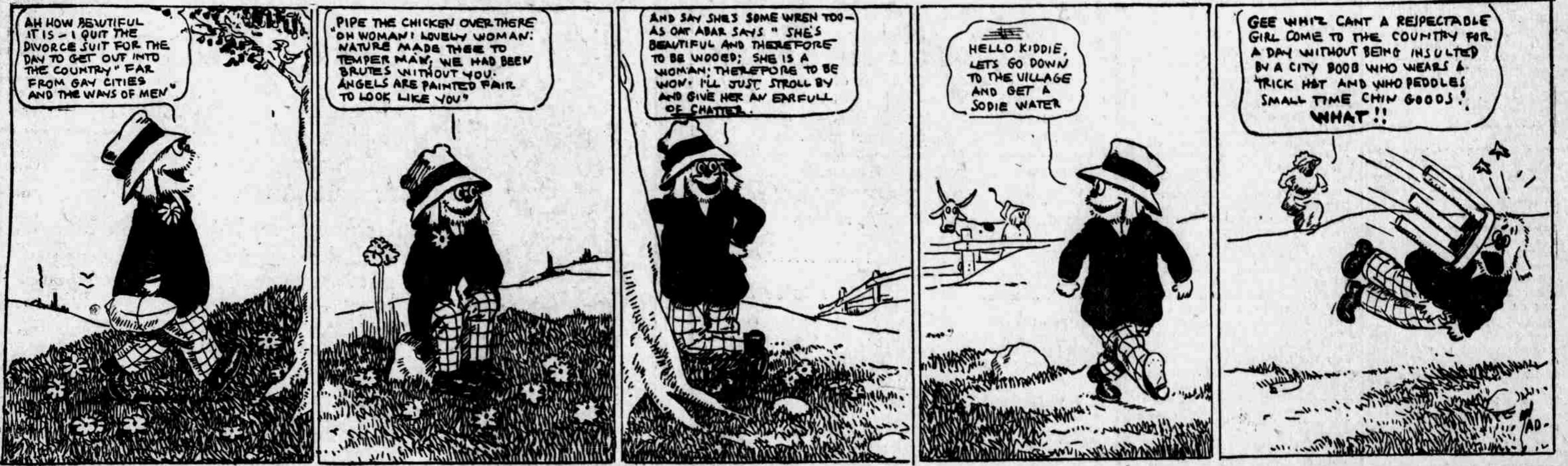


The Bee's Home Magazine Page

SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT—The Judge Spends a Day in the Country

Drawn for The Bee by Tad



The Painted Woman

By WINIFRED BLACK.

Yesterday I walked a mountain trail. The broad red road lay beneath us along the side of the great cliff, but our wild trail climbed higher, higher, always higher.

Now we stood in the dazzling sunshine, so close to the arching sky it seemed as if we could stretch out a curious finger and touch ever so slightly the one cloud of snow that hung in the bright azure.

Now we walked under great arches of stone made by the rush of wild waters centuries ago. Now we stopped to pick up great handfuls of crimson Indian paint brushes, and here we gathered sprays of the soft mountain rose, and there we stood in a group of twisted cedars and listened awestruck to the wind that called and crooned and wailed in the sombre branches of the evergreens.

What is that down by the red road, something gone wrong? A man and a woman stopping—yes, it is quite plain, the young girl with them has faint—nothing unusual in these altitudes.

How little and frail she looks. Where has she come from, I wonder? Did they bring her here to save her life?

How still she lies! Now the man starts across the road looking for water, I suppose. They seem terribly frightened. A girl died not long ago on this very trail—walked too far and too fast before she was strong enough for it. Let's hurry down.

It was as we thought; the girl is in a faint. What a pretty frail little thing, her soft hair all across her delicate face. What a world of agonized love is in her mother's frightened eyes! "She felt so well when we started out and all at once—she is moving? No, she is still unconscious."

One, two, three, four, what a lot of automobiles pass this way; surely one of them will stop to offer aid! No; five, six, seven, all passing, not one of them even slackens speed.

Oh, yes! they see the girl well enough; see them crane their necks to miss no part of the sensation.

Eight, nine, ten—can it be that they will all pass by on the other side, like the cruel folk in the Bible story!

Why, they don't even notice it! That woman there in that machine laughed. Oh, yes, the girl's mother is fat and her clothes are poor and the hat she wears is on one side, I hadn't noticed it before, and the father is old-fashioned and countrified. Probably mortgaged the farm to get the money to give the darling of the old house a chance for life.

Eleven, twelve—ah! there's one that slackens. What a strange looking woman, painted to the eyes. I wonder if

she thinks any one really believes that's her own complexion? What a gay hat, and, dear me, those diamonds in her ears are as big as headlights.

She is out of the machine. "Take these salts," she says. "Wait, dampen her forehead, I had a brother here once, but he came too late. Now moisten her wrists; see, her eyes are opening."

And in less time than it takes to tell it the painted woman had the young girl's drooping head in her gorgeous lap and was chafing her delicate wrists, and in a few minutes she had the frightened mother and the anxious father up in the machine beside her and was bearing them away to safety and comfort and expert help. She never even looked at the mother's hat, and she didn't seem to notice the father's worn clothes or his countrified boots at all.

Fourteen, fifteen, sixteen, all passing, all careless, all indifferent except the painted woman.

Tea, perhaps—it was the hour of the daily brew. Engagements—I couldn't get here before, my dear, Fido had to have his bath."

That fat man who dropped his cigar from his mouth at the sight of us there by the roadside, where did he speed so fast? Life and death his errand must have been, or, perhaps, some "good fellows" were expecting him down the red road somewhere.

"Aha," laughed the wicked magpie, flashing his satan's livery of black and white in the shining sun. "Aha, what a joke life is!"

And later in the evening when I walked in the crowd that gathered where the lights were gay, around the Spring of Healing Waters, I saw the painted woman. She was arrayed like Solomon in all his glory, and she paraded in the sight of men like a gay peacock. Coarse featured, loose mouthed, bold eyed, the painted woman.

I saw a delicate creature in faint blue shudder as she looked at her, and yet wasn't it that same blue hat that nodded to the chauffeur to drive on?

I walked to the painted woman and spoke to her:

"Is the little girl you were so kind to today better?" I asked.

The painted woman started. She did not seem accustomed to being spoken to in public places by a woman. Her bold eyes wavered a minute, and when she looked up there were tears in them.

"She's better," she said. "They've taken her to the hospital for a while. They think there's a chance for her yet." And she stepped into the shadow and disappeared.

Who paid the entrance fee at the private hospital, I wonder the painted woman? I don't believe the old-fashioned folks there by the roadside had money enough to do it.

The vision in faint blue stared haughtily and drew aside her skirts. Hark, what was that, the magpie? Did he laugh again? Do they come this far down from the mountains, the magpies, with their sarcastic laughter that sounds like a scream?

Daddydilly

QATARBAR SAYS WHERE THERE'S A WILL THERE'S A LAWSUIT

SALVATION NELL WAS PASSING THROUGH THE MOB TAKING UP THE EVENING CONTRIBUTIONS WHEN SHE STOPPED AND COUNTED UP TO FOUR BITS SO SHE STARTED AROUND AGAIN AND PAUSED BEFORE A KIND LOOKING OLD GEEZER AND PUT OUT HER TAMBOURINE. THE OLD GUY PUT HIS HAND IN HIS VEST POCKET AND PULLED OUT A SMALL CARD ON WHICH WAS WRITTEN "IF THE WORLD IS MOTHER EARTH WHO IS POP CORN. I HEARD DIFFERENT!!"

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL PARADE WAS JUST PASSING. THE BANDS PLAYING AND THE BANNERS FLYING MADE IT A GREAT SIGHT ALL THE BOYS AND GIRLS LOOKED GREAT IN WHITE WHEN ALONG CAME SIX YOUNG GIRLS ALL DRESSED IN BLUE CARRYING A BIG BANNER WHICH READ "IF ALL THE WAITERS WERE TO LEAVE THE HOTEL WOULD THE BROOMSTICK. HURRY UP WITH THAT TOOTH BRUSH!!"

TAMBO-MISTAN JOHNSON ITS OUTRAGEOUS WHAT THE POLICE IN THIS CITY ARREST A MAN FOR INTERLOCUTOR-I BELIEVE YOUR GRIEVANCE IS PERSONAL. I HEARD YOU WERE ARRESTED TAMBO-YESSUH BUT THE JUDGE DISCHARGED ME INTERLOCUTOR-HOW DID IT HAPPEN TAMBO-I WAS JES POSTIN A LETTER AT ONE OF DE STREET BOXES WHEN A POLICEMAN STEPPED UP AND PUT ME UNDER ARREST. INTERLOCUTOR-AND WHAT WAS THE CHARGE TAMBO-BLACK-MAILING. JOHN, FEED THE KITTY!!

HELLO KID! WERE IN A SONG AND PIANO ACT DOING A FOUR-A-DAY STUNT. GET UP AT EIGHT RUSH TO THE THEATRE IN TIME FOR A REHEARSAL HAVE AN ARGUMENT WITH THE LEADER AND

MANAGER ABOUT OUR VOICES AND THE REST OF THE ACT. RUSH INTO THE DRESSING ROOM JUMP INTO OUR MAKE UP HELP MOVE THE PIANO AND SHIFT THE SCENERY. BY THAT TIME WE'RE READY FOR OUR FIRST

APPEARANCE AFTER THE SHOW WE RUSH HOME PRACTISE OUR ACT PACK UP GRAB THE TRAIN FOR THE NEXT TOWN HUNT AROUND FOR A BOARDING HOUSE AND WE'RE IN BED AT 1:30.

GEE YOU'RE A LUCKY GUY

YEP NOTHIN TO DO TILL TOMORROW

Little Bobbie's Pa

By WILLIAM F. KIRK.

Husband, sed Ma the other nite, you remember you & me was speaking about littel Bobbie havin sumthing to do during the summer months, wile he is havin his vacation, so that he wudnt let his mind get dull or let his self get lazy.

I remember, sed Pa. You wanted me to git him a job down on the paper as a office boy, & I put the crusher on the idee, sed Pa. Well, what is on yure mind now?

I have thought of a other skeem, sed Ma. You know that Mister Upton that jest cam here from San Francisco, he is going to start a skool for journalists.

What? sed Pa, another skool for journalists. It seems to me, sed Pa, that there is moar skools for journalists than there is journalists themselves. In the good old days, sed Pa, wen I was lerrin to be a newspaper man, I never went to a skool, I jest went into a newspaper



office & took the good with the bad mostly kicks & cuffs & other well meant advice. I started at ten dollars a week, sed Pa, & every time business was bad & they didnt have the munny to pay me they used to stand me off or fine me six dollars for missing a scoop. It was vary heavy going, sed Pa, but I managed to git thru it sum way & lern enuff to make a reglar living journalising & I think that is the only way to lern to be a riter.

But this Mister Upton is a vary smart man, sed Ma, he must be. His wife sed he was one of the smartest men on the coast.

Well, sed Pa, if his wife sed so it must be moar than true. Usually the things a wife says about her husband are mostly knocks, if she gives him a boost it must be true. But I still stik to the thing I sed first. Speaking as a old & experienced newspaper man, I do not believe that any boy, however bright, can lern to be a newspaper man in a skool for journalists.

Jest then Mister Upton cam in. Ma interduced him to Pa, & he showed Pa a littel book wich he had jest got up that toal all about his plans for his skool of journalism.

I am extremely desirous of havin yure yung son enter my skool & talk the journalistic course, he toald Pa. Yure son has a splendid hed & he has the keen alert eyes of a born reporter.

He got them keen alert eyes watchin for me to cum hoam late at nite, sed Pa. What other signs of promise do you deteck about him?

He has thin, nervous hands, sed Mister Upton. Thin, nervous hands are always to be found on riters, that is, on born riters.

Then Pa looked at Mister Upton kind of funny. Pa has fat hands & they aren't very nervous, so he didnt like what Mister Upton sed about nervous, thin hands. I doan't see whars thin, nervous hands have thin nervous hands.

Let me tell you sumthing, sed Pa. I have been a nwspeper man for many years & they say I am a fairly good one. If I was ever to teach a lot of boys to be a newspaper man, this is the course, of study I wud lay out for them:

1. How to please the editors.
2. How to git a order for advance munny from the editors.
3. How to explain yure absence to the editors.
4. How to git a editor to talk you out to lunch.

That is all, sed Pa, but I doant want littel Bobbie to be a newspaper man anyway. Goodnite Mister Upton.

The Making of a Pretty Girl



The Proper Care of Hands and Nails

hands can be bought cheaper than they can be made, it is better to go to a reliable place and buy such things rather than to experiment with formulas.

No matter how good the formula, unless you happen to have the knack of making it properly, it will cost you more than the article manufactured by the wholesale, and consequently sold at a moderate price.

Keep a small jar of cold cream near your washstand, and if you have kitchen work to do, have it near the sink. It will pay you to make some small hand towels for your own particular use in the kitchen, and every time you wash your hands before drying them, apply a little bit of cream or grease, and then dry off thoroughly on your own towel.

There should also be a piece of pumice stone and a fresh cut lemon to remove stains or callous spots from the hands.

If your hands are always very rough, take a little good oatmeal, boil it in water sufficient to make a thin gruel, strain it through cheesecloth and add a little more water; use this liquid instead of fresh water for washing the hands. This is also good for washing the face, especially for girls whose skin chaps easily.

Few girls are willing to wear gloves at night, and I think it is more or less torture even if the gloves are two or three sizes too big. But the same results can be obtained; that is, nice, soft, white hands, if cold cream is used frequently, and a good massage or cleansing cream is thoroughly rubbed into the hands every night.

This treatment will sometimes fatten hands, but ordinarily the hand does not get plump until the rest of the body fattens up, and very nervous people are not likely to have plump hands until their nerves are cured or conquered.

Red and swollen hands are usually caused by tight lacing or stricture somewhere on the body; tight garters will show in this way, and so will tight armholes, and very red hands after eating are sometimes the effect of indigestion.

If you have much housework or kitchen work to do, keep all your old gloves to wear at this time. Rubber gloves are excellent for dishwashing and for some rough work with a scrubbing brush. If you don't want your rubber gloves to crack or rot be sure and clean them very thoroughly before drying.

Now as to the care of the nails. You only need a very few simple implements and if you take twenty minutes once a week, and two or three minutes every day, you ought to be able to keep your hands in good condition. The instruments you will need are an orangewood stick, a nail file, some emery boards, a nail clipper, a nail polisher or piece of chamols, nail paste and polish. Instead of liquid bleach use lemon juice on a little piece of cotton, rolled round the point of your orange stick, for bleaching discolorations under the nail. First of all clip your nails. In the shape desired. Don't cut them too long or too pointed. File the edges and finish off with the emery until the edge is perfectly soft and smooth. Wash the hands thoroughly and soak nails in water; now press the skin or selvege around the nail gently away from the base, so that the half moon shows. If thin white skin clings to the nail, you can get it away with the

orange stick and a little bit of powdered pumice. See that the edges of the nail are cleaned of this white skin. You should press the selvege down every evening before going to bed, so that will make the operation very much simpler, and will keep the nails in good condition especially if you dip your fingers in oil. Always keep the cuticle soft by generous application of cold cream, or olive oil.

Wash the hands once again, apply a little bit of rose paste and then polish with the buffer and nail polish. Ridges on the nails are due to uric acid and they cannot be scraped or polished off, but when this condition of the blood is rectified the nails will grow smooth again.

If you've gotten your hands very dirty, instead of washing them at once in water, clean them off first with cold cream, vaseline or olive oil. Then wash them with pure soap and lukewarm water.

Unless you dry your hands very thoroughly, you needn't expect to have them soft. Girls are very careless about drying their hands, and women who are no longer in their first youth will find that the skin of the hands begins to wrinkle and grow dry unless a good deal of attention is paid them. The older woman needs plenty of oil for her hands, either in the form of cold cream or pure olive oil, or some good skin food.

She should rub them every night and she will be repaid for a little extra attention every day. The hand is a dead giveaway of a woman's age. I have seen lots of women whose faces have been skinned and operated on until they looked thirty years younger than they really were, but the hands have been forgotten, and proclaimed the exact age which they were trying to hide.

The Man Who is Kept Dangling

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

It sometimes happens that a girl accepts a man when he proposes with the undefined and unexpressed determination not to marry him.

She wants the joy of an engagement. She wants to be adored, to be entertained, to be loved. She likes no one better than this man, but doesn't like him as much as she likes the freedom of girlhood.

Then again it happens that a girl refuses a man, but does it in such a way that he has hopes of eventually winning her.

Perhaps she intends to accept him eventually. Perhaps she thinks to keep a hold on him till she finds a man who suits her better.

Not a kind thing to say of a girl; but, admitting all their sweetness and attractiveness, there are girls of whom the truth is not kind.

"Despondent," who writes the following letter, seems to be in a class of men whom we will call "danglers." The girl keeps them dangling around her; what her final intentions are regarding him no one knows.

One can only turn to his own knowledge of women and guess.

"I have been keeping company for some time with a girl I dearly love, but she tells me she doesn't want to think of marriage. She keeps corresponding with me in the most friendly terms and the last time I was invited to call on her

I again expressed my love. But she again said she wouldn't think of such a thing, but wanted me for a good friend.

"For some time I have persistently pushed my case, thinking that eventually I would succeed, but am now losing hopes of winning her. I earn \$35 per week, and have real estate and a house. I have no bad habits, and am considered quite a looker. The house was bought from my own savings, and without any outside help. The girl knows all this.

"What I don't understand is that she writes such nice letters to me professing friendship. If she really doesn't care for me at all I think it would be better to let me alone entirely."

And that is what she should do.

He would then stand a better chance of forgetting her, and could no longer be classed among those unhappy, tormented men who are known as "Danglers."

"Despondent" should make the girl one more proposal, and tell her when he makes it that it will be the last.

If she refuses, I hope he will be a man of his word and see that it is the last. A rejection should end their acquaintance for so long as he dangles around her, though merely as a friend, so long will that most persistent and most tenacious of all growths of love, hope, continue to plague him.

Unless a proposal of marriage means the beginning of a new life with her, let it mark the end of the old one.

By MARGARET HUBBARD AYER.

Several pretty girls and some who want to be pretty have asked me the best way to care for the hands, and I am going to answer them all at once today.

Bessie, who is just 17, assures me dolefully that her hands are ruined forever because she has always bitten her nails, and still continues to bite them. Of course, if she goes on in this pessimistic frame of mind her hands will not improve. In the meantime, my dear Bessie, don't you think you could make an effort and control yourself and stop biting your nails without having to resort to treatment given children, which consist of rubbing a little extract of nussala on the finger-nails and the tips of the fingers each time after washing them? The taste of this extract is very bitter, and it will remind you that you are doing a foolish thing and spoiling the looks of your hands, which poets call the "second face," and which should

THE HAND TELLS A WOMAN'S AGE

receive all the care and attention you can give them.

It isn't difficult to have soft and pretty hands, and I have known lots of girls who did housework whose hands were better looking than others who never washed a dish and never came

in contact with a smoky and greasy pot or pan.

First of all, you must take pains to make the skin of your hands soft and white. A good cold cream or camphor cream should be used for this. As almost all of the articles used for the

"Now, Rastus," said the visitor at the southern hotel. "I want some coffee, corn-cakes and two fresh eggs—"

"Ah don't know about dem alga boss," said Rastus, shaking his head.

"We have all we kin do keepin' our alga fresh enough w'at you want 'em too fresh, suh."—St. Louis Times.