



# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT—The Judge Got an Earful of News, Then Acted Swiftly Drawn for The Bee by Tad



### Hunting a Husband

Maynard's Magnetism and Kindness Forces the Widow to Forgive Him in Spite of Her Vows.

By Virginia Terhune Van DeWater.

At the maid's announcement of her unexpected guest, Beatrice set down her cup and flashed a startled glance at Helen. Mrs. Robinson was a trifle disconcerted and flushed, but Beatrice thought that an expression of triumphant self-righteousness flickered around her lips as she raised her brows in answer to the appeal in the widow's eyes.

Even Helen, with her prejudices, was forced to admit that Beatrice's manner was that of the perfect hostess as she rose to greet her guest.

"A very pleasant surprise," she exclaimed cordially when Maynard entered the drawing room. "Helen and I were just talking of you when you were announced."

"Yes?" queried the man, jestingly, as he turned to greet his fellow-guest. "Speak of the devil and you're sure to see him, eh? While I, out in the hall, was thinking of angels and heard their voices."

"You will have some tea, of course?" suggested Beatrice, touching the tiny Chinese gong on the little table at her side.

"None if you please," the man answered. "My lunch was late today, and what little appetite this first hot weather left me was taken away by that repeat."

The maid entered and at a word from her mistress removed the teacup and table, while the trio, settling themselves in chairs, chatted lightly of impersonal things until the sinking sun warned Helen that it was time for her to leave. Yet, incredible as it may seem to one who is not an impressionable woman, in that quarter of an hour Robert Maynard's manner had done much to cool Beatrice's indignation against him.

He possessed to a great degree that wholly indefinite something which we call magnetism. Weeks ago Beatrice had heard Helen say that one could be angry at Robert Maynard, but never angry with him. She remembered that now as she found herself laughing spontaneously at his clever nonsense which was combined with a natural gaiety that was almost childlike. He rose to his feet as Helen got up to leave, and announced in spite of her protests, his intention of accompanying her as far as her car. But before he left he murmured to Beatrice, "I'm coming back—may I?" And she smiled her assent.

She waited until the rumble of the elevator signalled their descent, and then hurried into her room where she quickly exchanged her easy and rather homely house slippers for a dainty pair of satin pumps, and slipped upon her wrist a bangle which Robert had admired the day of their drive together. If the recollection of this incident brought the disagreeable ending of the excursion more clearly to her mind, she quickly consigned the unwelcome memory to obscurity.

He was merely a friend, she insisted to herself, scarcely more than a pleasant acquaintance, despite Helen's match-making ideas, and if he was calling on her in that capacity, it was her duty as a hostess to make his visit as pleasant and agreeable as she could. If, when she looked into the glass, she saw that her cheeks were more flushed and her eyes brighter than the advent of a chance caller would justify, she felt only a thrill of satisfaction at her appearance and did not attempt to analyze her excitement.

Maynard returned sooner than she had expected and she had scarcely time to seat herself and open a book as if she had been reading ever since his departure before the portieres parted and he again entered the room.

"I was a long time getting back, I know," he said ruefully. "But it really wasn't my fault. Those infernal street cars never come when one is in a hurry."

"But you weren't gone long," answered Beatrice. "I call that a very short time indeed."

"Perhaps," he admitted, as he drew up a chair. "But I was living in anticipation, you see, and you were not."

"What an arbitrary way you have of declaring what one's thoughts have been," laughed the widow. "Are you always certain of every person's feelings?"

"No," he responded slowly and with a smile. "I am only sure of my own."

His tone held a significance which his words did not warrant, and Beatrice flushed under his steady gaze.

"Even at that you are a very fortunate person," she forced herself to say lightly.

"I hope to be," he answered enigmatically.

There was a brief silence which the man was the first to break.

Mrs. Miner, he said abruptly, as though spurred by a sudden resolution,

### Weather Yarns

The weather vagaries of the last six months sharpen one's appreciation of the account of the summerless year 1816, which, according to the Danbury, Conn., News, is found in the pages of an old diary begun in 1810 and kept unbroken until 1840. "January was so mild that most persons allowed their fires to go out and did not burn wood except for cooking." February was not cold. March, from the 1st to the 6th, was inclined to be windy. April came in warm, but as the days grew longer the air became colder, and by the 1st of May there was a temperature like that of winter, with plenty of snow and ice. In May the young buds were frozen dead, ice formed half an inch thick on ponds and rivers, corn was killed and the cornfields were planted again and again until it became too late to raise a crop. June was the coldest month of roses ever experienced in this latitude. Snow fell ten inches deep in Vermont. There was a seven-inch fall in the interior of New York state and the same in Massachusetts.

All summer long the wind blew steadily from the north in blasts, laden with snow and ice. On the fourth of July ice as thick as window-glass formed throughout New England, New York, and in some parts of Pennsylvania. To the surprise of everybody, August proved the warmest month of all. Almost every green thing in this country and Europe was blasted with frost. From an old-fashioned summer of this kind most of us will pray to be delivered.

**Familiarity and Contempt.**

There is in a western town a judge who occasionally hits the flowing bowl until it puts him down and out. One morning, following an unusually swift encounter with the alcoholic foe, he appeared in his office sad and shaken up.

"How are you this mornin', Sam?" inquired a friend.

"I guess I've ever been," replied the judge, with a groan. "I'm in bed at home. When I left the house a little while ago the children were calling me 'Mister.'" —Popular Magazine.

### Daddydilly

AS CAT ABAR SAYS. A BOOB IS AN AWFUL THING.

CAPTAIN KIDD WAS DRILLING THE NEW ROOKIES UP AT FORT GEORGE AND AFTER TWO HOURS OF HARD WORK GAVE IN A SHARP TONE THE COMMAND, REST!! WHILE UNDER THIS STRAIN THE CAPTAIN ASKED IF ANY OF THE SOLDIERS HAD ANY QUESTIONS TO ASK WHEN A LEAN BOOB IN THE REAR RANK CHIRPED:

IF WE CARRY ARMS WHAT DO WE DO WITH DEFEAT?

AIN'T YOU GOT NO EDUCATION?

THERE WAS A GOOD CROWD UP AT THE SUFFRAGETTE CLUB AND AFTER MANY SPEECHES AND LONG TALKS THE NEW LEADER 'LAUNDRLIZ' MADE A MOTION TO TAKE UP A COLLECTION FOR THE EATS ETC. AT THIS MOTION MOTHER MURPHY AND LITTLE EVA STOOD UP AND YELLED SO EVERYBODY IN THE HOUSE COULD HEAR THEM:

IF WE GIVE A DOLLAR A PIECE WHAT WILL FORGIVE?

I HEARD DIFFERENT!!

THE BOYS WERE OUT FISHING ALL DAY AND NIGHT AND DIDN'T EVEN GET ONE FISH. SO ABOUT ELEVEN O'CLOCK THE NEXT MORNING THEY PULLED UP THE ANCHOR AND SAILED FOR SHORE. HERMAN WAS VERY SORE AND STARTED TO CUSS THE HARD LUCK WHEN KOPEL LONDON, HIS FRIEND, PIPED:

IF KOPEL'S T IS CANVA R?

NOBODY LOVES A FAT MAN

SEE WITH SOFT NOW. I GO TO THE HIGH SCHOOL OF COMMERCE. I DON'T GET THERE TILL 7.30. THEN I START MY PROGRAM. I GO DOWN TO THE GYM AND DO SOME BRACING STEPS. AND OTHER THINGS THERE. THEN I GO UP TO THE FIFTH FLOOR AND DO SOME LUNCH AND AFTER LUNCH I GO UP TO THE GERMAN ROOM AND TRANSLATE FOR 20 MINUTES. WHEN GET THROUGH THERE I RUN ONE TO THE BOOK-KEEPING ROOM AND WHEN THAT PERIOD IS FINISHED SCHOOL IS OVER FOR THE DAY. BUT NOT FOR ME. NO I GO TO THE ENGLISH COACHING CLASS TILL 5 O'CLOCK TO MAKE UP BACK WORK. AFTER THAT ALL I HAVE TO DO IS MY HOME WORK.

GEE YOU'RE A LUCKY GUY

YER MORNIN' TO DO TILL TOMORROW

### Little Bobby's Pa

Bobby's Pa Takes Him on a Fishing Trip—He Knocks the Rest of the Fishing Party.

By WILLIAM F. KIRK.

Pa took me fishing last Saturday. I didn't want to go, because our nine was going to play Tom McNamara's nine in the afternoon, and Tom stole a ball from his big brother. His big brother had stole the ball from the ground keeper at the ball park & it was no use for the ground keeper to say anything, because he had found the ball out in the grass when he was mowing grass in the outfield & he didn't have a rite to keep it.

Anyhow, Pa & me went fishing instead of playing. Pa kept talking about what a great fisher he was. I didn't mind it much at first, because Pa is all the time telling what a grate man he is anyhow, but after he toald about all the fish that he had caught all over the world, I began to think he was like the rest of the fishermen.

You see, Bobbie, sed Pa to me, this crowd that is going out this afternoon is mostly green horns. There is only two good fishermen in the party, Mister Wilrich & myself. The others doan't know an angle worm from a trout fly. Pa sed, Tom Ratty never caught a fish in his life, & if he did he wudnt know whether to take the fish off the hook or to take the hook off the line, & Mister Scheitlin, Pa sed, the only fish he ever caught was a German carp that he found onst in a little pool. German carp is very intelligent fish, as Germans & carps go, sed Pa, but when there isent snuff water in a pool for them to swim out, even a dunce could catch one. Pa went on & toald me about the rest of the peesul that was going, & he knocked every one of them except Mister Wilrich & myself.

The fish that we fished for was pickrel. We went two in a boat & I was in the boat that Pa & Mister Wilrich was in, because I was littel enough to be out of the way. Pa & his friend had so much fishing tackle that three wudent have been room in the boat for three men. They had sixty different kinds of bait & each one of them had a watch with them. First Pa wud try a certain kind of bait & if he didn't get a bite in a minnit he wud look at his witch & say: It is now 3 o'clock. I must now try this other kind of a spoon hook, because pickrel never bite at any other kind of a bait between 3 o'clock & five minutes past 3. Then Mister Wilrich he wud change his bait. They must have thought that the pickrel had watches, too. All that Pa & Mister Wilrich was in, I did was watch Pa & his friend watching, thare watches & changing thare bait. I didn't have to watch any fish suffering, because thare wasan't any fish in our boat.

The fish are not biting today, comrade, sed Pa to his friend when the sun was sinking in the west.

You are right, sed Pa's friend. I only wish, he sed, that we could have caught one or two, jest to show them green horns in the other boats what reel pickrel looks like.

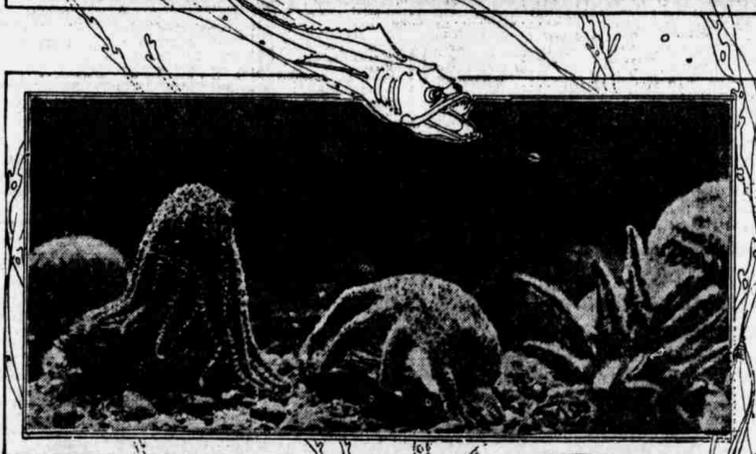
When we got to the shore thare was Mister Ratty & the other green horns. Mister Ratty had caught fifty pickrels with a pole he didn't know anything about. He broke the reel & a lot of line, but he had the fish jest the same.

You doan't have to be a fancy fisherman in this world, Mister Ratty toald me. All you have to do is to bring home the fish.

### Marvels of the Water World

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

FLOWERS OF THE DEPTHS—A GROUP OF SEA ANEMONES.



A MEAL—SUN STARFISH DEVOURING OYSTERS AND MUSSELS.

In a former article in The Bee some pictures were exhibited of the wonderful creatures of the deep sea—animals whose progenitors apparently sought the gloom of the ocean's bottom in preference to remaining in the brighter world of shallow water above.

We saw how many of these animals, in order to find their way about in the sunless depths that surround them, have developed phosphorescent organs which enable them to provide a light of their own, while others, as if abandoning the use of eyes altogether, have gradually lost the organs of vision possessed by their relatives above. We also saw that these deep-sea animals, living out where there is no sunlight to bring out the effects of color, are generally very dark of hue, if not absolutely black and destitute of the brilliant markings possessed by creatures which revel in the sunlight.

A sight of beauty in the depths. This sea anemone, when in the water, is a delicate pink and one does not have to stretch the imagination to liken it to a rose or chrysanthemum.

### Inhabitants of the Seabed—Glean with Strange and Lustrous Beauty.

Today we show pictures of animals which inhabit parts of the sea bed which do not lie so deep that some sunshine cannot penetrate there, and which, in contrast with the inhabitants of the great abysses, are so brilliantly adorned with colors that nature's art in describing them have to compare them with the most glorious gems, such as rubies, emeralds and sapphires. They exceed the most beautiful flowers in splendor, because their bodies are frequently composed of more or less translucent (light-penetrable) tissues, which often seems to be self-luminous. This gives vivacity to their colors which only polished and highly refractive jewels possess.

Among these are the jelly fishes, the corals, the sea-anemones—"anemone" meaning a wind flower. But no flower has so much liveliness of color as these animals exhibit. Yet when these same animals are taken out of the water they lose nearly all of their brilliance.

Even animals that by their forms are repulsive when taken out of their element, such as sea-spiders, spider-crabs, hermit-crabs, star-fishes and sea-urchins, are very beautiful when seen in the water. They stalk about there like strange knights clothed in shining damascened armor. Some seem to be decorated with burning jewels. The light around them is faint compared with that out of the water, and their brilliant, translucent colors displayed in their dim world go far to counteract the relative gloom of their surroundings.

In some places the seabed, at no great depth along the shores, is wonderfully crowded with these creatures and the different species live together in immediate proximity as we do not see different families of animals doing on the earth's surface—except, perhaps in a menagerie. It is almost as if one should in some remote part of Africa, come upon a landscape where lions, leopards, giraffes, zebras, elephants, buffaloes and antelopes were feeding and hunting together, in a splendid confusion of color and form. You can get some idea of the strangeness of the life of the sea by visiting the aquarium and studying the various tanks filled with swimming and crawling creatures.

But peace and brotherhood do not prevail in these under-sea communities any more than they do on the surface of the earth. There are battles for supremacy and for life there as here. Some species are the natural prey of others. The beautiful star fish is a very tiger in his native haunts. The sun-starfish is a terrible enemy of oysters, and devours them by the thousands in spite of their stout shells.

Nothing could be more wonderful than a jellyfish floating like an iridescent cloud in the water, which is its atmosphere. The trailing membranes of some species of jellyfish and sea anemones are inexpressibly beautiful. Yet among these splendid creatures are found some which are not only without beauty of color, but so shapeless that they look rather like bits of rock or stone than living animals. Some, too, seem to conceal such beauty as they possess from all outer view. The outside of the oyster is rugged and repulsive, but within the shell, when exposed to light, some times exhibits a marvelous play of prismatic color. Some species of oysters secrete, forever concealed inside the shell, the most splendid pearls, which, when taken out and exposed to the sunlight or lamplight reveal indescribable beauty. It seems strange that objects whose beauty depends entirely upon the play of light should never show that beauty except when they are accidentally brought out of their natural surroundings.

Much of the splendor of the life of the sea, as it is usually beheld from above, is due to corals. A view through a "water telescope" of the coral reefs of Bermuda or other tropical islands fills the beholder with as much astonishment as delight. But the casual observer of these scenes generally sees but little of the real wonders of the sea bed. It is the naturalist who sees the real "gems enchanted," and occasionally catches sight of some jeweled creature issuing from a dark cavern, gleaming in the dim light and stalking about in search of his prey. The "gems of the ocean" that poets have imagined are mostly living gems.

### Modern Philosophy.

Wine, women and stung.  
Many a woman's figure represents more dollars than sense.  
A frivolous woman draws the line nowhere but at her waist.  
Here's to husbands! May they always have the last word—but one!  
Just as soon as a man has acquired the wealth that constitutes a model husband, he has lost the desire to be one.  
If a man wants to know all about another man, he consults a commercial agency. A woman goes to a fortune-teller.—Judge.

### Insatiable Yearnings.

"So," said the Goddess of Fortune, "you are weary of steam yachts and special trains?"  
"Yes," replied her especial favorite.  
"And you have ceased to care for motor cars and aeroplanes?"  
"Entirely."  
"Well, what do you desire now?"  
"I want to go into a convention with my private steam roller."—Washington Star.