

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT His Honor's Mind Was Filled With Flushes and Straights Drawn for The Bee by Tad

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Married Life the Third Year

Helen and Warren Spend Sunday in the Country With the Baldwins.

By MABEL HERBERT URNER.

"It's the next station now," said Warren, putting down his paper and glancing out of the car window.

"Oh, then it isn't so far? It's not more than fifty minutes, is it, dear?" asked Helen.

"Fifty-five minutes were to Helen sounds of the hack were to Helen sounds of the country.

There had been a heavy rain the night before which had badly washed out the roads, but left everything fresh and bright. And the air was filled with the pungent smell of earth that comes after a spring rain.

The Baldwins were out on the porch to greet them. Hardly had Helen stepped into the yard when a shaggy brown dog came leaping about her.

"Down, Max! Down! Oh, I'm afraid he's gotten you all muddy," apologized Mrs. Baldwin, as they made their way into the house. But Helen, who loved dogs, was patting the glossy head as he kept beside her.

It must be nice to live in the country," murmured Helen a little wistfully, looking out at the green fields.

"Baldwin wants us to take that cot-

tage just below theirs. It's cheap enough—they only ask \$200 for the whole summer. But living in the country when you have to come in every day is not what it's cracked up to be. Here this is the station now."

It could hardly be called a station; there was only a covered platform beside which stood a rig with a forlorn-looking horse.

"Can you take us up to Oakview—Mr. Baldwin's place?" asked Warren of the driver, who was dusting off the shabby seat, expectantly.

"Yes sir, yes sir," stepping aside for them to enter.

Baldwin had been gazing at the wretched looking horse. He was gaunt and bony, and hung his head in hopeless dejection. And there was a piece of soiled towelling on its shoulder under the harness, which spoke plainly of a sore beneath.

"Oh, dear, I won't ride behind that horse—I can't." Then, turning indignant to the driver: "How can you drive such a horse? He isn't strong enough to draw this hack—he looks half starved!"

"Oh, he's all right, ma'am; he just looks that way. He'll take you up there all right."

"Now, don't stop to fuss about the horse," interrupted Warren impatiently. "Can't expect prancing steed in a country hack-can you?"

"Warren, don't ask me to ride behind that horse. I'd rather walk. Look!" and as she leaned over she raised up the edge of the towelling, showing under it a raw, red sore. The horse's skin quivered as he felt the cloth being lifted, and he turned his head in pathetic inquiry.

"Oh, I say!" exclaimed Warren, who was in some ways very tender hearted. "That's outrageous! Here, to the driver, look at that sore. You know that horse isn't fit to be driven. Where's your stable?"

The man motioned sullenly down the road.

"Is it your stable—do you own this horse?" Warren persisted.

"No, sir; it's Bennington's stable," still more sullenly.

"You say it's down the road—how far down?"

"Bout half a mile."

"Very well, now you take me there," and Warren jumped into the rig. "You stay here, Helen. I'm going to see about this horse."

The man demurred, but quickly became subservient when Warren threatened him with arrest for driving such an animal.

And Helen waited contentedly on the platform knowing that when once Warren undertook a thing he put it through, and that he would not rest until he arranged to have that horse properly cared for.

It was a full half hour before he came back in the same hack with a boy driving, and with another and much better horse.

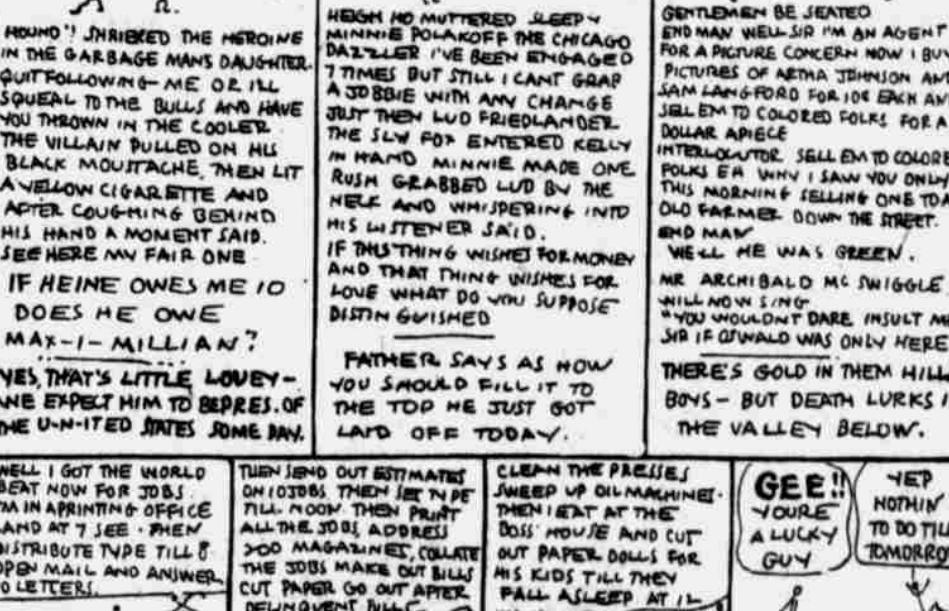
"It's all right," as he jumped out to help Helen in. "I've got that man thoroughly frightened. He'll not drive that horse in that condition again. I'll ask Baldwin to keep an eye on him. Joe, I'd like to string up a man who'd work a horse like that! Here, lift up your feet and let me tuck in this lap robe."

"If I'd thought that wretched old horse was standing here to be driven around it would have spoiled my stay. Oh, you are the dearest, kindest-hearted person in the world!"

"Tuck that robe in on your side," was Warren's only answer. "Can't you see it's hanging out there?"

They were going up a hill now and the sound of the horse's feet and the creak-

Daffydilos



The Silly Girl Who is in Love With a Married Man

By DOROTHY DIX.

I have a letter from a silly girl who writes:

"I am very much in love with a married man, who takes me out two or three times a week to diners and the theaters. This man swears that he worships me, but he says that he doesn't intend to get a divorce from his wife because it would injure his business."

"He is a doctor, and that he doesn't want to give up his children. But he says he loves me better than anything on earth. Do you think he loves me when he frankly tells me that there is no chance of my ever becoming his wife?"

Does a man love a girl when he is deliberately ruining her good name for his own selfish pleasure?

Does a man love a girl when he places her in a position that he would shoot any other man down like a dog if he pleased his own daughter or sister in?"

Does a man love a girl when he takes the best years of her life and gives her nothing for them but shame and regret?

Does a man love a girl when he wins her love, knowing that he cannot marry her, and that he is keeping her from losing some other man who could marry her, and who would give her a home and motherhood?

Any girl who asks if a married man,

who ruthlessly offers her up as a sacrifice to his passion; loves her as an inmate for an asylum; for the feeble-minded. She hasn't intelligence enough to be allowed out in public. She needs a guardian, or to be locked up somewhere in a padded cell until she can talk good long think, and estimate just what a love is worth—the love that brings her degradation, instead of honor.

Over and above the folly and sin, a girl commits by permitting herself to fall in love with a married man and accepting attention from him the folly of the thing appeals one. It shows such utter lack of intelligence to play a game in which the cards are stacked against you, and in which you are bound to lose out in the end. It brands one as such an easy mark to be lured into a game where one's opponent takes none of the risks.

For when a married man invades a girl into a love escapade he isn't even a square sport. She takes all the chancery he none. She gets all the blame, all the criticism, she loses reputation and character, and people look at her ashamed and about being such a devil of a fellow among the women. It's pretty unequalit!

And a woman's a mighty foolish, unsophisticated, soft kind of a mesh to fall for it, don't you think?"

How does the girl who has an affair with a married man figure out the situation? Where does she expect to come in? If she hopes to gain any advantage from it she must count on breaking up the man's home, and that is a cold-blooded piece of villainy that anybody short of a Lucretia Borgia might stop short of.

Certainly no girl with a married man's kiss on her lips dares to kneel down and whisper a prayer. She couldn't have the effrontery to ask God to bless her when she had been doing the best she could to bring sorrow on another woman's head, and rob a wife of the one dearest to her in life. Surely such a girl's dreams must be nightmares through which will the cries of the little children from whom she is trying to steal their father.

It is a evil house in which no woman lives happily or secure, that she builds on the wrecks of another woman's happiness that she has torn down. Yet it's a girl's planning such a home for herself when she abets a married man in being false to his wife, what is she doing? If she doesn't expect him to divorce his wife and marry her what future does she conjure up for herself?

She knows that she is deliberately putting herself off from marriage with any other man, because there is nothing that so betrays a girl's garments with more such an affair.

The girl may be really innocent of any actual wrong doing. She may have been more silly and sentimental than shrewish, but the mere fact that she received a married man's attentions when she knew that they were bound to compromise her in the eyes of the world, and that she was willing to run such a risk makes people invariably put the worst construction possible upon her acts.

Another way in which a girl's love affair within a married man is disastrous to her is that it almost always leaves her bankrupt in heart. She has given to him all the love, all the tenderness, all the faith and sweetness that were in her, and she has no more left. I have seen many such women, who develop into your disgruntled old maid. I have seen many other such women who married, and who were weary, bored, joyless wives, who gave a hard, cold duty to their husbands in return for the love that good men lavished upon them.

These women have broken their shabbes box at the feet of false gods, and they had nothing to offer up to the true gods of love.

I do not deny that there are real tragedies in which a married man, tied to a wife who is unworthy or unloving, and for whom he has no partisanship of affection, does sometimes meet a girl who is his real soul mate, and for whom he has an overwhelming love. But such a man, inspired by a real and honest love, would die before he would hurt the girl, or compromise her. His love can bring her nothing but sorrow, he goes away and leaves her.

The acid test of a man's love for a woman is whether it cherishes and protects her, or hurts her. Try that girl when a married man makes love to you, and you'll send him back to the home where he belongs.

Stocks are again very much worn, especially when combined with the new jabots. Sometimes these stocks are of velvet, while others are of lace or sheer.

The Adventures of Cupid

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By Nell Brinkley



He has his fortune told by a wandering gypsy.

Promised Land, he deserted them, and again ran away. He has found a wandering gypsy, and with every girl present interpreting his fortune as hers, he is having his fortune told.

Should the gypsy see a rosy future in that little glass ball she peers into with such mysterious eyes, every girl who hears will claim that future as her own.

"You will be loved and chased by women folk wherever you go," said the seer of romance.

"You will make many mistakes," continued the gypsy, and every woman who has been wounded agrees with a sweet sigh. But she cherishes the scar, knowing that "even his most venomous dart is better than a vacant heart."

"And you will never die!"

For with "Love extinguished, earth and heaven must fall."