

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT

Luther Wanted His Rights, That's All

Drawn for The Bee by Tad



Hunting a Husband

The Widow Has a Chance Encounter With Maynard.

By VIRGINIA TERHUNE VAN DEWATER.

To her intense irritation, Beatrice felt herself start violently and the crimson flush that she hated swept over her face. The man lifted his hat gravely, then, bending, spoke close to her ear that he might make himself heard above the roar of the train.

"I did not know you were still in town," he said, "and it was not till you had passed into the car that I saw your face and recognized in you the lady who came near being badly hurt. I am thankful that you were not injured."

Beatrice was so weary that speech was an effort and she answered as briefly as courtesy would permit.

"I was very stupid," she said, "to make such a mistake, and I thank you for helping to extricate me from an awkward dilemma."

If he thought that she was going to regard him as a card-playing man, he was wrong. She was not a card player, but she was a woman of the world, and she was not going to let a man who had been so kind to her go without making her feelings known.

"Would you not like me to call a taxi-cab for you when you reach your station?" he asked. "It will give me pleasure to see that you get home safely."

"Thank you," she replied stiffly, "that will not be necessary."

It is difficult to be dignified in speech on a subway train, for one must raise one's voice to a certain pitch to make one's speech audible. Beatrice, conscious of this fact, congratulated herself that Robert Maynard would probably get out at the next station, as he lived farther downtown than did she. But she was mistaken for he remained standing in the aisle until her street was called out when he turned and offered to help her to her feet. She pretended not to see his outstretched hand, but stood up alone and hurried from the train followed by Maynard.

But she was weaker in nerve and body from the shock of her fall than she appreciated, and as she began to climb the stairs to the street the steps seemed to waver under her tread, and she grasped the balustrade to steady herself. The man beside her saw the halt in her gait, and taking her by the elbow, supported her to the top of the flight. "The widow remembered with dismay that her home was several long blocks from the station, and hoped for strength to walk the distance alone. If she could only get rid of her self-instituted escort! Turning to him, she held out her hand.

"Again thank you and good afternoon!" she said, with a forced smile. "And now I will ask you to leave me, as I am going right home and need no more help."

He took her hand and stood looking at her quizzically, yet a trifle sadly.

"Dear lady," he urged, "do not act as if I were an enemy instead of a friend. I do not want to annoy you, but you are not well, and I do not intend to leave you until I see you safe in your house. That is the least that any man would do under the circumstances."

"I am accustomed to going about alone," declared Beatrice, "even with a flash of anger—at the hours when you say a woman should be at home."

"I did not know that the woman in the question was you when I made that remark," said Maynard, gently.

"The facts were the same, no matter who the woman was," retorted Beatrice. "But before she could say more the man beckoned up a handsome that was passing, put her in it, and giving her address to the driver, stepped in after her. Then he continued their conversation as if it had not been interrupted.

"I think," he pleaded, "that you ought to pardon that speech you overheard me make to the guard, since, had I known who the woman I helped was, I would have felt and spoken differently."

"And I do not see what difference that would have made," insisted Beatrice, "as your statement might apply to any woman."

"Not if she were you," said Maynard softly, "for you always make all the difference to me."

Beatrice looked at him suddenly, surprised at his tone, but he was gazing straight ahead of him, and she held her peace. She would not be the one to ask for an explanation, or to say a word that would give him a chance to account for his behavior, since their last meeting. Her life, she reminded herself, was complicated enough just now without her

Daddydilly

I HATE TO TALK ABOUT MYSELF BUT BY GEORGE WHEN I WAS A BOY

TOOT TOOT TOOT RANG OUT THE WHISTLE THEN A COUPLE OF MORE TOOTS. IT WAS THE FAST MAIL ON THE XYZ RUSHING TOWARDS TARRYTOWN TWENTY TWO HOURS LATE. A MAIL BAG WAS THROWN FROM THE FLYING TRAIN BUT EAGLE EYE CHARLIE THE STATION AGENT WAS THERE WITH THE CHIEF MEYERS STUFF AND GRABBED SAID MAIL BAG. THERE WAS A NOTE PINNED TO IT SO CHARLIE PUT ON HIS CHEATERS AND READ.

"A MAN RUNS FOR A REASON BUT WHAT DOES AN AUTOMOBILE RUN ABOUT?"

WATSON THE NEEDLE

IM DOING ONE NIGHT STANDS NOW AND ITS SWELL GET UP AT 7 REHEARSE WITH THE BAND AT STAGE REHEARSAL FROM 9 TO 11 THEN AT

ILSO WE PARADE AROUND TOWN AT 12 WE EAT AND AT 1 WE PLAY MUSIC IN THE FAIR GROUND AND THROW BILLS AROUND FOR THE SHOW THAT NIGHT AT 7 BAND CONCERT

IN FRONT OF THE THEATRE 8.30 PLAY MINOR PARTS AND DO CARDTRICKS BETWEEN THE ACTS AFTER THE SHOW WE PUSH THE CHAIRS BACK FOR THE DANCE AND PLAY MUSIC TILL 2.30

GENTLEMEN BE SEATED TA-RA-RA-RA BONES-MISTAH JOHNSON CAN YOU TELL ME DE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN 30 AND 32 INTERLOCUTOR-WHY CERTAINLY THE DIFFERENCE IS 2 BONES-NO SUN, THERE AINT NO DIFFERENCE. INTERLOCUTOR-KINDLY EXPLAIN THAT TO ME. BONES-WELL YOU SEE MISTAH JOHNSON IM THIRTY YEARS OLD AND YOURE THIRTY TOO.

HIST!! TIS THE SNORE OF YON COP

GEE YOU'RE A HAPPY GUY

YEP NOTHIN' TO DO TILL TO-MORROW

In Other People's Houses

By DOROTHY DIX.

An old mother went to live with her son, whose wife's mother also lived in the same house. Both the son and his wife did all they could to make the old lady happy, but she disapproved of the manner and point of view of the daughter-in-law's mother, and felt it to be her sacred duty to express her opinion freely on the subject. Trouble ensued.

Then the mother went to live with her married daughter, but she didn't like her son-in-law's relatives any better than she did her daughter-in-law's and she likewise felt it nothing more than right and her privilege to vent her sentiments, thereby stirring up strife again, and precipitating another family row.

It appears that before mother arrived on the scene both her son and daughter were on the most affectionate terms with their "in-laws," and got along beautifully with them, and because they refused to sever these kindly ties and take mother's part in the foolish quarrels, she feels that she has been badly treated, and calls them ungrateful children, and regards herself as a persecuted martyr.

Of course, there is no use in telling this old lady that the son and daughter are right, and that there's just one person more foolish than the individual who is always getting into quarrels, and that is the one who takes up somebody else's quarrel. Nor is there any good in telling her that, so far from having a grievance in her children loving their "in-laws," she should be down on her knees thanking heaven for the miracle that has been vouchsafed in their behalf.

Nor is it worth while to remind her that other people have just as good a right to their own code of ethics and conduct as she has, and that she holds no divine commission to go around reforming the world, and forcing other people to measure up to her little narrow inch rule.

Colossal self-conceit is one of the unlovely characteristics of age that only the biggest and broadest minded people escape. By the time a woman has admired herself for sixty odd years vanity becomes an incurable disease. By the time she has been sure she has been exactly right for half a century you could remove a mountain easier than you could shake her faith in her own infallibility, and her mind is as impervious to the suggestion that she might be in the wrong as a granite boulder is to the prick of a cambric needle.

Old people always think they are Solomon, that their way of doing things is the only correct one, and this is what makes it so difficult for any old man or woman, and especially an old woman, to live in another person's house.

The old woman quarrels with her daughter-in-law because the daughter-in-law doesn't keep house exactly as she does, and doesn't bring up her children just as she brought up hers and because daughter-in-law goes out to clubs when she never did, or wears tight skirts when she wore hoop skirts, or she uses the best china every day when she always kept hers under lock and key, and brought it out only on state occasions.

Or the old lady nags and frets at her son-in-law because he smokes when she disapproves of tobacco, or he has been with his dinner when she is a W. C. T. U., or he has old chums of whom she is suspicious, or because he will read the Sunday newspaper instead of going to church.

It never occurs to the old lady that her real issue does no more harm than a children's quarrel—hot while it lasts, and soon forgotten.

"It is desirable to have the same sympathies and tastes, but it is essential to have one ambition. If a couple enjoy the same pursuits, if they are to go out to dine, or if both like dancing, or both prefer to stay at home and spend an evening in reading, they will be happier for the time, but having the same ambition will make the marriage a longer one."

"We agree that wedded life is in a sense a long conversation, and that a woman should have something to contribute to it, besides the old wife's 'Yes, dear,' and 'No, dear.'"

"The new wife should be a comrade, not an echo," said Mrs. Selwyn.

daughter-in-law may be a far more intelligent woman than she is, that her way of keeping house and raising children may be a thousand times more sensible, or that the daughter-in-law's way may represent the advance in progress of a generation, and that even if it doesn't, the daughter-in-law has just as good a right to run her own affairs in her own way as she had to run hers in her own way.

Nor does it dawn on her that any man who pays for the support of a home has the privilege of doing in it as he pleases, and that it is an insolent impertinence for any outsider to interfere with him.

Mother-in-law is always an unwelcome guest, whether it is in her son's or her daughter's house, and it is her own fault in the majority of cases that this is true. And it is true because she cannot keep her finger out of her children's pie, and she's bound to meddle, and when she does the mischief's to pay.

Because a woman happens to be the mother of her host or hostess does not make her any the less a guest under his or her roof, and if she could only remember this, and conduct herself accordingly to the rules laid down by the guest society for the guidance of guests, it would enormously augment the sum of human happiness.

Because a woman is staying in her son's house gives her no right to try to boss it and her daughter-in-law, or to criticize the bread and butter. On the contrary, it should make her that much more discreet and chary of making suggestions. Daughter-in-law will ask for her advice when she wants it, and this wise thing is to withhold counsel even when it is requested.

Nor does the fact that she is living with her daughter give a woman the right to police her son-in-law and make herself disagreeable to him. On the contrary, she pays for her board with her society, it is all the more up to her to make that society agreeable, soothing and flattering.

Old people are not adaptable, and it seems impossible for the woman who has ruled supreme in her own house to take second place in somebody else's. It is likewise impossible for a mother to realize that her children ever grow up, and that when they are married they have a duty to husband or wife that comes even before their duty to her. This is why the advent of the mother-in-law in a family is almost invariably the beginning of trouble, and why no mother should go to live with any one of her married children if it is possible to avoid it.

Undoubtedly daughters-in-law and sons-in-law are not angels to live with. They lack much in patience and consideration in dealing with their wives' and husbands' mothers. But mother's skirts are not clear either, and the woman who has really her children's interest at heart—who loves them unselfishly, will go to visit old ladies' home before she will go to live with them.

Physicians, as a rule, are strongly opposed to published advertising. This aversion is founded on an old rule of medical ethics and is carried to the extreme of making a doctor who breaks it an object of suspicion in the eyes of his fellow practitioners.

Appropos of this is the story which Dr. W. H. Hill told me himself the other day. "My wife got me into an awful fix," Dr. Hill declared. "You see, she was one of the women appointed or elected at a public school to solicit advertising for a benefit cook book. She knew nothing of what a crime it is for a physician to break into print, and merely to show that her heart was in the cause inserted my name with those of merchants, dyers and cleaners and others. When the book came out, Mrs. Hill brought me the first copy of the press and proudly pointed out my advertisement. I will admit that I was somewhat excited. I went immediately to the publishing house and for a consideration got him to paste a white piece of paper over the space allotted to me in every book. When I returned home, I was immensely satisfied with my forethought and my sacrifice to the profession in practice. Witness what happened a day or two later.

"I met a friend in the profession at the street and he began to smile when he saw me.

"Well, what tickles you?" I inquired.

"I will have to give it to you; you are mighty clever," the doctor said, banteringly. "The idea of pasting a blank slip over your ad so the women of your church would be bound to see it!"—Kansas City Journal.

"Old Fashioned Wife in Discard," She Says

By ADA PATTERSON.

There is a new wife. She is a creature of the new era of woman. She loves her husband, but she no longer worships him. I had this from a gifted young woman who has studied women under a microscope, Mrs. Edgar Selwyn, the author.

"Sex madness and sex blindness are passing," said Mrs. Selwyn as she sat in her dainty little studio, where "Mental Efficiency" was the first volume on a long shelf of books, and "Woman Himself" was the last. We were talking of the attitude of wives in the news, the wives of the suspects in the graft murder cases, one and all of whom have exalted their husbands, ascribing to them angelic attributes, and of the bride of a day. Mrs. Anthony Grace, who, being taken into the coroner's office to testify against her husband, committed with killing his brother and charging bigamy, cried, pointing her bridegroom:

"Take that man out of the room. I cannot bear the sight of him."

"It's an interesting contrast and a significant one," she said. "The wives of the suspects in the Rosenthal case are types of the old wife. Mrs. Grace stands for the new wife. It is admirable to stand by your husband, even though he be wrong, but claiming angelic qualities for him is what I term sex madness, or sex blindness. It is a relic of the old order when women were taught to regard men as gods."

The literature of the time, the old-fashioned, starchy novels which were allowed in their childhood and girlhood to read, put man on a pedestal. Girls turned their eyes upward and clasped their hands when the word "man" was spoken in their presence. Foolish books and foolish talk were responsible for this. That time has passed and it won't come back. Women have injected their reasoning faculties into the sex situation. The clinging vine has gone out.

Does the new wife love her husband as well as the old one did?

"Yes, but in a less selfish way."

"You mean that—less selfish?"

"Yes, for it is selfish to hang about a man's neck, to tell him that all your life and happiness are in him. Besides it bores him. There is a great deal said in praise of the woman who stayed at home and had no interests outside of it. The woman who stayed at home wanted to do so. They did not care to go beyond their own threshold. Now they do, and that is as it should be. Intelligence has so organized household affairs that it does not take all of a woman's time to look after them and she has a margin of time left to go about and meet other women and exchange ideas, if the ideas are only as dress-makers, and milliners—where they can do the best for themselves about gowns and hats.

The new wife is more interesting to a man because she has learned to think for herself.

"The new wife is less demonstrative in her affection than the old one. If she cuddles and pets her husband it is to amuse him, not herself.

"Men still talk about the old-fashioned wife."

"Yes, but they don't marry the old-fashioned woman. The old wife is an idea with them, not a fact. She made more demands than the new wife does. She expected to be all in need of a



MRS. EDGAR SELWYN.

Burned the Grass Roots

A strange story comes from Watauga county, North Carolina, across the Blue Ridge from East Tennessee, in connection with a recent burial in an old cemetery near the county seat of that county. The story is vouched for by the editor of the Watauga Democrat, a weekly newspaper published in that county. This editor relates that while attending the burial referred to, and which occurred only a week or two ago, his attention was directed to a grave that was perfectly barren, and was apparently as hard on the surface as the packed dirt of a public highway. He was informed by persons residing in the community that this grave contained the dust of a man named Hatton, who died forty year ago.

"Although all these years have elapsed," said the editor, "not a blade of grass nor a flower of any kind has grown upon the grave."

He inquired the cause, and the mountain folk explained that the man buried there was extremely profane. He was wont to curse and rave at everything which was not exactly to his liking, and was related, and few things ever were. During his last illness, as related to the editor by old residents, he grew frightfully rebellious, and drew his last breath with curses upon his lips for his Creator.

The condition of this grave is made more strikingly significant by the fact, as described by the editor of the Watauga Democrat, that all other graves in the little cemetery are covered with a carpet of grass, while upon some of them roses and other flowers are growing.—Chattanooga Times.

Many a man performs his work as though he thought he was doing the boss a favor.

'Twas a Good Ad, Anyway

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