

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT Judge Rumhauser Favors "Outward Order and Decency" Drawn for The Bee by Tad



Married Life the Third Year

Mabel Herbert Urner Tells of Warren's Anger as He Finds Waiter's Service Due to Mistake.

By MABEL HERBERT URNER.

The place was crowded. People were waiting in the hall and about the door. "Well, there's no chance here—that's plain," grumbled Warren, as he pushed his way through the crowd at the entrance.

"Perhaps if we'd wait a few moments," ventured Helen.

"With all these people ahead of us? Well, I guess not! We don't wait for tables anywhere. Too many restaurants in New York to stand around waiting for a chance to spend your money."

"Oh, isn't that head waiter beckoning to us now?" exclaimed Helen. "Look, doesn't he mean us?"

Warren, who had turned toward the door, paused and glanced back. The head waiter was plainly making his way toward them.

"Table for two? Yes, sir, just this way."

He led them to a small table, one of the most desirable in the room. The turned up chairs proclaimed it had been reserved. He seated them with a flourish, placed the menu cards before them, shook out their napkins, then beckoned to an omnibus, who rushed up to serve them with tumblers of cracked ice and individual butters.

"Why, dear, this is wonderful!" whispered Helen, as the head waiter moved away. "There were a lot of people waiting before us. How did he happen to give us this table?"

"Think that waiter knows me. Must have waited on me somewhere, but I can't just place him."

"Oh, then, that explains it," conscious of a feeling of pride that Warren should be so well known as to receive such special attention.

Here the head waiter came up again to take their order.

"How would you like the regular dinner, sir? It's very nice this evening."

"Why, yes, we might try this," Warren was scanning the card.

"A cocktail first, sir?" taking out his pad to write down the order.

"Two Dry Martinis, and have them dry."

"Yes, sir. Grape fruit, little neck clams or blue points?"

Warren gave the order as far down as the roast, and as the head waiter hurried off he glanced after him, plainly trying to place him.

"Wish I could remember where that fellow waited on me. It may have been at some club. I'm sure he knows me."

"Oh, yes, he must," agreed Helen, much impressed with the attention they were receiving.

"Well, we'll get good service at this dinner all right. He's going to look out for us, that's plain. And that means a whole lot at a place like this on a Saturday night."

And they did get good service. The head waiter had evidently instructed their waiter to serve them promptly, for although they had talked their seats long after a couple at an adjoining table, they were having their soup while the other couple were still waiting for their oysters.

"Not a bad place," commented Warren, as he looked around. "We must come here often—in some of Maggie's evenings off. They've redecorated, too—color scheme is good, and there are expensive chandeliers. Guess they must be doing a pretty good business here."

Helen remembered that they had dined here last year, and Warren had found fault with everything. Nothing had been right; he had complained of the food, the service—everything. But then there had been another head waiter and he had received no special consideration. She could not help but think that a difference a little extra attention made.

There was a three-piece orchestra on a platform at the end of the room, and now a pallid, dyspeptic-looking youth in an evening suit and white spots came out and began to sing. "When I Get You Alone Tonight."

When he came to the chorus he waved his hand in a general invitation for all to join.

"Not a bad voice," said Warren, as he applauded with the rest.

Yes, Warren was usually so scathingly critical of such things, declaring he would rather eat his meals in quiet peace than in the din of such performances.

"Everything all right, sir?"

It was the head waiter, who had again approached with solicitous concern. "Very nice, very nice," Warren declared.

Before he passed on, he filled up their water glasses, a needless attention, for they were already nearly full.

"Funny, I can't place that man," frowned Warren. "Think he must have been down at the Winchester Country club. They had some mighty good waiters there."

Helen was always much impressed with Warren's club connections. The Winchester Country club had a particularly affluent sound and she knew he had been a member there before their marriage. Like most women she imagined that men's clubs were far more exclusive than they ever are.

The waiter came up now, cleared away their entire dishes and stood attentive.

"Roast duck, broiled spring chicken, Philadelphia capon, squab en casserole," read Warren from the card. "What do you want? Broiled chicken?"

"No, dear, I think I'll try the squab."

"One squab and one portion of roast duck," announced Warren.

With surprising promptness the waiter was back again with their order. The couple at the next table, who had been there before they came, were now waiting for their empty oyster shells to be removed.

"Now this is what I call good service," declared Warren. "Worth while to stand in with the head waiter, eh? What's the matter?" as Helen tasted her squab critically, and then pushed it aside.

"Dear, I don't think that's quite right."

"Quite right? What's the matter with it?"

"Why, it's strong. It doesn't seem quite fresh."

"Nonsense. You're never satisfied unless you're finding fault. Now for heaven's sake don't begin that here. This is a good dinner and first-class service. What else do you want?"

Helen said no more and made a pretense at eating the squab. It was unquestionably a little strong. To her the whole dinner had seemed exceptionally poor, yet Warren had not made a single criticism. The marked deference of the head waiter and the fact that they had been singled out for such special attention had so appealed to his vanity, that he had carefully refrained from commenting on the food.

"Oh, look, dear, isn't she curious? And that dress! Do you suppose she thinks that's becoming?"

Warren shrugged his shoulder with a tolerant air.

"Oh, I guess she wants something to attract attention. That's part of her job."

Helen gazed at the young woman who was now prancing up and down the platform singing. "That's How I Need You." Her dress was of yellow satin, with cheap silver lace and the effect was tawdry and stazy. Her heavy black hair was drawn low over her forehead with bands of yellow ribbon.

At any other time Warren would have ridiculed her unmercifully, but now his only comment was:

"Oh, they've got to have all kinds at a place like this. And she's attractive to a certain class. She has a certain personality."

"More butter, sir?" and the waiter, who had been hovering alertly in the background, quickly brought a fresh square of butter embedded in cracked ice.

When the last course had been served, and they were sipping their coffee, the head waiter came up once more.

"We don't see you in for luncheon, sir, as often as we used to."

Warren stared. "For luncheon?" he repeated in a puzzled tone.

"Why, yes, sir," looking at him curiously. "Aren't you the gentleman who reserves a table here every day with Mr. Forbes?"

Warren shook his head. "You're mistaken there. I don't remember ever being here for luncheon."

"Oh, I beg your pardon, sir," and the head waiter hastily retreated.

Helen fumbled nervously with her napkin, avoiding Warren's glance. So all this attention and extra courtesy that had flattered Warren and impressed her, had been due only to the fact that he resembled a man who had come there regularly for luncheon.

"Let's get out where we can get some air," snapped Warren. "The smoke in here is thick enough to eat. They ought to have some way to ventilate a place like this."

And Helen, who for once saw the humor of the situation, had to bite her lips into steadiness.

Daffydils

WHEN WHY DOES THE ROLLING OCEAN GATHER MOSS?

THE TRACK WAS FAST. THE HORSES WERE AT THE QUARTER MILE, AND STILL GOING LUCKY SPLIT. "ITZIKLE," THE MILLION TO ONE FAVORITE WAS A GOOD HEAD IN THE LEAD, AND TOOK ON A FINAL SPURT ON THE HOME STRETCH. SUDDENLY, HE JUMPED ONTO HIS HIND LEGS, PAWED THE ATMOSPHERE, AND SHORTEO— "IF HE HAS A THOUSAND DOLLARS WORTH OF PLUMES ON HIS BODY IS THE OSTRICH?"

AVE A 'EART, 'ORATIO.

GENTLEMEN, BE SEATED TA-RA-RA-RA. TAMBO—"MISTAH RASTUS, DO YOU KNOW DE DIFFUNCE 'TWEEN A WOMAN, AN UMBRELLA, AN' A STAGE DOOR IN A VAUDE-VILLE THEATRE?" RASTUS—"NO, TAMBO, WHAT AM DE DIFFUNCE?" TAMBO—"YOU CAN SHUT UP AN UMBRELLA, HAW-HAW!" RASTUS—"BUT, WHAT ABOUT THE STAGE DOOR?" TAMBO—"WHY, DAT'S WHERE DE FUN COMES IN."

SIC 'IM TIGE 'E GIT VER DESCENDANT.

THE STREET CORNER SPIELER WAS DELIVERING A SHOULDER BLOW SPEECH AGAINST THE WRONGS COMMITTED AGAINST THE POOR DOWN-TRODDEN PROLETARIAT. WHEN HE HAD FINISHED, HE ANNOUNCED THAT HE WOULD ANSWER QUESTIONS. "WELL, THEN," CHIRPED A PEST, "IF A LOG FLOATING IN MID-OCEAN MET UP WITH A LINGER, WOULD THE LOG-BOOK PASSAGE?"

YSAAK WILL NOW FIDDLE-QUIT-STRINGIN' YER BEAU!

Getting Ready to Be Blind

When W. I. Scandlin realized the full force of the specialist's verdict in his case, he, that he was going blind, he then and there made up his mind that nothing was to form any part of his conduct. He had been a good business man, a good writer, and a good friend all his life, and so he bravely resolved that if he was to be blind he was going to be the very best specimen of a blind man that it would be possible for him to be. True, he received the sympathy of his wife and children; but it was not the kind of sympathy that spends itself in words, for his wife, who had been his good comrade ever since they started in life together, also resolved bravely to be that good comrade still, to go hand in hand, to keep step with him in the dark days to come.

Naturally, his first thought was of his family. What could he do as a blind man, not only to support himself, but support them as well? That his children were grown and might be expected to look to themselves never entered his head. He had always provided for them and he meant to keep on doing so. He began assiduously to cultivate such arts as may be pursued by those who are without sight. For instance, it occurred to him that he might become a lecturer, and so he proceeded to write out and to memorize a series of lectures to be delivered after he became blind. He had been an enthusiast in photography, so he proceeded to make a set of lantern slides with which to illustrate each lecture, and for practice he gave these lectures in the privacy of his own home, his brave wife learning them with him, one by one, so that she too might help him in the coming darkness.

He also took lessons on the typewriter, learning every part of it with his hands so that one day he might be able to manipulate any part of it without sight. Speaking of this period he said recently: "When I found that darkness was inevitable, I started in to work up three illustrated lectures. I had been fond of photography, and I had a lot of prints showing phases of the United States life-saving service. Then I worked up a lecture on 'Photography in its Relation to the World'—that is to say, its everyday use—illustrated by seventy or eighty slides. I still had another lecture describing the postal service. I started in to learn these slides in regular order, so that today I have a number of lectures with seventy or eighty slides each. I can now start in on any of them, talk over an hour and a quarter without a break, and if my operator makes no slip, I can guarantee to make no slip myself. —Christian Herald.

Is the Price Mrs. Creel Will Have to Pay Worth It?



By DOROTHY DIX

The erstwhile soldier of fortune was a man. The present soldier of fortune is a woman. In former times the poor, but bold spirited youth belted on his sword and started out in search of adventure. Nowadays the poor but pretty girl pins on her best hat and fares forth in search of pearl necklaces, and sumptuous raiment, and millions, and things.

The D'Arriagans of yesterday are the Evelyn Nesbites, the Lillians—but why mention names? You can think of a score of Miss Nobodies of Nowhere, who fed on skimmed milk one day, and champagne the next, and whose faces have been the fortunes that they have cashed in in a figure to make a Wall street trust organizer die of sheer envy.

The latest recruit to this gay company of feminine soldiers of fortune is Mrs. Marie Van Rensselaer Barnes—or Creel, or whatever her proper entitlements may be, who is reported to have shot Walter de Mumm, the well-known French sportsman and to have been kicked, and beaten, and wounded in turn by him.

The story of Mrs. Barnes is the story of a modern Cinderella, who plays the part of her own fairy godmother, and does the magician act of changing her own pumpkin into an automobile herself.

As the tale goes, Marie van Rensselaer, then plain Mary Jane as to name, but extraordinarily pretty of face and handsome of figure, is the daughter of the traditionally honest but simple parents. She hails from Pennsylvania, the state of good spenders, where she became early imbued with the importance of having money to throw at the birds. Also, that if we wish to get anywhere in this world

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have been Walter de Mumm, who had been staying at the same hotel in New York that Mrs. Creel did, and who, after her return to Paris, was seen occasionally in her company.

Then began the old, old story that always ends in the same old way. Walter de Mumm was infatuated with the beautiful young American, and she was insanely jealous of him, as women always are of the men on whom they have only the tenuous hold of the emotions. There were frequent quarrels between the two, by which the woman, who knew not the meaning of the word self-control, gave free rein to her tongue. After such stormy scenes they would part, but always her fascination was strong enough to draw him back to her.

Mrs. Creel, or Barnes, as she prefers to be called, lived in her sumptuous apartment in the aristocratic quarter near the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne, and wore her gorgeous clothes and jewels and had the mad pace of her kind in Paris, and Walter de Mumm danced attendance upon her.

But an influence, puissant beyond understanding almost in this country, was working against her. It was the family which is all-powerful in France. Walter de Mumm's family made him understand that he must break with the pretty American, and he told her that he would obey and that the affair must end.

Besides, he had grown tired of her, tired of her temper, her whims and caprices. His passion had burned itself out. The novelty had worn off of the new toy. The girl had rubbed off of the gingerbread. The chiffons that had dressed up the romance so alluringly were in rags and tatters. It is easy to listen to the sage counsel of one's family when it jumps with one's own inclinations.

So De Mumm told Mrs. Barnes that they must part, and they went out together for one last farewell pleasuring. De Mumm says that they drowned the sorrow of their parting in overmuch champagne. They returned to Mrs. Barnes' apartment, and when he attempted to leave, she fell into a fit of weeping—the maidlin tears of a half-drunken woman.

There then was the sharp report of a pistol that awakened the neighbors, and much hurrying to and fro of excited servants, and mysterious people in closed taxicabs. Both De Mumm and Mrs. Barnes appear to have been wounded, but just what happened no one knows but themselves, and they tell diametrically opposite stories.

Mrs. Barnes says that De Mumm beat her and knocked her down and kicked her, and that she only shot him in order to save her life.

De Mumm declares that he did not strike the woman at all, but that, when he told her he was going to leave her, she seized the pistol and fired twice at him, and that in wresting the revolver from her he may have possibly been a little rough, nothing more.

Both De Mumm and Mrs. Barnes have been hidden away until they recover. Neither was seriously hurt, and so, after the nine days' gossip has spent itself, the affair will pass into the chronicles of scandals of our times—to be dug up when the next adventure of this modern soldier of fortune brings her into the limelight again.

Quite the usual story of such affairs, with the usual ending, isn't it? The woman who has made herself the plaything of the passions of men kicked aside and broken when the man has tired of

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