



# The Bee's Home Magazine Page



## SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT :: You Can Never Tell by the Pedal Extremities :: Drawn for The Bee by Tad

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### Some Humorous Things About Marriage

By VIRGINIA TERHUNE VAN DE WATER.

There are about matrimony many amusing things, seen only by those who have the sense of humor that will enable them to perceive a joke on themselves, and the keen vision that will not let them look past things as they seem to be to things as they are.

One feature that is universally acknowledged to be funny is the part of the marriage service in which the bride is heard promising to "obey" the groom. She won't do it, of course, so why make her promise herself? And why should she? Is not marriage a partnership?

But that point has been discussed so much lately that we can let it pass. Still there are other amusing phases relative to the conjugal estate.

"With all my worldly goods I thee endow!" declared a bridegroom with muchunction at a wedding I attended.

I have a fair control of my features, so I did not smile. But I knew the girl—a pretty little stenographer who had been engaged to this fellow since she and he had left school. They had waited for some years, hoping that Henry would "get a job" that would warrant their marrying. But he didn't. He was a rolling stone, and went from one situation to another, retaining none. So, at last, when he obtained a job at \$4 a week, and suggested that the girl be married—she to keep on with her work as stenographer and typewriter—it was a virtual proposal that they marry and let her support them both. Some girls are foolish when they are in love, so she agreed. I happened to know that it was her money that bought the wedding ring. Yet—"With all my worldly goods I thee endow!" he repeated with as much fervor as if he were a millionaire and the King of Sheba's beggar maid. He owned his own clothes, having purchased them himself, but his wife could not wear those!

They are still married, in spite of the divorce fashion so popular now. He has another situation at the same wages as before, and she has had a "raise." But he talks of "my apartment" and of what he does with his income. Yes, it is funny! Another very amusing feature with regard to matrimony is that each party to the contract which is the result of a marriage for love seems to feel that love will last right on forever, no matter how much it is abused, beaten or starved. That is the attitude of married couples and their friends until a rupture comes and they and those who know them are made aware that if they ever did love each other they stopped doing so long ago.

The little girl has a way of staring to death when he is left out in the cold. Sometimes he is stifled for lack of air, not strangled suddenly, so that he cries out and calls attention to his sufferings, but is slowly asphyxiated and dies without a struggle. And the people who have killed him go on their indifferent way.

Still another humorous thing about marriage is that, no matter how much some couples quarrel and disagree, they call each other affectionate names. "Dear, you are unparagonably careless!" exclaims the husband. Or "Darling, for heaven's sake do stop talking long enough to give me a chance!" Or "Sweetheart," pleadingly, "don't make a fool of yourself!" Does it sound exaggerated? Perhaps it is, but only a little. Have we not all when a look of animosity in the eyes of husbands and wives who have, nevertheless, gotten so into the habit of addressing each other by pet names that they keep up the custom even in their quarrels? Surely it is a custom that is more honored in the breach than in the observance.

If the self-supporting wife of a stingy man has humor she will smile to herself when her husband reproves her for extravagance in her manner of dressing herself and the children. If she is wise she will not let him see her smile, nor will she say anything in the hope of opening his eyes. She will not even remind him that he is supposed to provide for her and his sons and daughters, and that as he fails to do this, she surely has a right to clothe herself and her offspring as she pleases. There are some things that a woman cannot say to a man and still live in any semblance of peace with him, and there are some things she has no right to say. If a husband cannot support his family, it would be cruel to remind him of the fact, and if he will not support them, the reminder would but incur his enmity. Some features of marriage are amusing enough as they are without adding to the irony of the situation by quarreling with the man to whom one is bound by church and state.

Marriage is either comparatively happy or actually miserable. There is no medium, even though we talk as if there were. If one is happy, let one thank heaven and make the most of her good fortune; but if one is unhappy, an appreciation of the ridiculous phases of the condition may become a saving clause.

### Daffydils

VESSAN I SLAVED AND SLAVED FO' DAT BERE  
MAY AN NEBBER WOULD HE LEAVE ME AS  
MUCH AS DE LEAVINS IN DE CAN

BAZARSKY AND ENDERS WERE  
DARKEN THEY BELONGED TO A  
CLUB UP ON THE MARLEM. THEY  
HAD SUCH A RACE THE OTHER  
NIGH-OF SUCH A SPEED THEY  
MADE IT JUDGEMENY FINBERG  
DROPPED AN OAR HE FELL  
OVER BAZARSKY WAS AT HIS  
SIDE IN A MOMENT. VOTS IS  
IT BIPED BAZARSKY I WAS  
THINKING CHARDEN PIV  
IF A HOBBO CRACKED A  
JOKE WOULD YOU CALL  
IT "BUM COMEDY?"  
UP WITH THE MARIKINS BOYS  
HERE COMES THE SOUP

THE TREASURE SEEKERS REACHED  
THE SPOT MANN ON BOVIN BILLS  
HAD BILL QUICKLY MEASURED  
OF 12 FEET FROM THE TREE  
THEY THEN BEGAN TO DIG THEY  
FIND BOUT 3 FEET WHEN  
BILLS PICK STRUCK SOMETHING  
THAT GAVE FORTH A METALLIC RING  
IT WAS AN IRON BOUND CHAIN.  
THEY BROUGHT IT TO THE SURFACE  
AND BILL RING THE RUFFY LOCK  
LIFTING UP THE COVER HE UNED  
A STRIP OF YELLOW LEAD ON  
WHICH WAS PRINTED  
IF CAPY KIDD BURIED HIS  
TREASURE HERE UNHERE  
WOULD DANBURY CONNECTICUT

DO NOT HIT HIM WITH THAT—  
THEIRS MAIL IN IT.

WALLA WALLA WALLA  
QUICK WATSON!!  
THE YEN HOK.

SAV OLD TOP I GOTTA  
THE JOB NOW I'M A  
LAMP LIGHTER. I START  
OUT AT 5 P.M. EVERY  
NIGHT—LIGHT A BOUT  
300 LAMP POSTS WHICH  
COVER 9 MILES.

IT THEN RUIN HOME EYE  
A FEW BUNS THEN AT  
DANLIGHT I RUIN OVER  
THE SAME ROUTE AND  
PUT THEM OUT THEN I  
GET MY SPONGES AND  
RAGS AND GO OVER THE

ROUTE AGAIN WALLA  
EACH LAMP CLEAN THE  
RUST OFF PAINT ONE  
HERE AND THERE AND  
SO ON TILL I WHEN  
I GO AROUND AND  
LIGHT EM AGAIN

GELE YOU'RE  
A LUCKY  
GUY

YEP  
NOTHING  
TO DO TILL  
TOMORROW

### Not a Modern Maid

I am in receipt of the following letter, the most surprising part of which is the date. It is written in the year 1912 and sounds as if it had been written some forty years before woman so universally came into her own.

"Dear Miss Fairfax: I have been engaged for four years to a gentleman who has been a friend all my life and whose life is considered around me. He is kind and considerate, has no bad habits, and is devoted to me, but at times he seems rather stupid and bores me, and has nothing to say. If I appear annoyed he tries hard to please me by doing anything but the right thing.

"Now I am fond of him and appreciate his goodness, but somehow I feel a vague uneasiness about it. I have suggested that we might be unaided, and he insists he can make me happy, and appears so distressed when I hesitate, that I drop the subject and hope things will right themselves. I am placed in a most unfortunate position, as I fear that if I wreck the engagement I may wreck his life, and die an old maid."

"A PERPLEXED MAID."

A terrible fate, that! No wonder "Perplexed Maid" halts before the prospect with alarm, and would marry a man she doesn't love to avoid it.

Let us consider the horrors of the life a spinster leads these days! She has her own income. She is not dependent on father, or brother, or other male relatives as was the spinster of forty years ago.

She does not become a chattel, because of her failure to become a wife. She is not an upper servant with none of the rights of a lower servant, in the family of any relative.

She has her home, her friends, her position in business and social life. When she is bored with her own company, she has the privilege of seeking others.

Few are care-free in this world. The Lord didn't intend any one should be; but the spinster comes as near to being care-free as any human being can come. She is happy, with it all, and usually devotes much time and energy making others happy.

You are afraid, my dear girl, that you may reach the uncertain age which means the dividing line between mild hood and spinsterdom; you are afraid that some day you may become one of those happy, self-reliant, hopeful and helpful "old maids." This fear causes you to remain engaged for four years to a man you do not love; whose company you can not enjoy, and who bores you.

If he bores you before marriage, when there is bound to be some illusion, what will your life be after you are his wife, and all illusion has been dispelled?

My dear girl, you couldn't make a more serious mistake than marrying a man toward whom you sustain such feelings. You are wronging him to let the engagement continue, and you are wronging yourself.

He has been faithful and true to a half-hearted love for four years, and deserves something better than the bestial truth you give him. He has been determined to win you, that he has let you see he would be content with half a loaf of love if he can not get the whole.

Doubtless he is a good man, as you say. Humility is a characteristic of goodness. But if he had been less patient, more domineering, and more of a man and less of a sheep, I am sure he could have won your whole heart.

When you suggested you were unaided, he should have given you the right to your belief, and transferred his slave-like devotion elsewhere.

When you have let him see, which I do not doubt you have, your absorbing fear of "dying an old maid," he should have been man enough to refuse to marry any girl so old-fashioned foolish.

He owes something to himself. He owes it to himself to be no woman's husband, when that woman marries him for no other reason than that he opens a way to escape spinsterhood.

You will not wreck his life if you break the engagement. He has been engaged to you so long, being engaged has become a sort of habit, and while it hurts to break established habits, the hurt doesn't last long.

Break the engagement, and try to acquire a little of the self-reliance and poise of the woman who is not making marriage the beginning and end of life. Your lover will find you, if it is intended that you shall marry some day. It certainly never was intended you should marry a man you do not love. That is the supreme of tragedies.

### Cooking Secrets of a Famous Chef



M. HAILLY IN HIS OFFICE AT THE HOTEL ST. REGIS.

"No good dinner was ever cooked in haste or enjoyed in gulps."  
"Hurrying is ruinous both to the preparation of good food and the digestion of the diner."  
"Good food must be prepared at leisure and eaten with attention."

By EMILE HAILLY.

There are several reasons why, I as a Frenchman, hesitate to give advice to the American people, even on the question of cooking, a subject which has been pre-eminently my work for the best part of my life.

When I first came to this country I saw no reason why I should not give my opinion on culinary matters to the same frankness that I would do to the same in Paris, but I have learned from my stay here in New York that the conditions governing the daily life of the American people, the rich people, as well as those in more moderate circumstances, is so entirely different from what it is with us in France or in Europe generally, and these conditions have such an effect upon the art of cooking that it is impossible to speak of culinary matters in the same way as I would do if I were speaking to my own countrymen and women.

The economic conditions which have made the great American fortunes possible, and which have brought forth so much wealth and luxury, are not, in a way, auspicious to the quieter arts of enjoyment under which I class that of good cooking.

There is over here a very great class of people who understand the ordering of a perfect dinner, according to gastronomic rules, and who can eat and criticize with finesse and appreciation, just as our famous "gourmets" abroad do.

On the other hand, the life of the average New Yorker and his wife is so filled with engagements of a business or social kind that they lack the one great requisite which the best of foods require and without which all cooking fails. They lack time.

We are frequently asked to hurry because people want to get to the theater on time, and while that is certainly a commendable intention on their part, it is disastrous to the dinner and the cook. London and Paris have solved the theater problem in their several ways.

### Questions in Science

By EDGAR LUCIEN LARKIN.

Q.—"What is the cause of the trade winds?"

A.—The earth rotates on its axis from west to east; and to a man north of the equator, facing the equator, from right to left, or opposite to the motion of the hands of his watch, held with back toward the equator. And the general movement of the entire mass of air around the earth is in the same direction. If, not, then the equatorial regions would be torn by a wind from the east blowing at a rate of 1,000 miles per hour. Air in the tropical zone is therefore carried from west to east along with the earth's surface of land and sea. But the heat of the sun expands the air over these areas, makes it rarer, and this causes it to rise far above other layers of greater density; then cool air from the north and south temperate zones rushes into the vacancy, and wind would blow straight toward the equator from both north and south were it not for the rotation of the earth.

The surface of the earth at the equator moves eastward with a velocity of seven miles per minute and at the latitude of the Lows observatory only fourteen and one-half miles per minute, and less still at San Francisco; and this is the eastward speed of the air also.

Then the air at varying outward speeds of from say, twelve to sixteen miles per hour moves into air moving seventeen and, owing to the great fundamental law of inertia, it cannot at once take up the greater speed, so it lags behind toward the west; at first at an angle with the equator and then straight west. Every-body thinks that a steady wind from the east is blowing.

The cause of trade winds are three-fold: the rotation of the earth and heat. They blow straight toward the west only far out at sea. Land currents disturb trade winds over continents, due to unequal heating of air.

Q.—Have late discoveries told us anything as to what life is, or its cause or origin?

A.—No clue has ever been discovered regarding the nature of life, what it is, nor of its cause or origin. We cannot even think of life, and cannot compare it to anything within range of all human experience. It is a fact that if we cannot compare any discovery with anything known we cannot gain knowledge of the discovery. I may add, no trace of a clue to the nature of anything whatever has yet been detected. However, the word "yet" faintly implies that many may yet stumble upon some now hidden clue, revealing what something is. It is, thought that if it could be found what electricity is, the nature of other entities could be discovered. Here is trouble, for I have printed a hundred times that nothing exists but electrons.

Q.—Is anthropology—the knowledge or science of man—an exact science? Or what is the present state of this science?

A.—This is a difficult question. Anthropology would be supposed to tell us of our origin. Nothing is now known of the origin of man. The science of man includes ethnology, sociology, physiology, craniology, mentology, and so on, and like all in a gigantic study of science. All of these are now in a state of chaos. Mathematics is the only study not chaotic. So little is known regarding man that anthropology is not yet a science. How can there be a science of man when not even a faint clue has been discovered as to what mind, thought and personality are? Really there is at present no science not directly based on mathematics, the only science capable of anything like proof.

Champion Woman Walker.

Undoubtedly the champion woman walker of the world is Mrs. Dwight H. Wood of Kansas City, Kan. Accompanying her husband, who was walking for the benefit of his health, Mrs. Wood on three journeys has traversed a distance of more than 10,000 miles. She had no thought of walking so far when she first set out, but the habit grew. She came to love the outdoor life, the camping and tramping, the cooking of frugal fare over a fire built of twigs and sleeping under the silent stars.

### GROUND FLOOR FLAT

By PERCY SHAW.

I must admit the ground floor flat. With woodwork white and paper grey. Against our walls convinced us that we ought to sign a lease and stay. For everything was spick and span. The bathroom tiled, the kitchen neat. The bedroom done in restful tan. With parquet floor and window seat.

So we succumbed, moved in and sighed. With joy at being richly blessed. To feel that after all we'd tried. We'd found the perfect city nest. We hung our pictures, fixed our rugs. Sat down with zest to mutton stew. Until with horri-fying chugs. An auto stopped across our view.

I looked at Madge, she looked away. We held our breath and then she said: "How long do you believe 'till stay?" Alas! I sadly shook my head. With salad came a new machine; Ten boys on roller skates whizzed by; Five nurses chattered on the scene. An old co-man raised piercing cry. Midnight arrived, we heard the wails. Of babies echo down the court; The clang of iron cans and pails. The shrieks of cats that sang and fought.

What could we do? The lease was signed. There was no way to alter that. So, reader, pause, if you should find. Life's perfect dream—the ground floor flat.