

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT

His Honor Was Simply Anxious

Drawn for The Bee by Tad



Hunting a Husband

The Widow Gets a Surprising Letter from Maynard and Writes a Cutting Answer

By VIRGINIA TERHUNE VAN DEWATER.

As Henry Blanchard had advised Beatrice Minor not to be precipitate in her reply to his proposal, she was glad to take advantage of his suggestion and think long and almost joyously over the matter. His letter was delicious balm to her wounded vanity, still smarting from the discovery that the man of whom she had thought as her probable husband regarded her only as a friend. After all, she consoled herself, no artist ever made a satisfactory life partner. She had heard much jargon of the vagaries of the artistic temperament, and perhaps she should congratulate herself that she had escaped any closer relationship with it. The knowledge that a well-to-do old bachelor was here for the taking changed the mortified woman into a philosopher.

She had need of philosophy before the end of the day, for she received a letter from Robert Maynard that made her cheeks burn and brought tears of resentment to her eyes. These, however, she laughed away quickly when her glance rested again on the envelope containing Blanchard's request for her hand. Maynard's letter began with an apology for intruding upon her time, and went on to tell her that his reason for writing was to ask her congratulations upon his engagement to Miss Damerel.

"She tells me she had met you once or twice," he wrote. "I hardly dare let myself write of her, lest my enthusiasm run away with me, and you condemn me as a man whose head, as well as his heart, is incurably affected. For nobody but I can know what a treasure I have won, even though I am aware that all my friends consider me the luckiest of men. Remembering that you and I were very good comrades until a wholly incomprehensible something came between us I like to think still of you as one who will rejoice in my happiness. Perhaps I would not have the temerity to write to you of this great good fortune of mine had I not learned from your fine little son of your matrimonial plans. May they prosper as you deserve. But for the fact that you and I are in the same boat—of, at least, in similar boats about to be launched again in matrimonial waters—I might not set aside all wounded feeling at your sudden change of demeanor toward me. But as misery loves company, so happiness seeks sympathy from others who are happy. So I hope for your good wishes."

"Poor little Miss Damerel!" sighed Beatrice. "How often it happens that a young girl, foolish and inexperienced, marries a man who knows and cares for the better things of the world; it is too bad! Were she older and wiser she would not let herself think of marrying Robert Maynard if she knew of his intemperate habits."

Thus far she went in her self-deception, but then checked herself and had the grace to smile inwardly at her reasoning. "For had she not thought seriously only a little while ago of accepting Maynard? Surely she could not plead youth and inexperience!"

"No—but I was lonely," she argued, "and I had been in 'reception for so long that I fell an easy prey to the attractions of an unscrupulous man!" Her honesty with herself did not move her to inquire in what way she had been Maynard's prey, nor whether, after all, he was a bit more unscrupulous than was she. Instead of going into self-analysis she reread the letter and thought that she detected a covert sneer in its tone. Was Maynard making fun of her and her frustrated plans? She seized pen and paper and hurriedly wrote:

"Dear Mr. Maynard—Allow me to congratulate you most warmly on your engagement to a very sweet little girl. It is not often that a man of your age secures such a young wife to teach him to renew his youth, and to make him forget past sorrows and associations. How tenacious such memories have heretofore been with you I know well, for you have often talked to me of your dead wife, and so deeply did I sympathize with you, that it came as a surprise to me when I learned that you had so soon forgotten her! It did not occur to me that you could bring yourself to marry again, but I am sure that you will do your utmost to protect and cherish the little girl who has chosen you as the object of her innocent love."

"I laughed aloud when I read your reference to my small son's matrimonial schemes for me. I know, of course, that you are jesting, and that no sane or sober man would pay any serious attention to the prattle of a mere baby. I suppose my small son heard me say that I expected Mr. Randolph, the artist, to call one evening, and in his childish imagin-

Daffydils

THE LIPS THAT TOUCH LICKER SHALL NEVER TOUCH MINE

DOCTOR MOLAR PULLER WAS ANXIOUSLY WAITING FOR PATIENTS IN HIS STUDIO AND HIS PATIENCE WAS NEARLY GONE. BUT HARK A KNOCK ON THE DOOR AND IN WALKS OUR HERO ISSIE COHEN WHO MANFULLY SEATS HIMSELF IN THE AGONY STOOL. THE DOC GOT READY TO APPLY THE GAS WHEN ISSIE JUMPED THREE FEET IN THE AIR AND ON ARRIVING BACK IN THE CHAIR MUMBLED.

IF THE CHANDELIER IS GILT IS THE GAS JET. LEAVE HIM UP HES ALL CUT!

RASTUS-MISTAH SHARKE, DID YOU HEAR ABOUT DE BIG EXPLOSION UP AT DE FLATIRON BUILDING TO-DAY INTERLOCUTOR-NO I DID NOT. TELL US ABOUT IT. RASTUS-WELL TWO GIRLS WAS PASSIN DE CORNHAT AT DE FLATIRON BUILDING AND DE WIND WAS BLOWIN' PRETTY FRESH AND DE WIND BLEW UP INTERLOCUTOR-THAT'LL DO. UNCLE MOE WILL NOW FAVOR US WITH HIS NATIONAL ANTHIM ENTITLED. "OH GERMANY, OH GERMANY, WHY DON'T YOU SET OLD IRELAND FREE." OUR AGENTS WILL NOW PASS AMONG THE AUDIENCE, SELLING GOOD DOLLARS FOR 50 CENTS.

AFTER A LUCKLESS DAY ON THE PIER, LUKE THE LOON WAS WEARILY WENDING HIS WAY HOMEWARD IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF THE VILLAGE BOO" AND WAS JUST MUTTERING TO HIMSELF THAT HE HADN'T EVEN HAD A NIBBLE ALL DAY, WHEN PAST HIM RUSHED A MOB. LUKE STOPPED THE LAST PERSON AND ON HIS QUERY WHAT THE MATTER WAS, RECEIVED THIS,

IF YOU CALL FATHER POP WOULD YOU CALL MOTHER MOP?

EASY WITH THE WHIP PHIL! IT'S A HIRED HORSE

HALT!!	HALT WHO GOES THERE	ME	AT THIS HOUR OF THE NIGHT IT SEEMS STRANGE THAT A MAN SHOULD PROWL ABOUT	WELL?	AND WHO ARE YOU	IM THE BOOB THAT PUT THE PILL IN PILLLOW
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Ten Ages of Beauty—The Primeval Girl

By MARGARET HUBBARD AYER.

"What type of woman do you consider the most beautiful?"

This question is the bazaar of the artist and well known illustrator, for the man or woman of the brush and pencil is asked to over the top, and by the woman who is sitting for her portrait and always and eternally by the newspaper person who comes to ask the artist's views on that or any other subject.

"Don't you think there's far too much talk about feminine beauty, anyhow?" said a very practical man who is a successful portrait painter, almost despite himself.

"Well," I returned, "if you want to put it down in dollars and cents, if there was no such thing as feminine beauty and the eternal striving towards it, a whole lot of people would go out of business. For instance, over three million dollars worth of lace was imported last year, besides all the lace manufactured in the United States; and all materials lace is the most feminine, and to me it always suggests the adornment of a beautiful woman."

"Billions are spent on clothes, no longer merely for covering, but for beautifying women. The woman who isn't beautiful and can make no claim whatever to good looks, except in a few startling exceptions, is not the one who spends large sums of money on her personal appearance."

"If all women were quite plain, the cost of living would fall with a sickening thud."

"But then would living be worth while?" returned the artist gallantly, and so we got back to our first question, which is one that everyone asks himself one time or another, and which is just as important to the girl who is trying to grow into a semblance of her ideal as it is to the man who expects some day to marry that ideal as personified by her charming self.

The trouble with the ideal type of beauty is that it is subject to change.

At 10 years of age you were quite certain that the most beautiful woman on earth was your mother, but mothers are in a class entirely by themselves, and so you decide that it would be safe to try to wish yourself as beautiful as teacher or sister, or some beautiful friend whose visits cast a radiance over the home."

A little later the severity of teacher and sister faded that ideal and your imagination knew no further height to state than the marvelous vision in pink tulle and spangles who rode on the big white horse on the occasion of your first visit to the circus.

Then came the world of history and so I took the sixty dollars and started for the door. I got as far as the stairs with the sixty, & a poltroon in-tenant stepped up to me & said "give me that sugar." I told him that I didn't have any sugar. I said that all I had was a sixty dollar roll. I guess I shouldn't have told him how much I had, because the minute I set sixty dollars he knocked me on the head with a blackjack & that is the last I know about.

I don't remember any more until what happened this morning. Ma was putting her cool hand on my fevered brow & Paw was putting his warm hand in all of my pockets.

Bobbie, sed Pa to me, I was willing to go half and half with you. I am still willing to give you a chance. Where is that sixty dollars?

I haven't got it, I told Pa. A Cop took it away from me.

All right, paymaster, sed Pa. But when you get older you will learn not to trust a body except yure father.

Yes, sed Ma, & wen he gits a littel older than that he will learn not to trust anybody.

Homeless Observations.

Most of the time a man's better half has to beg for a quarter.

When a woman tries to make an angel out of her husband she is certain to make him fly.

A woman will throw a stone at a dog and hit a fence ten yards away. But when she tries to shoot her husband she never misses the mark.

Of course, a woman doesn't know anything about the value of money, but she can take a dollar and have express wags delivering packages for two days.

Before they are married he would light the whole world for her; after they are married he won't even beat a rug for her.

Some women become grandmothers and retain a good opinion of men, while others have to shoot a man every now and then to protect their honor.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Test Train Control System

Arrangements have been made by the Chicago & Eastern Illinois railroad for the test of an automatic train control system, which will be installed on its line from Villa Grove to Salera, Ill.

The step is regarded as significant in view of the statement, issued by experts in the Illinois railroad and warehouse commission, after the recent wreck on the Burlington road at Western Springs, that the catastrophe would not have occurred if an automatic stop system had been in use.

Engineers in the employ of the Chicago & Eastern Illinois road are now at work equipping the line between Villa Grove and Pindlay Junction with automatic block signals.

The control device is designed to stop a train automatically whenever the block ahead is occupied or some other condition develops which would require a halt.

A contact shoe on the engine strikes a third rail fastened to the ends of the ties and located at breaking distance back of the signal. The shoe as it strikes is raised vertically and unless prevented by the electrical controlling device, the shoe stem will operate a system of orlinks closing the throttle and applying the air brakes.

The normal position of the device is at danger, and the failure of any essential part will cause an application of the brakes. It also is arranged that the engineer is able to release the brakes after they have been applied by the automatic system.—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Persistent and Judicious Use of Newspaper Advertising is the Road to Business Success.

Beauty Secrets of Footlight Favorites

By ETHEL DONALDSON.

I don't believe that any girl on the stage worries about her looks when she's hard and happy and not working too hard in a play that she likes, where the sheet walks regularly with well filled pay envelopes. But when you're out in Pocatello, mines and miles from home, with mouths of one-night stands behind you and the same before you, and only what the hotels out there call plain cooking to sustain you, well, that's the time when you get out all the secrets of beauty that you ever heard of and try them on yourself if you've got that much energy left.

It was the first time that I ever got to one of those jumping-off places, where we had played a matinee performance and had an evening performance and a twenty-four hour job on the railroad to look forward to that I decided that the home folks who had said I was a pretty girl were very much mistaken. I looked at myself in one of the cracked two-by-four dressing room mirrors, and decided that I would try first aid to the beauty seeker.

I found a modest little sign swinging over the door of a modest looking house, which announced that Miss O'Brien was disposed to do face culture. I liked the name O'Brien and trusted that she was disposed to "culture" me.

Miss O'Brien was all and more than I expected. She was a fat and motherly soul and after she'd looked me over she said:

"Yer too young to begin with beauty doctors, but I'll give ye one of these here little wooden things for to massage yerself with, and when yer tired, you just remember what old Miss O'Brien told you."

"Food first of all, and then rest, if ye can get it. Then water and soap, like this."

Then she began her beauty culture, and as its the only kind I've ever tried, and the kind I'm going to stick to, I'll pass it along to you, for Miss O'Brien lives so far away that it won't interfere with her trade.

She began washing my face with warm water and a clean piece of Turkish towel; after that she soaked some more of the toweling in the juice of a cucumber, which she kept in a glass jar, and which was nice and soothing, if a little sticky on the skin.

Without washing this off, she rubbed quite a lot of cold cream over my face and then produced four or five little balls of different sizes, some not larger than marbles, and the biggest about the size of an early Bermuda potato. They were made of plain wood, and polished but not painted.

She used the large ball for my neck, chin and cheeks, rubbing it gently over the skin and pressing it with the palm of her hand. When she was through with that she took a ball of smaller size, ran it up and down the creases on the side of my nose, until I felt that all the lines in my face were being ironed out; she bade me close my eyes, and, taking a smaller ball yet, very gently massaged around the eye, under the eye-socket and above the eye, but never touching the eye itself. I had almost fallen asleep when she began upon the forehead, for which she used a larger ball again rubbing out the heavy and tired look which had begun to make me appear years older than I really was.

After she had gotten all through she wiped the cream away, and then applied hot water again to my face and more cucumber juice, but this time it was scented with cologne and wasn't sticky.

When I got through with my face treatment I felt like a new person, and I'm sure I looked like one. Dear Miss O'Brien beamed as delightedly as if she had accomplished an important feat.

Of course I bought the little wooden graduated balls and some of Miss O'Brien's cucumber stuff and some of her cream. The last two I used up long ago, but I find that I can always employ any other good cold cream and lotion instead.

I massage my face as she told me to whenever I am tired, and find that it is not only great fun to do it, but that the results are always very encouraging, and that after one of these treatments I look much refreshed and feel much happier in consequent.



MISS ETHEL DONALDSON.

One of Ziesfeld's charming members of "The Winsome Widow" Co.

Little Bobbie's Pa

By WILLIAM F. KIRK.

I think we ought to go to the mass meeting of the suffry-gets this evening, sed Ma. Three of my girl friends is coming up here to meet me at the train, the Misses Stokes, O'Donoho & Quinn. They are members of the Stewart Sisters, sed Ma, & they stand for everything that is best & noblest in womanhood.

I haven't the least doubt of that, sed Pa, but I dont see where that gets me anything. If a milyun O'Donohos & Stokes girls & Quinns want to stand for all that is best & noblest in womanhood, that is all very well & good. The fact remains, sed Pa, that I am now, was before & always shall be a foe to wimmings votes. I dont want to meet these girls, sed Pa. Isent there a chance in the world that you can meet them in yure bood-wor? If there is sum way that you can frame it, sed Pa, I know where there is a swell two dollar limit poker gam run by a man that is a friend of a friend of Becker. I feel kind of lucky tonite, sed Pa, & I think that if I cud talk Little Bobbie along for a mascot I mite clean up sum dough.

If you dont want to meet the Stewart Sisters, I guess that they uddent care to meet you, sed Ma. Go on & play yure poker gam, Ma sed, but remember if you dont win dont ever cum back. If you win cum back erly.

So Pa & me went out & we went to the poker club where Pa thought he was going to be lucky. He started winning all rite at that. After he had played half a hour he had sixty dollars ahead of the gam.

Pa nudged me & sed here, Bobbie, talk this sixty dollar loon & put it in yure bank. That is the only place yure mother wud never think of locking, & after the storm is over you & me will split fifty-fifty.

I thought that was kind of fair of Pa,