



The Bee's Home Magazine Page



You Can Do a Lot with a Doughbag

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Drawn for The Bee by Tad



Hunting a Husband

The Widow Decides to Accept Maynard, but a Cruel Revelation Halts Her.

By Virginia Terhune Van DeWater.

The following morning Beatrice lay abed late. Jack had been restless with the pain in his hand and had called his mother often during the night. But, although she did not get up at her usual rising hour, Beatrice did not sleep after the first rays of the sun struggled through her drawn window curtains. She lay quiet, thinking of Maynard, of his goodness and gentleness last evening to Jack and of what he had said, but chiefly of what her instinct told her he would say in the interview she had promised to grant him. She was sure that he would propose to her and she was almost equally certain of her own favorable reply.

That evening was warm and muggy, and even in the soft-lighted drawing room the temperature was oppressive. Uncle Henry mopped his face constantly with a large silk handkerchief, while Beatrice fanned herself languidly, too warm to be comfortable.

"I declare," said the man finally, "this is the kind of a night on which one feels that he would like to go to some quiet roof garden where there is a breeze and listen to the orchestra."

"It is, indeed," assented Beatrice. Blanchard hesitated a moment. "I don't suppose you would care to go, would you?" he queried timidly.

"Why?" asked Beatrice, suspiciously. "From what Helen told me I suppose you have good reasons for the stand you take, Mrs. Minor," said Blanchard. "But, bringing the handkerchief again into play, 'It's mighty hot!'"

"What did Helen tell you?" demanded Beatrice.

"Well," said the old bachelor, "she intimated pretty strongly that you didn't approve of going out in the evening with any man—in fact, that you had scruples against it."

With an effort Beatrice repressed the indignant denial that she longed to utter and forced herself to speak calmly. "I'm afraid that Helen is growing strangely forgetful," she remarked. "I was out with her and Mr. Robbins and—we had a very pleasant time one evening only a few weeks ago," she asserted. "Humph!" grunted the man reflectively. "Then will you go out with me this evening?" It won't be far. We'll just go around to 'The Arcadian.' It's cool there and the music is good."

"I would be very glad to go," replied Beatrice, with decision.

A half hour later they were seated in a cool roof garden where white-covered tables shimmered in the soft lights that gleamed among the palms, and the strains of a string orchestra mingled with the chatter of the guests. At Beatrice's request, Uncle Henry had lighted a cigar, and she appeared to be listening to his prosy talk while she sipped iced tea and enjoyed the coolness of the music.

At another table, half-observed by a large palm, a gay party of men were drinking, not wisely but unreservedly. Several times their laughter rang out loudly, and Beatrice glanced in annoyance in their direction. A sudden roar of merriment made her turn her head again toward the ill-mannered group. One of the men was standing up with the evident intention of making a speech. His face was red, his mouth loose and flaccid, and he clung to the edge of the table as his eyes glanced restlessly about the room. It was Robert Maynard.

The manager hurried up and spoke in a low tone to the three men who remained seated. Two of them grasped Maynard and pulled him back into his chair.

"What's the matter? You look ill!" exclaimed Henry Blanchard who had been talking on and had missed the incident.

"I don't feel quite well," murmured Beatrice. "Let us go home!"

"Mother," asked Jack the next morning. "When's Mr. Maynard coming again?"

"He's not coming, laddie," was the grave reply.

"Never, mother?" questioned the child. "No, never!" said Beatrice in a firm voice.

A Deep One.

Another Artemus Ward story comes to the front.

It appears that Artemus had been assigned to a local contest. It was an amateur affair and an aristocratic affair, and a nice notice was confidently expected.

Usually the humorist's copy was inspected before going into print, but somehow this got by without detection.

It was a nice notice for the most part. The soprano was highly praised and so was the tenor. But when Artemus reached the basso he stumbled.

"The young man has a fine voice," he wrote, "a very fine voice, and it has great depth. Frequently it went so low that fears were expressed that it would not come to the surface again. It is really an unusual voice. It sounded at times like the rumbblings in the interior of an uneasy elephant."

Japanese in Hawaii Send Home for their Wives

"No more orientals of the laboring class are coming to Hawaii, and a good many of our white citizens who cultivate sugar estates are sorry that the faithful Chinese are barred under the law," said W. P. Harcourt, a sugar planter of the island of Kauai, one of the Hawaiian group. "They are our best workers, and before the exclusion policy was applied we could count on a certain regular influx of Mongolians to toil in the cane fields."

"The Chinese now in Hawaii have been there for many years, and most of them are getting to be old men. Not many of the Chinese have wives, but in former days not a few of them became the husbands of the native Kanaka women. It was a good cross was this half-breed progeny, and so also the offspring of the Japanese and native women. In recent times, however, the Japs have been in the habit of sending back to their own land for wives. In most cases I think the self-elected bridegrooms get their parents back in the Flowery Kingdom to pick out wives for them."

"The matter is finally arranged through the Japanese consul, the man in the case putting up money for the passage of his intended spouse. The hour that she lands must also be the wedding hour, for the authorities will not allow the fair ones to remain unless claimed and formally mated according to some civil or religious ceremony that both parties consider binding."

"Every now and then a wireless message comes to my plantation which tells one of my young Japanese hired men that he may expect on the arrival of the next ship at Honolulu the girl who has been picked out as his wife. I do not think that in many cases the principals have ever laid eyes on each other. On the receipt of the message, the man gets permission to go to claim his wife, and pretty soon the pair are domesticated on the estate."

"Not long ago a ship from Yokohama arrived with forty or fifty so-called picture brides. Every one of them had been chosen through photographs forwarded to Hawaii some time in advance of the arrival of the originals. Occasionally there is a pathetic case, as when not long ago a very pretty young Japanese maid was forced to take the next ship returning to her old home. Inspection showed that she had trachoma, and the rigid rule that ordered her deportation could not be waived."—Baltimore American.

Flirtatious Married Woman

She Goes a Kenning Wrong When Good Sense Would Keep Her on the Straight and Honest Road.

By DOROTHY DIX.

A poor, bewildered, disgusted married man asks me this question: "Why do middle-aged married women flirt?"

The answer is, because they are fools. Nobody with a grain of sense in her head would risk so much for so little as the married woman does when she engages in a flirtation. On the one side are the love and trust of her husband, the respect of the community, home, children, a social position. On the other, the pleasure of having her vanity tickled by the thought that she can still attract the attention of men. With the price of divorce, and the loss of everything worth having for a woman.

There is no other such one-sided game in the world, and the marvel of it is that any human being outside of the home for the feeble-minded, could be found reckless enough and stily enough to engage in it. Yet there are thousands of women who stake their happiness on this desperate venture.

It is incredible, but it is true, that there are women who have all the goods the gods provide; who have kind and generous husbands, luxurious homes, beautiful clothes, lovely children; who are not satisfied with all of the blessings—but are never happy unless they think they have secured the admiration of every man in sight.

Such women carry on clandestine acquaintances with men their husbands do not know; they write foolish, sentimental letters that compromise them, they run after celebrities, and they form the following and make the fortunes of all sorts of false prophets and exploiters of new cults. Without them the fashionable preacher could not go to Europe for six months in the year nor the fashionable doctors roll around in limousines. Nor is there any extent to which they will not go in their mad desire to attract the attention of men. If there is nobody else about, they will make eyes at the disreputable old rouders that hang about cafes and roadhouses, or the very waiters that serve them.

Age, that should bring intelligence and discretion, seems to bring to these women only an additional recklessness and folly, so that they are less careful of their conduct than the flightiest girl would be. Yet they know, if they would only stop to think, that the faults that the world excuses in youth it does not excuse in sober maturity.

It is a curious fact that the most susceptible time of a woman's life is not when she is sweet and twenty, but when she is fat and forty, and old enough to know better. But she doesn't. A young girl may suspicion a man's motives and assay his compliments to see how much of veracity is in them, and weigh his vows of devotion to ascertain how heavy they are with real feelings, but the middle-aged woman's vanity is so hungry and so voracious that she

swallows whole every honeyed speech a man makes her.

Possibly this explains the middle-aged married woman who still tries to flirt, but in does not excuse her. Nothing excuses her except the assumption that she has not enough gray matter in her head to comprehend the danger she runs and the harm she does, and the certainty that she has not enough sense of humor to perceive the figure of fun she makes of herself.

For there is nothing under the sun more grotesque than the spectacle of the middle-aged mother of a family aping the airs and graces of a debutante, and trying to act kittenish and cute when her antics are only those of a performing elephant. Yet how often do we see this done, and how many women do we know and laugh at, who believe themselves to be fascinating because they are surrounded by a horde of syncephalic men who flatter them for the sake of eating the dinners and riding in the cars, and sitting in the opera boxes, and spending week-ends at the country places that the women's husbands pay for.

Be sure that if any of these flirtatious middle-aged married women could hear what their admirers say of them behind their fat backs, they could be instantly and forever cured of the belief that they were second edition Cleopatras with weather and age proof charms.

These married flirts consider themselves good women and pillars of society because they hold to the letter of moral law and only transgress the spirit. But they judge themselves too leniently. The wife who seeks admiration of other men than her husband, and who lures them on as well as she is able into making love speeches to her, is false at heart and untrue to her marriage vows. She has no reason to draw her skirts away from her sisters of the street. Indeed they may be better women than she is, for she, at least, has not known their temptation.

It is one thing for a woman to be driven into wrong-doing by hunger and cold, and want, or some deadly injury that has been practiced upon her. It is another thing for her to deliberately dally with sin, the finery her husband has given her on her back, within the shelter of her home, and with the tenderness and love of a good man protecting her.

Yet that is what a flirtatious married woman does, and it makes her offense a particularly iniquitous one. It is hard on a woman to be parried to a man who flirts, but it is doubly hard on a man to have a flirtatious wife, because society pitied and puts a halo about the head of the wife who forgives her husband's amours; it sneers at the man and calls him an ugly name if he shuts his eyes to his wife's faults in this particular.

For this reason and because when a woman married a man and gives her his name, she is more bound in honor to keep it clean than if it were her own, no married woman with any sense of decency has a right to engage in a flirtation. Men friends she may have. Charming she may be to them in her truth and loyalty and devotion to her family, but for her the days of love dalliance are over. No man may make love to her without insult. She may not listen to it without degradation.

Cooking Secrets of a Famous Chef

By EMILE BAILLY.

THE SOUTH AMERICAN WAY.



DECORATIVE WAYS OF SERVING ORANGES.

THE LARGE PICTURE ABOVE SHOWS THE CUBAN METHOD OF IMPALING A PEELED ORANGE ON A FORK. THE SMALL PICTURE ON THE SIDE SHOWS AN "ORANGE BASKET."

viewing spotless napery, flowers and shining silver, and one or two well-cooked and daintily served dishes. A delicate bouillon also stimulates the appetite and two fruit juices are used with particularly good effect, especially here in America. These fruits are the orange and the grape fruit.

The later contains a proportion of quinine and is a tonic, while the properties of the orange as a promoter of appetite are well known.

of serving oranges popular in different countries, especially in the south, where the orange grows.

A Cuban method impales the peeled orange on a fork after it has been peeled with a sharp knife. A round slice is taken off both the top and bottom of the orange. One of these pieces is put on the fork making a resting place for the orange, which comes next and the last piece is placed over the orange.

The orange is eaten without soiling the fingers and only the pulp is left on the fork. The ordinary way of serving an orange is to cut the fruit in half around the center and place it in cracked ice. When the orange is eaten in quarters, too much pulp is consumed. A South American way shows the orange cut in half, the skin turned back after being separated from the orange by a spoon drawn under it. When eaten in this manner only the juice is taken.

Two men were strolling the street when one of them spied a coin on the sidewalk. He picked it up and discovered it to be a dime. But it was bad. "Here," he said, generously, to his companion, "you can have it." Replied the recipient, "Thanks we'll get a couple of high ones with it. You can pass even wooden money in a saloon." Forthwith they sauntered to a bar. The glasses before them, the dime was handed over. The bartender took it, looked at it and smiled. "Now," said the man who found it, "we'll have one on me." Again the glasses were set before them. He fished a quarter from his pocket and paid for the beer. The bartender's smile broadened. He gave the man his change—a nickel and the dime he had discovered and disowned. And the worst of it was he couldn't refuse it because his friend had given it over in payment. A lot of morals are obvious.—New York Tribune.

The thick-skinned man is never impervious to the spur of the moment. The doctor will treat an imaginary illness, but he is never satisfied with an imaginary fee. Many a man has lost his health making money in order to enable him to go abroad and regain it!