

# 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



### 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 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 was a roomy, rambling country house. A real old-fashioned home that had not been spoiled by modern renovations or modern furnishings.

Dinner was served at once—a real country Sunday noonday dinner. Not since Helen had been out home had she had such delicious home-made preserves, pickles and braided peaches. After dinner Mrs. Baldwin took her down into the cellar and showed her all the fruit she put up last summer. It was packed closely on long shelves, and the glass jars were neatly labelled.

"It makes me almost envious," sighed Helen. "I've always wanted to live in the country."

"Why don't you try it this summer?" urged Mrs. Baldwin. "You know you place rent just below here. We should love to have you for neighbors. John has spoken about it several times to Mr. Curtis."

"Yes, I know, but I'm afraid it would be too hard on Warren to go in and out every day."

ing of the back 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.

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### Dabbydills

MR OTIS ABAR SAYS "A GENIUS IS A MAN WHO DOES THINGS THAT LAZY GUYS SAY IS IMPOSSIBLE TO DO"

ROUND! I SHRIEKED THE HEROINE IN THE GARBAGE MAN'S DAUGHTER. QUIT FOLLOWING—ME OR I'LL SQUEAL TO THE BULLS AND HAVE YOU THROWN IN THE COOLER. THE VILLAIN PULLED ON HIS BLACK MOUNTAIN, THEN LIT A YELLOW CIGARETTE, THEN LIT A YELLOW CIGARETTE AND AFTER COUGHING BEHIND HIS HAND A MOMENT SAID: SEE HERE MY FAIR ONE IF HEINE OWES ME 10 DOES HE OWE MAX—1 MILLIAN? YES THAT'S LITTLE LOVEY—WE EXPECT HIM TO BE PRES. OF THE UN-UNITED STATES SOME DAY.

HEARD NO MOTHER SLEEPY MINNIE POLAKOFF THE CHICAGO DAZZLER I'VE BEEN ENGAGED 7 TIMES BUT STILL I CAN'T GRAB A JOBBIE WITH ANY CHANGE BUT THEN LUD FRIEDLANDER THE SILV FOX ENTERED KELLY IN HAND MINNIE MADE ONE RUSH GRABBED LUD BY THE NECK AND WHISPERING INTO HIS LISTENER SAID: IF DUSTY THING WISHED FOR MONEY AND THAT THING WISHED FOR LOVE WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE DUSTY WISHED.

FATHER SAYS AS HOW YOU SHOULD FILL IT TO THE TOP HE JUST GOT LAID OFF TODAY.

GENTLEMEN BE SEATED AND MAN WELL-SIR I'M AN AGENT FOR A PICTURE CONCERN NOW I BUY PICTURES OF AETHIA JERHON AND SAM LANGFORD FOR 100 EACH AND JELLEM TO COLORED FOLKS FOR A DOLLAR APICE INTERLUQUITE. SELL EM TO COLORED FOLKS ER WHY I SAW YOU ONLY THIS MORNIN' SELLING ONE TO AN OLD FARMER. DOWN THE STREET. END MAY. WELL HE WAS GREEN. HE ARCHIBALD MC SWIGGLE WILL NOW SING "YOU WOULD DARE INSULT ME SIR IF GUNWALD WAS ONLY HERE. THERE'S GOLD IN THEM HILLS BOYS—BUT DEATH LURKS IN THE VALLEY BELOW.

WELL I GOT THE WORLD BEAT NOW FOR JOBS I'M IN A PRINTING OFFICE LAND AT 7 JEE - PHEN DISTRIBUTE TYPE TILL I OPEN MAIL AND ANSWER TO LETTERS.

THEN SEND OUT ESTIMATES ON 103888 THEN I'VE TIPPED TILL NOON THEN PRINT ALL THE JOBS, ADDRESS 300 MAGAZINE, COLLECT THE JOBS MAKE OUT BILLS CUT PAPER GO OUT AFTER DELINQUENT BILLS.

CLEAN THE PRESSES SWEEP UP OIL MACHINES THEN HEAT AT THE BOSS' HOUSE AND CUT OUT PAPER DOLLS FOR HIS KIDS TILL THEY FALL ASLEEP AT 11 I'M HOME.

GEE!! YOU'RE A LUCKY GUY

YEP NOTHIN' TO DO TILL TOMORROW

### 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 dinners 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 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 placed 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 loving some other man who could marry her, and who would give her a home and the natural joy of woman, wifehood and motherhood?

Any girl who asks if a married man,

who ruthlessly offers her up as a sacrifice to his passion, loves her is a fit 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 take a 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 the girl commits the crime of permitting herself to fall in love with a married man and accepting attention from him the "bloody" of the thing appalls me. It shows such a 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 inveigles a girl into a love escape he isn't even a square sport. She takes all the chances, he none. She gets all the blame all the criticism, she loses reputation and character, and people look at her with scorn. They jolly him about his new conquest, and about being such a devil of a fellow among the women. It's pretty ungenerous isn't it?

And a woman's a mighty foolish, silly sophisticated, soft kind of a mush 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 shudders over. A Lucretia Borgie might stop short of such a thing. Certainly no girl with a married man on her lips dares to kneel down and whisper a prayer. She couldn't have when she had been doing the best she could to bring sorrow on another woman's head, and rob a wife of the one dearer to her in life. Surely such a girl's dreams must be nightmares through which wall 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 home that she has torn down. Yet if a girl isn't planning such a home for herself when she abets a married man in being false to his wife, what is she doing? 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 bespatters a girl's garments with mud as such an affair.

The girl may be really innocent of any actual wrong doing. She may have been more silly and sentimental than anything, 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 with 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 developed into sour, disgruntled old maids. I haven't 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 alabaster 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 many tragedies in which a married man, true to a wife who is unworthy, or uncomprehending, and for whom he has no natural affection, does sometimes meet a girl who is his real soul mate, and for whose 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. If his love could bring her nothing but sorrow, he would go away and leave 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 job cuts. Sometimes these stocks are velvet, while others are of lace or sheer net.

### The Adventures of Cupid

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

When Cupid, Venus's little runaway, first appeared in the pictured story of his adventures, told in The Bee's home Magazine page by Nell Brinkley, he was toddling on weak and uncertain legs with a message of love from the man's heart to the woman's.

In the next picture, he was dragging his captive behind his royal steed, and, having led them to the



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He has his fortune told by a wandering gypsy.

Promised Land, he deserted them, and again ran away. He had 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 peer 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 vegeped dart is better than a vacant heart."

"And you will never die!" For with "Love extinguished, earth and heaven must fall."

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