

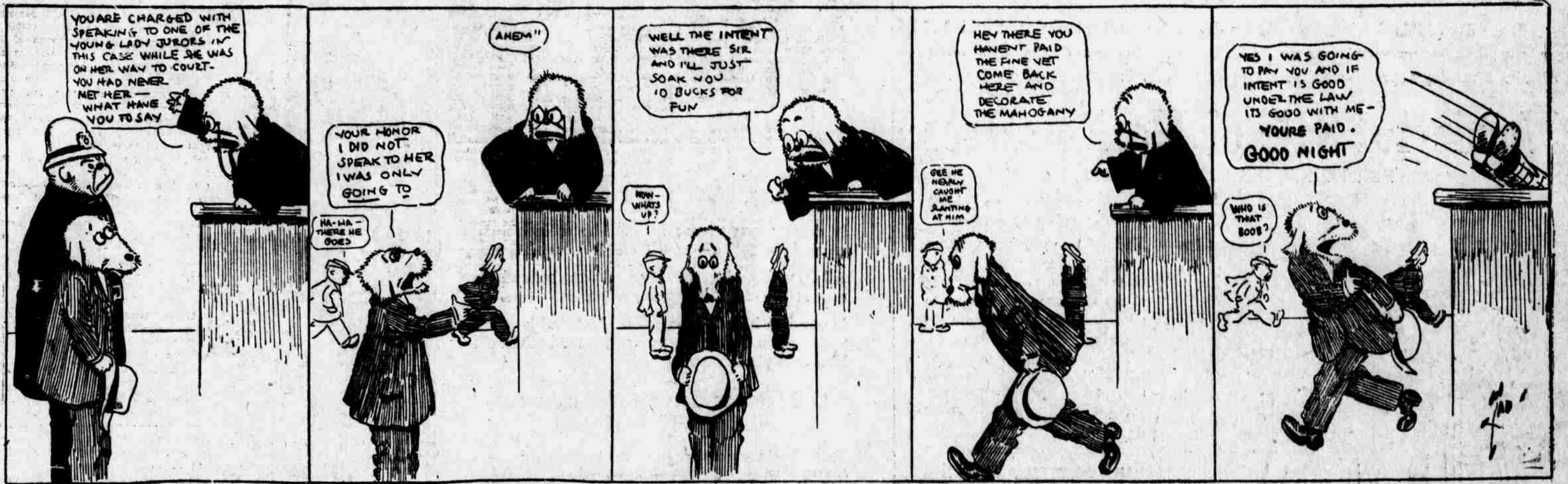


The Bee's Home Magazine Page



SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT—It Hit the Judge Like a Boomerang

Drawn for The Bee by Tad



Marriage of the Very Young and Need of Daughters Being Led to Think of Future

Couples Who Embark on the Troubled Sea of Matrimony Must Learn at the Outset the Serious Responsibilities They Will Soon Be Compelled to Shoulder.

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

"Poor little couple! And so you think you were formed for one another, and you are to go through a supper-table kind of life, like two pretty pieces of confectionery?"—David Copperfield.

There are girls and boys who marry at 18 and 19, and who are not more sure they are alive and in love than they are sure they were made for each other.

Having filled the order of their being by marriage, they are an unfeeling of the future as a baby that was born yesterday. They look at it with eyes as untroubled and as comprehending as the eyes of the baby looks into the faces of those around it.

It is nature's kindest provision that a baby knows no fear. If, with its first breath of life, it drew even the dimmest sense of the dangers ahead, it would cry itself to death.

It imbibes confidence and assurance with its mother's milk, and doesn't begin to fear until it begins to think. The power of thought and the capacity for fearing come into being at the same time.

This may explain why girls and boys of 18 and 19, who are in love, are not afraid to marry.

Love stifles all their senses, and when in love they are no longer capable of thinking. And not being capable of thinking, they have no capacity for fearing.

For what they call thinking a practical world would call dreaming.

Each thinks of the other. Past scenes are lived over again and coming scenes rehearsed. Love lives on what is said when they are together and thrives on the memory of it when apart.

Fear? There isn't room for it in the mind of any boy and girl who are in love. There isn't room for anything but the other's charms.

They regard the future as a prolonging of the present. Tomorrow will be another day, and all that marred today was that they were not together every moment.

That great drawback to their perfect bliss will be overcome when they are married. Hence, they must marry that they may be together.

Being so completely in love, they don't think, and because they don't think they don't realize how much there is in the future to fear.

Older heads must do their thinking for them. This is also a provision of nature. Just as it is a provision of nature that someone must cover the baby when it is cold, feed it at stated periods and move it back from the fire when it is in danger.

The baby sometimes rebels. It wants to play with the blaze, and never having been burned it knows no fear.

The mother doesn't let the baby have its way. She knows pain and punishment lie that way.

But she sometimes lets a baby of 16, who is temporarily unable to do its own thinking, have its way. More than this, she has been known to urge that it have its way.

A daughter of 16 years, who played with dolls only yesterday, falls in love with a boy who is also a baby. The mother who grabs a baby away from the fire, pushes her daughter into it.

She doesn't say, "Wait till you are older." She regards the marriage as complacently as if the girl and her boy lover had the wisdom of the ages on their shoulders.

When mothers are as foolish as this, the only hope lies in girls learning to do their own thinking. And they must think, they must know, that the responsibilities of life are too serious to be shouldered by mere girls and boys.

They must know that if they are meant for each other, time will prove it, and treat them all the more kindly for waiting.

Caif love (boy and girl love) may develop into something truer and finer. But, I beg of the young lovers, and also their mothers, that they give this love time to develop before the wedding day sets.

Woman, it seems to me thy sphere is on the earth—I mean right here. That sounds like a pretty good poem all right, sed Pa. I wish you wud tell me what is a sphere.

A sphere is something round, sed Ma's lady friend. Round & de-void of angles, & blit as round as an apple.

I see, sed Pa. you mean round like a Swede's head. Go on & tell us moar, Felicia, Pa sed.

May name is not Felicia, sed the lady. All rite, sed Pa. all rite. In any event sed Pa, I shud like to hear the story of your past. That goes, too, sed Pa.

That does not go, sed Ma. Nothing that Pa says goes at our house.

Won the Bet. It was a tavern where a newly arrived commercial traveler was holding forth. "I'll bet any one \$5," he said, "that I have got the hardest name of anyone in this room."

An old farmer in the background shifted his feet to a warmer part of the fender.

"Ye will, will ye?" he drawled. "Well, I'll take ye on. I'll bet ye ten again your five that my name'll beat yours."

"Done!" cried the commercial traveler. "I've got the hardest name in the country, it is Stone."

The old man took a chew at his tobacco. "Mina," he said, "is Harder."

Not Edible. Mrs. Newleyrich, the wife of a multi-millionaire, was dining in a fashionable hotel recently, and being unable to pronounce the names of dishes, she pointed to a line on the menu and said to the waiter:

"Please bring me some of that." "I'm sorry, madam," replied the waiter, "but the orchestra is just playing that."

Dabbysails

THE BEE THAT GETS THE HONEY NEVER HANGS AROUND THE HIVE

A SHOT RANG OUT ON THE STAGE OF THE OLD CENTRAL THEATRE, AND CLIDE EVANS THE HERO, STAGGERED AND FELL IN A HOARSE DYING VOICE HE CRIED "I DIE, DIE, BUT BEFORE I DIE, I HAVE ONE QUESTION TO ASK. COME HERE—CLOSER NO, NOT TO CLOSE YOU'VE BEEN EATING ONIONS AND AS HIS VOICE GREW WEAKER HE GASPED,

IF SOTHERN OWES ME A QUARTER HOW MUCH DOES JULIA MARLOWE LEAVE THAT WOMAN BE

I'M NOT WORKING NOW AND GEE I HAVE A PIPE HANGING AROUND THE HOUSE I NEVER GET UP TILL 6 AM THEN I DULL UP THE SHADES AND PUT THE BED CLOTHES OUT THEN I OPEN THE CELLAR AND LET OUT THE 35 CHICKENS

THEY CLEAN UP THE YARD, SLAY A COAT OF DIRT ON THE STABLE RUN THE HORSE UP AND DOWN THE STREET FOR EXERCISE, CUT UP SAMP MEAT FOR THE DOGS AND CATS, FLY A LEAK IN THE WATER

THEY THEN IDLE A TRENCH FOR A NEW ROEBED, MOP UP THE KITCHEN FLOOR PUT IN A FEW PANES OF GLASS, WASH THE DISHES THEN AFTER FILLING THE LAMPS I READ A BIT AND GO TO BED AT MIDNIGHT

ZOWIE! ZOWIE!! BRUNO WAS TOSING THE HAT AND THE GRAPE WAS FLOWING FREELY CHIEF MILLS AND EFFING HAM HAD NOTHING TO DO TILL TO-MORROW AND WERE WISED UP TO THE FACT HOW EVER THEY WERE BUSY THROWING THEIR HOOKS INTO THE JOY WATER WHEN FRED THE BONDMAN, CAME IN AND YELLED,

IF THE LIGHTNING MADE A HIT WOULD THE THUNDER CLAP OUT OF MY HOUSE NO GAY DOG SHAME COURT OUR LITTLE NELL

GEE!! YOU'RE A LUCKY GUY

NOTHIN' TO DO TILL TOMORROW

The Modern Attila

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

Every day the reasons for making war upon the house fly increase in number. One of the latest indictments against this disseminator of infection and death is that he carries about with him the germs of infantile paralysis as well as those of typhoid, consumption and other communicable diseases. It is now believed, says Dr. Thomas D. Wood, in Good Housekeeping magazine for July, that germs of infantile paralysis may live for forty-eight hours, at least, in the body of a fly.

This insect Attila, whose march is more destructive than that of the scourger of dying Rome, who declared that grass could not grow where his horse had passed, does not appear in his true character when we see him quietly sitting in a window caressing his sheeny wings with his hind legs or bobbing his head while he fondles the back of his neck, as if he were taking a sunbath and hugely enjoying it. His diminutive body covers too small an area in the field of the eye to enable us to see its formidable details. We must get optically near him, with the aid of a microscope, in order to see him as he really is.

Then, when all his dimensions are magnified many diameters we behold a monster as terrifying as any of the dinosaurs of geological antiquity. Look in the photograph here at the hairy body covered with sharp spines, at the powerful legs, with their spreading spines at the joints; at the huge repulsive head with its gigantic hemispheres filled with the glittering facets of the great compound eyes, the most extraordinary organs of vision in the animal kingdom; at the big hairy club, like an extensible feeler, with which the unclean beast explores the sources of its poisonous diet; and finally at the strong wings, ready spread for instant vertiginous flight, which enables it to carry the germs of disease that it has absorbed with express train speed to its destination.

Gibbon has described the historical Attila as exhibiting the "genial deformity of a modern Calmuck, with a large head, a swarthy complexion . . . and a custom of fiercely rolling his eyes, as if he

A common house fly magnified so that you can see how one really looks.



From a model in the Milwaukee (Wis.) Public Museum.

wished to enjoy the terror which he inspired." The description is not inapplicable to this Attila of the insect world. If, after all that has been said by medical science, you yet have any doubt about the duty of destroying every fly you meet, then consider, for a moment, these unquestionable facts: "On one fly as many as 5,600,000 disease-causing bacteria have been found, and in a recent experiment the average number of germs found on the bodies of each of 14 flies was 1,250,000." Every female fly that is allowed to live usually becomes, in the course of the summer, the progenitor of 2,000,000 descendants that actually survive as carriers of disease.

Keep your house clear of flies, and above all keep them out of the kitchen and the pantry. Destroy, or disinfect, or cover with screens, every garbage pail or pan and every heap of refuse in which they can breed. After all, it is not so very difficult to get rid of flies. It costs something in time and money, but there could be no better way to expend either. Because some flies manage to get inside your screens, don't condemn the defenses on that account. The town is not taken when a few of the enemy have got over the walls. Keep the bulk of their forces outside, and you can deal with the few that get in. The Chinese wall, smile at it as we will in these days of mighty artillery and army aeroplanes, was a mighty effective defense in its time. Rome was saved more than once from the barbarians by its walls, although they did occasionally penetrate them. But defense by screens is not enough. Go out and meet the enemy on his own

An Insect "Scourge of God" More Terrible Than the King of the Huns.

ground. Remember Cato's watchword, "Delenda est Carthago," i. e., "Carthage must be destroyed." The great Roman saw that his country could never be safe as long as Carthage was permitted to survive. Victories were not enough; to kill a few hundred thousand Carthaginians would not save Rome; Carthage must be exterminated, and exterminated it was. The war against flies, like Rome's war against the Carthaginians, is a struggle for life. We know the enemy now, we know where he inhabits, and where he recruits his forces. Every stable, every refuse heap and every garbage pail is a Carthage, swarming with enemies, and preparing new armies of invasion. Delenda est Carthago.

We are now too far advanced upon the summer to hope to arrest the scourge by the slaughter of individual flies. Too many were allowed to escape through neglect or through mistaken mercy. The personal warfare must still be kept up, with ever-increasing vigor, but now the large measures must also be employed—screens, fly traps and disinfection. Still, a great deal has been gained. New York is more free from flies now than it was a year ago; next year it may, if we will, be as nearly flyless as those Bavarian towns of which I wrote a few weeks ago.

You will find in Good Housekeeping magazine directions for driving away flies from the outside of your screen doors, so that they will not even attempt the assault of your defenses. And you may gather a vivid impression of the critical necessity of eternal vigilance in this matter from reading this warning of Dr. Wood: "Let everything that goes into one's mouth—spoons, tumblers and baby's nursing bottles—be scalded after a fly has walked on them."

Have you a disagreeable face? Go at once and look in the mirror. Study your countenance, and analyze the prevailing expression. There came into the street car one day a young woman dressed in taste and possessing handsome features. But her face was repellent to behold. The corners of her fresh young lips turned down. Her brows were brought together with a disagreeable half-frown. Her large eyes shot forth most unpleasant glances, and she seemed to affect the car like an open door through which a cold east wind blows. It was not a mere mood; for the face was so stamped with ugly tempers and angry, petulant moods that any observer could not fail to see the unfortunate young woman had long indulged herself in those states of mind which eventually destroy all beauty. A young man of fine moral character, splendid mental qualities, a good heart, and a handsome physique, has married the whole oment outfit by a "grouchy" state of mind. He finds one person in his acquaintance to praise where he finds twenty to score; he approves of one thing in life where he disapproves of fifty. He is quick to condemn and slow to praise; and all the time he believes it is his wonderful "sense of justice" and his great "power of discrimination" which causes him to take this attitude toward the world. He does not realize that he is weakening his power of usefulness, and increasing the misery of the world, and all the evils in it, by dwelling so persistently upon that mental plane. If you do not like discords in music, how absurd it would be to sit down at the piano and to keep striking the keys, making such sounds in order to call the attention of the world to their unpleasantness. Your time would be better employed practicing harmony. If the world seems to you full of cruelty and coldness and selfishness and vice, so about your business and show it how beautiful and virtuous. Sympathy and kindness, warmth, that is the most effective and practical and prompt way to interest the public in your ideals of better living. Give it a sample. You can never improve anything or anybody by making yourself disagreeable and obnoxious in manner, speech and conduct. A fault-finding and over-critical and carping manner is all of those things. No matter if you are finding fault with great evils, and great drawbacks to progress, and great flaws in our civilization; yet, if you carry a "grouchy" face, an aggressive manner and an irritating voice with you, then you are disagreeable and obnoxious, and you are making the world worse instead of better. You are becoming a public nuisance. Many reformers are that. And they rebel, instead of attract those who might be won over to their views of equity and justice if they went about their reform work with a happy face and magnetic personality. One of the greatest and most humane-hearted reformers the world has known (since Christ) was Henry George. And his face was a benediction. And his voice could win a crying child to smiles. The longer I live the more I am convinced that the very best way to cure the world of its sickness is to talk health. The best way to cure it of its mistaken idea of finding happiness in immorality is to talk (and to prove it by action) the happiness found in morality. The best way to cure it of selfishness is to talk and live unselfishly. The best way to drive its gloom away is to smile and laugh it away. Emerson said: "Nerve us with incessant affirmations. Don't bark against the bad, but chant the beauties of the good." Julia Ward Howe said: "The deeper I drink of the cup of life the sweeter it grows." Another great soul, whose name I do not know, said: "I am not fighting my fight; I am singing my song." Henry Harrison Brown (who lost everything but life in the great earthquake) says: "From all life's grapes I press sweet wine." If you have a fine gift for speaking, or writing, and you know that great evils exist which must be talked or written about in order to awaken the public mind to a reform, then go ahead and put your whole soul into an appeal for a reform. But do not carry a "grouchy" critical face and mind about with you, day after day, and expect to reform the world in that way. You are only adding to the unpleasant things in life. Copyright, 1912, National News Association.

Hadn't Taken the House.

Ghosts and weird apparitions which were said to appear in an empty house were not inducements to possible tenants, so the agent had it elaborately done up and decorated and, by way of tempting bait, had some expensive gas fittings put in the house. The next week he heard that some bold, bad man had been after the house. His heart leaped with hope and expectation, and he rushed off in frantic excitement to the housekeeper of the haunted grange. "This is splendid," he grasped. "Someone has taken the house, hasn't he?" "I don't know, sir, I'm sure. Perhaps he'll come back for the house, but he's taken all the gas fittings."—San Francisco Star.

Muffled Knocks.

"Auntie, you remind me so much of my grandma, except that she didn't shuck the hairs off her chin, she let 'em grow." "I always like to hear you talk, doctor, even if you don't say anything worth listening to. Your voice is so musical." "Your boy is a bright, handsome little fellow, Ruggles, he resembles his mother, I imagine." "You'll be glad to know, old chap, that business has picked up amazingly since you retired from the firm." "I always did like that graduating oration of yours, Phil; you recited it beautifully."—Chicago Tribune.

Ill Temper as Destroyer of Good Looks— Good Done by Those of Sunny Disposition

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

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Together

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

We two in the fever and fervor and glow. Of life's high tide have rejoiced together; We have looked out over the glittering snow, And known we were dwelling in summer weather. For the seasons are made by the heart I hold, And not by the outdoor heat or cold.

We two, in the shadows of pain and woe, Have journeyed together in dim, dark places, Where black-robed sorrow walked to and fro, As fear and trouble, with phantom faces, Peered out upon us and froze our blood, Though June's fair roses were all in bud.

We two have measured all depths, all heights, We have bathed in tears, we have sunned in laughter; We have known all sorrows and delights— They never could keep us apart hereafter. Whether your spirit went high or low, My own would follow, and find you, I know.

If they took my soul into paradise, And told me I must be content without you, I would weary them so with my lonesome cries, And the ceaseless questions I asked about you, They would open the gates and set me free, Or else they would find you and bring you to me.

Little Bobbie's Pa

By WILLIAM F. KIRK.

I see there is a new author-ess, sed Ma, a woman even greater than Elinor Glyn. The English folks simply dote on her, sed Ma. She is coming oaver to the house to-mite, & I am sure that you will be glad for to see her & hear her talk about writings & writers.

I dare not think of writing & writers, sed Pa, since they threw my last play in the discard, but this is one thing that I dare think of. I venture to assert, Pa sed without fear of successful contradiction, I venture to say that I don't care to meet any author-esses or any painter-esses or any other kind of ess.

The last two potesses we had to dinner, sed Pa, was all the time talking about violets & triolets & eating stake, Pa sed. I never seen anybody with such a thoro noledge of triolets & violets, Pa sed, that cut out so much stake. All we had was a pterhouse & two tenderlines, Pa sed to Ma, & if you remember them two old gals ate nearly all of the fodder. I doant mean that I be-grudge them there erary life seems to make big eaters. Wen this lady cums I guess I will have to do a littel kidding.

You shud do nothing of the sort, sed Ma. You call it "kidding," sed Ma, but I & all the girls call it just plain foolish clown stuff. Keep your temper clean & keep your mouth shut, sed Ma, & you will find out that you will never git into any terribul tangel. Now please be good to this lady author-ess.

If there is anything in this world that I reely & truly love, sed Pa, it is a lady author-ess. I never cared to run around with a gent author-ess, sed Pa. That is a rule I made wen I started being a gent-author-ess myself.



self. Aha! sed Pa, here is the charming lady herself, unless it be a sorry mistake on my part.

Just then the dore blew open & in came Ma's friend. She was a funny looking woman all rite. I wud rather look like myself than be a grate author-ess. This is one of the poems that she sed the minnit she came into the house:

Woman, it seems to me thy sphere is on the earth—I mean right here. That sounds like a pretty good poem all rite, sed Pa. I wish you wud tell me what is a sphere.

A sphere is something round, sed Ma's lady friend. Round & de-void of angles, & blit as round as an apple.

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