



# The Bee's Home Magazine Page



## SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT

Mrs. Rumhauser is Suspicious of Her Hubby

Drawn for The Bee by Tad



## Two Unhappy Marriages

By WINIFRED BLACK.

Dear Miss Black:  
I have read your advice to so many others. I wonder if you can help me. I married when I was but 18, because I needed a home, and the man said I could "have anything I wanted and go any place I pleased"—and that I should never regret it. And I believed him, and oh! I did want so much to be loved and appreciated.

This man, who was twice my age, treated me with the greatest indifference. He seldom spoke to me after the first year, except to give some order or to curse me.

Maybe I did wrong, but I left him when I was 23, left with three babies to support and having specialized in no line. I found it very hard.

When I was 25, a man over 40 asked me to become his wife. He had a \$10,000 farm, owned a house in town, which he said he would modernize, had some money in the bank, and was in a small business. He told me of the nice home we should have and what he would do for the children.

I've been married over two years now, this is the third winter, and I am still wearing my old green coat that was getting shabby two winters ago. I've only spent \$25 for hats since I married him (that is all he has given me, I mean. Mother and big brother send me a little money once in a while.) My husband never bought me a pair of gloves or a dress. I've made the boys' suits out of old trousers and coats that have been given me, and my aunt clothes my little girl, and still he calls me extravagant.

When I am getting a meal he says I have too much fire. "Don't know coal costs money?" The first thing he does when he steps in the house at night is to turn down the lamp and look in the stove to see how much of a fire there is, and then begins a lecture on economy.

What is the matter with this man or what is the matter with me?

I am taking a correspondence course to fit me for a position in the business world. I don't believe I am doing wrong. I wonder why a wife is expected to be a professional beggar, and why it would not be just as honorable—if beg we must—to just take our little tin cup and go down on the corner and beg. I believe we would stand a better chance of getting a few pennies. What do you think? Yours truly,

A READER.  
What an unlucky little person you are, to be sure. Twice married and both times a failure. I wonder if it can be in anyway your fault—just the least little bit in the world? You say so much about man's property, his prospects, what he is able to do and all that, and so little about the man himself. Can it be that you marry just for what you can get and not at all for what you can give?

Were you in love with either of these men when you married them? Not dead in love, perhaps. I doubt if one of so eminently a practical turn of mind as yours seems to be could ever be madly in love with any one, but was there ever a time you thought you couldn't be happy without "him"?

Were you ever afraid something would happen that he would cease to love you, or did you do all your worrying about what he might or might not give you? What did you plan to offer him in return for all these things—house and home, and clothes, and food, shelter and protection in a thousand ways—just your services as housekeeper?

Why did you not make a business bargain of it to begin with and be done with it? Why do you call any such contract as that a "marriage"?

Don't you suppose it possible that the man found you wanting in some way? You haven't had what you expected when you married him; has he had what he expected and what he had a right to expect?

Let that old curmudgeon of yours fall in love with a woman who will pretend to be in love with him, just only pretend at that, and see what he'll do to make his money fly to please her.

Have you never pretended very hard? Or did you make it perfectly plain to him that you married him just for what you could get out of him; and are you surprised that he should show his resentment in the only way he thinks he can make you feel it? I am not.

Perhaps it isn't your fault at all; perhaps this sort of man marries you because he sees that you are obedient, long suffering, easily duped, and not hard to manage. If that's the case I'd show him that he was mistaken, and I'd show him now.

I would not live with any man in a state of bondage, not if he were the last man alive and the pit gaped for him at that.

"Why should woman be beggars?" They should not be and they won't be if they are real women.

Are you doing wrong to learn a business so as to be self-supporting? You are not, you are doing right, exactly right, keep right on doing it, and let men go out of your life for good.

You've had enough of the kind you seem to select.

Take care of yourself and your children and be happy, and free—and forget that you ever were any other way. That's what I should do in your place. And in the meantime I'd like to hear the man's side of that story, too; it might be astonishingly interesting.

Misrepresented.

The king of the hobos slouched into the office of the Daily Bread to make a complaint.

"You th' editor?" he asked.

"In yore paper this mornin' you said I was a talk to th' boys last night on 'How to Be at Work All th' Time'."

"Well, I got it wrong. Th' subject of my little talk was 'How to Beat Work All th' Time.' I want it c'rected, mister. That's all."

Then he slouched put again.

**Daffydils**

GENTLEMEN BE SEATED  
TA-RA-RARA  
BONES-MISTAN JOHNSON, CAN YOU TELL ME WHY THE EXIT IN THIS THEATRE IS LIKE A SHIP HALF-WAY BETWEEN AMERICA AND ENGLAND?  
INTERLOCUTOR-NO BONES, WHY IS THE EXIT IN THIS THEATRE LIKE A SHIP HALF-WAY BETWEEN AMERICA AND ENGLAND?  
BONES-BECAUSE IT'S A WAY OUT

ALL I WANT FOR BREAKFAST IS A FEW KIND WORDS AND A GRAPE

JUST BURY ME WHERE I LIE!!

THE MEMBERS OF THE ORCHESTRA WERE SEATED IN THE PIT WAITING FOR THE CURTAIN TO RISE. ALL THE LIGHTS IN THE HOUSE WENT OUT EXCEPT THE FOOTLIGHTS WHEN UP SPAKE 'BUD' O'BORNAN TO THE LEADER HE SAID, "WHEN YOUR NOTE WAS RAISED BY A SHARP, WAS YOUR DO FLATTENED?"

SAY-AINT YOU NEVER BEEN NO PLACE?

## How Belle Bl n he Keeps Healthy



BELLE BLANCH, WHO ATTRIBUTES HER GOOD HEALTH TO PLENTY OF SLEEP AND FRESH AIR.

By MARGARET HUBBARD AYER.

There are two things that distinguish Belle Blanch from other headliners in vaudeville.

One is that she has a real grand opera voice and the other that she is so much like a home girl that you have to make a real effort to remember that she is on the stage at all.

There's nothing of the emotional, temperamental, tear-things-to-please business about little Miss Blanch, and if you saw her in her home, and didn't know that she sang or was on the stage, you would never believe that she was anything but mother's daughter, just a sweet little home body.

Of course, when you hear her sing, that's a different thing. You wonder now that great, big voice can come from such a little mite of a person, and you're still more surprised to think that the voice has been there for some time and really owes its origin to the Gerry society.

Yes, indeed, in the irrepressible conflict which is always waged between precocious genius and the Gerry society, the society won, and decreed that Miss Blanch, aged 21 years, who was making a tremendous success as a singing infant prodigy, should retire from public life until she was 16.

"One of the hardest things I ever had to do," little Miss Blanch said to me, placidly, as she sat on the sofa and swung her diminutive feet, "was to repeat the 'hit' that I made when I was a child after I was grown up."

Ye gods and little fishes! She calls 16 grown up. She's in now, and I suppose she considers herself quite elderly and wise.

"While I was off the stage I was studying all the time to improve my voice, and I'm glad to say that after I had grown up and was allowed to go back to the stage again, I made good."

"It was just the natural thing for me to go on the stage," said Miss Blanch, a little more confidentially. "When I was 4 years old, even, I used to give imitations of everybody, and people used to ask for my services at fairs and bazaars and things like that. But I think people like my singing now as well as they did the imitations."

"You know, I sing all kinds of, high class music; the prayer from 'Tosca,' for instance; real grand opera music. And though it's popularly supposed that little more confidentially, 'When I was 4 years old, even, I used to give imitations of everybody, and people used to ask for my services at fairs and bazaars and things like that. But I think people like my singing now as well as they did the imitations.'

## Be Kind and Sympathetic in the Home

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Said Willie to Tom, "Let us hie away To the wonderful island of Endless Play."

It lies off the border of 'No School Land,' And Abounds with pleasure, I understand.

There boys go swimming whenever they please In a lovely river right under the trees.

And marbles are free, so you need not buy; And kites of all sizes are ready to fly.

We sail down the lathmus of Idle Delight— We sail and we sail for a day and a night.

And then, if favored by billows and breeze, We land in the Harbor of Do-as-You-Please.

And there lies the island of Endless Play, With no one to say to us, Must, or Nay.

Books are not known in that land so fair, Teachers are stoned if they set foot there.

Hurrah for the island, so glad and free, That is the country for you and me."

So away went Willie and Tom together On a pleasure boat, in the lazy weather. And they sailed in the teeth of a friendly breeze Right into the harbor of "Do-as-You-Please!" Where boats and tackle and marbles and kites Were waiting them there in this Land of Delights. They dwelt on the island of Endless Play For five long years; then one sad day A strange dark ship sailed up to the strand, And "Ho! for the voyage to Stupid Land," The captain cried, with a terrible noise. As he seized the frightened and struggling boys And threw them into the dark ship's hold; And off and away sailed the captain bold.

They vainly begged him to let them out, He answered only with scoff and shout.

"Boys that don't study or work," said he, "Must sail one day down the Ignorant Sea To Stupid Land by the No-Book Strait, With Captain Time on the Pilters Fate."

He let out the sails and away went the three Over the waters of Ignorant Sea.

Out and away to Stupid Land, And they live there yet, I understand. And there's where every one goes, they say, Who seeks the island of Endless Play.

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Blanche sing selections from real operas, sandwiched in between her clever imitations.

But we had neglected the important subject of health. As a matter of fact all interviews about the health and looks of young stars should be given out by their mothers. There is nothing so interesting in the modern stage as the evolution of the stage mother.

Miss Blanch is an up-to-date person, who looks to be her daughter's elder sister, who manages daughter's career, and looks after daughter's health with the commanding efficiency which is the watchword of the progressive modern woman. So while Miss Blanch answered my question she kept one eye on her charming mother, and Mrs. Blanch nodded approval as her daughter said:

"I think the most essential thing to health is plenty of sleep and fresh air. I never have a cold or throat trouble of any kind, for the good reason that I never stay in places where the ventilation is bad, and do not spend hours in smoky restaurants, for instance. Nothing could be worse for a long time in places where the air is vitiated and full of tobacco smoke, and you know the voice is a sort of register of health."

"Another reason why I never have a cold is because I don't wear high collars. Year in and year out I wear Dutch necks or low turndown collars on my frocks, and my throat and neck are hardened so that the change of atmosphere doesn't affect me. I never wear furs tight around my neck either."

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RECEIVED HIGHEST AWARDS  
World's Pure Food Exposition, Chicago, Ill.  
Paris Exposition, France, March 1912.