

The Bee's Tome Magazine Page



SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT—No Use, the Judge's Wife is Impossible

Drawn for The Bee by Tad



A WALK ON A NIGHT LIKE THIS-Y-E-S- THIS IS THE JUDGE -YOU TALK LIKE A STUFFED SHIRT OH HELLO HARRY- OH- 50 I CAN HARDLY BREATHE NOW . THEY'LL PLAY US FOR S BUCKS A SIDE EH- HOLD EM- DONT WHY DON'T YOU ASK ME TO LET EM GET AWAY- I'LL BE DOWN THERE WITH SPANGLES BRING IN A FEW TONS OF COAL-GEE WHIZ - WALK -ON IN 10 MINUTES WHERE DYA GET THAT STUFF ? THUM

THE GROUND !

THE SQUEALERS QUARTET WILL NOW SING -

TAIRA RARARA.

GEN-TLE MEN BE SEA-TED

TAMBO- MR. JOHNSON CAN

YOU TELL ME MAITY A PLEA

IS LIKE THE EIFFEL TOWER .

NO- CAN YOU TELL ME ?

TAMBO - OF COURSE

NTERLOUUTOR . NO CHANCE



Hunting a Husband

The Widow Sees the Artist for the Last Time and She Realizes She Has Made a Fool of Herself.

By VIRGINIA TERHUNE VAN DEWATER.

desire to have some particular person ad- spoken of coming back in September mire us as much as we admire ourselves." But the artist did not notice the change "Love," says some one else, "is self-sac- in the woman's face, and drifted off ircrifice for the good of another.

Beatrice Minor did not know that she had never cared-as the ideal wife is supposed to care-for the man she married. Yet in the first months of their wedded life she had felt a deeper affection for her husband than she had ever experienced for any other man. If she had been less self-centered and more clear-headed she would before deciding to accept Sidney Randolph as Tom Minor's successor, have forced herself to look her sentiments squarely in the face. In which case she might have discovered that the emotion which had decided her to accept the offer of marriage which she was sure would soon be forthcoming was a mixture of fascination aroused by the artist's personality and of respect for his social position and his accomplishments. These sentiments, mingled with a longing for the will always remember you as that, Bevide her, she was willing to give in re- little souvenir of our happy times toturn for the sincere affection which she gether? Wear it sometimes and think of believed he had for her. Yet, with a me." kind of self-hypnosis, she had convinced He handed her a bracelet of ham-

she had been making for Jean. The little the bed, sobbed stormlly. girl and her brother were invited to a Some of her tears may have come from children's party for that night, and the sadness and loneliness; some were cerpair sat beside her watching her deft fingers at work upon the costume destined but the most numerous and most bitter of to grace the festive occasion. And, as all wear caused by the shameful conthe mother worked, and listened to the sciousness that she had made a fool of prattle of her little son and daughter, herself. she mused of the change which her second marriage might bring to her children, and, not without some misgivings, she spoke her thought aloud.

given to introspection.

"Suppose, dears," she ventured, hesitatingly, "God should send you another papa-would you be glad?"

The children were slient for a moment. "Send papa back from heaven?"

queried Jack, somewhat puzzled. "No," answered his mother, suppressing an involuntary shudder. She had thought little lately of her former marriage, and it was not a pleasant memory. "But suppose I were to marry again?" "Who would you marry?" asked Jack,

"I have not decided just yet to marry anybody," equivocated the mother. "But I am wondering if you would like Mr. Randolph for a father?"

Jean claped her tiny hands delightfuledly. "He's nice!" she exclaimed.

other channels, she was secretly relieved ranchman essayed to scale the foose at the lack of opposition evinced by her

children She had seen the little ones off to the purty under the care of the maid, and and stood at bay. had scarcely had time to put a few last touches to her own tollette, when the whire of a motor in the street below, and, a few minutes later, the sound of her rival. Her heart beat fast and her cheeks were aglow as she welcomed him. He was cool and graceful in demeanor, as usual, and Beatrice admired for the hundreth time his poise and self-possession

foom and took a chair near hers. For a time hostess and guest chatted lightly, while Beatrice's pulses beat less tumultuously and her voice became softer and steadier.

as he followed her into the drawing

"You sail soon?" she asked at last. "On Monday, on the Carthusia," answered the man. "France calls me and I must go. Paris seems to me like home, and I have been away so long! I shall go to Barbizon and hope to his wits, he had sense enough to whip out make you immortal in a picture I have his revolver (the rifle had been thrown in mind, using the sketches I have of away), and before the elk had time to you as my inspiration. So, although I recover itself the hunter reached his arm leave you here in the body. I carry around the tree and shot it through the your memory and your face with me." "I shall miss you," confessed Beat-

rice, softly, "And I, you," he replied frankly. "It is you who have made the city in summer tolerable, and even delightful, for a marooned artist. I know of no greater

"But you return in the fall?" she

"That will depend upon currentances The man who resolutely refuses to get used to being broke has it all over the chap who becomes resigned to chronic

"Love," says a cynic, "is the intense | hotly. Surely only this afternoon he had to rhapsodies on the Barbigon wood; in summer. "Rousseau, Corot, none of them has ever done them full justice," he concluded.

"I should like to see them," said Beatrice wistfully.

"I wish you might!" he agreed with insentimental heartiness. The clock on the mantel chimed half

past nine. He glanced at .t and slipped his hand into his pocket

"I must go now," he said, "I have an engagement in Philadelphia tomorrow that will keep me in that hot city until the time of my sailing. I shall not see you again. I cannot thank you as I should for all your goodness to me, for the understanding sympathy you have given me. You are the only woman i of life with which he could pro- fore I go, won't you accept this as a

herself that she really cared for the ar- mered silver. She had seen it in his tist. Moreover, Beatrice Minor was not studio. It was of ancient Moorish handiwork, and beautifully embossed with After Randolph had asked and gained strange, twisting figures. She took the permission to call again that evening gift mechanically, then, rallying her selfand had taken his departure, the widow control, thanked the giver gracefully and determined to fill the intervening hours bade him good-bye, all her woman's pride with some occupation to keep her in her smilling eyes and her cheerful thoughts steady and her nerves calm. So words of farewell. But, when the door she sat down in her own room to put the had closedbehind her guest, she rushed finishing touches on a dainty white frock to her room and, throwing herself upon

Hunter Forced to Retreat

One cold winter morning a hunter emerged from his ranch near the foothills of the Big Horn mountains and was astonished to see leap from a thicket the largest elk he had ever beheld.

For a moment the magnificent animal paused, raised his head, glanced proudly at the man before him, and then went bounding away toward a forest of pine skirting the mountain. The pine timber extended upward for some distance, and the cracking and breaking of the frostbitten twigs could be plainly distinguished long after the animal had disappeared from view. The elk headed straight for Cloud peak, the loftiest pile in the range. The hunter was on ponyback (one of those hardy mountain cayuses that can "I like Mr. Maynard better," objected stand any amount of pressure and virtu-Jack. sturdily. "Marry him. please, ally live on nothing); so when he arrived at the base of this rock he dismounted "Silly kiddles!" laughed Beatrice. And, and, leaving the blowing bronco peacealthough she turned the conversation into fully resting in a bunch of stubble, the mountain shingle in pursuit of the elk, which, thoroughly slarmed and unable to climb higher, took refuge in a dense copse

The rash man rushed into the brush; but before he could raise his rifle he found himself caught on the antiers of the beast and in a fair way to be thrashed own door bell announced the artist's arhis hunting shirt gave way and he went spinning down the mountain side, where he came against another thick growth of

brush, not much hurt but badly scared. Before he could fairly recover himself the elk struck the clump like a steam engine, scattering the dead timber and frail shrubs in every direction. The brave man turned and fled down the mountain. The elk was at his heels; but the man had the speed of desperation in his legs and reached a good sized tree not a fraction of a second too soon, for the big fellow came along like the wind, striking the

tough pine a savage blow. The hunter was, happily, behind the tree, and although scared nearly out of

head.-Casper Dispatch. Musings of an Old Sport. Roar if you must, don't renig. A fall-down is merely fatuous, but a

lay-down is fatal!

The man who moans that he's "being pounded" is always shy about telling When a man's friends say that his word is as good as his bond, we believe it, but when he himelf says it, we're from Joplin!

turous spirits. Beatrice felt herself pale, then flush impecuniosity!-New York World.

AHA- IT WAS THE SUSPECTS THE POOR DAFF-IDIL ARTIST TRUNIC THERE WAS NOTHING BUT THE SUSPECTS NAME SATATHIS PUUSH COVERED DE'K WITH NO MORE IDEAS INSIDE YET THE DETECTIVE THAN A PINK RABBIT. THE FIGURED OUT JUST WHO THE DAFFY HAD TO BE MADE . BUT OWNER WAS - QUICKLY HE WHERE WAS THE DOPE FOR IT. HUNTED THROUGH IT THERE WERE HOP GUNS YEN THE

SUDDENLY THE DOOR . OPENED AND IN BOUNCED CHRIS MIGREGOR WITH A NOTE TWAS FROM CHARLE ONEILL OF GANANOQUE CANADA -

COULD A MAN SIT DOWN AND

READ "TWENTY THOUSAND , LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA? SAW TOOTH THE JIG IS UP!

SMELLY THE RAT HAS CONFESCED

HEY LEFTY I GOT A PIPE JOB NOW. I'M A SQUEALER . I GET UP AT 4 AIM MAKE A CONFESSION. IDENTIFY A FEW BOOBS PICKOUT

AFEW COPS BY SIGHT PLAY CARDS WITH THE WARDEN, SEE ITORIG LAWYERS SQUEAL ABOUT THE COPS A BIT, MAKE ANOTHER CONFESSION

GO TO BED WAKE UP THE GANG HIDES AND AT 2 A.M I'M

AND SQUEAL SOME MORE. MAKE ANEW CONFESSION DENY SOME STORIES IN THE PAPER, TELL WHERE WRITE MORE LETTERS

BECAUSE ITS A PARASITE (PARISSIGHT. HORATIUS MISWIEGLE THE GIFTED TENOR WILL NOW CHIRP -AFLEA LOVED A FLY SO THEY FLEW ON WITH THE WHISKERS BOYS - HERE COMES THE COPS .

GEE NOTHIN YOU'RE TO DOTILL ALU CICY TOMORPOW

The Route of the Air THE AVIATOR PHOTOGRAPHED IN FULL FLIGHT—

CANS SHOES AND SHIRTS.

WAS ANOTE WHICH JAID.

WAS THE CHAMBERMAID

A FEW JHEETS ?

WHO BROKE INTO THE MUSIC

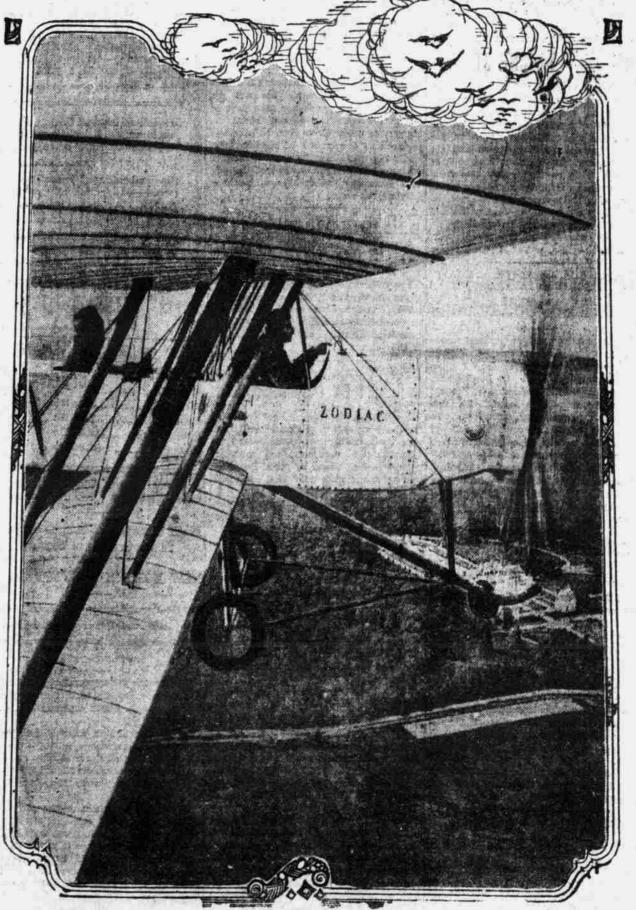
STORE ARRESTED FOR TAKING

COME AWAY MY CHILD -

THE CANYON IS SIMPLY

FILTHY WITH INDIANS .

AHA DOWN IN THE CORNER



Photographed by themselves while in flight: MM. Andre Schelcher and Pierre Debroutelle aboard & biplane nearly 1,000 feet above the chateau and park of Breteuil, the country residence of the Prince of Wales' host in France.

By GARBETT P. SERVISS.

ground.

It is the flight of the eagle. The little The swiftly revolving propeller in front velopment of photographs from aero- tory of man.

wheels that played their part in the first, is only a blur to the eye, but its steady who do. That long, white, bird-like body, bits to make this studio party that I am One only needs to glance at the photo- spring from the ground, and now hang pull fills the aviator with exultant con- those huge curved wings, that whirring graph accompanying this article in order motionless beneath, are the claws of the fidence in the power of his wonderful propeller, rendered indistinct by its speed. to understand the irrisistible lure of the great bird, drawn up beneath his body machine. highway of the air. One feels the charm and walting until the mighty wings. The photograph—the first of the kind riding through the air, and the gilmpse and sees why no number of fatal acci- weary at last of flight, call upon them -was made by Andre Scheicher, the of the awful depth beneath, tell a story them," said the manicure lady. "If you

Co-Operation.

By ELBERT HUBBARD.

Clerks or salesmen who have private letterheads and ask customers to send letters to them personally are on the wrong track.

To lose you identity in the business is one of the penalties of working for great institution. Don't protest-it is no new thing - all big concerns are confronted by the same situation. Get in line; t is a necessity. If you want to do

business individually and in your own name, stay in the country or do business vidualistic; when the peanut man goes the stand also creaks. Successful cor-

porations are something else. me the order direct. I, knowing you and surely as do cigarettes, boose, pasteyour needs, can take much better care boards and the races. of your wants than that disputed and intangible thing "the house" Besides sending if through the circumfocution of-

fice takes time. There is something more to say. First, ong experience has shown that "the saving of time" is exceedingly problematical. For, while in some instances a rush order can be gotten off the same night by sendit to an individual, yet when your individual has gone fishing, is at the ball job and gone with the opposition house. there are great and vexatious delays, dire confusions and a great strain on

This thing of a salesman carrying his tricle with him and considering the customers of the house his personal property is the thought of only 2x4 men. A house must have a certain fixed policy-a reputation for square dealing-otherwise it could not exist at all. It could not even first firm where he was employed, that give steady work and good pay to the allowed him a private letterhead and let men who think it would be only a hole in him get filled with the fallacy that he the ground without them.

right. Don't acquire the habit of butting we win through co-operation and not in with your stub end of a will in oppo- through segregation or separation. The sition to the general public'ty of the firm's interests are yours; if you think house. To help yourself, get in line otherwise you are already on the slide, with your house, stand by it, take pride Copyright 1912. International News Service

In an enterprise that amounts to any- in it, respect it, uphold it and regard its thing all transactions should be in the interests as yours. The men who do this name of the firm, because the firm is become the only men who are really nacmore than any person connected with it. essary. These are the topnotchers, the 100-pointers.

The worst about the other plan is that it ruins the man who undertakes it. For a little while to do a business of your own in the shadow of the big one is beautiful -presents come, personal letters, invitations, favors. "Is Mr. Johnson in?" By and by Mr. Johnson gets chesty; he 'resents it when other salesmen wait on customers or look after his mail. He begins to plot for personal gain, and the first thing you know he is a plain grafter, at loggerheads with his colleagues, with the interests of the house secondary to his own.

We must grow toward the house and with it, not away from it. Any policy which lave an employe open to temptation or tends to turn his head, causing him to lose sight of his own best interests, seizing at a small present betterment and losing the great advantage of a for yourself. Peanut stands are indi-life's business is bad. The open cash drawer, valuable goods lying around not recorded or inventoried, free and easy responsibility, good-enough plans and let

The man who thinks he owns . his trade" and threatens to walk out and take other employes and customers with him is slated to have his dream come true. The manager gives in; the individualist is then sure he is right; the enlarged ego grows, and some day the house simply takes his word for it and out he goes. The down-and-outer heads off his mail at the postoffice and for some weeks embarrasses customers, degame, or is sick, or else has given up his lays trade and more or less confuses system, but a month or two smooths things out and he is forgotten absolutely. The steamship ploughs right along: '

Our egotist gets a new job, only to do it all over again if he can. This kind of man seldom learns.

When he gets a job he soon begins to correspond with rival firms for a better one, with intent to take his "good-will" along. The blame should go back to the was doing business on his own account, In the main the policy of the house is thus losing sight of the great truth that

The Manicure Lady

"Brother Wilfred and me and Sister, "This artist was a perfect gent. The Mayme was to a swell party the other only thing I didn't like about the party night," said the manicure lady. "It was was one of his lady guests. I think she gave by a artist that has just opened a the time looking for adventures. I think new studio, the same as the studio that they call them adventuresses, or some I was telling you about a few weeks ago. name like that. She hadn't no more than

We had a grand time." "I think you are wrong in going to eyes at him, because she had heard the studio parties," said the head barber. "I poor kid telling that he was a poet, and have told you that before, and you know I guess she thought that poets makes a when I tell you anything I mean it."

bone-headed barber teiling me where to suppose that ain't neither here or there get off," said the manicure sady, frigidly, but to get on with my story.

planes in flight. M. Scheicher, in this case, is the passenger, and the pilot is M. Pierre Debroutelle.

The peculiarity of the picture, that which gives it its strange charm, con- Don't you see, George? He was trying sists in the fact that it shows at one | glance both the interior of the aeroplane and the view that is spread beneath the eyes of its occupants. The camera was placed at the end of one of the upper machine and the landscape should be in good laugh be o'e the two of them found planes, at such a distance that both the focus at the same time, and it was operated by the pulling of a string. Thus the observer is made to feel that he is actually taking part in the adventure. In the most realistic way he goes along with the aviators, seeing them as if he were their companion, and also seeing uppers he would go and dig up some rich

those sharply defined slihouettes of men said the head barber.

seen Wilfred when she started making lot of dough. Goodness knows they don't "I can take care of myself without any George, but as long as she thought so I

"The minute Wilfred noticed that this blonde beauty was shining up to himshe swelled up like one of them poisoned pupples that you read about in the story books. I guess in the next hour after he made the flash he must have recited about seventy of his worst young poems. to make a hit with her and con her into giving him a little dough, but he was waiting for a good chance to approach her, and all the time she was playing the same system. I had more than one out that there wasn't a quarter between them, and probably wouldn't ce for some time to come. Wafred was telling me on the way home that in the old days poets used to have pairons and patronesses. He said that any time a poet was on his old guy or guyess and tell him 'the facts We who do not go the way of the in the case are these'; I think it was a clouds in aeroplanes, and may never do pretty good system at that, George. Barso, are under obligations to M. Scheicher bers and manicure girls can make enough for bringing us, by means of his in- to get by, but poets is awful helpless genious photograph, into such intimate creatures. At least, Wilfred is. He had association with the pleasures of those to nick the old gent's bankroll for four

telling you about." "Studios don't make he hit with me

"You ain't classy enough to understand dents can dissolve its power over adven- once more to renew connection with the French aviator, who has devoted him- of human accomplishment that will make want to enjoy a studio you ought to have self with great enthusiasm to the de- one of the greatest chapters in the his- one of them artistic tempers or whatever they call it."