The Bee's Home Magazine Page

SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT

The Judge Seeks a House for the Summer

Drawn for The Bee by Tad

The Pitiful Strcggle Between the Husband's Mother and His Wife for His Undivided Love--Heaven Help Both

By VIRGINIA TERHUNE VAN DE WATER.

Heaven help her! That was the thought that came uppermost to my mind when I wrote this title. Some readers may add: "And heaven help her daughter-in-law!" To which I say "Amen!" but not as fervently as to my own petition.

I fancy there are few relations more strained than those that exist between a mother-in-law and daughter-in-law. I do not except those of the mother-in-law and son-in-law. In the latter case the daughter, if she be worthy of the name, will not cut off entirely from her mother, although her husband and her parent may not get on very well together. For a woman holds fast to her own family, even when she sympathizes with her husband and loves him. In her case blood is certainly thicker than water, and she seldom gives up her own kinfolk, no matter how uncongenial they and her husband may be.

Not so with the man. When he marries he goes over to his wife's family. The "going over" may be gradual, but it is sure. Each year lessens the influence that his own people have over him if his wife wishes to lessen it. When the influence of the husband's mother is strong, the wife—unless she be a very large-hearted, broad-minded, honorable woman—resents it. I suspect that at the bottom of this resentment is sex-jealousy. The man is hers, and with the instinct of sex she rebels against seeing him under the sway of any other woman. On the other hand the sex-jealousy is quite as strong in the mother herself. The man is her son, she brought him into the world, she trained him, she made him what he is, and her heart swells with pride as she looks at him. No wonder she thinks that his wife loves him! He is all that a man should be, and has been her boy, her darling, her blessing and comfort! She determines for his sake to love the wife that he has chosen.

It seems easy at first, when the girl is untried to the new conditions, and when there has been no reason for conflict of wills. But when the wife begins to feel jealous of her liege lord's frequent absences from home and his presence at his mother's house, when she finds that the son and mother still have sweet confidences together, she becomes resentful. She does not know that she is jealous, and would deny it positively if she were told the truth. But she thinks that she is "lonely" and (this is a favorite excuse) that Jack's mother never will love her! She tells Jack so. Whereupon Jack demands angrily—remember he is a new and rapturous bridegroom still—what his mother has said to his dear little sweetheart to make her think that? Then his "sweetheart" acknowledges that it is not what his mother has actually said or done that has hurt her, but what she has left undone. "She hardly ever asks me to accompany you when you go to see her," she reminds him. If she sheds a few tears when she says it the effect is much more fetching. "I know that she doesn't care for men and that she resents your love for me," she moans. And the poor man, harried and distressed, will suffer less if he believes his wife's complaints than if he continues to be his mother's intimate confidante.

The result is only what might have been expected. The husband goes less often to see his mother, and when he does go insists that his wife accompany him, and the mother, noticing the change in his manner and remembering what her boy was before his marriage, lays the fault at the door of her daughter-in-law, and says, "He was a devoted son until he was married!" Then jealousy on the mother's part asserts itself and she suffers intensely. What wonder that she finds it impossible to love the woman who is, she feels, the cause of her loss of her boy? As feeling is infectious, the mental attitude of the mother-in-law affects the daughter-in-law and vice versa.

It is all a sad, bad condition of affairs, so pitiful as to be almost tragic. The chief sufferer is the elderly woman. Her son has his wife and his new home; the daughter-in-law has the husband who, muses the mother, is lovable enough and good enough to satisfy any woman, while she, the boy's mother, is left in her home without him, with the sad conviction that as years pass his wife will lead him more surely from her who bore him.

I acknowledge that the mother-in-law is not perfect, and that there are times when she is a very exasperating piece of humanity. Nevertheless I lay most of the blame for the existing condition of affairs at the door of the young wife. Can she not be more generous, can she not be forgiving, cannot she look forward to the time when she, too, may have to see a son seek and find happiness in another woman, a woman whom she may long to have love her as a daughter might? Why may she not behave to her husband's mother as she would have her son's wife to behave to her.

Or suppose she has no children of her own, yet surely she must have some pity for old age. She could make her husband's mother fond of her if she would try to do so. The elderly woman may be suspicious, she may be a bit censorious, but it must be a very hard and bitter heart that gentle consideration cannot melt. I believe that in a vast majority of the cases of unhappiness between men's wives and mothers the weight of the responsibility for the misery may be laid upon the wife. She has all to gain and little to lose. The mother who loses her son loses one of the chief joys of her life.

"If I would know what kind of a wife a man has, I observe how she treats his mother," said a sage student of human nature.

Yes, if a man who has been a good son before marriage neglects his mother, the fault is usually with the wife. She may not be able to love her mother-in-law, but she can, at least, insist that her husband shall show his mother the same love that he showed her before he married. If she was worthy of that love when he was a bachelor, she is none the less worthy of it because he has taken unto himself a wife.

Dabbydils

OAT ABAR SAYS THE BEST THING ABOUT THE ENGLISH IS THE IRISH.

THERE HE STOOD LOOKING OUT OVER THE PRAIRIE WATCHING FOR MADGE HIS LITTLE COW-GIRL THE SUN WAS SETTING AND SOUPBONE SAM - FOR THAT WAS HIS MONICKER - WAS SAD AND LONESOME - NOT EVEN A NEWSBOY WAS IN SIGHT. HE SAT DOWN ON A MELLOW ROCK AND TWISTED HIS GOLDEN LOCKS - THEN THERE CAME A LOW MOAN. HE LISTENED A VOICE GURGLED.

COULD A BLIND MAN FALL IN LOVE ON FIRST SIGHT?

DROP THAT WHEELBARROW WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT MACHINERY?

CHARLEY GLICK THE UNSHAVEN SON OF REST WHILE STROLLING ALONG THE R.R. TRACKS WAS NUDGED ON THE BEAN BY THE CANNON BALL EXPRESS - RETRENTING TO A BUSH HALF MILE AWAY MR GLICK COMMENCED TO PULL HIMSELF TOGETHER. HE FELT AS THOUGH HE WAS STUFFED WITH STARS. HE OPENED THE ONE LAMP THAT WOULD AND THERE DIRECTLY IN FRONT OF HIM HE ILLUMED A SIGN WHICH SAID.

IF A SHRUB IS A BUSH IS GEDMETRY?

I HEARD DIFFERENT.

MINNA THOUGHT HER GUSTAVE WAS GONE BECAUSE SAID LOVER HAD NOT WRITTEN IN NEARLY A MONTH. ONE DAY A LETTER CAME. IT WAS ONLY A LOVE. BUT IT WAS FROM GUSTAVE OCH!! IT WAS IN SHORTHAND AND MINNA WAS A BOOB AT THAT STUFF. SHE RUSHED OVER TO THE REPORTERS TABLE IN THE COURTROOM AND ASKED THE MAN WHAT IT SAID. HE ADJUSTED HIS CHEATERS AND TOOK A SLANT AT IT. THEN HE READ. IF A LADY FALLS ON A SLIPPERY PAVEMENT WILL THE STREET CLEANER?

HOW ARE YOU FIXED FOR THE SUMMER?

HAHA I'M A HORSE TRAINER NOW JUMPING TO ANY PLACE THEY RACE IN. I GET UP AT 3 A.M. PACK THE SKATES HOOFS BANDAGE HIS ANKLES AND RUB HIM DOWN.

AT 4:30 I GRAB A CUP OF JAVA THEN GIVE HIM A MORNING JOG. THEN SHAKE UP THE BEDDING, THEN WIRE 500 FRIENDS THAT THE HORSE IS A PIPE. AT 1 P.M. I TELL THE JOCK THE DOPE AND FIFTY THINGS.

FOR THE GETAWAY. AT 3 AFTER THE RACE I WRITE 500 PERSONAL LETTERS TELLING WHY WE LOST. THEN I RUB THE NAG DOWN, SEE THE BOYS BUY SOME DOPE AND AT 12 P.M. THE REST OF THE TIME IS MINE.

GEE YOU'RE A LUCKY GUY

YEP: NOTHIN TO DO TILL TOMORROW

Among All the Perils of the Deep None is So Unconquerable as the Ireberg.

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

The terrible fate of the Titanic has called attention, as it was never called before, to the awful menace of the icebers that sail the Atlantic main, the merciless, voiceless, spectral pirates of the sea.

Those that threaten the Atlantic liners nearly all have their own home ports—which they never see after their launching—among the fiords of western Greenland. The shipyards in which they are built are the vast glacier streams of that strange, frozen continent, which is buried from shore to shore under a sheet of solid ice that must, in many places, attain a depth of a mile or more. From the lofty central plateau the glaciers flow toward the sea on all sides, moving as they near the east, from fifty to 100 feet per day. Where they meet the sea they are sometimes from 1,000 to 2,000 feet deep. Huge masses are broken off by the action of the waves and then they float away, towering up, sometimes to a height of 200 feet, but with eight-ninths of their mass sunken beneath the water. The total tonnage of the Greenland's icy fleet, annually launched into the sea has been calculated at not less than a thousand millions tons.

Many single monsters belonging to this fleet no doubt weigh a million tons. All the battleships of the world combined could not successfully contend with one of these white Dreadnoughts, which gleam in the moonlight or loom through a fog with ghostly lights and spars of tottering ice. Among all the perils of the deep, none is so dreadful, so unconquerable, so absolutely unapproachable as a great iceberg. If all its upper part could be shot away the berg would simply rise mysteriously out of the depths and be as formidable as before. Sometimes thousands of tons of ice are discharged from the sides of the melting berg, but it only shakes itself or rolls over, churning the ocean to foam, and there it towers again, more fearful, perhaps, than at first.

The only way in which the peril of the icebergs could be removed would be by destroying the ice sheets of Greenland. As the bergs are launched from the western coast they are caught in the Labrador current, flowing southward along the American shore on the landward side of the gulf stream—whence the Labrador current is often called "the cold wall"—and then they begin their career of menace and destruction by steering directly across the lanes followed by the ocean liners on their shortest and quickest way to northern Europe. Every mariner who enters that part of the ocean in the season when the frozen fleet from Greenland sets out, knows well the kind of danger he has to face. Those who are cautious keep away from it—those who are seeking a "record" sometimes take the chance and brave the danger.

Once launched there is no way in which man can destroy an iceberg; only the slow action of the sunshine and the sea can do that. It cannot be blown up, it cannot be broken to pieces, it cannot be steered into another course, it cannot even be approached with safety. Its immense frozen mass chills the air and the water, and in this way the thermometer may reveal its presence even when it has concealed itself from sight behind the curtain of mist and cloud created by its own cold breath. Icebergs often cruise in company, and a ship may find itself suddenly involved in a whole fleet of them, some with towering "fighting-tops," and some running almost entirely submerged, like a flotilla of monstrous submarines. Some of the reports indicate that the Titanic went down in the midst of such a squadron, that was widely scattered over hundreds of square miles.

There is no regularity in the setting out of Greenland's destroyers. In some seasons the icy cruisers are relatively few and small; in other seasons they come flocking down by thousands. Reports from ships furnish practically the only source of warning to mariners. If it were practicable to establish observing stations in the north, more effective warning might be given.

Greenland is a mystery. The existence of so vast a mass of land, completely buried in ice, at so great a distance from the pole, is unparelleled. It is not only by its annual fleet of icebergs that Greenland interferes with the affairs of happier and sunnier lands, for it is probable that the relative coldness of the eastern part of America is largely due to the icy presence of Greenland. Remove it or strip it of its frozen burden, and a rise of several degrees in the mean temperature of this part of the world would, most likely, be experienced. There is evidence that Greenland has not always been buried by an ice sheet, but we do not know through precisely what convulsion of nature its once congenial climate was lost.

We have to accept these things as they are. We know that the ice king who now rules Greenland will continue annually until a new geologic age begins to launch his terrible fleet, and the only wise course is to steer clear of it; or, if we will face its dangers, then to be prepared with the means of saving every life that our foolhardiness endangers. When a faster ship is built it ought to be the boast of its owners, "We can now take you across the sea, by a safe route, in the same time that the other ships require in running the gauntlet of the icebergs."

Heirlooms.

"And is this an heirloom, too?" asked the visitor, picking up a brick that lay on the center table.

"Yes," said the lady of the house. "That is the brick my mother threw at the prime minister."

"Ah, indeed, how very interesting," said the visitor. "And whose portrait is that on the wall?"

"That is my mother herself," said the lady.

"I see," said the visitor. "The power behind the throne, as it were."—Harper's Weekly.

A Bachelor's Reflections.

It's the man who has a big balance who seems to hate to draw a check.

The only man who is a good husband is the one whose wife knows how to manage him.

It's very unmaidenly of a girl to let a man kiss her against her will with such a loud smack folk can hear it in the next room.

Maybe when the woman vote they'll have just as hard a time making their husband go to the polls with them as they now do to teas.

Which would appear to indicate that he imagines chorus girl shows can be run without audiences.

Experience is very useful to a man to teach him is isn't any use to him, because it doesn't teach him anything.

The way a man thinks he shows how much more he knows in an argument than the other fellow is to get madder than he does.—New York Press.

The Manicure Lady

"There's no use talking George," said the Manicure Lady, "this here town has went baseball mad. I never seen any thing like it. There has been seven gents in here this morning to have their nails did, and all they can talk about is Matty and Marquard or some such firm. I don't know how much money Matty and Marquard has invested in baseball, George, but I don't think two people I never heard of is worth so much talk."

"You don't mean to tell me that you newever heard of Mathewson or Marquard?" asked the Head Barber.

"I might have heard of them," admitted the Malcure Lady. "I got a great memory for faces, George, but I am punk when it comes to remembering names. Faces is something that I never forget. I shall never forget brother Wilfred's face the night that he came home with one of his favorite poems, which had been refused. And I shall never forget the old gent's face when he came home after having an argument with a republican. You see, the old gent is kind of strong for Champ Clark, and there was some republican gent that said something about Champ Clark. Then father tied into that republican, and started to treating him something shameful until retribution had to come. Father's face looked kind of pensive after that argument, pensive like Hamburger steak.

But getting back to baseball, George, I think it is shameful the way brainy people keeps thinking about the pastime. The only customer I have had for a week that isn't all the time drooling about baseball is Archie Gunn, the artist, and he keeps up the average talk about cricket.

"Wilfred is clear off his head about baseball. He is writing a series of baseball poems for one of the leading magazines, and as soon as they come back from the editor I am going to show them to you. One of them I remember now, George, if you want to hear it."

"All right," said the Head Barber, resignedly, "shoot it."

"It goes something like this," said the Manicure Lady.

"What's the greatest game on earth?
Base ball!
What game proves its sterling worth?
Base ball!
Years may come and years may go,
Worlds may wabble to and fro,
But I toast one wondrous show!
Base ball!

"What made Honus Wagner great?
Base ball!
What brings fortunes through a gate?
Base ball!
When we all to heaven go,
If we don't go down below,
What will we all play? I know—
Base ball!

"I don't fancy the lines," said the candid Head Barber.

"You don't fancy nothing," asserted the Manicure Lady. "There ain't nothing refined or fancy about you, George, I'd rather talk to one of my orange sticks.

The Richest Man in the World

By Nell Brinkley

An armchair big enough for two, a pretty girl-wife snuggling close amid dream-clouds of smoke—what more could any man ask?

Good Things to Remember

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

There may be among the women and girls who read this column such a rush of necessities during the day that when night comes they are too tired to look for that in the books which will be of great help to them.

For such as these I have taken the privilege of getting together a few things that are good to remember.

The most interesting of modern novels, enthralling from beginning to end, contains not within all its pages put together as much of good as this from Epictetus:

"In a word, neither death, nor exile, nor pain, nor anything of this kind is the real cause of our doing or not doing any action, but our inward opinions and principles."

Said Cowper:

"An idler is a watch that wants both hands,
As useless if it goes as if it stands."

"He prayeth best," said Coleridge, "who loveth best all things both great and small."

And was there ever in any of the fiction which causes the reader to forget the cares that infest the day anything of as great worth as this:

In life's small things be resolute and great
To keep thy muscles trained: Know'st thou when Fate
Thy measure takes, or when she'll say to thee,
"I find thee worthy; do this deed for me?"

It was written by the much-loved Lowell. He also wrote:

"One thorn of experience is worth a whole field of warning," a saying seldom appreciated by those who have missed the thorn.

To go back to Epictetus:

"Let not another's disobedience to nature become an ill to you; for you were not born to be depressed and unhappy with others, but to be happy with them. And if any one is unhappy, remember that he is so for himself; for God made all men to enjoy felicity and peace."

There is a great deal in that. A good, long sermon for those who think it their duty to be solemn and long-faced because their friends are melancholy.

In all the "good things to remember," written by wise men since the world was young, there is none that equals those to be found in the oldest book of all:

"Though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing."

Another:

"Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report: If there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things."

Musings of an Old Sport.

Trouble always asks for terms when you resolutely ignore him.

Never a stranded ship—nor man—would float if the tide were not always turning.

We'd rather be flat broke and twenty-five than have a few measley bones tucked away in the bank at forty-one.

The fact that opportunity is always in a hurry doesn't cause her to become resentful when she is grabbed around the waist.

We have a parlous hard time of it trying to convince ourselves that we're "overworked," though that stuff is easy to get away with at home.—New York World.