

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

What Love Stories Are Made Of

These and a Thousand Other Types Dwell in the Realms of Romance, but ONE MAN Would Do for All Fiction. Copyright, 1912, National News Association.

Drawn for The Bee by Nell Brinkley



The Peasant Girl, always loved by a duke.

The Stenographer Society Girl.

The Athlete.

The Simple Little Country Girl.

The Mysterious Creature.

The Untamed Mountain Girl.

The Heroine of the Orient.

The Bathing Girl.

The Modern Little Broadwayite.

The Longest of Days

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

"What! Keep a week away? Seven days and nights? Eighty-eight hours? And I'm absent hours?"

I am in receipt of the following letter: "I have been keeping steady company about five months. When we first met, he came three nights a week. About three weeks ago we had an argument about how many nights a young man should call to see his lady friend. He claims Wednesday and Sundays are the proper nights. But I think different. How many nights, and what nights are proper?—A Patient Girl."

"My dear girl, Love recognizes no calendar nor timepiece. When those who love are together, the clocks fairly rend their mechanism in making their hands fly. When those who love are apart, the small is no longer the emblem for the slowest traveler. It is the hand of the clock."

The wisest clockmaker never made a timepiece that was satisfactory to those who love. The wise men of old mercifully divided the month into four weeks, and the weeks into seven days, were not considering the rights of the lover in the division.

Had they remembered the long, long days that intervene between the stated periods for a lover's calls, there would have been two Sundays in a week.

For, my dear girl, your lover is right in demanding Sunday evening as his.

From time immemorial this has been a day set apart for lovers. It is a day of exaltation and peace for the devout, and in a way that is not less glorifying it is a day of exaltation and joy to those in love.

It is the day when something intangible gets in the blood of those who love and makes them confuse earthly worship with the divine. And it is my honest opinion that they are none the worse for this confusing of loves, and that the Great Spirit that made them and ordained the manner of living and loving absolves them of any sacrilegious motives.

Two evenings a week are not too many. If, he is a working man, and sometimes has other demands made on his time, it is probably a mistake to expect as he can well spare.

You owe many evenings to your parents. I wonder some times if girls in their pursuit of amusement and company of their own age realize the loneliness of their parents' evenings after evenings?

They want the young folks to have a good time, and when they are made to feel that this good time consists in being away from them their tragedy of parenthood begins.

Arrange to spend a number of evenings every week with your parents, and with them alone. Don't demand as a reward for staying at home that you have some

need you and want you. Give them a little more of your time, and, if it would make them happier, give them some of the time demanded by your lover. The hours are long when you are away from him, I grant, but the best way to make them shorter does not lie in gazing at the moon. It lies in being a helpful and happy daughter, in raising yourself to the plane on which your parents stand.

In this way, and in this way alone, they get a better understanding of your longings, your little troubles, your little ambitions. It is an exchanging of sympathetic understanding, without which no girl can be a success as a daughter, or as a wife.

Hundreds of cases of homes broken up by the absence of love have found their way into the court of domestic relations, but the other day was the first time Judge Goodnow was asked to decide a case in which too much affection had caused a husband to flee in terror.

John Reckinger, a grain dealer, living at 4307 Oakland boulevard, Chicago, was compelled to leave home because his wife loved him too well. He didn't object to being loved, but he wanted a few minutes spare time in which to eat, sleep and earn a living. Mrs. Reckinger, on the other hand, loved her spouse so much that she couldn't bear him out of her sight.

She followed him like a shadow. When Reckinger was at work his wife would suddenly bob up and shower him with affection. When he least expected it he would be encompassed by her arms and a smacking kiss would resound on his cheek. On the street, in street cars, no matter where Reckinger went, he could not escape the love of his wife, so he finally left home.

When arraigned on the charge of contributing to the delinquency of his two children Reckinger asserted that he was willing to support his wife and family and even live with them, but that his wife's infatuation for him made it impossible for him to do either.

"But, judge," exclaimed Mrs. Reckinger, clinging affectionately to her husband's arm. "I want my husband. Judge you don't know how I love that man. I don't want him to leave me for a minute. I couldn't stand it if he did."

"I cannot force any husband to live with his wife," said the court. "This seems to be a difficult situation. No wife ought to interfere with her husband's business by following him around. On the other hand, a husband ought to jolly his wife as much as possible."

Reckinger was then ordered to pay his wife \$30 a month and the couple left the room with Mrs. Reckinger still clinging fondly to her husband.

"Whew," whistled Judge Goodnow. "That's the worst problem I've tackled for some time."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Married Life the Third Year

Warren Leaves Some Papers in the Suit He Sends to Be Pressed.

By MABEL HERBERT URNER.

They had gotten up late that morning, and everything seemed to go wrong. Warren was more irritable than he had been since his return from the west.

In raising a blind, it had slipped from his hand and flew up around the roller. And when he tried to jerk it down, the roller came too, bringing with it a lot of dust. Fortunately Helen was in another room and did not hear his emphatic comments.

Then it did not add to his amiability to have a shoe string break as he hurriedly laced up his shoes. And when he started to put on a collar and found it rough and frayed on the edge—with a rasping oath he tore it across and threw it on the floor.

"How many times have I told you not to put any frayed collars in this drawer?" he demanded as Helen came in. "Oh, did you find a frayed one? I thought I went over them all before they were put away."

"Well, the time to go over them is before you send them to the laundry. What's the use of paying 25 cents to have a collar laundered and then tear it up? Now here," hurriedly going through the pockets of a suit and throwing it on a chair, "this is to be pressed. I'll stop at the tailor's on my way to the car. And that light gray, overcoat needs pressing—you'd better give him that."

When he hurried away after a hasty breakfast, Helen was conscious of things had gone worse than on any morning since his return. She felt guilty at fault about the collar; she knew nothing irritated him more than to get one that was frayed.

Always Helen had striven to have his clothes in order. Even though she had to neglect her own and Winifred's, she never put his laundry away without first seeing that there were no torn button-holes and no buttons off. At least that cause for irritation she could prevent.

It was just 12 o'clock when the phone rang. It was Warren—and his voice was plainly hurried and anxious. "Has the man come for that suit yet?" "Why, yes, dear," wondering. "How long ago?" "Why, about—Oh, soon after you left."

"Might have known it—just my luck. Left a bill book with some papers and about \$20 in that coat." "Oh!" Helen gasped. "Now you get on your things and so down there as quick as you can. Say you made a mistake—that you sent the wrong suit. Get it back before he presses it—if he's not already done it. And call me up as soon as you get back."

It took Helen only a few moments to put on her hat and slip on a long coat over her house gown. She almost ran the two blocks to the dingy little tailoring shop. On an "A" shaped board before the door was the usual sign of:

Suits spanged and pressed..... 5c
Pants..... 10c
Ladies' suits..... 75c
Inside was an unpleasant odor of damp cloth. The tailor, a small swarthy foreigner, was pressing a pair of pants from which a faint steam arose as he dampened them with a sponge.

The man shook his head. "Nothin' in pockets." "Oh, but Mr. Curtis was quite sure that he left a billbook." "Nothin' in pockets," stolidly, as he clumsily wrapped the suit in a newspaper.

Not knowing what else to do, Helen took the awkward bundle and hurried home. There she searched every pocket, but they were empty except for a subway ticket and a tobacco stamp. Then she called up Warren.

"Thought so," when she told him. "I'll see him on the way home. He'll find he can't get away with this as easy as he thinks." "But Warren, he didn't look guilty or self-conscious. He seemed very natural." "Oh, he's shrewd enough to hoodwink you. You didn't think he'd give himself away, did you?"

"But, dear, are you sure you left it in that coat? Have you looked everywhere else?" "Of course I'm sure. Because you're always forgetting where you put things—don't think I am. I'll settle with that man tonight."

It was almost 5 when he came home. In a glance Helen saw that he had not recovered the bill book. "Did you go to the tailor's?" she asked cautiously. "Yes," curtly.

"She knew Warren always hated to be questioned, that he always wanted to wait and tell things in his own time. But now she could not refrain from asking: "What did he say, dear?" "What did he say?" irritably. "Said there was nothing in the pockets, of course. But he looked guilty as the devil. He'll find he can't put across any monkey business with me. I told him if he didn't hand over that bill book by 9 o'clock tomorrow morning I'd have the officers there. And by George I will."

"But, dear," hesitatingly. "I don't think he looked guilty." "Hub, what do you know about it? He could fool you without half trying. He put up a pretty good bluff with me, but I could see through him all right. I can always tell when a man's guilty. Never been wrong on that yet. And this man—huh, it's a cinch. I had him stumped up before I'd been in that shop two minutes. He'll hand over that bill book in the morning—don't you lose any sleep about that."

Late that evening as Helen folded up the counterpane she turned down the bedclothes for the night, she happened to move back the chair on which Warren had thrown his suit that morning. And there on the floor was the bill book. "Oh, Warren, Warren," joyously, as she ran eagerly into the front room. "Look, dear, here it is!"

He turned sharply. But there was no answering joy in his face. "Where did you find it?" he demanded. "Under the chair on which you laid the suit this morning."

"Suppose it never occurred to you to look there before?" sarcastically. "Why, Warren, you said you were sure—" and then, as she saw the gathering scowl on his face, she stopped.

She had lived with Warren long enough to know that one of the things that made him most furious was to be proven in the wrong. And she stood there with the billbook in her hand, that he would rather have lost it than to have her find it in this way.

positive, hate to admit that they were wrong—but Warren never admitted it. And it always threw him into a rage if any one tried to prove him wrong, or even let him know that they thought he was—whatever the fact might be.

And now Helen with quick tact said laughingly: "Well, dear, you are right; the billbook was in your coat pocket—and it must have fallen out when I went to give it to the tailor."

His positive assertions of the tailor's guilt she could only ignore, but she went on lightly as though she had not entirely forgotten it. "It was so stupid of me not to see that today. And Della swept in there too—that proves she never moves things. You know, dear, in some ways Della is getting very careless. If she doesn't do better I shall have to speak to her. She really must dust more carefully than she has in the last few weeks."

And Helen tactfully averted the threatened storm.

THE ELIXIR OF YOUTH

By JAMES RAVENSCROFT.

Simpson's limbs are getting shaky, As an older person's will, And their joints are often shy, And inclined to stiffness—Still, When the home team makes a homer He hops up and swings his lid, And to refer to him as "kid,"



For he executes a hoe-down And he hugs himself with joy, He's all there at such a show-down, Just as active as a boy.

Simpson's voice has quite a quaver, Which he vainly tries to cut From his language, which is graver When he's doing business—But When the ump's make a decision Detrimental to his team, Then in tones of wild derision He emits a vocal strain That's as robust as appealing, That's as lusty-lunged as bold; But when it comes to hawking Out the umpire, he's not old.

Also falling seeing powers Sometimes make him fume and fret During long and tedious hours At his office desk—And yet, From the last row in the grand-stand Down to second he can see



If the runner beats the ball-hand And is safe, or ought to be, Nor can yet any pitcher eyes Get the nearest near-by strike by; He may beat the ump, but never Simpson's fifty fan-power eye.

Fast is, Simpson is another Sore when living through a game; Scarcely would his wife or mother Recognize him for the same. Waxing years and work and worries Slip delightfully away When he leaves the grind and hurries To the diamond land of play, Where a romping, red blood boy-part Changes places with the man. Ah, the always bubbling boy-heart Lives forever in a Fan!

Back to the Farm

By ELBERT HUBBARD.

B. F. Harris is president of the Illinois Bankers' association. Mr. Harris is also a farmer, and being a man of common sense, knows perfectly well that bankers can only do a safe and sound business where the farmers are prosperous.

Mr. Harris is the inventor and innovator of farm demonstration by the aid of experts. The plan provides for the employment of field demonstrators, who go among the farmers in each vicinity and discuss the farmer's particular problem with the farmer and his family. This expert lives with the farmers, eats with them, works with them.

The federal government has plans of giving advice to farmers, and in certain instances lecturers are sent out and stereotyped views supplied.

It seems that the Farmers' club in Champaign, Ill., applied for the services of one of the government's experts. The man was a little slow in getting around, and so these Illinois farmers, with the help of Mr. Harris, just went ahead and hired a young man from the state agricultural college to go out and instruct, inspire and encourage their farmers.

This young man was born on a farm, attended the little red school house, then had gone to college and studied the farm problem from every possible aspect. Further than this, he owned a farm. He was able to animate others and he believed in his mission.

So they hired this youngster and he went from farm to farm and opened up his magnet. It was found that in every vicinity there were farmers anxious to

get the skilled advice and counsel of this able outsider. And so the good work was continued and this man and others were hired at a fixed salary, clear beyond what any bank cashier receives.

It has been found that this reconstruction farm movement, with the aid of experts, has given a tremendous stimulus to the business of the farmer wherever it has been employed. It tends to increase land values, brings the farmers together, makes them think, supplies them friendship, inspiration, encouragement, consolation.

This is all apart of the great move of "Back to the Farm." It will result in agriculture being taught in every public school, and eventually in every county of every state of the union there will be agricultural high schools.

Mr. Harris believes that the farmer, of all men, should be happy, prosperous and intelligent. The trouble in the past has been that the farmer has lived alone; that he has been isolated from his kind; that he has felt the pressure of economic needs, and much of the time he has been able to hear the mortgage gnaw night and day.

Now things are changing. The farmer is interested in government questions. He is absorbed in many themes outside of his own particular work. He has a broader outlook and a bigger hope and a firmer faith than ever before in history.

One great and important betterment which will grow out of this "Back to the Farm" agitation is the matter of good roads. When the farmers co-operate with the bankers and owners of automobiles come in and join hands with both, then this matter of good roads will not remain a mere question of theory. The good roads will come.

Political plans, beautiful and beneficent, that contemplate turning water into wine, kerosene into oyster soup, and boulders into bread by use of the ballot, or the red flag, will all fail.

It is work and only work that counts.—(Copyright, 1912, International News Service.)



May Astronomical Happenings.

This is a quiet month in the heavens. The days are continuing to get rapidly longer from thirteen hours and fifty-two minutes on the first to fourteen hours and twenty-four minutes on the 15th, and fourteen hours and fifty-six minutes on the 31st. The sun enters the twins on the 25th. It rises on the 1st at 5:25, and on the 15th at 5:38, and on the 31st at 6:00. The sun is between two and one-half and three and three-quarters minutes fast throughout the month. Noon occurs on the 1st and 15th at 12:12, and on the 31st at 12:23.



MOON IN FIRST QUARTER. Jupiter on the 26 and 29th, and with Mars on the 29th. WILLIAM F. RIGGE, Omaha, Neb.