

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

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

Drawn for The Bee by Tad



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.

"Love," says a cynic, "is the intense desire to have some particular person admire us as much as we admire ourselves."

"Love," says some one else, "is self-sacrifice 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 luxuries of life with which he could provide her, was willing to give in return for the sincere affection which she believed he had for her. Yet, with a kind of self-hypnosis, she had convinced herself that she really cared for the artist. Moreover, Beatrice Minor was not given to introspection.

After Randolph had asked and gained permission to call again that evening and had taken his departure, the widow determined to fill the intervening hours with some occupation to keep her thoughts steady and her nerves calm. So she sat down in her own room to put the finishing touches on a dainty white frock she had been making for Jean. The little girl and her brother were invited to a children's party for that night, and the pair sat beside her watching her deft fingers at work upon the costume destined to grace the festive occasion. And, as the mother worked, and listened to the prattle of her little son and daughter, she mused of the change which her second marriage might bring to her children, and, not without some misgivings, she spoke her thought aloud.

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

"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, bluntly.

"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 clasped her tiny hands delightfully. "He's nice!" she exclaimed.

"I like Mr. Maynard better," objected Jack, sturdily. "Marry him, please, mother!"

"Silly kiddies!" laughed Beatrice. And, although she turned the conversation into other channels, she was secretly relieved at the lack of opposition evinced by her children.

She had seen the little ones off to the party under the care of the maid, and had scarcely had time to put a few last touches to her own toilette, when the whirr of a motor in the street below, and a few minutes later, the sound of her own door bell announced the artist's arrival. 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 hundredth time his poise and self-possession as he followed her into the drawing room 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.

"You call soon?" she asked at last.

"On Monday," the Carthusian, 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 make you immortal in a picture I have in mind, using the sketches I have of you as my inspiration. So, although I leave you here in the body, I carry your memory and your face with me."

"I shall miss you," confessed Beatrice, 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 magic."

"But you return in the fall?" she queried, faintly.

"That will depend upon circumstances beyond my control," he answered simply. Beatrice felt herself pale, then flush

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 frost-bitten 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 stand any amount of pressure and virtually live on nothing); so when he arrived at the base of this rock he dismounted and, leaving the blowing bronco peacefully resting in a bunch of stubble, the ranchman essayed to scale the loose mountain shingle in pursuit of the elk, which, thoroughly alarmed and unable to climb higher, took refuge in a dense copse and stood at bay.

The rash man rushed into the brush; but before he could raise his rifle he found himself caught on the antlers of the beast and in a fair way to be thrashed to death against the stones. Fortunately his 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 his wits, he had sense enough to whip out his revolver (the rifle had been thrown away), and before the elk had time to recover itself the hunter reached his arm around the tree and shot it through the head.—Casper Dispatch.

Messing of an Old Sport.

Row, if you must, don't resign. A fall-down is merely fatuous, but a lay-down is fatal!

The man who means that he's "being pounded" is always shy about telling why!

When a man's friends say that his word is as good as his bond, we believe it, but when he himself says it, we're from Joplin!

The man who resolutely refuses to get used to being broke has it all over the chap who becomes resigned to chronic impunctuality.—New York World.

Daffydils

THE POOR DAFFYDIL ARTIST SAT AT HIS PULCH COVERED DESK WITH NO MORE IDEAS THAN A PINK RABBIT. THE DAFFY HAD TO BE MADE. BUT WHERE WAS THE DOPE FOR IT. SUDDENLY THE DOOR OPENED AND IN BOUNCED CHRIS MCGREGOR WITH A NOTE IT WAS FROM CHARLIE 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 CONFESSED.

AHA—IT WAS THE SUSPECTS TRUNIC THERE WAS NOTHING BUT THE SUSPECTS NAME INSIDE YET THE DETECTIVE FIGURED OUT JUST WHO THE OWNER WAS. QUICKLY HE HUNTED THROUGH IT. THERE WERE HOP GUNS, VEN SHE CANS, SHOES AND SHIRTS. AHA—DOWN IN THE CORNER WAS A NOTE WHICH SAID: WAS THE CHAMBERMAID WHO BROKE INTO THE MUSIC STORE ARRESTED FOR TAKING A FEW SHEETS?

COME AWAY MY CHILD—THE CANYON IS SIMPLY FILTHY WITH INDIANS.

TAKE RA RARA—GENTLE MEN BE SEATED. TAMBO—MR. JOHNSON CAN YOU TELL ME WHY A FLEA IS LIKE THE EIFFEL TOWER. INTERLOCUTOR—NO CHANCE NO—CAN YOU TELL ME? TAMBO—OF COURSE BECAUSE IT'S A PARASITE (PARIS SIGHT). HORATIUS MCGWIGGLE THE GIFTED TENDOR WILL NOW CHIRP—A FLEA LOVED A FLY SO THEY FLEW.

ON WITH THE WHISKERS BOYS—HERE COMES THE COPS.

HEY LEFTY I GOT A PIPE JOB NO W. I'M A SQUEALER. I GET UP AT 4 A.M. MAKE A CONFESSION, IDENTIFY A FEW BOOBS, PICK OUT

A FEW COPS BY SIGHT, PLAY CARDS WITH THE WARDEN, SEE IF OR 16 LAWYERS, SQUEAL ABOUT THE COPS A BIT, MAKE ANOTHER CONFESSION

GO TO BED WAKE UP AND SQUEAL SOME MORE, MAKE ANEW CONFESSION, DENY SOME STORIES IN THE PAPER, TELL WHERE THE GANG HIDES, WRITE MORE LETTERS AND AT 2 A.M. I'M DONE

GEE YOU'RE A LUCKY GUY

YEP NOTHING TO DO TILL TOMORROW

Co-Operation.

By ELBERT HUBBARD.

In an enterprise that amounts to anything all transactions should be in the name of the firm, because the firm is more than any person connected with it. Clerks or salesmen who have private letterheads and ask customers to send letters to them personally are on the wrong track.

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

If you want to do business individually and in your own name, stay in the country or do business for yourself. Peanut stands are individualistic; when the peanut man goes the stand also cranks. Successful corporations are something else.

Of course, the excuse is, if you send me the order direct, I, knowing you and your needs, can take much better care of your wants than that disputed and intangible thing—"the house." Besides, sending it through the circunclocution office takes time.

There is something more to say. First, long 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 sending it to an individual, yet when your individual has gone fishing, is at the ball game, or is sick, or she has given up his job and gone with the opposition house, there are great and vexatious delays, dire confusions and a great strain on vocabulary.

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

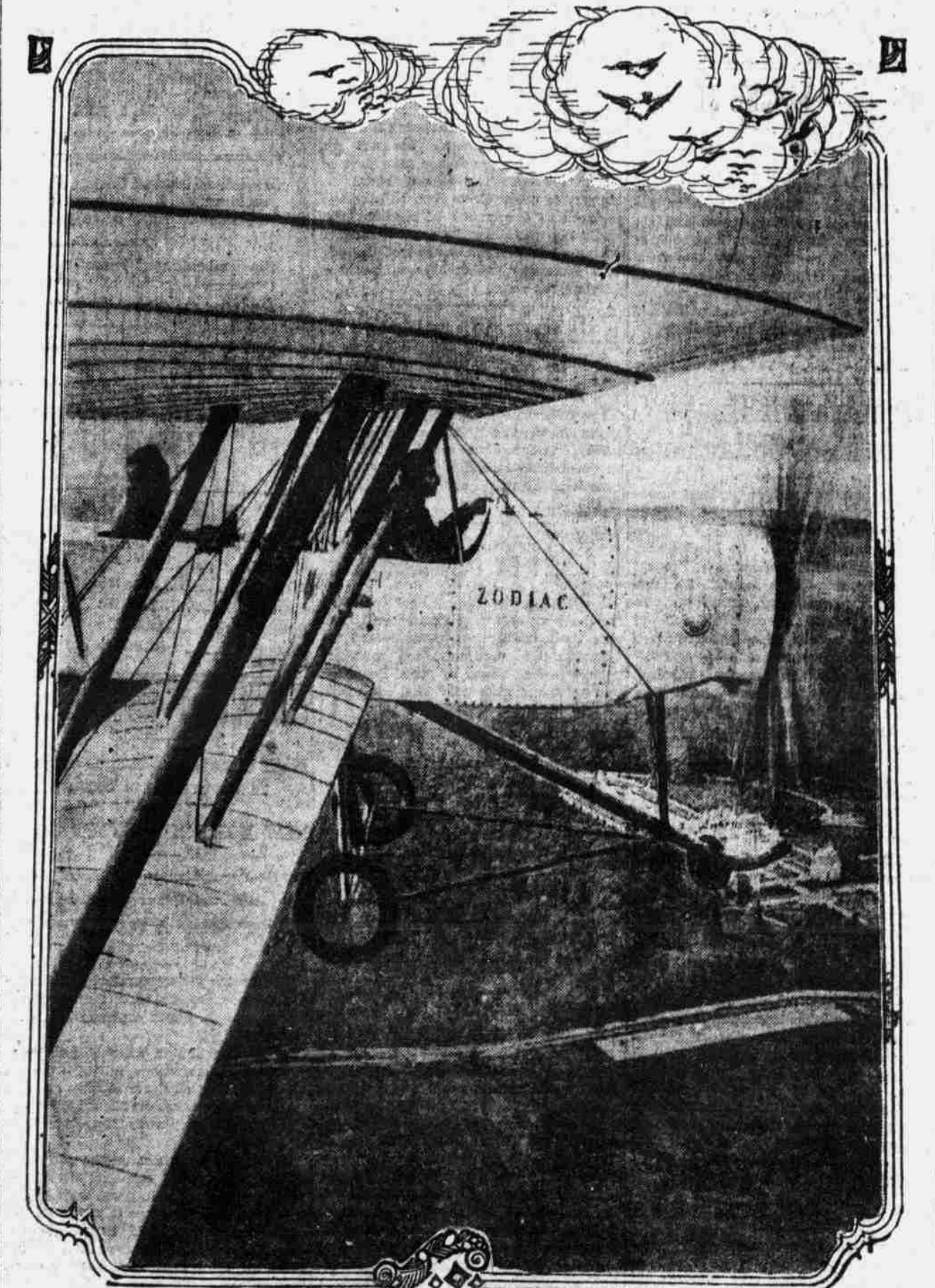
When he gets a job he soon begins to correspond with rival firms for a better one, with intent to take his "good-will" along. The blame goes back to the first firm where he was employed, that allowed him a private letterhead and let him get filled with the fallacy that he was doing business on his own account, thus losing sight of the great truth that we win through co-operation and not through segregation or separation. The firm's interests are yours; if you think otherwise you are already on the slide.

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The Route of the Air

THE AVIATOR PHOTOGRAPHED IN FULL FLIGHT—HIS VIEW OF THE EARTH AS TAKEN BY HIM IN FLIGHT



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

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

One only needs to glance at the photograph accompanying this article in order to understand the irresistible lure of the highway of the air. One feels the charm and sees why no number of fatal accidents can dissolve its power over adventurous spirits.

It is the flight of the eagle. The little wheels that played their part in the first spring from the ground, and now hang motionless beneath, are the claws of the great bird, drawn up beneath his body and waiting until the mighty wings, weary at last of flight, call upon them once more to renew connection with the ground.

The swiftly revolving propeller in front is only a blur to the eye, but its steady pull fills the aviator with exultant confidence in the power of his wonderful machine.

The photograph—the first of the kind—was made by Andre Scheicher, the French aviator, who has devoted himself with great enthusiasm to the development of photographs from aéro-

The Manicure Lady

"Brother Wilfred and me and Sister Mayme was to a swell party—the other night," said the manicure lady. "It was gave by an artist that has just opened a new studio, the same as the studio that I was telling you about a few weeks ago. We had a grand time."

"I think you are wrong in going to studio parties," said the head barber. "I have told you that before, and you know when I tell you anything I mean it."

"I can take care of myself without any bone-headed barber telling me where to get off," said the manicure lady, frigidly.

"The minute Wilfred noticed that his blonde beauty was shining up to him, he swelled up like one of them poisoned puppies that you read about in the aggr books. I guess in the next hour after he made the flash he must have recited about seventy of his worst young poems. Don't you see, George? He was trying to make a hit with her and son 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 300 good laugh be o'er the two of them found out that there wasn't a quarter between them, and probably wouldn't be for some time to come. Wilfred was telling me on the way home that in the old days poets used to have patrons and patronesses. He said that any time a poet was on his uppers he would go and dig up some rich old guy or gyp and tell him 'the facts in the case are these'; I think it was a pretty good system at that, George. Barbers and manicure girls can make enough to get by, but poets is awful helpless creatures. At least, Wilfred is. He had to nick the old gent's bankroll for four bits to make this studio party that I am telling you about."

"Studios don't make me hit with me," said the head barber.

"You ain't classy enough to understand them," said the manicure lady. "If you want to enjoy a studio you ought to have one of them artistic tempers or whatever they call it."

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

The peculiarity of the picture, that which gives it its strange charm, consists 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 planes, at such a distance that both the machine and the landscape should be in 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 what they see.

We who do not go the way of the clouds in aeroplanes, and may never do, are under obligations to M. Scheicher for bringing us, by means of his ingenious photograph, into such intimate association with the pleasures of those who do. That long, white, bird-like body, those huge curved wings, that whirling propeller, rendered indistinct by its speed, those sharply defined silhouettes of men riding through the air, and the glimpse of the awful depth beneath, tell a story of human accomplishment that will make one of the greatest chapters in the history of man.