



# The Bee's Home Magazine Page



## SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT

## Nothing Like That in Rummy's Court

By Tad



## Her Washington's Birthday

By DOROTHY DIX.

"No," said the woman in sage green. "I am not going to celebrate Washington's birthday this year. I did so last year, and I made every one of my best friends mad, and I've been eating humble pie—Booker Washington pie, so to speak—ever since. It was like this. You know I belong to the Colonial Dames and the Daughters of the American Revolution, and I'm strong for hero worship, and long on patriotism, and so I decided that I would have a nice little celebration of my own of the birthday of the father of our country. And it was to be a celebration not only in outward form, but one that would preserve the spirit of the lamented G. W. and help us to emulate his virtues.

"Therefore I invited about a dozen of my sister D. A. R. to luncheon, and I was very particular. If I do say it myself, with more marasmic cherries than G. W. ever saw, and cooked hats for favors, and the fees in the shape of Continental debits, and so on. But the main feature of the occasion was my speech and its after effects.

"I fixed up one that I thought would drive Chauncey Depew green with envy, and after I had plucked a few tall feathers from the eagle, and metaphorically waved the Stars and Stripes until my arm ached, I impressed it upon my guests that the value of such an occasion as the present was the lesson it left upon our minds and the noble ideals it raised up before us.

"It is true, my sisters," I said, "that we cannot go out and fight for our country as did Washington, being as how we are prevented by our sex, and the present fashions, and there is being any war anywhere anybody to fight, but we can all follow the great example in truth telling set us by the father of our country, and I propose that on this day, Washington's birthday, we let no untruth pass our lips.

"This struck us all as a perfectly grand idea, and there was a chorus of 'splendid,' 'fine,' 'lovely.' Such a 'Futuristic Tribute.' We'll do just as Washington would if he were here." There was only one dissenting voice—that of Lucia Morris. Lucia is one of those women with perfectly terrifying common sense, and she said that she didn't believe it would work, and for her part that she didn't care for the truth, anyway, but much preferred agreeable fiction. But we all howled her down and agreed that we would speak out just exactly what we thought.

"Well, you know you never can tell afterward how such things happen—but the first person to open up the conversation on the strict veracity platform was Mary Thompson, who turned to Sally Harrison, who happened to be sitting next to her, and said:

"How do you like my new dress? It's a Paris model that I got from a little shop on Fifth avenue where they have the 'most exclusive things.' I could see Sally Harrison take a long breath as if she were about to plunge into icy water, then she asked: 'Is it up to me to do the George Washington act?' And we said 'yes,' and then she blurted out just what we all thought.

"Since I must tell you the truth," she said, "I think you are telling a fib that you can't put across. Every mother's daughter out to know that dress was never nearer to Fifth avenue, to say nothing of Paris, than a Brooklyn department store. Also, it is ten years too young for you, and it turns a searchlight on all of your fat, and, altogether, looks as if your worst enemy had selected it for you."

"Mary turned perfectly white, and there was a silence in which, if anybody had



dropped a pin, it would have made a noise like a dynamite explosion, and to save the situation, Lulu Brown suddenly asked Maude Montgomery if she'd read her new story in one of this month's magazines.

"Yes," said Maude, and then she made a very face and went on, "and since I am pleased to tell the truth, I must say that I never read more utter puff, and what on earth makes you think that you can write, bests me."

"Another silence more deadly than the first, and then Hattie Wilkins remarked in a soothing tone of voice:

"Marion spent the evening with us last evening and we had such a delightful time."

"Speak for yourself," said Marion, "if my middle name is to be Truthful Jane, I must say that I was never more bored in my life, and there were times when that miserable little brat of yours was reciting and singing when I wish that I was Harold, and could do a real service to humanity by killing off all of the Infant Phenomenons that fool parents torture innocent and inoffensive guests with."

"Another silence fell with a dull, cold thud. Then Fanny Smithers broke it with a nervous giggle, and by remarking: "Well, that was about all. After that it was anybody's fight, and my guests buried great solid slices of truth at each other without a thought of the damage they would do. Also

## Daddydils

"I AM AN OLD MAN AND HAVE HAD MANY TROUBLES BUT MOST OF THEM NEVER HAPPENED"

THE OLD MISTER KICKED OFF — HE HAD MILLIONS IN THE BANK — RELATIVES IN THE HUNDREDS IN THE VILLAGE — BUT THERE WAS NO WILL TO BE FOUND PRIVATE DETECTIVES HAD SEARCHED THE OLD JIMMY ALL DAY FOR A WILL BUT IT PROVED TO BE TIME WASTED. FINALLY SUPPLY JAM PULLED A LOOSE BRICK FROM THE CHIMNEY. THERE WAS A PIECE OF PAPER — AN — RA — HE PULLED IT OUT. IT SAID — IF TR. HAS HIS EYE ON THE PRESIDENTIAL CHAIR WHAT IS THE EYE OF WILSON?

HASTILY ACHMET THE BASTINADO.

WOOPS MY DEAR — THERE'S A RING AROUND THE MOON.

HEV!! WHAT DO YOU THINK THIS JOINT IS? — A JOINT!!!

YEP — NOTHING TO TILL TOMORROW

ARE YOU'RE A HAPPY GUY

INDIVIDUAL ACCOUNTS — THEN I AM JEWEL THE PHONE — TELEPHONE ACCOUNTS ONE — STOCK QUOTATIONS LOOK UP TOP PAYMENTS THEN I LOOK UP OVERDRAFTS AND SEND OUT NOTICES AFTER THAT I BEAT IT

THEN I FOOT UP ALL DEBITS AND CREDITS AND PROVE THEM — THEN I SORT THE EXCHANGES FOR THE DIFFERENT BOOK KEEPERS. THEN I SET MINE UP AND POST — THEN I CREDIT THE REPORT TICKETS TO

HA — HA — IN A BOOK KEEPER NOW — GET DOWN AT F. CARRY OUT 48 PAGES OF BALANCES IN THE LEDGER — THEN I CALL OFF ALL ALGTS THAT HAD TRANSACTIONS THE DAY BEFORE

## The Battle of Zama

By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY.

February 22, B. C. 202.

The battle of Zama, one of the most memorable conflicts in all the annals of war, was fought 214 years ago in the valley of the Bogradus, near what is now Kof, in the African province of Tunis.

The Romans were commanded by the illustrious Scipio Africanus, while the Carthaginians were led by the great Hannibal, who had just been recalled from Italy, where with next to no assistance from the Carthaginian government he had by his mighty genius alone maintained himself for seventeen years, during which long period he had killed 300,000 Romans, defeated them in many pitched battles, and more than once brought them to the very brink of national extinction.

But the Romans were a virile breed, as courageous as they were tough, and the way they "came back" at Hannibal has no duplicate in history. With a heroism that was literally born of despair, the Romans held grimly on after the great disaster of Cannae—216 B. C.—worried the invaders with their Fabian policy, grew steadily stronger as the enemy grew weaker, and when, in the spring of 202

B. C., Hannibal was recalled, they followed him over the great blue sea to Africa and Zama.

At the renowned battle of Zama the opposing forces were pretty nearly equal, Scipio having about 20,000 and Hannibal 37,000 and 100 elephants. The struggle was long and bitter, with victory trembling in the balance for hours, now inclining one way and now another, until finally the legions prevailed.

The Carthaginian army was annihilated. Cannae was at last vindicated; and the mighty man who had devastated the Roman lands from the Hellespont to the Pillars of Hercules, and whose prowess had come very near wiping out the Eternal City itself, was a fugitive without an army and without a country.

The greatest military genius that the race was ever to produce had fought his last battle. The courage of the Romans, backed by their iron muscles and indomitable will power, had at last beaten Hannibal to a finish, and it was already decreed that old Cato's idea was to be carried out and that "Carthage should be destroyed." The destruction came a few years later, when the great city of 700,000 inhabitants was literally wiped off the map—its inhabitants scattered, its houses and palaces and fortifications burst, and its very site gone over with the plow and sprinkled with salt.

Thus ended the mighty duel between Rome and Carthage, which had lasted 105 years.



## The Manicure Lady

"This is an anniversary," said the Manicure Lady, "Ain't you heard about it, George?"

"I ain't heard much about it," said the Head Barber, guardedly. "Who got killed?"

The Manicure Lady regarded the Head Barber with the look a butler might give a tramp.

"You poor simp!" she exclaimed finally. "Ain't you aware that this is the anniversary of the birth of the father of our country, George Washington?"

"Where was he born?" asked the Head Barber.

"Why in this country," replied the Manicure Lady.

"If he was born in this country, how could he be the father of this country?" the Head Barber wanted know. "And then they say he never told a lie."

"It ain't much use explaining to you, George, on account that you come from a family that has never went past the second reader, but I will do the best I can to wise you up about the man for which we are keeping this anniversary for."

"In the old days, George," said the Manicure Lady, becoming serious, "there was a young man born on the banks of the Potomac which winds alongside the silver Rio Grande through the fields of Virginia and Mexico. This young man was named George Washington. He was a civil boy and when he grew up he got so civil that he was a civil engineer. He went out afterward to fight some Indians with a English general named Haddock or Polock, or some name like that, and he told the English general to leave the red coat at home, and wear khaki, nice and brown, so it would look like the dead leaves on the ground, so

when the Indians began to shoot he could lie down and never be seen. I think that Mister Washington was giving good advice, too, because when Mister Roosevelt went to war long years after, he wore the same kind of a uniform, brown khaki, and he never got no bullets through him.

"And, oh, George, that terrible Valley Forge where the shot and shell were screaming and where they shovled all our gallant soldiers into the Black Hole of Calcutta, or wherever that freezing place was. The poor soldiers had to walk around down in that place and freeze their feet, and Mister Washington was right among them all the time, because he couldn't get out of the Hole, and he knew it. But he was sublime in his courage, and when the cruel winter was over they crawled out of the Hole and licked the fox which had invaded their peaceful western lands."

"Say, kid," exclaimed the Head Barber, "what in the world are you talking about?"

"I am talking about the Father of his Country," said the Manicure Lady. "Brother Wilfred was saying to me that he thought Mister Washington was the greatest figure in history. Wilfred has wrote a poem and sent it to a magazine. The only trouble about the poem, Wilfred says, is that it won't be published and paid for until another year has passed. It is like this, George: "Washington, thou wonderful fighter, Thou who never told a lie, Any man who would defy Men like you would be a blighter, Grand Columbia's sweetest son—Washington."

"I'm a good deal like Washington," said the Head Barber. "I never told a lie, and I think Wilfred ought to buy a nice piece of farm land and settle down."

## What to Wear and How to Wear It -:- Artistic Drapery

By MARY MANNERING.

Women who want to dress well can be divided into two classes. Those who follow the fashions with religious zeal and those who believe in artistic individuality.

All the rest may be said to protect themselves against the inclemency of the weather with clothing—they don't dress.

While one reads a great deal, and hears even more about the woman who studies fashions and follows them, no matter into what follies they lead, I really think the wisest clothing is the outcome of artistic individuality—run wild.

Once upon a time a woman with the artistic soul set out to plant a patch of lawn with grass seed. She felt that mere grass was not decorative enough or expressive of her feelings, and instead of the grass seed she sowed sunflower seed. By midsummer her lawn presented one enormous jungle of huge sunflowers, and her garden was the laughing stock of the entire neighborhood.

In the trailing artistic garments she affected she roamed around her junkie. It was quite impossible to get through it except moaning over the lost grass.

"I don't know why it's not a success," she would say, gazing at one of those great yellow flowers which, blowing away by the hundreds in the hot sun, made her garden look about as inviting as an oven. "Certainly sunflowers are more beautiful than grass."

That is the attitude of the untrained artistic temperament when it is allowed to select its clothes and wear them. It cannot see the beauty of the utilitarian grass, and wants sunflowers at all times on everything. At least she thinks it does.

One of these sunflower effects, if I may use the word, is the ostrich plume. Nothing is lovelier on a hat than one of these beautiful willow plumes worn at the right time and the right place, but when I see a large white plume trailing over a heaver or velvet hat, appearing early in the morning in conjunction with a simple and well worn walking suit, I am reminded of the sunflowers again. A peon grass" hat would look better.

I saw a dress the other day worn by a little girl in the chorus who makes all her own clothes. It was a frock of brown serge, simply made, according to the most conventional fashions of the day, the regular "stock" fashions. I believe they are called, which can be found in all paper patterns. This little frock was relieved by collars and cuffs of a pretty chintz with a tiny lace edge.

The chintz and lace cost 15 cents, but the colors were so pretty that it attracted the eye at once and gave the entire dress a unique and distinctive appearance.

This same young girl makes all her own hats, and while they are usually artistic, they are always appropriate and consequently she is a girl who dresses well.

Artistic drapery, and we are having



MISS MANNERING ILLUSTRATING THE BEAUTIFUL EFFECT OF ARTISTIC DRAPERY.

plenty of it these days, is difficult to come taste.

Most women look better with the scarf draped loosely over the hair, but when it is better to leave draped effects alone.

Even draping the scarf so much over the head and pinned it again.

Few women are beautiful enough to be able to be unadorned, and most artistic dressing is unadorned. For that reason, unless you can criticize yourself with as little sympathy as you do strangers, beware of artistic "sunflower" effects and stick to "grass."

## Tragedies of Common Life

We do not need to turn to fiction or the drama for tragedy and romance. They are abundant on every side and are epitomized in the daily papers. Hamlet walks our streets. Almost every week the coroner views the body of Desdemona, and Othello is held to await the action of the grand jury.

Love, jealousy, the bitterness of unrequited affection, the hatred of the rival, and the despair bred by perfidy, occur to day as they occurred "When Knighthood was in Flower," and they are as likely to happen to the woman who sews for her living and the man who earns a meager wage passed out to him on Saturday in a little brown envelope as they were to the heir of chivalry and the silk-clad maid in her father's moated grange or his battlemented castle. Any front door you pass is as likely to shut in a romance as the portcullis that you read of with wondering awe. The young man who sells you a pair of shoes may pick up his mandolin in the evening and be as good a troubadour as any you can come across in a medieval volume printed in black letter.

He worked in a machine shop, and she in a hosiery mill. She sent his presents back to him and life was no longer worth

living, and he left it with the aid of carbolic acid. He was a private soldier in the United States army, and his wife received a letter from another soldier, so he shot her and then shot himself. What more could the Duke of Burgundy do if he found in the possession of the duchess a letter from the Earl of Crevecoeur? The passage of centuries and differences in social station affect the clothes that we wear and our company manners; they make very little difference beyond that. Wherever a man and a woman are brought together the materials for tragedy are at hand; the introduction of another man or another woman may complicate the plot a little, but it is not essential to the flame of passion, rising into the light of romance, illuminating the world with love or dying down into the dull red embers of hatred or crime or ending in the ascent of despair.—Philadelphia Record.

Keeping People Guessing.

"I am not a candidate."

"But, colonel," I protested, "I don't give a rap whether you are a candidate or not; I want to know whether you will be one."

"Great Scott!" he retorted, with evident displeasure. "Haven't I told you plainly that I am not a candidate?"

Well Haunted.

Alexander Richard Henry Rouben Peter Stephan James Craig Hootslet Lyter of Clarksville, Mo., celebrated his eightieth birthday yesterday with a public reception. Mr. Lyter carries his age and elongated name easily. With the latter there is an interesting story connected.

Mr. Lyter was born in Bourbon county, Kentucky, and his father had nine brothers, each of whom wanted Ruby Lyter named for him. So persistent was such uncle in his demand that the matter threatened serious family complications, and young Lyter's parents decided to compromise by naming their boy for all his uncles. They cut lots for the order in which the names were to come.

Mr. Lyter only uses the name Alexander in every-day business transactions, but to legal documents he affixes his nine given names, which in all cases take the space provided for that purpose and an added line below.