



The Bee's Home Magazine Page



SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT—The Defendant is Considerable Entertainer

Drawn for The Bee by Tad



Telling a Friend the Truth

By WINIFRED BLACK.

"Dear Winifred Black: I have a friend, a good woman, a sweet woman and a clever woman. Her husband is unfaithful to her, and I think I ought to tell her about it. It seems to me so tragic for her to waste her unselfish devotion upon one so unworthy of her. My mother says I will be no true friend to my friend if I so much as whisper the truth to her. What would you do, stand idly by and see a good woman throw her way upon an unworthy husband, or open her eyes to the truth and then help her to get over it?"



What shall you do? That depends upon the friend and upon you. Is your friend a real woman or is she a little creature who will weep and storm and upbraid and let it go at that? Is she a person who has any kind of life of her own that she would like to live? Is she giving that life up because she is blindly devoted to a man who deceives her? Has she pride, self respect, self reliance, truth, courage, honor? Or is she just a little nonentity who would live with any man and be what she calls "a good wife to him"—as long as he gave her a wedding ring and called her Mrs. Somebody or other? Has she children and what will happen to them if she divorces her husband? Are you willing to help her take care of them? What if the story you told her should turn out to be untrue? Are you sure about it? Is the man really in love with her—do you think? What sort of a fellow is he anyway, worth while in any other way at all? Maybe you could help him out of a miserable muddle if you spoke to him. Instead of his wife. You say you are a friend of both; perhaps he's tired of the affair already, and just wants an excuse

to tell his wife all about it and be forgiven. What would I want you to do for me in such a case as that? I would want you to tell me and tell me quick. I don't want to waste my life "pretending." I'd rather live alone on a desert island with the buzzards for company than to pour out my heart to one who deceived me—I'd rather scrub floors for a living than to take one penny from a man who couldn't tell me the truth, and nothing but the truth. Yes! I can see how a woman might hesitate before she left a man who is the father of her children, not only for the children's sake, but for her own. Women get lazy, they get selfish, they get material as they grow older. I know women who were once decent, self-respecting beings who live now with men and pretend to love them, and they hate the very ground those men walk on and live a lie from one dreadful day's end to the other. I might be one of those women. I might prefer ease, quiet, comfortable deceit to honest misery and desperate courage, but I'd want the chance to choose. The old-fashioned woman didn't want the chance. "Don't tell me," she sobbed. "I don't want to know." Of course she didn't want to know—why should she? What could she do? The modern woman? That's different, quite different. The modern woman has the whole affair quite in her own hands; she isn't quite helpless, not the least little bit in the world. If she's any sort of woman at all the courts will stand by her to the very end. She can save her children, her income, and her self-respect—just by asking for them before any decent judge in this country. Yet, it is a responsibility. I don't ad-

vice you to tell the woman, and I don't know these things and act accordingly to their consciences about them. Just ask that good mother of yours if even her generation really respected the woman who shuts her eyes to her husband's "goings on" just because it was the easiest way out of an uncomfortable situation. I know women who never see anything,

Daffydils

AN EMPTY BARREL MAKES THE MOST NOISE

A collection of short jokes and puns, including: 'ISSY AND LENA SAT ON THE CONEY ISLAND BOAT SIDE...', 'HERE'S HIS PICTURE. HIS NAME IS OSWALD...', 'GEE HE'S A BEAR. HE SETTLES ALL THE GREAT QUESTIONS HIMSELF...', 'OH FIREMAN, SAVE MY CARNIVAL BADGE.', 'GEE YOU'RE A HAPPY GUY.', 'YEP NOTHING TO DO TILL TOMORROW HI HO.'

Little Bobbie's Pa

By WILLIAM F. KIRK.

Oh, gee, it is hot. I sed wen I calim home last nite, I have never saw it so hot. Me & Major Youngs went in swimming in the East river & it felt so good that we almost had a noshun to swim clear around to the North river. How often have I told you two kids not to go in swimming, sed Pa. There are a lot of other ways to keep cool. I know there are, I sed to Pa, but there aint many ways for a kid to keep cool. Kids cant join any of them indoor yacht clubs, like all you men do, I toald Pa. There is a lot of electric fans in this world, I sed to Pa, but most all of them is in places were a kid cant go. You go & set under yure electric fan, I toald Pa, & me & Major Youngs will go in swimming. I never heard you talk back to me like that, sed Pa. What in the world has got into you? Nothing, I sed to Pa, but I think that all kids ought to go in swimming all they want to & I am going out into the country next week, too, with Major Youngs, I sed. You know who he means, sed Ma to Pa, he means that little boy that is his chum. You didnt think Bobbie was going to join the army, did you? No, sed Pa, but I dont think boys shud go roaming around, swimming in the East river & going out into the country without there parents knowing sumthing about it. You can bet yure

life. Pa sed, that wen I was a child I never swam in any East river. Of course you didnt, sed Ma, you swam in a mealy little creek that ran through Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin, & at that you cam pritty near drowning. You let Bobbie & his little frend alone. I suppose I will have to if you say so, sed Pa, but it goes aggenst my grain to have kids romping around in dangerous places. Then Ma had Pa hooked, I cud see that much. She went rite caver to the library tabel & she picked up a magazine wich had a artikel in it wich Pa had rote, the nam of the artikel was Roaming Wild. Then Ma read this, wich Pa had rote: Roaming wild. How deslterful, how grand. The smell of the woods, the swamps, the streams. The twitter of birds that sing in the far places, were few white men has ever set there bare feet, & wavy the comber looks down from its ten-thousand-foot high cliff, soaring now & then into the wild, stormy air above the resting sea. Roaming wild. Think what that means. Think of the jungles, the grate northwest, the African desert with its burning sands & all the strange, queer places of the erth. Then Ma began to laff. You must have been kind of strange & queer yureself wen you rote that artikel, sed Ma, & then you have the nerve to ask little Bobbie & his boy frends to keep out of the river. Go to bed & snore, sed Ma to Pa.

Time Waits for No Woman

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By Nell Brinkley



Although They Plead and Beg with Him to Halt a Little While.

In this world there are many strange sights and famous ones to see. There is the place where you may find the mother, with a round baby in the comforting hollow between her knees, and over her shoulder bends the man who loves them and labors for both. This is a happy and fair thing to see, and there are many folks who pass that way. Some stop to look with the eyes of their hearts turned backward, some look with tender smiles in their eyes, some with hope that they'll be able some time to stop at that place themselves and never come away. Oh, and then there's the place where a little shabby child presses her grimy baby hands and her wistful little nose against the shop window and watches another little child in embroidery and hand-woven linen pick out the "regular life-size" doll that she likes best. That is a most sad place, and folks pass there quickly, or duck their faces away so they will not see. Then there is the place of lovers, and everybody

goes there to see! Every second page in the Book of the World is a picture of lovers. And in that place the honeymoon shines stickily, sweetly, all the time, and there's a great sound of kisses and sighs. Oh, yes, there are a heap of strange sights and famous ones to see. And one of them, if you go over the hills and far away, or if you stroll down the dust of Broadway, you'll some day, any day, see a shrouded creature called Time, the wish to stay in his eyes, but his feet always hurrying, hurrying—and behind him, clutching his flying gown, cooing and weeping, and wheedling, and some few industriously patting cold cream and rouge into their faces, some in shell-pink veils, because 'tis said they throw the rosy light of youth over an aging face, stream a vast procession of the gentle sex intent on making Time forget and dally just a little while. This isn't exactly a pleasant place, where you see this thing.

The Perfection of Practice

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

"Love you?" said I, then I sighed, and then I gazed upon her sweetly. For I think I do this sort of thing particularly neatly. And that is just what no girl wants—a lover who sighs, and adores, and pays compliments, and flatters himself that he "does this sort of thing particularly neatly." She doesn't want a practiced lover! She doesn't want a man to come to her with every lesson learned. She wants to teach him. And that is a joy that very few women have. The men who pay compliments easily and gracefully are unfortunately the kind of men who get the opportunity to pay them ofttest. They are the kind who are most in the company of women, and it is their flattery and the ease with which they pay it that does so much in turning the heads of the very young girls just at the time when it is most important that their heads should be set on straight. They are smooth, and easy and graceful. They handle a love phrase or a compliment as easily as they handle the fork and many of them began handling both at the same immature age. The ease with which they compliment; the knowledge of born experience that tells them just what kind of a compliment will have the finest entering wedge, means trouble to every girl who believes them. Their compliments are so easy to pay they are paid without sincerity. The tongue has become so adept at "this sort of thing" that it utters compliments that are born on the tongue's edge, and that never came from the heart. Ease in love making is the mark of love that should put the girl to whom it is made on her guard. Better a tongue-tied lover; better a lover who stammers and halts and can't find the right word and so uses the wrong one or says nothing; better such a lover than the lover who is glib. If a man pays few compliments and those are lame and halt and awkward, more to his credit, I say, than if he has a host constantly marshalled at his tongue's end ready to march out and capture any little feminine heart that flies by. No girl wants insincerity in her lover. She has met it in her friends, which is a misfortune. To meet it in a lover is a tragedy. Therefore, I beg of her that she place not a large value on a love phrase or a compliment that is the perfection of grace. That means practice. And practice in such affairs means insincerity. It is not the cream of love she is getting. It is the skimmed milk and a skimmed milk that has been on the fire many times. Willie (appearing at door, dripping)—Don't lick me, mother! I just saved four men and three women from drowning. Mother—How? Willie—They was jest going on the top when I broke through!—Purr.

Havoc Caused by Engine Sparks

A tremendous loss by fire each year is caused by sparks from locomotives. The United States district forester for Montana and Idaho estimated a loss to government and adjoining timber of \$600,000,000 feet, or a total of \$21,500,000, caused by 1,679 fires, 85 per cent of which started on the railroad rights of way and in spite of good cooperation by the railroads. The great forest fires in Minnesota, during 1910, which caused such loss of life and suffering in the towns of Spooner and Beaudette, with a million dollars worth of valuable property and timber, were due to four fires, three of which were started by locomotive sparks. Four fire insurance companies which make a specialty of insuring flour mills and elevators paid more than \$100,000 in 1910 for losses due to this cause. The Cotton Insurance Association of Georgia has reported that 90 per cent of cotton fires in transportation are due to locomotive sparks. A grain dealers' mutual fire insurance company reports each year from 17 to 25 per cent of its losses due to the same cause. The fire records of manufacturing risks which have been published in the quarterly of the National Fire Protection association show a very material percentage of fires from locomotive sparks, and yet taken as a whole we would not consider manufacturing risks as particularly susceptible to the spark hazard. The record of fires in fifteen classes of manufacturing risks showed about 2 per cent to be due to this cause.—Insurance Engineering.

Sparrows Attack Little Girl. Helen Tronson, the 10-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George E. Tronson of Clinton street, Bloomfield, N. J., was so badly injured from an attack on her by two sparrows that it was necessary to call in a physician to dress the wounds on her face, neck and arms. A young sparrow had fallen to the ground and the mother bird made repeated efforts to carry it back to the nest, although it was dead. Mrs. Tronson, who had witnessed the bird's efforts, instructed her daughter to bury the little thing in the yard. After digging a hole Helen was carrying the corpse to the yard when the parents of the dead bird attacked her.—Newark News.