The Beer 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 Copyright, 1912, National News Asst LOOK AT THAT Stop BENGING FOR RISIES RIGHT WASHT BEAGING FOR KASSES CAN YOU BEAT IT WHAT DO YOU MEAN YMAKING LOVE IWAS ASKING FOR ONE IN MY COURTROOM IF YOU WANT TO DOLLAR - I WANTED TO GO OUT TO THE BALL GAME ON THE WITH HIS OLD BEG FOR FISSES STREET ROMED GAS GO UP TO CENTRAL PARK

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

By Virginia Terhune Van De Water, had surgested that she was a clover we The day after Beatrice's call upon Mrs. man, for her wits did not fall her in this Robbins she wrote that lady a latter exigency. If her hostess had meant to stating that she found it possible to annoy her, she would find her guest too 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 he glad to accept Mrs. Robbins delightsee her mistake

ful invitation for that night. The epistic 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 was saying.

The note puzzled the recipient. What did Helen mean by saying that she did not understand how her friend feit? Did she suspect that Beatrice had resented her match-making propensities? Well, never mind-there was no use 'n 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 humbands 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 laid said, er mourning for Tom?

This was, however, one of the occamions 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 if. After looking through her ward-robe 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

proud to notice it; if Helen had simply been tactions it would be rude to seen to Therefore, by the time the company were seated Beatrice Minor, her heart

beating heavily with regret and chagrin, was chatting brightly with her host on one hand and with her hostess's buchelor uncie on the other. And Helen Robbins, watching keenly from her end of the table, maw from Robert Maynard's wan-dering eyes that he thought the widow seated at the other side of the board more attractive than the dainty girl assigned to him. But by the time that Be-atrice glanced in his direction he had looked away and was listening with apparent interest to what his companion next time you come to my home."

The repast went off pleasantly and when the ladies adjourned to the drawing room, leaving the men to their cigars in the dining room, Bestrice sought out little Miss Spaulding and conversed with her so charmingly that as the men appeared upon the scane the young girl hastened to inform Mr. Maynard of what a "lovely woman" Mrs. Minor was, but, when she turned to draw her into the onversation, she found that Beatrice had slipped away and was already talking supped away and was already taking sgain animatedly with the old bachelor who had sat by her during dinner. Ifelen, also noting this, remembered "Unoie Henry"s" money, and had an un-cay doubt as to whether her move in separating Robert Maynard from Bentrice had been quite as wise as she had thought

it when she planned it. She could not Henry" very stupid. Yet, when relief in the shape of Robert Maynard appeared at her side, her manner was so forbidding that he did not venture to suggest that he accompany her home.

In fact, he had talked with her for hardly nore than a minute when she asked her hostens's permission to "telephone for a taxi, as it was getting late." She had no intended to do this, but her pride made her forget her purse. As she left the room she heard Robert Maynard ask little Maude Spaulding if he might escort her 11640. fact the 'Uncle Henry" saw Beatrice to her cal and asked if she were not afraid to ride home alone did not compensate the widow for her disappointment. Perhaps, however, she would hav less depressed if she had known that her nostens, noting the elderly man's unusu attentions, hoped inwardly that "Uncle Henry, at his age, was not going to mak a fool of himself!"



Dead Shots in the Night

By GARRETT P. SERVISS. In my youthful days when a farmer stole out on his front porch in his stock-ings, at dead of night, with his brown know that in her heart Beatrice was still barrelled fewing piece, made over from resentful, and that she found "Uncle a revolutionary musicet, to shout 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 usimily stupped long ligh

strange spectacle to get the full benefit. of the shot The primitive method of sighting a gun



YANT'S GENTENEN DE SEATED !! BONES YES SUN (T SUAN IS -IT WAS AMATEUR NI SHIT. AND BNETHY BATTON HOLE MAKER MAKE SUB READY HOLEER WIS HEAD OFF I WAS GON THEOUGH THERE LAR NIGHT AND A COP ARRESTED ME FOR COUNTERFEITING . INTERLOCUTOR - HOW'S THAT SHE TRIPPED GAVIN FORTH SHE MADE A PEN GETURES THEN SUDDENLY STOPPED. SHE TWITCHED AND PIN ALLY S MO. IF A TON OF BRICK WAS BOUNCED OFF A GOYS DOME WOULD HIS HAT STILL BE FELT? PONES - HE SAID I WAS PASSING A BAD QUARTER. MR. HANK O'SMEAR WILL

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AN EMPTY BARREL MAKES THE MOST MOISE

DONT THINK THAT YOU CAN BE GRANKY JUST BECAUSE YOURE A MACHINIST.

YEP WRITE IT UP. THEN I GEE NOTH/N HELP OUT THE CON DESK. TODOTILL YOULE DMOREOW ALUCKY FON STOLIES AND FIXING-UPA PEN HEADS -I'M ALWANS OFF BY 2-OUY

> A Little Invention of Thrilling Interest to Burglars and Wild Beasts

> > HANDS UP:

insure a more deadly alm.

to attract the night-prowling quarry.

eine war impossible for the future.



The Commander-in-Chief

By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY.

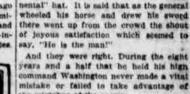
May 50, 1735. | clothes, silk stockings and the "Con One hundred and thirty-seven years ago today-May 30, 1775-John Adams nomi-nated George Washington for the high and responsible position of Commander-in-Chief of the armites of the United Colonies. On the 18th of June

the nomination was formally made by Thomas Johnson of Maryland, unanimously onfirmed. Washington, the historians inform rising, said with great earnest-"Since the THRM: congress desires, 1

and

will enter upon the momentous duty

services, but said he would keep an accurate account of his personal expenses. Cambridge. which congress might reimburse, should it Nor did he forget a little pros at Cambridge, Mass. on the M of July,



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the mistakes of the enemy. Always cool and self-possessed. hopeful in the midst of adversity, patient with the delays of congress, and long-suffering under the unjust criticlams of designing and unprincipled men in high places, he remained faithful among the faithless and resolutely per-severed until he won the victory-a vic-tory which, in all probability could not have been won without him.

and exert every power I possess in its service and for the support of the giori-ous cause. But I beg it may be remem-bared by every gentleman in the room that I this dry dequare, with at sumost 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 acdrew from its scabbard under the eim at Cambridge.

made to the congress when he assumed command of its armies. At Philadelphia, beneath the spreading alm may since on his way to Annapolis, he had han

bencath the spread between the states of his way to Annapolis, he had handed femous in song and story, Washington assumed the commania usin had been thrust upon him by the congress. He was a tall, thely formed, dignified man, with a most noble air and dremed, according to the fashion of the time, in a "blue broadcloth cost, buff small



3.0

It was a soft, clinging, pearl-gray satin that shimmered into slivery high lights. it was, of course, decollete, and folds of deligate 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 ware that the only flowers to be worn with this costume were English violets. and she stifled a pang of conscione-which accused her of extravagance when she fastened the large corsage bouque amply compensated her for her pains when she surveyed herself in her mir-The children exclaimed with joy. rer. the elder, admiring "the beautiful flowers," and Jean touching with

reverent and tiny fingures the shining train, and babbling about the time when she should be "a big lady" and have a dress "jes" like mamma's." Even in her excitement Beatrice walted

to see Jack tucked warmly into his crib and Jean in the bed which the little one shured with her mother. Then, kinseach child good-night, she hurriel trom the room and, with a parting order id of all work, went down to the cab that waited for her.

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

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

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

"You see, dear, I'm giving you the ace of honor by my John, and I shall cent dear Uncle Henry the other side of you. He is not much of a talker, but he loves to lister to a bright woman. i meant to put Robert Maynard there, hat when I saw how the suggestion annoyed you the other day, and that you funcy him. I altered my plans." With that electrifying statement and twopt into the dining room and directed the guests to their various chairs.

trice's faith showed no signs of her disappointment and resentment. ughts worked rapidly, and Helen bins had not exaggerated whe

HOODOO IN MEDICAL CASE

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

abscess which proved fain). 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 astreed

on most points, but no matter what his agonies, 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 150 West Sixty-fourth street that Vin-cent's life was strangely interwoven

bis thirteenth month be cut his first tooth. When the next thirteenth month arrived he had an attack of pneumonia. The affliction of which he did reached an acute stage on his last birthday. May 13.

The presence of the half in the linic leat ingenint's required to severop it. first became known during the attack for meaning four years ago. The family doctor, who brought him through that slegs, advised Mfs. Mangin to have him cramined for a hard substance in the in the first place he fluminates the liv-in the first place he fluminates the liv-the first place he fluminates the live first place he fluminates th Jeft side of his chest that would not ing target, and insures its remaining mo-tyleid to treatment. Vincent was sent to Bellevue, where the X-ray exposed the null. The doc-tors advised an operation, but "fre, taseously with the revelation of its ob-

willingness to let Vincent die under the of the small illuminated area on the woods know the asionishing effects proknife .- New York World.



will the number thirteen. He was born at night forms the groundwork of an concealed, in relative darkness, behind May 13 at thirteen minutes before 8. In interesting little invention, where possi- the dazate of the flashlight. May 12. the scientific knowledge or the mechan-The presence of the nail in the lung ical ingenuity required to develop it.

Vincent was sent to Hellevie, where takingting effect of the light; and in giar who would have to throw up his of a warking stoken if it is the second place, he gets his aim simu-hands, and if he wasn't quick about it is energy with a beam of light, and the revelation of its ob-the builet would follow the light ray. Mangin would not eight a paper raying jet, because the line of projected light is so arranged, parallel with the barrel of searchlight shooting must be sought and of means of controlling the direction have already revolutionized many of the second place, he gets his line of projected light is so arranged, parallel with the barrel of searchlight shooting must be sought and of means of controlling the direction have already revolutionized many of the man the Adironizeds and the Mains effect was arranged to play their that is provide about the second place.

target. In the meanwhile the shooter is duced upon deer, and other animals, by

THE TIGER TURNS INTO A GREAT BIG, BLINKING CAT.

were married.

threatened to commit murder if she al. Is your mother-in-law living with you lowed her own first cousin, who had in the harem, and how many favorites been brought up in the same house with are user. her, ever to speak to her again. Delicious, alone? Well, it's early yet, and you are, they

a light carried to the how of a silently raddled hout, where the hunter, with gun ready poized, sits in the contrasted Foor little Margery Somebody Some-thing. I wonder how long it will be thi ahe will give all the emeralds in Turkey long will it take her. I wonder, to hate the very sight of anklets and wish she had never been born when she has to all on a cushion and amit a transit to the man I know 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,

tigers relate to night adventures in the jungles, where the shooter conceals handsome Turk right before her very eyes? elf on a leafy platform constructed at an elevation above some haunts of

Life in a harem? How romantic it does sound-fountains, buibuls, black slaves, the clash of anklets, the swish of tinwild beasts, where a lure has been placed seled vells. But how stupid, how wear-ingly, maddening stupid it must be after Usually it is necessary to take aim by the uncertain light of the moon, or the first twenty-four hours.

flash. And, putting everything eise aside, oh Margery Something Somebody didn't you realize in the least the terrific effect of centuries of absolutely different maneuvers of war, and it is evident that they are going to play their part in rentraining?

Why, it's hard enough to get over the fact that your husband likes hot biscuits

the woodpile as straight as a string. Dut to marry a man of different na-tionality. different training, different ideals, even different taste in clothes, the proper thing to eat for breakfast, is

Something, my heart fairly aches for you, this very hour, it does, indeed! What are you doing now, pray tell? Having paint an inch thick smeared all over your nice, fresh English complexion what he is over there, you see; not just

rubies as big as pigeon's eggs and emer-aids the size of thimbles, and he fairly you go out with a sumuch for a toddle-hung her in diamonds the very week they just a little pitiful, veiled, swaddled toddie-in a walled garden somewhere, where

And then have so divinely jealous al-you can't see a soul but the old toad most died of fury when the waiter asked who lives under the great red-flowered her what she would order next, and bush by the water gate?

But afterward somebody some-but little Margery Somebody Some-

insure a more deadly alm. Some of the most thilling stories told by African and Indian hunters for Eons and tights reints to mith adventures in makes perfectly shocking eyes at the and a dimple, and who is beginning to blame her for not knowing means when he talks about the "higher

deatiny of man." Marriage is no talisman turning a whole nature right straight around. How ever did any of us got the idea. that it was? That what's always puzzled me.

women talk, thanks. No papers to read, no books, no friends, no traveling, noth-ing but sweetnessts and veils and per-fume and-the Terrible Turk. Mystery, sociation, secrecy--how well they sound in a book, and what a bore they always are in real life. Mysterious

they sound in a book, and what a bore they always are in real life. Mystarious people are never clever people, they are just duil and very cruel, that's all. The dark flashing eyes that are so al-luring before marriage can become a frightfol nuisance after the wedding cere-mony if they never do anything but "Flat life is new to me, and I'm just alok for some flowers."

sick for some flowers." "Sweetheart I know a way you can get a whole lot of them." flashed back the husband. "How." asked the wifs with interest. "Die." And since then the husband has been bringing home great bunches of flowers and innumerable boxes of candy.-Louis-ville Times.

and curiosity. But, of course, the mod-ern invention is incomparably more ef-invention is incomparably more ef-