



# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT—A Fellow Can't Take Any Chances These Days

Drawn for The Bee by Tad

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### Hunting a Husband

The Proposal Expected by the Widow Fails to Materialize and She is Greatly Disappointed

By VIRGINIA TERHUNE VAN DEWATER.

A long letter came by mail for Beatrice as she sat at her breakfast table the following morning.

It was from Sidney Randolph and enlarged upon his regret a being obliged to send her such a brief note the previous evening. He asked her pardon for what he feared must have seemed to her as brusque and discourteous and ended with a request to be allowed to see her the next afternoon.

"I am sending," the letter ended, "a few flowers as a propitiatory offering to the goddess. May she forgive and be kind."

A little later, when the flaming heap of roses was uncovered, the "goddess" felt as much kindness as the sender could possibly have wished.

The following afternoon Sidney Randolph came, immaculate and distinguished in appearance, bringing with him a great bunch of iris—purple and silver blooms upon slender green stalks.

"Oh, how beautiful!" exclaimed Beatrice. "My favorite flower! How did you know that?"

The words were the same with which she had received Maynard's gift of violets several weeks ago, but the present guest was not aware of that, and the woman did not see the humor of the situation.

"I did not know they were your favorites," the donor answered gravely. "They reminded me of you—slim, graceful, chaste, growing in the coarse serge of marshy grounds, but all the more wonderful by their contrast with other plants around them."

Such flattery might have seemed awfully sentimental from another speaker, but as Beatrice looked into Randolph's dark eyes the words carried for her the ring of sincerity and she flushed under his frank look of admiration. In her girlhood she had known other artists, and had regarded with more or less contempt the attentions of their cult. But with Sidney Randolph it was different.

The pair sat for a long time over Beatrice's dainty tea table, where tall glasses of iced tea were flanked by plates of thin sandwiches and crisp wafers. Before he took his departure the artist begged his hostess again to be allowed to paint her portrait, but she already pondered and weighed the proposition and decided against it. Although she had been secretly inclined to gratify her handsome supplicant.

"Dear Mr. Randolph," he said, seriously, "I am not a rich woman. Frankly, I have not the money to spend upon anything so frivolous and extravagant as perpetuating my face upon canvas. Even if I thought my face or figure worthy the honor, my conscience and my duty to my children would not allow it."

The man's instinctive good taste forbade his obeying the impulse to offer to waive the financial consideration, but he sought a compromise.

"Then mayn't I come here often to see you and, perhaps, make a little sketch of you just for my own keeping?"

The subtle flattery of his plea moved the widow.

"You are welcome to come as often as you please, Mr. Randolph," she said, unconsciously imitating in speech and manner the artist's old world grace.

"You are very good to me," he said, simply. "Thank you, I shall come often."

He did come often—first, twice a week, and then on alternate days. Summer was advancing. The city was, at mid-day, a glaring oven of asphalt and stone.

All of Beatrice's friends were leaving town; Henry Blanchard had gone west to his factory in Indiana, to be absent for a month or more. He wrote her occasionally, amid-fashioned, pompous letters which amused her. June was waning into July. Beatrice's amusements were few, and her life was monotonous. She looked forward eagerly to Sidney Randolph's visits.

And Beatrice—she who had coolly set about months ago hunting a husband, as one might search the intelligence offices for a good domestic—found herself fascinated by this man. He was a clever companion, young, handsome and prosperous.

### Daffydils

GEE IF I ONLY HAD THAT GUY'S OPPORTUNITIES.

BING! BANG! BOOM!!

TAMBO—MISTAH GRAY WERE YOU EVER IN DE AWMY

MR GRAY—NO TAMBO WHY TAMBO—WELL IF YOU WAS IN DE AWMY AND WAS WRITIN' TO YO FRIENDS WHAT WOULD YO WRITE ABOUT

MR GRAY—I DON'T KNOW, WHAT WOULD YOU

TAMBO—RIGHT ABOUT FACE FORWARD MARCH!

WELL!! WHAT'LL WE DO WITH THEM MEN?

TA-RAH TARA TAR GENTLE MEN BE SEATED

INTERLOCUTOR—BONES WHAT ARE YOU THINKING SO SERIOUSLY ABOUT

BONES—I WAS JUST THINKIN' HOW IMPOTENT EVEN A WERE ATOM IS—FOR IN STANCE AN ATOM HELPED WIN DE BATTLE OF WATERLOO

INTERLOCUTOR—HOW WAS THAT

BONES—WELL WHEN DE CRUCIAL MOMENT ARRIVED WELLINGTON TO HIS MEN "UP GUARDS AND ATOM" AND SO DAT CHAWEE WON THE FIGHT

ITS THE HEATHEN MY DEAR

WE A SWELL JOB NOW AS A PORTER GET TO WORK AT 7 AM

THEN ANSWER THE TELEPHONE AND GO FOR A SLIP FOR EACH CALL

GRAB A BITE TO EAT—THEN RUN A FEW ERRANDS—SORT AND DELIVER THE MAIL—SHOW PEOPLE THE VACANNA APARTMENTS AND A 10 PM IM THROUGH.

GEE YOU'RE A HAPPY GUY

YEP, NOTHIN' TO DO TILL TOMORROW

### The Battle of Camden

By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY.

August 16, 1780.

The battle of Camden, fought 132 years ago today—August 16, 1780—registered the low-water mark of the American struggle for independence. It was the nadir of our war, the uttermost depths of our humiliation and despair.



A forlorn time for our patriot forefathers, was that summer of 1780. The British seemed to have everything their own way. Georgia was overrun, Charleston was in their hands, and it looked as though the entire south was forever gone from us. It was not without much show of justification that the celebrated Horace Walpole about this time wrote: "We look on America as at our feet."

Such was the miserable situation when General Horatio Gates, recently commissioned as commander-in-chief of the forces of the south, began his campaign for the reclamation of South Carolina and Georgia. Washington, with unerring instinct, scented danger in the appointment of Gates, opposed it, and advocated the selection of Nathaniel Greene, but not even Washington was able always to control the politicians, and Gates was put in command.

From Hillsboro, N. C., Gates began his march for Camden, S. C. Once in possession of that point he could force the British from their other inland positions and throw them upon the defensive at Charleston.

The American army, as it stood ready for action before Camden on the fatal August 16, numbered 3,022 men, 1,400 regulars and the rest mostly raw militia. Facing the Americans was a force of 2,000 thoroughly trained soldiers under command of Lords Rawdon and Cornwallis. The "Maryland Line," which constituted

most of the regular force on our side, fought with their accustomed bravery, but through the incompetency of Gates and the folly of entrusting important positions to raw militia, the day closed with such gloom as had never before settled down upon an American army.

It was more than a defeat, it was an appalling disaster, the American loss being 1,000 killed and wounded, 1,000 captured, and 2,000 small arms and seven pieces of artillery. Off against this was the insignificant British loss of 34 killed and wounded.

It was the most stunning defeat of the war, and to this day it remains the most humiliating event in American military annals.

The "political General," Gates, whose foolishness and stubbornness had brought on the disaster, ran away from the field as fast as thoroughbred steeds could take him. There was no "rapid transit" in those days, and yet there was nothing slow in Gates' flight of 200 miles from Camden back to Hillsboro, which was accomplished in a little more than three days.

Off against the disgraceful flight of Gates stands the heroism of the Baron de Kalb, who long after the battle had been fighting on foot in the midst of his Marylanders till he fell dying of his eleven wounds.

In the meantime Washington had his way. In spite of the politicians, and Greene was given command in the south. The good effect was instantaneously manifest; and King's Mountain, the Cowpens and Eutaw Springs more than wiped out the disgrace of Camden.

### The Manicure Lady

"Gee, I wish I could go on a vacation," said the Manicure Lady. "Everybody else is out in the country, and I don't see why I shouldn't be as lucky as a lot of other folks. Goodness knows I work hard enough. I was just telling sister Mayme and brother Wilfred last night that I was longing for a chance to get out into the country, among them dells and dales that the poets in all the time writing about. Brother Wilfred kind of sympathized with me at that, because he whispered to me that as soon as his gang pulled off a good trick he will have a few yellow-backs so he can pay back what he owes me and give me a chance for a regular vacation. He belongs to a gang, you know, George."

"No, I don't know," said the Head Barber, "and I don't want to know. Ever since John the Barber got tangled up in this case I have felt that it is my duty as a barber to lay off and say nothing. I don't like gang men, but I don't dislike them, either, and you can take that from me. John the Barber ain't got much on me when it comes to a wife and family, and my map is muddled."

"Well, that ain't got anything to do with vacations," said the Manicure Lady. "What I was saying was that I wished I could go on a regular vacation, out in the country where the green grass is and where them little trout is swimming jolly in crystal brooks. Did you ever stop to think, George, how soft it is for a trout?"

"I have never gave the subject much thought," admitted the Head Barber, "I never even seen a trout except in the fish market or in the aquarium, so I don't know much about whether it is soft or hard for them. Why?"

"Oh, I often think about it," answered the Manicure Lady. "Take the hottest day in the summer and you will see a trout swimming around in a stream. If you watch him you will notice that life is a glad dream for him. When he wakes up in the morning, if a trout ever does go to sleep, he doesn't have to wonder what subway express he will catch to get down to the business district in time."

"He never has to think about getting fresh handkerchiefs to wipe off the sweat of his manly brow. He doesn't have to sidestep no collector and he doesn't have to dodge any process papers, because water ain't no place in which to preserve process papers on account that the papers would get so mushy."

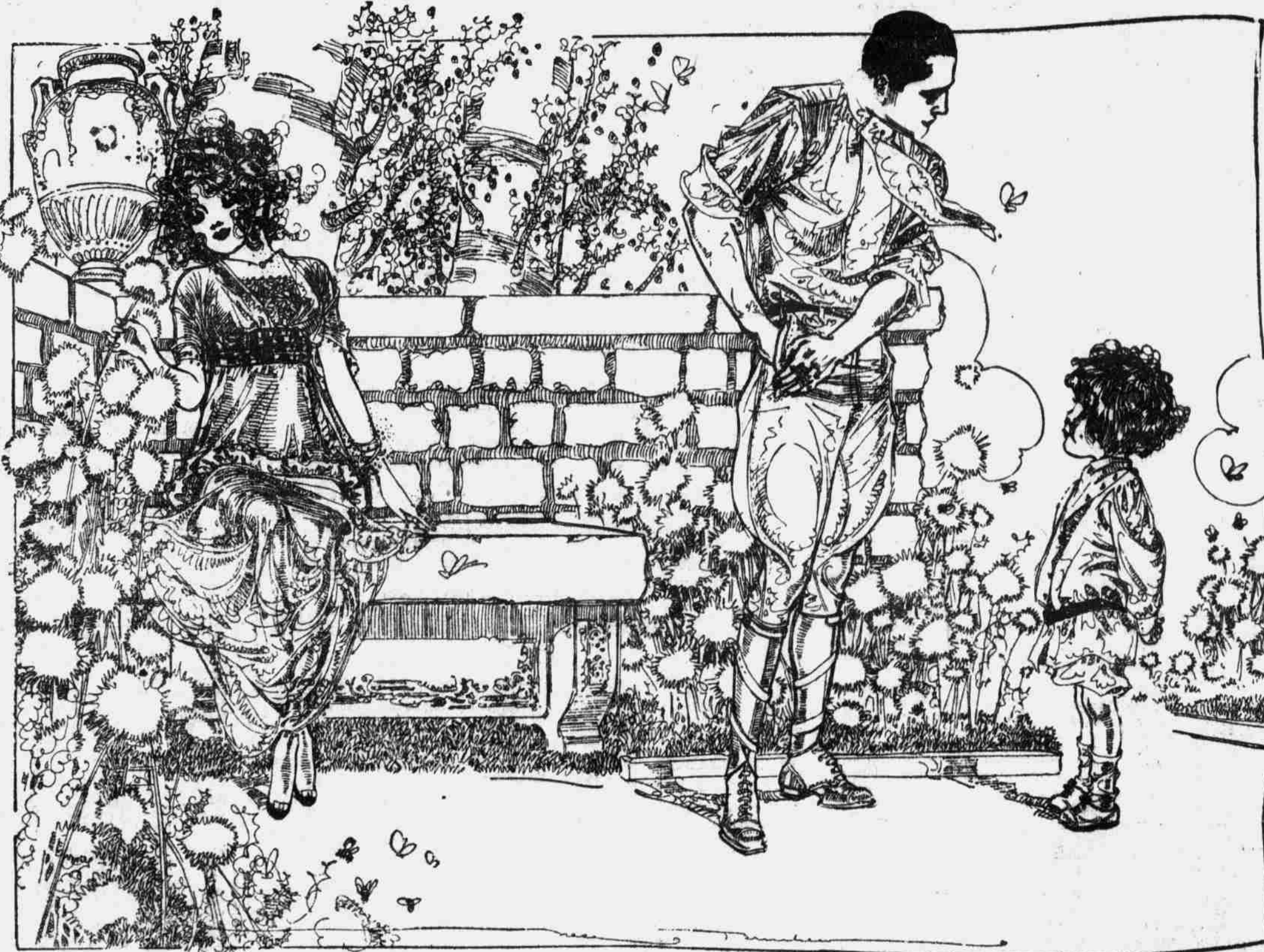
"He doesn't have to go in no barber shop and get his face pawed all over by a barber. He doesn't have to figure on a week end. Every day in the week is the same to a trout."

"Yes," said the Head Barber, "and every day in the week is the same to a sucker."

### THE GRAFTER

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By NELL BRINKLEY



### Border Tribute to Woman

James Oliver Curwood, author of "The Flower of the North," tells the following story about the men to be found in the country about Hudson bay, where the scene of his story is laid:

"I was at Prince Albert," he said, "sitting on the veranda of the little old Windsor hotel, facing the Saskatchewan. During the few days previous a number of factors, trappers and half-breed canoe-men had come down from the north. One of these men had not been down to the edge of civilization for seven years. Three of the others had not been down in two, and this was the annual trip of the other eight—for there were just eighteen of us sitting there together.

"We were smoking and talking when a young woman turned up the narrow walk leading to the veranda. Immediately every voice was hushed and as the woman came up the steps those twelve roughly clad men of the wilderness rose to their feet to a man, each holding his cap in his hand. Thus they stood, silent and with bowed heads, until the young woman had passed into the hotel. It was the most beautiful tribute to womanhood I had ever seen. And I, the man from civilization, was the only one who remained sitting, with my hat still on my head."—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

### Her Proxy

"Well, auntie," asked her young master, "do you really believe in the Bible?"

"Yes, sah, every word."

"Do you believe that the whale swallowed Jonah?"

"Yes, sah; I believes it 'cause the Bible says so. I'm gwine tuh ask Jonah 'bout dat jes as I on as I gets to hebban."

"But sah, Jonah isn't there."

"Den how ' you ken ask him?"

### Plugged Sparks

It is impossible for the average man to explain the tariff to a woman because the average man doesn't understand either the woman or the tariff.

Many a man has failed because he succeeded too well.

A principle of government is a poor substitute for governmental principle.

Some people's idea of heaven seems to be that it is a place where everybody works at resting.—Judge's Library.

Another very common case of graft and well known to young Romeos and big Sister Juliets, goes on in almost every decent household with a pretty girl and a persistent wee brother in it. Its most familiar phrase uttered by the passionately pleading lips of a hopelessly crooked young man, "Here's a new quarter, Apple Cheeks, if you'll see how slow you can go around the corner and back!"