

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT

The Judge is Caught With the Goods Again

Drawn for The Bee by Tad



Married Life the Third Year

Helen's Self-Consciousness is a Cause of Much Irritation to Warren.

By MABEL HEIBERT URNER.

"Try a piece of bread—some of the crust."

Helen broke off a tiny piece and nibbled at it painfully.

"Take enough to do some good. Here," and Warren broke off a larger piece and handed it to her. "That's the trouble with shade—it's full of those infernal bones."

Helen obediently swallowed the crust as best she could.

"Gone?"

"She shook her head."

"Take some water."

She gulped down another half glass of water.

"Now stop thinking about it. Just go and eat your dinner—it'll go down itself."

But it is difficult to eat with a fish bone, however tiny, lying obstinately in one's throat.

Whenever anything happened to Warren, he always took it most seriously. He nursed all his little ills with almost ludicrous gravity. But when anything happened to Helen his attitude was, "Oh, that's nothing. Just don't think about it—it'll be all right."

As a rule she tried hard to keep from him all her slight complaints, knowing she would only be hurt by his lack of sympathy. And now she tried hard to forget the irritation in her throat.

But instead of passing it away it became more painful and more difficult to swallow. After dinner she went to her own room, closed the door and with the aid of a hand mirror and a buttonhook wriggled with ascertained cotton tried to dislodge the bone. But it was too far down to be reached. Just as she was holding her mouth open at the widest angle, Warren suddenly appeared at the door.

"Thinking she hastily put down the hand mirror and the buttonhook, Helen was always painfully self-conscious and could never bear for Warren to see her in an awkward or ridiculous position, with this self-consciousness not only did he never sympathize, but for some reason it always irritated him. And now he growled as he saw her very evident confusion.

"That bone still there?"

"She nodded."

"Here, come over to the window and let's see."

"Oh, no, no," drawing back hastily.

"Come here, I say," taking her by the arm and drawing her to the window.

"Now open your mouth! Let's see if I can't get that out!"

"Oh, no, no—Warren I can't!" turning her head and trying to draw away.

"Why can't you? Open your mouth I tell you!"

"Warren I can't—I can't stand there with my mouth open! You know I can never do anything like that—I always feel so ridiculous."

But Warren forced her none too gently to the window. "Now open your mouth! That's about enough of this temporizing!" But as he released her arm to turn her face towards the light, she jerked away with an indignant:

"I won't. I'd rather have ten bones in my throat! Surely you won't use force!"

Furious at her resistance, with ascertained oath Warren flew out of the room, slamming the door so hard that the whole floor shook. And in a few moments she heard him rattling into his coat in the hall. Then the outer door banged.

Helen stood by the window and gazed out with reddened eyes. Oh, why should Warren never respect her self-consciousness? Why did it always irritate him? No doubt she was foolish—if it was a sensitiveness that she could not help—why should he resent it so?

There were many little things that she knew she was absurdly sensitive and self-conscious about. She could never bear for him to see her in a dental chair with her mouth stretched open, nor would she curl her hair before him, nor let him see her in curl papers, or with cold cream on her face.

It was one of Helen's most deep-rooted instincts that Warren must have no mental pictures of her which were ridiculous or unpleasant.

If there were had something of this nature the proportion of unhappy marriages would be immense. As a rule most women are wholly indifferent as to what mental pictures their husbands may have of them. But Helen carried her sensitiveness to this to the extreme.

Favorite Fiction.

"Vote for Bogie, the People's Candidate."

"The Bachelor, Is Well and Favorably Known Here, and the Bride Is One of the Loveliest and Most Popular Young Ladies in Our City."

Daffydile

EDDIE SAYS THE ONLY KIND OF FISH HE LIKES IS CHEESE CAKE.

THE GRAND JURY WAS INVESTIGATING AFFAIRS IN THE COUNTY IN AN ASYLUM EIGHT HUNDRED YEARS OLD. HELEN CHARGED UP TO THE PHOTOGRAPH AND HERE WERE 500 BOTTLES OF INK AND 400 POUNDING PENS. THE MEMBER FROM ORANGE SAID THEY WERE ORDERED BECAUSE HE SAID HE THOUGHT THEY WOULD MAKE THE INMATES RIGHT!

OFFICER! BUST OFF THE ELECTRIC CHAIR.

WARREN WAS FACING THE DECK OF THE SHIP WITH HIM WAS HIS FRIEND THE FRENCH AUTHOR AND STATESMAN. WHEN THE TIME CAME FOR DISSEMBLING, THEY WERE HEARD TO WHISPER AS TO WHO SHOULD STEP OFF FIRST. THE FRIEND WITH INNATE POLITENESS SAID HE WOULD FOLLOW THE GENERAL. WHEATFIELD NAPOLEON WEATHERFULLY EXCLAIMED: "WHEN I TELL TO GO GOES GET ME?—VICTOR HUGO."

DROP THAT WHEE-BARROW WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT MACHINERY?

MORDECAI MORDECAI AND AFRICAN ALFRED THE ONLY MEN WHO EVER CHOKED A BREAKER WERE IN CONVENTION ASSEMBLED AT PUTTY'S POOL PARLOR. THE GREAT CHOKERS CHIRPED ABOUT CHOKING LIONS CHOKING THEIR ANGERS AND CHOKING BIG BEERS. FINALLY ALFRED ALMOST CHOKED HIMSELF BY PIPING IF THE STAIRS MOVED WOULD THE BANISTER?

BARK ON YOUR RED DEVILS BARK ON! NO ONE EVER KNEW RANDOLPH RIVERS TO SHOW FEAR.

MY I'M IN SOFT NOW—TELEGRAPH OPERATOR I GET DOWN TO THE OFFICE AT 10.50 SIGN UP THEN WAIT.

TILL 11 OR 11.30 GET A PIECE OF WORK AND STICK AT IT TILL I WHEN I'M FIRED THEN I WALK AROUND TOWN AND THE PAPERS AND AT 5.30 I RETURN.

I'M SET AT ANOTHER JOB THEN AND WORK TILL 10 THEN I GO HOME AND FIGURE OUT JUST HOW I CAN MAKE IT A WEEK. JUSTEN THROUGH-HA SO THAT IT'LL BE LIKE JO.

GOO YOURS A LUCKY BUY.

YER NOTHING TO DO TILL TOMORROW.

My Old Friend's Son

By WINIFRED BLACK.

I saw him at the theater the other day—my old friend's son.

He had only a few lines to say in the play, but there was something in his voice and the way he carried his head that attracted my attention. I looked on the title—yes, it was the same name—let's see, ten, fifteen, sixteen, seventeen, just about that by now, my friend's son—the little fellow who dragged me to the nursery to see his new rocking horse—January he called him, I remember, the last time I saw him. What bright eyes he had, and what a smile! He looked as if there never was going to be anything for him in the world but music and laughter. And now his father is dead and his mother lies in her low grave, too, and he's out in the world alone fighting his own fight. "Shall I look him up," I thought, "No, he'll think me a bore—he looks happy and prosperous. I'll just send him a loving thought over the foot-

lights and let it go at that."

But in the next act the boy stood silent, for while he watched the star and her troupe, as he best he could, and strained about his face that called to me like a well-loved and well-remembered voice, and I changed my mind.

I went back and hunted up the boy, and he looked at me with eyes full of unshed tears when I mentioned his mother's name, and all the rest of the week we were friends, the boy and I. And now we shall be friends as long as we live, the two of us. And he'd need me that very day, too. He was trying to make up his mind about another thing, and we talked the whole tangled, foolish, complicated affair all over, the boy and I, and I helped him to decide to do the square thing, even if it did turn out to be a little troublesome, and I almost heard my old friend's voice calling to me in the March wind, and I never heard sweeter in all the time I have heard it.

What's become of the children of our old friends?

Some of them are little yet and some are at school, some are away from home, perhaps in the very city where we are.

What's become of the girl that was the idol of the home we used to visit. Won't she be clever, we all thought she was, she bore us sometimes with her capricious and her little spoiled ways, but we never dared let her mother think so. Poor child, she's spoiled no longer.

She is making her own way now—alone—and nobody marvels at her cleverness or thinks the gray old world not good enough for her—no.

The little hands that were so white and so delicate—what heavy work they do now, and how well and courageously they do it, too.

Let us look her up and tell her about the good times we used to have with her mother, when all the world was full of love songs and the only thing the music was for was to look pretty for us and turn an ordinary walk into a romantic adventure.

Who is that hobbled-over over there? Come to town to go to school, they say. Doesn't seem to know many people, and he's always on the porch waiting for the postman every morning. Some of the boys in his class call him "The Jay." I wonder if he's so very homesick yet.

Why, his father used to drag you on his sled when you were not half so big as this boy of his. Why not tell the hobbled boy about it, and tell him what a fine fellow his father was, and is, too? He is a little worried about it now, he is so different from the rest of the kind in his class.

Who is an innocent on earth as a boy away from home among strangers?

Great light, little mother, is your low grave. I knew you once and loved you, and for your sake that boy of yours shall never want for a friend as long as I shall live. Give me your hand, dear boy, with your mother's eyes. No, I won't sentimentalize over you, I won't lecture you, I'll just love you and never say a word about it—boy fashion. "Hark! Whose was that in the March wind—the voice that used to sing so clear and gay?" Chatter, keep in the middle of the road. Oh, dear children, keep in the middle of the road!

Don't you look to do right. Don't you look to do left. Don't keep in the middle of the road.

What a quaint daisy accent she could make and how we used to love to hear her sing the old jingles song, "Do Keep to the Middle of the Road."

Dear friend, your little dancing feet walked down shadowed roads before you came to the end, didn't they?

But you may all the way, they tell me. "Keep in the middle of the road." Well, that boy of yours shall keep there, too, if there is any virtue in love and earnest effort to help him to remember.

The Right Road to Health

Very few women breathe properly. That is the reason why women generally complain of badly developed chests, and it is for this and a few other reasons that certain women find it almost impossible to reduce the size of their bust measure. Deep breathing is the fundamental principle of good health and looks. Unless you breathe properly, all the other exercises will be of little or no use to you.

Many people think that deep breathing consists in an occasional immense breath, that fills the lungs to bursting capacity, sends all the blood rushing to the head and when it is expelled from the lungs leaves a person panting and exhausted.

Deep breathing should be a habit, not an exertion. Upon this habit depends the general abundance of the figure, especially the neck, shoulders and bust. The color of the complexion and the roundness of the cheeks, which, nine times out of ten, can be filled out by means of systematic and habitual deep breathing.

There are a great many different methods of deep breathing, the best being possibly the most famous, since it comes to us from the east, and has been expounded by the picturesque priests of the Orient. But good breathing, which consists of rhythmic breathing, is tremendous concentration of the mind, and only should be practiced by people who are deeply versed in this science of breath, and who are under personal supervision of the teacher.

For ordinary purposes a few simple exercises are enough, and they cannot make one dizzy or bring about a state of coma, as the yogi method can if practiced by the inexperienced.

The reason women breathe superficially, using only the top of their lungs, is very often because of their clothing. I am not referring to corsets alone, but to tight waists, bodices that are too narrow across the shoulders, sleeves that bind one at the armpoles, and more especially to very heavy hats.

You do not think that a heavy hat could possibly interfere with the action of your lungs, but I assure you that it does, because of the pressure it exerts on the spinal cord at the back of the neck, which pressure communicates itself to the rest of the spine, and from there to the nerves of the body.

Now, the nerves have a great deal to do with breathing, as you notice when you get a nervous shock at any time.

You immediately begin to pant or you lose your breath entirely for an instant. Consequently, in order to breathe properly, we want to keep our nerves in a peaceful, quiet state, if possible, and as the mind has a great deal to do with the nerves, deep breathing may be said to begin with mind cultivation.

So you want to do your breathing exercises when you are feeling content and placid, until you get the habit. After that if you get upset nervously, or if you worry very much, you will find that ten minutes practice in rhythmic breathing will restore your mental and physical balance.

On arising, while you are still clad in your nightdress, stand up with your back to the wall, and quite near an open win-

Swing the body from side to side as shown above, inhaling and exhaling with each motion.

This, Miss Kellermann says, will fill out hollow cheeks, and, with the other exercises told of in her article, will, if persisted in, make a wonderful improvement in a woman's appearance.

Deep breathing should be a habit, not a exertion.

MISS ANNETTE KELLERMANN.
(Other poses in silhouette by Isabelle Jason of The Winter Garden.)

gradually raise the arms and inhale deeply until the lungs can hold no more.

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Deep Breathing and What it Will Do for the Sickly Girl

begin to fill your lungs, breathing through the nostrils, with your mouth closed, and breathe in all the air you are able to hold, but without the sense of suffocation which comes of straining.

Hold this breath while you count four, and very slowly expel it through the nose, counting seven this time, when you inhale. Practice this at least ten times. Now stand upright, with your head up, shoulders thrown back, and arms hanging by the side. Gradually raise the arms until they are high above the head. While you are performing this movement, inhale deeply through the nostrils until the lungs can hold no more. Retain the breath, then gradually lower the arms and expel the breath at the same time. You can hold a staff, a towel or a piece of material about a yard long, while performing this exercise. Toss the towel at either side, swing it above the head, and forward and downward as you exhale.

Inhale, swing the towel up, exhale as you bend the body to the side, letting the arms swing down, first to the right side, and then to the left, with the motion of the body. Each movement calls for special deep breath, hold the breath when the arms are above the head.

To fill out hollows in the cheeks, one of the very best exercises is this lung filler: Stand erect and exhale, puffing every bit of breath in your lungs. Close the mouth, and snuff up the air in little puffs almost as if you were inhaling water instead of air. Put your mind on filling the very bottom of your lungs and feel with every puff that you are not only filling the lungs but exercising them, making them move.

You should feel a distinct sensation with each snuff of air, the sensation being down at the bottom of the lung, a sort of a jerk. When you have inhaled all the breath you can possibly hold, exhale in a steady stream. Now fill your mouth full of air, puff out your cheeks and give yourself a quick, light rub over the cheeks and face with the fingers of both hands.

This will bring the blood up into the cheeks and if you repeat this ten or twenty times a day you will find a wonderful improvement in a short space of time.

An Over Production of Gold

By JAMES M'GEE.

As we walk on the avenue day by day Or amble along the great "White Way," The question, when viewing the modish array, is: Where do they get the money?

From the tops of their heads to the tips of their toes, The richest of furs and the snuggest of clothes, With locks more abundant than Nature bestows— Oh where do they get the money?

Their wonderful hats—which we may not admire— And the very choice flowers that adorn their attire, Speak mutely of bills mounting higher and higher, But where do they get the money?

The veils, the frills and the furbelows, The vanity bags and the chic little bows, Are costly; so tell us if any one knows, Where do they get the money?