



The Bee's Home Magazine Page



SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT

And the Nurses Were Such Nice Girls, Too

Drawn for The Bee by Tad



Enviably Art of Holding Your Friends

By DOROTHY DIX.

A girl who is unusually pretty, usually intelligent, well educated and of fine social position complained to me the other day that she was lonely; that she had neither friends nor beaux. She said, and truly, that strangers were always attracted to her, but that in a little while they fell away from her; that other girls' cordiality to her was short lived, and that men would fall on her once or twice and come no more.



To be honest, my dear, aren't you a good deal of a cat? Don't you give the other girls a shy clawing when they come around? Don't you say, "Oh, yes, Mamie is such a sweet girl and very pretty, but she gets her complexion at the drug store, and anybody could tell that her hair was peroxidized, and as for her being so much admired by men, anybody could have guessed if they would run after men the way she does."

The girl wondered why. It was because she possessed the gift for inspiring liking, but she does not understand the art of preserving it. She is like a peach that is beautiful and rosy and luscious to look at, but that you find to be bitter when you come to taste it.

And such being the case, is there any particular reason why the Mamies of your acquaintance should yearn for your society? And aren't you the envious thing? Don't you belittle everything that anybody does that you can't do? When Sally goes to a party that you are not invited to and she tells you what a gorgeous time she had, don't you remark that the people who gave the party are not in society, or that you wouldn't go to a public ball, or something else that takes the gilt off of Sally's gingerbread?

Passing of Billions

By EDGAR LUCIEN LARKIN.

If you were asked the distance from San Francisco to London, you would not say so many inches, but would give it in miles. If asked the distance from the earth to the sun, the answer would be in millions of miles. If asked the distance to the nearest star, the answer would not be millions or billions, but trillions of miles. Even this reply would be too long. Twenty-five million million miles (twenty-five trillion) are too many words, so it is shortened to light-years. The yardstick for space is not billions or trillions, but one light-year.

This is the distance traveled in one sidereal year, 31,556,199 seconds, by light moving with its set and fixed specific speed of 186,283 miles per second. Distances traveled by space-energy, given by time as in minutes, hours or days, would soon run into cumbersome trillions, so that the time interval used in physics, mathematics, electricity, etc., is always one second.

Say one second. Then while you are speaking radiant energy has traversed a distance nearly equal to a line long enough to reach around the equator of the earth eight times.

Twenty-five thousand billions, the distance of the nearest known star, is condensed in 4.25 light-years. This is the passing of miles, for the mile in space is about equal to the one-millionth part of the thickness of a spider's thread in comparison with the length of the room you are in.

Draw a scale with the distance in between the earth and the sun equal to three inches; then the distance of the nearest star would be thirteen miles. Space traveled by miles per minute would be almost without meaning, for to go out to the nearest star-sun, at one mile per minute would require 7,520,000 years, not days.

Pointed Paragraphs.
The deserving poor do not always deserve to be.
If a girl really wants a man's love she returns it.
I O U are vowels that have caused many a man's downfall.
Always remember to be a gentleman-unless you are a woman.
Ambition is a good thing, but don't fly higher than you can roost.
What the world needs is less good advice and more good example.
All things are for the best—and every one of us imagines he's the best.
Many a man is dissatisfied with his lot because it is too near his neighbor's.
After sympathizing with people who are in trouble many a man begins to feel like a hypocrite.
A young widow has one important advantage over the inexperienced maid—she can act as her own chaperon.—Chicago News.

A Large Hairpin Holder.
Mrs. Nagget—I watched your sister fixing her hair the other day, and I must say she's not the most refined person in the world.
Mr. Nagget—You don't approve of her, ah?
Mrs. Nagget—Well, you've never seen me with my mouth full of hairpins.
Mr. Nagget—Of course not. What would you want with so many hairpins.—Catholic Standard and Times.

Daddydils

DATE ABAR REPEATS CLEANLINESS IS NOT NEXT TO GOODLINESS ITS NEXT TO IMPOSSIBLE.

HUSH! SUDDENLY A DARK OBJECT SHOT OUT FROM THE WHARVES. SILENTLY AND WITH MUFFLED OARS THE ROUNDABOUT FOR SUCH IT WAS, BARTERED ALONGSIDE THE BRIDGE. HURRAH HURRAH THE TOWN COP WAS ALL A TWITTER. 'TIS THE RED HOOK RIVER PIRATES! SAID HE IN A HOARSE CACKLE. JUST AS HE WAS ABOUT TO SLIP HIS FEELERS AROUND THE ARTILLERY A DEEP VOICE PIPED.

IF YOU ARE HE IS SALOME? QUICK WATSON THE NEEDLE.

IT WAS A SPECIAL DELIVERY LETTER ALL THE WAY FROM OHIO—ON THE OUTSIDE WAS WRITTEN FROM BILL MOORE—ON THE LEVEL IT FELT AS THOUGH THERE WAS KALE INSIDE AND WE LOST NO TIME OPENING THE THING—INSIDE WAS A LAUNDRY CARD AND ON THE BACK IT SAID.

IF ALL FOOL'S DAY FELL ON THE JUBATH WOULD IT BE A NAT SUNDAY? DON'T HIT HIM WITH THAT THERE'S NAILS IN IT.

GENTLEMEN BE SEATED—TA-RA-RA-RA-RA-RA—H-TAMBO—MR. JOHNSON A PAL OF MINE HAD A VERA QUEER EXPERIENCE LAST SUMMER—INTERLOCUTOR—HOW'S THAT? TAMBO—HE WENT ON A VISIT TO IRELAND AND THEY PUT HIM IN THE COOLER FOR INTENT TO COMMIT MURDER—INTERLOCUTOR—WITH INTENT TO COMMIT MURDER—TAMBO—YES THEY SAID HE WENT TO KILKENNY—THE UNDERTAKER WILL NOW SING—YOU MAY LINGER—BUT—I'LL NAIL YOU AT THE FINISH.

GEE YOU'RE A LUCKY GUY YEP NOTHING TO DO TILL TOMORROW

When a hostess starts to make out her invitation list, does she pause when she comes to your name, and say to herself, "Well, I'd like to invite Caroline Smithers, but if I do she will get into an argument with somebody and I'll have to pour oil on the troubled waters of conversation, or she will be rude to somebody, or drag in a forbidden topic, by the head or the heel, that will hurt somebody else's feelings, and so I'll just leave her out, because it gives me nervous prostration to spend three or four hours keeping the peace between her and my other guests?"

she's a sort of fairy princess and that no matter what he does for her she's condescending to accept it? If a man takes you to the theater do you say that you're accustomed to a box at the opera? If a man takes you to ride in his runabout do you spend the time discouraging about six-cylinder high-power French cars. If a man treats you to a beer-and-sandwich supper do you make things pleasant for him by talking about the champagne and terrapin that some other man set up for you at a Fifth Avenue restaurant?

back again? Do you suppose he gets any pleasure out of being made to look small and foolish? Or do you think that being stabbed in one's vanity is such a delightful sensation that a man would care to repeat the performance? When a man calls do you spend the time talking about yourself? Ah, my child, no man on earth was ever enough interested in a woman to be willing to listen to the story of her life or what she thinks she thinks. The one and only subject that fascinates a man is himself, and you need never expect to see a man the second time if you let the conversation stray from this absorbing theme.

As for your failure to be popular with men, that's your own fault, too. Look yourself squarely in the face, little girl, and see where the trouble lies. Are you one of the snifty girls who always tries to make a man think that

it takes work and trouble and self-denial to make one's self popular, but it can be done.

Seek, Believe, Work and Wait

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Stop wondering why you came; Rise up today in your pride and say, "I am part of the first great cause. However full the world, There is room for an earnest man; It had need of me, or I would not be; I am here to strengthen the plan."

The memory of a tired young girl who took her own life because she saw nothing ahead of her but poverty and hard, ill-paid work has been over me all day. I never saw the girl in life; never knew her name until she was numbered among the suicides. But the thought of her frequently comes to me with insistence. Perhaps she herself comes, drawn by sympathy which is strong in my heart for her and all like her.

Perhaps it is her wish, rather than my own thought, that impels me to say today to every tired and heart-sick toiler to drive away all thoughts of suicide as you would drive away a wild beast from an infant's cradle. We did not make the universe; we did not bring ourselves into life. Some power greater than we did both. Believe in this power. Believe it is a great friend, and that, despite all the sorrows and hardships and misery which hem you in, it stands ready to help you out into better and fairer conditions, if you are patient and keep on trusting and praying and working.

Do not expect this Power to do all the work for you. When you went to school and found your lessons hard your parents did not learn them for you. Because if they had done so you would

still have been left in ignorance. Exactly so this Great Power does not perform the work given you to do. Your parents urged you to keep on studying, and told you the lesson would be learned if you did; and that the hardships would pass and you would come home radiant and glad, and they would rejoice, so this Great Power stands waiting for you to do your work, to study out the problems life gives you; and it will welcome you with love and pride when you succeed. But never forget for one moment that the power is there. Near you, loving and courageous and faithful. There is no such thing as a failure for any soul that has this faith and this knowledge that it must itself be the toiler.

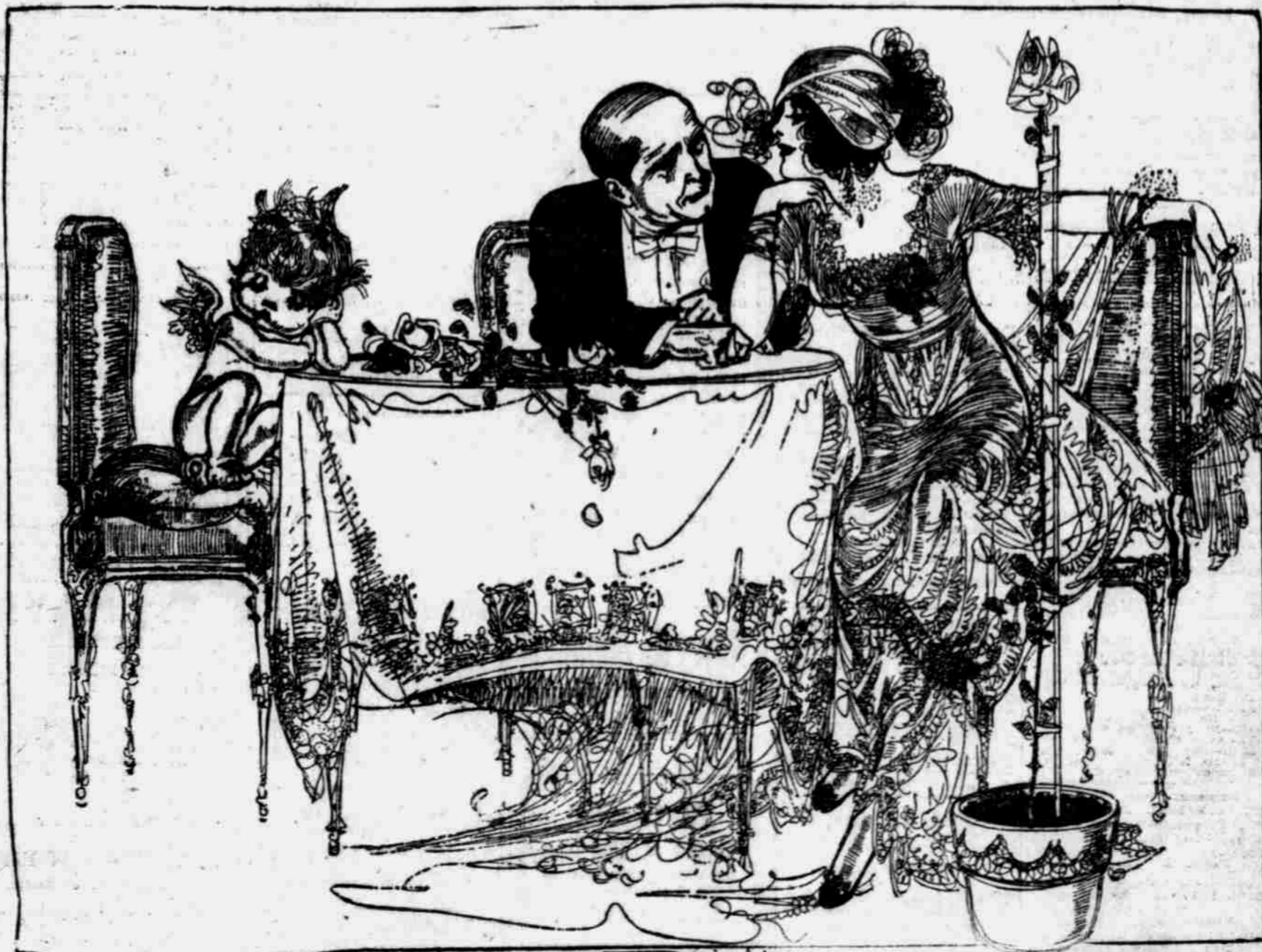
Just so sure as you work and believe and keep your life worthy of such a belief in the invisible helpers, just so sure you will be able to overcome the most adverse circumstances; and come forth into the light of success and independence. Listen to no man, no matter if he is the greatest genius on earth, or a profound scholar, if he tells you there are no invisible helpers, no great power that helps those who believe and ask for help.

Turn away from him; he can never give you what you need in your dark hour of discouragement. He does not know. He can only say what he thinks. Go along your own way, and seek and you shall find. Knock and it shall be opened. No man ever made a universe; no man can make the sun rise or set, or hinder it from doing either. No man can bid the billows of the sea to fall or rise. No man can explain any of these mysteries satisfactorily. Rely upon the unseen power that made all things. It made you; there was need of you, of you would not be. Pray, seek, believe. Work and wait. And all things shall be given which you seek.

When Cupid Nods

Copyright, 1912, National News Ass'n.

By Nell Brinkley



April in Town

By CHESTER FIRKINS

MAN:
April, tell me, how did you ever get into the city?
What is there for you to do here, where paves are bleak and gritty?
How'll you tune the robin's ditty,
Where no robin ever flew?
How can you earn praise or pity,
Where no flowers ever grew?

APRIL:
Man, poor folk you dare to be Gay, satiric, at my expense?
You, who're raggy, why in frow From the summer breeze, send down the soul and body—both fasten on me!
Coward! Craven! Coward! (I'll show you things to see.)

MAN:
April, do not make me smile— You belong in country places— Forest dell or wooded vale— Breaking from the snow's embraces— Oh, why waste your treasured smiles Here, where you are out of style? Still, since you are making fame, I'll go with you—for a while.

APRIL:
Here we are, then, stubborn man; See that tament that towers; Help me touch each pot and pan. Where the children plant their flowers. Chasing window sills to hovers. For these wistful eyes to scan. Costs a lot of sun and showers. But it's worth it, by my plan.

MAN:
There! Enough of rain today! Come, old sun, it's time for play! Let those youngsters out to play. All the winter they've been pining. There against the bloomy lining. Of those walls so grim and gray. Man, go on now with your whining. Tell me, what have you to say?

MAN:
April, all my whining's through. I have seen your brightest goose— Better than all things you do. In the empty woodland places. Yes, and as your tooth affaces. Winter's grime I guess I, too. Probably would miss your traces: Come again, good April, do!

Why It Was Marked Personal.
"And why are you writing persons, on that envelope?"
"I want the man's wife to read the letter."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Then Young Maids Listen to Old Men's Wooing.