

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT

Resuscitation Isn't as aHrd as it Looks

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Drawn for The Bee by Tad



About Marriage and Peanuts

By WINIFRED BLACK.

Mr. John H. Marylebone of Somewhere, South Dakota, rose in a social meeting in the west the other night and unburdened his mind about marriage.

"Marriage is a fraud," said Mr. Marylebone, "and every married man knows it. The women who have refused me refused me because I was poor. The modern girl marries the man with the automobile and turns down the fellow who brings her a bag of peanuts and an honest love for an evening's entertainment."

Fudge and fiddlesticks, Mr. Marylebone. The girls who refused you refused you for the same good old reason that made your mother refuse the man she wouldn't look at after she had seen your father. She didn't like you—that's all—and judging from your speech, I don't blame her, either.

A bag of peanuts and a loving heart! What a joyous gift to lay at the feet of the fair. A man who'd give his sweetest heart to a peanut when he could go out into the first vacant lot and pick a nosegay of pink clover blossoms to take to her, ought to be refused, and refused without much of a thank you, sir; thank you, kindly, either.

Honestly, now, wouldn't you like an automobile yourself, Mr. Marylebone? Why don't you get one?

You had the same chance as the young fellow who has just bought the latest model and who will take the sweetest girl in the world out in it tomorrow night. Why don't you do the same thing?

Honest and truly, now, don't fidget away from the answer. The reason you haven't the automobile is because you haven't the ability to earn one, isn't that about it?

You admire ability, don't you. Wasn't it you I heard yelling yourself hoarse over a man who threw the right kind of a ball out at the game the other day? Why did you cheer that man to the echo and let his brother walk by without even looking at him?

He hit the ball, didn't he, and hit it at the psychological moment? Well, don't you suppose a woman likes the sort of man who gets some of the cheers once in a while, too? Why shouldn't she?

It isn't the automobile she's in love with; it's the man who's able to earn the money to buy the machine that the girl admires. She isn't in love with his money; she's in love with his brains and his grit and his fight and his hard work. It takes all these things to make a success in the world.

"Women marry the successful men and turn down the failures," said one of

your fellows at the meeting the other night.

I could scarcely keep from rising and saying, "Well, what of it?" Why shouldn't women marry the successful men? Why shouldn't they love them for the qualities which make success?

What do I call success? I call success the getting of the thing you go out to get—that's success.

For the writer success is to have his work published and read. For the painter success means good painting and plenty of it—and that's all it does mean. For the business man it means good business with reputation and respect and a little independent money in the bank.

Any woman with any kind of a brain and willing at all in the way of a heart would marry the man she loves if he's as poor as Job's turkey, and be thankful to get him—but who's going to love a man who can't do the thing he's trying to do?

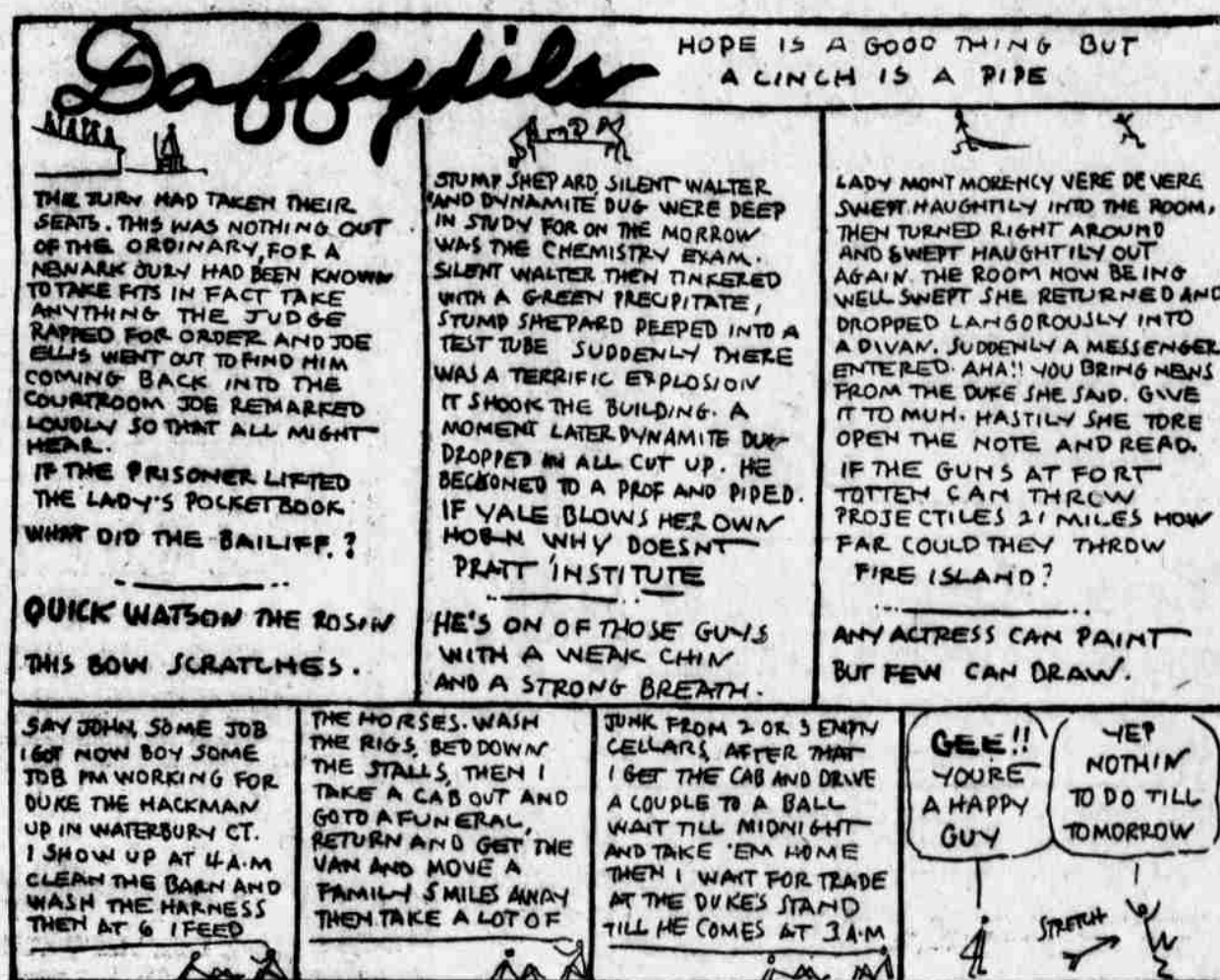
How about those peanuts, Mr. Marylebone? Were even they the best in the market, and were there plenty of them?

Hurrah for the girl who said no. I'll warrant she's glad of it ever since. Marriage is a fraud? Not unless the man and woman who marry are frauds, both of them, and even then it sometimes turns out the very thing they needed to make real people out of them.

That little old bag of peanuts you talk so much about may have been all right, good Mr. Marylebone, but, whisper, what about the heart that went with it? Was that all right, too?

I doubt it—and so did the girl, or she'd have said "Yes" the first time you even looked at it as if you meant to ask her.

Any Actress Can Paint :-: By Tad



The Fall of Louisburg

Sir William Pepperill and His Followers Take This Place One Hundred and Fifty-Seven Years Ago.

By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY.

June 17, 1745.

The capture of Louisburg by Sir William Pepperill and his New England farmers and fishermen 157 years ago today will always be reckoned among the most wonderful of military achievements. The men who did the business could hardly make themselves believe that they had actually accomplished the task, and to this day the whole thing seems far more like fiction than fact.

Louisburg, on the southeast side of Cape Breton Island, holding as it did a most commanding position with reference to France, Canada and the West Indies, had been fortified by the French until they felt quite justified in calling it the "Gibraltar of America." More than \$10,000,000 had been spent upon its defenses, and it is safe to say that with the exception of Gibraltar and Quebec there was not a stronger place in the world. The French felt perfectly secure in their stronghold, and probably there was not a military man in the world who would not have said that the French were fully justified in their feeling of safety.

Now, the New England fishermen and lumbermen thought they saw in Louisburg a menace to their business, and they began talking of the capture of the impregnable fortress. The proposition was made to Governor Shirley of Massachusetts. The governor took the matter to the legislature and it was voted down. Nothing daunted, Shirley returned to his attack and with the co-operation of the leading merchants appealed to the legislature again and won by a single vote.

And now for business. Massachusetts supplied 3,000 New Hampshire, Connecticut and Rhode Island 500. The naval end of it consisted of one 24-gun frigate and twelve smaller vessels, mostly sloops of from eight to twenty guns. The armed-

tion was placed under command of Sir William Pepperill, a rich merchant of Kittery.

Sir William was made "lieutenant general" and Roger Walcott of Connecticut, raised to the rank of major-general, was appointed second in command.

Hearing nothing from the appeal to England for assistance, the New Englanders started for their prize, and, effecting a landing on May 1, immediately laid siege to America's "Gibraltar" and its 150 big guns and 2,000 French regulars, Swiss Mercenaries and Canadian militia.

On May 2, 400 of Pepperill's men, marching along the shore of the harbor, came upon a large magazine of naval stores, which they set on fire. Near the burning stores was a powerful fortification known as the "Grand Battery," mounting thirty heavy guns and completely commanding the town. The thick clouds of smoke rolling up from the burning tar, pitch and turpentine and enveloping the battery scared the garrison out of their wits and the work was abandoned in panic haste. The New Englanders marched in, and from that moment Louisburg was doomed.

Pepperill pounded away at them from the Grand battery, and by and by the British fleet arrived, which closely invested the harbor. By the middle of June there was scarcely a house in the town that had not been riddled, and on the 17th the famous fortress surrendered. One of the strongest places on the face of the earth had capitulated to a small force of New England militia!

In celebration of the glorious victory a state dinner was spread, and old Parson Moody, noted for his long prayers, was asked to "say grace," but he could only mutter: "O Lord, we have so much to thank Thee for the time is too short. We must leave it to eternity. Amen."

For this crowning achievement the colonists received no credit. The glory was all given to the British. And, to cap the climax of the wrong, the British diplomats four years later gave Louisburg back to France, thus necessitating its recapture in 1759 by Amherst and Wolfe.

The Manicure Lady

"My brother has nearly finished his new play," said the Manicure Lady. "He was reading some of it to us up to the house last night."

"This is a bad time to be writing new plays," said the head barber. "From what a lot of the boys tell me—boys that are in the theatrical business and ought to know what they are talking about—the theatrical game is kind of in the doldrums or whatever they call it when the ship is becalmed. It seems that their moving pictures has put the game on the fritz. I don't blame people for paying a quarter to see a lot of good vaudeville and pictures instead of digging up \$2 to see a bum musical comedy. Musical comedies used to be all right when Gilbert and Sullivan was writing them, but there's a terrible lot of junk unloaded on the public now. What kind of a play is your boy wonder brother going to torture us with?"

"There ain't any torture connected with it, George," said the Manicure Lady. "This here new play of Wilfred's is the same one I was telling you something about a few weeks ago. He calls it a political satire, and the name of it, as I told you then, is 'Theodore the Third.' He sure has got some dandy lines in it, George. I brought down a couple of pages of it to show you. Listen to this:

Theodore—
Now blessings on the states, the sovereign states,
That yield their daring delegates to me, Poor Fallstaff! Does he think he has a right to be a king?
The people want him not another term—
They want a stern and virile president—
With muscles made of oak and with a heart—
That beats for rich and poor alike. They want a man who has the lungs and limbs to climb
The greatest heights, the most stupendous hills.
They want a man with large and able teeth—
Teeth that can masticate the toughest grub
That ever soldier ate. They want a man Brave as great Stanley, who, long years ago,
Through tangled Afric jungles chopped his way.
Nor stopped until he found Dave Livingstone.
They want a man whose eye is keen enough
To pierce the deepest shadows of deceit
And bring the money millions to the bar.

They want a man of men, a wondrous man—
A man that towers o'er the common herd
As towers a Himalayan mountain peak—
Above an Arizona butte. They want No Fallstaff. They want me! Me, Theodore!"

"How much more of it is there?" asked the patient head barber.

"There's a lot more of it," said the manicure lady. "But I think that reading it to a barber is like casting pearls before swines."

"You mean 'swine,'" corrected the head barber.

I mean just what I said," replied the Manicure Lady. "Every time I look at you I feel like putting an 's' on the meanest word I can call you to make it go double. There's a gent coming down the stairs now to get shaved. Go ahead and pull his beard out with the roots with one of your worst razors and don't talk to me no more today!"

THE DIFFICULTY OF ENGLISH

When young Rudolf von Hammerpestle, the beloved son of the famous house of Von Hammerpestle of Posen, first came to America he found much difficulty in mastering the rudiments of the English tongue. His most trying experience was when he went to Boston and was told that it was required of him that he should inscribe his name on the register of whatever hotel he visited. After being shown to his room he looked hopelessly about in search of the article, but in vain. There was nothing of the kind in sight, so desirous of falling in with all the customs of the country he rang up the office and informed the room clerk of the situation.

"I haff looked de room over all already yet," said he, "und I find no register here. Vot shall I do?"

"This house is heated by steam," replied the room clerk. "Use the radiator."

"Undt vot shall I use—der ink, or shall I scratch my name on mit der pocket-knife?" demanded Rudolf.

"What are you talking about?" demanded the room clerk. "Scratch your name on what?"

"Der radiator," returned Rudolf. "Is it dot I must write my name on der radiator instead of der register, or may be better yet I write it on der vall-vot?"

—Harper's Weekly.

Lillian Lorraine's Beauty Secrets for Girls :-: The Sunbonnet Miss, and The Proper Way to Laugh.

By LILLIAN LORRAINE.

Once upon a time I met a woman who never really smiled.

When anything pleasant happened she twitched the corners of her mouth up, but her eyes were always the same open round orbs and no lines of laughter ever crept into their corners.

"Why don't you ever laugh?" I asked her.

"Because I don't want to make wrinkles in my face," she said.

To give up real beauty laughter seems a terrible price to pay for one's beauty, but certainly the girl who laughs too much and too hard will find little lines forming on either side of her mouth and around her eyes. Eventually they develop into crow's feet, which are so ugly, and she will have a very hard time getting rid of them.

A great many people make faces when they laugh, especially girls, finding a particular joy in screwing up their eyes until the eye itself is almost closed and innumerable little lines are forming around it. This isn't a very becoming way to laugh, and if you practice it can get to laughing without closing your eyes or wrinkling the skin around them.

When those faint lines have formed, however, and you see them on very young girls, the only way to get rid of them is to rub them away, using your forefingers and a little very good cream. Massage the skin very gently, going round and round in a small circle, then wash off the cream with warm water and soap and dry the face and rub a little good toilet water or alcohol over the lines as an astringent. After you are all through you can dust the skin off with a little rice powder. This is the most harmless kind.

We all have more trouble with our complexions in summer than winter, though it ought to be just the other way, because summer is such a good time to clear up the skin, as perspiration helps one in cleaning out the pores. But what dreadful combinations we do eat. Shore dinners, ice cream and coffee and possibly iced tea, too. I've known lots of people who drank iced tea in great quantities, following that with black coffee, and then wondered what was the matter with their nerves and why their complexions were poor.

While fruit is supposed to be so good for one in the summer, it is often eaten in too large quantities for health, and often berries and other fruits are served just a trifle decayed, which is likely to upset the best little stomach in the world.

Then we are all wearing small hats this year, and I'm afraid many eyelids will be red and sore from sunburn, and many a little nose show a sudden crop of freckles. Old-time belles used to protect their faces in summer time by making masks of cotton or chamols skin and covering the inside with a thick coating of face cream. The mask was made big enough to cover the entire face, with slits for the eyes, mouth and nostrils. It was tied around the head with ribbons attached to the sides of the mask, and the person



MISS LILLIAN LORRAINE

"The only way to get rid of those faint lines is to rub them away."

who wore it stayed in her room in quiet, and almost complete darkness for several hours at least.

Another preparation used was powdered magnesia. This was mixed with a little water and put over the face and was said to be very good for sunburn.

I don't think any of us have the white clear complexion of our grandmothers, because none of us would be willing to endure all the trouble they took to make themselves beautiful. Then the idea of beauty has changed, too. It used to be considered fashionable for a young girl to

faint on all occasions and to look pale, but nowadays we prefer a healthier type of girl, and when she tans to a fine ruddy brown every one admires her. Even freckles are forgiven, though I don't think girls ever think them attractive. But I have heard men say a few little freckles were fascinating. Fortunately tastes differ.

The expression of the face makes its beauty and you can make your expression anything you want it. Every one can look stupid or bored, but no one has to look so, and certainly

both expressions ruin every vestige of good looks.

Don't let the corners of your mouth droop, it's never becoming. Turn the corners up even if it costs you an effort. As soon as you see lines forming in your face study them carefully, find out if they are lines that could be avoided, and if so counteract the wrong muscular habit by the right one, for wrinkles are simply the result of constant muscular contraction and it rests entirely with you whether that contraction shall become a habit or not.

FUEL SAVING AND EFFICIENCY

All large consumers of coal will be interested in the following editorial opinion expressed by the Engineering Magazine. On the relative efficiency of natural draft secured by stacks and that obtained by mechanical appliances, usually referred to as forced draft, the writer says:

"The success of the economizer with natural draft secured by stacks is too fully demonstrated to need assertion. Considering not only the number of plants, but total horsepower, this equipped, the figures are largely on the side of the natural draft installation, for the list is headed by the large electric railway systems, such as the New York Interurban, London Underground, Paris Suburban, the great sugar refineries of New York, Brooklyn, Philadelphia, New Orleans and San Francisco, many of the most important cotton mills throughout New England and others. The merit and virtue of the economizer, of course, is its recovery of heat from the furnace gases; and this direct recovery and other causes necessarily lower the stack temperature; but against this must be set the consideration that for a given horsepower developed the economizer will save an important percentage of the fuel burned and require correspondingly less draft.

"Other points upon which emphasis should be laid are those of proper design of the flues and the arrangement of the economizer itself. In many cases an alteration in flue arrangement may give improved draft concurrently with the installation of economized sections. The increased use of mechanical draft with economizers is indeed most probable, but the increase will result not only from the comparison of present conditions, but from the continuous demand for a constantly progressing increase in the amount of fuel to be burned per square foot of heating surface."

Key to the Situation—Bee Advertising.