is there anything else that seems shameful to you this bright spring morning?"

"I think it is a shame about them Allen still being hounded," said the Manicure Lady. "They are making their last stand, and it seems to me as if the authorities ought to let them go without no life sentence. The old gent was saying just last night that it was kind of pitiful - that last stand - like the last stand of a gent that swore he had played his last game of poker. You see, George, the old gent swore a solemn vow the time he married mother that he would never draw a straight flush open at both ends. But, George, I must say that the way the old gent has been dallying with them pasteboards is nothing but a sin and a shame. I can't figure our family out, George. Mother is the only regular one, outside of me and sister Mayme. Brother Wilfred is all the time telling about the wonderful poems he is going to sell, and the old gent is all the time going back to them gambling schemes and telling how luck is bound to break some day. Luck has broke already about ten times for the old gent, but every time it broke worse than the last time. You see, the dear chap he too much of a dreamer. He dreams and dreams, but the only sunshine he gets is a shiny streak across the equator and that comes from the contact of his coat with the mahogany. I think it is a shame."

"You think so?" asked the head barber.

"I know it," said the manicure lady. "And I think it is a shame that Mister Roosevelt gets only seven votes out of a possible ninety. That great and good man deserves something better than that from the people that he has fought so hard and so long, whether at San Juan Hill or at Wall streets. I think it is a shame."

"I don't think anything is a shame any more," said the head barber. "Now that the base ball season is coming on I think that we all ought to be happy. Just think what a joy it will be for us to be out there at the Polo grounds before long, watching Marty sending the first white ball over the plate, with 20,000 fans yelling. Can you beat that?"

"I don't care much for it," declared the manicure lady.

"What?" asked the head barber. "You mean that you can't understand the beauty of a scene at a ball park at the beginning of the season? You mean that you can't get real enjoyment out of the sights and the sounds that go with a game between the Giants and the Philadelphia Nationals - the cheers, the green grass, Red Doolin's hair, McGraw's pug nose?"

"I don't like it, I tell you," said the manicure lady. "The way they treat the public is a shame!"

"Good-bye, Lady Gloom," said the head barber. "Here comes a gent that needs scraping."

An Unsatisfactory Transaction.

"Till admit," said Mr. Erastus Pinkley, "dat de mule I done traded off for a bushel of oats warn't much good. But 'ese' de same I feel like I been cheated."

"What are de trouble?" inquired Miss Miami Brown.

"I traded de mule off for a bushel of oats. While I had my back turned de mule done de oat, an' I don't see how I's ginter break even." - Washington Star.