

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT

The Judge's Thoughts Run on a "One Track Road"

Drawn for The Bee by Tad



Hunting a Husband—A Mischance Keeps the Widow and Her Would-Be Suiter Apart

By Virginia Terhune Van De Water.

The day after Beatrice's call upon Mrs. Robbins she wrote that lady a letter stating that she found it possible to break her previous engagement for the following Wednesday evening, and would be glad to accept Mrs. Robbins' delightful invitation for that night. The epistle brought a note in reply from Helen saying that she was overjoyed at the prospect of seeing Beatrice at her dinner.

"I am glad," she wrote, "that you succeeded in extricating yourself from the other engagement you mentioned. I know, dear, that I vexed you when you were at my house by speaking as I did of Robert Maynard, but I did not understand that you felt as you do. My liking for him must be my excuse for forgetting that you might not like him. Forgive me, and believe that I will try to make matters more pleasant for you the next time you come to my home."

The note puzzled the recipient. What did Helen mean by saying that she did not understand how her friend felt? Did she suspect that Beatrice had renounced her match-making propensities? Well, never mind—there was no use wondering! One thing was certain—Helen was giving a dinner at which she had promised to have Beatrice the guest of honor, and had said that Robert Maynard was to sit next to her. At first Beatrice had, it is true, been a little annoyed. Now she was glad that the arrangement had been made, for she acknowledged to herself that Mr. Maynard was an unusually good-looking man and had seemed well worth while. It was a pity he was a widower, and yet, as Helen had said, such often made very good husbands to their second wives.

She checked her thoughts abruptly. Was she considering this man as a possible husband after meeting him only once, and before she had really said only her mourning for Tom?

It was, however, one of the occasions upon which she might indulge the love for dress. It was so long since she had been to a regular dinner party that she was quite excited in preparing for it. After looking through her wardrobe and finding nothing that quite suited her, she sent for a little dressmaker who always did her sewing, and between them they made the dainty gown which the young widow had designed.

It was a soft, clinging, pearl-gray satin that shimmered into slivery highlights. It was, of course, décolleté, and folds of delicate white lace finished it at the shoulders. The rather severe outlines of the gown were planned to emphasize the wearer's exquisite figure. She was aware that the only flowers to be worn with this costume were English violets, and she stifled a pang of conscience which accused her of extravagance when she fastened the large orange bouquet of these blossoms in place. The effect amply compensated her for her pain when she surveyed herself in her mirror. The children exclaimed with joy. Jack, the elder, admiring "the beautiful flowers," and Jean touching with reverence and tiny fingers the shining train, and babbling about the time when she should be "a big lady" and have a dress "like mamma's."

Even in her excitement Beatrice wanted to see Jack tucked warmly into his crib and Jean in the bed which the little one shared with her mother. Then, kissing each child good-night, she hurried from the room and, with a parting order to her maid of all work, went down to the cab that waited for her.

"I will ride to the dinner in a taxi," had been her decision, "as I cannot go alone in a street car in evening dress, and my Mr. Maynard will bring me home."

Several guests had arrived before Beatrice, and Helen Robinson's greeting was so cordial that the newcomer's heart warmed to her. The hostess chatted gaily for a minute or two before the arrival of the last guests. Among these was Robert Maynard. By the time he had greeted his business and turned for a word with Beatrice dinner was announced, and Mrs. Robbins said:

"Mr. Maynard will you please take my husband's niece, Miss Spaulding, out to dinner? And, John," turning to Mr. Robbins, "please give Mrs. Minor your arm and put her at your right hand at the table." And, as the party started toward the dining room she whispered into the astonished woman's ear:

HOODOO IN MEDICAL CASE

Vincent Mangin puzzled the doctors in Presbyterian and Bellevue hospitals, New York, for four of his six years. They knew that he had a nail an inch and a half long in his right lung. How he could have swallowed it without any gutters that would have alarmed the household they could not understand, and there was no mark to show that it had entered his body by any other means. His mother steadily refused to permit an operation and the nail finally set up an abscess which proved fatal.

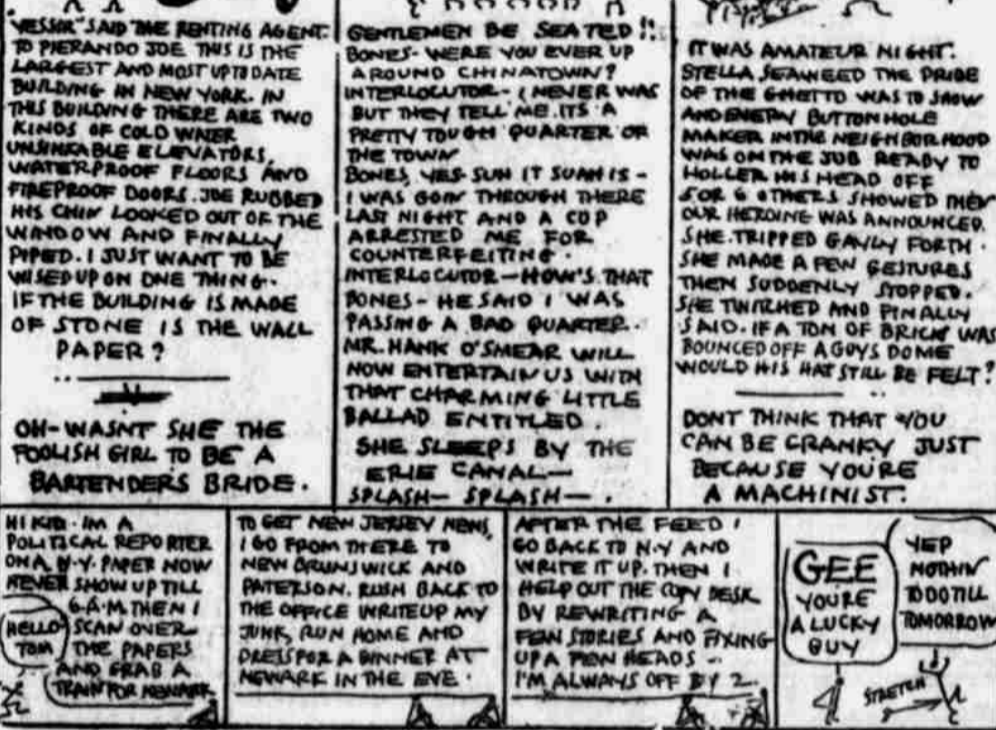
He died in the Presbyterian hospital. All the doctors there knew and liked him, for the troublesome nail had sent him to them often. His sturdy courage through his sufferings appealed to their admiration and sympathy. They agreed on most points, but no matter what his signs, he never wavered an instant from the stand that his mother was always and wholly right. This devotion won for him the affection of doctors and nurses alike.

Mrs. Mangin said in her home at 109 West Sixty-fourth street that Vincent's life was strangely interwoven with the number thirteen. He was born May 13 at thirteen minutes before 8 in his thirteenth month he cut his first tooth. When the next thirteenth month arrived he had an attack of pneumonia. The affliction of which he died reached an acute stage on his last birthday, May 13.

The presence of the nail in the lung first became known during the attack of pneumonia four years ago. The family doctor, who brought him through that illness, advised Mrs. Mangin to have him examined for a hard substance in the left side of his chest that would not yield to treatment.

Vincent was sent to Bellevue, where the X-ray exposed the nail. The doctors advised an operation, but Mrs. Mangin would not sign a paper saying that the operation was of her seeking and she would abide by the results, as it seemed to her like a declaration of her willingness to let Vincent die under the knife.—New York World.

Daddydilly



Dead Shots in the Night

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

In my youthful days when a farmer stole out on his front porch in his stockings, at dead of night, with his brown barrelled fowling piece, made over from a revolutionary musket, to shoot a serenading cat, he got his wife to stand behind him with a candle held over his head to illuminate the gun sights. The cat usually stopped long enough considering the strange spectacle to get the full benefit of the shot.

The primitive method of sighting a gun



At night forms the groundwork of an interesting little invention, whose possibilities are illustrated in the accompanying pictures. There is a good deal more of philosophy in this matter than may appear on the surface. The old farmer had the fundamental idea without having the scientific knowledge or the mechanical ingenuity required to develop it.

You will observe that with his little search-light, attached to the underside of his rifle, the sportsman in the picture accomplishes two things at once. In the first place he illuminates the living target, and insures its remaining motionless for a few seconds through the fascinating effect of the light; and in the second place, he reveals his aim simultaneously with the revelation of his object, because the line of projected light is so arranged, parallel with the barrel of the gun, that the bullet is sure to strike within half an inch of the center of the small illuminated area on the target. In the meanwhile the shooter is concealed in relative darkness, behind the shade of the flashlight.

This is practically what the farmer and his wife accomplished with their candle, for its light revealed the object and directed the aim, while temporarily paralyzing the animal with surprise and curiosity. But, of course, the modern invention is incomparably more effective.

Attached to a revolver this device would probably be, as its inventor claims, a Eric sapphire for burglars. The sapphire illumination alone would be, in most cases, sufficient, and no actual shooting would be necessary. It would be the burglar who would have to throw up his hands, and if he wasn't quick about it the bullet would follow the light ray.

But the most picturesque applications of searchlight shooting must be sought for in the hunting field. All who have been in the Adirondacks and the Maine woods know the astonishing effects produced upon deer, and other animals, by a light carried in the bow of a silently padded boat, where the hunter, with gun ready poised, sits in the contrasted darkness behind the light and takes his aim at leisure. A narrow beam of light, projected in the line of fire would better define the mark and, at the same time, insure a more deadly aim.

Some of the most thrilling stories told by African and Indian hunters for lions and tigers relate to night adventures in the jungles, where the shooter concealed himself on a leafy platform constructed at an elevation above some haunts of wild beasts, where a lure has been placed to attract the night-prowling quarry.

Usually it is necessary to take aim by the uncertain light of the moon, or the dim illumination from the stars. But with a search, or flashlight sending its ray straight along the track to be followed by the bullet, all uncertainty of aim would be avoided, with the added advantage of a sharper definition of the quarry. In many cases, a wild beast thus surprised by a dazzling light would, instead of turning to flee, simply gaze in stupid astonishment at the blinding point of light, which would be all that it could see.

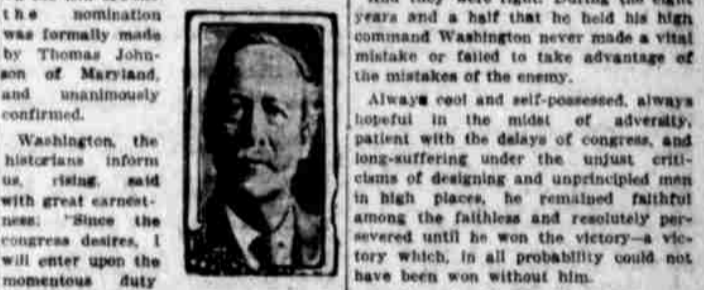
The case is not without analogy to that of a warship suddenly illuminating an enemy with a beam of light, and concentrating its fire along the path of the rays. The invention of the electric light and of means of controlling the direction of searchlight shooting must be sought for in the hunting field. All who have been in the Adirondacks and the Maine woods know the astonishing effects produced upon deer, and other animals, by

The Commander-in-Chief

By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY.

May 30, 1733.

One hundred and thirty-seven years ago today—May 30, 1775—John Adams nominated George Washington for the high and responsible position of Commander-in-Chief of the armies of the United Colonies.



On the 15th of June the nomination was formally made by Thomas Johnson of Maryland, and unanimously confirmed.

Washington, the historians inform us, rising said with great earnestness: "Since the congress desires, I will enter upon the momentous duty and exert every power I possess in its service and for the support of the glorious cause. But I beg it may be remembered by every gentleman in the room that I this day declare, with all utmost sincerity, I do not think myself equal to the command I am honored with."

He refused to take any pay for his services, but said he would keep an accurate account of his personal expenses, which congress might reimburse, should it see fit, after the close of the war.

At Cambridge, Mass., on the 3d of July, beneath the green hills which since famous in song and story, Washington assumed the command that had been thrust upon him by the congress.

He was a tall, finely formed, dignified man, with a most noble air and dressed, according to the fashion of the time, in a "blue" broadcloth coat, buff small

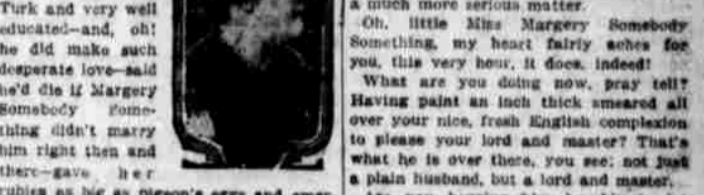
Married to a Turk

By WINIFRED BLACK.

Miss Margery Somebody Something of Devonshire, England, has fallen in love with a Turk and run away and married him, and now she's going to Turkey to wear a veil and anklets, and live in a harem and learn to like sweetmeats flavoured with perfume, and be a real harem heroine. How romantic—

For a few weeks.

The Turk is a very handsome Turk and very well educated—and, oh! he did make such desperate love—said he'd die if Margery Somebody Something didn't marry him right then and there—gave her rubies as big as pigeon's eggs and emeralds the size of thumbs, and he fairly hung her in diamonds the very week they were married.



And then—he's so divinely jealous—almost died of fury when the waiter asked her what she would order next, and threatened to commit murder if she allowed her own first cousin, who had been brought up in the same house with her, ever to speak to her again. Delicious. Delightful, glorious—for a few minutes.

But afterward—

Poor little Margery Somebody Something, this very hour, it does indeed!—What are you doing now, pray tell? Having painted an inch thick smeared all over your face, fresh English complexion to please your lord and master? That's what he is over there, you see; not just a plain husband, but a lord and master.

Are you begging him humbly to let you go out with a smouch for a toddle—just a little pitiful, veiled, swaddled toddle—in a walled garden somewhere, where you can't see a soul but the old toad who lives under the great red-flowered bush by the water gate?

Is your mother-in-law living with you in the harem, and how many favorites are there there now? None, and you reign alone?

Well, it's early yet, and you are, they say, very pretty; you haven't cried all the blue out of your poor eyes yet—poor thing, poor little thing.

Little Miss Margery Somebody Something, tell us, pray, what do you expect and why in the name of common sense do you expect it?

You are foolish as the man I know who has just married a little goose of a flirt just because she had pretty hair and a dimple, and who is beginning to blame her for not knowing what he means when he talks about the "higher destiny of man."

Marriage is no tallman turning a whole nature right straight around.

How ever did any of us get the idea that it was? That what's always puzzled me.

Quick Return Causes Trouble.

In Louisville a young husband is doing everything in his power to make his young wife understand that a remark he made the other evening was a joke. But wife is still putting and hubby has taken a solemn resolve never to speak before he thinks.

A number of friends were calling on the newly married pair when the young wife in question in the course of conversation remarked:

"Flat life is new to me, and I'm just sick for some flowers."

"Sweetheart, I know a way you can get a whole lot of them," flashed back the husband.

"How?" asked the wife with interest.

"Die."

And since then the husband has been bringing home great bunches of flowers and innumerable boxes of candy.—Louisville Times.