The Bee's Home Magazine Page



SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT There's a Lot About Fashions the Judge Isn't Wise To

Drawn for The Bee by Tad



Hunting a Husband

The Widow's Favorite Suitor Develops Two Traits that Turn Her Utterly Against Him.

By VIRGINIA TERHUNE VAN DE WATER.

Some five minutes elapsed, while Bea- | fore they left. Always a facile talker, trice sat alone and looked out over the sheen of the Hudson, and watched the procession of river craft gliding by. Then Maynard returned without his importunate friend and seated himself with a laughing word of apology.

"Rossiter's really a capital fellow," he said half-deprecatingly, as though he had guessed her estimate of the man. "A little uncouth, perhaps, but a diamond in the rough."

taken by society at his true worth?" asked the woman smilingly, but with a him now and then. Beatrice was chatthin veil of spite in her tone. She noticed ting gaily when the horse, frightened by on Maynard's breath the acrid aroma a boy on roller skates, who darted past which she fancied she detected earlier in his head, shied violently. In a second the afternoon, stronger now-the oder Maynard had pulled the whip from the that her married life with Tom Minor socket and cut him cruelly along the had made hateful to her. She had guessed flank. The horse leaped forward, but from Rossiter's manner what "the busi- the mercliess grasp on the reins threw escort from her, and she was a little and shrink under the rain of blows hurt and displeased at his temporary de- which the man, now white with rage,

the man protested laughing Bill,' as we used to call him at college."

tale of his friend's university escapades which made Beatrice laugh in spite of he replaced the whip in the socket. he finished with a chuckle. "And," other all their lives."

The familiar situation seemed to Bea trice to be on the verge of again dominating the conversation, and, at the risk of being considered unsympathetic, she directed her companion's attention to the crimson globe of the sun, hanging in the city's smoke over the distant Palisades. She had never felt any particular interest in Maynard's deceased wife, and since this afternoon's return to the place the dear departed had loved so well had not proved such an ordeal to the widower that he hesitated to drink there with a boisterous friend, she had little tolerence with his pose of bereavement. But a widower launched upon his

favorite theme is not so easily diverted from it. After Beatrice's attempted interruption of his trend of thought he looked out into the glowing west for only a moment or two in silence. "She loved the sunsets here," he said,

at last, in a tone of dreamy sadness. "We used to come up often in the springtime and 'help put the sun to bed.' as she used to say. I am very lonely without her sometimes. Forgive me for speaking of her so much, but you are always so patient with me and I feel"he stopped and smiled sadly.

There was no hope for it now, and the woman, with a weary spirit, once more took the part she had played so

"Dear friend," she said, smiling at him with eyes slightly moist. "I understand-I, too ,have suffered," she added with a little sigh. "Perhaps the good that comes out of our suffering is that we can comprehend and sympathize with each oth-

er's sorrows." The man looked at her with something more than gratitude. She colored under his gaze and turned her eyes toward the river, waiting for him to speak. When he did it brought her back to earth and things earthly with a shock.

"Ah, here at last is our tea!" he exclaimed in his natural voice as the waiter deftly arranged teapot and accessories on the table. "Are you sure you want a hot drink on a day like this?" he querried doubtfully as she raised the lid of the teapot and the steam arose in

"Yes, indeed," she answered. "I don't think I could exist without my afternoon

"Well, on second thought, if you don't my throat feels like a newly macadamized road. Waiter, a Schotch highball." "Oh," Beatrice said hesitatingly, as the seltzer foamed into the tall glass of ice,

"do you really care for that?" "As old Jake Van Winkle out in Jersey used to say, 'It ain't the taste, it's the sperrit what's in it," he laughingly replied.

"But isn't it bad for you?" she asked tentatively. "Don't you become depend- my wife wanted me in the kitchen, why ent upon it?" "No more than you do upon your tea,"

he answered teasingly. She said no more about the matter, things. They sat long over the table and doesn't end war, it prevents it -St. lyzes these giands and hinders them up the chilled parts. Maynard ordered another highball be- Lious Republic.

he was at his best today, amusing, witty and quick with retort. It was almost dark outside when Beatrice rejuctantly said it was time she was at home and arising, prepared for departure.

In a few minutes the pair were again

seated in the smart trap and rolling rapidly eastward toward her home. The air was a little chilly now and the high strung horse snorted eagerly, evincing a desire to bolt, which forced Maynard to keep a tight grasp on the reins and brought a sharp word of command from matter" was that had taken her his head high, and he could only plunge showered upon him.

The scene lasted for only a moment or again, "Rossiter has that rought, uncon- two, but it seemed hours to Beatrice ventional way which all westerners af- as, with hands pressed against her fect, but underneath he is pure gold, cheeks, she flinched at each angry hiss generous to a fault and fortunately for and cut of the lash. She looked appealhim, wealthy to a disgraceful degree, I've | ingly at the man, but his face was hard always been mighty fond of 'Roaring and set and his lips contorted into a cruel smile. When the heating had tired Then Maynard branched off into a his arm he laughed a short, ugly laugh. "Now behave yourself!" he ordered as

herself. "He was always climbing out | Beatrice was silent the remainder of of the frying pan to fall into the fire." the way home. Maynard was gay and did his unsuccessful best to make his sobering suddenly, "he was very fond of companion smile. But she was grave my dear wife. They have known each and taciturn. All her life she had loved horses. Her father had raised them and she had known them from her babyhood. She remembered what her father would have said to Maynard had he, instead of she, been the witness of the cruel scene.

> nothing had happened. As Maynard helped her from the trap she thanked him politely, but coldly, for the drive and the pleasant afternoon. Then, before Maynard could climb again into the trap, she stepped swiftly to the horse's head and laid her cheek against the velvety, quivering nose.

She found it impossible to talk as if

When the widow reached her own apartment and her own room she stood still for a moment, feeling faint and weak. She recollected with a sick shudder how once, when Tom Minor had been drinking, he had beaten a dog he owned.

PHILOSOPHY OF PLENTY

Recipe for Happiness by One with Seventy Years of Married Bliss.

Seventy years of married life, unmarried by a quarrel! From that screne height Mr. John Schwind of Belleville, Ill., as an artist who has mastered the greatest of arts, does well to teach a striving world. But he has no intricate theory to expound. His recipe for happiness is the essence of simplicity. His

is the philosophy of plenty. It's a rational plenty, too; an available plenty. Plenty of work. Plenty of eat. Plenty of toleration. In that trinity John Schwind and his wife found contentment. They couldn't have found anything else. Contentment is its sole con-

Plenty of work: To the man looking for a job that prescription may seem the bitterest satire. But somewhere back on the road of the man looking for a job there is a stretch where there was "plenty of work." What was wanting? Was there an unwillingness to do it? Or was the poise or judgment defined in "plenty of toleration" lacking?

The world's work is an unlimited car. poration. It is capitalized infinitely. Not country at the amount of ice water that all its shares, though, are preferred the Americans drink, both in summer mind, I will take something cool," said stock. Broadly speaking, when we can't and winter. Maynard. "Driving was dusty work and get the preferred we can get the common stock, if we haven't unfitted ourselves for such participation.

Plenty to eat-the golden mean of temperance between not-enough and toomuch; the badge of self-conquest. Plenty of toleration: Toleration is the

visible service of the spirit of compromise. John Schwind illustrate the point in a homely, illuminating way. "When I wanted to shave in the parlor, and we just stewed a little and compromised on the dining-room." That's John or during a meal. Schwind's allegory of success. As a bird

CRIPPLE CHARLIE WAS WALKING FROM CITY HALL

TO BRONX PARK AND HAD PASSED MANY PEOPLE AND SIGNS . SUDDENLY HE SAW A BANNER STRUNG ACROSS BROADWAY BUT HE COULDN'T MAKE OUT THE WORDS POLLING OUTHIS CASE HE PUT ON HIS CHEATERS AND PIPING THE SIGN ONCE MORE, READ IF A RAM KNOCKED

TIM DOWN WOULD TIMBUCTOO? JAMES !! RINSE OUT THE CAN FATHER IS COMING.

WORKING DILLIGENTLY BUT HAPPENED TO STROLL IN ONE HOUR LATE. THE IRATE TEA CHER VELLED AT POOR HERMAN TILL TEARS CAME TO THE POOR LITTLE HAD FINISHED HERMAN HAD FINISHED HERMAN HANDED HER THE MOTE FROM HIS PATHER OPENING IT THE TEACHER READ,

DOES CUT GLASS MAKE A WINDOW PANE WAC HAIR WILL NOW EASY WITH THE WHIP PHIL!! ITS A HIRED HORSE.

SCE NE BUGHOUSE ON THE HILL, MIDDLETOWN CONNECTICUT, 3 BUGS OSCAR BENSON ED TALLMAN AND RALPH DEYSTERS. DEVSTERS OPENS WITH, -THERE WAS A MAN HERE LOOKING FOR THE CAPTAIN BUT HE COUDN'T FINDHIM 30 HE CRACKED A NUT AND SAW THE COLONEL DOUGLAS BRECKENRIDGE TAKE THE STAND AND TELL ALL HE KNOWS OF THIS WOMAN

YOU CAN'T KEEP A SQUIRREL

ON THE GROUND

Cooking Secrets of a Famous Chef Drinks for the Summer Girl



By EMILE BAILLY.

Every Frenchman, especially a French chef, is appalled when he comes to this

We never know ice water until w them the real enjoyment of good cook. think it was your own fault. ing so much that they would not ruin either by deluging themselves with huge gulps of ice water.

At the risk of displeasing you, I am

from performing their proper function, leed tea seems to be another very popu- water.

but if food is already in the stomach, the mixed and sweetened alcoholic drinks in oil and grease float to the top of the summer. It is the sugar that does most water and coat the sides of the stomach of the damage. thickly, rendering digestion impossible. The same danger, to a lesser extent,

THE ICE CREAM SODA GIRL.

That is not a very nice thing to thinks lies in sweetening lemonade too much. of, but you can know that every time This, of course, has no detrimental efyou drink a quantity of ice cold water fect on the brain, but it is very bad for come to this country, for ice in France on top of a rich or hearty meal you are the digestion and anyone who wants to is not only a luxury, but it is an un- absolutely interfering with the process take the trouble can accustom bimself necessary and unheard of one. The of digestion. You are chilling the oil or to taking lemonade first with less sugar, at that, George," the manicure lady Frenchman and Frenchwoman think too greasey substance in the food and real and finally with none at all, or just went on. "She says that at first it will ever heard on the male suffraget. It's much of their digestion, and they appre- dering it thick and insoluble, and if you enough to counteract the zeid of the be an awful blow to the pride of girls a scream." clate the delicacy of taste which gives suffer in consequence I can only say I lemon.

ture of a cold spring, but never iced; popular as flavoring for mineral waters anyhow." You all know that the stomach is lined for the moment, after which the body, on putting more syrup, wine or liquor in She never walks out on me."

and a Hot Weather Dish. lar summer drink, but personally I find ploring the wilds it very bad for the nerves, and it is not of life, and while

for one, syrups, such as grenadine, strawberry or raspberry, of a syrup made of almonds, are substituted for the wine hand, and the started forth in search of and taken with the dinner or between a shining example that would teach the meals. Of course, these syrups, besides little boy that if he did everything he

An excellent French drink for summer time, and what might be called a family way to the park, where they soon perdrink, which is made of a little good red ceived two ancient mariners sitting in wine, say half a wineglassful, in a the sun, and the father approached them tumbler with a good dessertspoonful of and thus addressed them: grenadine filled up with vichy or some

Strawberry syrup, raspberry and syrups class, and as I make no doubt that your of other fruits can be made at home or advanced state of age is due to a correct obtained already bottled for about the and well spent life, I entreat you to tear same amount of money that it would cost off a bunch of your experiences so that to make them in small quantities. They my son may emulate your noble examshould always be on hand in households ple. where there are children and young people, and the use of these syrups with mineral waters helps greatly to dispel the desire for alcohol in summer time. Of course, I am not a teetotaller myself, but I should like to warn everyone who reads these lines against the use of

girls, haven't you?"

"I was just thinking what smart girls

they have. They are all the time getting into the paper, while us manicure girls don't get no publicity whatever."

often," remarked the head barber.

"Don't be frivolous, George," was the sharp answer. "I am talking serious this morning. I'll tell you what's on my mind. now that you ask me. I was reading in one of the morning papers that a chorus them Alpine heights of knowledge than girl named Monte Grayce, or Monte Game, or some such name, one of the except to climb a flight of stairs with a fairest chorus girls that ever sat across tray." the table from a gent, has a brilliant idea. She has a way of breaking the walters' strike. She says that there are 2,000 chorus girls in New York City alone, and all of them are out of the job for the summer. She suggests that them girls old tips." act as waitresses until the rest of the waiters and waitresses come to their senses and go back to work.

"She's a kind of a proud little chicken

nature didn't intend us to drink fee Of course, these syrups are never served "I don't know and I don't care," said water in summer and as a matter of fact with ice water, and I believe the presence the gruff Head Barber. "All I know is going to tell you just what ice water cool water does more to decrease the heat of ice, which paralyzes the palate, is one that I get my dinner at home, and the does to you when you drink it before of the body than ice water does. The of the reasons why Americans insist on waltress I have is the finest little walt-

of amity the spirit of compromise takes with delicate glands which furnish the which always tries to maintain the their drinks than the inhabitants of other "I know you are just grand at home, and he turned the conversation to other precedence over the dove of peace; it gastric juices. Ice water not only para- equilibrium, redoubles its effort to warm countries, who take just enough flavor- George," said the Manicure Lady, "I he saw a friend over near the big doors." ling to change the taste of the spring think it is fine for a gent to be domesti- and hurried away.-Cleveland Plain cated, but that ain't got nothing to do Dealer.

Fables of a Wise Dame

Which Shows That the Only Way to Attain Old Age is Not to Die Young.

By DOROTHY DIX. Once upon a time there was a man who | reach the age limit," replied one of the

Now the father was one of those conscientious men who take a serious view of a parents re-

sponsibility, and as he was most anxious that his son should not do any sidestepping from the straight and narrow guage way. he went aside and communed with himself. "I do not de-

little boy

sire," he reflected, that my son should burn up as much time and money as I did exit is true that I

the room, but I don't drink too much of cents on the dollar for it, and that it lesson they had just received. was not worth the price.

One of the best summer drinks is vichy "I apprehend, however, that while virand milk. Milk which cannot be taken tue is its own reward, the consciousotherwise is easily digested when mixed ness of doing right is not a sufficiently with vichy, and this drink is both nutri- glittering prize to attract the youthful say I am one of those who have burned We French people believe in a little that if he wishes to enter the oldest inbit of wine with our dinner, but you habitant class, and be quoted in the up enough, and the things I have done find very little drunkenness in France, papers as the Rip Van Winkle who rebecause French people seldom drink to members the coldest winters and the hotexcess, taking their wine with their food. test summers, he must train on the water a deep vermillion hue, and when I In summer, when alcohol is always bad wagon with plenty of food and hard mounted the temperance platform it was

Thereupon the man took his son by the giving the water with which they are didn't want to do and cut out all that he taken a delicious taste, are cooling to the did want to do, he might reach a dodderblood and they are in every way harm- ing and toothless old age where he would be the champion bore.

So the father and son wended their

"Venerable sire," he said, "I perceive that you are headliners in the antique

was the proud father of an interesting houry dodos, "you have come to the right spot, for I am the real thing, and while I do not wish to unduly praise myself I feel bound to admit that the reason that I am the great main shine is because I have ever been a model of all the vir-

> "I've never tasted anything stronger than church lemonade, nor has tobacco ever stained my lips. I have lived on health food messes that were good for my digestion, and I have always gone to bed with the chickens and risen with the milk man, and devoted myself to henest toil. Likewise, when a female made

googoo eyes at me I fled down the other side of the street. "As a result of this exemplary conduct, and of always observing the rules of health, I am still hobbling about, while most of my friends are tucked under the

"Behold my son, the rewards of a life. of self denial and industry," cried the father to his son, and then he turned to drink tea at about the temperature of fun, I opine that I paid more than 100 add the story of his life to the impressive

> . "Alas!" replied the other old man, "after the beautiful picture of a noble career we have just seen I am ashamed. to exhibit my tin type, for I regret to fancy, so it's up to me to show my son the candle at both ends and in the middle when things did not seem to be lightime

to all the laws of hygiene are a plenty. "I have painted my share of the town because the fizz had given out. Never has a peacherino had to flag me down but once, and I grieve to admit that the only manual labor that has ever appealed to my taste has been dealing the paste-

"I have also passed up the humble, cereal in favor of Welsh rarebit and lobster Newburg, and while my friends have prophesied that I would dig my grave with my teeth, you will observe that I am still on the job, and not in He I fear that I am not as good an example as my aged friend here, but I am just as much alive and three years older." "Father," said the little boy, "what lesson do we learn from these two ex-

"We learn," replied the father, "that the only infallible rule for attaining a Moral-This fable teaches that most

hale old age is not to die young." "If you desire advice about how to rules of conduct work both ways.

The Manicure Lady

"George," said the manicure lady, as with what I was talking about. I can't she settled into her wicker chair and help laughing when I think of a lot of placed her kit of torturing tools handy, chorus chickens hovering around the "George, you gotta give it to them chorus tables and collecting tips. The only "I never paid any attention to them," to old men and men from Pittsburg than lied the head barger. "What's on your they will to us girls,

"You seem to get into the paper pretty

that is used to being waited on instead One of our best French summer drinks of waiting themselves. I wonder what Water should be taken at the tempera- is a syrup called d'Orgeat, which is very kind of waiters chorus girls would make

feed water is merely a shock chilling one laving food overflavored or seasoned and ress in the world. I mean the wife.

trouble is, they will give more attention

"Brother Wilfred was a little sore last night when he read about it. He said they are, or else what smart press agents that he was organizing a College Boys' League of waiters, and expected to get a lot of dough out of it before the summer was over. Of course, the only college Wilfred ever went to was a bustness college, but he is a magnetic kid? George, and I think he would make a success of his venture. "He says that most any diner-out

would rather listen to the smooth words of a college boy that has climbed all to a German that never did no climbing "I guess the whole thing will work

itself out all right," said the Head Barber. "You will find out that before many weeks have passed the same old waiters. will be on the job, waiting for the same

Untold.

joker. He said to the boys in the lobby the other night: "I've got the best story you

"Go ahead an' tell it. Pinkey," said one of the listeners.

"All right," the sandy haired man responded. Then he chuckled and looked around. "Maybe I'd better ask first if there's any male suffraget in the party?! A big man with thick shoulders, a heavy lower jaw, and large, knotted

hands, crowded a little closer. "I'm one of 'em." he said. "Let's hear

the story."