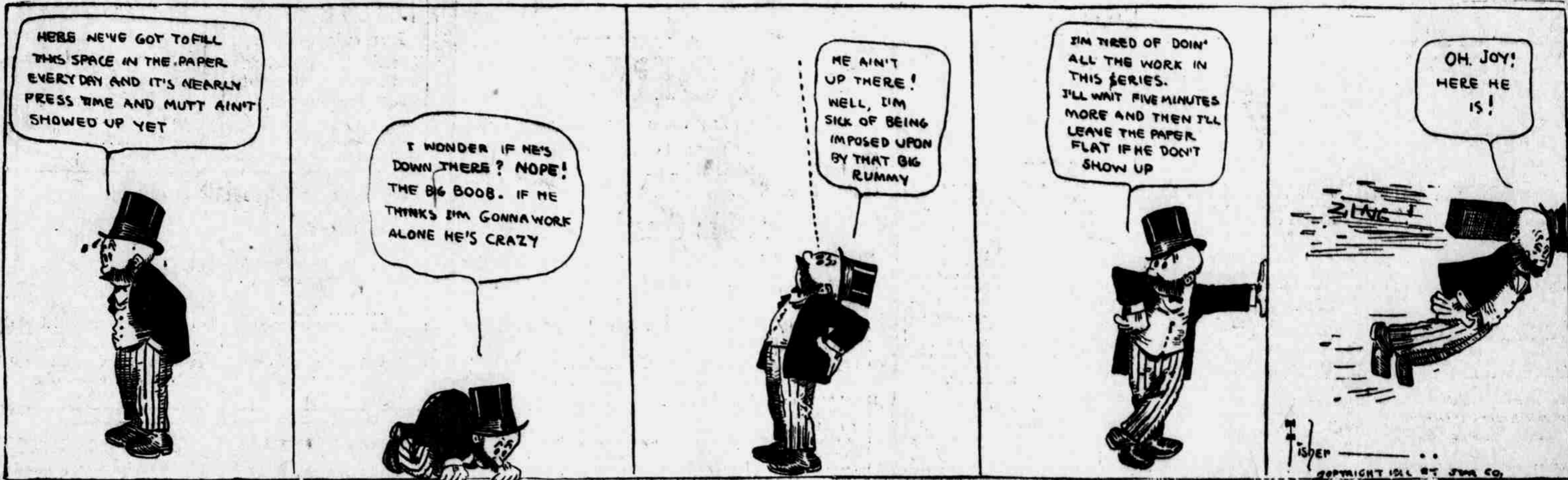


The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Isn't Jeff the Conscientious Little Fellow? :: :: :: :: Drawn for The Bee by "Bud" Fisher



A Morbid Husband

By WINIFRED BLACK.

Well, well! I always thought nobody ever had hysterics but a woman. I've changed my mind.

I've been reading a magazine for women edited by men, and the most morbid, the most hysterical, the most absolutely unbalanced piece of writing that I have ever seen or heard of is in that magazine, written by one of the brightest men in America—a man so clever that you wonder what on earth was the matter with him when he even dreamed out that story.

Have you read it?—"The Night Before I Kill Myself"—or some such name as that.

It is about a man who is so jealous of his wife that he kills himself, and the wife was as good as gold and true as steel, and never even thought of any man on earth but her queer, morbid, distressful husband.

Jealous of what in the name of common sense? Jealous because his poor, nagged-to-death wife had once been engaged to another man. She was only a girl when she was engaged and the man wasn't a man at all—he was just a boy—and the whole affair didn't mean a thing to either the boy of the girl after it had been over a week.

But husband was so "sensitive." Every time his wife smiled at him he thought, "That's the way she smiled at the other man." Every time she wore her hair a different way, husband thought, "That's the way he liked it, maybe."

The poor woman couldn't cry a comfortable tear or two without husband leaning to the conclusion that she was crying to think she hadn't married the other man. I should think she would have cried every time she had a chance to think of that, shouldn't you?

And at last the poor morbid, half-crazed creature killed himself. What's that the children used to say about "good riddance to bad rubbish?"

And the night before he committed suicide this lovely creature took it upon himself to write a letter to the girls—all the girls, everywhere, but especially to American girls—telling them how terrible it is for them to even dream of falling in love with one till they are quite sure that they are going to marry that special one.

"Just think," says the man, "how your husband will suffer. Oh, the agony of it, the horrible agony—how can you cheat your husband so? How can he ever live when he discovers that the kiss you give him is not the first kiss you ever had? What balm can you pour upon his wounded heart to make him forget that he is not the only man who ever held your little hand?"

And so on, and so on, for pages and pages—an agonized and apparently sincere appeal for girls to stop, look, listen, before the run the risk of driving the man they marry to suicide.

Why, Mr. E. W. Howe—yes, it is the man of genius who writes this nonsense—however could you go for to do it, anyhow? Talk about the agony of vicarious jealousy, how dare you or any man even mention such a subject at all?

Why, there isn't a woman alive who dares even think for one instant of what happened in her husband's life before she knew him. If she did, she'd be as crazy as the hero of Mr. Howe's hideous story.

Imagine a woman committing suicide because husband had once held the hand of little freckle-faced Mary Johnson at the Sunday school picnic. Picture to yourself the woman who couldn't live another minute after she discovered that husband once stepped on the toes of a fascinating widow with red hair under the table at a church social.

Fudge and fiddlesticks, Mr. Howe. You can't mean a word of it; you really can't and E. W. Howe.

Never had a sweetheart, the girl you love. Well, she isn't much of a girl then; that's all I have to say about that.

It's as natural for a girl to fall in love, and to fall in love innocently, as it is to breathe. Never in love? Don't you believe her, young man; she's fooling you. How many times have you been in love yourself? Well, just multiply that by about six times and you'll strike a pretty good general average for your little Sunshine.

Falling in love means one thing with you and it means something quite different to Little Sunshine. It's all sentiment with Little Sunshine—all sentiment and moonshine, and forget-me-nots, and romance, and roses, and pink note paper—nothing else, nothing else in the world.

and you'll have to get that primal fact into that masculine head of yours if you are ever going to see women as they are not and persons who write novels like "Three Weeks" like to pretend they are. You woke up, and then you fell in love. Little Sunshine fell in love, really, at last, and then she woke up. That's the difference between you two and between most men and most women.

Never in love before? Tell that to the bluebirds. Why, she was in love when she was a year old with the little boy next door, and then it was the boy in the seat across the aisle in school, and then it was the high school fellow, and then, yes, the young teacher, and then her best friend's brother. And whose portrait did she keep on her bureau for months—an actor's, too. How shocking! And now the real man, you, and all the rest were suddenly nothing but shadows, forgotten before she'd worn your engagements ring five minutes.

What? Would you dare reproach her for her innocent, foolish day dreams, you or any other man? What if Tom did hold her hand? What if she did tell Jimmie she'd never live without him? Who are you to pass judgment upon her or any like her?

Love is the very life of a woman. Little Sunshine plays engine, little sister plays house. Which of them is going to fall in love first?

What were your dreams as innocent as hers, or was there not now and then—oh—we must not even speak of it; that way lies tragedy unspoken. Come, let us look into the clear eyes of an innocent little child and forget everything except their story that is written there.

Lincoln's Great Memory.

Judge Landis of the northern district court of Illinois is fond of telling this anecdote of Lincoln:

In 1834, when Lincoln was a candidate for the legislature, he called on a certain farmer to ask for his support. He found him in the hay field, and was urging his cause when the dinner bell sounded. The farmer invited him to dinner, but he declined politely, and added: "If you will let me have the scythe while you are gone, I will mow around the field a couple of times."

When the farmer returned he found three rows neatly mowed. The scythe lay against the gatepost, but Lincoln had disappeared.

Nearly thirty years afterward the farmer and his wife, now grown old, were at a White House reception, and stood waiting in line to shake hands with the president.

"When they got near him in the line," says Judge Landis, "Lincoln saw them, and calling an aid, told him to take them to one of the small parlors, where he would see them as soon as he got through the handshaking. Much surprised, the old couple were led away. Presently Mr. Lincoln came in, and greeting them with an outstretched hand and a warm smile, called them by name.

"Do you mean to say," exclaimed the farmer, "that you remember me after all these years?"

"I certainly do," said the president, and he went on to recall the day he had mowed round the farmer's timothy field.

"Yes, that's so," said the old man, still in astonishment. "I found the field mowed and the scythe leaning up against the gatepost. But I always wanted to ask you one thing."

"What is that?" asked Mr. Lincoln.

"I always wanted to ask you, Mr. President, what you did with the whetstone?"

"Lincoln smoothed his hair back from his brow a moment, in deep thought; then his face lighted up.

"Yes, I remember now," he said. "I put the whetstone on top of the high gatepost."

"And when he got back to Illinois again the farmer found the whetstone on top of the gatepost, where it had lain for almost thirty years. Youth's Companion.

Roof Garden Atop Church.

The first church in America to have roof garden, to be used as a playground for children during the day and for open-air services in the evening, will be in Boston.

It will be at Clarendon and Montgomery streets on the site of the Clarendon Baptist church. This church was badly burned last winter, and the trustees will build a church up to date in every detail to take its place.

The roof of the church will be flat and the conventional steeple will be omitted. The roof will have crenellated borders and steel girders, making it a safe place for the children to play. Services will be held there in the summer time when the weather permits.

Moving pictures will be utilized to increase the interest in Bible study, as Dr. Francis, the pastor, favors any method to make the Bible interesting to the people.—Boston Dispatch.

The River of Dreams By Nell Brinkley

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The Gossip Copyright by American-Journal-Examiner-By Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

A rose in my garden, the sweetest and fairest,
Was hanging her head through the long cloak hours;
And early one morning I saw her tears falling.
And heard a low, gossiping talk in the bowers.

The yellow Nasturtium, a spinster all faded,
Was telling a Lily what ailed the poor Rose:
"That wild roving Bee, who was hanging about her
Has jilted her squarely, as everyone knows."

"I knew when he came, with his singing and sighing,
His airs and his speeches, so fine and so sweet,
Just how it would end; but none would believe me.
For all were quite ready to fall at his feet."

"Indeed, you are wrong," said the Lily-belle, proudly,
"I cared nothing for him. He called on me once,
And would have come often, no doubt, if I'd asked him;
But, though he was handsome, I thought him a dunce."

"Now, now, that's not true," cried the tall Oleander,

"He has traveled and seen every flower that grows;
And one who has sipped in the garden of princes,
We all might have known, would not wed with the Rose."

"But wasn't she proud when he showed her attention?
And she let him caress her," said sly Mignonette.

"And I used to see it and blush for her folly,
The silly thing thinks he will come to her yet."

"I thought he was splendid," said pretty, pert Larkspur,
"So dark and so grand, with that gay cloak of gold;
But he tried, once, to kiss me, the impudent fellow,
And I got offended; I thought him too bold."

"Oh, fie!" laughed the Almond. "That does for a story.
Though I hang down my head, I see all that goes;
And I saw you reach out, trying hard to detain him,
But he just tapped your cheek and flew by to the Rose."

"He cared nothing for her, he only was flirting
To while away time, as everyone knew;
So I turned a cold shoulder to all his advances.

Because I was certain his heart was untrue."
"The Rose is served right for her folly in trusting
"An oily-tongued stranger," quoth proud Columbine.

"I knew what he was, and thought once I would warn her,
But, of course, the affair was no business of mine."

"Oh, well," cried the Peony, shrugging her shoulders,
"I saw all along that the Bee was a flirt;
But the Rose has been always so praised and so petted,
I thought a good lesson would do her no hurt."

Just then came a sound of a love song sung sweetly;
I saw my proud Rose lifting up her bowed head;
And the talk of the gossips was hushed in a moment,
And the flowers all listened to hear what was said.

And the dark, handsome Bee, with his cloak o'er his shoulder,
Came swift through the sunlight and kissed the sad Rose.

"A whispered: 'My darling, I've roved the world over,
And you are the loveliest blossom that grows."

A Woman Governor

By ELBERT HUBBARD.

It will be remembered that Mrs. Marilla Ricker of Dover, N. H., made a spirited campaign for the governorship in that state a few years ago.

For a time it looked as if Mrs. Ricker stood a good chance of being elected. The matter, however, was referred to the attorney general of the state for a legal opinion as to whether Mrs. Ricker would be allowed to serve if she were the people's choice.

After due deliberation, the attorney general gave it as his opinion that a woman could not legally be inaugurated governor of the state of New Hampshire, even if a majority of the citizens voted for her.

The decision of the attorney general rested on the dictum that no person could serve as governor who was not a legal voter. If it were otherwise, he argued, we might elect a foreigner, a minor, an alien, a defective, a criminal to the office. Only a legal voter could be elected legally and allowed to serve, and the law did not recognize such a thing as a qualified female voter.

This rot of put a damper on the Marilla Ricker campaign, and the only thing then was to fall back on the good old fight of Votes for Women.

Now, however, in the state of Washington, Miss Anna A. Malley has been nominated on a referendum for governor on the socialist ticket.

Miss Malley is a school teacher, a lecturer and a writer. She is a woman of a good deal of ability, and withal, she is a working woman—a wage earner—and has had considerable experience in the world of business and practical affairs.

The northwest isn't afraid of initiative. Rather do they pride themselves on doing things that have never been done before. The northwest is really the home of the initiative, the referendum, and the recall. And the women of Washington have done all three. If you do not believe it, ask ex-Mayor McGill of Seattle.

Miss Malley seems to be acceptable to not

only her own party but to a great number of men and women in the republican and democratic parties. The best thing, some say, that the democrats and republicans can do now is to put up a woman candidate in opposition to Miss Malley.

If Miss Malley is elected, she will be the first woman governor in America! And this time there are no legal disabilities in the way.

Abraham Lincoln said that the object of government was to do for the people what the people could not do so well for themselves.

In degree, government is a sort of corporation—a body without death, a mind without decline. It is a master of business, and relates to matters of the education of the young, the care of the old, decrepit and infirm; the keeping of public records, the question of good roads, public parks, pure water and fresh air.

Government gives opportunity and protects the individual in his rights. The hand of the government should touch the people very lightly. For the most part, we know enough to do right, because right conduct brings good results, and is a part of the law of self-preservation.

Woman is a natural conservator. I never in all my life heard of a woman who played the part of a Coal Oil Johnny, and flung money to the English sparrows. If women were allowed to pay the bills there would be no lobster palaces; the after-theater supper would be cut out; we would get three square meals a day with just what we needed, and no more.

Women who have their own money in their own pockets, and know where their pockets are, never say "Keep the change" with a lofty flourish. If there is any money coming back to them they sweep it into their reticule, be it 5 cents or 5. Tips are taboo. It is only male man who is intent on impressing the head waiter or the floor walker.

My opinion is that women are better financiers than men. They are not so much given to bounding and exploitation.

A woman is a safer cashier than a man. Taking it all in all, I do not see why women should not occupy high positions in the state. And apart from party lines, I am inclined to think the people of the state of Washington might do well to elect Miss Malley governor—provided it was fixed by special enactment that no one should ever refer to her as "governess."

Archaeology

By EDGAR LUCIEN LARKIN.

If the present rate of progress is sustained, then perhaps it is safe to say that archaeology will become a science in the year 1900. The rescue of wonderful things and records of the remote past from oblivion now being made in classic lands and in other parts of the world, prefigure the dawn of the science.

If the enormous and senseless, idiotic waste of money in war could only end, and the means, a portion of it at least, could be used in giving work to thousands of suffering idle men in excavating ancient splendid world capitals, magnificent cities and ruined temples, the knowledge gained would be of inestimable value.

Mighty cities once adorned with palaces, religious temples and labyrinths of initiation, now buried at depths of from ten to thirty feet, await the pick and spade. Let all known sites be explored and others now unknown discovered by research and exhumed, then floods of wisdom of antiquity would pour into the possession of modern scholars, antiquarians, religionists and linguists. We should then know the true origin of our present civilization laws, religions, languages, alphabets, arts, architecture, habits, beliefs and daily customs. For these are all prehistoric, and were in existence before any history. As a matter of fact, all history now stored in the libraries of the world, is quite modern. Moderns have merely expanded and amplified these legacies of a mighty prehistoric and pre-Mesopotamian past.

I am not now speaking of physical science, but of religion, law, literature, language, philosophy. At last after long burial in desert sands in solitary wastes, the splendid capital of Egypt in its glory, Memphis, is being excavated, with scarcely more than a beginning.

The Yale university expedition is now on its way to Peru to exhume its very ancient cities. They are sure to find images of gods exactly like those excavated in Yucatan and Egypt, even to details of ornaments, features, headdress and dimensions.

Under deep debris in Peru, at Saint Albans, in Mexico, at Mitla and Palenque, at Memphis, in Cete and Echatanas, and

below the site of Persepolis, and the stupendous buried cities of Siam, precisely similar sculptures, especially of religious objects, exist.

Let many millions be expended in the foundation of a great museum of antiquities. Let sculptures exactly alike from a hundred buried cities be placed side by side, where all could see and compare these objects wrought by many different races, and keep up comparison, say until 1900, then perhaps one observer would be animated by an idea, namely, the makers of these ancient things, in widely separated parts of the world, had a common origin.

Peru, Arizona, Oregon, Michigan, Yucatan, Catalina Island, Alaska, Bornoe, Sunda Island, Siam, Burma, Ceylon, Egypt, Ethiopia, Arabia, Iran, India, Marapan, Necropan, Soclopar, Japan, Copen, Caylon, Minnesota, these and more, furnishing like symbols, might inspire the idea of origin derived from one root race. And the Pandects of Justinian give a clue.

Root words, basic in human speech, more enduring than granite, and primordial roots of the world's religions, more rigid than adamant, if really studied by competent linguists, will be found to converge to the mighty central world race, now sleeping in the huge submerged continent under the waters of the Pacific ocean.

Who were the titled shepherd kings, the obscure Hittites, the lauded Sumerians? And Phoenicians, with the Egyptians, the mighty sphinx and pyramid builders? All were descendants of the Pacific continent race, the greatest that ever inhabited the earth.

All real wisdom of all antiquity during thousands of years was carefully guarded in Esoteric mysteries. The modern mysteries, lodges, societies, rites of initiation, and such, are mere echoes, debris and remnants of the mighty wisdom of races that brought Asiatic and Egyptian knowledge from the sunken continent, of which the Hawaiian and Philippine groups, and all other Pacific islands, are the high places. By the end of December, 1909, archaeologists will begin to hear of this, and a science of real archaeology will begin.