

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT

Judge Rumhauser Helps Out a Fellow Judge

By Tad



Married Life the Third Year

In Which Helen's Efforts to Economize Turn Out Most Disastrously.

By MABEL HERBERT URNER.

"Five dollars?" asked Helen in dismay. "Will it be that much? With this drop skirt and all the lace on the waist?" The woman took the dress from the box in which Helen had brought it and shook it out on the counter. "Why, we never clean any dress with a drop less than \$5."



Helen hesitated. "I'm afraid that's more than I care to pay." "Flushing slightly, "I didn't think it would be over three."

"You couldn't get it cleaned any where for three," sniffed the woman, haughtily, putting the dress back in the box. "Why, we get it for a plain white slip like that," pointing to a white mull dress in the case.

Meekly Helen took the box and hurried home. This was the second cleaner's she had been to, and they both wanted \$5. She felt it would be useless to try to get it cleaned at any good place for less and she was afraid to risk the cheaper ones.

In her own room she took out the dress and spread it on the bed. What could she do with it? It was her best afternoon gown—a pastel blue crepe meter. She needed it desperately. But it was too soiled to wear it as it was—and she couldn't pay \$5 to have it cleaned. Since the humiliating letter from Warren about the expense, Helen had grimly resolved to spend not a cent on herself personally.

Money for the house and Winifred—she must take from him. But money for herself—she would do without until she herself could earn it. She had written Warren that she had resolved to be independent of him as far as her personal expenses were concerned, and this resolve she intended to keep.

But first of all she must get her clothes in shape. Whatever new adventure any woman contemplates, her first thought is always to first put her clothes in order. And so Helen was now going over her limited wardrobe. She had had so little in the last year, and yet she thought bitterly, Warren had accused her of extravagance.

"This little blue afternoon gown she had wanted to have cleaned for some time, but had put it off, hoping to have it done some week when the expenses were less than usual.

Hurriedly she poured out half of the bottle and went over one whole breadth of the skirt, hoping that by going over a large surface and rubbing it dry the rings would be cleared away. But wherever she sponged with the fluid it left the same mottled, streaked appearance. She used the other half of the bottle trying to improve it, but only made it worse.

Almost in tears, she shook the dress out over a chair. Had she ruined it? Oh, if she only hadn't touched it. At least she could have worn it at night—even if it was soiled. But now, with one whole breadth streaked and mottled, she could never wear it.

"I told you, ma'am, I didn't take no stock in them cleaning fluids," said Della. "They ain't none of them no good." And then, seeing Helen was almost in tears, she added consolingly: "But I guess you can take them streaks out if you dip the whole thing in gasoline—it's much better than all them cleaning fluids, and cheaper, too."

"Oh, can it?" asked Helen eagerly. "Why didn't I think of gasoline? But where can we get it—enough to dip the whole dress in?"

"Paint store. I'll take two of them gallon water bottles and get 'em full." "Half an hour later Della returned with the big bottles of gasoline weighing down the basket on her arm.

"My, that's heavy," she grumbled. "And I had to go three places 'fore they'd sell it to me."

Helen, to hasten into the bathroom, where there would be no danger of fire. Emptying one of the bottles into a large dishpan, she dipped the whole dress in. The odor was sickening. Not wanting it to get through the house, she kept the bathroom door closed.

In a few minutes the dress had soaked up the whole pailful, and she had to pour in the other bottle. Most of this, too, was quickly soaked up, and the rest was almost black. She tried to rinse it up and down, but there was not enough gasoline left for that. The fumes were more and more sickening. She was growing faint and dizzy, as though she was being chloroformed. And her hands were red and smarting.

Daffydils

IT WAS ONE LEVIN'S TURN TO RECITE HE SAID HE'D PULL THAT FAMOUS POEM THEY GOTTA STOP KICKIN' MY DAWG AROUND. THEN HE OFF HE JAW'D EACH TIME I MAKE IT A WALK IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD. THE GONNEFFS THEY SMALL SMASH IT INTO THE FEET MY DOG I SHOULD WORRY IF HE'S NOT A SMART BUSINESS DOG. THE SOMEFFS MUST MAKE IT A STOP SMASHIN' MY DOG NIT THE FEET OF ILL-BENIT THE PULVIT. WHISTLE—JUST THEN SUNDAY FRIEDMANER YELLED. IF CHINA IS A REPUBLIC IS 'VACCI NATION? EASY WITH THE WHIP MOE ITS A HIRED HORSE

"BEHOLD SIR," SHE CRIED AND GRACEFULLY KICKING ASIDE HER TRAIN WAS ABOUT TO SWEET FROM THE ROOM. SANDY JIM REACHED FOR HIS SILK KELLY. HIS EYES FLASHING BENEATH HIS BLACK BROWS HE THUNDERED, IN A DEEP BARITONE VOICE IF DR MARY WALKER IS A WOMAN IS ANNETTE KELLER-MAN?

CARELESSLY FLUNG A BAG OF GOLD TO THE SERVITOR, HE VAULTED UPON HIS STEED AND GALL OPED AWAY INTO THE NIGHT.

IT WAS AT THE POLICEMAN'S BALL AND LIEUT. McGILLICUDDY WAS THRODING THE MAZES OF THE WALTZ WITH FAIR SOPHIE SCHMOTT BOGGER. ALL AT ONCE HE LEANED OVER AND WHISPERING INTO "SOPHIE'S SHELL LIKE LISTENER ASKED. IF THE GRIZZLY BEAR CAN DANCE THE BUNNY HUG CAN THE TURKEY TROT? ON WITH THE DANCE LET JOY BE UNREFINED!!!!

HA HA I'M A BOOB BETTER NOW, I GET UP AT NINE RUSH TO THE OFFICE SELL A RUN SOME MINING STOCK, DISPOSE OF SOME FLORIDA SWAMP LAND STALL OFF 20 KICKERS. OPEN THE MAIL TAKE OUT THE CHECKS, TAKE A BOOB OUT FOR RENT, TALK MILLIONS TO SO CRAZY INVESTORS, SPRING SOME DAFFIES TO GET 'EM IN GOOD HUMOR—KID THE STEVEDOR, GIVE ORDERS TO THE JANITOR.

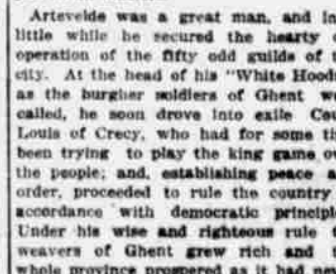
CALL UP IMAGINARY ROCKEFELLERS, LAUGH AT THE BOSS' PINK CHECKS, SMOKE THEIR STORIES, THEN LISTEN TO THE JURY OF THEIR EARLY STRUGGLES AT 44 AM. IM THROUGH.

GEE YOU'RE A HAPPY GUY. YEP NOBODY TO DO TILL TOMORROW.

The Brewer of Ghent

By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY.

February 23, 1337. Through the streets of Ghent, 55 years ago today, crowds of burghers were marching from house to house, calling for their comrades, and saying unto them: "Come with us and let us hear the wise man's counsel."



Presently they lined up before the great carved entranceway to a stately home and made it known that they would like to talk with the master of the house. In a few minutes the great oaken door opened and there stood before them the stalwart form of James Artevelde, the "Brewer of Ghent."

Artevelde was a great man, and in a little while he secured the hearty cooperation of the fifty odd guilds of the city. At the head of his "White Hoods," as the burgher soldiers of Ghent were called, he soon drove into exile Count Louis of Crey, who had for some time been trying to play the king game over the people, and, establishing peace and order, proceeded to rule the country in accordance with democratic principles. Under his wise and righteous rule the weavers of Ghent grew rich and the whole province prospered as it had never prospered before.

Secrets of a Famous Chef

By EMILE BAILLY.

In Germany there is a proverb to the effect that no girl should marry until she knows how to cut bread properly—not that cutting bread into thin, perfect slices is a high art, but it does require practice, and if a young woman can do it properly it shows at once that she has had some experience and is at home in the kitchen.

Here they learn the combination of food and vegetables, salads and desserts, which later on make their dinners such gastronomic successes. It is largely because the French hostess and her chef or cook understand each other and because the lady of the house discusses and advises with her cook that the French cuisine in private houses still



Cooking Advice to Girls and Hints on Preparing Chicken and Fish.

NO GIRL SHOULD MARRY UNTIL SHE KNOWS HOW TO CUT BREAD PROPERLY.

and flour in a saucepan and stir constantly for five minutes. Then gradually pour in the milk, stirring briskly with a whisk. Add salt, whole black pepper, about twelve, and a little mushroom liquor or other flavoring, if at hand; also a bouquet composed of six parsley stalks, stalk of pure celery, one bay leaf and sprig of thyme, one clove, and tie together and put in the sauce. Let it cook well for fifteen minutes. Then strain carefully.

Threatened by the continental attempt to crush his democratic burghers, he tried to persuade his countrymen to accept the Black Prince as their titular sovereign, thus securing the mighty support of England. The proposition angered the burghers, especially those of the city of Ghent, and it was all over with Artevelde.



FILET OF KINGFISH OR BASS CA-MOISE—FOR FOUR PEOPLE. Take two kingfish or bass, each piece about one pound. Take off the fillet, salt and pepper them and cover them with flour. Then cook in butter. Have ready four pieces of eggplant cut lengthwise, salt and pepper them, pass them through flour and fry them in oil.

It was the last of Flanders as well as of Artevelde, for from that day to this the country has had only now and then a crumb of the sweet morsel of democratic freedom. Artevelde put off the way, there came the counts, and then Charles V and then Philip II, and the long filed of woes that no Flanders man can ever forget.

Put the yolks of three eggs in a deep dish, add a little salt, stir well and add slowly six souppoons of heavy cream. Now place the crusts in this mixture and let them soak for a few moments. Remove the crusts, dip them quickly in bread crumbs and place them in a pan with clarified butter. Fry to a nice brown color. Place a napkin in a dish, arrange the crusts on it. Put the broiled breast of chicken on the crusts and spread a little drawn butter mixed with bread crumbs over it; garnish the dish with parsley.

Today there are more than 50 houses in the metropolis alone devoted wholly or principally to moving pictures. In the entire country there are many thousands of gaudy little theaters, marvelous with files, gliding, marble, costly mirrors and ingenious trick electric signs.

With the enormous growth of the moving picture business there has come into existence a class of adventurers who attempt daily risk life and limb to obtain realistic effects for moving picture companies. One of the most daring of these is B. B. Dobbs, who recently fitted up a small schooner at Seattle and left for Alaska in order to portray in moving pictures the birth or death of a new island. It appears that the Bogusoff group in the last year or so have been arising from and subsiding into the Berlin sea. A moving picture syndicate has offered Dobbs \$250,000 if he gets the film—Technical World Magazine.

MANY RISKS TAKEN TO MAKE PICTURE FILMS. If figures mean anything the moving picture show is the most popular of all our national amusements, not excepting base ball, which undoubtedly thoroughly deserves its title as the national sport of America. But the calico comedy and drama daily entertain more persons than any other form of public diversion ever devised. Already this infant industry has \$25,000,000 invested in it, although only eight years have elapsed since a second rate theater gave the first film exhibition in New York.