The Bee's Home Magazine Page

SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT

A Judge Has So Many Friends, You Know

By Tad

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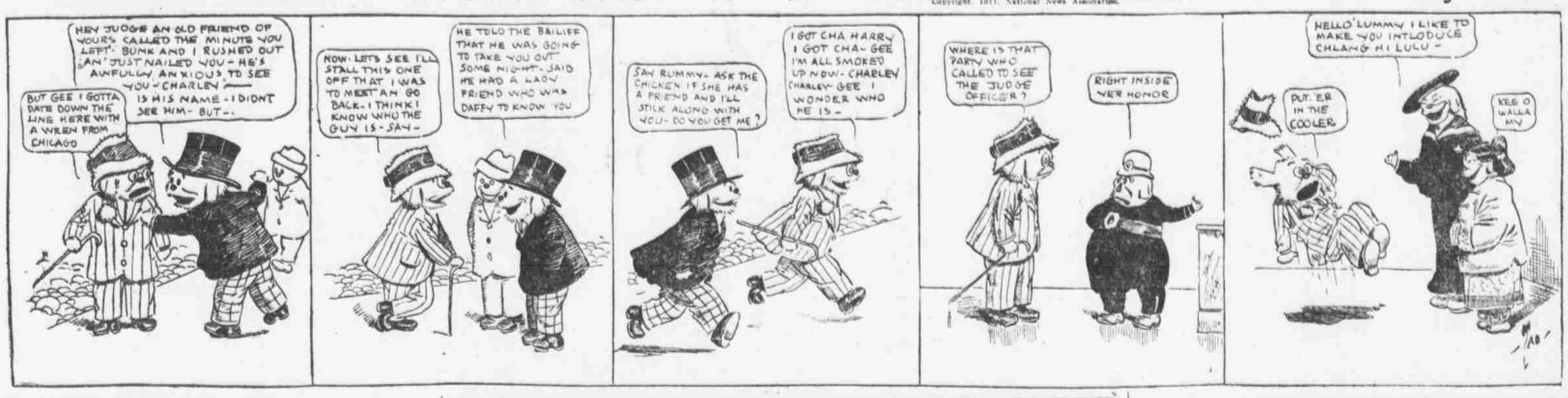

Married Life the Second Year

They Leave the Beach and Return to Town on an Early Train

By MABEL HERBERT URNER

"Well, we'll never make that train at this rate," Warren glanced at his watch. "It's a quarter of eight now."

"Oh, if you had only let me pack this trunk last night. I was afraid we'd be hurried this morning.

"You had plenty of time if you hadn't dawdled so."

Helen was down on her knees packing the steamer trunk with nervous haste, while Warren was pacing impatiently up and down. He had already packed and wrapped his two suit cases, with swift precision. But Helen was still struggling to get in all of her own and Winifred's things.

There had been time to pack very carefully before they left home, and even then the capacity of the trunk had been strained. But now that she was hurried it seemed impossible to get all the things in.

"Could you put my bedroom slippers and this waist in one of your suit cases. I don't believe I can get them in here!"

"Hum! I thought that was coming," as he swung suit case up on the table to unstrap it. "Here—give them here!" ungraciously. He shoved the slippers among his brushes and the waist in with his shirts.

"And could you get in this powder box?"

"Wrap it up then. I won't have that stuff over everything."

"Now, that's all I've room for," as he closed and restrapped the case.

Helen was crushing in the last few things with desperate disregard of how they would look when taken out.

"Now, if you'll help lock it," as she put down the lid, which lacked several inches of closing.

"You can't get that down. Some of those things will have to come out."

"But I've no place to put them. Oh, dear, we must get this closed. Wait, I'll sit on it. There—now try!"

After much struggling it was finally closed and locked.

"Now, come on down to breakfast. We've only about twenty minutes left."

"Oh, Warren, I won't have time for breakfast. "I've all these little things to put in the handbag. You go on down—don't wait for me. I'll get something when I get home."

"You'll do nothing of the kind! You'll come down and have some breakfast now. There's no sense of your fooling around here all morning packing a few things."

As Helen swept the last article into the handbag the porter appeared for the baggage.

"This all, sir?" as he dragged the steamer trunk and suitcases out into the hall.

"Yes, that's all. Now be sure to take them right down. That train goes at 8:45."

"Yes, sir, they'll be down there in ten minutes."

Helen was looking hurriedly about the room, in the wardrobe and through the bureau drawers.

"Come on, come on!" demanded Warren, already out in the hall.

"I just wanted to be sure we haven't left anything. Oh, wait, here's my rubbers on the closet shelf. Now, where will I put them?"

"Put them on," curtly. "That's the easiest way to carry them."

Minnie, the nurse girl, had already gone down with Winifred and a small satchel, and was now waiting for them on the veranda. In the dining room the breakfast Warren had ordered was on the table.

"Have you settled for everything?" asked Helen, as she gulped down her coffee.

"Did that last night. Everything's paid for."

The hotel bus was waiting to take them to the station. The nurse girl, Winifred, Warren, Helen and the two satchels took up one side, while the two old maid school teachers, who had spent their vacations at the hotel, had the opposite seat.

To Helen, with her home and wife-loving instincts, a woman struggling through life alone seemed more or less pathetic. And now she felt there was something wistful in the eyes of these two old maids as they watched Winifred, who was holding tight to a small Teddy bear. A sudden sense of gratitude filled Helen's heart as she thought of how much she had compared to these women.

Her husband and her baby! Ah, yes; that was a great deal! She was proudly conscious when Warren helped her and the nursemaid out, and then courteously held open the 'bus door for the two school teachers.

The trunk and suit cases were already on the platform.

The train was just due. Warren hurried into the baggage room to get the checks, while Helen and the nurse girl waited outside.

And again Helen had a feeling of pity for the two old maids who had to get their own tickets and check their own baggage.

Yes, it was good "to be taken care of."

And now the sound of the in-rushing train as it spent around the curve and bore down on them with clinging bell and loudly escaping steam.

"Here, don't stand so near!" Warren pushed Helen mack roughly. "Don't you know better than to stand as close as that?"

But Helen didn't mind the gruffness of his tone, for it was after all a part of the "being looked after" that she so loved.

Warren led the way through to the last coach before they found two vacant seats together. The nurse girl, Winifred and the two satchels were settled in the first and Helen and Warren just behind.

"Oh, isn't it close in here? Can you raise this window?" asked Helen.

"You'll be covered with soot."

"But we must have some air—It's stifling!

Warren reached over to raise the window but it stuck fast.

"I'll have to get there—I can't open it from here."

She moved over while he put his knee on the seat and strained at the window. Still it refused to go up.

"Oh, than never mind, dear," seeing he was losing his temper. "Wait until the conductor comes by."

But to be thwarted in any effort always incensed him. And now as he threw his whole weight against it, his hand slipped and hit sharply against the woodwork.

"Oh! I'm so sorry—did it hurt you?"

He rubbed his knuckles with a muttered oath.

"Oh, dear, you've skinned the knuckle. I'm so sorry. There's some witch hazel in the handbag—don't you want it?"

He shook her hand from his arm. "No, I don't. All I want is to be left alone. You're never content with things as they are. You're always wanting something else. I never saw such a woman. It's either too hot or too cold, or too much air or not enough. Now," drawing a newspaper from his pocket, "I'd like to have the rest of this trip in peace."

Helen bit her lip and turned to gaze out at the flying fields, blinking hard to keep back the tears. And she only asked him to raise the window!

She was conscious that the two old maids, who had taken a seat a little further back across the aisle, were watching her closely. Warren's voice had been so loud that even through the noise of the train they heard plainly.

And this time their gaze was the pitying one.

Dabbydils

ADDIE MIZNER SAYS WHAT IS HOME WITHOUT ANOTHER

THE MUDDY RIVER RUSHED MADLY THROUGH THE RAVINE, TOSSING THE GIANT LOGS AS THOUGH THEY WERE SAFETY MATCHES. HANGING TO A LOG BOSTON JIMMY WAS BEING RAPIDLY BORNE TO THE VERY EDGE OF THE FALLS WHEN THE LUMBERJACK HOOKED HIM WITH A PEAVY AND HAULED HIM TO THE BANK. AFTER THEY HAD POURED A QUART OR SO OF LIQUOR INTO JIMMY HE SAT UP AND ASKED "IF EVERY WOMAN" SAW THE "SPRING MAID" WOULD THE "PINK LADY" TURN "DEEP PURPLE?"

QUICK WATSON! THE NEEDLE

THE ROARING FLAMES WERE MOUNTING TO ALL FLOORS OF THE DOOMED BUILDING AND IT WAS CERTAIN THAT LONG BEFORE THE FIREMEN REACHED THE SCENE NAUGHT WOULD REMAIN BUT A MASS OF SMOULDERING RUINS ALL ESCAPE SEEMED TO BE CUT OFF WHEN A FORM WAS SEEN AT THE SIXTH FLOOR WINDOW AND A VOICE LOW BUT SWEET AND MUSICAL INQUIRED IF MAUDE ADAMS HAS PLAYED 100 PARTS WHAT HAS EMMA DUNN?

GET AWAY FROM THEM WINGS WE'LL CALL YOU WHEN YOUR ACT COMES DUE

HA HA

THE STEEL DIRECTORS WERE HOLDING A PRIVATE MEETING. THEY WANTED TO KNOW WHAT ALL THIS SLUMP THING MEANT AND INTENDED FINDING OUT. NO REPORTERS WERE ADMITTED BUT PETE CAMPBELL THE OLD WAR CORRESPONDENT WAS NOT TO BE OUTDONE. HE BORED A HOLE THROUGH THE DOOR, STUCK HIS LISTENER TO THE OPENING AND DURING A HEATED ARGUMENT HEARD PIERPONT MORGAN YELL IF A NEGRO IS DARK IS AN ISRAELITE?

SIC'IM PRINCE HE BIT PAPA AND MAMMA.

HA HA I'M A CARTOONIST ON A COUNTRY PAPER NOW - SOME JOB JOHN. I GET DOWN AT 8 A.M. DRAW 5 OR 6 PICTURES THEN DO SOME GROCERY ADS

THEN I HELP THE ETCHER MAKE THE CUTS AFTER THAT I BLOCK THE CUTS THEN I HELP THE FOREMAN MAKE UP THE PAPER AT 2 I HELP CARRY THE STUFF TO THE STEREOTYPERS

AFTER THAT ALL I HAVE TO DO IS TO DELIVER 300 PAPERS AROUND MY NEIGHBORHOOD THEN AT MIDNIGHT I'M ALL THROUGH

GEE YOURE A HAPPY GUY

YEP NOTHIN TO DO TILL TOMORROW

Portrait of a Gentleman

By Nell Brinkley

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Men, Read This

And if You Are Fair-Minded, You Will Agree.

BY DOROTHY DIX.

At the beginning of the theatrical season I desire to address a few earnest, heartfelt, tearful words to men. Gentlemen, you have passed a law requiring women to remove their hats in the theater, and to their credit, women obey this law without protest, although it subjects them to much inconvenience, and is a blow to their vanity, since a woman's hat is to her face as a frame to a picture, and enhances her good looks 50 per cent. Nevertheless women recognize that it makes for the common good, and comfort, and pleasure of an audience for them not to obscure the stage by their millinery, and so at the theater they cheerfully wear their hats in their laps instead of on their heads.

Now, as the ordinance in regard to women's hats in the theater has worked out so well, I ask you, in the name of justice and humanity to pass another law making it a misdemeanor for men to go out between acts, thereby inflicting bodily injury on women, and ruin on their clothes.

What women suffer from this nuisance no tongue can tell, but it converts theater-going from the joy and pleasure it was meant to be to a martyrdom that calls for the display of all of the Christian virtues of resignation under persecution and forgiveness for undeserved afflictions. No one save a woman can realize the fearful anxiety with which a woman views the men who sit in the same row with her at the play, and how eagerly she scans each face as it appears, to try to anticipate whether it belongs to a gentleman who is capable of sitting quietly in his seat for a couple of hours, or if it is the mug of a well-dressed hoodlum who will trample her underfoot ruthlessly six or seven times during the evening as he passes back and forth to the neighboring barrooom.

For on her seat neighbor's conduct depends the woman's pleasure and the state of her wardrobe, for it is impossible to appreciate even the finest play when one's toes are writhing in agony from having had a 300-pound man step on them, and one has had one's best frock mussed and torn by the clumsy elephant that has just dragged over one's lap.

Perhaps, if men realized just how much inconvenience and annoyance they put women to by climbing over them between acts at the theater they would show more consideration in the matter. Therefore, I call the attention of any gentleman who may chance to read these lines to two important facts. The first is that the space between the rows of seats in a theater is not designed for a promenade. In order for any person in a row to pass out, every other person in that row has got to get up and stand up, flattened against his or her own seat, and with his or her belongings clutched in his or her hand to prevent the destruction of said articles. It is a most tiresome, awkward, and inconvenient position for anybody to be called upon to assume, and nobody except a human hog would be selfish enough to ask such a sacrifice of his fellow-creatures.

The second point to which I direct my readers' notice is that at the theater a woman is encumbered with the following articles—a wrap, a fan, a handkerchief, opera glasses, a bag and her hat. Six articles in all, which she has to grab up and hold above her head out of danger every time the peregrinating pig makes his pilgrimage to the drink trough. Nobody short of a sleight of hand performer can make a lightning grab at all of these different things, and keep them from being torn, broken, or mashed, and the result is that almost every time something is broken and destroyed, a result which is not atoned for by a grunted apology.

Naturally men will deny that they all scale the mountain passes of women's finery at the theater in order to drink. They say they wish to stretch their legs, and that they get tired and nervous sitting still. I have the warmest sympathy for people with St. Vitus dance, or any malady that renders it impossible for them to keep quiet, but surely such afflicted individuals should have enough consideration to always buy end seats where they can get in and out without disturbing the public, or else the theater management should segregate them in some section of the theater where they can step on each other without worrying anybody else.

The truth of the matter is that there is no earthly excuse, except violent illness, for any man not to sit out a play without annoying every woman in his vicinity. There is a law that makes women take off their hats in the theater, and there should be another one to prevent men from going out between the acts.

When a Man Marries

By MILES OVERHOLT.

The polygamist peered through the bars of his cell,
And the idle reporter implored him to tell
How he came to wed all the women he met till the thing grew to be a disease.
"Well, the reason," he said, "that I grabbed my first wife,
And sentenced myself to hard labor for life
Was all brought about by a young lady's name that appeared on a package of cheese."

Then he told how the courtship was handled by mail;
How he married her; then how she lifted her veil,
And the shock that he got when he looked at her face and the subsequent fights that arose.
His second offense followed quickly, he said:
The girl's name was Mabel, her hair scarce and red,
And her name and address tumbled out of the box when he brought home a pair of silk hose.

The third one, it seemed, wrote her name in a hat,
And he married her,too, so he said, just for that;
And the fourth was a girl with a practical mind, for her name was engraved on a ham.
While the fifth wrote a verse, which was pinned on a tie,
And the sixth one's address was affixed to a pie.
So he married 'em all, though he couldn't tell why—and 'twas then he closed up like a clam.

"There's another one yet; we would know about her
Tells us; how did the seventh disaster occur?"
And the idle reporter with tears in his eyes besought the poor geezer to talk.
At last in a voice that was wrinkled and weak,
The much-married sinner decided to speak
Of the woman he said was the queen of the pack and he'd back her to win in a walk.

"Her motive and style were decidedly new;
The street car was jammed; 'twas a quarter past two,"
He said with a smile on his husband-like face. "And she sat in the seat next to me.
Her hatpin was long. As she dodged in her place,
She chiseled her name in the rim of my face;
And that little caper embezzled my heart—we were married at quarter past three."

Up-to-Date Jokes

She had risen several times to let a gentleman pass out between the acts.

"I am very sorry to disturb you madam," he remarked apologetically, as he went out for the fourth time.

"Oh, don't mention it," she replied, pleasantly, "I am most happy to oblige you. My husband keeps the refreshment bar."

Gentleman (to cigar dealer)—Have you any So-and-So brand in stock? How are they?

Dealer—First class, sir. This last lot is an extremely fine one.

Gentleman (departing)—Thanks. You wrote that they were very poor, but I am pleased to find you were mistaken. I am the manufacturer. Good day.

"I say, mamma," said little Tommy, "is it true that when you first met papa you had fallen into the water, and he jumped in and saved you?"

"Quite true, my dear," replied mamma, with a smile.

"Then, I wonder if that's why papa won't allow me to learn to swim?"

Dodged Corned Beef

Jerome K. Sawyer of Oakland, Cal., is accused of running away from a promised feed of corned beef and cabbage; also of wife desertion. One morning recently he asked his wife, Bertha, what she intended to have for dinner on his cabbage would form the chief portion of the menu. Sawyer never came back.

Mrs. Sawyer testified to these facts in a suit for divorce, and was granted an interlocutory decree. She declared that she did not know what had become of her return. She replied that corned beef and husband other than that the day following his disappearance his employer came to her home and inquired about her health. When she asked for the reason for such an inquiry the employer told her Sawyer the day before secured $50 on the pretext that his wife was about to die.

Camphor for Health.

Camphor is highly esteemed for its medicinal virtues by the natives of Borneo and Sumatra, who will often wear it around their necks, waists, wrists and ankles in small bags as a sort of charm against disease.