



The Bee's Home Magazine Page



SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT :-

Reno Ruth Ran Across an Old Friend

:- Drawn for The Bee by Tad



Married Life the Third Year

The Dinner Celebrating Warren's Return is a Most Expensive One.

By MABEL HERBERT URNER.

"How about some broiled guinea hen?" asked Warren genially. "That sounds pretty good—doesn't it?" Helen gave a hasty glance at the dinner card before her. Broiled guinea hen—two dollars, dollars for the roast alone—with-out any vegetables or salad! Oh, it was going to be a frightfully expensive dinner.



"Well, how about it?" persisted Warren. "You like guinea hen, don't you?" "Oh, yes." And then in a low voice so the waiter couldn't hear. "But isn't that high, hen—\$2.50. Two and they don't serve anything with it!"

"Well, what if it is?" I guess we can afford a decent dinner tonight. Here, waiter! Give me that broiled guinea hen—and see that it's a good one. Bring with it some green peas and artichokes—not Hollandaise. And bring a portion of romaine. Serve it undressed in a bowl—I'll dress it here. Now let's see your wine card."

The waiter hurried off and Warren leaned back with a sigh of content. "Well, it seems decidedly good to get back again. I tell you, it takes a couple of months out west to make a man appreciate New York. It's the only place where they know how to do things right."

Helen was vaguely hoping that he would say something about the pleasure of being at home again—not because of the city, but because of their being together again. Since his return yesterday he had been unusually kind—even though it was a somewhat tolerant kindness. And Helen, ever ready to believe in his love for her, was now eagerly awaiting some word of affection.

Several times she had "made" him "say things." Her "Oh, it is wonderful to be together again, isn't it, dear?" had been frequent. And he would answer, with a certain indulgent tolerance, "Of course it is, kitten." From him, this was so much that Helen was now encouraged to want more.

"Why, hello, Curtis, old man! Thought you were out west," and a tall man in gray strode up to the table. "How are you, Stanton?" rising and shaking hands cordially. "I got back yesterday. I believe you have met Mrs. Curtis." "Yes," bowing courteously. "I've had that pleasure." "Won't you join us?" beckoning to a waiter for another chair. "Thank you, no, I've just dined. And I've an appointment with Hartwell at 8. By the way, he was telling me about that Bennington deal. I understand you put that over."

It must have been hard. And I'm afraid my letters worried you. But, oh, Warren, if you'd only explained instead of writing as you did. Your letters were so harsh. Oh, dear, I wonder, if you knew how cruelly harsh they were!"

"Now, let's not begin that! We're here for a pleasant evening—aren't we? And we're not going to have any post-mortems. The thing to do is to look forward—not back. It's about time you learned that."

"Oh, I know—I didn't mean to bring up anything that was unpleasant. Oh, dear, I'm so glad to put it all aside and forget it and begin all over again." "That's it! That's the way to talk. That's something like it. Now here comes the dinner. And it's going to be a rattling good one."

The waiter brought on the guinea hen and raised the silver cover for Warren's inspection. "Shall I serve it, sir?" "No, put it right down here—I'll serve it myself. And get a larger bowl for that salad—I can't dress it in that. And bring about a teaspoon of dry English mustard."

Helen watched every movement of his strong, capable hands as he carved the guinea hen. There was no one like him. A dozen times since they had been sitting there she had told herself that. There was no one to whom the waiters gave such attentive service, no one who had such an air of knowing what he wanted and getting it.

"Pretty good guinea hen, isn't it? Much better flavor than chicken—and this is a particularly fine one." "Oh, yes, it's delicious," murmured Helen, who was thinking of everything but the food. Just to be with him again, to hear his voice, to sit across the table from him—she could have eaten anything and thought it delicious.

And it was a very happy dinner. Under the genial influence of the wine and music Warren unbent and told her many amusing anecdotes of his trip, explained to her more fully about the deal, talked of the \$5,000 that he had made and his plans for investing part of it. As they left their restaurant he motioned for a taxicab.

"Oh, no, no, dear; we can get a car just around the corner." "All right," good naturedly, "but I think we've earned a little blow-out tonight—eh?" "Oh, yes, dear, but it will be almost \$2 for a taxi, and I'd so much rather have the money any other way."

Daffydils

ON-I WASN'T WITH THE CIRCUS FOR 30 YEARS FOR NOTHING"

THEY STOOD AT THE BAR IN FRISCO JERRY'S MERRY MUGLAGE PARLOR RED LEARY AND GUMSHOE PETE SAID RED I'LL ASK YOU A QUESTION PETE IF YOU ANSWER RIGHT I BUY IF NOT YOU BUY. HERE IT IS "IF YOU THROW DICE FOR THE DUNKS WHAT KIND OF A BIRD DO YOU GET?" PETE PUT RED ANSWERED - A BIRD-OF-FAIR-DICE - YOU LOSE YOU GET A SWALLOW. THEN A SPARROW COP CAUGHT 'EM. ROBIN A JEWELRY STORE - NOW THERE'S TAIL BIRDS -

HE WAS CALLED THE VILLAGE GOSSIP. WHAT HE DIDN'T KNOW ABOUT HIS NEIGH BORS HIS WIFE DID. HE SPENT ALL OF HIS TIME GATHERING NEWS. IT WAS HIS DISE. HIS HOBBY HIS LIFE. THIS MORNING ON THE WAY TO THE STATION HE MET JIMMY SMITH. HE NEEDED COULD FIND OUT ANYTHING ABOUT SMITH OR HIS AFFAIRS AND IT GOT HIS GOAT. ANYWAY HE CAUGHT UP WITH SMITH AND SAID, GOOD MORNING. JIMMY CHIRPED HELLO - SAY I WANTED TO ASK YOU IF THE PIANIST IN THE MOVIES WAS TAKEN SICK WOULD THE PHOTO-PLANT.

MIKE SILVERSTEIN !! LEAVE THAT WOMAN BE !! THEM'S MARSH WINDS NELL !!

YES YES I'M A TRAINED NURSE NOW I GET ON THE JOB AT 10 AM TAKE THE TEMPERATURE OF 66 PATIENTS AND KEEP TAB ON THE HOSPITAL CARD. THEN AT NOON I

I DISTRIBUTE THE PILLS AND MEDICINE THEN WRITE LETTERS AND LISTEN TO TROUBLES OF THE PATIENTS. THEN AT 8 I TAKE TEMPERATURES AGAIN AND REPORT

TO THE DOCTORS WHEN I BRING THE PATIENTS FOR A FEW JORIES AND THEN PATROL THE HOSPITAL WATCHING THEM TILL JAM- AFTER THAT I'M DONE

GEE YOU'RE A HAPPY GUY

YEP NOTHIN' TO DO TILL TOMORROW

When Love Arrives

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

"I searched for love in heart of city's hum; I searched for love upon the shining sand Of ocean beach, and then on towering cliffs I sung A pleading song that love unto my heart might come. But love came not.

I searched for love no more, but labored sore To ease those hearts whom sorrow'd touched before. Faint hope that in sweet work I'd surely find Some compensation for a fate unkind— When, lo, love came.

Every little girl hopes some day she will have a sweetheart. It is as natural and innocent a desire as her longing for a doll when she was five. And every woman at some time in her life has one. This is unfeeling. And it is also just as true that she didn't get him by going up and down the highways of life carrying a lantern, or ringing a bell to call attention to her heart's desire.

The lovers who are gained that way are not desirable. They represent a waste of time and emotion for the girl who accepts them, and she is fortunate if they do not mean more.

Love comes not—true love, the kind worth while—to the girl who puts her heart on parade.

If she dons herself in the prettiest clothes and walks the streets looking for love, she will find many a pitfall in her search.

She will neglect the things of life worth while in search for what will prove a will-o'-the-wisp. She gives up the substance for the shadow.

The right man isn't found by neglecting everything worth while to go out and seek him. He doesn't want a girl who has cheapened herself by hunting him. If there is to be any hunting, he reserves to himself all the rights of the hunter.

The girl who goes out seeking for love is apt to overlook the love found on her own doorstep. She makes the love of an unknown man, possibly one who has no existence beyond that in her dreams, paramount to the love of her parents, her brothers and her sisters.

She counts his love as alone worth while, and slighting a love that has surrounded her all her days.

She makes of this unknown mythical being a hero, or more, a god, and overlooks the godlike qualities in her family.

Since he has not found that way, and she cannot be happy without him, let her try to find him by easing the hearts of others.

I searched for love no more, but labored sore To ease those hearts whom sorrow'd touched before. Faint hope that in sweet work I'd surely find Some compensation for a fate unkind— When, lo, love came.

Try it. Forget that mythical being who is waiting for you and your lantern to find him in the world outside, and the way to forget him is in easing the sorrows of others.

Be a good daughter, a devoted sister, a true and loving friend. The sorrow nearest at hand needs you more than the uncertain joy you seek a long way off.

Help your mother, don't forget to show a little appreciation of your father, be a little mother to your sisters and brothers, and some day when you are busy in easing the sorrows of others, joy, and behold, love will come.

And it will be a love that understands and appreciates; it will not be the vain and idle love found by wearing pretty smiles and pretty clothes on the streets.

If it has to wait while you bind up a bruise at home or make a batch of biscuits it will be all the more devoted and constant because of the delay.

Husbands who are worth having are the kind who are attracted by the sterling qualities a girl displays in her home, and some day when you are busy in easing the sorrows of others, joy, and behold, love will come.

A pretty dress is just as pretty when worn at home as when worn abroad. It is just as necessary to look neat and attractive to please the love on one's own doorstep as to win a love away from home.

Let those at home come first, and in helping them in easing their sorrows, love—the kind that crowns a woman's life with happiness, will knock for admission at her door.

since it's rare that one sees a really beautiful pair of arms. Young girls' arms are usually too thin, just as the average woman's are too fat. Arm exercises and rowing especially, will develop the arms so well sweeping and humble household tasks.

But the girl who wants to be beautiful is seldom content to be told of these simple aids.

She much prefers to do some extraordinary exercise, or rub on some expensive lotion.

A great many women wear short sleeves who ought to cover up their bare arms until they look less like garden rakes. Fortunately long sleeves are coming into style again, and the girl who can't grow fat—and some girls don't seem able to—may affect long, loose sleeves or lace cuffs or mittens. These are especially to be recommended if the hands are ugly.

Never wear a bracelet unless you have pretty arms. Bangles or bracelets are like advertisements and signals—they call attention to every defect, as well as every charm, of a pretty hand and arm.

Don't have callous elbows. I assure you you don't have to.

Get one of the soft cold creams and rub it over your elbows every time you wash your hands and arms. Use any kind of grease or cream you have—even fresh butter will do.

If your forearms are covered with down, wear long sleeves as much as possible, especially when out of doors, as the growth seems to thrive when the arms are constantly exposed.

Common sense and care will do so much for one's looks that it is a wonder we don't see more beautiful women. But women aren't keen about simple and sensible aids to beauty, yet they are the only real ones I can recommend.

Lillian Lorraine's Beauty Secrets for Girls

SOME OF MISS LORRAINE'S RULES FOR BEAUTIFYING THE NECK AND ARMS.

All girls should not wear low Dutch or "V"-shaped collars.

The girl with the rather long and skinny neck should wear high-boned collars of net or lace.

She should rub her neck several times a day with cocoa butter or some good skin food.

Girls with rather full necks should always wear low collars no matter what the style.

A high collar will give one a double chin if inclined to be stout.

A long "V"-shaped collar will make the neck look longer.

Young girls' arms are generally too thin.

Rowing, sweeping and humble household tasks will develop the arms.

REMEMBER THAT THE BEAUTY OF THE NECK DEPENDS GREATLY ON HOW YOU HOLD YOUR HEAD.

By LILLIAN LORRAINE.

A young woman stood by her dressing table lighting the alcohol lamp under her curling iron.

It was a spring day, and the breeze from the open window was gently blowing the muslin curtains over toward the dresser. The lamp exploded and the usual thing happened.

When the young woman recovered she gazed upon the blank walls of the hospital room and into the face of a nurse.

She remembered what had happened, and grabbing her hair with both hands she gasped:

"Are my trimmings gone?"

"A sure case for the psychopathic ward," thought the nurse, while she murmured in her gentlest tones:

"What do you mean by trimmings, dearie?"

"My hair and eyebrows and skin," said the patient, who would not be persuaded.

How to Develop Beautiful Arms and Shoulders.

until a mirror was brought and she had gazed long and piercingly at her reflection.

After that she inquired whether the whole house had burned down, and expressed her satisfaction, without much enthusiasm, however, for the fire department, which had saved everything but her own room.

That story is typical of most of us women, for you can say what you like, it's much worse for a pretty woman to lose these "trimmings" which make her beauty than for her house to be destroyed, provided there is fire insurance, of course.

We are taught as children that "beauty is as beauty does," but beauty can do much more than ugliness, no matter what people say to the contrary.

We haven't yet arrived at that stage of emancipation where our sex succeeds by brains alone, except in very rare cases. Brains and charm even without real beauty will surely win the day, but I'm not going to tell you today what I think charm is.

Today I'm going to continue my talks on beauty, mere physical beauty, and as several readers have written me asking questions regarding their looks, I shall answer them now.

There seems to be quite an epidemic of low collars and short sleeves will be the vogue this spring, and girls are preparing to meet the new styles with seen before.

Personally, I don't think all girls should wear low Dutch or V-shaped collars indiscriminately. The girl with the very long, rather skinny neck should wear high, well boned collars of net or lace, especially on the street.

When she is at home she can wear low collars, because the high collar, while it is much smarter looking, will keep her neck from getting fat. She should rub her neck several times a day with cocoa butter or some good skin food, and she must dress her hair in such a way that the thin neck and the hollows behind the ears will show as little as possible.

A low collar is the best, and the thin-necked girl must not wear her hair perfectly straight.

If nature forgot to put in a curl there are lots of ways of assisting nature without burning the house down, as my friend of the "trimmings" did. A large, loose wave and a few little curls in the nape of the neck or a low knot will give the neck a better appearance.

The constant use of cocoa butter as well as high collars is likely to stain the neck and give it a yellow tinge. I think lemon juice is about the simplest as well as one of the best bleaches.

Another good thing to use is peroxide of hydrogen. Pour a little on a piece of cotton or cloth and rub the neck with it once or twice a week, and you will find it a good bleach. Used too often, it is likely to dry the skin. Remember that the beauty of the neck depends greatly on how you hold your head.

Girls with short, rather full necks should always wear low collars, no matter what the style. A high collar will give one a double chin if one is inclined to be stout, and it spoils the texture of the skin of a very pretty white neck. A long V-shaped collar will make the neck look longer, and at present the long, swan-like neck is the rage.

All the frocks are made for the swan-necked girl, and so even the little pouter pigeon has to imitate the nobler bird and stretch her neck as much as she can.

I have covered my allotted space without saying much about the arms, though a great deal can be said about them,