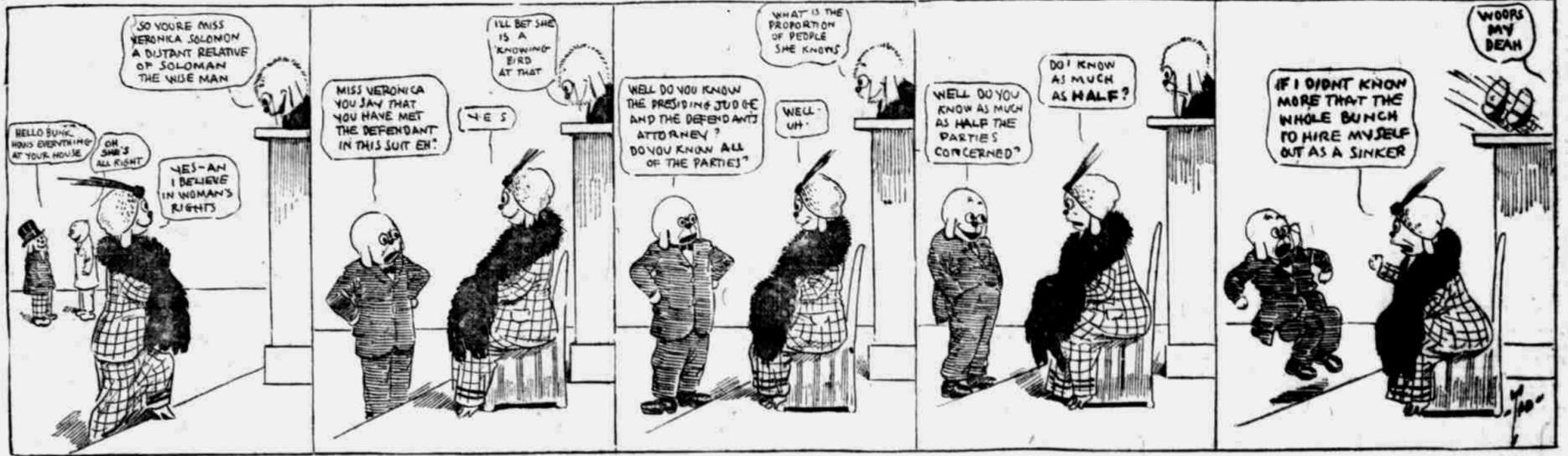


The Bee's Home Magazine Page

SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT

A Feminine Solomon Almost Makes the Jury

By Tad



Married Life the Third Year

Helen Tries On an Expensive French Evening Gown and is Transformed

By MABEL HERBERT URNER.

"Of course you can go," Mrs. Stevens' voice showed her impatience. "It's ridiculous the way you think you can't go anywhere because Warren isn't here. He doesn't expect you to shut yourself up like a nun—just because he's away."

"Oh, I know," murmured Helen. "But somehow I don't care to go without him."

"But you should! It isn't good for you to stay in so close. You must go out and take interest in other things. That's the trouble—you're too dependent on your husband for your happiness. And he doesn't want it—no man does! Now you must come to this dinner—I'm not going to let you say no."

Bull Helen demurred but Mrs. Stevens was insistent and finally won a reluctant consent.



"Now, there are to be no protests—you MUST wear it. I've had it several months, but have worn it only once, and was most uncomfortable all the evening, because white is NOT becoming to me. I don't know what made me buy it. I had vowed never to buy another white gown, but Miss Vilette persuaded me into this. I think it will fit you as it is, but if it's too large in the waist just baste up the lining and lap over the chiffon girle. I can easily let it out again."

"Now fix your hair very pretty. You are not to wear a hat. Mr. Stevens will come for you in the car. With love,"

"AMELIA E. STEVENS."

Helen read the note twice and again looked at the lovely gown that lay over the chair before her.

But how could she wear it? In all her life she had never worn any one else's clothes. She knew it was often done; that many women thought nothing of borrowing a hat or gown for some special occasion, but she never had. And she could not now! Determinedly she went to the phone and called up Mrs. Stevens.

"Oh, I know what you're going to say," Mrs. Stevens broke in. "But I'm not going to listen. My heart is set on you wearing it. Now don't be foolish. Oh, I see I'll have to come down—I can't do anything with you over the phone. I'm going out at 3 and I'll drive by there for a moment."

But Mrs. Stevens came before 2.

"I wanted to put it on you," she laughed. "I know if you see how lovely you look in it you'll be easier to persuade."

She would listen to no demurs, and in a few moments she was looking up the gown.

"No," as Helen started toward the mirror, "you're not to see until I get you in it properly. Now, fastening the girle and turning her slowly around."

"Now," with a note of triumph in her voice, "now you can look."

Never before had Helen tried on a really expensive French gown, and never one cut so low—and the transformation was startling.

"Oh, it's too low—I feel ashamed!"

"Nonsense, there's wearing them much lower than that, and with your beautiful neck and shoulders! Now have you any white satin slippers?"

Helen nodded.

"Well, then that's all you'll need. You'll be the most attractive woman at the dinner, and I'll feel that I've turned a moth into a butterfly. And you're to wear this again when Warren comes back. I just want him to see you like this—it'll open his eyes to a thing or two."

"But I"—began Helen.

Mrs. Stevens silenced her. She swept aside all arguments and would not leave until she had her promise to wear the gown.

After she had gone, for a long time Helen stood before the mirror with the gown still on. Never had she looked so lovely. Oh, if Warren could only see her now!

Suddenly from the apartment overhead a piano began to play. Slowly at first and then faster—a popular waltz of gliding rhythmic melody.

Yielding to a swift impulse, Helen picked up the white chiffon skirt and waltzed a quaint measure to her own fairness. Slept in sound and motion, she gave herself up to the breathless joy of the moment.

Then, with its mechanical abruptness the piano stopped. Helen dropped her skirts and stood motionless. The thrilled sense of elation had passed as swiftly as it had come. She felt suddenly very foolish—almost ashamed of the impulse that had possessed her.

Slowly she took off the gown and folded it into the box—but again her mind went back to the picture the mirror had reflected. Would Warren ever see her like that? Somehow she always felt he never saw her at her best.

She had often wondered what mental picture of her he had with him most-when she looked to him when he thought of her. She felt it was a picture of her at her worst—as he saw her in the morning, in plain but serviceable house gowns. And yet how could she afford the lovely frilly morning negligees the young wife always wears in novels and on the stage? The box with its French gown she put away on the closet shelf, but all the afternoon she thought of it. If Warren could see her always like that! If every evening she could wear an exquisite gown and every morning a lace or chiffon negligee—if he had NEVER seen her in anything plain, or cheap, or unbecoming! Would that have made a difference?

Officer, Call a Cop!

By Tad



Sherlocko the Monk

By GUS MAGER.

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The Adventure of the Forced Telephone Message



Decatur at Tripoli

By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY.

February 3, 1804.

This day, ninety-eight years ago—February 3, 1804—Stephen Decatur, at the time a Lieutenant in the United States navy, performed a deed of valor in the harbor of Tripoli, which his countrymen will never forget.

During the blockade of Tripoli the American frigate Philadelphia had unfortunately succumbed, in which helpless position it was captured by the enemy, its officers imprisoned and its crew sold into slavery. Concealing his little force of sixty men below deck, Lieutenant Decatur entered the harbor with a small vessel which he succeeded in warping alongside the Philadelphia. As the two vessels struck, the pirates suspected what was up, but Decatur was ready for them, and leaping aboard with his men, swept the Tripolitans into the sea, set the ship on fire, and in the midst of a terrible cannonade from the shore batteries, escaped without losing a man.

It was a handsome piece of work as was ever done, and with justice did a great British admiral declare it to be "the most gallant act of the age."

Ten years later Decatur, then a commodore, was destined to win further laurels in those same waters. Foolishly believing that the United States navy had been an-



tributed by the English in the War of '12, then just about closing, the Barbary states with Tripoli in the lead, began again their practical depredations upon American commerce, and Decatur was sent out with a squadron to bring the robbers to their senses.

He was quite successful. Capturing several of the enemy's ships and six hundred prisoners, he sailed into the bay of Algiers, demanded the instant release of all American captives, full indemnification for all property stolen or destroyed, and absolute relinquishment of all claims to tribute them from the United States. The terrified they signed a treaty at once giving all that the American commodore called for.

Obtaining similar treaties from the rulers of Tunis and Tripoli the gallant American accomplished in this single cruise in the Mediterranean in the spring and summer of 1815 what the combined powers of Europe had not dared to attempt.

One of the sad pages in our country's history is the one which deals with the duel that was fought at Bladenburg between Decatur and Barron, March 22, 1820. Taking exceptions to certain remarks that Decatur had made about him, Barron challenged Decatur and killed him. No other duel fought between Americans, with the single exception of the one between Burr and Hamilton, ever created such widespread indignation on the one hand and such sincere sorrow on the other.

Decatur was only 41 when he was killed by his implacable enemy Barron.

Little Bobbie's Pa

By WILLIAM F. KIRK.

I was reading in the paper yesterday, ed Ma, that the Duke of Connaught got lost away from his crowd for a whole hour yesterday. Isn't that kind of mysterious?

Not at all, ed Pa, not at all. It is just a good joke. The duke simply ducked away from the crowd. He gave them all the slip.

Where in the world do you suppose he went? ed Ma.

Well, sed Pa, I will tell you. It was this way. But before I go any farther, sed Pa, I must swear you to complete confidence. You will not reveal a word of what I am about to say to you regarding this matter?

I will not, sed Ma. Or you, either, Bobbie. Pa asked me. No, Pa, I sed, I won't say a word.

All the time Pa was talking Ma was looking him over kind of careful. Pa can talk pretty fast, but Ma can always look at him about ten words farther than what he is saying. Ma has very good eyes.

& so sed Ma, that is yure alibi for be-



Unnatural History

BY BINNA IRVING.

When Helen sallies forth to join The Winter promenade, In velvet, lace and nodding plumes Becomingly arrayed, She throws about her graceful neck A scarf of costly fur. And gazing at the pet I quite Forget to gaze at her.

For stirred with curiosity And wonderment profound, I never cease to marvel where So strange a beast was found. I'd like to know the land from which The funny monster hailed; Because it has a single head, And two and twenty tails.

Little Surprises.

Your daughter shows such brilliant promise as a pianist, madam, that I am going to give her lessons for nothing. "We have something just as good in stock, Mr. Ferguson, but we have the kind you want, too."

"Mr. Sanitar, mamma sent me down stairs to give you this pudding, with her kindest regards. For a calendar this time, Mr. Faulkner; I want to be examined for life insurance."—Chicago Tribune.