



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

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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 Beatrice sat alone and looked over the sheen of the Hudson, and watched the procession of river craft gliding by. Then Maynard returned without his important friend and seated himself with a laughing word of apology.

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

"And, like most uncut gems, is not taken by society at his true worth?" asked the woman smilingly, but with a thin veil of spite in her tone. She noticed on Maynard's breath the acrid aroma which she fancied she detected earlier in the afternoon, stronger now—the odor that her married life with Tom Minor had made hateful to her.

He was silent the remainder of the way home. Maynard was gay and did his unsuccessful best to make his companion smile. But she was grave and taciturn. All her life she had loved horses. Her father had raised them and she had known them from her babyhood.

"Oh," the man protested laughing again. "Rossiter has that rough, unconventional way which all westerners affect, but underneath he is pure gold, generous to a fault and fortunately for him, wealthy to a disgraceful degree. I've always been mighty fond of 'Roaring Bill,' as we used to call him at college."

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The familiar situation seemed to Beatrice to be on the verge of again dominating the conversation, and, at the risk of being considered unympathetic, she directed her companion's attention to the crimson globe of the sun, hanging in the city's smoke over the distant Palisades.

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"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.

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"The loved the sunsets here," she said at last in a tone of dreamy sadness. "We used to come up often in the spring-time 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.

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

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"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 other's sorrows."

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"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.

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"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 queried doubtfully as she raised the lid of the teapot and the steam arose in a cloud.

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

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"Well, on second thought, if you don't mind, I will take something cool," said Maynard. "Driving was dusty work and my throat feels like a newly macadamized road. Water, a Scotch highball."

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"Oh," Beatrice said hesitatingly, as the waiter foamed into the tall glass of ice, "do you really care for that?"

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"As old Jake Van Winkle out in Jersey used to say. 'It ain't the taste, it's the spirit what's in it,'" he laughingly replied.

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"But isn't it bad for you?" she asked tentatively. "Don't you become dependent upon it?"

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PHILOSOPHY OF PLENTY

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

Seventy years of married life, unmarred by a quarrel! From that serene night 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 content.

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 poison of judgment defined in "Plenty of toleration" lacking?

The world's work is an unlimited corporation. It is capitalized infinitely. Not all its shares, though, are preferred stock. Broadly speaking, when we can't 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 too-much; the badge of self-conquest.

Plenty of toleration: Toleration is the visible service of the spirit of compromise. John Schwind illustrates the point in a homely, illuminating way. "When I wanted to shave in the parlor, and my wife wanted me in the kitchen, why we just stewed a little and compromised on the dining-room." That's John Schwind's allegory of success. As a bird of amity the spirit of compromise takes precedence over the dove of peace; it doesn't end war, it prevents it.—St. Louis Republic.

Dabbydils

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. PULLING OUT HIS 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."

Cooking Secrets of a Famous Chef



THE ICE CREAM SODA GIRL.

By EMILE BAILLY. Every Frenchman, especially a French chef, is appalled when he comes to this country at the amount of ice water that the Americans drink, both in summer and winter. We never know ice water until we come to this country, for ice in France is not only a luxury, but it is an unnecessary and unheard of one. The Frenchman and Frenchwoman think too much of their digestion, and they appreciate the delicacy of taste which gives them the real enjoyment of good cooking 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 going to tell you just what ice water does to you when you drink it before or during a meal. You all know that the stomach is lined with delicate glands which furnish the gastric juices. Ice water not only paralyzes these glands and hinders them from performing their proper function,

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 was the proud father of an interesting little boy. Now the father was one of those conscientious men who take a serious view of a parent's responsibility, 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 desire," he reflected, "that my son should burn up as much time and money as I did exploring the wilds of life, and while it is true that I had my share of fun, I opine that I paid more than 100 cents on the dollar for it, and that it was not worth the price."

reach the age limit," replied one of the hourly 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 virtues."

"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 honest toil. Likewise, when a female made goopoo 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 dalester."

"Behold my son, the rewards of a life of self denial and industry," cried the father to his son, and then he turned to the other old gaffer, and begged him to add the story of his life to the impressive lesson they had just received. "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 say I am one of those who have burned the candle at both ends and in the middle when things did not seem to be lighting up enough, and the things I have done to all the laws of hygiene are a plenty. "I have maintained my share of the town's deep vermillion hue, and when I mounted the temperance platform it was 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 pastebards."

The Manicure Lady

"George," said the manicure lady, as she settled into her wicker chair handy, "George, you gotta give it to them chorus girls, haven't you?" "I never paid any attention to them," lied the head barber. "What's on your mind?" "I was just thinking what smart girls they are, or else what smart press agents they have. They are all the time getting into the paper, while us manicure girls don't get no publicity whatever." "You seem to get into the paper pretty 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 girl named Monte Grace, or Monte Game, or some such name, one of the fairest chorus girls that ever sat across the table from a gent, has a brilliant idea. She has a way of breaking the waters' 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 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 at that, George," the manicure lady went on. "She says that at first it will be an awful blow to the pride of girls that is used to being waited on instead of waiting themselves. I wonder what kind of waters chorus girls would make anyhow." "I don't know and I don't care," said the gruff Head Barber. "All I know is that I get my dinner at home, and the waitress I have is the finest little waitress in the world. I mean the wife. She never walks out on me." "I know you are just grand at home, George," said the Manicure Lady. "I think it is fine for a gent to be domesticated, but that ain't got nothing to do