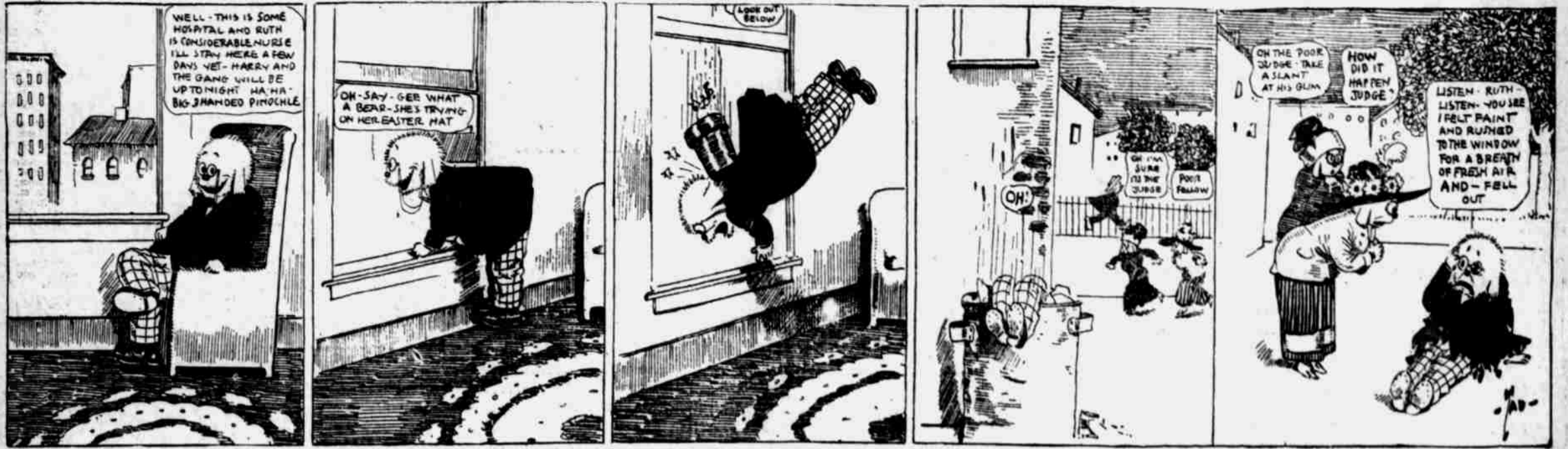


The Bee's Home Magazine Page

SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT

It Was Considerable Brodie, Just the Same

Drawn for The Bee by Tad



Married Life the Third Year

Warren Fails to Bring His Mother a Present and Helen Buys One Here.

By MABEL HERBERT URNER.

It was at breakfast, the second morning after Warren's arrival, that Helen asked suddenly:

"Warren, didn't you bring your mother anything? I just thought of it now—and I don't remember seeing a thing when you unpacked your trunk."

"By George, I did forget that! Of course, I intended to get her something. It was that last day was so rushed that it went clear out of my mind."

"Oh, then you'll have to get something here. She'll not know where it came from—anything will be better than to let her think you'd forgotten her."

"Well, you'll have to get it. I haven't time now to fool around shops."

"But, dear, I won't know what to get. It's always so hard for me to select anything for your people."

"That's absurd—get anything. Mother's not particular. She only cares for the remembrance. And be sure to get it today, for we're to go up there this evening. I phoned yesterday that we'd come."

"Helen laid down her fork with a startled 'Oh!'"

"What's the matter? I've been back two days now. Should have gone before this."

"Oh, yes, but—but it won't be necessary for me to go, will it?"

"Why not?"

"Why, you know dear, when your mother was here last—Oh, I wrote you all about it."

"Nonsense! Mother's too big to harbor any little unpleasantness and you ought to be."

"It isn't that—you know it isn't. But can't you see how embarrassing it will be for me to go there now? This first time, I think, you ought to go alone."

"Nothing of the kind. Of course, you're going with me. Get something for mother today and we'll take it up with us. I don't like the idea of lying about it, but I guess mother would be hurt if she thought I'd forgotten her. There," as she struck the quarter hour. "It's a case of nine now. I should have been out of here long ago."

And before Helen had time to protest further about the call he had kissed her hurriedly and was gone.

All day the dread of going to his mother's hung over her. She knew of course, that sooner or later she would have to go—but she did not think it would be so soon. The memory of Mrs. Curtis's last call with its unpleasant incident still rankled. She felt sure that there would be no mention of that this evening, but she knew Mrs. Curtis would be stiff and formal, and that she herself would be painfully self-conscious and ill at ease.

But more than the awkward situation, Helen dreaded the subtle influence this call might have. In the two days since Warren's return things had been better—much better than they had been for many months.

In many ways they seemed nearer together. She knew this was due partly to the lack of financial worry, but she tried to believe, too, that Warren cared for her more, that the separation had made him realize his need of her.

And now this call on his mother she feared might be disturbing. That his mother liked her less than ever before, she felt assured. Just what reference she might make to the letter she had written Warren, Helen did not know. But now since everything was so "right" between them—she dreaded even the thought of any antagonistic influence.

After luncheon she went down town to look for the present. She almost wore herself out walking through a big department store before she finally decided on a small traveling eight-day clock in a leather case.

When Warren came home that evening she showed it to him, a little doubtful of his approval.

"Why that's bully—just the thing! Much better to get something sensible like that than some foolish gewgaw. But I still don't like the idea of lying about it. Why not tell mother the truth—that I forgot to get anything out there, so get it here?"

of course, you got it on your trip."

"Huh. I don't see much difference between telling a lie and acting one. But all right—we'll let it go at that."

Helen flushed. She knew that in small things she was not so brutally truthful as Warren. She could never quite see why it was not excusable to tell a harmless fib if it saved some one's feelings.

"Now, we don't want to fool around here too long—I phoned mother we'd be up there about 8. You'd better be getting ready."

All the way up in the subway Helen kept dreading the call and wondering what it would be like. She hoped some of the rest of the family would be there—it would be much less embarrassing.

But Mrs. Curtis was alone. She greeted Warren cordially, and Helen with prim formality. But Warren dispelled the awkwardness of the first few moments by plunging at once into an account of his trip.

Helen was sitting in a low, straight chair by the window. She had taken it nervously and now found she was most uncomfortable. It was very low and had no arms, and she felt curiously awkward and conscious of her hands, which added to her confusion. She took up a magazine from a nearby table just to have something to hold. She had hardly spoken since she entered, but she knew that Mrs. Curtis was observing her.

"Oh, here, mother—here's a little remembrance I brought you," said Warren, drawing the package from his pocket.

Mrs. Curtis opened it and took out the tiny traveling clock.

"Oh, how thoughtful of you. That's something I've always wanted."

"And it runs eight days, mother, that's the best of it."

"Oh, it does," delightfully—examining the back of it. "And it has an alarm, too. But where's the key?"

"The key?" repeated Warren. "Isn't it in the box?"

But a search of the box, the tissue paper and the clock itself failed to reveal the key.

"Why didn't they give you a key with it, Helen?" demanded Warren thoughtlessly.

There was a dead silence. Helen flushed hotly as she nervously turned the pages of the magazine.

"Oh, then you didn't bring this with you?" asked Mrs. Curtis stiffly.

Warren laughed, a little disconcerted.

"To tell the truth, mother, I was so rushed the week I left that I just forgot to get you anything. So Helen got this here."

"Oh, my dear, I'm sure I've gained at least ten pounds since I was here before! Yes, I know I should exercise more, but how can I? There is so much to do! Now, Little," (this to the patient bath attendant) "I want you to work over me as hard as you can. I shall stay here all the afternoon and I'm sure I can melt off some of this flesh."

Well, she stays there for hours, perspiring freely and being rubbed and pummeled until you would think there ought to be some reduction in weight. And probably there would be, too, only after she has been in the bath two or three hours she emerges with a most enormous appetite and feeling that she should really indulge herself after being so good about taking the hot bath and trying so hard to reduce—she orders a meal that staggers even the waiter who is seasoned to the orders of the Fat Lady.

Then she tells you that nothing helps her, and that all methods of reducing flesh are foolish and useless.

As long as you are going to be self-indulgent about your diet it is quite useless to try to reduce.

The appetite of a very fat person is often unhealthy, quite as unhealthy as their fat. On the other hand, some stout people eat very little. Usually they take

Daddydils

HERNANDO JOE'S WIFE HAD BEEN OUT SCOUTING SOME EASIER SCENERY. DRESS COATS, SOCKS, SHOES, JACKKNIVES AND A MOTLEY HETERODOGEOUS SKYPIECE ALL CAME HOME C.O.D. (CALL ON DAD). THE BONNET ARRIVED ON DAVIS DAY. THE BOY WANTED JOE TO SLIP HIM THE DOUGH BUT THE BOY HANDED IT BACK JAVIN' & IT WAS COUNTERFEIT. JOE PAUSED THEM, CHIRPED, "WELL KEEP IT UNTIL TOMORROW IT WILL BE GOOD FRIDAY."

P-S-T. BANG!! BANG!! AND ANOTHER INDIAN BIT THE DUST.

MISS ESSE VAN DAUB PAINTED HER WAS AN ACTRESS TO ALL ACRESSES PAINT BUT ONLY A FEW CAN DRAW ESSIE'S DISH WAS LANDSCAPE PAINTING. SHE LONGER TO PAINT AN ITALIAN LANDSCAPE AND WROTE TO AN ARTIST FRIEND ABOUT IT. IN A FEW DAYS A LETTER CAME BACK. IT SAID IN PART: IF YOU WANT TO SEE AN ITALIAN SUNSET GO UP TO WHITE PLAINS WHERE THEY ARE WORKING ON THE AQUEDUCT AND YOU CAN SEE THE DA GO.

DROP THAT WHEELBARROW WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT MACHINERY.

WRITE NEW LEADS, THEN GO TO THE COMPOSING ROOM. MAKE UP AND GET THE COUNTRY SECTION AWAY—BURN BURN IN 10 MINUTES. MAKE UP THE BATTING AVERAGES—SEND TOO FRIEND OF BUN CITY.

CONGRAT IT SEEMING UP AND THEN GET 3 MORE EDITOR'S ANSWER AT NOON I'M DONE. GO HOME HELP PRED THE KIDS, GET THEM TO SLEEP. CHASE THE FLIES OUT, CHANGE THE GERMAN BAND AWAY AND BY ABOUT 10 REMIND IN ALLEY.

YEE NOTHIN TO DO TILL TOMORROW.

GEE YOU'RE A LUCKY GUY.

Woman's Rights and Dead Birds

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Now, while the agitation of woman's rights is going on, let all women give a thought to the rights of birds in God's beautiful world.

The season for spring hats is here. And here is a little extract from some statistics given by Henry Salt, in his booklet, "Animals' Rights," published in London.

"One dealer in London is said to have received as a single consignment 22,000 dead humming birds, 30,000 aquatic birds and 300,000 pairs of wings. A Parisian dealer had a contract for 80,000 birds, and an army of murderers were turned out to supply the order. No less than 40,000 terns have been sent from Long Island in one season for military purposes. At one auction alone in London there were sold 49,238 West Indian and Brazilian bird skins, and 53,328 East Indian, besides thousands of pheasants and birds of paradise."

The meaning of such statistics is simply that the women of Europe and America have given an order for the ruthless extermination of birds.

It is not seriously contended in any quarter that this wholesale destruction effected often in the most revolting and heartless manner, is capable of excuse or justification, yet the efforts of those who address themselves to the better feelings of the offenders appear to meet with little or no success.

The cause of this failure must undoubtedly be sought in the general lack of any clear conviction that animals have rights, and the evil will never be thoroughly remedied until not only this particular abuse, but all such abuses, and the prime source from which such abuses originate, have been subjected to

an impartial criticism. In saying this I do not, of course, mean to imply that special efforts should not be directed against special cruelties.

In saying this I do not, of course, mean to imply that special efforts should not be directed against special cruelties. I have already remarked that the main responsibility for the daily murders which fashionable millinery is instigating must lie at the door of those who demand, rather than those who supply, these hideous and funeral ornaments.

Unfortunately, the process, like that of slaughtering cattle, is throughout delegated to other hands than those of the ultimate purchaser, so that it is exceedingly difficult to bring home a due sense of blood-guiltiness to the right person.

Let every woman who claims to be more than a mere skeleton upon which fine apparel is hung, every woman who believes she has a heart and a mind, pause and consider the enormity of the crime against the feathered creatures of earth which fashionable millinery wages. And let her resolve to use her feminine ingenuity and taste in creating hats and bonnets for her own use which do not require the corpses of our feathers of dead birds to make them beautiful.

There is no more grotesque sight to behold than a woman's club luncheon, where women wearing every manner of bird decoration on their heads meet together to discuss the best ways of bringing kindness into the world and opening

cruelty. Besides the cruel aspect of this question (subject, rather, since it is no question), there is the appalling fact that the decrease of birds means the increase of insects and moths, and the consequent destruction of fruits, grains, vegetables and trees.

From an industrial, as well as a humane, point of view, women should organize a no-bird millinery movement.

Beautiful creations in headgear are fashioned out of ribbons, lace, ferns, flowers and jet.

Analyzed, the idea of carrying a dead bird, or anything which means the destruction of life on the head, is monstrous, inartistic and senseless.

The wearing of furs can be defended by the argument that wild animals would soon own the earth if not destroyed, and that human beings need their skins to keep them from the cold.

But no such argument can be offered in excuse for the women who cause birds to be slaughtered by the millions for their use in head decorations.

Tell your milliner, dear lady, to fashion you the most exquisite hat possible out of nature's and art's inanimate articles.

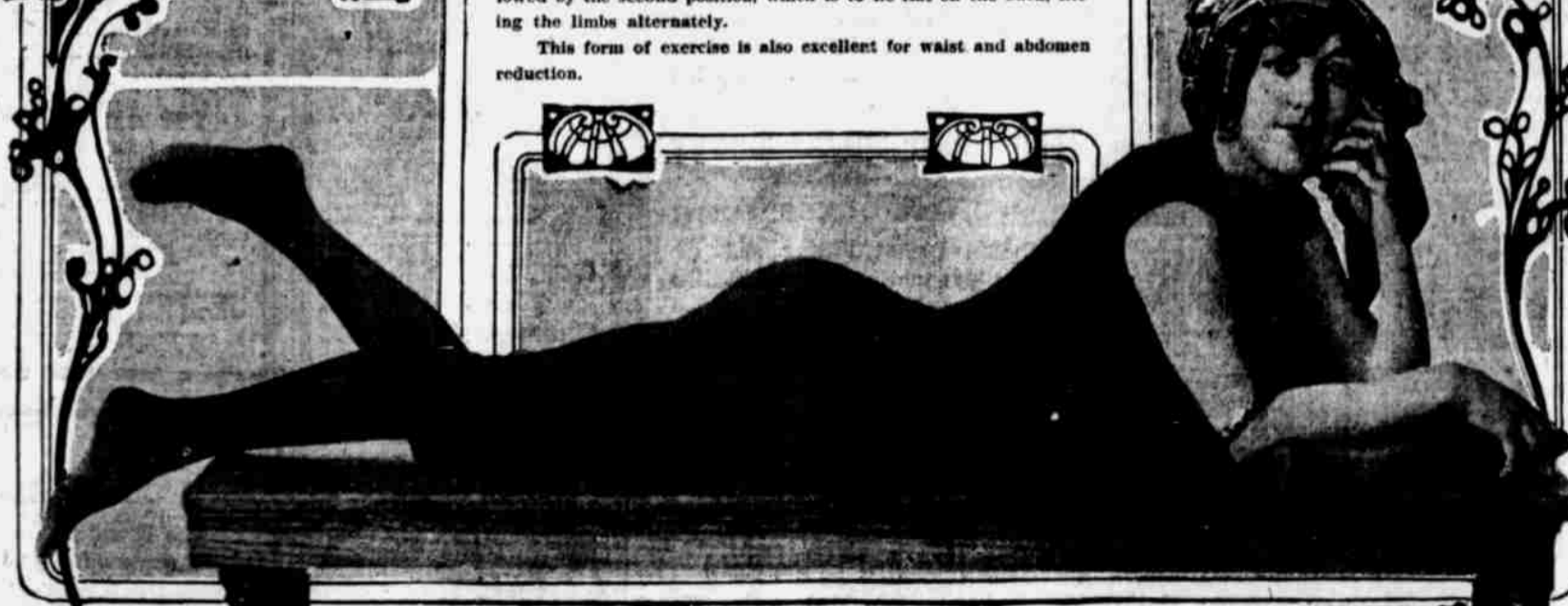
Suggest ideas to her, and endeavor to produce something which shall be so beautiful it puts to shame the miniature butcher shops which other women sport.

Talk this subject to your friends and to your enemies, and make it familiar to the minds of all women.

Refuse to belong to a club that does not consider this question one of importance to the progress of woman.

The Right Road to Health

Good News for the Stout Woman and Reducing Secrets



In this picture Miss Kellerman is illustrating the position to be taken by those who wish to reduce their lower limbs and back. The exercise consists mostly of kicking vigorously, to be followed by the second position, which is to lie flat on the back, lifting the limbs alternately.

This form of exercise is also excellent for waist and abdomen reduction.

If you have ever been to a fashionable Turkish bath where the wealthy fat lady is catered to you know why she doesn't get thin, not matter how much money she may spend on herself.

This is the ordinary procedure: Enter Fat Lady.

"Oh, my dear, I'm sure I've gained at least ten pounds since I was here before! Yes, I know I should exercise more, but how can I? There is so much to do! Now, Little," (this to the patient bath attendant) "I want you to work over me as hard as you can. I shall stay here all the afternoon and I'm sure I can melt off some of this flesh."

Well, she stays there for hours, perspiring freely and being rubbed and pummeled until you would think there ought to be some reduction in weight. And probably there would be, too, only after she has been in the bath two or three hours she emerges with a most enormous appetite and feeling that she should really indulge herself after being so good about taking the hot bath and trying so hard to reduce—she orders a meal that staggers even the waiter who is seasoned to the orders of the Fat Lady.

Then she tells you that nothing helps her, and that all methods of reducing flesh are foolish and useless.

As long as you are going to be self-indulgent about your diet it is quite useless to try to reduce.

The appetite of a very fat person is often unhealthy, quite as unhealthy as their fat. On the other hand, some stout people eat very little. Usually they take a good deal of liquid nourishment or are not inclined to exercise. In some cases there is a constitutional reason for the increased weight and a physician should be consulted.

For the really obese, exercise of any kind is difficult, but for the woman who is just beginning to get stout, dancing, swimming, fencing, tennis, bicycling—all these things are to be recommended as well as regular work in a gymnasium, or housework, with the exercises, some of which I have already suggested, and others mentioned below.

Lie flat on the back on the floor, hands clasped under the head. Lift the left leg to a perpendicular position, toes extended away from the body, stretch the hip and thigh muscles vigorously. Return the leg to the floor, keeping muscles quite stiff. Raise the right leg and repeat the exercise. After practicing this alternately twelve times, kick the legs vigorously with thigh muscles relaxed.

Exercise II.—Stand erect, hands on hips, twist the body at the waist, turning first toward one side, then toward the other. Keep the chest raised and shoulders back while doing this movement.

Exercise III.—For reducing the lump at the back of the neck, stand erect, head very high. Lift the shoulders, draw them back as far as possible. Now move them in a circular manner backward, up and forward, putting a great deal of vigor into the motions with the desire to heighten the circulation in that particular and very disfiguring lump on the back. Carry the shoulders back whenever you can remember to do so, even if the position is stiff and awkward. This exercise and the following one will help reduce the size of the bust.

Exercise IV.—Stand erect with hands on the chest. Slowly stretch the arms and hands back as far as possible, keeping

A Tonic Test

"We are all weak creatures," says Mrs. Corney, laying down a general principle. "No we are," said the headie.

Just think, for example, of the number of fabulously rich and powerful men, including John D. himself, who have to wear wigs. Bald heads stand as glaring emblems of mankind's limitations. We can slice conjuncts in half with great canals or push towers higher into the heavens than ancient Babel, but we all feel like weak creatures again the minute we hear the barber saying to a shiny pated customer: "Try a little tonic, sir!"

A wonderful creative genius had Browning, but when this great man, "experimentally" shaved off his beard one day, he must have felt as small and powerless as an ant to hear his wife order: "It must be grown again this minute."

And so it is with none of the up-to-date levity of some of our contemporaries, but rather with a sympathetic appreciation of the stupendous nature of his task, that we begin to watch the year-long "demonstration" of a Chicago hair tonic manufacturer who recently was instructed by a municipal Solomon to prove the merits of a specific by growing hair on a bald-headed policeman—Harpers' Weekly.

What Jane Said.

"Did you hear the satirical reply Jane Sharp made to Tommy Gilder?"

"No, what was it?"

"He said, 'It wouldn't be my money you would marry me for, would it?'"

"And what did Jane say?"

"She said, 'What awful conceit!'"

Cleveland Plain Dealer.