

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT

It's a Good Thing He Didn't Shake the Tree

Drawn for The Bee by Tad



Married Life the Third Year

Warren Was Not Displeased—It Was Only Helen's Imagination.

By MABEL HERBERT UGNER.

Helen was never a brilliant conversationalist. No one could ever accuse her of trying to scintillate. As a rule when she was in company, especially when Warren was present, she was more or less self-conscious and much preferred to listen than to talk.



But tonight she was unusually animated. We all have occasional moments of exhilaration when we chatter away with unconscious vivacity, when we "let ourselves go"—and often regret it afterward. And for Helen this was such a moment.

Perhaps it was because the day had been a very happy one. It was Sunday, and Warren had been with her all day, and he had been unusually companionable. In the morning he had read the papers, now and then reading something aloud, while she sat happily by with her mending basket. In some ways Helen was quite a little heathen. She could never see why it was worse to sew or mend on Sunday than to do anything else. And she was never happier than when on a Sunday morning Warren could read to her while she sat sewing in a low chair beside him.

In the afternoon they had gone for a long walk, and come home just in time to dress and get over to the Stevenses, with whom they seemed infectious.

Helen's mood seemed infectious. Mr. Stevens told some very clever stories, but when he did told them with inimitable humor, now related some incidents of his western trip.

Then Helen found herself telling of Pussy Purmew's antics. How she always nosed her way into every box and how she has squirmed into Della's hand-box on top of her new Easter hat without knocking off the lid, and how frightened and angry Della had been when she found her there. The story in itself was very trivial, but it was the way she told it that gave it charm.

"I say, Helen, give us that imitation of the woman at the suffragette meeting," demanded Warren.

"Oh, no, no," flushing. "I couldn't do that."

"Why not? Of course, you can." Then, turning to Mrs. Stevens, "She went to a suffragette meeting the other day and came back and took off one of the speakers. Jove, it was out of sight. Give it to us, kitten; let's have it."

At any other time Helen could not have been persuaded to do this before any one but Warren, but now she yielded to their insistence. She even stood up to better give the effect. If she had done well before, she surpassed herself now. She gave as much of the speech as she could remember, and then made up a great deal more. All in the same shrill, ranting tones of the suffragette who was making her first speech in public, and who felt that it was only necessary to make many vigorous gestures and use many high-sounding phrases about "woman's rights," "woman's independence" and "down-trodden womanhood."

Helen had a natural talent for mimicry. She could come home from the theater and imitate the actors with an irrepressible drollery all her own.

And now while they were still convulsed with laughter at her suffragette impersonation, Warren insisted that she take off the star of a play they had just seen. It happened that Mr. and Mrs. Stevens had also seen the play, and they all shouted at the clever mimicry.

Flushed with excitement and urged on by their roars of laughter, Helen gave one imitation after another until she finally sank breathless into her chair.

"Bravo, Kitten, bravo!" exclaimed Warren. "We'll have you in vaudeville yet."

"Why, dear, you're wonderful," and Mrs. Stevens leaned forward with genuine admiration. "Why didn't you let any of us know you could do this?"

looking unusually well. Every now and then she caught her reflection in the mirror of the sideboard opposite. The dainty pale blue chiffon gown, that she had bought since Warren's return, brought out all the fairness and delicate coloring of her skin. And she knew that several times that evening there had been a look of admiration in Warren's eyes as they rested upon her, that had not been there for many months.

"Shall we have coffee in the other room?" asked Mrs. Stevens.

"Oh, no, let's have it here," answered her husband. "There's something companionable about sitting around a table that you can't get anywhere else."

And so they lingered long over their coffee, laughing and talking with the sense of well-being that a good dinner and good company sometimes brings. Never had Helen been so animated. Never had she so "let herself go." She was vaguely conscious that for her she was talking a great deal, but she was conscious, too, that she was talking well. Never had words and ideas come so fluently. Usually in the evenings she spent with the Stevenses she would listen quietly to Warren and Mr. Stevens, but tonight they were listening to her.

But suddenly at the very height of her animation she felt Warren's foot touch hers under the table. She glanced at him quickly to find him frowning disapprovingly.

It was as sudden and as subtle as a dash of cold water. All her exhilaration instinctively faded into an anguished self-consciousness.

What had she said? What had she done? She looked at him in mute inquiry. He was still frowning, but he was looking away from her now. Plainly he did not wish to exchange glances for fear the Stevenses might notice. But again she felt the warning nudge under the table.

For the rest of the evening she was as silent as she had been talkative before.

Daffydillo

OAT ABAIR CHIRPS: ITS HARD TO BE POOR YET A GREAT MANY PEOPLE ACCOMPLISH IT.

KID KRAFT WHO PLAYED PINOCCHIO WITH NOAH ON THE ARK WAS ROWING GRACEFULLY UP THE HARLEM RIVER THE OTHER NIGHT HUMMING 'EVERYBODY'S DOING IT' HE STOPPED SUDDENLY UPON SEEING A BOTTLE IN THE WATER HA HA HE BARKED HOARSELY A MESSAGE 'WE SHALL SEE WHAT WE SHALL SEE' HE OPENED IT THERE WAS A NOTE WHICH READ IF ELECTRIC SPARKS ARE BLUE IS GAS SET?	OR SUCH A Grouch BENNY AND BECKY JUST HAD ON SUCH A ARGUMENTS BENNY WOULDN'T GIVE IT TO BECKY MORE MOMENT FOR A NEW SOUTS AND OF YOU SUCH A TALKING'S CAME OUT BEN COULDN'T STAND IT HE WENT UPSTAIRS TO SEARCH A QUIETNESS HE SAT DOWN HE MADE A THINKING'S THEN HE HEARD THE FINGERBELL ACROSS THE WAY FIGHTING MR. FINBERG YELLED OUT TO HIS WIFE IF A QUARTER IS TWO BITS IS A HALF A DOLLAR?	GENTLEMEN BE SEATED! TAMAM TAMBO - MR. JOHNSON CAN YOU TELL ME THE MOST BEAUTIFUL LAKE IN THE WORLD INTERLOCUTOR - WELL I DON'T KNOW TAMBO I SUPPOSE THE LAKE OF THE THOUSAND ISLANDS IS THE MOST BEAUTIFUL ONE TAMBO - NO SIR THE LAKE OF THE ISLES MAY BE BEAUTIFUL, BUT ONE OF THE GREAT LAKES IS SUPERIOR - AFTER THE APPLAUSE SUBSIDED MR. MATT KEEFE AROSE AND JANE THE FAMOUS ROOSTER'S SONG. I'M ONLY A FEATHER QUAIL IN THE END.
THEN I'LL KNOW YOU LOVE ME.	ITS OLD MR. FAGIN MY DEAR.	OUT OF MY COUL I'D YOU CAN'T TELL ME THAT'S A FULL TON.
HA HA I'M A JANITOR IN A BOAT CLUB NOW I NEVER SHOW UP TILL 6 A.M. THEN I SNEEZE AND CLEAN UP THE PLACE, THEN RUN OVER AND GET THE MAIL. VAM WITH A FEW BARNES	FIX BROKEN CAR LOCKS DO UP THE LAUNDRY TUNE UP THE PIANO - ANSWER THE PHONE - CLEAN ALL THE DRIFT WOOD AWAY FROM THE FLOAT (HANGS THE ROPE) MEND THE FLAG	ATTEND TO PLUMBING THEM AT NIGHT I LOOK FOR THE BOYS THEN IERVE A PARTY DO A FEW JIGS SING SOME OLD SONGS - THEN CLEAN UP AND DOVE ALL THE LIGHTS AT 2 A.M. I'M DONE
STRIKE ME IGNATZ!!	YEP NOTHIN TO DO TILL TOMORROW	GEE YOU'RE A LUCKY GUY

The Art of Life

Selected by EDWIN MARKHAM.

Dr. Horatio W. Dresser in his volume called "Human Efficiency" (published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; \$2.50) makes a study of the psychology of the principles of human activity. He considers the term "efficiency" as only a synonym for the art of life, for adaptation to nature. I select a few paragraphs from the chapter entitled "Our Energies and Their Control".

"The principle of efficiency tends to assume quantitative forms at first, through the dominance of commercial standards, and because of the use of methods involving the economical use of time. This tendency, carried to the extreme, would make of every man a machine for the production of the greatest amount of good work in the shortest time. To permit this tendency to rule would involve the surrender of the higher interests of human life, and man would cease to be human."

"Efficiency implies the best use of all our powers so far as may be consistent with the steady pursuit of one interest, vocation or profession, to which we give ourselves for the sake of being genuinely practical. The end is self-realization, the contribution of our share to the world's work, to the arts or the sciences. Hence self-coerciveness should no more rule than the coercion of authority."

"The right to live, to express, is inalienable, sacred. The human organism is an instrument for the realization of this moral ideal. Mind and body move along together. Therefore we cannot expect to make satisfactory headway unless we take them both into full account. Control at the center, mental efficiency, is the ideal and the means whereby moral efficiency may be secured."

"In a widely read article by Prof. James on 'The Energies of Men,' attention is called to the fact that there are various levels of energy, and times when the amount of energy available is greater, while at other times one appears to be cut off from the source. Closely connected with these fluctuations of energy are the inhibitions which check our energy in many ways."

"We are restrained, for example, by

literally and decorum, and so hedged in that we are unable to attain fullness of self-expression. It is plain that there are reservoirs of energy not habitually tapped. That these hidden reserves exist we know from the fact that at times we gain our 'second wind,' hence we are able to press on and work even after becoming decidedly fatigued."

"Again, we accomplish a great deal under excitement, or unusual circumstances. The inference is that if we possessed spontaneity or self-abandonment we might frequently draw on our hidden resources."

"If I have been in the habit of taking long walks into the country, I may well take advantage of my 'second wind' and walk five, ten, even fifteen miles after I am weary; since my organism, well trained in that sort of exercise, may not be brought into full activity until I have passed beyond the initial fatigue. The next day I may be aware of no ill-effects, and in a few days may be able to repeat the performance."

"So, in many kinds of work in which people regularly engage it may be possible to continue day after day turning out an exceptional amount of work without any undesirable result."

"This should be true of all whose powers are trained to work systematically, especially those who are happy in their work. The normal individual ought to be able to labor a goodly number of hours without being unpleasantly conscious of his organism."

"That there is enormous waste of energy in the human organism is a fact to be considered by itself before we set out in quest of hidden reserves. Only by more advantageously employing the energy at hand can we expect to conserve and organize that which is wasted. Our first promising discovery is likely to relate to the nervous system, since it is right use of nervous energy which underlies mental efficiency. Without doubt the nervous system is capable of far more work than we usually get from it."

"Yes, whatever the real or apparent power of the nervous system, it is primarily a question of the individual who makes full use of his powers, or habitually behaves below his highest point of activity, as the case may be."

"To make good use of our powers we must engage in a work which we believe worth while. Granted an inspiring ideal which calls the best from the self, the question is: Where shall one begin in the effort to master the energies of the organism and employ them to advantage?"

"If able to command sufficient repose to analyze a subject carefully, discerning its parts, arranging them in order, singling out essential points and formulating laws, you have already made several attainments in this direction."

"Such control implies the ability to adopt a point of view and follow it logically to its conclusions, and this implies command of the brain. It also involves the mechanism that secures external order and system, insures confidence and enables one to strike out and reach a goal."

"Some people show in a few minutes' conversation why they have become neurotics. That is, they speak with enormous waste of energy, using their powers like the person who does three days' work in one and then rests for three days to recover from the excess. To catch one's self in the act of forging ahead is to realize what a whirlwind of excitement is ordinarily taking place within, what tensions, frictions and strains still remain to be overcome."

"One can hardly learn precisely what is taking place without at the same time seeing what should be done. Catching one's self in the act, one is able to trace effects to causes. Hence, one sees at what point the organism must be cared for in a wiser way, just where the centers of nervous activity must be overcome. But all this calls for more self-knowledge and composure as the basis for control of the organism. This in turn demands a simple life, with more time for reflection."

WORKS OF WOMEN

The state labor commissioner in Ohio will appoint a woman to investigate the social conditions of women in factories, working girls in shops and stores, and to discover any indications of the existence of the white slave traffic. She will visit the women at their places of work and in their homes to discover actual conditions under which they live and work and what can be done to better such conditions.

When the national republican convention is held in Chicago June 18 there will be some surprises for the delegates in the way of suffrage demonstrations. A balloon, with "Votes for Women" printed upon its banners, will float lazily over the city that all who see may read. There are to be speeches and a procession. Mrs. Chatfield-Taylor, Mrs. Tiffany Blake, Miss Jane Addams and other prominent women are backing the "feature."

The Adventures of Cupid

Copyright, 1912, National News Association

Drawn by Nell Brinkley



—His First Step. From the Man's Heart to the Woman's.

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.
"It is difficult," says Longfellow, "to know at what moment Love begins; it is less difficult to know that it has begun."

A modern writer declares love to be "the despair of philosophers and sages, the rapture of poets, the confusion of cynics, and the warrior's defeat." Furthermore it has become the prevailing theme of the novelist. Almost every story is a love story, and the adventures of cupid are told on all the pages.

The picture above represents him taking his first step of uncertainty in his little fat legs, he wabbles and would fall if not supported by the strong arms of the man who is sending him with a message of love to the girl who has arms-outstretched to receive him.

Would you follow the adventures of this little love-limp who is going from the heart of the man to seek admittance in the heart of the maid?

If you would you need not be ashamed to confess it.

If you are not interested in cupid's adventures, if the sighs of rapture and longing attending him awaken no kindred emotion in your breast, then you're not a living, loving human being.

You are simply a casket for a rusty piece of mechanism called a heart.

All that love does to mortals, whether they welcome or flout him, is told in the picture series of "The Adventures of Cupid."