

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT

## Woudn't That Stop Any Argument?

## Drawn for The Bee by Tad



### Hunting a Husband

Doctor Haynes Refuses the Widow's Luncheon Invitation.

By VIRGINIA TERHUNE VAN DEWATER.

When the plans for Jean's motor trip to Pleasanton had been fully discussed, it was decided that the little girl was to be taken to Mrs. Robbins' home and left there in charge of the Robbins maid until her brother should arrive.

"Well," said Dr. Haynes, as he arose to his feet, "that's settled, and as I do not seem to be of any further service here, I think I will be going."

"But won't you stay to pick-up luncheon with us?" asked Beatrice, with some embarrassment. She was never at her best with this man, and she was aware of it. She felt that he understood her too well and this fact confused her.

"Women, as a class, think that they are enigmas to the opposite sex, and they often are. But Dr. Haynes had remained proof against the feminine wiles which Beatrice had used effectively upon other men and he plied her, and sometimes, disconcerted her by his evident comprehension of many of her desires and impulses. He declined her invitation to remain to luncheon, pleading office hours as his excuse. His hostess showed him into the little hall where at the door, he paused.

"Now—Mrs. Minor," he began, hesitatingly. "I'm awfully sorry that my car isn't big enough to take you all out to Pleasanton with me. But it is only a runabout, you know, and will hold two comfortably, and no more. I'm taking the little girl because I think she needs the drive most, and I'm leaving you behind for the reason that the small boy gave for not eating his cake after a hearty dinner—there isn't room."

He laughed, but the widow felt that he was watching her keenly. She was sure now, that he had suspected her chagrin and that his apology was the outcome of this suspicion. But she would prove to him that he was mistaken.

"Why, Dr. Haynes," she exclaimed, "how ridiculous of you to think it worth while to explain your kindness! I am so grateful to you for giving Jean—poor little dear—the outing. Besides, I couldn't go anyway, no matter how big your car was, for some one must look out for the boxes and trunks and see that the expressman gets them all. And, of course, that some one must be myself."

She smiled wearily, but if she had expected sympathy she was doomed to another disappointment, for the physician glanced at his watch, then turned abruptly to the door.

"Well, I'm glad you understand," he said hurriedly. "I must be off. Good morning."

Beatrice returned to the bare room and the unattractive cold meal which she had ordered for this busy day instead of the usual Sunday dinner. She was not accustomed to such work as had filled her morning and her head ached back-ward. The cold repast did not tempt her appetite and after eating a few mouthfuls she pushed back her chair from the table, explained to Mary that she was tired and would need to rest this afternoon, and asked her to look after the children. Then she went into her own room, donned a wrapper, stretched herself upon her couch and began to read a new magazine.

She had read only a few pages when she became drowsy, so, laying down the magazine she closed her eyes and was one the verge of a delicious slumber when the telephone rang loudly. Mary and the children in the closed bedroom beyond, where their voices would not disturb the tired mother, did not hear the bell, and Beatrice dragged herself out into the hall to answer it. Few persons are so calm and sweet-tempered when roused from a much-needed nap and Mrs. Robbins was no exception to this rule.

"Well," she asked sharply.

"Is that you, my dear?" came over the wire.

"Yes, Mr. Blanchard," she answered, still tartly. "It is I."

"I wish you would call me 'Henry,' instead of using that formal 'Mr. Blanchard,'" suggested the pleading masculine voice.

"I hardly think that I care to discuss that matter over the telephone," responded the widow coldly.

"Nor do I," agreed Henry Blanchard eagerly. "And I am calling you to ask if I may not come up to see you this afternoon."

Beatrice hesitated for a moment. She did not want to offend the elderly man so that he would cease his attentions; but her soul loathed the thought of talking to him through the dreary length of his Sunday afternoon. She felt that she could not stand his society when she was as tired as she was at present. But she mourned her voice and manner when she answered:

"I fear not," she said more kindly. "I'm just in the throes of packing preparatory to going to Pleasanton tomorrow, and I'm so tired that I really think you would not enjoy my company, even if I had time to stop to entertain you."

"All right," responded the man. "Then I won't bother you." But there was a note of disappointment or of displeasure in his tone.

"I am really sorry," said the widow, temper subsiding and spirits rising as she appreciated that she was to be spared a call from her aged suitor. "But you must be sure to come to see me soon as we're settled in Pleasanton, you know."

"Thank you," said the man. "Good-bye!"

Beatrice returned the receiver to its hook and went back to her room and couch.

"I suppose I've made him angry now," she muttered, ruefully. "But I can't help it and I don't mean to worry about it." Three minutes later she was slumbering peacefully.

As is usual with summer moving days, Monday was hot. After Beatrice had seen her ecstatically nappy daughter borne off by the doctor and her trunks and boxes carried away by the expressman, she, Jack and Mary, laden with bags and suit cases, took the subway down to the Terminal building, where they boarded the tube train for the Jersey City station.

The journey to Pleasanton was warm, dusty and uneventful. As Beatrice descended from the car at the smart suburban station her eyes lighted with pleasure at seeing Helen, in a stylish depot wagon, awaiting her. The widow had been conscious of that depressed feeling common to so many persons when they arrive, jaded and weary, at the place in which they have decided to spend the summer.

"Oh," she exclaimed, as she grasped Helen's hand, "I'm glad to see you. I've been so homesick and forlorn all the way out."

Mrs. Robbins laughed merrily. "I came for you myself," she said, "and you must sit here by me on the front seat. Jack and Mary can sit behind."

The train had not yet left the station, and the nervous horse turned his head and pawed the ground restlessly. Then, as the train, with a sudden hissing of steam, started, the animal reared upon his hind legs. Before he could do any harm a man sprang at his head, caught the bridle, and, with a jerk, pulled him down upon his four feet, and still holding him, stroked his neck, talking to him soothingly.

Beatrice looked at the man curiously. He was tall, lean and dark and wore tennis flannels. His face seemed vaguely familiar when he smiled and lifted his hat in recognition of Helen's exclamation of gratitude as the train, having drawn out of the station, he let the nervous horse go.

"Who is that?" asked Beatrice, when connected conversation was once more possible.

"That's Paul Maynard—Robert's brother," Helen answered. "He's rich—a mine operator, I believe. By the way," she added, after a moment's pause, "he's a bachelor, too."

### Buffydils

A BOOB IS AN AWFUL THING

WHEN HAWKING THE MISSIONARY WAS SLOWLY MELTING HIMSELF INTO A STEW THE CANNIBALS HAD PUT HEN IN THE POT AND HE WAS SQUIRMING LIKE A TURKISH DANCER SUDDENLY PULLING A BOOK OUT OF HIS COAT HE TURNED TO THEM AND IN A HIGH TENOR VOICE READ, "IF THE MAHOGANY DESK SHOULD CRY WOULD THE OAK ROCKER?"

ON WITH THE EARMUFFS BOYS!! HERE COMES THE WATERMELON

ATTENDANT!! GET THE STRAPS

GENTLEMEN BE SEATED TA-RA-RA-RA

TAMBO-MISTAH JOHNSON DO YOU KNOW DAT DE BEST WAY TO KILL A MAN IS TO TELL HIM A LOT OF JOKES ABOUT BULL-ETS. MR JOHNSON WHY THAT DOESNT SEEM POSSIBLE TELL ME HOW YOU CAN DO IT TAMBO-WELL DONT YOU READ IN DE PAPERS HOW DE PRISONER WAS RIDDLED WITH BULLETS.

WHY I'LL HIT YOU SO HARD IT'LL CRACK YOUR SHADOW NO BOOB BY THE NAME OF RUMHAUSER COULD HANDLE ME

WHERE DO YOU GET THAT STUFF- YOU LICK ME!

WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU ARE?

I SHOULD WORRY

TOUGH GUY WHO ARE YOU?

IM THE BOOB THAT PUT THE MOO IN MOOSE

HALT!

GIVE IT A STOP!

SURE

### Don't Marry This Man

By WINIFRED BLACK.

He has paid you marked attention for two years you say. You have given up all other friends to be free to devote yourself to him. Everone thinks you are engaged. You love him and you think he loves you, but he never says a word about marriage.

You have a chance to go south and take a very good position in a fine school. He hates to have you go, but still says nothing about marriage. You hate to leave him—what shall you do?

Go south, young woman—go south or go west or east or north—or go anywhere, anywhere on earth, to get away from a selfish man like this one you say you love.

If he should ask you to marry him tomorrow—just as you have your trunk packed and your ticket bought—say "no," and mean it, and be thankful to be out of a disagreeable predicament so easily.

Just think, you might marry him and then where would you be? Tied for life to a selfish, self-centered nobody, who hasn't blood enough in his veins to know how to play the part of a man.

He's just the sort of fellow who'd leave you alone all summer while he went fishing with the boys.

Exactly the type of man who would have his relatives crowding your house from cellar to garret, not leaving you even a cubby hole to keep for a real friend of your own.

The kind of man who'd expect you to go to bed only when he was asleep, and sit up late no matter how tired you were when he happened to be wakeful.

He'd want you to lay out his clothes, and find his collars, and pack his valise, and run his errands, and nurse his dyspepsia, and entertain his friends, and he wouldn't let you speak above a whisper if he happened to have a headache.

And he'd take violent dislike to every one you liked.

He'd want a diet something special, all the time, and he'd talk symptoms and expect you to be absorbed with interest. And he'd live in his own little, narrow, self-centered world all alone, and all you'd get would be just a peep in through some very narrow little window when he happened to feel really pleasant over the way he got the best of someone at a bargain.

And he wouldn't see how you could eat this, or why you would want to do that, and he'd lumber up the house with all kinds of fussy old bachelor notions and whims, and musts, and can'ts, and shall nots, till you'd feel as if you were living in a glass retort—the kind the vivisectionists are so fond of putting a poor, harmless little rabbit under, just to see how long it can live without breathing.

Run away, little woman, run away! Run far and run fast, you've had an escape. That man you wonder about is no mystery at all; there's no weird, strange reason why he can't marry, in all probability. He's just the sort of man who wants all the fun of a bright woman's company without having to support her. That's all. That's what is the matter with him, in plain English. He may not know it, but that's all.

Don't grieve over your lost admirer, little woman, he's just an imitation. Go down south, you'll find plenty of

real men down there. They may be a little high down in the way they talk, and you may think they are laughing at you as first when they begin the old-fashioned compliments that went out of fashion in the north before the war, but they are men, all right.

They know when they are in love and whom they are in love with, and they'll let you know it, too, without a minute's hesitation.

Or go west. They raise a breed of real men out there on the plains and up in the mountains; men who aren't afraid they'll have to give up an extra cigar or so a day just because they have a woman to support. Men who want to do the supporting, too, and who'll insist upon it, no matter how many schools you can find.

Forget the imitation, little woman, forget the imitation. The world is full of real men. Take one of them for yours for life, or else live alone. You'll be happier.

### The Manicure Lady

"Wilfred bought a dog the other day," said the Manicure Lady. "It was one of them Boston bulls. The poor boy didn't have no sugar to give his bride except that gift, so he thought he might as well make her a present of that as long as he got it for nothing from a gent that he knew when he was a kid."

"I don't like the idea of dogs in the city, George. They ain't no good for nothing. What's the use of having them for watch dogs when you ain't got anything in the flat to watch?" The only place for a dog is the country, anyway, and the more I see of a city, George, the more it seems to me that the country is as good a place for human beings as it is for dogs, and maybe better.

"This dog that Wilfred bought was a kind of funny looking, sad little cur, like one of Wilfred's poems. It looked kind of hopeless, I mean. The poor boy thought that his bride would like it, but I know better. Three days' acquaintance with her taught me, George, that she wasn't in the mood to like anything, and never would be in the mood."

"That's why I felt kind of sorry for poor brother when he asked me to go over to his flat with him while he made the presentation speech. He had a poem all wrote out to say when he gave the mutt to the girl that he had took for his wife, and between you and me, George, the poem was as bad as the dog. This is how it went!"

"Don't start it, please," said the Head Barber. "The poems that your brother writes gives a man the creeps. Lay off on it and let's talk about the weather. Let's talk about anything—but no poems wrote by your brother."

"But I must tell you this one, George," said the Manicure Lady. "The name of it alone struck me kind of funny—A Poem to a Pup. Fancy that, George! I have heard a lot about poems to ladies and poems to their hats and their fans, and poems to dark eyes and to blue eyes, but that was the first time I ever heard a poem to a pup. Listen, George: Poor little pup that shivers with quiver— Poor little pup, with nerves that quiver— I hope thou wilt live till after election."

"That is the cheesiest poem that I ever heard," declared the Head Barber. "What did the bride do when she heard it?"

"She cried," said the Manicure Lady.

"Well, it won't be the only time she ever cried or ever will cry," said the Head Barber.

### Emperor and President



EMPEROR WILLIAM AND PRESIDENT FERRER AT ZURICH.

By GARRETT F. SERVISS.

Here is a photograph, made a few weeks ago, of the Emperor William II of Germany and President Ferrer of the Swiss republic standing side by side in a street in Zurich, Switzerland. The emperor, who is a "good fellow" when he chooses to unbend from his imperial dignity, paid one of his periodic visits to neighboring rulers by going to the land of the Alps and watching the maneuvers of his little army. He was received with great hospitality, and the European press has been filled with accounts of the most minute incidents of the visit.

There appears to be considerable heart-burning in France over this visit of the representative of medieval ideas about government to the traditional home of European freedom, and the suspicion is openly expressed that it may be a preliminary step to some scheme to control the Swiss in view of the next attack upon France—which almost every Frenchman believes is sure to come, and that soon. But at present I have nothing to do with that aspect of the subject. I am concerned with the striking contrast which this picture presents in the outward aspect of republicanism and monarchy as shown by their representatives. And it suggests to a thoughtful observer much more than appears on the surface.

Note the emperor, with his imperial star blazing on his breast, his fanciful decorations, his war-cap and his sword, and then turn to the Swiss president in his simple dress of an ordinary citizen. Which one would you prefer to have as the head of your government and the chosen manager of the affairs of your country? Which exhibits the most real dignity? Which stands for the best and most modern ideas? Here you have, at a glance, the two master forces in the political world of today crystallized before your eyes—on the one side imperialism, the notion of a great nation governed by a family sprung from marauding barons of a dark age, glittering with the insignia of inherited power, which goes with the blood; and on the other side the republican idea, the right of the people to choose their ruler according to his qualities and abilities, represented by democratic simplicity and common citizenship.

There is a kind of American so-called who, when he goes to Europe, finds something admirable and impressive in the fantastical displays and dress and armor, golden stars, glittering escorts and imposing social functions, of which monarchy is so fond, and through which it impresses its legend upon simple minds. There are even citizens of our country who are dissatisfied because we have nothing resembling a court at Washington. They dislike Jeffersonian simplicity. They would willingly see our representatives abroad fagged out with decorations, kowtowing before monarchs, and tangling their heels with ridiculous swords. Fortunately such persons are few in number. They have no intellectual force, and no influence among us.

Fortunately, too, these things are losing their power in Europe. The knell of monarchy has sounded. A paralysis is coming over it. Even in Russia monarchy is not what it was, and never can be again. But much of the outer dazzle remains. The monarchs all wear a peculiar star, which proclaims that they are of superior birth to ordinary mortals, and when the average European sees that star glittering he, symbolically at least, falls on his knees. If he has a soul feathered and blinded by tradition he accers knowledge, in his heart, his essential inferiority to its wearer. He may be conscious that he possesses greater intellectual power, and possibly a better moral character, than the man, with the star—but that makes no difference. The star shows royal descent.

### Pointed Paragraphs

- A menagerie is a beastly affair at best.
- The letter "a" is one thing that makes men mean.
- The closer you get to some people, the more distant they are.
- A woman may not know just what she wants, but she usually gets it.
- It's well to be up to date, but it's foolish to borrow trouble in advance.
- A girl who is pretty and knows it is apt to consider herself the whole peach crop.
- A process for extracting gold and silver from mining stocks would certainly fill a long felt want.
- When a dwelling burns down the family usually manages to save everything except things that were worth saving—Chicago News.
- A Bachelor's Reflections.
- When a woman can believe in her husband it's a sign she could in any other man who was.
- If a man doesn't take his money home, he spends it; and if he does take it home, his family spends it.
- The devil always knocks off work when politicians take the field for the people, because he knows they will do his work as well as he can—New York Press.