

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

BUNK JUST WANTED TO KNOW

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By Tad



Married Life the Second Year

In Which Helen is Made the Confident of a Most Unhappy Love Affair.

By MABEL HERBERT URMER.

Helen was bending over the notion counter, matching a spool of blue silk for some Christmas fancy work, when some one touched her on the arm.

It was Alice Brooks whose Helen had known for a long while, though she had seen little of her in the last year.

"Oh, won't you come over to the Plaza and have tea with me?" begged Alice, when the first greeting was over.

"I'd love to," said Helen, "but I've some shopping to do yet and I must get home early."

"Let your shopping go this time—please do! Oh, I've been so blue and wretched all day—I must talk to some one."

Helen hesitated. "Do come—I wouldn't insist if I didn't really need you."

"Oh then I'll go, of course. Only I mustn't stay very long."

In the brighter light of the street Helen noticed that even under her veil, Alice's face looked more haggard than she had ever seen it. She was an unusually pretty girl of the fair Dresden china type, but now there were dark lines under her eyes and even her lips were pale.

Unmistakably something was wrong. But nothing was said until they were settled in a secluded corner of the tea room of the great hotel.

When the order was given Alice took off her veil and gloves, dropped her head on her hand and for several moments stared moodily before her.

"Oh, I'm such a fool," she burst out at last, "such a consummate little fool! Most women are—only they don't often know it, but I do. That's what makes it worse."

"Why, my dear—what's the matter?"

"The matter? When a woman has a headache and a throbbing and can't eat and can't sleep—what do you suppose is the matter?"

Helen smiled. "I'm afraid she's in love."

"And in love with a man that isn't worth her little finger—that's a cad and a brute and a coward, too."

"Why, Alice—what a fierce little person."

"Well, it's true—all I say and more. And yet I love him. I've loved him for months, and I suppose I'll go on loving him. That's what a foolish woman always does—doesn't it?"

"Not always—if he's as bad as that. But what is it, dear? Can you tell me more or would you rather not?"

"Oh, yes, I want to tell you—that's why I begged you to come here. I've been longing to tell some one, and there's no one I can trust."

"There's your mother," said Helen gently.

"Mother? Oh, I wouldn't have mother know for worlds. I'd rather tell any one than mother. You see he's—he's—Oh, don't you know who it is—haven't you guessed?"

Helen shook her head.

"Haven't you heard my name connected with any one in the last year?"

Helen hesitated.

"Oh, you have—you know you have. Tell the truth."

"Perhaps I did hear some vague rumor, but I didn't believe it."

"I had seen him at luncheon with Irene Vork."

"Oh, what could he say?"

"He said his lying wasn't any worse than my tricking him into it. That the reason he didn't always tell me the truth was because I was so insanely jealous. Then we had a dreadful quarrel—the worst we've ever had. I said if he couldn't be true to me now—he wouldn't be after we were married. Oh, we were both furious—and it ended by my saying I never wanted to see or hear from him again. And now—now I'm utterly wretched."

"But, dear, can't you see that it's best? You could never be happy with a man like that."

"I can never be happy without him."

"You think that now—but you're very young yet and you'll meet other men, finer, bigger men, with more stability and manhood than Dick Fairchild."

"Oh, I know other men now—better in every way, and yet none of them has the charm for me that he has. Just the way he carries himself, the way he runs his hand through his hair, the way he throws back his head and laughs, the way he wears his clothes—oh, no one else is like him!"

"But dear, those aren't the big things to love a man for," said Helen, yet guiltily conscious of how much she loved Warren for just those things.

"Oh, they may not be the big things—but after all they are the things a woman thinks most about."

Helen could not deny this, for in a way she felt it was true.

"And now I've said I never wanted to see him—that I didn't want him to write or telephone or make any effort to see me. And, oh, I'm afraid he's taking me at my word."

"Oh, if you could only see, Alice, how much better it would be for you if he has. This is only an infatuation. If you don't see him now you'll get over it soon. But if you go on it may wreck your whole life," warned Helen, conscious of how platitudeous this sounded yet knowing she was right.

"Oh, but all the time I am thinking about him—it isn't any worse for me to see him than to constantly want to see him."

Helen tried to make her believe that would help, that if she would earnestly try to put this out of her mind—in a measure she could. But Alice only smiled.

"I can't control my thoughts; I can my actions—and I'll promise you I won't send for him, I won't write or phone. But I know I'll think of him all the time."

When a length they left the restaurant and Helen walked with her to the car the last thing Alice said was a pitiful.

"Do let me come to see you soon. There's no one else I can talk to."

That night at dinner Helen asked Warren abruptly:

"Dear, what kind of a man is Dick Fairchild?"

"Pretty much of a cad. Why?"

"I'm afraid he's making love to Alice Brooks."

"Huh, that's not strange; he tries to make love to every girl he knows."

"Oh, but Alice is different. And she really cares for him."

"Then she's a little fool," indifferently. "There's too much salt in this cauliflower. What's gotten into Della lately—she's been seasoning everything too high."

"All right, dear, I'll tell her about it. But Warren, do you think if he doesn't care for Alice—if she's just one of many others—do you think he'll keep on pursuing her?"

"How do I know? What's the matter with you anyway—why are you so concerned?"

"Oh, I can't help but be worried about Alice."

"Well, you've got to have something to worry about. Might as well be Alice Brooks as anything else. Is there any oil in that crucet? There's certainly none on this salad."

And Helen was forced to keep her thoughts of Alice to herself. How would it come out? Would Dick Fairchild leave her alone now? Or would he come back to her—only to make her more unhappy in the future?

Baby dils

NUTTY ISSIE AND KOBOSIM WERE FLUNGING CROCKERY AT EACH OTHERS DOME IN FRED'S MERRY MUGLAGE PARLOR. PAUL THE HOP SALESMAN WALKED IN AND IN HIS ATTEMPT TO SEPARATE THE GLADIATORS STEPPED UPON A HARBOILED EGG AND OUT JUMPED A DROILER WHICH CHIRPED IN A SWEET VOICE IF PAT PUT ON A NEW SUIT IT WOULD MILROSE?

OUT OF MY COAL SHED YOU CAN'T MAKE ME BELIEVE IT'S A FULL TON.

IM WORKING IN A BREND FOUNDRY NOW AND ITS A CLINCH I DONT GET ON THE JOB TILL ONE AM THEN I COUNT BREND FOR 12 DRIVERS TILL 3. LOAD UP MY WAGON, SERVE

BRUCE EGGPLANT SAT IN HIS LITTLE DEN ALONG. IT WAS A TOLD WINTERS NIGHT. HE HAD READ THE PAPERS AND HUNTED UP A ROOF AN. HIS OLD DIARY WELL, WELL—WELL A O'ARY HE HAD KEPT WHEN HE WAS 15 IN SEE WHAT I UNROTE ON MY BIRTHDAY HE MUTTERED AS HE NERVOUSLY TURNED THE PAGES TO FEB 23 AM—AN—HERE RIGHT AT THE TOP IT SAYS—IF MISS GENEE WANTED TO LENGTHEN HER NAME WOULD SHE ADELIN?

OH WASNT SHE THE FOOLISH GIRL TO BE A BARTENDER'S BRIDE

TO DIG UP NEW GRADE AT 6 I DELIVER SPECIAL ORDERS, COME BACK AND WRAP BREAD TILL 9. THEN I WATER AND FEED THE NAGS WASH THE WAGON AND AT 10 I'M ALL DONE

JOE QUINN WAS DEAD TO THE WORLD ON THE LAST CAR HOME. HE'D BEEN UP TO AN ANNIVERSARY IN THE DORRINE AND BESIDES WRAPPING HIMSELF AROUND MUCH FODDER, HAD POISED MORE THAN A FEW DREAMS. JOE SAT BACK IN THE CAR AND JUST ROSE AND ROSE HE DREAMED THAT HE WAS BACK IN THE OLD ORCHARD PICKING—ZING—DAND—A LOUD NOISE AWAKENED HIM. IT WAS THE CONDUCTOR. "WHAT WAS THAT APODICTOR?" "I SAID—DIDED THE COLLECTOR OF JITTENS. IF YOU CAN HEAR N.Y. BAY HOW DOES LONG ISLAND SOUND?"

JOHN HENDRICKS STEP UP AND GET YOUR CARNEGIE MEDAL. GEE YOUR ALUCKY GUY. NEP NOTHIN TO DO TILL TOMORROW

Sherlocko the Monk

The Case of the Man Who Fell in the Snow

BY GUS MAGER

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Dinkelspiel on Vanity

By GEORGE V. HOBART.

Und I set to Spiegal: "Speaking about der modern evil vich date back to der ancient days I tink dis softness of der head vich ve call Vanity can cook up more trouble for human beings den any udder cherm vich efer built its nest in red brain-cells, vot did you tink, Max?"

"Sure," set Spiegal. Und I set to Spiegal: "Dis blood vich ve call Vanity vas such a subtle disease, Max, dot no man efer knows he has it, but he can always recognition der simpsons in his neighbor. Sometimes it breaks out in diamond rings on der fingers, sometimes it takes der form of ragtime

und hotels make der man." Ve vant everybody in der world to know dot der best is none too good for us, efen if ve cant make goot ven ve do der best. Der fear dot somebody might laugh at us if ve vent to a cheap hotel is vot keeps der rubber band forever off der wallet. I meet a pittensie friend on der street in a strange city, und he says, "Vell, vell, vell! Mr. Dinkelspiel! wie gehts, alrety?"

Und I say, "Simlich!" Und he says, "I vas sure glad to see you mit us in our city, yet, you should come home mit me later in der week und took dinner, mebbe—vare vas you stopping?" Und ven I say, "Down at Bauerschmidt's Stieg, in der Sirlon district, dare comes in his eyes such a pitiless eggespression, und he suddenly remembers a premature engagement und leaves me flat, und I don't hear no more about der home dinner vich vas mentioned in his last chapter because he goes home und says to his wife, "Vot did you tink, Arabella? I saw old man Dinkelspiel in town und he is stopping at Bauerschmidt's one-a-day. I bet you something der old man is on his uppers, so if der telephone rings I ain't in, den I won't be out!" But ven I say to him, "I vas stopping at der local Saint Reachus mit sefen dollars a day for der room vich includes a permanent bath tub mit electric hair-curlers und mit it an abstract carpet on der concrete floor."

vy, Max, he yust falls on my neck und gifts me der key to der city, und life



clothing mit rainbow neckties, sometimes it drives a man into politics vich should be driving a garbage vagon, und sometimes it nefer shows in a man until after he is dead und his vill says it, "I hereby gift and be Keith der sum of fifty thousand dollars for der purpose of scattering my ashes from der highest peak of der Himalayus Mountains." Four vimmen out of ebery five half it so bad dot dey vas invalids all der lives, und der simpsons show mostly in bills from der beauty doctors. If any voman hears me say dis she is Number Five, und it doan't mean her. You haf der disease yourself, Max. Only lately in Bauersgerber's saloon I saw you drink seven Scotch highballs vun after anudder because somebody availed you all up by saying you nefer showed der effects of liquor. Den you hat to lean against der buildings all der vay home."

"Sure!" set Spiegal. Und I set to Spiegal: "Lately I vant mit some pittensie on der mind to vun of our big cities, und vishing to imprecision der cheneral public dot I vas a regular fellow, as is der custom in dis country, I vent to der most eggespensive hotel. Dare is it, der vanity in der mind doan't always let us follow der discipline vish our pocketbooks vishp. Ve haf great faith in dot ancient proverb of der Boogians, vich says it, "Clothes

takes on der cheneral appearance of a sled morning in Chune. Ain't it such, Max?"

"Sure!" said Spiegal. Und I set to Spiegal: "Oh! King Solomon hat der right idea ven he set to his typewriter, "Vanity, vanity, all his vanity!" If a sturgeon could remove our vanity as easy as he removes our appendicitis dare would be a lot more money in der savings banks, vot you tink, Max?"

"Sure!" set Spiegal. D. DINKELSPIEL per George V. Hobart.

How to Be Beautified

By MARGARET HUBBARD AYER.

Even the least vain of women get a little worried about the condition of their hair in the fall and early winter. First the hair begins to come out in greater or less degree, but always the loss is much more than at any other time of the year. Then the texture of the hair is usually affected by the first cold snap and it loses its lustre, pliancy and looks dull and lifeless.

There is nothing very serious to worry about, because the same thing happens to every one, including fussy animals, who shed their light summer coats while they are growing warmer, rougher and darker coverings for winter wear.

The hair of sensitive people is an exact barometer of their general health. When the hair is unmanageable, falls out easily and is stiff and brittle in the autumn, it is merely registering the general confusion of the body in its effort to adjust itself to the changing climate.

The circulation of the body is usually somewhat impaired; the oily secretions stop and the skin chaps. The same thing happens to the scalp. Circulation is arrested somewhere and it is only by constant care that the scalp can be kept in good condition in winter time because of the constant change of temperature to which we are subjected going from overheated homes into the cold outdoors, where we protect part of our heads with heavy and unventilated hats while the rim of the hair, so to speak, is exposed to cold and dust.

People do not keep their hair as free from dust in winter as in summer, nor is it brushed as often. One is afraid to catch cold if one indulges in a wet shampoo every week, and most women with long hair don't get all the powder out of the scalp when they try dry shampooing.

Dry shampoo consists in shaking a fine powder over the hair, letting it remain on over night, or at least for some hours, and then brushing it out very

thoroughly. The powder is made of one part orris root powdered and two parts corn meal. Corn starch is also used or plain orris root and talcum powder. It must be very carefully brushed out and the scalp cleaned with a small brush. Then the texture of the hair is usually affected by the first cold snap and it loses its lustre, pliancy and looks dull and lifeless.

When the scalp is too oily, or when hair and scalp are too dry, the only thing that will really bring back the normal condition is proper scalp massage, which it takes a good deal of strength, probably more than any other kind of massage, to give a first class scalp treatment, and it is naturally easier to learn some one do it for you, you can improve the condition of your hair if you will persistently follow these directions:

Brush the hair out thoroughly; part it in the center. Place the hands on either side of the part, just over the forehead. Gently push the fingers into the scalp and forward at the same time. Move the hands over the entire head, leaving a small space between the fingers of the two hands and push the fingers together, moving the flesh of the scalp. The looser your scalp feels the better your circulation, and the more nourishment there is from which the hair can draw. A very tight scalp is a sign of poor circulation, and one of the causes of loss of hair.

Another massage movement which you can do yourself is to press the fingers into the scalp and move the skin in a rotary movement. Be sure and go all over the head in this way. Press into the scalp; don't pull or draw the hair. Use as much strength as you can, and continue at least ten or fifteen minutes.

If the cold weather has taken all the gloss out of your hair, use a little plain vasoline or olive oil on a clean hair brush and brush until the sheen is restored.

Members of Parliament would manifest more courtesy in their debates if they were fed wisely on more fat—Dr. Josiah Oldfield.