

The Bee's Home Magazine Page



SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT

Now He's Manicuring Cobbles in the Cooler

Drawn for The Bee by Tad



Fables of the Wise Dame

By DOROTHY DIX

with great weeps.
"Why this moan?" inquired a who observed his grief.

Alas," cried the youth, "I am of a

most loving nature and I weep because I have failed to make a hit with the fair sex: I fail would be one of those Johnnies whose mail is filled with violet-scented missives in sawbuck chirography. lunct at afternoon

Unhapptly, this is not the case. I am not one, two, three with the

if I should be lost tomorrow nebody uld insert a personal in the paper asking me to come back to mamma. Moreer, at the club when the other chappies begin to spiel about the heiresses who are trying to drag them to the altar, and the chorus girls who are dying to meet them, I have to go off and chew the reg.

cording to the wise ones. I ought to be the rightest ever seen, for I have fallen for every style of feminine graft. I have let debutantes steer me up against ice cream joints. I have stood for plous staters robbing me at church fairs. I have made a beast of burden of myself fetching and carrying. I have wasted good pelf from papa on American Beauties, papa on American Beat and when it came to con talk I have handed out the limit, but instead of being the main squeeze and getting the goo-goo Hence these tears.".

in thinking that women prefer a heart wise it is hash and not an entre-

Once upon a time there was a youth talk if she is wise to the fact that you who sat down and bemoaned his fate carry it in stock for all comers and that carry it in stock for all comers and that you cut it off by the yard for any one who happens along. What gets her is to make her believe that you are an iron bound misanthrope and that she is the only one that can pierce your armor

> "Netther does any woman throw a fit over the admiration of a man who gives the glad hand to everything in petsticoats. What makes her woosy is for you to make her think that you are a severe critic who has never found any-thing that came up to his ideal until you

> "If you will observe you will see that it is the mean husbands who always have wives that do the perpetual adoration act, and that it is the men who are hard to the face." please before whom women do the fancy steps. If diamonds were cheap and garden stuff cost plunks every woman would be breaking her neck for a baked

"I perceive," said the youth, "that there is much justice in what you say, and henceforth I am no longer willing Willy, but blase Bill and the female who gets a compliment out of me will have to do it with a corkscrew."

Thereupon the youth entered upon a course of systematically rudeness and newhile to flag me down.

This makes me dead sore, for I had tipped myself to be a winner, and I can no longer disguise it from myself that as a masher I couldn't make a down. woozy amateurs. In place of doing a sons and dance before every beauteous creature he knocked her looks, and lam

At first this greatly surprised ever one, but they soon began to regard him with awe and respect. When hostesses found out that he was hard to get they commenced featuring him at their enter tainments, and so far from resenting hi rude remarks on their appearance, the female push opined that he was a man of great discrimination and were flat-

tered to death when he noticed them.
"I perceive," said the youth, when at
last he had become a social arbiter, and eyes from the little darlings I get nothing had to hire a stenographer to answer his it. letters, "that praise to the female sex ence these tears."

"Your trouble," replied the friend, "is in individual dishes to make it go. Other-

exclusive importation of affection. This Moral: This fable teaches that the man is a mistake. No female cares for soft who admires all women will please

Jdilo THER PEDIL MADE SIXA No MISTAKES.

DAFFYDIL DAN WAS IN THE FOILS AT LAST THE COURTROOM WAS CROWDED AND ENERY NECK WAS CRAMED TO CATCH A VIEW OF THE PRISONER AS HIS EMMENT COUNSEL BUSE AND SAID GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY I THINK ME HAVE PROVEN TO YOUR JATUPACTON DIANT THE PIREMENT IN MAJER WROTE A DAPPOUL IN ALL LIFE AT THAT MOMENT

DAN FRAME PROM HIS CHAIR AND SHOUTED IF A BULLET LOOGED IN A PLAN WOULD YOU CALL IT A BULLETIN BOARD !

NO MAN WOT STRIKES A WOMAN AINT NO GENT.

SAY- I GOT THE SOFT
THE MON- IVA A
GUARD ON THE "L" ROAS
BOWN TOWN AND SEE
ITS MORE PLEASURE
PIAN WORK. I SEE
THERE AT J.

TA-REA - REA - RAH MISTER BONES WHY DOES A BROILER CROSS 42 AND BOWY. BONES - WELL IF SHE DIONT YOU COULDN'T BREAK A PLATE GLASS WINDOW IN THE WINTER WITH A WHEEL BARROW.

HAR-HAR-HAR-HAR-HAR-MR. TIMOTHY SCHMALZ WILL NOW SING THAT TOUCHING BALLAD. "HIS WALKING STICKS SO HENY HE CANT RAISE CAIN

Y-E-S ? WELL- WE'RE SLY POLES JOHN AND YOU CAN'T FOOL US.

TAKE TICKETS ANJMER QUESTIONS, PULL OPEN THE BATES AT EACH

MATION PUSH THE MOS OUT AND PULL EMIN FROM THE

CLARENCE WAS BEING INITIATED

THE GAY DOGS AND WAS BOING THROUGH HIS STUNTS THEY SUPPED HIM THE OLD GAGS AND FINALLY HAD HIM BEND OVER TO PICK UP A PANTS BUTTON THEN THEY TURNED LOSSE THE GOAT BAM! OUR HERO TOOK THE COUNT AND NOMEROUS OTHER DEINGS ALONG WITH HIM. UPON HIS RELOVERY THE PLEI SOLEMNLY REMARKED IF THE TRAINES RAM DRANK A QUART OF MERRY MUCILAGE RAM'S HORNS

LEANE THAT WOMAN BE

YOURE NOTHIN I WO ALC ON THE PLATFIER TO DO TILL LUCKY! 604

Our Nerves

By VIRGINIA TERHUNE VAN DE WATER

"I am so nervous!" pleads the woman, frank talks on marriage. Does the wone husband, hearing the complaint for love her children more than her husb The husband, hearing the complaint tor the desenth time within the week, sets his teeth and says nothing, or size mut-ters some unkind remark and goes out, slamming the door after him.

For men do not understand women' nerves and they get very tired of them A man may be nervous, but the condition manifests itself very differently in his case. He gets cross, or sulky, or de-pressed, or silent. It is, after all, not his fault that he cannot comprehend just how a woman feels. But he resents her not feeling happy and calm.

"Shut up that racket?" rours the father to the children who are laughing or play-ing. "Den't you know that your methe:

noise did not disturb her, he launches forth into a dissertation of how she lets the children do any old thing that they please; that it is no wonder her head aches, and that he cannot, of course, ex-pect her ever to agree with him when he reproves one of her angels. And, if he be very tactions, he will probably and his tirade with the statement that she lover the children much better than she does him anyway.

tinguished victims of the Titanic disas-ter, believed, may prove to be no dream

An article which I have just been read

ng in the May number of the Cosmopoli tan magazine, on a wonderful new Your

itsh dancer, with a strange name, "Rosh anara." leads me to this brief discus

sion of a subject of vast human interest. It appears that this girl, who loarned her art in Bombay and Culcutta before aston shing London with its perfections, poss

esses an amazing power to express, by mere motions and poses, thoughts, feare caprices, hopes, prayers, wishes-and all that with a beauty and harmony of movement which captivates the behald-

ers. She has taught her whole body to speak, without opening her tips. She is

high order of intelligence.

love her children more than her husband! Perhaps some reader can answer this query better than I can. If so, and she has the courage and candor to do so, a would be interesting to note her reply.) But to return to our nervous wor

by the time her husband has had his say she is reduced to tears, or to a state of excitability that would bring on an at-tack of "nerves" if she did not have one already. Yet if she called her husband's attention to this fact he would probably remind her that his only desire had been

hildren's noise. If she does not object to precipitating If she does not object to precipitating a quarrel the wife may remind the husband that one such scene as that which he has just produced will do her mote harm than would the children's laughter and romping. But she will do well to spare herself that speech, for the husband will not believe it. In fact, he will possibly tell her that she is "not like herself these days." Poor soul, as if she were not already painfully aware of the facti

Yet, as I have already said, the husband is not entirely to blame. A healthy, strong man does not comprehend how certain things affect a woman.

As he cannot understand them, why talk to him about them? Say to your husband that you are tired, have a headache, indigestion, toothache anything except that you are nervous. If you confess the truth he will make as frantic effort at sympathy that will make you more nervous than ever, or will show an impatience born of ignorance. To confess one's self nervous is a fair. To confess one's colf nervous is a fatal error anyway. It is like acknowledging that one is frightened. As soon as one one form of this undeveloped power of which may have an astonishing future

that one is frightened. As soon as does that all one's courage disappe and one is in a state of abject fear. So those intansible tyrants, nerves, stand ready to torture the person who ac-knowledges their eupremacy. A women finds her hunds and feet cold, her breath that the power of the mind to project it-self through space, in which the late William T. Stead, one of the many discoming quickly, her spirits sinking, and she exclaims—"Oh, I am so nervous!" of enthusiasts, but a solid and im-mensoly important fact. In a story called and straightaway feels worse than ever-ignore the condition or attribute it to some other cause. Say "I am faint for want of food, and I am tired." Take something to eat, and lie down for a few "A Columbus of Space," I have shown some of the ways in which such apsion might be utilized by being of a very minutes. You may not feel well as a re-sult, but you will feel better. Years ago I was much amused at watching a very small boy who was

had a fall or his feelings were hup; he would watch his mother and if she said. "Now don't cry!" his lips would tremble and he would burst into a wait of angulab. But if his hurt was ignored. and nothing was said about his con-trolling himself, he would not shed a lear. This mention of a certain con-dition had the effect of producing it. So with our nerves. This is too short an article for me to begin to mention the various ways in which they fest themselves. Wumen know but men don't. The difference i

supersensitive and cried easily. If he

nervous organism of the male and fewhich no man can understand, or wants to understand. That is where the six difterence manifests itself. There are many ways in which women are incomprehen-sible to men and in talking with them There are things about men that may

sex would not acknowledge it, nor do all men confess that women are enigmus. They are not, really, but men think they are. Karin Michaelis says, "I have conversed with many famous doctors and have pretended to admire their knowledge while inwardly I was much amused at their simplicity. They know how to cut us open and stitch us up again-as children open their dolls to see the sawdust with which they are stuffed and new them up again afterwards with a needle and thread. But they

> I do not enjoy talking or thinking of sex aniagonism for I like men and I do not want to believe in it. But if there is one thing about a woman for which the average man has an antagonism, it is her nerves. He may pity her, he may love her so much that he is all sympathy with her suffering, but he does not want tired to death of them. Then why tell

> > Slim Chance for Her.

The most interesting thing every statesman says are not or publication. We have no use for a woman who kieses her dog. Even a dog has some rights. The only way to cure a man who is always depreciating his abortcomings is to agree with him.

A missionary who was making his way through a backwoods region came upon an old woman sitting outside the cabin. He entered upon a religious talk, and finally saked her if she didn't know there was a day of judgment coming. "Why, no," said the old woman. "I hadn't heard o' that. Won't there be margin one day?"

reply.
"Well, then," she mused, "I don't reckon I can set to go, for we've only, got one mule, and John always has to go everywhere first."—National Monthly.

The Poetry and Philosophy of Motion

NTHE APTERNOON

KNES THE MOD FROM

THE BACK AND CROWD THEM ON-THROW BUNDLES IN AFTER THEM TILL 2. AND



The Universality of Love

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

days of love. It is given more impor-Let us consider if she is right.

Suppose the world agreed to drop the subject for the next five years, if such a thing were possible, which, thang the theme of every play.

tion, for the majority of magazine readers are more interested in the loves of Phyllis than in articles on social justice,

or treatises on rallroad rates or in reminiscences of the Brownings. and a happy forgetting for the old.

If love was considered the outlaw this

decess it the young might as well the brain only is a creature with saybe old, for it is love alone that makes dust in its veins. vouth worth having

in all there is of life. Those who have it so long as human beings exist.

get out of life its fullest measures of for. Those who fail to get it know as life!

still dies for love of L ges Tristram to new it and Guenevere, the lam as from birth.

m a from birth.

It has been the theme of the world's It has been the theme of over consid-ered the dignity of his brain to be above has If he had entertained such a notion be

All have written of love. The most of the great poets have written

Saya Samuel Taylor Coleridge: know, to esteem, to love-and then to Makes up life's tale to many a feeling heart.

Do you want to know the joy, the swe sting of living? Get the babit of low Love does not come to all in the a

ods of love are like the wir

"It seems to me," I heard a woman and none know whence or why they ris

"It is difficult," sang Longfellow. know at what moment love begins-it is less difficult to know that it has begun." The only thins for you to do is to welcome it gladly and without shame.

An honest love is something to be proud

iesven, it isn't.

The theatern would close, for love is and hope and feel; it is proof that your heart is not atrophied. It means that you have not outlived the emotions, than lon, for the majority of magazine readers which there could be no worse fate.

Do not seek a reason for loving. Can you not enjoy a flower without pulling it apart to find the secret of its being? A love story is more than a mental re- with love as you would treat a sore toe? in-it is an inspiration for youth. Would you turn an analytical mind on appy forgatting for the old. the suprement of all amotions? Would If love became a forbidden subject, you say, "I love; I must know why prose writers and poets would have love?"

nothing of interest to tell.

Every artist, would be compelled to the faintest stimmer of life's most radia, and on his studio and seek employment painting tobacco advertisements on hill capture of this greatest of miracles. You love with your brain because you haven't a heart, and love that exists in

"Love makes the world go 'round.' It lenger the fashion. It will be the fashion

still dies for love of Launcolot. and Guenevere, the beautifui, King Arthur's throne. For not dead-it only sleeps and ess and valor of that far-off for at the service of her who for knight."—Myrtle Reed.

tions of a Bachelor

of expression by gestures and bodily and facial signs and contertions which he had facial signs and contertions which he had inherited from his tree-climbing and cave-

plored. It is not shared equally however by all races of mankind. The southern peoples in general have more ability to make their thoughts and wishes known through sign language than have we in the northern and cooler parts of the earth. To that extent Italians and Spantards, Greeks and Egyptians, and the troplexi races in general are closer to our arboreal progenitors than we are.

This is no challenge to their intelligence—it is simply a proclaimation of the fact that while acquiring a command of spoken language, which exceeds ours in volubility, they have at the same time retained more of the original power of bodity expression than we have done.

From his own account of himself Demonthers, the greatest orator in all his—mothers, the greatest orator in all his—tory, was a kind of man monkey, who tards. Greeks and Exyptians, and the jon top) the Dancer Warding off an Evil spirit. Middle Pic-

ory, was a kind of man-monkey, who could redouble the effect of his spoken in consequence of the enormous development by wonderful play of features and comment of writing and printing, has negling gesticulation. At least, such is glected his powers of mimicry, leaving The fact is that civilized man, largely

Everybody knows that he can read much in the eyes of his fellows, and quite as much perhaps in their unconscious tod-ily movements. Lip-reading, of which we

a allent actress, who moves the specta-tors more than many actremes who have fearned the whole art of elecution can do. But it is not ordinary pantomine tha the practices-it is the poetry and the speech of motion. All this is possible. No doubt the gift is a personal. It is a kind of ganius. Re-mote, ancestral strains have, in her, come to the surface, refined by the ages

of advance intelligence which the race as undergone. It is a fair subject for philosophical discussion whether, upon the whole, it would be desirable for mankind to acquire, or develop powers like those of this dancing girl. But it is certain that their pessession would render life more pic-

Under no conceivable circumstances. however, could language, either spoken or printed, he abandoned. This is supreme acquistion, which man never can, or should, lose. But, who has not thoughts and feelings which he cannot put into words, but can express in other ways? A language would need toess and emo tions and then it would be too poor. So it is, at least worth considering whether the time may not come when we shall converse without words, and thus learn more about each other than we ever dreamed of knowing

Snaps and Snarls.

ome neople are natural uncongenial, nd others make "dafydlia." "Race suicide in New York's Four men that we have them? Hundred." Fropidence knows his bust-

We are not saying anything against;
(Thristian cience, but did you ever try
t on a baby with the coluc?
o long as people demand "happy endngs," the popular stories will continue;
to stop at the conclusion of the courtgain lote.

mere'n one day?"
"No, my friend; only one day," was the