

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT :: His Honor Makes a Bet With the Defendant :: Drawn for The Bee by Tad



### You Should Not Be Angry if Told that Your Head is a Vacuum

**By GARRETT P. SERVISS.**

If you should tell a man that his head was a vacuum he would probably knock you down, or wish he could, yet you might be paying him a very great compliment, for there is nothing so receptive as a vacuum. The real beauty of the vacuum is in its emptiness, for it is in its emptiness that it can be filled. It is in its emptiness that it can be made to receive anything. It is in its emptiness that it can be made to hold anything. It is in its emptiness that it can be made to do anything.



can be said about it is that it is in continual motion. It strikes about on all sides and makes everything it touches phosphorescent. It causes a diamond to glow with a green light, and gives a living blush to a ruby.

## Daffydils

YOU CANT JUDGE A CHICKEN BY THE PARSLEY ROUND THE DISH

**IT WAS AN OUT OF TOWN CALL FOR JOHN FINBERG AND BELIEVE ME JOHN WAS IN AN EXCITEMENT. IT MIGHT BE A BIG ORDER. IT MIGHT BE FROM SOME PROMINENT MAN—BET THAT AS IT MAY MR. FINBERG SWELLED WITH PRIDE AS HE RUSHED TOWARDS THE WIRE HELLO, HELLO, HE YELLED THIS IS FINBERG, WHATS IT IS. A DEEP VOICE SAID WHEM, FINBERG WHY IS IT THAT A WOMAN HOLLERS WHEN SHE SLIPS ON A BANANA SKIN AND SMILES WHEN SHE SLIPS ON A JELLY SKIN?**

**BOOM, BOOM ITS THE BATTLESHIP ANTI PASTI BOYS ARE JAWED.**

**HELLO KELLW**

**OH HELLO—JAY I GOTTA JEWEL JOB NOW I WANT YOU CALL ME WHEN IN A BIG CAFE DOWNTOWN**

**IM SLEEP IN THE BASEMENT SO THAT IN CASE ANYTHING BOES WRONG IN THE NIGHT IM ON THE JOB I GET UP AT 6 P.M. UP THE PURCHASE, REGULATE THE HEAT**

**WITH THE BEER PUMPS REPAIRS THE RADIATORS THEN AT NOON I DISH OUT THE COFFEE AT THE URN THEN I STOLE AWAY THE COAL, OIL UP THE MACHINERY AND AT 2 AM IM THROUGH**

**GEE YOURE A LUCKY GUY**

**YEP NOTHIN TO DO TILL TOMORROW**

**CURRENTS LADY? NO? GOODAP NAPOLEON**

**DONT HIT HIM WITH THAT. THERES NAILS IN IT.**

### Sympathy—A Test of Character

**By VIRGINIA TERRHUNE VAN DE WATER.**

"I'm lots more sorry for people in trouble than I am for people in good luck!" declared a blunt man.

"The people in good luck don't need sympathy so much," remarked his friend. "Probably that is why you don't rejoice with them so thoroughly."

"No," was the honest reply. "It's because I always, away down in my heart, contrast the unfortunate chap's condition with mine, and that prevents my joy for him being as wholesale and big as would be my pity for him were he in trouble. I suppose, after all, it is because instinctively one draws comparisons between one's own luck and that of the other fellow."

The remark was painfully true with regard to human nature in general. "I never know," said one woman, "how much good there was in human nature until I was in trouble."

"And I," said another, "never appreciated how much mean and petty envy there was in human nature until I had a stroke of good luck."

The last speaker had had more than her share of hard times, financial straits and wearing disappointments, and through them all her friends had been glad to help her when they could. But now she was smarting under the first appreciation of the fact that there are some people who find it easier to mourn with those who mourn than to rejoice with those who rejoice. The friends who had felt a pleasure, a glow of self-righteous content in helping her over her difficulties and in playing Lady Bountiful to her in her necessities, found it not all together pleasant to see her fortunes soaring above their own.

"Don't let your head be turned by your success," a friend warned one who, after a quarter-century of patient, unrecompensed labor was beginning to come into his own.

"There is no danger," was the grave reply. "There are always some people standing ready with lumps of mud to hit that same head if it rises too high above the stagnant sea of the commonplace."

This is not all pessimism or cynicism. In the nature of the average person there is for misfortune a pity that is almost divine, and sorrow and suffering draw it forth. It speaks well for the men and women that the trouble of our neighbors actually mars our own happiness, coming between us and our pleasant occupations, giving us a genuine heart ache when we remember the friend who sits in the shadow while we revel in the sunlight. And yet, when we look at the other side of the picture, we cannot deny that there are persons who do not sympathize as generously with those who are sad. The very joy and light heartedness of the care-free sometimes brings into sharper relief our less fortunate estate; their freedom from heavy burdens reminds us of the weight of those we must bear. It takes a nature of unusual generosity and nobility to be glad for the friend who is passing one on one's upward climb. Somehow, we say it is not fair. Have we not worked, have we not toiled, have we not fought?

Yes, and so has the other person. We may never have seen the struggle, but it was there. Nobody in the world gets anything that is worth while for nothing; one must always pay some price for one's success. We need not fear that the successful woman will not get "all that is

## Lillian Lorraine's Beauty Secrets for the Girls

Why the Care of the Teeth is Essential to Good Health



chalk and cold running water. Cold water is a fine tonic for the gums. Try to use running water from the faucet, not water in a glass, in order that it may constantly be fresh and the toothbrush thoroughly rinsed in it.

Dental floss should be kept on hand to remove any obstinate bit of food from between the teeth, for such particles as these when they decay makes visits to the dentist's necessary.

Twice a year the dentist should look over the teeth and clean them properly. It does not take long and is not expensive.

A great many people close their eyes almost completely when they smile, making many little lines at the corners of the eyes. Of course, these lines will create wrinkles in time, and though they are pleasant, laughing wrinkles I have never heard of anyone yet who was anxious to have them as keepsakes of former days. But you can smile with your lips as much as you like and the lines won't matter. Only don't squint your eyes.

I read in a perfectly serious book on beauty once that you should smile "once a day to tone up the facial muscles." Don't you think that's funny? Imagine going through life on that plan? We would all look as serious as owls, and I suppose we would all have to retire to the seclusion of our own apartments to do that great once-a-day smiling act. Not for me.

Smile as much and as often as you can, in my motto-smile when you are gay and smile when you wish you were gay, but aren't. A smile is infectious.

**LILLIAN LORRAINE'S INFECTIOUS SMILE.**

**By LILLIAN LORRAINE.**

are bound to fall out.

A child's teeth only get the right amount of attention when a screaming youngster announces that his teeth actually hurt him, and the family stoops down upon the dentist.

First teeth should not be allowed to fall out or to be pulled out without the advice of a dentist, because on these first teeth depend the beauty of the second teeth, their shape and regularity.

A first tooth which is allowed to decay often starts the decay of the second tooth beneath it, and ruins the beauty of the mouth forever.

Nomadays dentistry has become such a wonderful art that almost anything is possible to a skillful dentist. I have seen the teeth of one person planted into the mouth of another, and the most wonderful fillings of porcelain the same shade as the tooth, with a bit of pink porcelain gum gourd to hide the joining. Still nothing can replace Nature at her best, and the girl whose teeth are good should be daily thankful and never stop the work of caring for them.

Teeth must be kept absolutely clean. To do that they should be brushed after each meal and night and morning. Most people won't do that, though it is the best thing for the teeth. However, they must be brushed twice a day anyhow—night and morning.

When you brush your teeth brush up and down, not straight across, and be sure to brush on the inner side of the teeth as well as the outer.

There are many kinds of tooth washes, pastes and powders and a great many are good. One of the best things to brush the teeth with is plain precipitated

chalk and cold running water. Cold water is a fine tonic for the gums. Try to use running water from the faucet, not water in a glass, in order that it may constantly be fresh and the toothbrush thoroughly rinsed in it.

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### BACHELOR REFLECTIONS

The hardest thing is to convince noise that it isn't knowledge.

When a man isn't bragging up his business-ability himself, his wife is doing it for him.

Two times two make forty when they're drunk, and forty plus two make twenty-six when they're years.

### Seward's Predicament—An Incident of the Civil War

**By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY, March 12, 1861.**

The secretary was in an alarming fix and it is not to be wondered at that the situation came near prostrating him.

Some very interesting ruminations are possible in this connection. Suppose Mr. Seward replied to the commissioners, refusing to see them or to enter into any sort of negotiation with them.

It will be seen at a glance that the communication from the commissioners put Seward in what might well be called a predicament. The situation was this: If he entered into negotiations with the commissioners he would thereby admit that the confederate states had established an independent government, de facto and de jure, with all the consequences that would flow from such fact. If, on the other hand, he ignored the commissioners the result was war. Verily

Fifty-one years ago today—March 12, 1861—the confederate commissioners—Furlyth, Roman and Crawford—arrived at Washington from Montgomery, and wrote to Secretary Seward, informing him that they had come as representatives of the confederate authorities, and were charged with negotiating a peace between the confederacy and the United States. Twenty-six days later, April 4, four days before the firing on Sumter, Mr. Seward replied to the commissioners, refusing to see them or to enter into any sort of negotiation with them.

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**HE WAS SHOWN—DOWN IN MISSOURI**

"An Englishman who recently arrived in this country went out into Marion county to visit some of the Lord Scully lands, and while wandering about ran onto a small white skunk," says Tom O'Neal. "Afterwards, on making inquiry as to what kind of animal it was and the name of it, he was told that it was a polecat. After he had changed his clothes he sat down and wrote to his family back in England as follows:

"I have been out looking over the country today, and in traveling about I met with an American cat, a beautiful little creature, but I think it had the most offensive breath, don't you know, of any animal I ever saw in my life."—Kansas City Journal.

Seward had seen the commissioners, what results would have followed?

Would a peace have been arranged? and if so, upon what terms? Would the seceded states have returned to the union, upon the understanding that slavery was not to be disturbed or would it have been possible to have arranged peace upon the basis of two countries and two governments?

Evidently Seward looked upon the latter alternative as the only one that was possible, and against that sort of peace set his face like flint. The secretary knew that the commissioners were there in Washington, not as beggars or supplicants, but as the duly accredited representatives and independent states, and that, while they were for peace with their fellow-citizens, they were not prepared to accept any kind of peace other than that which was in keeping with their constitutional rights.

In other words, Seward knew that it was Southern independence or war and, of course, ignoring the confederate commissioners he permitted them to return to their government unhindered, and he turned their backs on Washington. The shot was fired which opened the blood test ball in which the death-struggle was danced on this old earth of ours.

**Queer.**

"Buffy is a queer fellow."

"How so?"

"Why, he's always declared that he'd rather jump in the lake than make an after-dinner speech."

"Yes."

"Well, at a big dinner the other night he had a speech that he practiced four days without intermission, and then when so nervous he couldn't eat a mouthful of dinner and had cold chills running up and down his back. Then, after all, the chairman didn't call on him."

"Say, he must have been relieved."

"Believed! He was madder than a water hen!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.