The Bee's Home Magazine Page

SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT

Wouldn't that Mysterious Guy Get Your Nanny, Too?

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Drawn for The Bee by Tad

Haunted Houses

By WINIFRED BLACK.

"There," said the woman who believes in signs, "it does look haunted, doesn't it?"

And I looked up from the timid green of the new grass, up to the clear brown of the little runaway brook that was talking at the top of its voice, telling all who would listen that spring had really come, up to the top of the windswept hill—where the haunted house stood.

Tall, gaunt, lonely, the windows shuttered, they looked like haggard eyes closed in death; the neglected porch; the ragged bushes along the walks, so stood the haunted house.

"Yes," said I. "It does look haunted—and I believe it is."

And then I heard the history of the gaunt house on the hill I knew that what I felt when I looked at it was true, and that it must be haunted, really haunted, too.

For the woman who built it was haunted, haunted with the terrible ghosts of hatred, and revenge, and envy, and small ambition, and cruel bitterness of heart.

She built the house to flaunt it and her wealth in the face of her own sister, who died alone and friendless in the very shadow of the haunted house.

And in the haunted house with the woman who built it lives sycophants and toadies and cowardly schemers, who flattered the owner of the house and made a silly dupe of her, with messages from what they called the spirit world. And the woman who built the haunted house died in a sanitarium, driven there by her own bitter hatred of her own kith and kin.

Haunted! I wouldn't live in a house with a history like that until I had every brick and every stone and every bit of wood in it scrubbed and deodorized and disinfected—from the cellar to the last beam in the garret.

I'd open every one of those shuttered windows, fling wide the barred doors, and fairly saturate that house of misery with the clean, wholesome sunshine, and even then I'd take a little house without a story to it in preference to that one for my dwelling place.

Haunted! Why, of course, it is haunted; it was bound to be haunted from the very first day the first foundation stone was laid in hatred till the hour that the poor creature who built it died in delirious bitterness of heart.

I have a friend who lives in a haunted house. The friend is a man—a great big, warm hearted, high souled man—and he is married to a little, mean spirited, petty-minded being who labors under the delusion that she is a woman.

She's the sort of woman who turns green if you mention any other woman's name with praise. You can't speak of anything or anybody with appreciation without calling the thunder clouds to that woman's brow. Her heart is so full of petty jealousies and mean economies that is must be fairly withering in her breast—and I defy any human being to speak a natural word, or even think a natural thought in the house where my poor friend lives with the woman he chose out of all the world to make him happy, because she had a pretty pink ear and a dimple in her chin.

The ear is red now, and there are so many chins that there isn't room for a dimple any longer, but the same small spirit lives in that house that entered in it the day the man I know brought home his bride. Haunted! I'd like to know why not.

Haunted! How queer you felt when you stepped into the living room over at the Smiths yesterday. The sun shone outside and the spring wind sang in the budding bushes at the gate, but the moment you entered that room the sun seemed to go under a cloud and the wind stopped singing and began to moan.

When Mrs. Smith came in to see you, was there something forced about her smile, or did you just imagine it? Why, even the dog on the hearthstone looked as if he had the blues.

Don't you know what was the matter? The Smiths live in a haunted house, and the ghost was walking just as you rang the bell. The cruel, haunting ghost of jealousy and distrust, and all her assumed smiles, could not keep your blood from chilling.

The house where the two sisters lived—one of them is a beauty and she laughs at the other, who is very plain. And the other is clever and she sneers at the one who is stupid. And a miserly old father watches them both with a kind of satiric and biting humor. Haunted, all haunted, every house that is inhabited by hate and anger and envy.

And the lightest minded child knows it as soon as he steps across the threshold and shows that he knows it in every line of his childish face.

The woman who comes for the laundry knows it—and so does the boy who delivers the groceries at the back door.

The ash man gets away from the place as quickly as he can, and the very dogs slink by the gate with a smothered bark.

Haunted, from cellar to garret, every one of them. I wouldn't live in a house like that if I got it furnished, heated, lighted—for nothing—would you?

Daffydils

OUT ABAR SAYS IT'S A WISE SAW THAT HAS WISDOM TEETH.

HE WAS A TENDERFOOT IN THIS SUBURBAN TOWN. HE BELIEVED EVERYTHING THE REAL ESTATE BOOSTERS TOLD HIM BUT AFTER EATING ONE YEAR IN THE DUMP BECAME CONVINCED THAT ALL MEN ARE LIARS. THEY SOAKED HIM FOR EVERYTHING. THERE WAS NOTHING COMING IN BUT BILLS, ONE NIGHT UPON RETURNING TO HIS MANSION HE SPOTTED A BIG SIGN WHICH READ. IS BOBBY BURNS' BED A GREATER CURIOSITY THAN SIR WALTER'S COT? HERE - YOU CAN'T GET THAT BAND IN THE FRONTIN WINDOW.

THEY WENT OVER TO SEE THE SUFFRAGETTE PARADE. "SAY CHUMPED" RED THE WAITER - WATCH THE SIGNS THEY HAVE IN THE PARADE I'LL BET THEY'RE RICH. THEY WANTED. ALONG CAME THE BAND THEN A BIT BEHIND THAT CAME THE BACKBONE OF OUR COUNTRY THE VERY FIRST SIGN SHOWING WAS PRINTED IN RED AND SAID IF YOU KNEW NICK LONGWORTH VERY WELL WOULD YOU CALL HIM LONG FOR SHORT?

DONT HIT HIM WITH THAT - GRAB THE DUBBAR.

DARK AND STORMY EVENING. TWO LOVERS SEATED ON A COUCH SAID COUCH BOUGHT ON THE INSTALLMENT PLAN. ENTER A COLLECTOR. DEMANDS $$. ORDERED TO DEPART. REFUSALED. ENTER IRATE PARENT. POLISHES HARDWOOD FLOOR WITH SAID COLLECTOR. LATTER RUNS TO PHONE CALLS UP TOBBLEBLATZ AND SAYS QUICKLY. IF A PAIR OF NEWLY IRONED TROUSERS GOT GLOOMY WOULD IT BE A DEPRESSED PANTS?

DONT LOOK AT ME THAT THAR WAY STRANGER.

HE GOT A CINCH JOB NOW. JOINED CHARLEY HARRIS ROMEO BAND AND PLAY 1ST TROMBONE. GET TO THE BANDROOM AT 7 A.M. DUST OFF THE MUSIC STANDS, ASSORT ALL THE INSTRUMENTS ON FOR THE DAILY CONCERT. CLEAN AND PRESS THE UNIFORMS. DISTRIBUTE THE MUSIC. TUNE UP THE BRASS HORNS, OIL THE SLIDE TROMBONES. BEFORE THE CORNET VALVES PUT NEW REEDS IN THE CLARINETS. REHEARSE THE BAND FROM 2 TO 6. REMOVE THE FOREMAN FROM 6 TO 8. PLAY SOLO TROMBONE FROM 8 TO 10. PACK THE MUSIC AWAY. DRY THE HORNS AND PACK 8 SMALL PUDDLES HOME. ATN. AS IN BED

GEE YOURE A HAPPY GUY

YEP NOTHIN TO DO TILL TOMORROW

Questions in Science

By EDGAR LUCIEN LARKIN.

Question—What would be the apparent path of the earth around the sun if viewed from the star Canopus, or the star-sun that our sun encircles?

Answer—(1) Our sun doubtless could not be seen from the star Canopus by means of any telescope now in existence. The 100-inch mirror now being made in Pasadena for the Mount Wilson observatory, if taken into space to a distance equal to that of the giant sun Canopus, and turned back this way on a dark night might see our sun as the point of a very fine needle; or, if invisible, it might be photographed by long exposure.

Our sun is classed as a small star, and its light at the distance of Canopus would be exceedingly small and faint. Of course, the earth and a hundred million more worlds like it, bunched together into a cluster, would be invisible by reflected sunlight. But if the sun and earth and the earth's orbit could be seen, then the track of the earth would be a spiral around that of the sun. Go take a broomstick, and wire around it like thread on a spool, take out the stick and stretch the coil until the space between each turn is, say, one-third inch, and make the turns to the wire. Then this spiral or coil would represent the track of the earth through space during 100 years.

The sun moves toward the star Vega at a speed of twelve miles per second and carries the earth, all the planets and their moons along. But they all move around the sun at the same time, and therefore traverse spirals, represented fairly by extended coils of wire.

(2) It is not known whether the sun is moving around another as a center. All probabilities are against this idea. Since the invention of the telescope and micrometer no turning to the right or left has been detected. It, so far as known, seems to be moving along on a straight line. But analogy is against this also. Millions of other suns attract ours, and the path beyond a doubt bends this way and that like that of a bee in a swarm, but the curvature cannot be noticed. Draw a circle ten miles in diameter, cut out one inch, and you could say the inch is a straight line. The sun's path traversed during the last 20 years at twelve miles per second is about in the proportion of this cut out inch.

The Manicure Lady

"Isn't it awful, George," said the Manicure Lady, "the way a lot of people lets their talk over the phone?"

"I never keep on talking to them," said the Head Barber. "The minute anybody starts getting sassy with me I simply lay off. What's on your mind?"

"Oh, there was the freshest guy in the world called me up this morning and he tried to tell me something about a tip on a race. The way he talked I wasn't sure whether he wanted to talk to Jack Brown about Brown Jack in the second race, or Loose Luke in the tenth race. And the nerve of him, George! My goodness, he was that insulting that I was praying for him to get onto a street car and come down to the shop, where I could bounce one of your hair tonic bottles off his bean. Do you know what he said to me?"

"I wouldn't have any idea," said the Head Barber, guardedly.

"Well," said the Manicure Lady, "this is what he said, after I had tried three or four times to get the name that he was trying to tell me, he said that he would like to talk to somebody that had a little intelligence. Can you beat that, George? Get it? He wanted to talk to somebody that had a little intelligence!

"Honest to goodness, I just wish I knew who it was. The mean rat. He wanted to talk to somebody that had a little intelligence!"

"You don't need to repeat," said the Head Barber. "What did you say to him?"

"Oh, I didn't say much," replied the Manicure Lady. "I just said that I had intelligence enough, but that I wished I could talk to somebody that talked a little less like Kid Broad or Dummy Taylor. There is certain lengths, George, to which no man can go with me and get away with it. When I boil, I boil."

"You don't need to be glaring at me," said the Head Barber. "I never talked raw to you, over the 'phone or any other way."

"I know that, George," said the Manicure Lady. "You've always been a perfect dear to me. That is one of the things that I always admired about you. You never called me a peach, or said anything about that you would like to marry me and settle down in one of them vine-clad Wisconsin cottages."

"I never said it because I wouldn't want to," said the Head Barber.

"You wouldn't want to what!" snapped the Manicure Lady.

"I meant I wouldn't want to get fresh with you," explained the Head Barber.

"Oh, I see," said the Manicure Lady. "You better not had, anyhow!"

Lillian Lorraine's Beauty Secrets for Girls

The Definition of the Charm.

By LILLIAN LORRAINE.

While almost every woman wants to be pretty, I don't believe a girl exists who does not long to be charming. I have often wondered just what charm is.

Only a little while ago I was dining with some people at a restaurant, and we had been remarking on the dreadful assortment of ugly looking people badly dressed and most depressing to contemplate.

At the table next to us there was a group of five people, three men and two women. One women's face was completely hidden by a big bunch of carnations which stood in the middle of the table. We could only see the gestures of her hands, and the nodding plumes of her smart bonnet, and the general outlines of the well-dressed figure of a woman. I should judge, between thirty and forty. She seemed to be telling a story. At any rate, she was keeping her friends in gales of laughter and she managed the conversation so that every one had a share in it, though she seemed to dominate. We watched her for a long time without being able to see her face, and we all decided that she was a very charming person; but then we couldn't tell why, because we could neither hear what she said nor hear her. We could only judge by her gestures and the way the bobbing hat turned from one person to the other. It seemed so interested and so gracious and we knew the person beneath was the same.

Charm is so illusive that you can't put a real definition on it. Being unselfish does not necessarily make on charming, though a person who is obviously selfish never has charm. I think the secret of charm is to make the most of yourself both physically and mentally, in order to please others, and incidentally to be agreeable to yourself.

No woman with an ugly speaking voice can be really charming, though lots of women with ugly faces have this enviable quality. Now, a pretty speaking voice can be cultivated, and there is no reason why every one of us should not speak in low and musical tones. It is entirely a question of having your attention called to it, and remembering not to scream and talk loud, and not to talk in the awful nasal twang that ruins so many "pretty voices. The best thing to do is to find some one with a pretty voice and imitate her. Be sure you choose an example whose voice is about the same range as yours. If your voice is naturally high you don't want to imitate Ethel Barrymore. And if you have a low voice, don't try to speak high like Billie Burke, for instance.

When you think of a charming person you naturally picture to yourself one who is scrupulously clean. I am sure if I were a man I would soon be disgusted with the most beautiful woman in the world if the lace around her neck and sleeves was soiled, and if she had the misfortune always to look untidy, as many women do. The girl whose waist doesn't fasten properly in the back and who hasn't had intelligence enough to find out how to keep her shirtwaists in proper trim, making perfect connection with the band of the skirt, whose placket is never fastened securely and whose skirt sags at the back and hikes up in front; well, that girl could have the most divine features in the world, eyes as big as teacups, lips like cherries, and teeth like pearls, but if I were a man she would not tempt me.

MISS LILLIAN LORRAINE.

Being tidy is a habit that you have to cultivate as you do a broad A in speaking. Some people don't want to cultivate the A, and others don't want to be tidy, but mark my words, if you want to do either, so that it seems natural, begin when you are young.

Dress is one of the principal items of a woman's charm. It doesn't have to be expensive, but it must express her own femininity and essential daintiness. You can wear the prettiest dress in the world, but if you are not really dainty, somehow that quality is going to show. The fact that you have on a new and fresh dress doesn't hide the lack of physical cleanliness and refinement, and somewhere this lack is going to proclaim itself in the soiled ruffle of a petticoat that drags, or in a down-trodden heel of a shoe, in hair that needs shampooing and nails that need manicuring.

Most people think that being beautiful is an expensive process. That isn't so at all. Real beauty doesn't come out of shops, and while it means constant care and attention, it does not require spending much money.

Neither does charm.

A woman does not have to wear a Paquin gown to appear absolutely charming in the eyes of her household. But she can't come to the breakfast table in curl papers, or a frowsy head of hair, even if she's wearing a dressing gown designed by a famous French costumer and be attractive.

The woman whose face was hidden by a bunch of carnations and who impressed us all by her charm was evidently trying to please her guests. At the same time she did not seem to be gushing over them, or to be saying a lot of nonsensical, insincere flattery.

You may think for a moment that a person who flatters you a great deal is really charming, but on second thought, you know that the things which were said could not have been true. The girl who flatters is not the popular girl, for she is soon found out. But the girl who has plenty of tact, and who graciously gives way to let another person shine, that girl has made a friend, and you will never hear her called lacking in charm.

Charm denotes a certain softness, and I think women who affect the masculine either in appearance or in speech, are usually devoid of it. Have you ever realized that on the stage only the smallest, most feminine kind of girls, ever make a success in masculine roles? This is because every one knows that it is only a masquerade. But if a girl really looked masculine, I think she would be hooted off the stage, and certainly she would be lacking in charm. Our tailor-made costumes, our mannish boots, gloves and ties are only becoming to us when they are transformed by being worn by the essentially womanly girl. The mannish girl who affects part of her brother's costumes may have dash and fascination for a time, but if she cultivates this mannish trait to the detriment of her softer and gentler qualities, she will soon find that she has completely lost the illusive and much sought for and most attractive of all feminine attributes, charm.

Beware the Moth.

The reason clothes are moth eaten is because the moth has laid eggs in them before they were packed away. Clothes put away in carefully closed trunks, boxes or bags without moth eggs in them will not be eaten, moth balls or no moth balls. If moth eggs are already in the clothes, it will do no possible good to use moth balls, camphor, or any of the other bad-smelling things. The only value of moth balls is to keep the moths from coming near the bad smell if you have made certain that there are no eggs already in the clothes and they are not protected in sealed boxes or bags.

The Art of Love Making

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

"Lovemaking, how simple a matter
depths to explore,
No heights in a life to ascend. No disheartening before,
No affrighting Hereafter—Love now will be love evermore,
So I felt 'To keep silence were folly,' all languages above, I made love."
Robert Browning.

"I am deeply in love with Esther E," writes Lester, "and we have been keeping steady company for the last two years. She is my ideal of a girl—quiet, refined and cultured. But she is only 18 and I am 19. I feel a little timid about broaching the subject of matrimony, although I think it would be all right, as I have a very good position. Kindly advise me how to go about making love to her and what is best for me to do."

Said Eden Phillpots: "No man ever yet failed to make love from ignorance of how to begin."

In days of old, a knight went down on his knees, and did all sorts of chivalrous deeds to win his lady's favor.

He need not go on his knees today, and if he attempted any of the feats of his early love-lorn ancestors, his girl would refuse to have him, for that is classed as "foolhardy" today.

All the world asks of him is that he is honorable, steadfast, faithful, persistent, considerate and kind in his lovemaking. If he is a man of limited means it does not expect any lavish expenditures as a proof of his love. If the girl is the nice sensible girl she should be, she will not accept any gifts which are plainly beyond a man of his income.

Love making, granted that the girl is "refined and cultured," as is the girl of your dreams, is so simple that it would be an easier task to tell how to avoid it.

You have been going with her two years. If you never told her in word and look of your love, this preference for her society for so long a time is a proof.

She has accepted your attentions for two years, during which time I judge there never has been any inclination to go with any other man. My dear young man, these facts alone prove to her that you love her, and should prove to you that you come first in her heart.

Tell her you love her. It will be the easiest thing you ever did in all your life.

You need not outline nor rehearse what you will say or do next.

No writer of poetry or prose can tell you that which will help you during the next half hour.

"Love scenes, if genuine," said Louisa M. Alcott, "are indescribable; for to those who have enacted them, the most elaborate description seems tame, and to those who have not, the simplest picture seems overdone. So romances had better let imagination paint for them that which is above all art, and leave lovers to themselves during the happiest minutes of their lives."

You are young, but I judge you are a steady, reliable young man, and your description of the girl indicates that, though she is only 18, she has the thoughtfulness of a woman some years older. Under the circumstances I do not believe you are too young to broach the subject of matrimony.

An engagement of a year or two is not too long when both the man and the woman are as faithful, as reliable and as much in earnest as you and this young woman seem to be.

Ask her to marry you. The asking will be easy. But don't ask her unless you have made up your mind to so conduct the rest of your life that you may make her happy and be worthy of her.

The Two Ages

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

On a great cathedral window I have seen
As summer sunset swoon and sink away,
Lost in the splendors of immortal art.
Angels and saints and all the heavenly hosts,
With smiles undimmed by half a thousand years,
From wall and niche have met my lifted gaze.
Sculpture and carving and illumined page,
And the fair, lofty dreams of architects,
That speak of beauty to the centuries—
All these have fed me with divine repasts,
Let in my mouth is left a bitter taste,
The taste of blood that stained that age of art.

Those glorious windows shine upon the black
And hideous structure of the guillotine;
Beside the haloed countenance of saints
There hangs the mutiple and knotted lash.
The Christ of love, benign and beautiful,
Looks at the torture-rack, by hate conceived
And bigotry sustained. The prison cell,
With blood-stained walls, where starving men went mad
Lies under turrets matchless in their grace.

God, what an age! How was it that you let
Colossal genius and colossal crime
Walk for an hundred years across the earth,
Like giant twins? How was it then that men,
Conceiving such vast beauty for the world,
And such large hopes of heaven, could entertain
Such hellish projects for their human kin?
How could the hand that, with consummate skill
And loving patience, limned the luminous page
Drop pen and brush, and seize the branding rod,
To scourge a brother for his differing faith?

Not great this age in beauty or in art;
Nothing wrought today that shall endure
For earth's adornment, through long centuries,
Not ours the fervid worship of a God
That wastes its splendid opulence on a glass,
Leaving but hate for hungry human arts.
Yet this great age; its mighty work is man
Knowing himself the universal life
And great our faith, which shows itself in works
For human freedom and for racial good
The true religion lies in being kind.
No age is greater than its faith is broad.
Through liberty and love men climb to God.