

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT—The Judge Just Dozed Off Gently

Drawn for The Bee by Tad

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Married Life the Third Year

Helen Develops a Case of Tonsillitis and Warren at Last is Really Concerned

By MAHEL HERBERT URNER.

Warren stood by the bed, his hands in his pockets, looking down at Helen with a troubled frown.

"I don't like that sore throat—and the temperature with it. I'm going to send a doctor this morning. Can't afford to take chances over here."

"Will I have to see him alone? You can't be with me?" wistfully.

"How can I? I've got an appointment at 11 and another at 1, but I'll try to get here early this afternoon."

Helen's lip quivered at the thought of lying in this hotel room all day alone.

"Now, there's no whimpering. It's hard lines, I know, but you've got to make the best of it. We'll see what the doctor says. He may be able to fix you up in a day or so."

"But, dear, do you know of any doctor here?"

"I'll ask the clerk downstairs. These hotels always have some one they recommend. Oh, that makes me think," drawing out his wallet. "I want to leave you the money to pay him. Here's two guineas."

"That! Warren, it won't be so much as that! These London doctors are high. But don't you fret about the cost. What you want to do is to get well. That's your job now. I'll try to have the doctor come around at 11 and I'll call you up at noon to hear what he says. You've got the house-keeper and the chambermaid, and don't be afraid to ask them for what you want. Give the maid half a crown and she'll be right on the spot. Wait, I'll move the bed nearer to the door—there, you can reach the bell now without getting up."

As he stooped over to kiss her Helen clung to him tremulously. With a final "Cheer up now, I'll phone around 11 o'clock," he was gone.

Evidently he met the maid in the hall and sent her in, for Helen heard his voice outside, and the maid came in at once.

"You feel like sitting up, ma'am, while I go to the bed?"

She got Helen out in the big chair, wrapped a blanket about her, then quickly made up the bed with clean, fresh linen, and helped Helen into a fresh night dress.

It was after 11 o'clock when the doctor came. He was a young man, ruddy and very English, with a cutaway coat, a high silk hat and gray spats. But Helen felt at once that he was capable. He asked a few questions, took her temperature, looked at her throat and then said briefly:

"Tonsillitis. But only a mild form. I will give you a spray for the throat and something to reduce your temperature. We'll have you all right in a few days."

"A few days?" Helen repeated in dismay. "Oh, doctor, I had hoped to be out tomorrow."

The doctor smiled. "That's the way with you Americans. You want everything done in a minute. But you'll have to take this a little easy. You mustn't count on getting out for several days yet. Be careful not to take cold. And don't eat any solids. Keep on sops for a while until your throat is better."

"Slops!" Helen looked at him in wide-eyed wonder.

"Yes, slops—broth and soups. We want to give that throat a chance to heal up. I'll see you again in the morning."

Helen hesitated. It was a most embarrassing moment. With visions of possibly two guineas a call, she did not want him to make another. Yet how was she to tell him so?

"say?" was his first question.

"Oh, dear, he says I have tonsillitis, and that I'll have to stay in bed for several days!"

"That so? That is hard, Kitten. I'm awfully sorry. What did he give you?" Helen told him of the prescriptions she had sent out to have filled.

"When is he coming again?" "Why, he wanted to come in the morning, but I didn't know then what he was going to charge—so I told him you would telephone."

"Both the charge—you've got to get well. Never mind. I'll phone him. Throat hurt much?"

"Oh, it's so sore—hurts dreadfully to swallow."

"Well, you mustn't stand there and catch cold. Go back to bed—I'll get home just as soon as I can."

The afternoon which Helen looked forward to with so much dread passed very quickly. Perhaps it was the fever or the medicine that made her so drowsy, for she dozed most of the time.

Warren came early—it was hardly five. He sat down by the bed, took both of her hands, and there was a gentleness and anxiety in his manner that thrilled Helen even in her drowsy lethargy.

"How's the throat?" "It hurts when I talk."

"Then you mustn't talk. I phoned the doctor," as he chafed her hands. "He's coming in the morning. Said the main thing was for you not to catch cold. While you've got this temperature, you mustn't stir around. Now, I don't know what to do about a nurse."

"Don't like the idea of your being here alone."

"A nurse? Oh, Warren, we can't afford a nurse over here—in this hotel—with all her meals."

"We can afford anything that's necessary to get you well. But we'll wait till morning and see how you are."

He went over to the phone now and called down for a dinner card.

"I'm going to have my dinner sent up here—so you won't be alone any more tonight. You're to have some clam broth—that's what the doctor ordered."

Helen smiled faintly. "What do you think he told me? He said I mustn't have anything but 'slops.'"

"Slops," laughed Warren. "That's English for you. That's a nice, appetizing suggestion for a sick person. But you're not going to be sick long. We'll have you well and out of here."

Helen, who had moved over nearer the edge of the bed, so she might rest her cheek against Warren's arm as he sat beside her, now tried to draw his face down to hers. But he suddenly jerked away.

"Don't kiss me," sharply. "That tonsillitis may be catching. I can't afford to be laid up."

Daffydils

WALDO EMERSON OF BOSTON WAS COURTING BIRDIE MORGAN HE WENT ONE NIGHT RESOLVED TO LEARN HIS FATE BUT AS THE MOMENT APPROACHED TO ASK THE QUESTION HIS PEDAL EXTREMITIES BECAME CHILLED AND FRIGID PERSPIRATION DAMPED HIS MANLY BROW. MISS MORGAN—BIRDIE—HE BEGAN—JER—J—THAT IS—MISS MORGAN GATED AT HIM AND REMARKED—'WELL WALLY—I JUST WANTED TO ASK YOU—IF YOU FOUND THAT GIVE JUSTICE TO ALL NIGHT—WOULDN'T YOU SAY IT CEMENTS?'

NO JOHN—YOU'RE WRONG THATS NOT HER OWN COMPLIMENT

HA—I'M A HAM LANNER NOW—GET UP AND GET A ROLL ONING WAY TO THE FERRY—FIGHT ME WAY THROUGH THE MOB MAKE THE OFFICE BY 8 ANSWER A

COUPLE OF 'SEE MES' THEN TAKE STATEMENTS AND FILL OUT RELEASES TILL NOON. THEN RUSH OUT ON A FATAL CASE! SEE 8 O'K TO WITNESSES. RUSH AND GET BAIL FOR SOME

THEY I RUSH HOME LOOK UP LAM TILL I AM THEN TO THE MAN WHERE I LAY AWAKE TILL 5 WONDERRING IF SOME OTHER LANNER WILL STEAL THE CASE—I DON'T GET UP TILL 11:30

GEE YOU'RE A LUCKY GUY

YEP NODDIN TO DO TILL TOMORROW

WHATTA YOU GOIN' TO HAVE?

CAT ABARR THE FELTON SAGE SAYS: "SOCIETY'S SUCCESS'S SECRET"

When a Wife Forgives

By WINIFRED BLACK.

Dear Friend: Your article in reference to a man's wife deceiving him has called to mind a different story. What if a man deceives his wife; does the same apply to him.

A bad woman, good looking, well educated, can break up a dozen homes. Say a man has a quarrel with his wife and doesn't think he has been treated square, and he starts drinking, meets a woman and does wrong on the impulse of the moment, and afterward confesses his wrongs, should not his wife forgive him? Please answer, W. B.

No, my friend, I don't agree with you. Good looking women cannot "break up a dozen homes," or one home either, not if the homes are real homes, and not just places where people live and pretend to be happy.

Good looks never held a man's love in the world, and they never "broke up" a home worthy of the name either. A bad heart breaks up homes, and a silly head, and both of them belong to the person who lives in the home.

Should a woman forgive a man who has betrayed her trust in him? That depends on the woman and on the man and on the way that confidence was betrayed.

The best husband I ever saw had a foolish affair with a woman once when his wife was away. He and the wife quarreled, and the wife had gone visiting to "her folks."

The man was desperately miserable and so lonely and wretched that he was half-crazy. Along came the poor goose of a woman who thought she saw her chance for a good home and a decent man at last.

She made love to the man, cunningly, carefully veiled love. She pretended to be sorry for him, oh, so sorry, and she cried with him, and she sang to him in what she was pleased to call the "gloaming," and she flattered him and she coaxed him, and she made a great, big, stupid, credulous fool of him until one day the man got a letter from his wife, and the letter said, "I'm sorry, are you?"

And the man packed his trunk and was gone, without one syllable to the "consoler."

And when he got home again with the woman he really loved, at home in the dear little house they had built together, at home with the memories and the hopes and the sweet confidences, the man never even remembered the other woman at all.

But the other woman remembered the man, and she pursued him day and night, and when he would not come back to her, or pay any attention to her, she went to the man's wife and told her all about the wretched affair.

The wife smiled and said, "Yes, didn't you know he told me all about it?" which was really not true at all, and when the other woman had gone the wife cried and was broken-hearted.

But she thought it all over, and when her husband came home she said, "John, I was a fool to leave you, and you acted like a fool while I was gone. Let's both be sensible after this," and John's white face relaxed, and his strained eyes grew natural for the first time in months, and he put his head down on his wife's lap and cried like a great big, sorry baby.

And he thinks that his wife is made of gold, with diamonds for eyes and rubies for lips, and he wouldn't look at the prettiest woman alive if she should come right down out of Venusburg and make love to him. He has had his lesson—and he'll never need another.

Did his wife do right? I think she did. She saved a good man and she mended a broken life, and she had the good sense to see that the other woman wasn't anything real at all, she was just an opiate, like a dose of morphine.

Yes, she's happy—not as happy as she would be if her husband had not had the affair at all, but a whole lot happier than she would be today if she had taken her "rights" before the law and divorced the husband and wrecked two lives.

Forgive, why not? Forget? That is not quite so easy, but it can be done when it's worth while. Are you worth while, my good correspondent, for of course you yourself are the man in the case?

Do you really love this wife you deceived? Are you sorry and ashamed and really contrite? Or would you go and do the very same thing all over again on the very first excuse?

There's a difference in men, you know—a very great difference. Some are worth forgiving, and some are not even worth

the trouble of forgetting. Which kind are you? And the drinking now; do you think that is an excuse, really? How much of an excuse is it? Be fair, now. How much of an excuse would you make it for your wife, this very wife you have humiliated, and deceived, and shamed, in the eyes of this shameless woman who "ured" you from the straight and narrow path?

Have you stopped drinking for good? What have you done to show your wife that you really are ashamed of yourself? Why should she believe you? Have you always been straight with her before this?

Forgive you? Yes, if you're worth forgiving, of course she will. Poor woman! She'll pick up the broken love and the shattered faith, and the cracked confidence she once had in you, and she'll match them all together again, as women have been doing since time began, and she'll shut her eyes and say, "It's all there, whole, perfect, unharmed, as good as new."

And she'll brush the bitter tears from her aching eyes, and she'll smile. Oh, how she will smile, and smile, and she will go down into the valley of the shadow of death for you, and come out smiling again with your child in her weak arms, and she'll lay her tired heart to yours, and she'll try to make herself believe that you never gave her one moment's sorrow! And some day, when you are both quite old, maybe she'll succeed—if you are worth while. Are you?

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A Love Song

By NELL BRINKLEY

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THE SWEETEST MUSIC IN THE WORLD—FOR HIM.

"There," with an indulgent smile, "I foolish—such a very foolish Helen."

"Of course you are," humorously, res-cuing the glass, which she was holding at a dangerous angle, and brushing back her hair with an awkward touch that was almost a caress. "Don't think anybody's going to deny that—do you? Now he down there and be good."

Mark Twain at His Best

Mark Twain declared afterward that he listened to four speeches that night which he would remember as long as he lived. One of them was by Emory Storrs, another by General Vilas, another by Logan, and the last and greatest, by Robert Ingersoll, whose eloquence swept the house like a flame.

Clemens' own speech came last. He had been placed at the end to hold the house. He was preceded by a dull speaker, and his heart sank, for it was 3 o'clock and the diners were weary and "sloopy" and the dreary speech had made them unresponsive.

They gave him a round of applause when he stepped upon the table in front of him—a tribute to his name. Then he began the opening words of that memorable, delightful fancy.

"We haven't all had the good fortune to be ladies; we haven't all been general, or poet, or statesmen; but when the toast works down to the babies—we stand on common ground."

The tired audience had listened in respectful silence through the first half of the sentence. He made one of his effective pauses on the word "babies," and when he added, in that slow, rich measure of his, "we stand on common ground," they let go a storm of applause. There was no weariness and inattention after that. At the end of each sentence he had to stop to let the tornado roar itself out and sweep by. When he reached the beginning of the final paragraph, "Among the three or four million gradates now rocking in the land are some which this nation would preserve for ages as sacred things if we could know which ones they are," the vast audience waited breathless for his conclusion. Step by step he led toward some unseen climax—some surprise, of course, for that would be his way. Then steadily, and almost without emphasis, he delivered the opening of his final sentence:

"And now in his cradle, somewhere under the flag, the future illustrious commander-in-chief of the American armies is so little burdened with his approaching grandeur and responsibilities as to be giving his whole strategic mind at this moment to trying to find out some way to get his own big toe into his mouth, an achievement which (meaning no disrespect) the illustrious guest of this evening also turned his attention to some fifty-six years ago."

He paused, and the vast crowd had a chill of fear. After all, he seemed likely to overdo it—to spoil everything with a cheap joke at the end.

No one ever knew better than Mark Twain the value of a pause. He waited now long enough to let the silence become absolute, until the tension was painful; then wheeling to Grant himself, he said, with all that dramatic power of which he was master:

"And if the child is but the father of the man, there are mighty few which will doubt that he succeeded!"

The house came down with a crash. The linking of their hero's great military triumphs with that earliest of all conquests seemed to them so grand a figure they went mad with the joy of it. Even Grant's iron serenity broke; he rocked and laughed while the tears streamed down his cheeks—Albert Bigelow Paine in Harper's Magazine.