

The Bee's Mome Magazine Page



SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT

They Didn't Mean What the Judge Meant

Drawn for The Bee by Tad



HELLO- IS THAT YOU HARRY SAY COME OVER TO THE HOUSE WONT YOU. GEE I'M AS LONESOME AS A RATHS KELLER IN NE W ORLEAMS. ARE YOU ALL ALONE ?



NO-NO-JUDGE I CANT-LUTHER IS OVER HERE WITH ME NOW- WE'RE DRESS ING A CHICKEN FOR A BIG PEED TO NIGHT -OME ON OVER



WELL-THAT'S MY IDEA OF CONSIDERABLE OCCUPATION -DRESSING A CHICKEN -THANK YOU - I'M ON MY WAY



Married Life the Third Year

The Voyage Home from England-They Quarrel Over a

By MABEL HERBERT URNER.

asked Warren, as a still larger wave threw a spray almost to the edge of their steamer chairs.

"A little," admitted Helen, "but didn't the purser say it would be smoother when we got to the gulf stream?" Well, we're not

there yet, and we may get it rough all the way." "But, dear, we didn't have any-

thing like this coming over!" "We took a more southerly course; besides, going east s always a better

from his chair,

stamped his feet to shake down his trousers, and stood there for a moment. his hands in his pockets. "Don't feel like any luncheon?"

Helen shook her head, "Oh, I couldn't eat anything." "All right, guess you're just as well off

without it."

He took a ccuple of turns around the deck, and then went down to luncheon, while Helen lay there battling with waves of seasickness. It was the first time that she had felt the least ill. The trip over had been ideally smooth. But this return voyage had begun rough, and now the third day found them in an angry, lurch-

So far, Helen had kept on deck, although most of the other women had given up and taken refuge in their state-

When Warren came up from luncheon the waves were breaking still farther over the deck, sending the spray almost into their faces. "We can't stay here, it's getting too

He called the deck steward and had

their chairs moved to the other side, where the deck was sheltered by a high canvas railing. Helen stood it for about an hour

longer, then as the roll of the ship grew more sickening, she finally had to give up. "Dear, I'm going down to the stateroom. Perhaps if I loosen my clothes and lie down a while I'll feel better."

Warren put down his book. "All right Guess it's getting a bit rough for you. Want me to bring this pillow?" He helped her down to the stateroom

Helen had hoped he would come in, but he threw in the rug and pillow and left her with a brief, "Try to get a nap, you'll feel all right by dinner."

The room seemed close and the motion of the ship worse than on deck. There is nothing so depressing as seasickness, and as Helen lay there listenof sheer despondency. But the swaying glared at her. motion soon rocked her into an uneasy

"How are you now?" Warren was hanging up his coat and steamer cap. He had turned on the light, and Helen could see through the stateroom window that it was already dark. "Had a good

She tried to rise, but a sudden lurch sent her back against the "low.

"Pretty heavy sea," as he shoved back the steamer trunk that had slid from under the berth. "Guess we're going to have a night of it."

"Oh, dear, is it getting worse?" Well, it's not getting any better. How

de you feel about dinner? Think you'd rather stay where you are?" "I'm afraid I'll have to. I'm so dizzy. "All right; the stewardess will bring

you what you want. There'll not be many down tonight. See here, we can't have this window open!" "Oh, Warren, don't shut that!"

"Why not?"

"Ob, it's so close in here, I couldn't Well, this has got to be shut. Can't have the waves coming in here and get-

ting everything soaked." "But they're not coming in now." "No, but they may any moment. The wind's getting around this side."

"But I'll watch it," pleadingly. "Huh, the whole place would be flooded before you'd know it." And Warren with his knee of the couch began closing the

'Oh, Warren, please don't! deathly sick here without air." 'Now, for heaven's sake, don't get on

"Beginning to feel pretty shaky?" of your unreasonable fits. I told you the wind was shifting to this side, and the window has to be closed. It isn't the air you want half as much as your own way. Now, if you're going to begin that," as he saw Helen was on the verge of tears, 'here's where I get out." He took some cigars from his grip,

thrust them into his vest pocket and slammed out of the stateroom. Sick and unstrung, she was now sobbing brokenly. The blood rushed to her head, increasing her dizziness and the

feeling of suffocation. Helen had always said she could do without everything but air. This had often been a point of contention between her and Warren. Even in the coldest weather she wanted the bedroom windows open wide at night. And sometimes, when he slammed them down, growling that It was too "infernally cold," she would sleep on the couch in the sitting room.

and dizzy, her imagination made the room seem far more stifling than it really was. A flame of resentment and indignation was burning within her. She glanced at the closed porthole. Then she rang for the steward.

"Will you open that port-hole?" when he came to the door. "You don't think the water will come in now, do you?" "Well, not just yet, ma'am," as he oosened the ventilator.

The fresh air blew gratefully against her face, and she lay back drinking it in, fiercely resentful that Warren, knowing how much the air meant to her, had been so willing to deprive her of it now. It was steadily growing rougher.

however uncomfortable and sickening the motion of a ship, it usually makes one sleepy, and Helen dozen again. It was almose 10 o'clock before Warren came

"What's that window doing open?" he lemanded angrily. For a moment Helen, awakened so sud denly, was dazed. Then she answered

"I couldn't stand it, Warren, it was too lose in here. I had the steward open it." "Well, you'll have to stand it!" as he

And scowling darkly, he cleared off some things from the upper berth, where he slept. For several moments Helen lay quiet still, then she raised herself on the

want your way.'

"Warren, if you're going to keep that rentilator closed all night, I'll have to ask the stewardess if I can't sleep in another stateroom."

This was so unexpected and so unlike Helen that for a moment Warren was disconcerted. Then he snarled: "You try anything like that, and you'll

be good and sorry." The bell was on the wall where Helen could reach it from where she lay. Withing to the throbbing machinery and lash. Warren, who did not for a moment be- cures. They lunch with some of their ing waves, her eyes filled with tears lieve she would do such a thing, fairly own kind. In the afternoon they go from

"Stewardess," sald Helen when the woman came to the door, "do you know ter. That is their day." if there're any vacant staterooms on this corridor?"

"Yes, ma'am; there's nobody in 8 B." sleep there tonight? Mr. Curtis doesn't waster as you describe." wish this window open, and I must have more air. If there's any extra charge I'll gladly pay it."

It was a most unusual request. The stewardess glanced quickly at Warren's scowling face, and then back at Helen's white, tremulous one.

"I'll ask about it ma'am. I'll let you know in fust a moment." She hurried out, and Helen shielded her eyes with her arm. She did not wish to see Warren's face. Except for husbands for ideas as for money. They

was spoken. came again to the door.

"It's all right, ma'am. you in there now?" Helen nodded and reached for her dress ing case and bathrobe.

It is hard to maintain an aloof and dignified attitude in a place as small as a stateroom when three people are in it Yet this is what Warren managed to do. He had lifted his suit case up on get you?" the couch, and, standing with his back toward them, was taking something out Not once did he turn around or speak The stewardess gathered up Helen's things and helped her out of the berth and into the corridor. At the door Helen paused as though to speak, but Warren's dared not hope for that. She had never dered bitterly if it would ever be "All's back was still toward her. And "S B" done so defiant a thing, and she knew well" with her

GENTLEMEN BE SEATED TA-RA-RA-RA INTERLOCUTOR-BONES

IT WAS A RIOT BEHIND THE SCENES AT THE OPERA HOUSE THE HAMS WERE DISCUSSING THE LOVE AFFAIRS OF THE STARS AND 12 OF THEM WERE SAYING DIFFERENT THINGS ALL AT THE SAME TIME. FINALLY THE STAGE MANAGER RUSHED IN WITH A MEGAPHONE AND BARKED, "IF A WOMAN COMMITTED MURDER WOULD THE

COAT HANGER

MAKE IT

HORACE!!- TOMKINS THERE'S YOUR RING NATHAN HAS BETRAYED US

ISE GOT A JOB PILOTIN' THING HIT HIS MITT. LOOK-SCHOONAHS ACROSS ING DOWN HE SAW IT THE BAR. INTERLOCUTOR-DOWN WAS ANOTE. GUICKLY ADJUSTING HIS GREEN IN THE BAY! CHEATERS PETE SLANTED BONES-NO JUH. DOWN AT THE PARCHMENT IN DE CORNAH SALOON AND READ," IF LARRY DOYLE HURT HIMBELF UNLOAD THEM AFTER GETS DEM ACROSS WOULD THE BASE BAWL! I HEARD DIFFERENT! YOU AND ME IS THROUGH

OAT ABAR SAYS." A MAN LINES TO BE

CREDITED WITH SOME GREATFEAT-

DLIND HERMAN HAD BE

SITTING ON THE CORNER FOR I LONG HOURS AND

NOT A SOME HAD DOOPPED

ANY PILTHY LUCRE INTO

ABOUT TO WEND HIS WEAR

WAY HOMEWARD SOME-

SUCH I-SHOULD WORRY THERE NERVE

WHY DON'T YOU GO TO WORK! YOU HAVENT WORKED FOR A YEAR. DONES-1SE GOIN' TO WORK TO-MORROW MR. SCOTT.

IM THE BOOB THAT PUT THE RUBE IN TOUGH

Exit Old-Fashioned Woman, Enter Selfish

By ADA PATTERSON.

Mrs. Rida Johnson Young, the author, famous for her types, particularly for her types of women. The law of cause and effect brought about the question, What is the most common type of woman?" Her answer toppled the anclent woman off her high pedestal and ignored the modern woman, with her clear-cut ideas and her courage in living up to them.

"The most common type of woman that I know of is the selfish woman." "Do you think women are more selfish

than men?" "Yes, in material matters. They are very selfish about their possessions. A man will give liberally of money and material things. When he is selfish it is in a mental sense. He doesn't want once more closed it. "We're not going to his purposes thwarted nor his ambitions have everything ruined just because you hampered. Women are cruelly selfish as to their own belongings and what they want for belongings-as selfish as the cat that fights when you want it to leave its warm, soft corner."

"You don't mean that the good, oldfashioned, unselfish mother has van

when you applied the term, 'old-fashoned' to her. If she hasn't vanished. she appears to me to be in the minority Most of the women I know are selfish. They are wasters of time, of talent, of self. They spend the mornings, from half past eight to noon, in various 'treatments,' massage and baths and scalp out a word she leaned over and rang it. rubs and face manipulations and manione shop to another to see the new models. They d'ne and go to the thea-

"But these women are rich, and the average woman len't rich. The average man, you know, earns thirty dollars a "Well, will you ask the purser if I can week: His wife cannot be such a

"The wife of the clerk imitates the rich woman, just as the rich woman, without position imitates the exclusive set. I know of nothing that can be done for them because they are satis fied. They like the life of the waster. "But some of them must be dissatis

fied with such emptiness. Suppose you suggest a way out for them." "Their need is intellectual independence. They are as dependant upon thir

When she had gone, Helen lay alone in

What would Warren do? If only he

more unhappy.

was only three or four doors up the, his rage was at a white heat.

would relent and come to her. But she It seemed like a mockery.

lower berth. "Is there anything I can her the rest of the trip?



MRS. RIDA JOHNSON YOUNG.

to solve them. They might do settle- superficial knowledge of a lot of things. ment work; though I am not an enthe noise of the ship and the waves, might take an interest in other lives, thusiast about the results of such work. there was a tense silence. Not a word They will get them out of themselves Charity work waits always to be done, if they really want to come. They can of course. A good course of reading is In a very few moments the stewardess take soul excursions into the big world a means out of this slothful condition. by reading about its problems and think but these women always manage to I help of a way, even if it be a wrong way, read the late novels. And they have

What form would his anger take in th

morning? How would he punish her?

Dizzy, seasick and

of "All's well!"

I often wonder where they skim even the cream of current knowledge. Shallow and picked up as it is, the little they know is an apparent armor against the charges of ignorance. If they would take up a course of philosophy it would broaden their vision and give meaning to their lives."

"It would take the place of flirtations with which they while away the time. Flirtations by idle women are very common, even though these women are married. They say that they must have stewardess finally tucked Helen into the would it be by slience? Would he ignore

"But their children should furnish an wretched, Helen lay there gazing sleepinterest. They don't have them. These the darkened stateroom. She was beside lessly out into the black sea. Eight slow, waste women I have described are childan open porthole, but she had never been mournful bells, and then from the less. There are more and more childless women coming to our notice every year. bridge came the weird night hourly cry Soon the woman with children will be

"What do you think is the greatest lack wrought wonders for me."

Electricity

By ELBERT HUBBARD.

In the year 1876, when I attended sci- | two being a gas and a solid. All matter entific lectures at Harvard, a certain professor of physics once explained to us under the right conditions. the nature of light. We sometimes talk about electric

I had a notebook and industriously wrote down the principal points of the address, hoping thereby to memorize what the professor said, in order, if possible, that some day I might be just as wise as he. Said the learned professor, "There

no light without combustion. There is no combustion without oxygen. The sun, therefore, is a molten mass of fire sursounded by oxygen. When the oxygen is consumed the light will go out, and that will be Judgment Day. Every form of life will then disappear from the face of the world, and the earth will be like the moon, an extinct planet." The oxygen has not been all consumed up to

It is not very long after I heard that lecture on light that a man at Menlo Park, N. J., succeeded in sending a find it. current of electricity through a vacuum. In this vacuum was a small filament duced a soft, mellow light that illumined the room. Edison had succeeded in producing light without oxygen.

Of course, if Edison had enjoyed the same educational advantages that I had had, he would not have tried his fool experiment, because he would have known beforehand that there can be no light without oxygen.

Thirty years and more have passed since the incandescent light was first exhibited as a curlosity, and we do not we cannot do with it. know anything more, practically, about what electricity is than we did then. "What is electricity?" once asked

professor of his class. Several hands were held up. "Well, Mr. Brown, you can tell us what elec

Mr. Brown hesitated and then explained "I knew once, but just at this moment I

have forgotten." "What a pity that the only man in the world who ever knew what electricity is repulsion; of give and take; of absorption should have forgotten," mused the pro-

Electricity is not a fluid. A fluid is one of the three forms of matter, the other right, 1912, International News Service,

can be subjected to these forms at will,

power. We see the trolley car flying through the country, and we say it is run by electricity. But this is the language of colloquialism, not of science. The electricity is only a means of transporting

along so smoothly over the rails, just remember that somewhere there is a steam engine burning up coal or a water power that is falling without ceasing. If that water power should be diverted or the steam engine run down, the trelley would come to a standstill. We say that electricity is everywhere

in the atmosphere, but this is an assumption that passes for knowledge, since no one can refute you.

Electricity has never been placed under the microscope. It has not been weighed in the scales. Chemical tests fail to

A wire that is charged with electricity that is not charged. Franklin caught it on a key, but did

not succeed in his endeavor to bottle it. All he caught was a cold. We say that electricity travels. But

this, too, is only a figure of speech, and a variation of the good old bromide that 'all we see is its manifestation.' Yet we manipulate this particular me dium of energy which we call electricity.

We know some of the things we can de with it, and we know a few of the things Egypt, Assyria, Greece, Rome-great civilizations all-went down to dusty

death knowing nothing of electricity. The whole science of electricity has been born, practically, within our own time, and no man can say what the final

achievement of the electrician will be. Electricity is a phenomenon, just as the spirit that animates a man is a phenom Electricity is a form of attraction and

and dissipation. Electricity seems to fill the connecting zone between spirit and matter.--Copy-

Little Bobbie's Pa

By WILLIAM F. KIRK.

My husband is always so sin-ickal, sed | must be to think you are wed to a man crowds & that there will be a lot of Misses White. crowds during Coney's last big week. I I shud say he wuddent, wud he, Bobble. wish he cud be mear like yure husband, sed Ma to me. Ma was winking at me Missus White sed to Ma. I can tell & grinning so the others cuddent see it from the look of yure husband's square But he has often ran from a smaller chin & square sholders that he isent man, hasent he, Bobbie, atrade of crowds.

his sholders look squarer & his chest to think that I know what feer is? Big look rounder, like a ball-oon. You are or small, short or tall, sed Pa, bring on rite, Missus White, you are rite, Pa sed. yure men and I will slam them crowds I do not feer crowds and I do not feer rite and left. anything, for the matter of that. Long Jest then we got to Coney, & after years of facing perils has made me a stranger to feer in every form, Pa sed to Missus White about how he feered

of the average woman?" "Self reliance, as you say." "And after that?"

"I should say her helplessness in matno safeguard against suffering caused by misplaced love." "But women don't suffer any more

through the affections than men do. I am quite sure of this. And the average woman as I see her, the one I have described, hasn't any affections to waste, Her interest and affections are centered in 'models.'

Mrs. Johnson made a wry little face and gathered up her fur wraps for departure from the room where we had met for chat.

"What the average woman, the soft, cat kind of woman needs is trouble. That is a soul developer. And to lose there to help him there wasent any use her money. It these don't make of her Pa had beaten all of them up as easy a worthy woman, the sort you and I hold as the pro-hibition party is going to

as ideals, nothing will, unless"-she lose. smiled as she took a time table from her Fine, fine, you darling bey, you are gold meshed purse-"living in the country hero and you won, sed Ma. Mrs. Young herself turned interviewer, does. Being my own gardener has I suppose so, sed Pa. Anybody can be

Missus White to Ma & Pa & me last whose hart is a hart of steel, Missus nite, wen we was out for a ride to see White sed. My husband, on the other the Coney Island Mardy-graw. He hand, she told Ma, is the tipe of a man knows Mister Robins & the rest of them who does snarling enuff at hoam, but nice fellers that keeps them amusement who wud run from a man that is bigplaces, but he dosent want to go to ger than he is. I'll bet yure husband Coney bekaus he says that he dosent like wud never run from a bigger man, said

Why, wife, what do you mean? sed

Then Pa beegan to maik his chin & Pa. I hoap you donnt want our friend we had got off the car Pa kep talking

isent that sweet? sed Missus White to no living man. He was telling Missus Ma. I should think you wud be so proud White how he had been in Patagonia & of yure noable husband. How grand it Uru-guay & Para-guay & in the South Sea Islands & all the far places of the earth. & Ma & me was walking beehind lissening and laffing.

He is a grand old bluffer, isnet he Bobbie? sed Ma to me. Jest think how, afrade Missus White's husband wud be ters that involve the affections. She has of him if he cud chanst to cum along the street now & see our husband & father walking with his wife.

I doant know, mother, I sed, sum times I think that father wud be pritty dangerous man in a scrap, after all. I was reading in a book rote by a grate poeter, I toaid Ma, that lots of men which talked loud & hard fought louder and harder, I sed.

Jest then there was three men calm up and pushed Pa & Missus White off the side-walk into the street, wich is very wrong thing to do. Pa went after them three men & befoar I cud git

a hero after he has won!