

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT

The Judge Poses for His Portrait

Drawn for The Bee by Tad



A School of Courtship

By WINIFRED BLACK.

"The art of courtship should be taken up as one of the regular branches of study in our public schools," says the Rev. Dr. Brunner, of Chicago. "The time has now arrived when there will be a department of this kind in our educational systems."

You don't say so, dear doctor; you don't say so in serious earnest and expect us to agree with you, honestly and truly now, doctor? Since when, pray tell us, pretty teacher—are there any more at home like-I mean, since when has courtship become an art and how long is it since an American boy has had to go to school to learn how to tell the girl he loves that he loves her, and that he'll die in his tracks if she doesn't tell him that minute she loves him, too?



he thought she was pretty? No, no! Nature knows a thing or two, and Nature intends that all such freaks as that shall stay freaks, alone, and she arranges it so they won't have much trouble doing it either.

The art of courtship—in a class! I shouldn't be surprised if some absurd Board of Education somewhere would start some such thing. They are getting us into classes and telling us how to be mothers and what to do when little Mary says she won't and little Tommie says he shan't, and what to do when baby is lonesome and wants to be cuddled, taught, instructed, educated, enlightened, lent there a single natural human being left in this over-intelligent world?

In the name of all that's every-day and comfy and common sense, are we all perfect idiots nowadays? Can't we all perfect ring-around-a-rosy or drop the handkerchief without some solemn prig standing around with a measuring ribbon telling us the right way to hold hands and the only scientific method of kissing?

The Lord must get awfully discouraged, sometimes when He sees what a failure, He has made of things—when these teachers have to work hard to do all He has done all over again so much better.

The art of courtship! If that ever gets to be a regular branch of the curriculum of the American schools I am going to gather up my tykes in a shawitrap and migrate to the Canibal islands, where a man knows enough to pick out his own sweetheart—even if he can't read and write.

Why don't you open a school and teach the frogs how to swim, professor? And, hearken, how would it do to start a great academy, where larks can learn how to sing and where the swallows can be taught to twitter—almost as well as a professor?

What kind of girls do you know, doctor? Do tell us. Where do they come from, what do they look like, what is their manner and mode of life? I never saw a girl in my life who had to be taught what to do when the man she loves tells her she's the sweetest thing on earth. I'd you, honestly now, professor, did you?

The art of courtship, forscoth!—the art of breathing, the art of sleeping, the art of being alive! Why, it's as natural to love and be loved as it is to laugh when you see anything funny.

And who would you get to give those precious lessons, dear sir? Some dry-as-dust professor who has forgotten everything he can't learn in a book, or some forlorn old lady who never had a sweetheart in her life?

I knew a man once who knew the art of courtship—he'd learned it in a book. He practised that art on every girl he met. The third or fourth time he saw the girl he took her into some dark corner alone and said in the urgent manner of a book agent selling a "Useful Compendium of Modern Knowledge," "Miss Blank, you must have observed that I seek you out and I feel that the time has come for me to declare to you that I have a great admiration and respect for you—a respect that I think will some day ripen into love. May I—dare I—hope that you will encourage by suit?"

Yes, he did say those very words, syllable for syllable. We all knew them by heart—every girl in town—and used to say them over to each other whenever we saw the educated author luring a girl to sit out the dances with him somewhere where there were flowers or a moon or something. Oh, he'd learned about all those things in his book, too.

Married? He? Why, there wasn't a girl in the state who would look at him—and he was good to look at, too, in a ponderous kind of way—fairly intelligent and more than fairly well to do.

Married? A man who had to learn the art of courtship before he knew what to say when he wanted to tell a girl that

Edward D. Easton, who claims he made the largest single fee of any shorthand reporter in the world when he collected \$75,000 from the lawyers in the famous star route trials, was sent to report an important hearing in a small southern town. The work was so pressing that he found he needed an assistant who could type-write. Searching for such a person, he sent out messages, advertised in the country papers and made desperate appeals for somebody to locate the man.

He waited at his hotel all day without a sign of an assistant, and went to bed that night extremely worried because his work depended absolutely on his getting someone to help him. Shortly after midnight he was aroused by a knock at the door.

"I am the man you want," said the stranger. "I am the only typewriter in this part of the state, and—"

"Well," exclaimed Easton eagerly, "can you come to work tomorrow morning?"

"I was going to tell you," continued the visitor, "that I read your advertisement saying you wanted a typewriter and I thought I'd drop in to tell you I can do the work. Life Smith and me have got to go fishing."—Popular Magazine.

Daffydils

IF OPPORTUNITY WAS A SWELL CHICKEN WE'D ALL GRASP IT! BATTLINE GILBERT.

"OPEN THE THROTTLE MEN WE'LL SAVE HER—YET" IT WAS MARK RALPH THE OLD JAILER OF THE MOUNSON AT THE BOW OF HIS LAUNCH THE "WOLF." THE WOMAN IN THE WATER WAS WAVING HER HANDS PRACTICALLY SHE WAVED FOR SOMETHING AND OUR HERO THINKING IT MIGHT BE AID, STOOD UP AND HEARD HE GOT THERE SHE JUMPED AND WHISPERED SWEETLY. IF HEAVEN IS HIGH IS HELLO?

BOOM!! BOOM!! IT'S THE BATTLESHIP OREGON BOYS WE ARE SAVED!! TARA RA RA—

YES IT WAS BILLY FIELDS BACK FROM DEAR OLD OSTEND. DOG DONOVAN HADN'T HAD A SLANT AT BILL IN 4 YEARS AND NOW THERE WAS BILL ON THE BOAT JUST LANDING. HE WAS YELLING SOMETHING BUT DOG COULDN'T GET AN EARFULL. HE LEANED OVER MORE AND PUT HIS HAND UP TO HIS EARS—AM HE COULD HEAR BILL DISTINGUISH HE PIPED. WHEN A MOKING BIRD MOCKS DOES A FENCE RAIL?

DROP THAT WHEELBARROW!! WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT MACHINERY?

GEE YOU'RE A HAPPY GUY

YEP NOTHING TO TELL TOMORROW

I'M A FISHERMAN OVER IN JERSEY NOW, GET DOWN TO THE BEACH AT 4:30 A.M. ROW OUT ABOUT 5 MILES PULL IN THE NETS BRING EM BACK PUT THE FISH IN BARRELS

WALK THEM TO THE STATION SHIP THEM, THEN BACK TO THE STORE, CLEAN FISH, OPEN CLAMS AND OYSTERS FOR THE TRADE THEN I PEDdle STUFF TILL NOON

TEND TO PHONE ORDERS THEN GO OUT AND COLLECT BILLS, RUSTLE UP ORDERS FOR THE NEXT DAY, THEN CLEAN UP THE BOATS, MEND THE NETS AND AT MIDNIGHT I'M DONE

Lillian Lorraine's Beauty Secrets for Girls

By LILLIAN LORRAINE.

Pose and expose, these are the slogans of fashion.

We never wore so few clothes on or off the stage as we do today—and we never had to be so careful of how we walked about in them.

Modern frocks are so constructed that if you move in a natural, unconscious manner, with full movement of the body, there is a sudden ripping of seams and a general hurry and scurry after needles and thread.

We have to pose if we want to look graceful in these tight frocks—and I honestly believe that before the fashion changes we will all be so accustomed to this self-consciousness and posing that it will be very hard to get used to moving about without thinking of our frocks and how we look in them.

Nothing is more charming than natural grace.

Nothing is more difficult than to be natural—naturally. So we have to begin all over again and learn how to be graceful in our tight-fitting hobbie skirts, and as that isn't exactly a natural kind of grace, we call it posing.

All the queens and royal personages who were famous for their beauty knew how to pose. No one ever saw them when they were not deliberately effective and trying to look as nice as possible.

The Empress Eugenie knew that she owed her throne to her beauty and she took pains to enhance her charms with every aid and cultivated these graceful poses which are immortalized in paintings and in photographs.

She realized that one cannot look pretty and be tired, and when she had a very long number of entertainments and knew that she would be horribly tired before the end and look like a fright, she did everything in her power to mitigate her fatigue so that her subjects would not see her in the state of collapse in which even the greatest beauty is no longer presentable.

At the opening of the Suez canal at the grand reception the throne of the empress was really a great chair built for her to rest in, and she purposely assumed a graceful reclining pose which gave her weary little body the rest it needed. Next morning all the papers commented on her beauty and the wonderful way she had endured the trying ordeal of the reception.

All the snapshots of the lovely Countess of Warwick show her to be a very graceful woman, and in the unretouched pictures and "snaps" I have seen of her, she carries her head very high and tilted back.

That is because she is in a way a public personage and it's the duty of such people to make the very best of themselves.

Now when you have an amateur picture taken, a snapshot or any picture that is not to be retouched, hold your head up and perk up your chin.

In this way there will be no shadows on your face and no deep, haggard-looking lines.

Few American women know the trick of posing before an amateur photographer. Indeed, few American women take the trouble to think about those things and when the "pose" it is usually

ner's hand, hold the arm outstretched and grasp her firmly around the waist with the other, she placing her left hand on my shoulder. We face toward the right, bend toward the right, slide with that foot and bring the body into a crouching position while the foot is extended.

The foot is drawn back, body raised again. This keeps the body in about the same spot, the movement being only made with the feet. When we slide across the stage the left foot is drawn after the right, providing the slide is done with the right foot and the crouching of the body done by bending the knees, not the body, brings action into an otherwise simple step.

After the slide is done in this way, I step behind my partner and we continue our glissades in the position seen in the picture. To get back into the regular dancing position at the finish of the two-four measures I release one hand and give a slight pull with the other hand, which holds the lady.

This gives her the impetus and with a twirl she comes back into the correct position for the waltz, which is as slow and languorous as the slides were emphatic and marked.

At a given measure of the two-four time we separate, each doing the turkey trot step toward each other, but without advancing perceptibly. Here the hands are held up, palms in the air in the oriental manner.

The step is somewhat Chinese and is the first of a new kind of dancing, which, I think, will succeed the turkey trot and the tango, when those popular favorites have had their day.

Now for the glides. I take my part-

The Latest Dances and How to Dance Them

By Maurice, the Cabaret Artist—The Maurice Glide.



MAURICE AND FLORENCE WALTON ILLUSTRATING ONE OF THE ATTRACTIVE POSITIONS IN THE "MAURICE GLIDE."

The "Maurice Glide" was specially invented for the ball room, because its steps and movements can be easily performed by a couple dressed in regulation evening wear, who would otherwise be unable to do the various acrobatic "glides," etc., required in other new dances.

This dance is a combination of the waltz, two-step, the glides and slides of the turkey trot, the shuffle and some original movements.

In the course of the last few years I danced the Matchless and the Apache dances in Paris and Vienna, creating new steps for them when I got tired of the old ones, and it has been the same this winter after I had danced the turkey trot and the tango. Miss Florence Walton, my graceful partner, and I introduced a new dance which I originated and which I call the "Maurice Glide."

Much of the dancing I have done on the stage this winter can be imitated in the ballroom without the slightest difficulty, and I think that is the reason it has been so popular.

Now the "Maurice Glide" is a combination of the popular ballroom dances, the waltz, two-step, the glides and slides of the trot, the shuffle and a new in-

ing each season, though usually what is new is very old in reality.

The turkey trot is as old as the first dances hopped by Africans over their cannibalistic feast, and the Russian dances have been in existence for hundreds of years, but, of course, we take those same steps or the African shuffle and modernize them to suit our present idea of style and clothes in which they are being danced. A lady and gentleman in evening attire can't dance as Miss Isadora Duncan does or as stage dancers and acrobats do.

As long as the public continues to demand the Argentine-African dances, being the servant of the public I shall supply them, but I like to be just a step ahead of the times and add to the steps I have already danced a few new ones over which I have worked.

There is always something new in dance-

The Female of the Species

By JAMES CLARENCE HARVEY.

As we read the Reno records, in a sympathetic way, Wondering who has ceased to cherish and to honor and obey. What a joke it is on husbands who must pay or go to jail. When the female of the species wants remittances by mail!

How a wife must feel when idly glancing hubby's check stubs o'er, Seeing "Alimony" entries, one—two—three and sometimes four! Then, when he comes home that evening, she's a sight to make men quail, Cause? Those females species had remittances by mail.

Some of them, no doubt, were married just to shake off single life, And without the least intention to become a loving wife. But, on such a slight foundation, wedlock simply has to fail, Then the female of the species wants remittances by mail.

Opera Bouffe is very charming when it plays dear old Broadway, With a wealth of silk and satin, and a burst of colors gay. But from Painted Post, Montana, is a long, long walk by rail, Then the female of the species wants remittances by mail!

Ladies go to Paris shopping with the wherewithal to shop, Take a run to Monte Carlo, and at Monte Carlo stop, For beside those tempting tables femininity must fail, Then the female of the species wants remittances by mail!

Wife tries Atlantic City when her nerves have had a jar, She gets well. And, more's the pity, stays too long and goes too far. Then the gossips get a morsel they voraciously assail, And the female of the species reads, "Come Home!" It's from the male,

ALL OUTDOORS LAUGHS

By HEATRICE FAIRFAX.

"There's a dance of leaves in the aspen bower; There's a titter of winds in the beechen tree; There's a smile on the fruit, and a smile on the flower, And a laugh from the brook that runs to the sea."—WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

There are seasons when nature seems to give a patient smile, as if she would like to laugh, but the burden of gray storm clouds is too heavy.

There are other seasons when, bleak and desolate, she turns a bereaved face toward us. These seasons do not last long.

Taking her twelve months in the year, she furnishes a splendid and inspiring example of a brave and happy spirit. Her frowns do not last, and when she smiles into sunshine her smile is so bright the frown is forgotten.

Of all the seasons when she is happiest and gayest, there is none like spring. It is then that she fairly bubbles over with joy. She titters in every melting snowdrop, she twinkles in every fresh blade of grass; she chuckles and giggles and smiles in every sign of the season.

Can't you take a leaf from her note book? The winter may have been hard for you, perhaps harder than your best friends dream or know. It is to your credit if they don't know. Don't tell them.

You have had your dark skies, your clouds, your storms, your tempests. Can't you forget them now it is spring? Imitate nature, and to imitate her, and learn her ways, you must get out doors.

If you have a sorrow, four walls will make it grow. If you have been ill treated, staying at home makes your grievances multiply. You grow sour and acquire house-nerve and look at your blessings through the wrong end of a magnifying glass.

You make mountains of mole hills, and every little hill becomes insurmountable. You need the sunshine, and the great outdoors. You need to get into closest touch with nature that you may laugh when she laughs, and that is nine-tenths of the time.

She is giving her best illustration of happiness, and how to attain it just now, but you can't learn that lesson in its completeness if you study her ways indoors.

You need the spring in your lungs as well as in your mental and spiritual being; you need outdoors in the same way that a house needs ventilation.

Let the sewing wait. A tuck here in a garment isn't as important as letting out a tuck in your spiritual being.

All outdoors laughs. You must let house worries wait, and get out and laugh, too. When you return, you will find that the worries tired of waiting and flew away.

Here is your invitation: read and resist, if you can: There's a dance of leaves in the aspen bower, There's a titter of winds in the beechen tree, There's a smile on the fruit, and a smile on the flower, And a laugh from the brook that runs to the sea. Are you going to let all nature laugh, and not join in?