



The Bee's Home Magazine Page



SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT

The Judge Slanted a Bit Too Much

Drawn for The Bee by Tad



A Secret Marriage

By WINIFRED BLACK.

She's secretly married, and she writes me a poor, little tear-stained letter telling me all about it and asking what she ought to do.

"He keeps telling me I mustn't tell," says the letter.

"And then he makes me wait and wait, and I don't know what to do."

"I know people talk about me. I'd talk about any girl that acted the way I do, but he says if I tell he'll run away and never see me again."

"I think he's afraid of his mother. He's her only son and she thinks nobody is good enough for him. I'm afraid she'll never approve of me, but I can't now, and what shall I do?"

"Do, little sister. There's just one thing to do, and do it this very day! Stop every one you know, in the very streets, if you have to take them by the coat to do it, and tell them the foolish, honest, awkward truth."

Tell them you are married, tell it as if you thought, of course, they had known it all along, and then if there's any doubt about it—the least lingering particle of doubt—prove it, and be done with all this folly of secret and subterfuge."

Says he'll run away and never see you again if you tell, does he? Tell quick and let him run; the farther the better. What do you want with such a man as that, anyhow?"

How in the world did you ever happen to consent to a secret marriage in the first place? Thought it was romantic and mysterious, didn't you?"

Well, it is mysterious enough in the name of all that's fair and square and honest and unselfish, but romantic? Ask the first police court attaché you meet what he thinks about it, and he'll tell you there's very little romance in most of the secret marriages that come to his notice.

Secretly married! What a story of petty deceit, small fibs and mean subterfuges the very phrase tells! If I couldn't be proud of the man I married and the fact that I was married to him,



I would stay an old maid to the end of my days.

Afraid of his mother, is he? Well, if he tried to make me compromise my good name with his secret business very much longer there'd be some one else that he'd be afraid of, let me tell you and he'd have reason to be afraid of me, too.

No, it isn't just for yourself you must think; you must think of him, too. You're a wife now, and you must have discovered by this time that the woman must set the standard of a man's behavior in these things.

If it were not for the fact that some woman is watching, there would be very few heroes in this world at all. Many live up to what the woman they love expect of them. Expect this young husband of yours to be a man, and ten chances to one he'll be a man.

Let him be a sneaking coward for even a little while, and the first thing you know you'll put the brand on him and he'll be a coward all of his life.

Afraid of his mother? Nonsense! His mother will doubtless wonder why he insulted her with deceit; but she won't eat him up for it, at that. If he won't tell her himself you do it. Go straight to her; go with your head up and your eyes sweet and innocent and unafraid. Walk right into the room where she is and tell her the whole story. Ten chances to one you'll be in her arms before you've half begun it.

Stern, maybe; but she's human, too, or there wouldn't be any sin at all. Isn't Mrs. Methuselah dead to all human feeling just because she's forty and over?

Maybe she cried herself this very morning thinking of some silly quarrel she had with the husband she loved when she was your age, the man who has been dead for years, but not forgotten for one single moment.

Maybe she will wonder why on earth he ever married you. Every mother on earth does that, no matter who her son marries; but before you know it you'll realize that she's something more than his mother—that she's a woman, too; just a plain, loving, foolish, sorry woman like you, and then the trouble will be all over.

I hope she'll take that son of hers over her lap and give him a good spanking before the thing is done with for good and all. He deserves one.

Daffydill

GAT ADAR SAYS "THE SUMMER GIRL THIS YEAR WILL BE JUST AS ENGAGING AS EVER."

HE WAS A BIG REAL ESTATE AGENT IN A SMALL TOWN BUT HE FIGURED THAT EVERY ONE IN THE WORLD KNEW HIM. HE RUSHED INTO THE TICKET TAKER KNOWING THAT HE MUST HAVE BEEN RECOGNIZED. WHY SHOULD HE SHOW HIS TICKET? HEY YOU WITH THE SILK HAT. THE GREAT MAN STOPPED. HE LOOKED AND THEN RETURNED THE TICKET TAKER WHISPERED. IF A TRADER ON THE STREET WENT DAFFY OVER STOCKS WOULD YOU CALL HIM A WALLNUT? STAND BACK BOYS. GIVE 'EM AIR.

SHE WROTE HIM A LITTLE LEAF YEAR HINT. OR MAURICE MAURICE MAURICE DERR. WHY REMAIN A BOARDER? WHY NOT GET A LITTLE BET TO KEEP THE HOUSE IN ORDER? I KNOW A DOLLING LITTLE GIRL WHO COULD BE COAKED TO MARRY AN F YOU WUN BROW HER NAME I'LL WHISPER IT. ITS CARRIE. THEY HE GRABBED THE PARLIMENT AND SCRIBBLED. IF FLOWERS DROP THEIR PETALS WHAT DOES THE COAL SNEED? HEY! CATCH THAT SOFT BOILED EGG THATS SLIDING DOWN YOUR VEST DO YOU WANT TO LOSE IT?

OSWALD JAT AT THE TABLE WITH HIS LESONS. PATA JAT AGAINST THE WALL JANTIN & AT THE EVENING PAPER. OSWALD WAS JUDYING ABOUT RIDER DOWN. HE WAS PUZZLED. HE STARTED TO ASK QUESTIONS. HEY POP CAN A PERSON RAISE DOWN? NO JO CHAINED POP RAISE MEANS TO ELEVATE. NOTHING CAN RAISE DOWN. THEN POP HE SAID OLE DOC COOK MUSTA FIBBED ABOUT THOSE RIDER DUCKS. THEN AGAY HE INQUIRED. IF ITS THE MISSESS-IPPI WHY DO THEY CALL IT THE FATHER OF WATERS? AW GO ON YOU GOL DARN HIKER.

GEE I'M IN DUTCH NOW ON A JOB. I'M A PRIVATE SECRETARY. THEN RIDE ME OUT OF BED AT 10 A.M. THEN I GET THE BOSS' CAR AND DRIVE TO THE OFFICE.

HAVE THE BOY OPEY THE BOSS AND SMOKE A CIGAR WITH HIM AT NOON I DINE WITH THE BOSS AND FRIENDS RETURNING AT 7 HAVE A CHAT WITH A FEW FRIENDS.

TAKE A RIDE IN THE PARK WITH THE BOSS' DAUGHTER. THEN AT 6 PUT ON MY NIGHT SCENERY AND GO TO THE OPERA WITH HIM. HAVE A BITE AFTER THE SHOW GO HOME IN HIS CAR AT 1 A.M.

GEE YOU'RE INATUGH FIX.

YEP GOTTA GET UP AGAIN TOMORROW.

Fables of the Wise Dame

By DOROTHY DIX.

Once upon a time there were two youths who were rival suitors for the heart and pocketbook of a young maid who, besides being beautiful and good, owned stacks of ill-edged trust certificates and had much mazzama salted down in government bonds.

The first youth was one of those admirable creatures who are always touted as the real thing by elderly females, and who furnish a working model of industry and correct habits. He did Sunday school stunts with great assiduity, and as a stipend for the Y. M. C. A. he was the boss wind jammer.

The second youth was an artist who had devoted himself to painting things a bright vermilion hue and whose industry had exhausted itself in sowing a record-breaking wild oat crop.

When the maid's friends observed these two youths they made a wild scramble to get their money down on the No. 1 entry in the matrimonial stakes before the books closed.

"We opine," they said, "that this is too easy for No. 2 is too heavily handicapped by his record to win. No female would be fool enough to let a good thing like No. 1 get by her. As a matrimonial proposition he is a cinch."

Being a discreet young woman who was onto her business, the maid dealt out large chunks of solid encouragement to both of her suitors while she played for time.

"Beauteous creature," cried No. 1, as he knelt at a respectable distance from her, "be mine. In me you will find a husband who is an unbridged edifice of all the virtues, and one to whom you can always look up. I apprehend that the female character is weak and flighty, but I will assist you to correct your faults, and in time you will become worthy of even me. Marry me and we will give a double team exhibition of the higher life that cannot fail to attract attention and get reading notices in the papers."

"Alan," cried No. 2 as he got a double nelson around the maiden's luscious waist and snuggled her pompadour down into his collar, "I am in no way worthy of such an angel, for I have spent my days butting into fun instead of rooting for the true, the beautiful and the good, but since I have known you I am a changed creature. If I could but hold your little hand in mine I should never yearn to finger a full house, or thirst for a cocktail more. I only need your influence to lead me away from the older path to the elevated road."

These words greatly affected the maid. "I perceive," she said, "that No. 1 is full of noble impulses and that nobody but me understands him and I apprehend that it is my sacred duty to use my influence over him for good."

Thereupon she constituted herself an amateur reformation society and Keeley cure for him, and her guardian angel, who was watching the proceedings, threw up his hands and resigned his job on the spot, for he saw her finish.

Now it chanced that while the maiden was still trying to work the faith cure on No. 2 he appeared in her presence carrying the remnants of a load that should have been sent by freight, observing which No. 1 arose and swatted him and threw him out.

"Do not fear, sweet creature," he exclaimed to the maiden, "I am here to protect you," and with that he struck an attitude and waited for her to throw bouquets at him as her preserver. But nary a flower did she pass across the footlights.

"Brute! Coward!" she hissed, "thus would you beat your helpless wife, and I cannot be thankful enough that I have found you out in time to save myself from the sad fate of marrying you," and with that she manned the ambulance and went to the assistance of No. 1, and when she had nursed him well she married him, and he spent the balance of his life in opening real wine.

Moral: What's the use?

Fatal Kindness.

Assistant Postmaster Hannum, according to the story he tells, was standing in front of the Denver postoffice the other evening, when he was approached by a tall individual who was laboring heavily under the influence of dining not wisely but too well. He lurched in Hannum's direction and, making a brave effort to put the brakes on, said:

"Pleash-tell me where the Union s-s-shation ish?"

"I directed him," said Mr. Hannum, "and wound up my remarks by saying: 'It's only about ten minutes' walk from here.'"

"The stranger straightened up after a desperate effort and, between hiccoughs, exclaimed:

"For you or for me?"—Denver Times.



The Roaring Sun Spots

By Garrett P. Serviss

You will see on this page a photograph made at the Yerkes observatory of a titanic group of sun spots. Such groups which look as if the sun had been peppered with projectiles thousands of miles in diameter, sometimes extend over a length of a hundred thousand miles.

A single sun spot has occasionally been seen 50,000 miles in diameter, with an apparently black center 25,000 miles across. They frequently cover areas of many millions of square miles.

It is now believed that sun spots are caused by gigantic whirls in what may be called, for lack of a better term, the atmosphere of the sun. As Director C. G. Abbot, of the Smithsonian Astrophysical Observatory says "We may imagine that these vortexes are similar in form to waterpots seen at sea, with the trumpet-shaped part at the top, and the

A Great Sun Spot Group. Photographed at the Yerkes Observatory, October, 1905. It covers millions of square miles and is veiled with gigantic, billowing clouds of calcium vapor.



whirl carrying matter from below outward."

The friction of their motion gives rise to electrical charges, which produce the effect of currents of electricity, and create tremendous fields, which Professor Hale has found to be characteristic of sun spots.

In this way they react upon the earth, causing widespread magnetic storms, which produce magnificent displays of the aurora borealis, or northern lights, and sometimes make jets of flame leap from telegraphic instruments, and interrupt the working of telegraph lines and ocean cables, all over the world.

Sun spots might also be likened to tornadoes, in which there is a similar trumpet-shaped whirl or funnel through which heavy objects such as fragments of houses, barns and trees, and sometimes human beings are sucked up toward the clouds that gyrate round the broadened top of the funnel. But while a great tornado on the earth has a path only a few yards wide, the solar tornadoes are thousands of miles wide and probably thousands of miles deep.

If the earth were caught in one of these gigantic whirls on the sun it would be spun about like a top in the Niagara eddies. It would not last long, for the intense heat would quickly dissolve the solid rocks into fiery liquid and vapor.

It is a curious fact that our tornadoes sometimes occur in groups as do sun spots. A dozen tornadoes will occasionally break out simultaneously, a hundred

The Manicure Lady

"I was to a pretty party last night, George," said the manicure lady. "I have never saw such a good crowd in all the time that I have been attending them society functions. There was a long time, George, that I was thinking of cutting out them party calls and them teas, etc., but the way I was treated last night makes me feel that there is a lot of good left in the world. There wasn't a lot of talk about algettes and how many thousand dollars the latest Paris beauty had spent for a single frock, or how many diamond heels some girl could go clicking along Broadway with. It was just one of them little home affairs, where everything went on the even battone of its way, or whatever it was that the poet said.

"Brother Wilfred was the only discordant feature in what would otherwise have been a perfect evening. The poor kid has gone so badly lately about poetry that he can't talk about anything else, and when I heard that one of the young ladies present was a girl poetess, I began to fear for the worst. Me and sister Mayme done our best to keep Wilfred away from the poetess, but I guess water on the brain seeks its own level because, sure enough, the first thing we knew there was Wilfred and Miss Imogene Intaglias over in a cozy corner talking about Walt Whitman and Elizabeth Barrett Poe and George Gordon Longfellow, and a lot of other poets of which I have never heard of. I don't think any of the rest of us folks would have cared how long they stayed there, but most of us was young couples, and that was the only cozy corner in the place that had any palms near it, so it seemed more like a Rockefeller monopoly than a poetry talk.

"The rest of the company was fidgety only because they wanted one of them tea-tests for themselves, but I was struck with a greater and more deadly fear, I was afraid that Wilfred would begin the old reciting game, and, sure enough, after he had given a few last lingering looks into the eyes of the lady poet, the kind of looks that some of them college boys gives to me when they are having their nails did, up springs my dear brother, leading Miss Imogene

by the hands and taking the center of the stage he says: 'Ladies and gents, I want to have you all cease your festivities long enough to hear Miss Intaglias recite "A Winter in Vermont."'

"Why didn't somebody give him the book?" asked the practical Head Barber. "They didn't have the heart," said the Manicure Lady. "They just looked the poor boob in the eyes once, and then they knew that he is struck with Dementia Pietrina, so they look for the nearest exit and say nothing. Then up gets this Miss Intaglias and hands it to us like this:

"It is winter in Vermont,
Nestle the snowflakes lies the earth,
Every stream and every font
Is frozen for all it's worth.
Winter is an awful thing!
Think of all the summer dust
Buried by the snow that's king
With it's awful crust!"

"She has an awful crust herself," said the Head Barber.

Autographs.

The autograph I prize the most,
Is not a statesman's name,
Nor yet a hero's signature,
Nor poets crowned with fame,
Nor king's, nor queen's, nor great divine's,
Philosopher's nor sage's,
Nor wise physician's noted for
The learning of the ages.

It is a common cogswoman
And known to very few,
But with what unexcelled delight
He flourishes I view!
I love its ornate capitals
Which curly-cues bedeck:
'Tis my employer's autograph
Upon my weekly check.

Women will supplant men as wireless operators on the steamships in the North Pacific if the plans of R. H. Armstrong, manager of a wireless telegraph company that has contracts with many liners, are followed. Mr. Armstrong, who says men are not always satisfactory, has engaged Miss Mabel Keiso and Miss C. Through for his first women operators and turned them over to Chief Operator C. B. Cooper for instruction. The young women will be taught to operate.