



The Bee's Home Magazine Page



SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT

No Wonder Our Hero Laughed

Drawn for The Bee by Tad



Married Life the Third Year

Mrs. Griffen Admits to Helen that She Has Not Progressed with Her Husband.

By MABEL HERBERT URRER.

There is nothing that so disconcerts the average New Yorker as to show an out of town visitor the sights of New York, and then find that the visitor is in no way impressed. The stories of the great metropolis that drift to the little western towns are so exaggerated and highly colored that when the village does come on he is disappointed. Because whatever he may see, he expected a great deal more. And the New Yorker who proudly shows him about is both annoyed and baffled at his quiet acceptance of everything and his utter lack of enthusiasm. In a way Helen had something of this experience when she took Mrs. Griffen to a matinee and tea a few days after she had called.



home, while he has other interests, still we have the interest of home together. But here we haven't anything; he doesn't tell me about the things he's doing here, because he knows I wouldn't understand. Oh, I wish now I hadn't always given all my time to the home and the children. If only I'd spent some of it keeping in touch with things!" "But can't you do that now?" asked Helen eagerly. "You have so much time and every opportunity." Mrs. Griffen shook her head. "No, it's too late now. I couldn't if I tried. I haven't the incentive any more. And he's gone too far beyond me-I could never catch up. It's the money," sadly. "If James hadn't made so much money, we'd be much nearer together now. It isn't his fault. He wanted me to go to places and do things with him, but I was always too busy taking care of the house and the children. Now the children are grown up-and the house, well we have so many servants now and the isn't very much left for me to do." The suddenly realizing how much she had said, she flushed slightly. "I don't know why I'm saying all this. I'm afraid it's being alone so much in that hotel that has made me morbid."

But Mrs. Griffen's lack of enthusiasm was not because she had expected a great deal more, but only because she was pathetically listless and indifferent. Unquestionably she was homesick. Her heart was not in New York or in any of its sights. Helen soon discovered this, and her ready sympathy went out to the simple home-loving little woman who cared nothing for the luxurious hotel where her husband had chosen to stop, not for the great shops, at which his wealth enabled her to buy without limit. She said that she had been shopping only once, for the crowded stores and variety of goods marred her. And Helen promised to go with her some afternoon.

But Helen had had a glimpse of the heartache of another woman. And it was a very different heartache from anything she had ever known. Here was a woman whom the world would think had everything that wealth and a loyal, kindly husband could give. And yet because she could not share her husband's interest, because he had progressed while she stood still-she now felt pitifully helpless and alone. Her husband had outgrown her. And for a woman there is no greater tragedy than this. Always it means a slow, but an inevitable growing apart. As the man's interest broadens, the woman's seems to grow more narrow. Under any circumstances a woman ages more quickly than a man, and when she lives a vigorous, active life, and she an inactive one-the difference is much more marked. She will become an old woman while he is still in his prime, with his whole attitude towards life a youthful one. And now at Helen sat opposite Mrs.

Daddydils

DADYBAR SAYS HOPE IS A GOOD THING BUT A CINCH IS BETTER.

THE ONE TIME RENOWNED MUSICIAN WAS SITTING AT THE OLD ORGAN TRYING TO COMPOSE ANOTHER MASTERPIECE, BUT HIS MIND WAS NO LONGER ABLE TO WORK AS IT BID YEARS AGO. HE WANTED AN INSPIRATION. HE TOOK DOWN HIS OLD PORTFOLIO OF SCRAP TO LOOK OVER. HE TURNED SHEET AFTER SHEET, FINALLY HE PIPED AN OLD YELLOW PAGE. HE PICKED UP ON IT. HE PUT HIS CHEATERS ON AND REMO. IT SAID: IF MUSIC IS A STUDY IS MOZART?

STANDING IN THE MIDDLE OF AN ISLAND OF QUICK SAND THE YOUNG SURVEYOR KNEW THAT AT ANY MOMENT HE MIGHT BE SUCKED BELOW TO THE DEPTHS OF THE TREACHEROUS MIRE. HE STARTED TO SINK, THE EARTH SEEMED TO OPEN UP BENEATH HIM. FEELING THAT HE WAS DOOMED HE REACHED FOR A PENCIL AND PAPER TO WRITE HIS LAST MESSAGE. QUICKLY HE SCRIBBLED. IF AN EARTH QUAKE JHOOKER IN THE CANOE OFF THE COAST IN THE STORE WOULD THE GUM DROP.

GENTLEMEN BE SEATED TR-RA-RA-RA-RA BONES. I CAME DOWN FROM ALBANY YESTERDAY ON A STEAMER, AND THE CAPTAIN SAID WHEN SHE MADE HER FIRST TRIP SHE WAS VERY SLOW. NOW SHE'S ONE OF THE FASTEST BOATS ON THE HUDSON. INTERLOCUTOR. HOW DO THEY INCREASE HER SPEED IF SHE WAS VERY SLOW? BONES. THEY BROUGHT HER INTO THE DOCK AND MADE HER FAST. MR. HAMMAN WILL NOW SING. TAKE THIS CHAIR OLD LADY.

TURN OFF THAT PANOLA AND LET A MAN SLEEP.

DROP THAT OYSTER- AND LEAVE THE WHARF.

WINEGAR WILL YOU AVE WINEGAR ON YOUR WITTLES?

HA-HA-I'M AN AGENT FOR A REAL ESTATE FIRM IN A SMALL TOWN NOW. I GET UP A 7. LOOK OVER THE MAIL, SEND MAPS AND PRICES TO PROSPECTIVE BUYERS.

RUIN TO THE CITY BUY TICKETS FOR CUSTOMERS TAKE THEM OVER THE PROPERTY, POINT OUT HOUSES OCCUPIED BY RICH BOOBS, BUY THEM LUNCH, TALK FOR 7 HOURS.

GET A PROMISE FROM THEM RISE THEM BACK TO TOWN PUT UP SIGNS ON AVENUE, CUT THE GRASS, AROUND THE OFFICE, SEND OUT CIRCULARS, WRITE ADS FOR THE PAPERS AND BY I AM I'M DONE.

GEE YOU'RE A LUCKY GUY YEP NOTHIN TO DO TILL TOMORROW

Griffen she vaguely sensed all this. She had seen Mr. Griffen but once, and then for only a few moments, but it had been long enough for her to realize that in every way except in years he was much younger than his wife. He had the air of the active man of affairs, while his wife-Helen looked across the table at the plain little woman in her simple black gown, and realized more than ever the tragedy that was in her life. And as Helen always applied everything to herself, she began a right self-scrutiny as to whether she was in the least danger of drifting into the same mistake. Was she keeping up with Warren's

interest as much as she might? Did she encourage him to talk over with her his work? She thought with alarm of the many evenings that he buried himself in his papers and hardly spoke to her, and how lately she had told her very little of his plans. When she left Mrs. Griffen at the entrance of the great hotel she walked slowly home, planning countless ways in which she would interest herself anew in Warren's work, and in all the things that interested him. At any cost she would not stand still while he progressed. Never would she let him outgrow her.

What good could possibly come of telling a woman that her husband is in love with another woman, or is making himself a fool over another woman? No woman is so ignorant of life as to think that there is anything that the wife can do to better the situation. There is no household remedy for unfaithfulness. There is no known specific for keeping a wandering husband nailed to his own fireside if he has a roving disposition. Whether a wife knows where her husband is and what he is doing, or only suspects it, or is utterly deceived about it, has no more effect on his conduct than

Telling Wives About Their Husbands; How Such Tales Bring Only Misery

By DOROTHY DIX.

A certain woman knows a married man whom she meets out, now and again, at theaters and restaurants in company with a flashy-looking girl wearing many near diamonds, and exaggerated clothes, and exaggerated hair. The married man is always playing the devoted to the painted lady, and looks idiotically pleased and flattered, and as if he had a little too much to drink, and his female companion has about her all of the expression of the cat that is about to dine upon the canary. Now the married man has at home a dear little wife and babies, and the woman who sees him indulging in forbidden pleasures wants to know if it isn't her duty to go and tell his wife. No. A thousand times no. Blasted and accursed be the tongue that bears the tale of a husband's shortcomings to his wife.



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the weather prophecies have on the weather. We may know it is going to rain tomorrow, but our knowledge don't prevent it from raining. A wife's knowing that her husband is flirtatious, and that while she's walking the baby with the colic at home he is opening wine for chorus girls, will not stop him from doing it. Neither will her tears nor her reproaches, because if he considered her feelings in the matter he would be treading the straight and narrow way instead of dallying on the primrose path. Neither can the most jealous wife alive chaperon her husband every minute of his time, or keep him under lock and key. So what possible good can come of telling her of conditions that she cannot change, and the knowledge of which can only bring her misery? Suppose the wife is really ignorant of her husband's sidestepping. Suppose she believes him when he tells her that the reason he didn't get home until 3 o'clock in the morning was because he had to see a customer from Oshkosh, or there was some special work at the office that had to be done that very night. Suppose the wife is happy and contented in the faith that her husband is as true to her as she is to him, and that she is the only woman in the world to him as he is the only man to her. Is not that ignorance the bliss of which the poet wrote? Is it the part of a friend to shake that faith? Could anything be crueler than to waken such a woman up out of her dream of happiness? For heaven's sake, for pity's sake, let her stay in her hypnotic trance as long as she can. Let her believe in her husband as long as she can. Let her trust him as long as she can. Why, every day I see a woman who has made a little tin god of a miserable little two-by-four, shallow brained, selfish, conceited coxcomb of a husband whom she worships for attributes he never possessed, and I would put my hand in the fire before I would raise a finger to tear down her altar. Love cannot live without illusion, and there is no greater crime than to strip the halo from her husband's head and exhibit a man to his wife as he really is. Nor is there any other such vandalism as destroying faith in her husband in a wife's heart. But suppose a woman does know that her husband is faithless to her. Suppose she hides the bitter secret from the world, and puts up a brave and courageous bluff of ignorance, why call her hand? Do you not realize that for her to know that the world knows her shame, that her friends pity her, and that casual acquaintances smile at her with cynical amusement, adds the last drop of wormwood and gall to her cup of sorrow? It is a hard thing for a woman to bear to know that she has lost her husband's love, that he is weary of her, and that he finds other women more attractive, but it is harder still to have it forced home on her that other people know it, and that for this reason, if for no other, malice itself might hesitate to go to a wife with the story of her husband's flirtations. There are many women who have pride and strength enough to keep up a brave face, and to stand with their backs against the doors of their skeleton closets defying anybody to guess what rattling bones are hidden within it. We might well take off our bonnets before such gallantry, and at least pay such courage the tribute of our silence. The only tangible effect of going to a woman with the evidence of her husband's shortcomings is to precipitate a family row and to be a first aid to divorce. Surely no woman who calls herself the friend of another woman can want to do a thing like that. Nor does such a revelation tend to promote affection in the unfortunate wife's breast, for there are none whom we hate so thoroughly as those who tell us the things we would rather die than hear. There is no possible excuse for anybody telling a woman of her husband's faults. If she is ignorant of them what she doesn't know doesn't trouble her. If she does know it adds to her humiliation and sorrow to realize that other people scoff at the man she loves. It is not a sense of duty but malice and all uncharitableness that prompts anybody to be a tale bearer between husband and wife.

When Cupid Rocks the See-Saw

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By Nell Brinkley



As long as Cupid holds the balance the course of true love will always run smoothly

"James wants me to get some clothes while I'm here, but I don't know what to get," she admitted, pathetically. As they left the theater, and walked a couple of blocks to the fashionable restaurant where Helen had thought it would be interesting to have tea, she found that Mrs. Griffen was really timid about crossing the streets. She seemed confused by the mass of traffic and was plainly relieved when they were safely seated in a palm-screened corner of the tea room. It was a most attractive room. The coldness of the pale green and white decorations was softened by the pink shaded lights and the vase of pink carnations on each table. It was the hour when "afternoon tea" was at its height, and the pompous head waiters were finding it difficult to seat all the people. An orchestra was playing softly and the murmurous buzz of conversation mingled with the music. While Helen ordered the tea and toasted muffins, Mrs. Griffen looked around at the many richly gowned women who filled the tables. But there was little interest in her gaze. "When do you expect to return?" asked Helen for want of something else to say. "I had hoped we could start Tuesday," and there was a wistful note in her voice. "But now James says he will have to stay at least another week." "Then I'm afraid New York doesn't appeal to you," smiled Helen. "If after only a week you're so anxious to get away?" "I think it bewilders me. I can't get used to the rush and noise. It seems to me that every one has worked themselves up to a feverish pitch from which they must relax the next moment, but they never do." "No, I suppose New Yorkers never really do relax," mused Helen. "When my mother was here she said it seemed to her that every one had been delayed somewhere and was hurrying to make up the lost time." "Yes, that's how it impressed me. Perhaps if I were younger I could get into the spirit of things more, but now--" there was a quiver in her voice; "Oh, I think I'm homesick." "But, Mr. Griffen seems so much interested in the city," murmured Helen, not knowing quite what to say. "Oh, yes. James loves the excitement. And he is interested in everything. I suppose I ought to try to keep up with things more-just for his sake. But, somehow, I can't." She hesitated a moment, and then went on as though yielding to the impulse to confide in some one. "...at's another reason why I'm so anxious to get back-Because James seems farther away from me here. At

Quite Matters of Fact. An article in one of the magazines by "The Menace of Cape Race" recalls a little story. The priest at Trepassey, which is near the dangerous cape, was dining with Bishop Power of St. John's. "How will your people get along this winter?" asked the bishop. "Very well, my lord," was the priest's cheerful answer. "With the help of God and a few wrecks."-Boston Transcript.