



The Bee's Home Magazine Page



SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT :- Harry Shows the Judge Some Speed in Beaneries :- Drawn for The Bee by Tad



Owner or Partner

By VIRGINIA TERHUNE VAN DE WATER.

A letter written to me by one of the readers of The Bee contains the following paragraph:

"If my husband will not go to church with me, should I make him go? It seems to me at times as if it were my duty to do so even if we have a quarrel about the matter. I was brought up to attend church, and I feel that he ought to accompany me."

Of course my correspondent feels that he ought, and equally, of course, he feels that he need not.

"Should I make him go?" she asks, and as I read I feel my eyes widen with wonder. Make him go? How could she? I am a peace-loving mortal, she might "make him" go as she wishes. She might be so displeased to him when he stays at home that he will accompany her to the sanctuary once a week to keep her in a good humor—in other words, will throw a sop to Cerberus to keep the creature from biting him. But would she, or any wife, be willing to accept any concession made in such a spirit as that?

It is hard to believe it. And yet she speaks of "quarreling with a man because he will not go to church reminds me of the man who declared, 'I will have peace if I have to lick every darned galoot in the valley to get it.'" To quarrel about church-going is to prove that the husband has some right on his side, and that in this case at least, the sanctuary does not "bring forth peaceful fruits." If church and religion mean anything to one they ought to mean gentleness and tolerance.

I do not know to what church my correspondent belongs, and it makes no difference. What does count is that a wife who is patient and unselfish does more to commend her religion than she would were she able to lead an unwilling husband to services twice on every Sunday and once on every weekday for the entire year.

If we will consider for a minute we will appreciate that when we think of the founder of the Christian religion we do not recall the fact that he went to church—although he did—but that he lived the faith he preached. His words would not have meant what they do to us had it not been for the life he lived.

This is not a religious talk, but I have felt compelled to answer above question. And in answering it I can not lay aside the letter containing it without calling attention to the fact that when a woman looks at what my correspondent calls her "duty" in the way that she implies, marriage is not a partnership, but a bondage. It is that too often—so often

that divorces are increasing with dangerous rapidity, and that what was once known as "the holy state of matrimony" is now becoming a state at which the untrammelled and the free laugh.

We cannot wonder at their amusement. How can thoughtful, clear-sighted people suppose that two persons brought up amid totally different surroundings and circumstances, living separate lives for twenty or thirty years, can feel alike upon all points? And why should they? Does a woman expect to control a man's whole nature, his sentiments, thoughts and preferences. In fact his entire character? Does a man buy a woman's soul—her intellect and aspirations—to alter and do with as he pleases? No wonder that the world at large scoffs at such a ridiculous proposition. And such ideas are making marriage intolerable to men and women who think and feel sanely.

Surely a woman can be a loving, honorable and dutiful wife, and yet keep her individuality; surely a man can love, cherish and cleave to the woman he marries and yet have his own ideas and views, even if they differ from hers. But some men and women do not think this, and they demand an allegiance that is impossible unless one is a muzz, or muzz, of concessions. If a husband loves his wife, is faithful and kind to her, if he provides for her comfort, and is a sober, decent member of society, should she not be content? I know that it is natural that she should wish him to like the things she likes, but if he does not, why need she be unhappy and make him so, too? She can endure having her most intimate friend possess ideas at variance with her own, and this condition of affairs does not make her love her friend less. Then why not be on as common-sensible terms with one's husband as with one's friend?

"Ah," sighs the wife, "but I do not

Daddydilly

WHEN A GIRL MARRIES THE MAN SHE LOVES, THAT'S VERY NICE BUT WHEN SHE LOVES THE MAN SHE MARRIES, THAT'S A HORSE FROM A DIFFERENT STABLE.

THE BARBARY COASTERS BRIM-BOINED IN CONSIDERABLE STYLISHNESS. THE FLOOR WAS SWEPT AND ALL OVER WITH PINK WATS ETC. A LUMP OF SHAPPLEY RECLINED IN THE CENTER OF THE FLOOR. MELNICKER PERFORMED HIS PLOOFWALKER RUMBLE OVER. HE GRABBED THE FIRST BALE OF HAY HE SAW. IT WAS A ROUND GERMAN WIMMINS. HE SHREKED THEN CALLED DOWN AND ASKED IF A CHINAMAN IS A YELLOWS FELLOW WOULD YOU CALL A FILIPINO A TANGENT?

REY! TAKE THAT SILK KELLY OFF. I WANT TO SEE THE BATTER TOO.

PHIL PROGRESS HAD BUILT HIMSELF A SMALL WOODEN BUN BALOV IN THE COUNTRY. HE MOVED OVER THERE TO WORK THE PLACE. THE WIND HOWLED AND MOANED. PHIL SAT UP IN BED HE ALSO SAT UP IN ASTONISHMENT NEXT MORN HE MET THE BUILDER. SAN HE CHIRPED. I WENT TO BED IN A WOODEN HOUSE LAST NIGHT AND WOKE UP IN A JTDNE HOUSE. "HOWS THAT ASKED THE BUILDER. WELL SANI CONTINUED THE WIND BLEW SO HARD LAST NIGHT IT MADE THE HOUSE ROCK."

TOMMY! DON'T PUT YOUR HAND IN THE LEMONADE PITCHER.

IF THE TELEGRAPH POLE STOOD STRAIGHT IN THE GROUND HOW MUCH DID THE GALLOPERS IF THE BIDER IN THE JTDEN WAS SICK IN HIS JTDENT WOULD YOU CALL IT SWEET JTDEN IF YOU MADE YOUR OWN JOY BLACK YOUR SHOES WOULD YOU CAUSE THE SUN TO JTDNE? IF YOU GIGNED A CHECK FOR A KEK OF BEER WOULD THAT BE A BREWERY SIGN IF TANNER FASTED 40 DAYS TO WIN A TIDY BET. IS THERE ANY WAY THAT YOU CAN TELL HOW MUCH THE OQABETTE?

JOHN ANDREWS I WANT THE GOSPEL TIDN-WHERE IS MY HUSBAND?

ANNOUNCER MORE QUIET ON THE PHONE - EXPLAIN WHY TRAINS ARE LATE WHEN I LIGHT THE NIGHT BALANCE UP MY ACCOUNTS AND AFTER FIFTY THE STONE PIA AWAY

YEAH BUT YOURS A MUCKY GUY

YEP NOTHING TO DO TILL TOMORROW

love my friend as I love my husband!" May I be brutal for just a moment? What you mean may be that you do not love your friend as you wish to own your husband. And you know that she would not stand for such ownership. And many men want to own their wives. "I will go if my husband will let me," said a woman a few days ago. I would have pitied her had I not heard her remark an hour earlier—"I will not let my husband join a club." I wondered how each prevented the other from doing

other of the things mentioned, but prudice prevented my asking. There is a law of love and there is a law of compulsion. If a husband or wife will not follow the first, one should be ashamed to enforce the second. When two persons love truly they wish to please each other. I acknowledge all that, but to please need not imply resigning ideal and principles—or should not mean that. If friendship as well as love exists between husband and wife, each will respect and consider the other's views

A Merry Wedding Feast

By WINIFRED BLACK.

A woman died in New York the other day and left \$300 for the care of her favorite pony.

Also she left \$1200 to the physician who looked after her last illness.

The physician sent back the money—or refused to receive it—and now it will go to the brother of the woman who died, as he is the next heir.

I'd like to see that doctor—wouldn't you? I wonder what sort of a looking man he is. There must be something about him different from ordinary men.

Twelve thousand dollars! What a trip to Europe that might have meant, a stunning automobile, even a college course for a favorite son. But he didn't want it—wouldn't have it. That doctor is the first really rich man I've heard about in years, except one that I met the other day over in the tenement district.

The one I met in the tenement district is an Italian; he's 30 years old; he was married the other night, and I went to the wedding. I wouldn't have missed it for anything on earth.

Such a pretty bride, such eyes, aglow with the smile of Italy, such blushes, such braids of night black hair, and such plump little hands and round little little ankles.

Such a groom! So handsome; his nose hooked a bit too much, perhaps, but what a pair of flashing eyes, what teeth, every one of them as sound as a hickory nut and as white as polished ivory; what

and each will allow the other to possess them in place. So I would say to my correspondent whose letter I have quoted, that if, when she goes to church or anywhere with her husband voluntarily accompanies her because she would like him to go or because it makes her happy to have him do so, well and good. She may thank God and take courage. But if he does not want to go, and only goes to prevent a quarrel, she would do well to beg him to stay at home.

And the woman who was with the sighted and looked very sad, and I know she was composing sentences for her next essay on the "Problem of the Tenements" which she has promised to read at the Settlement House at the very next meeting of philanthropists.

Just foolish children! Well, I suppose they are, but I looked at the careworn face of my friend who sighed over it, and I thought of her little wisp of a dried-up mother, who never really laughed out loud in her life, and of her solemn father, with the lines of money grubbing bitten into his face as if by acid, and somehow I found myself feeling sorry for her and her kind of people, instead of for the groom and the bride who laughed their impetuous hours away, and their friends and families.

Whatever else comes to that little bride, whatever happens to that groom, this one time of joy and careless happiness they've had; and nothing, not all the sermons in the world, can take the memory of it away from them.

Poor little settlement worker, she's so good and so honest and so painstaking; and, yet, has she ever in all her life had one hour of real joy of living?

I wish that doctor who refused to take the \$1200 in New York had been at that wedding. I believe he would have enjoyed it to the very core of his heart.

Circulation of Oratory.

On one occasion Senator Tillman was so much pleased with a speech he made that he printed it in pamphlet form. "I congratulate you," Senator Bailey said, a few days after, "on that speech, which you have circulated as a pamphlet. I happened to see one this morning, and it contained some of the best things I have ever seen in any pamphlet on that subject."

"I am very proud to hear you say so," said Tillman, much gratified. "What were the things that pleased you so much?"

"Why," explained Bailey, "as I passed the Senate restaurant this morning I saw a girl come out into the corridor with two cherry pies wrapped up in it."

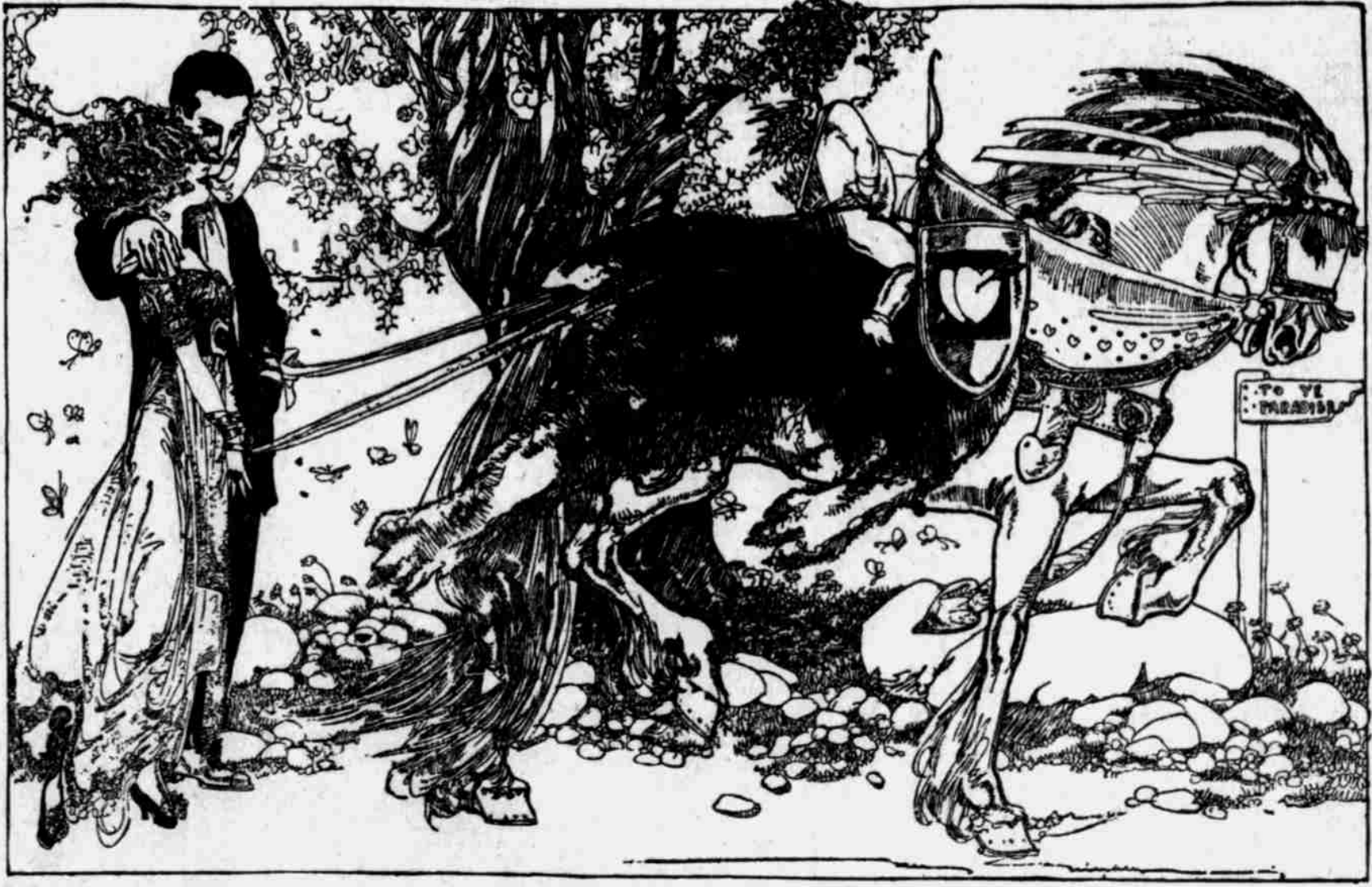
Pointed Paragraphs.

One kiss at leisure may be worth a dozen in haste. Isn't it queer that only sensible people ever agree with you? Soon after marriage a girl's brain ceases to be a dream factory. A bad citizen is one whose room is preferable to his company. So many queer things happen nowadays that miracles are considered a back number.

Just so a man makes love to her, a woman may not care whether he means it or not. When the photographer tells you to look pleasant it is up to you to engage your face. It isn't the proper thing for a girl to practice on a vocal range while her poor old mother practices on a cooking range.

—Chicago News.

The Adventures of Cupid :- Drawn by Nell Brinkley



By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.
Soft is the breath of a maiden's yes. Not the light gossamer stirs with less, But never a cable that holds so fast. Through all the battles of wave and blast. Oliver Wendell Holmes.

The Royal Road to Love
Having reached the maid's heart and made her his most humble servant, Cupid mounts a royal steed, and with his two captives bound by "the gossamer of a maiden's yes," drags them off to ye paradise.

Would you accompany them? There is hard traveling ahead. The roads are steep and rough. There are briars to tear and wound. Jealous leers from the next turn in the road, waiting to begin his torture. Doubts assemble along the way. Sometimes dissensions attend, and often faith lags behind. But so long as the little god Love leads, the prisoners

Ab, who so bold, who is so sly as that little boy Cupid? In his first adventure, told in picture by Miss Nell Brinkley on The Bee's Home Magazine Page, he starts out on weak and wobbly legs with a message of love from the man's heart to the woman's.

would not be released if they could, and could not if they would. For love is the strangest of all paradoxes, and those who follow it are happiest when they are most miserable. The bruises, the pains, the torments, the thirst that is never quenched, the hunger that is never satisfied, the heart that aches for that which it seeks, and aches when it gets it; all these attendants on the road to love are what make it royal. The destination, paradise, may be uncertain, but it is paradise all the way. "For love is heaven and heaven is love."

ARTIFICIAL WIND IN MUSIC

The players of reed instruments are at a severe disadvantage compared with other members of the orchestra. Their performance requires a considerable effort of the breathing organs, which often becomes, especially in the case of older players, a hardship. As a matter of fact no player of a wind instrument can possibly practice as much as players of other instruments. It is quite impossible, also, to give an indefinitely sustained note. This has been rather severely felt in the composition of chamber music, especially, in which reed instruments cannot be very successfully employed. A new apparatus, the work of a German inventor, Court Musician Bernard Samuels removes all these difficulties. It consists of a tube ending in a mouthpiece, and connected with a foot bellows, which serves to carry air from the bellows to the player's mouth.

The player can take breath at will while performing, with the same ease as if he were not playing at all. Whenever he wishes to take breath, he simply draws an additional supply of air from the bellows. Thus it is possible to produce an indefinitely sustained note or a succession of notes without difficulty. The bellows is provided with a check valve to prevent air from the lungs from being blown into the bellows. In normal position the bellows is placed near the player's chair and worked by the foot. The air is driven from the bellows through the tube into the cavity of the mouth and is dispatched from there into the instrument in the same way as air from the lungs. It might be thought that the effect of blowing air into the mouth would be to inflate the lungs, but as a matter of fact this is not the case, owing to the closure of the glottis in the act of blowing.

It hardly needs to be pointed out that a number of hitherto impossible musical effects can be produced in this manner. Many a passage in Wagner's and other operas, which hitherto could be played only by extreme effort, is now rendered without trouble. It is said that the apparatus produces its effect without any undesirable secondary results.—Scientific American.