

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT

The Judge Then Struck the Pavement

Drawn for The Bee by Tad



Married Life the Third Year

Helen, in Warren's Interest, Calls on the Wife of a Western Millionaire

By MABEL HERBERT URNER.

"But, it's so hard, Warren, for me to call on any one I don't know. I always feel so awkward—I never know what to talk about."

"That's absurd, Mrs. Griffin is a nice woman—a mighty nice woman. You won't have any trouble talking to her. You'll find her the easiest person to—"

"Oh, I don't mean that," interrupted Helen. "Only I can't tell you how I dread to call on a perfect stranger."

"Now, look here, I've told you why I want you to make this call. Griffin will only be here a week, and anything we can do to entertain them will be a whole lot to my advantage. And here you're whining because I ask you to call on his wife."

"Oh, no, dear—I'll go. You know how glad I am to do anything I can to help you."

"Well, then, don't make so much fuss about it. Just go up there this afternoon and make a short call. That's all. She doesn't know anyone in New York, and she'll appreciate it—Griffin will, too."

"The Goldhill is such a big place," mused Helen. "I wonder where she'll receive me? There are so many reception rooms it's bewildering."

"Oh, she don't receive you downstairs. They have a suite—their own private parlor. When you send up your card she will come up there, of course."

"A private parlor at the Goldhill?" and Helen's voice expressed her astonishment that anyone could afford a private parlor there.

"I told you Griffin was a rich man—a very rich man. Don't know just what he's worth—but a couple of millions at least."

"And they've never been to New York?"

"She never has. He's been here a few times—not lately. Now when you call don't be so stiff and stand-offish. See if you can't arrange to go shopping. Take her to a tea or matinee—some of the things women like to do. He'll be downtown with me most of the time and she'll be there alone. By jove!" glancing at his watch. "It's almost 8—and I wanted to get down early this morning."

It was a little after 4 that afternoon when Helen went up the broad stone steps of the Goldhill and through the great revolving doors.

At the desk she gave her card to one of the clerks and asked that it be sent to Mrs. Griffin. Consulting a big revolving register, he scribbled a number on the card, handed it to another clerk and motioned her to a reception room just beyond.

As Helen waited she watched with much interest the throng of people passing through. In no other place can one see more varied types of faces than in the corridor of a great hotel.

A bellboy came hurrying toward her now with a slip in his hand.

"Mrs. Curtis?" inquiringly.

"This way, please."

He led her down the corridor into one of the mirror-line elevators and out at the twelfth floor, down another long hall and around a turn. Stopping before a door numbered 1236, he rang the bell.

From Warren's description Helen knew that the pleasant-faced middle-aged woman who opened the door was Mrs. Griffin herself. There were a few words of murmured greeting, and Helen found herself in the drawing room of what was evidently a very elaborate suite.

"Won't you have this chair by the window? I think the view from this side is especially interesting."

The window, overtopping the adjoining buildings, looked far out to the East river.

Mrs. Griffin said she had seen very little of it as yet. This was an opportunity to follow Warren's suggestion and offer to show her more, but she hardly knew how to put it, so she let it pass.

Mrs. Griffin was almost as constrained and self-conscious as Helen. It was plain that she regarded Helen with the diffidence that most outsiders have for New York women. To live in New York, to know it, to be a part of it—there seems to be a glamour about all this for the out-of-town visitor, particularly those from the western states.

So the first few moments were most difficult for them both. But later when she got to talking about the hotel and Mrs. Griffin showed her through the suite, things were easier.

Helen soon saw that Warren was right—that Mrs. Griffin was a very nice woman. But Helen felt that she would have been much more comfortable in a less pretentious place. It was evident that the luxurious and bewildering appointments of the big hotel depressed her, for she said, rather pathetically:

"I would rather have stopped at a quieter place, but James wanted to come here."

And when she showed Helen her rooms, it was with mingled pride and deprecation. It's all very well for a bride couple," she smiled, "but it seems rather overdoing for a matter-of-fact, middle aged couple like us."

Helen could not help but think of the expense. Warren had said they were paying at least \$20 a day for the rooms alone. But it was evident Mrs. Griffin did not think of that, but merely of the fact that she would have felt more at home in simpler surroundings.

The rooms were fitted with every ultra-modern device, even to a combination lock safe for jewelry built in the marble bath room wall, running ice water, closets filled with patent hangers, and separate dressing rooms.

If it was not customary to show a formal caller through one's apartment, Helen was as happily ignorant of it as was Mrs. Griffin. Helen had never before been in a really elaborate hotel suite and now with real interest she noticed every detail of the appointments.

The bedroom, with its rose-silk hangings and tapestried walls, appealed to her most. There were two single French beds, with a stand between for the rose-shaded light and telephone. The hand embroidered spreads bore the crest of the hotel, as did the linen sheets and pillow cases. The dressing table scarfs, the head rests on the chairs, even the heavy towels in the bath room were all of the finest linen and all bore the same embroidered crest.

Before Helen left Mrs. Griffin insisted on ordering tea.

"I never care for it at home," she admitted, frankly. "But here I feel I must live up to the surroundings. I hope you can stay and have it with me."

Here was another opportunity for Helen to carry out Warren's wishes, and this time she did not let it pass. And Mrs. Griffin very gladly accepted her invitation to the matinee and tea for the day after tomorrow.

It was after 6 o'clock when Helen reached home. Warren was already there.

While she took off her veil and best white gloves and folded them neatly she gave him a hurried account of the call.

"And oh, dear," as she finished breathlessly, "Mrs. Griffin is a very sweet woman, and very simple. And she doesn't care a bit for those elaborate rooms. Why do you suppose he keeps them?"

Warren shrugged his shoulders. "Oh, that's the western type. He's got a lot of money, and when he comes to New York he wants to spend it. Now I want to have them here for dinner before they go back."

"For dinner?"

"Why not? That's just what they'd appreciate. It was Griffin's influence that helped me put over that deal out west. Now he's forming a company here, and if I can get in right it'll mean a mighty big thing."

"But, dear, wouldn't it be better to mured Helen, grateful for having the awkwardness of the first few moments relieved by so easy a subject for discussion.

Daddydils

THE LIPS THAT TOUCH LICKER SHALL NEVER TOUCH MINE

WAY ABOVE THE MOB ON THE STREET OUR HERO ROPE THE IRON GRIDDLE. HE WAS UP TO THE 77th FLOOR WHEN HE SAW THE FOREMAN WAVE AT HIM FROM THE STREET. HE BENT OVER AND YELLED DOWN IN THAT IS IT MAC? THEN HE PUT HIS PAW TO HIS LISTENER AND HEARD MAC YELL IF A GAS RANGE COOKS DOES A CLAM BAKE?

WINCENT - WILL YOU AVE WINEGAR ON YOUR WITTLES?

OH FIREMAN JANE MY CARNIVAL BADGE

SIC IM PRINCE HE BIT PAPA AND MAMMA

WE WERE SITTING AROUND THE CAMPFIRE ONE DARK AND MURKY NIGHT WHEN ELFIE THE INDIAN ENCHANTRESS OFFERED TO DO A HINDU SNAKE DANCE. JUST AS SHE WAS HALFWAY THRU - A BOOB LAUGHED - A LOUD JHILLING MEMBER OF THE UNION THINKING IT THES O'LOCK WHISTLE STOPPED SHORT. ONE OF THE REVN ENQUIRED WHEREFORE? AND SHE PIPED HOW IS IT THAT NIAGARA FALLS WAS NEVER KNOWN TO SLIP?

HEE I'VE GOT A FINE JOB NOW, I'M A MAGAZINE PAGE EDITOR. GET DOWN AT 9 A.M. READ 30 OR 30 MANUSCRIPTS LAYOUT MY PAGES FOR THE NEXT DAY.

WRITE ALL THE HEARD THEN CARRY 30 POUNDS OF BOOKS UP TO THE MAKEUP MAIN, THEN READ 2 OR 3 MOVIES FOR SERIALS CORRECT A COUPLE OF DOZEN GALLERY PROOFS, TYPE 100 LONGERON LETTERS, HAND OUT IDEAS TO POETS.

HELP THE MAKEUP MAN SHOOT UP TO A SHOW, TOIE ACCORS FOR SAN LING SERIES WATCH THE SHOW, COME BACK AND WRITE A RHYMING REVIEW. I'M ALWAYS IN BED BY 3 A.M.

GEE - I'VE GOT A LUCKY GUY

YEP - ABSOLUTELY NOTHING TO DO TILL TOMORROW

Burning of the Gaspe

By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY.

June 8, 1772.

In Narragansett Bay, 140 years ago, there was the little conflagration to which history has given the name of the "Burning of the Gaspe." It was not much of a fire, but it made a great light in the world, and the illumination caused by it is still waking up the dark corners of things over all the earth.

Great Britain, being "civilized," had, of course, her revenue laws, her "protective" tariffs, notwithstanding the fact that the commerce of the nations should be as free as the waves of the ocean it sails over; and because the Yankee colonists were a little remiss in recognizing laws, the Gaspe was cruising in Narragansett Bay for the purpose of enforcing them.

While chasing a vessel that was trying to elude her, the Gaspe ran aground and a party went down from Providence and set her on fire. This act on the part of the Americans maddened the British ministry and thus materially assisted in widening the breach between King George and the colonies.

Narragansett Bay was an unfortunate place for King George's war vessel to attempt her tyrannical impressment. It was to the shores of those same waters that Roger Williams had fled 137 years before, and it was on those shores that he established, for the first time in the whole history of the world, a government that rested on the principle of a thoroughgoing liberty, liberty of conscience, liberty in trade, liberty in everything.

A bad place, that, for the Gaspe to come for the purpose of making people pay the taxes which seemed to them to be unjust. The spirit of Roger Williams hovered over the waters and cheered by that spirit the patriots refused to be recesent to their consciences. They could not conscientiously pay King George the tax that rightfully belonged to their wives and children, but they could, without a twinge of compunction, burn the vessel he had sent to despoil them.

One of the leaders of the party that burnt the Gaspe was Abraham Whipple, afterward a naval officer during the revolution. Others of the party became distinguished for bravery during the revolutionary struggle.

Four years after the burning of the Gaspe, when Sir James Wallace, a British commander, was in the vicinity of Newport, some one pointed Whipple out to him as the leader in the attack on the Gaspe, and Wallace sent him the following note: "You, Abraham Whipple, burned his majesty's vessel, the Gaspe, and I will hang you at the yardarm." To this Whipple replied: "Sir James Wallace, Sir—Always catch a man before you hang him: Abraham Whipple."

Sir William did not "catch" his man and Whipple lived to be the progenitor of some of the most illustrious homes in our country's history.

The Making of a Pretty Girl



Clothes and manners both change with the way a girl does her hair, and the way her complexion looks.

agrees with you, showing the best results.

The reason your face is so greasy is because the little glands which find their outlet in the pores of the skin are not working properly.

I explained to you in my last article that during this trying period of readjustment between childhood and young womanhood the circulation of the blood is very apt to go on a strike somewhere, and cause you all kinds of trouble like pimples and blackheads or a very oily skin. These troubles will right themselves in the course of time, especially if you are careful of your health. In the meantime, I would suggest to the girl with the greasy face that she try one or the other of these treatments. Of course I take it for granted that you don't omit your daily bath, and that you wash your face carefully and thoroughly both night and morning. The investment of a face brush will repay you by clearing the pores of all impurities, and making it much easier for you to work on your complexion.

The soap you use on your face need be used on the face of the most sensitive-skinned girl.

Scrub your face with the brush and soap, taking especial pains to scrub around the nostrils and chin and over the temples where blackheads are likely to appear. Rinse the face with several warm waters and then cold water and dry carefully and thoroughly. If you use a facecloth take good care to see that it is kept clean. After you have used it wash it out in clear water with a little ammonia and hang it up in the window to dry.

Instead of using powder, if your nose is really very shiny, get your mother to give you about a teaspoonful of epsom salts, boil about four ounces of water and dissolve the salts in the water and mop a little of this liquid over your nose when you want to be sure that it is not going to look shiny. By adding a little more epsom salts you can make a simple and excellent bleach for neck and face.

Don't let your mother throw away any bits of cucumber, either the pulp or the peel, because cucumber juice is one of the best things for the complexion, and you can rub it on at night or during the day. It acts as a bleach and will correct the oily look.

On warm days when your face shines you may be able to beg a little white wine vinegar—about a tablespoonful—and pour it into two cups of rain water. Wipe your face with this, and add a few drops of perfume to the water if you take sweet odors.

Now for the girl whose skin is blotchy. Of course she assures me that there is not anything the matter with her little stomach, and, as I don't know my correspondents personally, I cannot deny that they are right. But actually, dear Sweet Sixteen, your face is a pretty good indication of the condition of your blood, and if it is blotched just now, ask your mother if she won't mix up a good, old-fashioned dose of sulphur and molasses. I think probably it would do you good, for I have seen more complexions cleared up with the simplest remedies than I care to remember.

The girl with the little red nose is exceedingly indignant at me because I said it might be due to stricture of some kind, tight lacing, tight garters, etc. She also insists that she has not indigestion, so I shall advise her first of all to avoid sudden changes in temperature, not to eat over-heated if she can avoid it, to cut tea and coffee out of her bill of fare, together with spicy foods and too much meat.

Sometimes, if the nose is very red, a warm foot bath will allay the discomfort, and the feature will return to its ordinary coloring. On the whole, however, the nose shows indiscretion in eating, and anaemia, which means a poor or weak condition of the blood, and a chronic case of red nose should be turned over to the family physician and cured, because it is an indication of some real trouble.

Sweet Sixteen complains quite bitterly in her letters of the shape of her mouth. Now the mouth is shaped by character, by the thought and will behind the face. The Italians say that out eyes are what God intended us to be, and our mouths show what we have made ourselves.

At your age, with 16 or 17 before you, almost any kind of a mouth can be made into a feature which expresses character, strength and sweetness of disposition, and that, after all, is real beauty.

For the consolation of the girl with the big mouth, I want to tell her that it is a sign of a generous nature, and that both men and women are beginning to be rather critical of the tiny rosebud mouth, which is apt to say more bitter things than the bigger, if less classic, lips.

If you don't like the shape of your lips and mouth, learn to enunciate with great care and distinctness. The preacher in the pulpit is a good example to follow, or if you know of a teacher who speaks almost too precisely, imitate that teacher. Careful enunciation is an exercise for the lips. It strengthens all the muscles in the lips, and if you form the habit, in time you will get the well-shaped lips which distinguish our best actresses and actors.

Learn to make the most of your good looks.

By MARGARET HUBBARD AYER.

Before I go on with the making of our pretty girl I want to answer some of the many questions that have poured in from girls between fourteen and sixteen regarding their complexions.

I always feel deeply sympathetic with girls of that age, because it is a very trying time. One isn't quite a young lady yet, and one is not a child, and clothes and manners both change along with the manner in which one does one's hair, and the way one's complexion looks.

A girl of fifteen who had taken my last article very seriously to heart wants to know what in the world she will do. "The girls at school are making fun of me," she writes, "because my face is shiny just like a mirror, and yet you say I must not use powder. All the other girls do, so what shall I do?"

Personally, I would rather see a shiny little nose than one that was all chalked up with powder, but my dear, if it worries you so much, here are a few simple ways that you may try to over-

Beauty depends greatly on the way you take care of your natural charms.

not be an expensive kind, but it must be pure. Many soaps can be used on the body or hands, but should not touch the face. If the soap stings it is too strong for the face, and one of the simplest tests is to taste it with the tongue. If it does not "bite" it can

THE FACE OF BEAUTY AND SOME QUESTIONS ANSWERED.

HEALTH IN HOT WEATHER

In Europe during the summer of 1911 the excessive heat was observed by De Fleury to have had a pronounced effect. Not only was there increase in sickness during the hot period, but after its subsidence many persons developed gastrointestinal disturbances, congestion of the liver or some skin affection of digestive origin. In attempting to account for the effects of the hot weather De Fleury says that the abuse of cooling drinks with food, the tendency of foods to spoil and the increasing virulence of disease germs were the most important factors, but he believes the most important factor was the diversion of the water in the body from the kidneys to the skin, with increased excretion of water, with lowering of blood-pressure, but with decreased elimination of poisons. The sweat-excreting apparatus of the skin is equal to only about a fourth of the filtering apparatus of the kidneys and during the hot weather fluids are excreted by the skin almost entirely. It was De Fleury's observation that persons who lived on a fruit and vegetable diet, to the exclusion of meat and eggs, escaped gastrointestinal disturbances. Hot drinks also acted in a prophylactic way, as did the employment of the lactic ferments. Drugs which increase the blood-pressure and stimulate the kidney function also had beneficial effects. The observations of De Fleury, according to The Journal of the American Medical Association, would seem to confirm the dictum in hot weather it is desirable to decrease the amount of protein food intake, to limit the diet more closely to fruits and vegetables and to drink plenty of plain water or other bland drinks while the stomach is empty in order, if possible, to increase elimination by the kidneys. The frequency of congestion of the liver would seem also to support the theory of a deficient elimination of poisons as an important cause of the morbidity due to the heat.

When the awkward pause came she could think of nothing better than the stereotyped and inevitable: "And how do you like New York?"