

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT

The Judge Has an Awful Memory

By Tad

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"Souvenirs"

Please, Mr. Cop, Be Easy on Him :-: By Tad

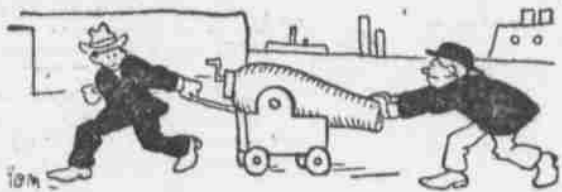
"Broke"

By JAMES W. MCGEE.
The mania for souvenirs grows day by day,
Like the spread of a big prairie fire,
Till the souvenir hunter will now walk away
With whatever he's apt to admire.
By he I don't mean that the men do it all,
For the ladies take theirs without fear:
They simply explain when they're stripped of a haul,
"Why, it's only a slight souvenir."



They can show you a spoon from a Paris cafe,
With a clock from a London hotel;
From Berlin just a trifle, a small silver tray,
And from Athens a quaint Grecian bell.
They have tokens from every place under the sun,
Which they're adding to year after year,
And each article down, from a clock to a gun,
Bears the magical name, "Souvenir."

When a man breaks his neck in an aeroplane fall,
The crowd that runs out on the field
Doesn't run to assist, send an ambulance call,
Or to know if to treatment he'll yield;
They are after a piece of the poor fellow's craft,
Just a wing or part of the gear;
And they'll proudly exhibit their ill-gotten graft
When they tack on the name "souvenir."



When a big foreign warship drops in for a call,
And a crowd clambers madly on board,
In the warship itself they've no interest at all,
Tho' they have in the admiral's sword.
If a big ten-inch gun could be hoisted ashore
When no bluejacket sentries were near,
It is safe to assume there'd be quite an uproar
Over who owned the big "souvenir."

A Honeymooner's Question

In the delirium of their honeymoon He and she vowed to keep no secrets from each other.

"I will show you every letter I get," said she, "and I will let you read every letter sent to me," said he.

It started off beautifully, of course, for they were still delirious, and he, poor man, did not know all that the reading of a woman's correspondence entailed. But he knows now, and his brain begins to throb in painful anticipation every time he hears the postman's whistle.

The letters she receives are from her friends and kin, and are all written by women. True to her promise she lays them out before him every evening, and for two hours he is reading straight across and then criss-cross, jumping from the first page to the third, and doing a puzzle in finding out what page to jump to next. He is reading that Aunt Susan has papered her parlor in green, and mother would like the enclosed sample of linen matched, if possible, and if not a lighter shade will do, and Cousin Kate wants the enclosed sample of hair matched, and are they wearing puffs and do they sell by the pound or the yard, and Lillie Smith has a new beau, what do you think of that, and the Widow Barnes was out riding with a man one evening last week, and her husband not yet cold, and this writer didn't have good luck with her bread last week, and that writer is making peach preserves, and another writer hopes she isn't letting her husband impose on her the way all brides do, and how does she make mustard pickles?

"Here," says she, when he has settled down to an evening with his paper, "is a letter from mother you haven't read," and when he opens it he is seized with such a feeling of depression he wonders if he is coming down with a fever, but after he has dutifully read the letter she hands him another from her grandmother and he decides it is a chill.

There are letters from women friends to be read at breakfast, letters from her mother and sister at luncheon, and all her cousins and aunts are represented in the mail at dinner, till he thinks he is going to die every time he sees an envelope.

If he hesitates, "You are not interested in my letters," she pouts, "and I am so interested in yours," and, though she never reads anything of interest in his mail, she is always sure that some day

there will be, and her hope never flags, and he is growing gaunt and pale, haunted in every waking hour of something the postman has brought telling news of a neighbor's new cow, or that some one is trying to be young by re-touching her hair.

If he intercepts the postman and destroys letters directed to his wife, he will be guilty of violation of the government's postal laws; and if he refuses to read them, he will be a brute, and so he has laid before Lyander John Appleton, kin commissioner general of the United States, the following question:

For how long a period after marriage is a man expected to keep the promises made in the delirium of the honeymoon?

Piute Pete

By MILES OVERHOLT.

"One of the institutions that are creeping over our fair land like a Weyerhaeuser timber trust and robbing the life blood of our fairer men like a prohibition town on the Fourth of July is the female barber shop," said Piute Pete, reflectively.

"Where, I ask you in an argumentative tone of voice, does the bald-headed man spend his leisure moments? Where does he empty his pocketbook at every opportunity? Is it at the bargain counter with his wife? It is not.

"He is getting a shave. He is having a blonde person push the back of a razor over the place where she shaved him a few hours previous. That's where the bald-headed old chap is."

"The other day, just for the sake of argument, or something on that order, I sent into a lady barber shop for the purpose of getting a shave. A shave was all I wanted, but owing to the inclemency of the weather and seismic disturbances I took a few other things. I got a hair cut, three shaves, two shampoos, eight massages, nine warts removed, three neck shaves and seventy-six nails manicured. I was in the shop thirteen hours, nine minutes, twenty-nine seconds and seven-tenths of a degree.

"It seems to me that there ought to be a law passed preventing a yellow-haired female from tickling a man under the chin and monkeying with his features until he just naturally cries because he doesn't draw a salary large enough to permit him to have a regular barber around with him all the time. It's going to bust up our fair land, I'm afraid."

Daddydaddy

"MANY ARE CALLED BUT FEW GET UP"

THERE WAS A CAVE IN AT THE MINE. EVERY MAN BUT SCRAP IRON ISADORE WAS SAFE. HE WAS 500 FEET BELOW THE SURFACE WITH NOTHING TO EAT SAVE THE PICTURE OFF A TOMATO CAN.

BAMBOO BEN HAD STOOD AROUND THE CRAP TABLE FOR FULLY 12 HOURS WITHOUT OPENING HIS TRAP WIDE ENOUGH TO BREATHE. BIG BILL PULLED ALL THE CHIN GOODS.

BEN WAS THE REAL DUMB ISAAC. FINALLY BILL ASKED WHAT THE TROUBLE WAS AND BEN WITH TEARS IN HIS GLIMMERED EYES ASKED:

IF AN ARCHITECT PLANS DOES A GRASS PLOT? WE ARE LOST THE CAPTAIN SHOUTED AS HE STAGGERED DOWN THE STAIRS.

EVERYMAN WAS HAPPY IT WAS RAIN-NIGHT ON THE SHIP. CORK LEG CHARLEY AND CROCKERY GUM JOHN GOT THEIR AND ARM IN ARM AIMED THEMSELVES TOWARDS THE NEAREST MERRY MUCILAGE PARLOR. THEY HAD JUST STARTED DOWN THE GANG PLANK.

WHEN THE MALE AT THE WHEEL BARRED OUT IF BELASCO'S NEW SHOW IS SPOOKY IS THE RETURN OF PETER GRIM? ATTENDA NT!! GET THE STRAPS!!

AM STUDYING LAW NOW AND GET SA WEEK- I GET DOWN AT 7 O'CLOCK SWEET UP AND JUST ANSWER THE PHONES SERVE SUBPOENAS-RUN UP TO COURT WITH LAW BOOKS

THE WAY BACK I CHASE AN AMBULANCE TO FIND A NEW CLIENT-MISS HIM AND CHASE ANOTHER-RUN UP TO THE BOSS'S HOUSE FOR A COAT OR UMBRELLA

THEN I COME BACK AND THE BOSS DICTATES 15 OR 20 LETTERS THAT I WRITE FOR HIM AT 10 PM HIM DONE THEN I GO HOME AND STUDY LAW TILL 6 A.M

SEE YOU'RE A HAPPY GUY

YEP NOTHIN TO DO TILL TOMORROW

"Wasn't Great-Grandmother Funny?" By Nell Brinkley



Just as a child eyes in awed amusement the girl-picture of her great grandame and chirps "Wasn't she funny?" just so will a little kid in the 2,000-and-something turn over the leaves of her mother's album to this dashing little picture of you, girl of now, and say, "Wasn't great-grandmother old-fashioned and funny?"

By CHESTER FIRKINS.
Back to the days when we sat in the gallery,
Getting the thrill out of any old show;
Back to the days before Satan and salary
Taught us to worry and taught us to bow;
Back to the times before foolish autonomy
Let us be squanderers—till we awake—
Ho! but it's good to return to economy!
Ho! but it's jolly again to be broke!

Memories bright, when a dime gave delirious
Joy for the breadth of a bounteous day;
Time when your first dollar filled you with serious
Qualms as to how you could do it away.
Now it's your last dollar, guarded as jealously,
Looking as big as the first one (no joke).
Ah, let us cherish as well and as jealously
These happy days when we're wealthy, though broke!

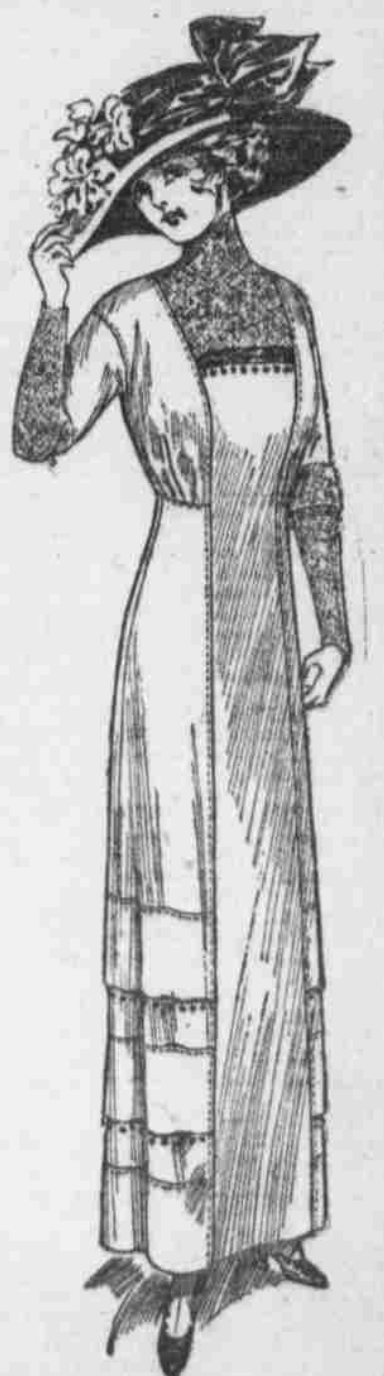
Year upon year, in the rush of the furious
Grind of our toil and the things we thought fun,
Pockets well lined with the very near spurious
Stuff that's called power, spondulites or "mon,"
We've not had time to remember the miracle
That could be wrought with a nickel's strong stroke.
There—that's enough of this sweetness satirical—
Editor, please pay me quick—I am broke.

War Time Fashion Revived in the Scarf

NEW YORK, Oct. 25.—Just walking through the shops is a fascinating occupation these bright fall days. The clear skies and bracing air make you feel alive to your finger tips and braced up to a keen enjoyment of everything around you. And the riot of color in the silks and chiffons, the gay embroideries and gold laces, the beaded fringes and the many handsome toilette accessories, appeal to our awakened senses as never before. We may have seen just such pretty things at other times, but we cannot believe we have. We linger over them to gratify our artistic taste, for artistic they are in the real meaning of that word. New understanding of color combination and modern discoveries in the dyers' art give us in these days soft and richly tinted fabrics besides which the colors worn a generation ago seem glaring and crude. Like the autumn leaves, the beautiful materials are a feast to the eye, and we steep our senses without surfeit in the gorgeous display.

First to attract attention are the wonderful hand bags, that indispensable feature of the modern woman's apparel. Gay with embroidery and heavy with gold, they sound the keynote of the season's fancy for the oriental. Many of these bags are made up of heavy silks completely covered with mandarins, pagodas and other emblems of far Cathay, done in that wonderful embroidery which only the deft fingers of the Chinese or Japanese worker can produce. With the decoration on the coat to match, these bags are seen at the theater and at afternoon and evening entertainments of all kinds where a dressy wrap is appropriate. For, he it understood, the bag must now conform to the custom and match something. Either the coat and bag must be mates, or the bag and the dress, or the hat, gloves, shoes and bag must unite in a scheme of harmony as accessories to the suit. No woman who knows what is what will now carry a tan leather bag, for instance, unless shoes and gloves also partake of the same russet hue. Black velvet bags in odd shapes, and with long cords and tassels, match the velvet cloak. Many women take portions of their suiting material and have the manufacturer make a bag for them to carry with that suit. Note, too, that the late bags have very long cords or straps which go over the shoulder, and the bag hangs at the side just below the hip. These look very jaunty, especially on young girls.

Next to the bags come the laces, and here the heart of women melts—for what normal feminine mind can resist the appeal of lace? This is truly a lace year. Dresses are embellished with the dainty stuffs, coats are worn with lace collars, while the handsomest hats have either crown or brim made of it. One of the beautiful hats at the recent openings was made entirely of duchesse and rose point lace, the rolling brim bordered with black



velvet, and the solo decoration a sweeping black plume. Lace yokes, lace waist, lace sleeves—all appear on the smart dresses.

The use of lace for yokes and sleeves is well exemplified in the illustration. A fine quality of baby Irish allover lace is best adapted to this design, which may be made of dark blue or brown satin. The long straight panel in front shows the survival of the liking for the princess gown, which is further hinted in the semi-princess arrangement of the rest of the waist and skirt.