



The Bee's Home Magazine Page

SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT

You Can Never Tell by the Shadows

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Drawn for The Bee by Tad



Husband Hunting

The Widow Grows Restless at the Matchmakers Scheme

By Virginia Terhune Van De Water.
Mrs. Robbins, at whose home Beatrice Miner and Robert Marcy met, was a confirmed, if unacknowledged, matchmaker. She had often told Beatrice it actually made her own heart ache to see her living such a lonely life.

She, therefore, considered it a delightful coincidence that the widow and the widower should appear at her little afternoon "at home" at the same time. Robert Marcy was one of the few men who attend afternoon teas. During his wife's lifetime he had done so only very occasionally with her, and always under vigorous and strongly expressed protest, which sometimes had brought tears to her eyes.

While he looked into Beatrice's eyes she noted especially his flashing smile and fine, regular teeth, and remembered that Tom's mouth had always been homely, and that his teeth had been quite irregular. That was why she had urged him to wear a mustache, which, of course, he declined to do. But it was only her subconscious mind that recalled these facts, for she was chatting meanwhile with her new acquaintance and with her hostess.

Then several other people came in and the pair drifted to different parts of the room. Nor did they meet again until Robert sought out Beatrice to bid her good-bye.

"It has been a pleasure to meet you," he said. "I have been very lonely, and I feel grateful to our dear hostess for inviting me to dine here with you next week. I hope that nothing will interfere with your coming."

"I have heard nothing of the affair," said Beatrice. "I may very possibly be engaged for every night next week."

She felt a chill of resentment that Helen Robbins should make an arrangement with any man to meet her at dinner without first consulting her. In fact, she considered it somewhat of an impertinence. Of course, Mr. Marcy could not know this, but she would tell Helen what she thought of it.

"It was not delicate, she thought, and she wondered if the man in question did not suspect what Helen was about, and if he thought that she, a widow of only two years, was party to the plan. Even though she had decided in her inward soul that if she ever met a man who was worth while she might marry again, that was her own affair; but for another woman to think such a thing of her, and to go so far as to show that she was thinking it, was most indelicate."

She was roused from her reflections by the voice of her hostess, saying: "Of course, you know that poor Bob Marcy is a widower, and has some new-where for months. That is why you have not heard me speak of him—as he has kept himself shut away from all his former associates. I was very glad to see him here today and to notice how bright and cheerful he was when he was talking to you. Yes, he has been sad and lonely, for he was one of the men who love their wives devotedly. I always say such men make the best husbands to their second wives."

"What has all this to do with me, Helen," she asked with asperity. "I did not know that Robert Marcy was a widower, nor do I care whether he is or not, only I should think he might be allowed to talk to a woman without anybody's thinking that he is planning to marry again. Perhaps he may find some girl with so little sense that she may be satisfied with him. I, for my part, cannot comprehend how any one who has been happily wedded once would ever make a second attempt. But widowers are different from widows—more so. I don't consider it in good taste for Mr. Marcy's acquaintances to plan for his second marriage. You were his wife's friend, weren't you?"

Helen widened her pretty blue eyes in unaffected astonishment at her guest's vehemence. "Why, dear," she said, "what is the matter? Yes, I was his wife's friend, and because I know how good he is I want him to be happy again. But I do not understand why you should resent my mentioning the matter. You actually talk as if you did not like him, and I thought you would find him a pleasant fellow. He is certainly a gentleman, even if he is a widower," she added teasingly.

As Beatrice walked homeward she acknowledged to herself the humiliating fact that she had been angered because Helen had spoken of her own thought of a second marriage. It was one thing to confess to one's self; it was quite another to have one's friend voice it. And, moreover, muttered Beatrice, she would not have any man, least of all a widower, thrown at her head. No, she would not go to that dinner!

But in her heart of hearts she knew that tomorrow she would write a note of acceptance of the invitation. Nevertheless, until then, she would, even to herself, keep up the little game of resentment and indifference.

The Lovers of the World

Helen of Troy

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Drawn for The Bee by Nell Brinkley



One day these two fled down the rocks to the blue water, and over the sea.

By NEIL BRINKLEY.

"Helen of Troy"—Do we ever hear or read that name without the dreams come thick and fast?

Dreams of fair country-sides, blue seas and wind-swept hills, temples made of blue and white in light and shadow by the strong south sun, tall maidens with sapphires in their hair, and the winds of the sea blowing through their hair.

"What has all this to do with me, Helen," she asked with asperity. "I did not know that Robert Marcy was a widower, nor do I care whether he is or not, only I should think he might be allowed to talk to a woman without anybody's thinking that he is planning to marry again. Perhaps he may find some girl with so little sense that she may be satisfied with him. I, for my part, cannot comprehend how any one who has been happily wedded once would ever make a second attempt. But widowers are different from widows—more so. I don't consider it in good taste for Mr. Marcy's acquaintances to plan for his second marriage. You were his wife's friend, weren't you?"

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loved him so more. And Priam, his father, sent him, with one of his shepherds, to be left upon the hills of Ida. But the rain and the dew and the winds and the sun of five long days brought him death—step to the tiny Greek, but the blood into his cheeks and the laughter into his eyes, and the shepherd's heart warmed, and he knew, said he, "that the gods never meant him to die," so he took him to his hearth for his own.

As he grew he was straight and strong, and kind and beautiful, and faithful to the flock; he was skilled in games, and his music was a thing to linger for.

For long years he drove the sheep on the wild hillsides of Ida, and ruled the deep pine forests with his singing. Then one day, his fathering, who believed his little prince safe dead, though a most kind thought: He would give a feast to the gods so that poor Paris might have peace in the dark country of Ida. So he sent to the slopes of Ida for a bull from his herds, to give to the victor of the games. And the one they chose was that one which Paris had made his own and loved the best.

So, in his wrath and tears, the sturdy boy followed the servants and his pet to Ilion, and blind with rage, he fought

in the games and won! His brother tried to kill him, but his sister cried that it was Paris who had been left to die on Ida. And when he knew his story, the shepherd's heart turned black with grief within him, and back he went with his again won pet at his heels, to the flocks and the pine forests of Ida.

And when the grief washed a little out of his heart and the sun was good to him again, a dream fell upon him, for he saw and won Oenone, the daughter of the happiness of Paris. Now down in Phthia there was great feasting of gods and men, for Peleus had won Thetis, a maid of the deep sea, for his wife. And all the gods were there but Discordia, and her ugly face they didn't want where there was all laughter and beauty.

So that plucked only one thought hard, and thought a way of vengeance. In the midst of the feast she flung a golden apple, and across the when was written, "For the fairest." And bote then was an uproar. Three goddesses stretched a white hand for it and quarreled: Minerva deeded it, Juno coveted it above all things, Venus smilingly took it for her right, "for," says she, "the stars danced in heaven when I was born, for my very

beauty." But Jupiter thundered his order—that the three goddesses take the gold apple to the hills of Ida, and here, Paris, the fairest of all men, should give it to whom he would.

"So here begin the trials of Paris. So to the hills of Ida and to Paris with his flocks came these royal three. Juno offered him power, Minerva gravely offered him wisdom and strength and happy days. But Venus slipped close to the shepherd and bribed him with "The fairest of all daughters of men for a wife." But Paris laughed aloud at this "I need not that," he said, "for a fairer wife than Oenone can no man have. For there are the fairest daughters of all the Gods, and so I give thee the apple of gold. So now lay on Ilion the wrath of Juno, Minerva and ugly Discordia."

Now far away in Sparta, Discordia, brought famine and dark days. And the Gods told Menelaus, the king, that not until the bones of the children of Prometheus were brought from Ilion would there be plenty. So to Priam's kingdom came Menelaus, and there he saw Paris, whom he straight loved for his beauty and strength.

Rich he promised to make him if he would go with him to Sparta. So Paris,

the shepherd prince, believed, and kissing his smiling river nymph goodby, he sailed with Menelaus to Sparta land. And there he saw Helen, Helen of Troy, the wife of Menelaus.

Gold and white she was and deep-eyed and full-lipped, her face so great a marvel that men forgot all other things but the sweetness of living within sight of her fluttering, gold-bordered robe. And Paris forgot the slopes of Ida and the pine woods, and the flocks, and he forgot Oenone and all his loving of her. So Venus and Discordia wove round his heart a tangle of love. And one day when Menelaus was gone far for a little while, these two, Helen and Paris, the shepherd, fled down the rocks to the blue water and over the sea to Ilion, and there they lived in the house of Priam, the father of Paris. Paris' spear and shield hung idle and unblemished on the wall. And high on the hills of Ida Oenone watched her bright tears slip into the water of Cephrenus. So down upon fair Ilion fell the great hosts of Menelaus; the sea was black with ships; men crawled in swarms over the high white walls of Troy. Paris fell under the sword in his own great hall; here Hector died. Juno and Minerva loomed mightily in the army of Menelaus, and for Troy came no help from Venus, the merry-maker. Paris took down his spear and shield and went into the battle, but his heart and his body had turned coward, and he gave no help to the weary Trojans. Troy died under the sword, her white towers crumbled and boiled in dust to the sky, and in the fire of her burning fell to naught the dreams of Paris. The shepherd fled, and as he ran an arrow of Philoctetes winged his way into his side. He plucked it out and flung it far, but his poison spread, and he hurried with limbs trembling and brain growing short and a coldness creeping on him to the hillsides of Ida, where he had watched his sheep. And here Oenone held him close till he had died. So goes the way of men and maidens even now.

And back to Sparta with Menelaus went Helen, the perfect, golden and white, unblemished, untouched, unremembered. As such we knew each other, and it is hard to realize that my old "Sard" has, as we say out in the western desert, out his last card six deep.

Some Questions in Science

By EDGAR LUCIEN LARKIN.

Q. Are townships and sections surveyed perfectly square; and, if not, by what method are they made to correspond with the lines of longitude which converge toward the poles?

A. This is an important problem, and one which early in our national history was dealt with by congress in the beginning of the nineteenth century. A United States bureau of surveyors was established and their duties were regulated by law. The United States coast and geodetic survey is now completing the great work of minute survey of the national area.

The troublesome convergence of the meridians from the equator to the pole was allowed for by congressional enactment. The United States surveyors first laid out standard meridians with great accuracy by astronomical methods, precisely north and south. These they marked by stones and monuments. They next drew base lines from east and west at exact right angles to the meridian. Next they surveyed townships east and west of the base lines, north and south of the base lines, each six miles square, and further divided into thirty-six squares, one mile to each side, and these into halves and quarters. Each north and south line, one would think, would be one mile from the next; but all of the north and south lines on earth meet at the poles, continually drawing nearer and nearer. San Francisco is between the 37th and 38th degrees of latitude. A degree of longitude on the 37th parallel is 55.3 miles and on the 38th, 54.5 miles, or .772 mile or 2,365 feet shorter. Since townships must be between north and south lines, buyers of the top-north-sections in the 38th, would get 2,365 feet less land than those on the 37th. To divide the losses the government ordered that at the base line the meridians should be set at a little more than one mile apart. Correction lines, east and west, were set at five miles apart. The distances between north and south lines on the base were then so marked in five miles that the same lines five miles north on the correction line would be one mile apart. These only slight errors would appear on the line one mile farther north, or the north line of the township. However, this fifth mile correction line does not overcome all the discrepancy; so the law is that the "shortage or excess shall be placed in the north-west sections of each township." This excess may happen from errors or surveys not provided with accurate instruments, or from other causes. So it will be noticed that surveying is high-grade science.

Q. Is the Pacific ocean higher than the Atlantic? If it is, what is the cause?

A. No; the Pacific level is not higher than the Atlantic. All barometers, all mountain heights are referred to standard sea level.

Q. Is the level of the sea at the Pacific end of the Panama canal higher than the level at the Atlantic end?

A. The average sea-level of the Pacific ocean and the Caribbean sea, at opposite sides of the isthmus of Panama, is the same. This is the mean or average level of the two waters during all days of the year. But there is a great difference in tides. The Caribbean tides are faint, rarely exceeding two feet; while the tides in the Pacific at Panama are not Pacific, for they at times rise ten feet and sink ten feet below normal undisturbed sea level. Without these tides, currents would alternately rush in the canal from south to north entering, and from north to south escaping.

Q. Kindly state in The American whether or not parallel lines will meet if extended to infinity.

A. Parallel lines could never meet, even in infinity.

Paraphrases.

The world is a treadmill for all—excepting the drivers.

Happy is the man who doesn't want what he can't get.

A boy can earn a living if his father refuses to do it for him.

Old people have lived in vases if they haven't learned patience.

If a girl really objects to being kissed—well, onions are cheap.

Every married man is boss in his own home when his wife's away.

Business is improving. The clockmakers are putting on more hands.

Lots of men follow the races—probably because they can't get ahead of them.

The oftener a base ball player goes on, the lower his batting average will be.

Even if a woman has no use for a man she can be flattered if he pretends to be jealous of her.

Every time a married man loses money, he has a chance to regret that his wife didn't spend it foolishly.—Chicago News.

The Only Key.

"And where, my fellow citizens," appeared the political speaker, "can we find an instrument so fit, so delicate, so adjustable, and at the same time so unassuming and popular that it will unlock every department of state for the benefit of the people?"

"The ballot," shrieked an enthusiastic suffragist in the audience.—Judge.

A Comrade's Tribute to "Davy"

By JAMES SWINNERTON.

Memory takes me back some twenty years to the San Francisco Art school, where Homer Davenport first started his career of drawing. He was then a tall, thin boy, the earmarks of Silvertown, Oregon, showing in every line of figure and raiment.

His queer, dry humor and farm simplicity made him a favorite in a very short time.

He would never pay attention to the master, but in out-of-the-way corners found some casts of animals. These he drew very painstakingly in pen and ink, entirely ignoring the master, who wished him to work on simpler subjects with charcoal.

He left the art school to join the San

Francisco Examiner, belonging to Mr. W. H. Hearst. There he started drawing horses, and as riding was in his blood on the coast at that time, there was plenty of calls for his work.

He went to Chicago for a while, where an uncle had been planning his advancement, and did more horses and animals.

Then he appeared among us again in San Francisco, still groping for his real line of work. At last it came. He was tried out on some political work, cartooning, and portraits, and the Examiner afterward kept him at that exclusively. He made an immediate hit, and Mr. Hearst transferred him to New York, in 1896.

He was a distinct character. The city never supplanted the love of the big places. He was always a farmer at heart. When he fell in some time ago he wrote to me in the Colorado desert, saying how glad he would be to join me in a long hunting and camping trip. Other things intervened and he denied himself the trip for the sake of his work.

He was a great simple boy to the last, sometimes too easily deceived by schemers and meddlers—but sinners and brave and outspoken—a man one would be proud to call "partner."

As such we knew each other, and it is hard to realize that my old "Sard" has, as we say out in the western desert, out his last card six deep.