

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT

Featuring His Honor and a Feather
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Hunting a Husband

Planning a Day's Outing.

By VIRGINIA TERHUNE VAN DEWATER.

Only those who have seen Pleasanton all the day after a heavy storm know how beautiful it can be. As Beatrice looked abroad on the morning following her first day in the bungalow she gasped with delight. The wind which had begun to blow briskly from the northwest soon after midnight had swept every cloud from the deep blue sky. The air was as fresh and invigorating as on an October morning, the lake at the foot of the hill was as blue as the sky, the atmosphere was so clear that distant objects seemed near.

When the widow entered the dining room Jack and Jean were already awaiting her, having arisen early and, assisted by Mary, dressed softly not to awaken their mother. They were both happy, and Jean looked better than for weeks past. Mary was in a good humor, and, altogether, Beatrice found the world a much brighter place than it had seemed yesterday morning.

But one immediate consideration marred her happiness. She remembered that Henry Blanchard had told her last night that he would see her today. She also remembered that perhaps the man, standing near him, had heard his remark. Would they think that she was encouraging this old bachelor, or that she was, perhaps, engaged to him? She shuddered at the thought. The longer she mused the more impossible did it seem to her that she could bring herself to marry him. She thought of Helen's kindness to her, appreciating that ever since the niece had inferred from the widow's manner that she did not mean to set her cap for "Uncle Henry," matters there had been on a happy, affectionate basis.

If Blanchard were to pay Beatrice marked attention now, all that agreeable condition of affairs would be changed. Beatrice found Helen good company, she enjoyed her home and her friends, she did not want any break with her. But, over and above all, she knew that she did not want to marry Blanchard. Even the thought of his money did not move here as it had done heretofore. The dreary, sordid financial side of life did not intrude itself on this glorious morning. The world and she, herself, seemed young and full of joy.

The telephone broke in upon her thoughts. With a feeling of happy anticipation she hurried to answer it. Yesterday morning she had called on Helen, this morning it was Helen who called her, and her voice denoted a happy frame of mind.

"Oh, Beatrice," she said, "there's a chance for a dandy time today! First of all, are the youngsters all right?"

"Fine!" replied Beatrice. "They are as well as they can be."

"Good! Then let Mary look after them and you run away. Paul Maynard has telephoned to me to ask if you and I will go with Robert and himself—and anybody else who want—for a ride in his car. He suggests that we take a long drive, stop somewhere—perhaps at MacDonald's mushroom farm—for luncheon, and get back before dark. Wouldn't you love it?"

"Love it!" exclaimed Beatrice. "I would adore it! Was there ever such another day as this for a lark? Oh, Helen!"

"I am so happy, and I was so blue in town!"

"Four dear!" said Helen sympathetically. "You need just the care-free kind of life that Pleasanton offers. But we must plan about today. Paul Maynard asked me whom else you would like to have go. He speaks of this as your ride, you know. But he hesitated to suggest it first to you until he found out from me how I thought you would receive it."

"How silly! Of course I receive it with rapture. But why take anybody but just ourselves—unless, of course, your uncle will go?"

"Unfortunately he can't, for he had to go to town today. He only takes a day off semi-occasionally. But, Beatrice, to tell the truth, Paul Maynard asked me if you and I would not want Uncle Henry to go."

Beatrice's voice had acquired a shade of coldness when she answered.

"You must settle Helen, as he is your uncle. I would be impertinent if I expressed my opinion one way or the other with regard to inviting a member of your own family. That is your business, not mine."

"That is just what Paul wanted to know about," said Helen hesitatingly. "He said he did not know just how you would feel about going without Uncle Henry."

Beatrice's temper flashed forth suddenly. "What do I care whether he ever goes or not?" she exclaimed. "He is not my uncle or anything of mine! Except," she added with more caution, "that he has shown a kind of fatherly interest in me as your friend, he is nothing to me."

"That's what I told Paul," remarked

Helen in a relieved tone. "At least I told him I thought that was the way matters stood. Then you don't care especially to have him one of the party?"

"I certainly do not!" said Beatrice decidedly. "It makes absolutely no difference to me whether he goes or not. As I have intimated, his comings and goings are no concern of mine."

"All right!" said Helen. "Then I shall tell Paul not to ask him."

"That suits me," agreed Beatrice. "I doubt if he would have a very good time anyway."

"No," said the practical niece, "Uncle Henry would better stay at home and fix up his hair mattress, feather bed and cotton sheets."

In spite of her recent vexation, Beatrice could not help laughing.

"Poor old man!" she ejaculated. "He is rather queer and funny at times, isn't he?"

"He certainly is!" declared Helen. "And yet I pity him, too," said Beatrice commiseratingly.

"Well, don't pity him too much," warned her friend merrily. "For you know what pity is akin to?"

At which jesting remark the widow uttered an exclamation of annoyance and returned the receiver to its hook.

But she was too happy to remain irritated. Things certainly seemed to be coming her way, and she set about making plans for the day. She suggested to Mary that she and the children go for a walk down to the lake—a point not too far distant for Jean's small feet to carry her without fatigue—and that they take with them a nice little lunch in case they should become hungry. Her spirits were dampened for a few minutes by the arrival of a note from Henry Blanchard reminding her of his promise to call today, and asking her if he might not come this morning, or, if she were busy just now, if she would go for a drive with him this afternoon.

"I can hire a horse from the livery stable here," he wrote, "one that will be perfectly safe, even though it is not stylish. But I value your safety of life and limb too much ever to be willing to take you driving behind a skittish horse. I do not approve of dangerous horses any more than I do of automobiles."

Beatrice gave a little contemptuous laugh as she read. Then, seizing her pen, she wrote a note in reply.

"Thank you for suggesting that you take me driving this afternoon, but the entire day is occupied. I have an engagement to go for an automobile ride that will keep me a part of the morning and all of the afternoon, so I fear my seeing you today is out of the question."

"I won't stand his airs of proprietorship!" she exclaimed to herself as she sealed her letter. He would spoil all my pleasures and all my opportunities of happiness if I allowed him to."

Then after handing the brusque reply to the boy who had brought Blanchard's letter to her, she went to her room to get ready for the ride.

Deafness and Asset

During his tenure of office, which was a long one, no congressman was held in greater regard than the late General Ketchum of New York. Whether in Washington or in his home district, he was affectionately addressed as "General" or "John."

One of his limitations, that was hardly a drawback, was a slight deafness which attended him in his later years. This deafness was a cause of much interest and not a little merriment among his acquaintances, some of whom never seemed to tire of how much they had been able to make him comprehend.

"I say, General," shouted a needy and discouraged constituent on a Washington street corner one day, "I want to go home. Can you let me have \$10?"

The general gazed at him vacantly.

"What's that?" he inquired. "I don't think I heard you."

"Well, general," continued the needy one, "I'm broke. I want \$10 to get home."

"Twenty dollars!" answered the general. "Why, dummit! you just asked me for \$10!"—Lippincott's Magazine.

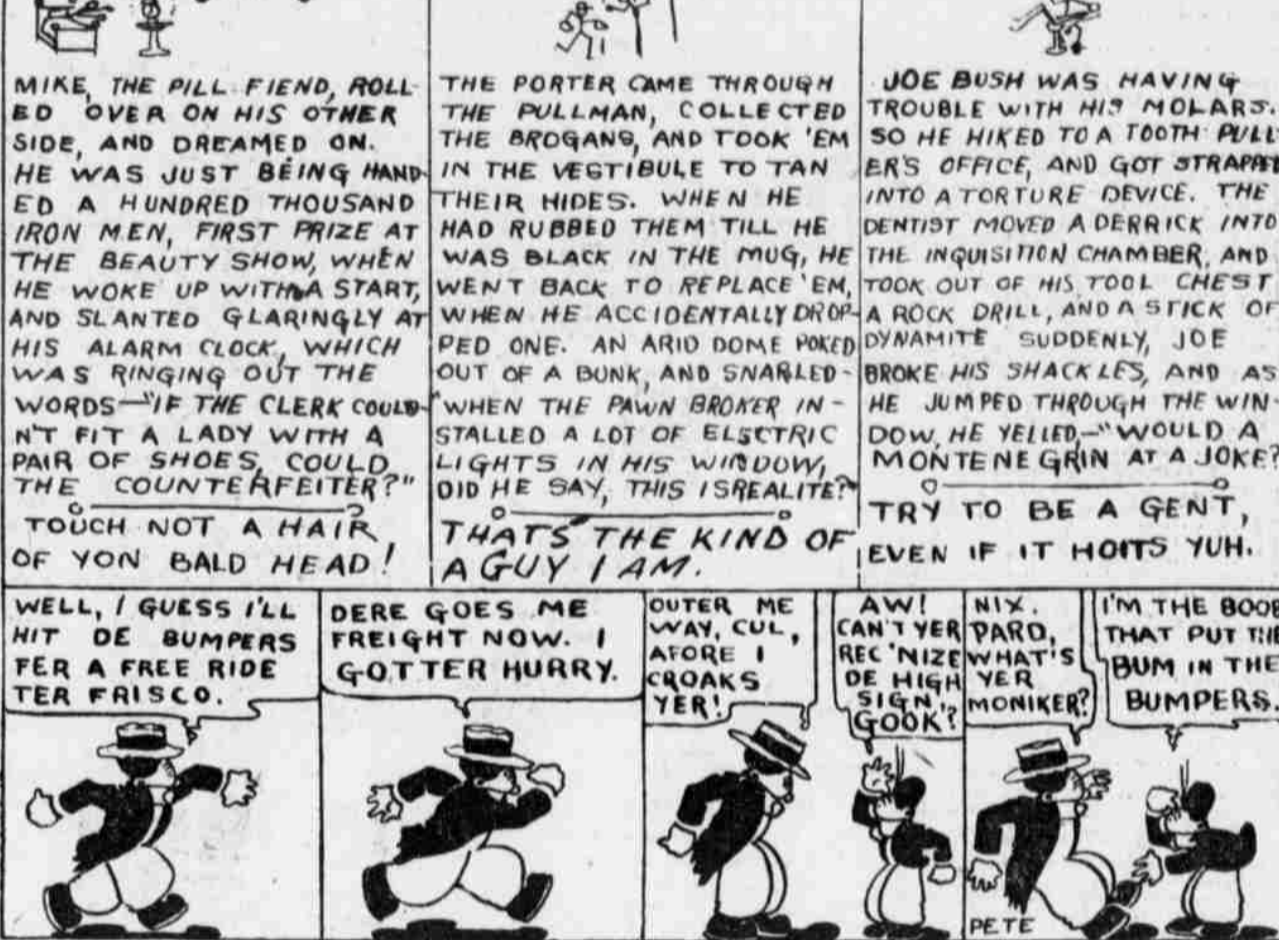
A Mere Trifle, Anyhow.

An eminent German scientist who recently visited this country with a number of his colleagues was dining at an American house and telling how much he had enjoyed various phases of his visit.

"How did you like our railroad trains?" he had asked him.

"Ach, they are wonderful," the German gentleman replied; "so swift, so safe—generally—and such luxury in all the furnishings and appointments. All is excellent except one thing—our wives do not like the upper berth."

Daffydils



Out of the Mouths of Babes

By WINIFRED BLACK.

The little boy was wet and muddy and his stockings were down and his hat was torn, and you could see the marks of the pup's great paws all over him from top to the toes.

"Dear me," said the little boy's mother, twisting her face into a hard knot to keep from laughing and crying at the same time. "Dear me, what a dreadful little boy you are—you are so naughty so dirty. Why can't you ever be good like the little boy next door?"

The little boy's mother was tired—very, very tired. She had had some bad news in a letter, and she had called on the phone to come right up to school and see why the little girl didn't get on better in her summer work, and the plumber sent word that he really couldn't come that day as he had promised so faithfully in the morning, and the tooth that grumbled all night was lamenting almost aloud now. And the little boy had looked so neat and pretty a few minutes ago, and the little boy's mother was really cross and didn't care who knew it.

When she told the little boy how naughty he was, and told it in a cruel, hard voice, that made the little boy look up quickly to see if it really was his mother speaking, the little boy's eyes filled with quick tears.

"He held his chubby face in his chubby, grubby hands. 'This morning,' said the little boy brokenly, 'this morning you said I was sweet,' and the little boy's mother caught him in her arms with sudden remorse.

"You are a sweet little boy," she said. "Oh, you are, you are! I think so now. Do you think I am sweet, too?"

And the little boy, alarmed, threw his sturdy arms around his mother's neck and kissed her, and said: "Yes, murrer, I do—I sure, sure do." And then he laughed, and the little boy's mother took him upstairs and dressed him all over again, and told him a story while she brushed his hair—a nice story that he always loved—about when the little boy's mother was a little girl and the dog was stung by the bees, and every one thought he had gone mad.

And then she gave him a red apple and took one herself, and they were all very, very happy—together.

That was it—that's what made the happiness—together. The little boy and the one who had been angry with him and the puppy who never was angry with any one. Together—and nothing but that mattered.

Oh, little boy, little boy, I hope you will never have to say that again—"This morning you said I was sweet." It is such a sad thing to say and still sadder to think and not say it.

"This morning you thought I was sweet." That's what turned the corners down at that poor woman's mouth. Her husband used to think she was sweet. Everything she did was lovely to him, and now—whatever she does is wrong, and she is never right at all.

Oh, if she could only throw herself into his arms and say, "This morning you thought I was sweet." Perhaps even his hardened heart would soften and he would remember a little.

The man with the tired eyes and the shoulders set, to mean "What's the use?" This morning, when they first met—this morning, when love was young—the woman the man loved was young—the woman the man loved thought he was good, she thought he was brave, she thought he was wise, she was proud of him and believed in him, and now—

How bitterly the man speaks of love and of what love brings. If he could just say as the little boy said—but no, he cannot; he must stomp along the hard way, the cruel way, the rough way of life, alone—alone—for the woman who walks beside him is only there in body; her heart and her mind are far, far away, and that is the saddest loneliness of all.

When we are parted from those we love, by land or sea, by miles only, it is nothing; but when it is indifference that parts us, or anger, or hard-hearted cruelty, or the wicked influence of those who would make us miserable, that is suffering, indeed.

"This morning you thought I was sweet." So you did, old friend, so you did. You loved to be with me, you liked to hear what it was that bubbled from my heart to my lips, you were proud of my confidence. Tonight I'm afraid I should only bore you, so I will keep away—as far away as I can—and try to make myself believe that you would be just the same as ever if we were together again.

How pretty it was, the foolish little laque that caught your fancy; good, sir, with the contented eyes. How empty and why you think it now. She doesn't know why, and are you quite fair to blame her?

American Women Have More Temperament, but Better Manners Than Spanish, Says Mlle. Bori



Mlle. LUCREZIA BORI, YOUNG SOPRANO, WHO THINKS THIRTY THE IDEAL AGE FOR WOMEN.

By MARGARET HUBBARD AYER.

"Don't say that I am twenty; make it twenty-four, and oh, how I wish I were thirty!" exclaimed that brilliant Spanish singer, Mlle. Lucrezia Bori, and in dead earnest, too.

Luckily, the substantial upholstery of the Hotel Rector furniture upheld me, as I sat talking to our latest, most fascinating grand opera singer, when she sprang this astonishing announcement.

Since that time, Mlle. Bori has made her debut, been seen, and conquered her audience, and the world knows that beside the vocal gifts which have brought her to the head of her profession in four short years, she has real beauty and real youth.

"Why do you want to be thirty?" I inquired, still holding my ears.

"Oh, I'm tired of always being called too young," she replied, in quick, jerky French, with waving, humming-bird gestures of the hands, her animated brown eyes, which are set a little slanting in her face, flashing with good humor and intelligence, and full of the quality called temperament.

"There are so many things I want to do and sing, and I am always being told, 'You are still too young,' as if one had

to wait for the years to learn things which one knows by instinct," said the singer, with utmost contempt. "But here in America I am convinced that thirty is the ideal age. Oh, no, I don't know why; I have not analyzed it. But women of thirty, they are still young without having to be reproached for their youth."

"I'm afraid that if the Americans will only like me and my voice I shall become quite wild about them. I've only been here a short time, and I'm delighted with everything American." Mlle. Bori rattled on in a gay, fascinating manner, for she has made up her mind to be charmed by everything, and happiness is the state which she achieves with determination.

"People talk a great deal about the temperament of the Spanish women, but I can assure you that the American woman has better manners and hides that temperament behind a certain cold exterior. It is her bringing up that makes her seem cold.

"The Spanish woman, on the contrary, gesticulates a great deal. She makes many movements of the hand, she swings from the hips, and that is all called a display of temperament.

"Gestures don't mean temperament. If the great Spanish painter Goya had

ever elected to paint a really beautiful woman, he would have been delighted with the type which Mlle. Bori represents, for her face, with its white skin, made even paler by the white face powder which all Spanish women use, and the full very red lips of a pouting mouth, is full of interest and significance, and her constantly changing expression fascinates the eye and appeals to the imagination.

"I believe in being happy, and I am happy," said the young woman who is already a famous singer, and not quite 24. "When I am assailed with doubt or trouble, I think to myself, 'remember, all you have to be happy about and the future that is before you. You should not be unhappy now,' and I determine to be happy. For the rest I try not to expect too much and to be content. When I was told that I should sing the first week of the opera season, I merely said 'very well,' and believing that the great honor of opening your opera house would not be for me, I was glad to be heard the first week, and was happy about that."

"Then suddenly M. Gatti came up and asked me to sing Mignon on the opening night. I was so overcome that I said, 'No, no, I can't, though of course etc!'" exclaimed the enthusiastic singer.

"Yesterday I walked down Fifth avenue with my father. It astonished us to see so many well-dressed women; so many beautiful women, and I said to him, 'You see, papa, there is not one ugly woman to be seen.' And the girls in the shops are beautiful, too, and so wonderfully well dressed, as chic. Yes, that is the word for it. You call it smart, don't you?"

Mlle. Bori looks anything but the typical southern prima donna. Her slender little figure is trim and lithe, and not suggestive of the loose and floating contours swathed in lacy drapery which singers affect at the box-line hour of vases.

She wears a smart little middie blouse of dark blue brocade with fur trimmings, and a high-necked gimp of white lace. She has been singing for only four years, and has not yet acquired the lofty and distant manner but is young, ethereal, natural and always laughing.

The Heavens in December

The days during this month are the shortest of the year, varying from nine hours twenty-four minutes on the 1st to nine hours eight minutes on the 21st. The sun rises on the 1st, 7:59, and sets at 4:59, and on the 21st, 7:44, and sets at 4:54. The latest sunrise—7:56—does not occur until January 3, but the earliest sunset—4:53—comes from the 15th to the 12th. The sun is eleven minutes fast on the 1st, on time on the 25th and three minutes slow on the 31st.

Mercury becomes morning star on the 8th and is 22½ degrees away from the sun on the 22d.

Venus is very conspicuous in the evening twilight and continually increasing in brilliancy.

Mars and Jupiter are invisible.

Saturn is in excellent position. It crosses the meridian at 10:26 p. m. on the 15th.

The moon is in last quarter on the 1st, new on the 8th, in first quarter on the 15th, full on the 23d and in last quarter again on the 30th. It is in conjunction with Venus on the 11th and with Saturn on the 21st.

The sun is farthest south and in the winter solstice on the 21st at 11:59 p. m. It is nearest the earth on the 12th at 6:30 p. m., being then 91,500,000 miles away, which is 1,277,000 miles less than its average or mean distance of 92,897,000 miles.

WILLIAM F. RIGGIE.

The Cheerful Kipper.

They said to the young man who eloped with a girl in an aeroplane: "Just see what you have done! Brought sorrow and anxiety to worthy people and covered yourself with undesirable notoriety."

"True," replied the young man brightly. "But just notice, please, what a boom I am to the politically-unfortunate paragraders!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.