



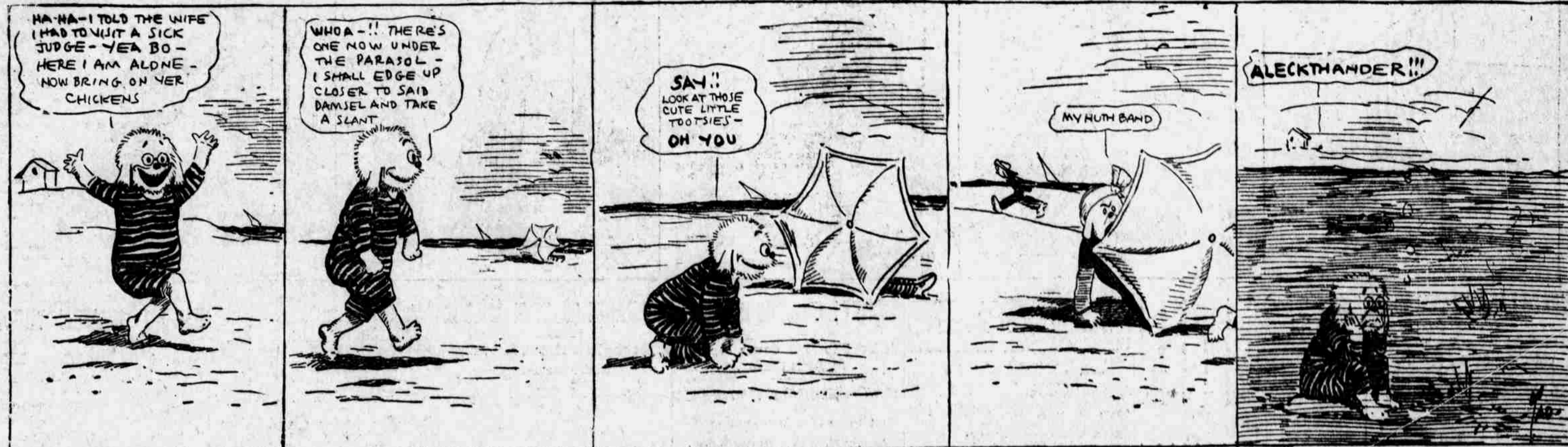
The Bee's Home Magazine Page



SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT—

And the Judge He Edged Up Closer

Drawn for The Bee by Tad



Married Life the Third Year

Warren Leaves Helen on the Deck Alone and Spends His Time in the Smoking Room.

By MABEL HERBERT URNER.

In the first start of awakening, Helen had that curious sensation of not realizing where she was. Then the strange surrounding resolved themselves into a stateroom.



For a few moments she lay listening to the rushing waves and to the creaking of the ship. Then very softly so as not to awaken Warren in the berth above, she climbed out of the narrow bunk and over to the porthole.

"Bring on your boiled eggs then—soft boiled," Warren finally growled. "I'll see the head steward about this later."

"But, dear, I suppose they must have some rules," conciliated Helen, when the steward had gone for the order. "Rules your grandmother! When a man pays \$175 for his passage he expects something besides boiled eggs for breakfast—rules or no rules. Next time I'll go on a boat that has a la carte service, where you can get what you want when you want it. Boiled eggs only after 10 o'clock—huh, that's a fine rule for an ocean liner."

"Yes, and I never touch that stuff. What I want is a substantial breakfast—not a lot of indigestible truck between meals."

"The chief steward says, sir, that hereafter if you'll get your order in before ten—you can be served after that. You can send your order by your stateroom steward—just so it gets to the kitchen before ten."

"Humph, that's some better," conceded Warren, somewhat mollified. "You ought to know you couldn't put over any such rule as that."

Then turning to Helen, as the steward moved off, "You see? That's the way to handle those fellows! You've got to put up a kick—let them understand you know what good service is and that you intend to have it."

"But I thought the service all over the boat was very good," protested Helen. "It seems to me they do everything they can."

"Why shouldn't they? They've got you here for a week and it's up to them to make you comfortable. Besides there's so much competition now between these big lines that they've got to keep up their service or they don't get the passengers."

Daffydils

JAY ASHAR CHIRPS UP WITH ANY ACTRESS CAN PAINT BUT FEW CAN DRAW

HASH THE CHILD CARTOONIST WAS OVER IN NEWARK DOING HIS STAGE STUNT FOR THE FIRST TIME HIS LEGS SHOOK A BIT, HE FELT CHILLY IN THE NECK AND HIS HAND TREMBLED BUT OUR HERO STURTED OUT TO THE CENTER AS THE BAND PLAYED AND MADE HIS BOY JUST AS HE LIFTED HIS PAW TO START RUBBER NOSE MASC IN THE GALLERY PILED

IT WAS IN A BIG CITY'S BUSIEST THOROUGHFARE THE UNRELENTING HEAT HAD DONE ITS WORK SHOPPERS HALTED ON THEIR WAY TO HELP THIS UNFORTUNATE SON OF TOIL TO CONSCIOUSNESS. HIS LIPS ARE MOVING CRIED AN OLD BANKER AND AS HE LEANED OVER TO GET THE LAST MESSAGE HE HEARD "THEM" WORDS.

THE TALLEST BUILDING IN THE WORLD HAD A FLAG FLYING FROM THE TOWER THIS DAY TWO BOOBS FROM INDIANA STOPPED TO TAKE A SLANT AT IT THERE'S SOMETHING ON IT PIPED PLAT FOOTED PHIL RIGHT CRIED DAVE I CAN READ IT WITHOUT MY CHEATERS LETS SEE OH YES I SEE NOW IT SAYS

IF THE GENERAL IN THE ARMY HAS A FAMILY TREE WOULD HIS YOUNGEST OFFSPRING HAVE AN INFANTRY? KISS ME! NOTHING MAKES ME SICK.

WOULD YOU SAY NOW THAT SHE HAS MARRIED AGAIN THAT WE LOVE LILLIAN RUSSELL MOORE?

IF YOU FOUND A BUTTON IN THE CIGAR YOU WERE SMOKING WOULD YOU SAY IT CAME FROM THE WRAPPER?

I HEARD DIFFERENT!! OFFICER! CALL A COP

HA HA SAY I GOT THE PIPE JOB NOW I DONT GOT WORK TILL 7AM I OPEN MAIL AND FILE LETTERS AWAY MAKE OUT BILLS OF LADING AND CONSULAR INVOLVES FOR OUTGOING SHIPMENTS

DELIVER THEM TO THE STEAMSHIP COMPANIES GO OUT AND GET THE SENEGAMBERS LUNCH THEM MIND THE SWITCH BOARD UNLITE THE OPERATOR FEEDS THEN I MIND THE

BOSS' DOOR AND TALK OFF FEET TILL THE BOY GETS BALK THEN I DO A LITTLE SHOPPING FOR THE BOSS BRING THE BUNDLES TO HIS COUNTRY HOME AND BY 11PM IM DONE

GEE YOU'RE A HAPPY GUY

YEP NOTHIN TO DO TILL TOMORROW

The Reckless Way We Marry

By DOROTHY DIX.



A pretty young bride has just been deserted in a hotel in this city after a honeymoon that last lasted only four days. Detectives are out hunting the recalcitrant bridegroom, who disappeared owing the hotel and an automobile concern, and even a tailor from whom he had rented a swell dress suit to be married in, and the poor little bride has gone tearfully back home to reflect upon the uncertainty of matrimony.

which people marry without taking the individual with whom they propose to spend the next thirty or forty years, and on whose good faith and worthiness their whole happiness and welfare depend. Every day we read in the papers about girls who have married bogus noblemen or bigamists with another wife in the next block, or ex-convicts, or men whom they believed to be prosperous and who are swamped in debt and have no way of making a living, or men who have some terrible mental or physical malady, or men who have some hideous blot on their past that casts its sinister shadow over the whole lives of their wives.

The tragedy of these marriages is that almost every one of them could have been prevented had the girl and her parents used such ordinary prudence in the matter as they would about acquiring a new horse, instead of a new member of the family. They would not have bought a \$500 horse without finding out what sort of stock it came from, who had raised it, who was its former owner, what sort of temper and disposition it had, and getting a veterinary's certificate that it was sound of wind and limb. But people will let a girl marry a man without making a move to find out what kind of a family he belongs to, whether his people are honest or jail birds, whether he has tainted blood in his veins, whether he has got a wife some where else or not; whether he is a drunkard or a gambler or not; whether he has any settled and honest way of supporting a family or not.

These Are Ice Cream Days

But You Must Look Sharp if You Want to Get the Pure and Genuine Article



A TYPICAL STREET SCENE. (Picture reproduced by permission from Good Housekeeping Magazine for July.)

Who does not remember her, or his? It is more frequently her—first dish of ice cream? As we grow older we are probably less fond of the delicious refection than in our younger days, and yet, if I knew the name of the inventor of ice cream, I would try, in this hot weather, to sing his praise. He, or it may have been she, was a great benefactor. The dog days must surely have been more terrible when there was no ice cream to make one forget for a few delightful moments that the sun is 15,000 degrees hot and capable of pouring on every foot of sweetening humanity enough heat to enable an engine to raise a hundred tons a mile high!

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

more dishonest money into rapacious pockets. Fortunately, genuine ice cream, made of pure materials, in a cleanly way, is nutritious as well as cooling in its effects and offers no danger, provided only, as already remarked, that it is taken slowly, and when one is not in an overheated state. In France a small dish of ice cream, taken at the end of a meal, is popularly believed to be an aid to digestion. Perhaps doctors would not subscribe to that particular opinion—I do not know—but, at any rate, there are plenty of doctors who eat ice cream.

One might think, if he had a great deal of confidence in the fundamental goodness of human nature, that the adulterators and substitutors would have avoided introducing their mean and dishonest, and sometimes no less than satanic, methods of quick money getting in the manufacture and sale of a dish which offers a common pleasure to rich and poor alike, and which is most in demand at just that season when all mankind feel drawn together in the sympathy that comes from bearing a common burden. But such confidence, as Dr. Wiley shows, and as we all know, would be misplaced. The spirit of greed is never assuaged, if it can do its deeds of darkness in a secret corner.

The genuine virtue of ice cream resides in the cream. Cream is derived from the fat particles of pure, fresh milk. Anything else that goes under the name of cream is a fraud, and it is not less a fraud even if it be innocuous. Cream, if it is to retain its best qualities, should not be used more than twenty-four hours after it is separated from the milk. When the cream is frozen, to make ice cream, it should be sweetened with sugar, and flavored, says Dr. Wiley, with some natural, harmless material. That appears to be all there is of genuine ice cream. The definition is plain and simple.

Luckily for consumers, there is a great deal of good ice cream on the market, but un luckily for some of them there is also a great deal that is fraudulent. Much of this may not be absolutely dangerous—the adulterators have no wish to kill their customers, for that would be killing the goose that lays the golden eggs. But good cream, and nothing but cream; and good sugar, and nothing but sugar, and natural, harmless flavoring materials and nothing else, make up a combination which, although it is delicious and wholesome, is at the same time costly. Not too costly, mark, for those who are content with a moderate return on their money, but altogether too costly for those who want to "get rich quick."

This shows how the fat globules of cream in its natural state appear under a microscope.

Showing the effect of running cream through a "homogenizer," which disintegrates the fat globules.

was given to the effect that ice cream

other milk or cream in it, and the judge of the court upheld this theory and refused to apply the standards which have been fixed by the Department of Agriculture under the authority of congress.

However, it is reassuring to be informed that a federal court judge in Cincinnati has since then upheld the standards as legal. More strength to that good federal judge's arm, will be the sentiment of all lovers of ice cream.

Dr. Wiley tells you all about the "dubious" kinds of ice cream and what they contain, and all about what real ice cream is, and about the law that some over-confident persons have thought would suffice to protect the innocent public in this matter—and this is just the time to read all that. But don't let anything you read dissuade you from eating ice cream when you feel like it, and are in a condition to do it—only make sure that you are getting exactly what you pay for. And if you can't be sure of that, then make your own ice cream, which is not so very difficult.

Yet they do it continually. Many a man sees his prospective son-in-law for the first time when the youth comes to go through the meaningless form of asking for Mamie's hand in marriage. For Mamie has told papa to say "yes," and papa is so busy and careless that he hands over Mamie, soul and body, with every one of her potentialities for misery or happiness, to the stranger, with as little thought as he would a pound of tea across the counter. Worse. He wouldn't let the stranger have the tea unless he could show that he could pay for it, but he let him have Mamie without finding out whether he can support her or not.

And this isn't because father has such respect for Mamie's judgment. He wouldn't trust her to make a \$1,000 investment alone. If she had that much money to put into a stock or real estate or to lend he would take upon himself the task of looking up the title or security and seeing that it was gilt-edged before he permitted her to part with her money, but he will let her give herself away without bothering to see if she is swindled and goldbricked in the trade or not.

In this day of telegrams and telephones and newspapers, we live in the glare of publicity, and there is no difficulty whatever in finding out all that is necessary to know about anybody else. A postal card written to the hospital with which the young man magnificently at the beginning of this article said he was connected would have brought out the truth about him, but none of the girl's family took the trouble to write it. A day spent in the man's home, town; a ten minute talk with his employer; a few judicious inquiries among his friends would show it was Mamie, whether the man who wanted to marry his daughter would make her a good husband or not. An inquiry through Dun or Bradstreet will give accurate information as to any young fellow's past and present performances and abilities to support a wife.

With these sources of information at hand it is not simply incredible that any father would be so criminally negligent as not to at least find out what sort of a life partner his daughter is getting when she marries?

No possible excuse can be afforded for his attitude in this matter. Before a father gives his consent to his daughter's marriage he should have gone over the young man's record with a magnifying glass and a search warrant. It is his business to protect his little girl, and he signally fails to do it, unless he does his best to keep her from making a mistake in the most important act in life.