The Bee's Home Magazine Page

SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT

Uncle Luther Comes to the Rescue

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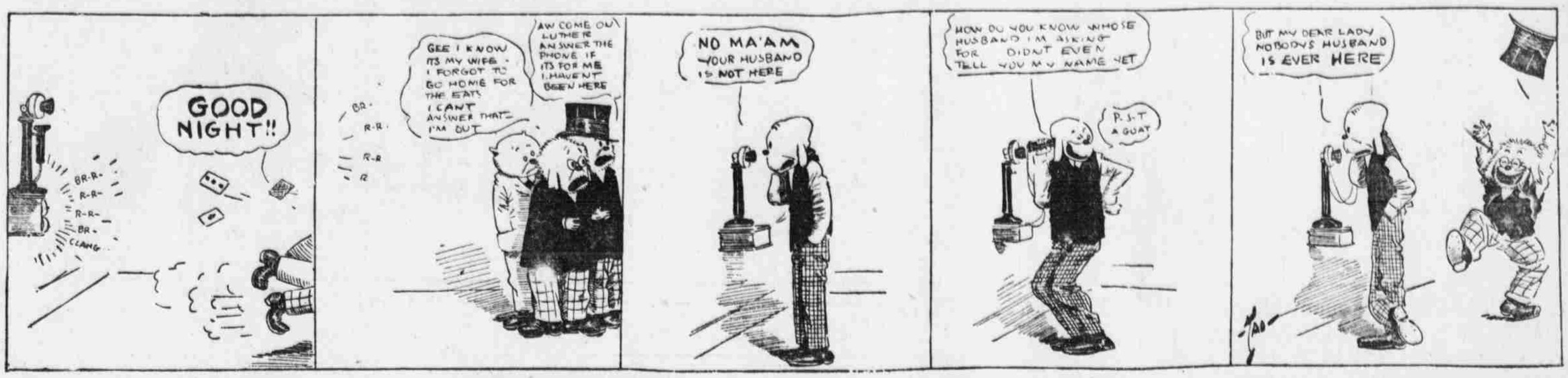
Drawn for The Bee by Tad



"Dont's" for Girls Seeking Husbands; Bachelor Maid Gives Rules for Marriage

By ADA PATTERSON.

"No girl need marry now unless she wishes, and half of the girls shouldn't.

"Shouldn't wish or shouldn't marry?"

"Shouldn't marry," firmly replied Miss Katherine Ascherman, the handsome bachelor maid well known in the intellectual sets of New York and New Haven society.

"Not every woman is adapted to marriage. Only every other woman you meet impresses you as being good wife material. Perhaps she is not physically strong and that state presupposes unsteady nerves. Marriage built upon a foundation of unsteady nerves is a state of mutual torment. Another woman may have all the sterling qualities except patience. If she does not possess this, either from inheritance or training, she had better forego marriage, for men, and particularly husbands, are irritating creatures.

"If a woman is flighty and visionary and full of ideals she would much better cut across the fields of singleness instead of following the paths of matrimony, for there is no human state quite so essentially practical or matter of fact as marriage. It doesn't encourage illusions. It punctures them. It isn't wine nor ice cream soda. It is plain bread and butter.

"No woman should marry unless she has a working knowledge of housewifery. In this I think your American customs are inferior to those of my German ancestors. When my sisters and I had finished school my father said to use: 'Now it is time that you learned to keep house.'

"'Certainly,' I answered. 'We will learn from mother.'

"'Not from mother,' said he. 'She would be too lenient to give you thorough instruction.' He sent us to spend a year in the home of a friend, where we did actual practical housework every day under stern, unrelenting surveillance. I thought at the time it was very hard, but I know now that it was the best thing father could have done for us. We were prepared to administer the affairs of a household if we wished. We were at least eligible as candidates for matrimony.

"Everything was favorable except the advent of the right man. A man of wealth appeared as a suitor, and my good American friends said, with deep satisfaction, 'How fine. Katherine's future is arranged.' But it wasn't, for what, to them, seemed nonsense, but to me was a sufficient reason, I didn't love him.

"We Germans are romantic and I thank heaven for it. It was quite impossible for me to consider 'settling in life' with a man for whom I had no romantic affection. That is the only start nature gives to make marriage tolerable.

"I declined the man of wealth, and then to a chorus of my friends' wailing, 'I told you sos,' something happened. Something grave, but not irretrievable. I found myself without home and money. But through my own efforts I soon established myself in that position women so much desire in this country—financial independence.

"What I have done other girls can do. There's always a chance to earn a livelihood at something, especially if you have been well trained. I hope your father and mother have done their duty and seen to that. No girl need marry for food and shelter and clothing. Hideous thought of barter! And the food and raiment and shelter will be handsomeer and more comfortable if she has learned some one thing well and applied it to the problem of livelihood earning.

"Keep your singleness and self-respect until the man of your heart arrives" I say to all girls. "Don't insult or wrong any man by making him a meal ticket or a human paying machine. That would be unjust to both of you. Don't marry because you are tired of working. If you are tired it is probably because you are lazy, for work of some kind is the law of health and of life. If the rich man doesn't come along, live a happy, free and independent life, filled with the best substitute for the best thing in life. The best thing is a good home, shared with a good husband and children. Failing this, which you will fail if you marry from any other motive than the real one for marriage, love, still make your life triumphant. Do congenial work, the substitute I have mentioned, and make it as successful as you can. Form strong, worthy friendships. Make a little home of your own. And if you can possibly afford it, adopt a child. Console yourself with the thought that not more than a quarter if all the marriages are happy.

"Then you will be happy though single, and your life of a bachelor maid will be a success."

MISS KATHERINE ASCHERMAN.

Miss Ascherman says that no girl should insult the man she loves by regarding him as a meal ticket or a rent-paying machine. She warns present-day girls against marrying unless they have a working knowledge of housewifery.

Wins Nurse as His Bride.

A tall, chestnut-haired, blue-eyed girl, with a $1,000-chain of gold nuggets dangling over her well tailored blue coat, arrived in New York from the land of Robert Bruce.

Four years ago Miss MacPhee completed her probation as a nurse in the French hospital, San Francisco. For her first case they brought in a young man with several ribs broken and other things the matter with him. His automobile had bucked.

The first time that Gordon Runyan's ribs stopped hurting for a few minutes he noticed the nurse. From that moment he wanted to get well solely becaust he wanted to get the nurse.

"I haven't got any money," he said, when he told her about it, "but I'll run up to Alaska and dig some. Wait a little while and I'll be back."

It was a long time before Runyan struck it rich. When he did he cleaned up $100,000. He sent Miss MacPhee the nugget necklace and told her to come to Alaska. Just now she's returning from a visit to her parents in Scotland.

The honeymoon will be spent on the shores of Bering sea.

Has the Fighting Turk, Once the Terror of Evrope, Lost His Cunning

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

Probably nothing connected with the war now raging has so much surprised all readers as the prompt success of the Greeks, Servians and Bulgarians against their common and heretofore dreaded enemy, the Turk.

Since his first appearance in Europe, about 600 years ago, the fighting Turk has been a terror to all his foes. He has extorted the admiration of his enemies by his dash, his desperate courage, his dogged resolution, his defiance of the most fearful odds, and his contempt of life as the price of victory.

Six hundred and thirteen years ago Othman, otherwise called Ottoman, whence the name "Ottoman Empire," invaded Greece from Asia Minor, and from that day to this Greece has been like a lamb caged with a tiger. The prodding irons of the great Christian powers, wielded at critical moments, have saved her from being devoured, but every time she has sought a little more freedom from restraint a cuff from the mighty paw at her side has laid her low.

Four hundred and fifty-nine years ago, in the fateful year 1453, the Turks took Constantinople, breaking the last tendons that bound the world to imperial Rome by putting an end to the Eastern empire. Then began the subjugation of the Balkan peninsula, and the terror of the Turkish name was fearfully enhanced by its association with a great comet, one of the most imposing apparitions of Halley's comet, which hung like a sword of Damocles over frightened Christendom while the Turks were advancing to Belgrade, now the capital of Servia. But the comet was a good omen after all, for the Turks were defeated. But in 1683, and strangely enough with the same comet, on another of its returns, for their herald, they pushed as far as Vienna. They failed to capture the beautiful capital of the Danube, but they had obtained a broad foothold in Europe, from which no power has yet succeeded in pushing them back.

They have lost ground, it is true, and the modern kingdoms of Servia, Bulgaria and Roumania, have been carved out of territory which they won in their first resistless rush upon Europe, but still they have Constantinople, the prize that Russia has vainly grasped ever since the days of Peter the Great, and still there seems to be no power in Christian Europe great and courageous enough to drive the waning crescent across the Bosphorous.

No great power would be permitted to do so because of the jealousy of its rivals, but possibly the handful of little powers which have now flown at the throat of the tiger, and found the weight apparently gone from its blows, may be allowed to accomplish, if they can, a work that every one would like to see done, provided that the doing of it does not upset the equilibrium of Europe.

Who would not wish to see Greece triumphant in these modern days, if only for the sake of the glory that was hers when she laid the foundation of the white man's civilization? Who would not rejoice to see Servia and Bulgaria achieve the freedom of the Balkan peninsula by the unaided arms of its inhabitants?

Yet we cannot forget the tradition that the Turk is a terrible fighter. His comet has lost its terror, but has he lost his battle heart?

Settled.

"At last, Henry, the question of votes for women is to be submitted to the people."

"So I see."

"Henry, you will admit that women are as intelligent as the men."

"Freely I admit that."

"And that as women pay taxes, they ought to have a say as to how their money is to be spent."

"That seems reasonable. But let us discuss the question. I earn the money we have, don't I?"

"Yes."

"But do I have any voice in how that money is to be spent?"

A few minutes later he put on his hat and coat and left the house, regretting that he had given that twist to the argument.—Detroit Free Press.

Little Bobbie's Pa

By the way, Bobbie, said Pa to me, While I am up here in the country I think I will have to buy sum honey & send it hoam. I nevver tasted any nicer honey than the honey I am eating now. The bees that made this honey must have had a sweet disposishun, Pa sed.

So after we had our brekfast Pa & me went to the place whare thare was a old farmer wich had a lot of honey to sell. All the way to the farm Pa was talking about how much he knew about honey. I used to keep bees myself, sed Pa, when I was a young man back in Wisconsin & the minit I see the bees I can tell the kind of honey that thay make. The minit I look a bee in the eye, Pa sed to me, I know just how much he knows about honey. If he looks at you steddy, sed Pa, I know he is a honest bee that doesn't beeleeve in sliteing his work, but if he looks kind of shifty, like Gyp the Blood, I wuddent be sur-prised if his honey wuddent be fit to eat.

Wen we got to ware the honey was Pa called the old farmer oaver & sed I want to buy sum honey to send back to New York.

All rite, the old man sed, that is what me & the bees is here for. How much honey do you want?

I want to get a whole case of it, Pa sed, fourteen boxes, the saim as my frend John Dick got here last week. He sed that your bees was as honest and hard working as the day is long. The only thing is, sed Pa, the days is gitting shorter now, so maybe the bees ain't on the level any moar.

Doant worry about the bees, sed the farmer to Pa, thay made all this honey along in the summer anyhow. Jest talk a taste of it & see.

Me & Pa both tasted the honey & it tasted fine. This seems to be the reel artikel, sed Pa, but beefoar I take it I wud like to look the bees oaver.

You can look at the bees if you want to take a chanst, sed the farmer, but I can't see for the life of me what differns it maiks how the bees look, as long as you like the honey. Cum on & look at them if you want to.

You bet I want to, sed Pa. I have lived among bees too long to git stung in a bizness deal.

I ain't going to sting you, but the bees mite, sed the old man. So then he took Pa oaver to one of the hives, & I stayed rite whare I was.

All I want to look at is one of them, sed Pa.

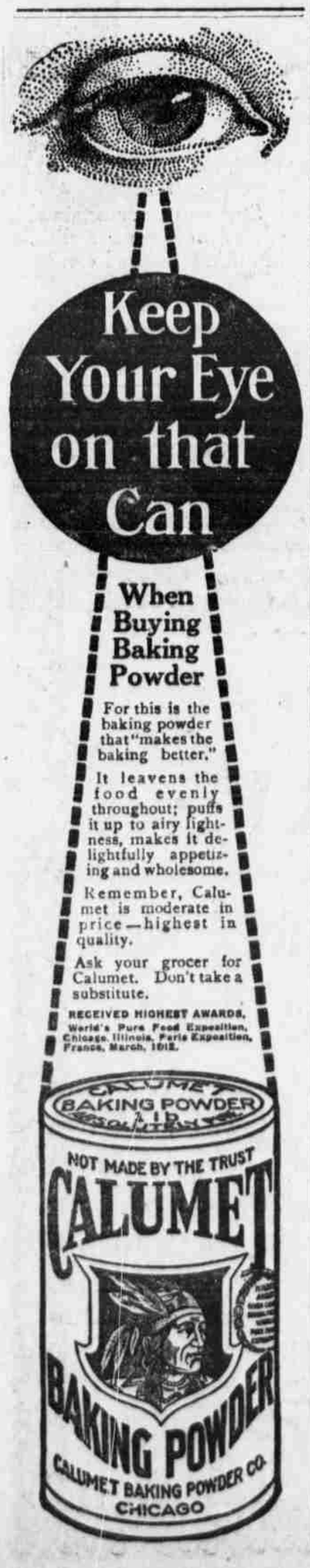
Thare is one on the outside of the hive now, sed the old farmer. Pick him up & look him oaver.

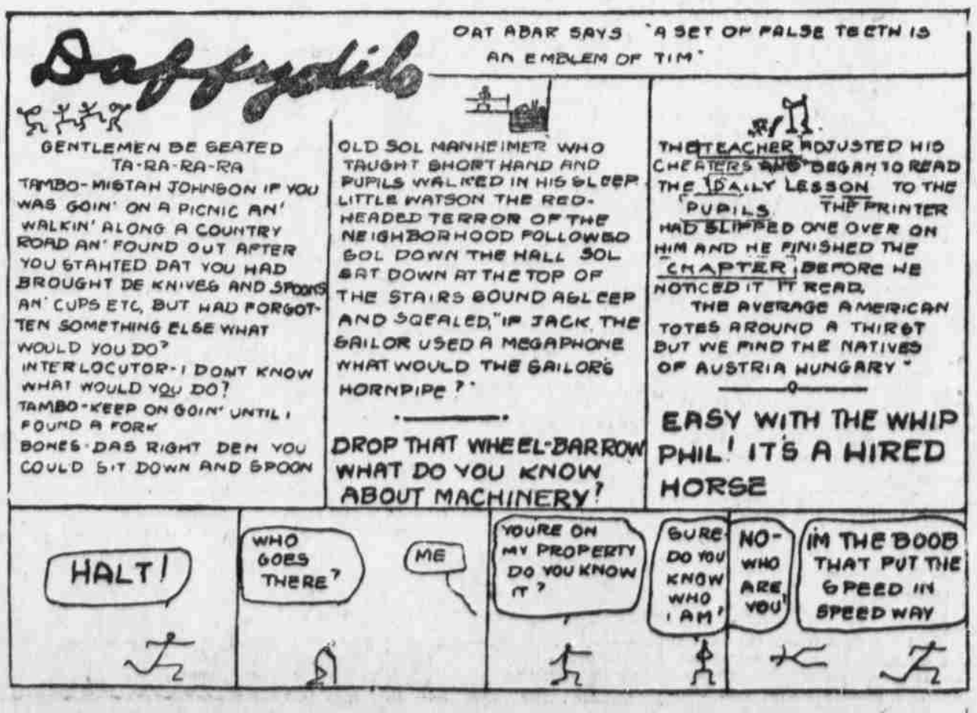
So Pa picked up the bee & beegan to look into the bee's eyes to see if the bee looked honest & strate.

I doant know if the bee looked at Pa in the eyes or not, but I know it stung him on the nose.

Occasionally a detective forgets to disguise his breath with a clove.

The winter of our discontent is as likely to show up in summer as any other time.





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