



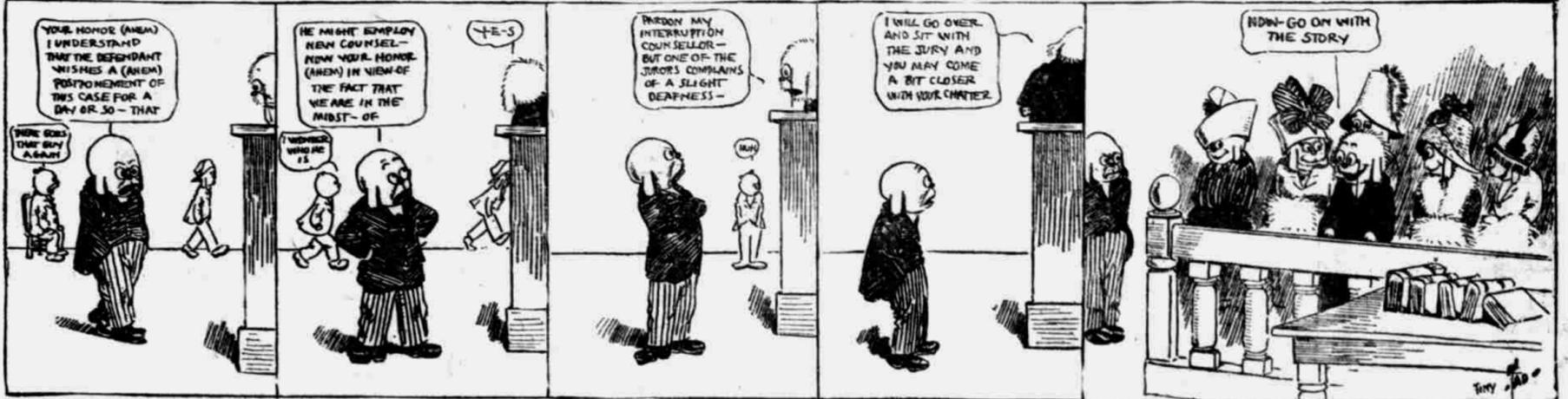
The Bee's Home Magazine Page



SILK HAT HARRY'S DI'ORCE SUIT

The Judge Doesn't W... Anything

By Tad



Married Life the Third Year

Helen Goes to a Box Party and Mr. Travis Again Takes Her Home.

By MABEL HERBERT URNER.

"Oh, that isn't real," murmured Helen as the curtain went down amid uproarious applause. "People don't talk like that."

Mr. Travis laughed. "Of course not. You don't expect stage dialogue to be what people say in real life. Do you?"

"But the program says, 'A Realistic Drama of Everyday Life.'"

"Hum, we'd all have nervous prostration in a week if we lived our everyday lives like that. They take the most artificial and far-fetched plays now-a-days and stamp them 'plays of everyday life.'"

"What are you two people complaining about?" demanded Mrs. Stevens, who had been scrutinizing through her opera glasses some people in the opposite box.

"Oh, we're discussing the unrealities of the realistic play," laughed Mr. Travis.

"Oh, who wants to see realism on the stage? The less like real life a play is the more pleasant it'll be."

"That's a nice cheerful thought," observed Mr. Stevens.

"Well, isn't it true that we come to the theater for amusement and distraction—not to have the world faithfully photographed?"

"I'm not so sure about that," answered Mr. Travis. "It seems to me there's a certain grim satisfaction in knowing that other people's lives are as sordid and unpleasant as your own."

"But just now I don't feel that life is sordid or unpleasant."

Helen regretted this statement as soon as she had made it, for Mrs. Stevens laughed triumphantly.

"Oh, you don't. Why, dear, you're improving. I thought Mr. Travis and I could drag you out of your shell."

Helen flushed and nervously opened and shut the little white fan she carried. She resented the "Mr. Travis and I." Was Mrs. Stevens deliberately trying to throw her with Mr. Travis? Was this why she had arranged this box party?

But here the curtain rose on the third act and Helen's thoughts were turned to the stage. Curiously enough the play dealt with the love of a man for a married woman whose husband did not love her. There was a number of scenes in which he urged her to get her freedom, but for her child's sake she refused.

While there was no real similarity in this play to her own life, yet Helen felt that Mrs. Stevens was drawing some comparison. Mrs. Stevens had never liked Warren. She had happened to call one day and found Helen crying after one of Warren's irritable outbursts, and had started then to say what she thought of him—but Helen had indignantly steered her.

And now, had Helen not felt that Mrs. Stevens was making some comparison between the play and her own life, she would have enjoyed the evening intensely. She had been in a box only once or twice before, and it was keenly interesting though somewhat disillusioning to be near enough to see the make-up of the actors and to get occasional glimpses of stage mechanism in the wings.

As she turned to look over the crowded house, all in darkness save for the red lights at the exits, she was stirred with some of the same impressions that must thrill the actor. A great sea of white faces filled the orchestra, balcony and gallery, and the breathless silence and nervous tension of many people seemed to charge the air.

There never was a woman who did not at some time long for the glamour and thrill of the foot-lights, and who did not secretly believe she had in her the elements of a great actress. And now for a moment Helen was foolish enough to feel vaguely some such longing.

"It isn't as alluring as it seems," whispered Mr. Travis, who had been keenly watching her face.

Helen started and looked up at him in amazement. How do you know? He smiled at the question in her eyes.

"Oh, I can read your thoughts sometimes."

When the curtain fell on the last act, the play had worked itself out to the stereotyped "happy end." The husband had conveniently shot himself in a fit of despondency brought on by large gambling losses and a week of dissipation. And the wife was left free to marry the good and loyal man who loved her.

As they left the theater Mr. Travis insisted that they all go somewhere for supper, but Helen firmly refused.

"I don't like to break up the party," she apologized, "but I must go home to Winifred—I shouldn't keep Della up so late."



"Then we'll drive through the park," suggested Mr. Travis, as he put Helen into a taxi. "It'll only take a few moments more and the park is beautiful to-night."

It was beautiful. Everything was snow-covered. The branches of the trees outlined in snow stood out as in an etching against the starry sky. A distant jingling of sleigh bells added to the scene.

"You're going with us to see 'The By-standers' next week?" as the cab drew up at her door.

"Oh, I'm afraid I can't," Helen murmured. "I'm not used to so much diversion."

"That's why it's good for you. I'm not going to let you say so. I'll get the tickets and leave Mrs. Stevens to persuade you."

And before she could protest he was gone.

For the first time since Warren had been away Helen went to bed without writing him. It was late and she was very tired. She would write in the morning.

She opened the window, turned out the light and shuddered under the cold sheets. But somehow she was restless and nervous and could not sleep. Although Warren only wrote her twice a week and sometimes only once, the most brief, unsatisfactory notes—still, she felt uncomfortable that she had not written her nightly letter.

And Mr. Travis? Was it right that she should go out with the Stevens if he was always to be with them? Was it possible that Mrs. Stevens was arranging this purposely?

Here the dining room clock struck the half-hour—half past twelve. She tried to put all disturbing thoughts out of her mind and go to sleep. She counted 100 backward, then started to count sheep going over a fence—but was more widely awake than ever. It was useless. She could not sleep until she had written to Warren.

She got out of bed, turned on the light and put down the window. Shivering in the cold, and with only a dressing gown about her, she sat down to write.

Dear Warren—It is after midnight. But I could not go to sleep without writing you. I want to tell you tonight with Mr. and Mrs. Stevens. We saw "The Only Reason" I enjoyed it, but did not think it very true.

A Mr. Travis was in the party. I think I was about to tell him before, he was with us at the Alden club dinner.

Here Helen paused. Should she say he had brought her home? And then she felt her face burn—why shouldn't she say so? What was getting into her lately that she had such curious thoughts?

He brought me home tonight. Next week they are going to see "The By-standers," and want me to go with them. They all seem to think I ought to get out more, but I'm not sure that I'll go so soon again.

Oh, dear, I do miss you so, and you say nothing about coming back. Every letter I look for some word of when you will return. Surely it will not be much longer. And write me, Warren—try to write a little often. The last two were mere notes.

You see I cannot miss even one of my nightly letters to you. Was so tired to-night that I thought I would let it go this one—but I couldn't sleep. So I got up again and am huddled up here in my dressing gown, my fingers so cold I can hardly write.

It's beginning to snow. I can hear it on the windows, and the wind is howling. You know how it sounds in this court. And somehow it makes me feel more alone and need you more than ever.

A loving good night, dear. HELEN.

Throwing about her a long coat, Helen hurried out and rang for the elevator.

"Please take this to the corner and mail it," handed the letter and a dime to the sleepy elevator boy. "I want it to be in the first mail in the morning."

She hurried back, threw off the coat, turned out the light and once more slipped into bed. And this time it was to sleep.

Bolled Down.

Flattery either makes friends or breaks them.

It isn't enough to make both ends meet. You must tie them together.

An impediment in the speech is worth two in the memory.

The world is a great big junk heap of broken promises and wasted opportunities. Love makes the world go round, but it takes something less ephemeral to push it along.

There are some things that money can't buy. Still, if we have the money we can generally manage to struggle along without them.—New York Times.

Somebody Loves a Fat Man.

"And how do you manage to escape from the cannibals?"

"Why, when they came whooping down the hill my friend ran one way and I ran the other."

"Yes."

"And they all turned and chased my friend?"

"Couldn't they have caught you just as easily?"

"Yes, but he was fatter!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Daddydillo

REMEMBER MY BOY, A JUDG' IN TIME SAVES MANY A SINK FROM AN EMBARRASSING EXPOSURE.

MR. JUMPED UP FROM THE PINOCCHLE GAME LEAVING JERRY AND JOE FLAT. HE BOLTED FOR THE DOOR, SLAMMED IT AND WHEN HE GOT A BLOCK AWAY ON GRAND STREET TURNED AND HOWLED. IF ROOSEVELT HAS HIS EYE ON THE PRESIDENCY WHAT IS THE EYE OF WILSON?

HIS, HORACE, LIST TO THE GARGLE OF YON SOUP IMBIBER.

PRIVATE DETECTIVE MEN IM TRAILING A GUY FOR THE PAST MONTH.

GET UP AT 4 CLEAN MYSELF UP RUN OVER TO HIS HOUSE TRAIL HIM AROUND TOWN - DON'T GET EATS.

STAND OUTSIDE CAFES - GAMBLING MOVIES POOL HALLS ETC. THEN WATCH OUTSIDE HIS HOUSE ALL NIGHT - JUDGE HE DON'T PULL A SNEAK ON ME.

WE WROTE TO HER.

EVEN TIME I COME TO TOWN THE BOYS KEEP A KICKIN MY DOG AROUND I DON'T CARE IF HE IS A HOUN.

THEY GOTTA STOP KICKIN MY DOG AROUND SHE ANSWERED CAN A LITTLE BLIND CHICKEN PEEP?

YEP MY RHEUMATISM IS OF LONG STANDING; I CALL IT STANDING RHEUM.

EASY WITH THE WHIP PAUL. ITS A HIRED HORSE.

YEP NOTHING TO DO TILL TONERON.

William the Third

By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY.

February 12, 1689.

With the proclamation of William and Mary 22 years ago today in the banquet room at old Whitehall begins the history of modern England.

The people of England stood face to face with one of the most alarming problems that had ever confronted them, but with great good sense they placed their destinies in the hands of the immortal William and all turned out well.

If ever there was a "divine" inspiration it was that which moved the Parliament to proclaim the great Dutchman king of England.

William of Orange will ever be remembered as one of the greatest of the sons of men, and the fruits of his reign will be visible in a most beneficial way, for ages to come. He did things, and the things that he did were the things presingly demanded by the highest and best interests not only of England, but of mankind.

The whole wonderful story of this extraordinary man is summed up in a single word—liberty. There was no fanaticism in William—his brain was too clear and cool for that sort of thing; but he was very near being an enthusiast when it came to the matter of human freedom. He hated persecution, he abominated every form of the oppression of man by man, and with the democratic principles of the revolution of 1688, he was in hearty accord. When he accepted the declaration of those principles he did so with a whole heart, and the great thing that he afterward did for England in the way of promoting and safeguarding her liberties were done conscientiously and gladly.

There is no apt to the influence of a great and good man, hence it is almost impossible to recount the benign results of William's reign, but here are some of the things that he did:

He established for all time constitutional government in England. Since William's time no British monarch has dared to trifle with the chartered rights of Englishmen. Since the time of the great proclamation, the voice of the people, speaking through their Parliament has been supreme.

He organized the Grand Alliance, by means of which he so lachrymally crippled France that the old despot who ruled it was able to do but little more damage to mankind. Had William done nothing more than to crush Louis XIV, he would have deserved eternal gratitude. But he did more than that. By so weakening France he made it possible for England later on to drive her from the North American Continent, and thus to save this fair region of the world foraxon rather than Latin civilization.

And, finally, in his revolution of 1689 he was laying the foundation for the revolution of 1776. There is hardly the difference of a hair between the declaration that made William king of England and the other declaration that made Washington president of the United States.



The Secret of Rosy Cheeks

Daughter of Lottie Collins Tells How Deep Breathing and Lung Exercises Bring Health and Beauty.

"I am strong and healthy and my back as straight as a ray rod."

"It was fresh air and lung exercise that made me what I am."

"Deep breathing insures you rosy cheeks, a round throat and big chest."

"Make deep breathing a habit if you want a pleasant speaking voice."



By JOSE COLLINS.

As a child I was sickly and quite an invalid. In fact, for many years my mother's chief sorrow was the jangling doubt that I would ever grow up at all, and nobody expected me to become as healthy a specimen as I am now even if I survived my childhood's illnesses.

I certainly am a very strong and healthy person today, with a back as straight as a ramrod (if had spinal curvature as a child), and a lung capacity which makes it necessary for my dress-makers to allow for chest expansion and deep breathing when they make my clothes.

It was fresh air and exercise which made me the strong, healthy girl I am today, and if you think I am something of a crank on the subject, you know why. You don't know what a great part

"Trust" or "Guffin" plays in getting well, in keeping strong or young. You can take all the treatment in the world and if you don't believe it is going to do you any good, be sure that it won't.

You can derive great benefit from a few minutes practice if you will only concentrate on it, and this is true of every line of work, but I think especially physical exercise and deep breathing.

To my breathing exercises and my singing lessons I owe more than my voice alone. The practice of deep breathing when it becomes a habit insures you rosy cheeks without the need of cosmetics, a round throat and full, well developed chest. The vocal lessons, aside from the pleasure they give and the profit to be derived from a good voice, develop the lungs and stimulate the circulation, they

make deep breathing a habit and help you cultivate the most excellent thing in woman—a low, pleasant speaking voice.

Here are some of the exercises which helped me and which I still go through religiously every day:

BREATHING EXERCISE.

Stand erect, preferably in flat slippers or in your stocking feet. If you wear high-heeled shoes you are apt to throw the body out of its natural poise.

Place one hand on the chest and the back of the other hand on the lower ribs and over the backbone. Close your mouth and inhale very slowly through the nose. Feel as if you were filling a big bag with air, and as if the air were heavy and went to the bottom of the bag first.

Fill this bag just as full as you can. After you have inhaled all the air you think you can hold breathe in just a lit-



The Head Waitress

By HANK.

"It's about time he had another Lincoln," remarked the head waitress as she stirred a yawn with one hand and pushed a cup of coffee across the table to the steady customer with the other.

"We couldn't have too many men like Lincoln," replied the steady customer.

"He was a great man."

"You bet he was," said the head waitress. "If I could meet one like him I'd married long ago. As it is, I've taken a solemn vow not to marry any man unless he's a second Lincoln."

"Admitting that Lincoln was a very great man," said the steady customer, "in what way does his memory appeal to you so strikingly?"

"Didn't he free the slaves?" said the head waitress, "and ain't I a slave? Cheer! Ain't we all slaves? That's why I say, give, oh give us another Lincoln."

"Why, Penelope," exclaimed the steady customer, "how peevish you are this morning."

"You bet I am," answered the head waitress, "and calling me by my first name when I told you I was Miss Grogan to you and any other customer, ain't you to help my temper any. Just because I condescended to swap a little chin music with you in the mornings don't give you the right to presume on our butter-and-egg-and-coffee acquaintances."

"I apologize," said the steady customer, "but Pen-I mean Miss Grogan—why do you consider yourself a slave? Aren't you lassy here?"

"Happy here?" almost screamed the Head Waitress. "Happy working nine hours a day for \$3 a week? It's slavery, I tell you. We women always will be slaves, anyway. A married woman's a slave, and when we ain't married, we tip ourselves up to a job like the one I've got and slave at that. We are slaves to fashion, slaves to society, slaves to dress, slaves to gossip, slaves to everything. We women need a Lincoln, need him bad."

"Did you say one Lincoln?" asked the Steady Customer, but the Head Waitress was too breathless to reply. "Why, a million Lincolns couldn't give you freedom. You don't want it. You're peevish over your job because that good looking manager was transferred from this joint to go uptown where the head waitress is a blonde. Last week you was as happy as a lark and was singing and tripping around the place like a marionette. And as for being slaves to fashion, how would anybody ever free you—of that? If some new Lincoln came along and freed it so nobody had to wear any clothes any more, you women would get up a style in pleasant smiles. And did I hear you also remark that married women were slaves?"

"Ye-o-s," the Head Waitress admitted. "You don't know my wife, do you?" asked the Steady Customer.

"No," was the response.

"I thought not," replied the Steady Customer.

(This is the last of the articles by Miss Collins.)