

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page



## Sherlocko the Monk-The Episode of the Scattered Groceries

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# Drawn for The Bee by Gus Mager



# Hunting a Husband

Helen Robbins Tries to Defend Maynard, but the Widow Will Hear Nothing of Him.

#### By Virginia Terhune Van DeWater.

now while he thinks of it. He has asked

them often to come, and had always for-

gotten to set a date. One of them is an

at college with John, and he has neg-

house long ago. Now, dear, won't you

please help me out by coming tomorrow

night to dinner with them? There will

woman-but she will not be much of a

If Beatrice felt a momentary impulse

to refuse the urgent invitation, it was

crushed before the declination reached

her lips as she contrasted the dinner.

with its possibilities of cheer and plea-

sure, with the stupid evening meal she

would probably have in her own lonely

little apartment. Perhaps too, the phrase.

"two strange men." may have tempted

her to a favorable consideration of the

idea, although she did not admit this

fact even to her inner consciousness. But

she was a bit surprised to feel how dif-

ferent spriety and social functions ap-

peared to her within the past months.

Right after her husband's death she

felt that men were unworthy of a wo-

man's consideration. Later, when she

became accustomed to her freedom, she

thought of men as selfish, egotistical be-

ings, in whom she had no interest. But,

since she had tried the wings of that

much prized freedom, and had fluttered

out in the world and had proved that

she still had the ability to charm man-

kind, she found herself enjoying the com-

pany of the few men she knew, and

taking their compliments and homage

with an eager zest that had heretofore

So she accepted gratefully Helen's in-

vitation and became immediately more

"It is always delightful to dine at your

house," she said affably, "and really I

have so many lonely evenings that it is

genuine kindness to me when one of

my friends invites me away from this

quiet little home in which the children

She had actually forgotten her hostile

attitude of mind toward Helen-for the

"At what hour do you dine, dear?"

she asked as her guest rose to go home.

Helen. "I am thoroughly glad that you

"And so am I!" exclaimed Beatrice sin

He Didn't Lose Much Ground.

This story, which is about a man whose

name appeared on one of the two tickets

at the recent election, is a true one.

Therefore, it wouldn't be fair to tell his

The man in question once before made

a race for office. He grew up in Kansas

as a boy. So the committee gave him an

When his turn to speak came the candi-

date labored manfully for fifteen minutes

and thought he was doing well in spite of

the fact that he had forgotten his speech

a number of times and his words showed

a disposition to turn crosswise in his

mouth. After it was all over he walked

down the aisle, mopping his burning face

with his handkerchief, buttonholed a com-

panion of his boyhood days and drew him

"Say, Bill," he said, "tell me on the

Bill hesitated. "Out with it," persisted

"Well," said Bill, "those fellows in there

have known you since boyhood and they

have been pretty strong for you, and-

well, I guess they'll still vote for you."-

Wanted.

A knapsack for the shoulder of a

A passion for the heart of a flower.

Boots for the feet of destiny.

A coin for the paim of victory.

A taste for the tongue of flame.

A jewel for the ear of the people.

Clothing for the legs of the furni-

A drink for the throat of the chim-

A little padding for the bones of con

A little padding for the bones of contention.

A wig for the baldness of a statement. A tonic for the blood of the nation. Phlebotomy for the arteries of trade. A wrinkle remover for the frown on the face of destiny.

Perfume for the breath of the night wind.—Judge.

A smack for the mouth of the river.

A brooch for the breast of a hill.

A collar for a neck of land.

effect of that speech?"

Kansas City Journal.

the candidate.

opportunity to make his maiden speech

had listened to the spellbinders.

"At our usual hour, 7 o'clock," replied

been foreign to her character.

are sound asleep at 8 o'clock."

time, at least.

vivacious and voluble in her talk.

drawing card, and I do want you!"

Beatrice was not mistaken, for after thinks of that kind of thing, and John moment's reflection. Helen Robbins | says it will be best to have these men took up her tale of protest.

"My dear girl," she began deprecatingly, "how do you know that all this artist-the other a physician. Both were talk about poor old Bob Meynard is true? It may be all idle gossip. Indeed, I feel | lected them shamefully, for, as they are that your viewpoint is but the result of old bachelors, and he has a wife and your morbid fancy excited by the fact home, we ought to have had them at our that he drank a highball in your presence. You are too nervous and touchy with regard to things of that kind, Beatrice, to be able to take a same view of be these two strange men, and I have

"I can scarcely see where my viewpoint is not 'sane,' asserted Beatrice, controlling voice and manner that she might not show how excited she really was. "Perhaps, Heten, if you had been at the Arcadian, as I was last night and had seen Robert Maynard so drunk that the waiters were forced to expel him, you might still, in the cause of blind loyalty, disbelieve your eyes and ears. But I can't."

Helen, with the calm and irritating obstinacy of an outwardly amiable woman. "How could I be mistaken about such an evident thing as that?" demanded her hostess.

Well, you might easily be wrong about it," reiterated Helen. Beatrice laughed disagreeably.

"Or drunk myself, why don't you sug-

gest?" with an angry sarcasm. "Beatrice." exclaimed the shocked guest. "Don't be so vulgar. But I can't believe my ears when you tell me such things of Robert. By the way, who was with you?" she asked suddenly.

"I acknowledge," admitted Helen. "that I have heard from several people that Robert Maynard has been drinking occasionally lately, but not to excess, and I could hardly believe even that, if it is true," she continued blandly. "I suppose it is because the poor fellow is so lonely and unhappy that he would do almost anything to forget his sorrow for a little while. He misses his wife dread-

"He must!" sneered Beatrice. "Oh, beatrice," reproved the widower's

champion, "how can you speak in that way-you, who know for yourself what the torture of such bereavement is?" But the widow did not reply immediately, and during the silence that followed. Helen looked at her hostess with a gaze in which uncertainty and triumph were mingled. Inwardly Beatrice was fighting against the impluse to dilate further upon Maynard's delinquencies. However artistically and consistently one may maintain a pose or a sham, the time is pretty sure to come when she will suffer because of it or rebel against it. Beatrice felt now that she had reached this period, for she could not explain to her friend her horror of a drinking man, without tactily admitting by her manner that she had the unfortunate experience of knowing such a one intimately, thus virtually acnokledging her own social City and was still immensely popular in hypocrisy in posing as Tom Minor's be- the neighborhood in which he had lived reaved widow.

So, not feeling it safe to talk on the disputed subject, she sat silently by the in the hall in which as a small boy he window, watching the long tree shadows cast across the park beneath her by the slowly sinking sun. And, as she watched and mused, her anger died out gradually and her pulses beat once more quietly. At last she trusted herself to speak.

"I may have wronged Mr. Maynard," she added, dispassionately. "No doubt the memory of his dead wife is very dear to him. Certainly"-with a flash of sarcasm and a rueful laugh-"he talks of her enough to justify that supposi- square now, what do you think of the

Helen Robbins drew her chair nearer. "Now, my dear," she said, sweetly-with the manner of one who congratulates herself on having kept her temper throughout a painful discussion-"we won't talk of Robert any more just now. Perhaps you are a little prejudiced on. that subjejet, and besides"-with a slight feline touch-"I am merely his disinterested friend, and you only a chance ac quaintance of his, so why should we squabble about the man as if he were near and dear to us both?"

Beatrice's recently acquired self-control did not desert her, and her demeanor was so calm that her guest did not suspect that the astute remark had had any

"I really came around this aftermoon," Helen continued "to speak to wan of pleasanter matters. My John is asking several friends to dine with us tomorrow evening. We're going away to the country in two weeks from now and the place is all upset, so we can't have anything but a plain family dinner. It's horribly inconvenient, of course, but a man never

## Wanted-More Guardian Angels

a guardian angel sufficient for all earthly

But there are girls whose mothers are weak, inane and lack judgment, though with their warnings? it be heresy to say it. And there are also girls whose mothers are with the real

either way, there should be more guarof the land are not sufficient to keep such girls from destruction when they They fall in love with the wrong man.

All who are interested in a girl's best interests argue, command, threaten and implore. All of which does no good. The asked Cousin Hannah to make the third girl, apt in the language of romance, believes she is "constant," and takes pride in the word. There is a word not so pretty which de-

scribes her better-"stubborn." So stubborn is she that with a realization of the pitfalls before her she walks right into them rather than turn about and admit she has been traveling a dangerous path. 40?" Under this word "stubborn" I would

mother, and who heeds that mother, has continues on the path which will lead to her sorrow.

> giving it till they are black in the face? self, and he gets drunk. Haven't they shouted themselves hoarse "I keep company," she writes, "with a

She asks advice. Are not her relatives

always dresses neatly and comes to see me three times a week. I have no father that no man who drinks can be kind to or mother. I live with my older sister, a girl by paying her attention. "My folks say he is not truthful, and that he is a heavy drinker. I have been never go near her, or write. told by friends, also, that after he has

one says he can hardly support himself, "Because I go with him I am on bad mane. terms with my brother and brother-inlaw, and they don't speak to me. I don't like to live that way. I am 22,

lars saved, and they say he is after my

money. What would you advise me to

The girl who has a good, sensible relatives give her are based on fact, but the fire as fast as she can! There can be no half way measures. The man isn't truthful. He doesn't earn more than enough to support him-

By Beatrice Fairfax

To offset all his vices, she but one virtue: He is "kind" to her. It would be more to her interest if young man who is very kind to me. He she knew how to be kind to herself. If she were kind to herself she would know

The only way left for him to be left me at night he has been seen com- to any woman is to let that woman ing out of saloons drunk as can be. Half remain in ignorance of his existence. If the time he does not work, and every- he can't reform, in no other way can he Europe," says Mrs. kind to the woman to whom he gives the task of reforming him. If he cut her to the death by inches he would be more hu-

The advice this girl's relatives give her is the best there is. No one could give and my friend is 24. I have a few doi- take it.

> sorrow if she marries him, and it is my earnest opinion that sorrow is what she

## How to Be Real English

#### By WINIFRED BLACK.

The English newspapers are having a store the day the motor skidded. fine time worrying about the dreadful some more flowers on it-bluer ones, redder ones, purpler ones-tie them on with 'Americans' these days. "Such voices, a battered ribbon, give the hat to Fido such manners, such creatures alto-

better. She owes it to them to noticed in Europe, they are taken for English. Oh, what a relief. Taken for

dares address a harmless remark to you. ideas and reveal family secrets an Ameri-

Don't have a fire in your bed-sitting tesy? The proper lifting of a hat, the room, only American bounders do that sort of thing. Wear bed socks over your shoes; tie up your poor head in a knitted scarf like grandma used to make; perhaps some bally Yankee may take pity on you kindness, consideration, sympathy-there and invite you to sit by his fire where cannot be the least discussion. you can watch the really dreadful way he fusses over his poor wife and makes her take the warmest seat-only fancy-and either, Mr. Davenport, as you may besits in the draught himself. Isn't it amus-

When you meet a Frenchman, glare at about as extinct as the Dodo. him-he isn't English.

what a boor he must be to be German. he did estimate everything by the amount When you hear two Italians speaking of money it cost, but he never took the the language of Tasso. That's English. big, brother, have a coat that rides up in money. the collar, put on boots that weigh a ton more or less, throw away that good cigar, fashloned American, after all, now you get a pipe and smoke it all over the place, come to think of it, and we'll just stand ladies or no ladies.

for English, that's easy, too-almost too did wear the wrong jewelry at the wrong

in liquid music, smile at another English- snug side of the carriage away from a man and lift contemptuous eyebrows over woman in his life, he never told his mother's weakness to any man alive, and If you are a man, wear clothes that he would have died cheerfully rather look as if they really belonged to your than think of marrying a girl for her

Pretty decent sort of a fellow, the oldfor him and his type a little while longer If you're a woman and want to be taken on this side of the ocean, even if he time, and turn red in the face when a

in the mountains last year? Short-

waisted, is it? That's right. Now there

you are, regular piceadilly dream. No

one will ever accuse you of being Ameri-

As to the manners of the Englishman

and the American class for class there is

no comparison. The Englishman has

manner, yes! But we are speaking of

The average Englishman will rise when

his wife comes into the room and make

her sit in the draught. The average

Englishman will pull out a chair for his

wife-and give her the tough part of the

The average Englishman wouldn't

speak to a stranger for worlds, but when

you are no longer a stranger he tells you

He'll actually make fun of his mother's

can would not let wild horses drag out

Courteous? What do you call cour-

exact shade of manner at the exact time

for it? The Englishman has that, but if

courtesy means what we think it does

here in this terrible America of ours-

As to the old-fashioned American, we

aren't so very much ashamed of him,

lieve, living as you do in New York,

where the old-fashioned American is

The old-fashloned American talked a

### A girl deliberately plays with fire, and wants unless she goes to her relatives class the writer of the following letter. turns from the blaze to ask for advice! and acknowledges she has been in the She concedes that all the warnings her | Do? What shall she do? Run from wrong.

The Queen of Hearts By Nell Brinkley



SHE BROKE SOME HEARTS ALL OF A SUMMER'S DAY.

#### ten it down over your eyes. There's that's the way. How awfully English-regular Bond street effect. Get out the old tweed skirt, too short, too scant, a little longer in the back than in front. Where's that coat the maid had

steak.

to play with an hour or so, and then flat-

cousins, and our

Americans are not

English-only fancy.

And yet it is very easy to be taken for English, even in England. All there is to do is to be rude and just a bit awkward and more than a bit snobbish to those beneath you or more than a trifle his whole family history before you have obsequious to those above you; never an- known him a week.

Never travel first-class, it costs money. Wrap up in a mangy rug and freeze- of him. like an Englishman.

Never miss a chance to tell a German bit loud, he bragged a good deal, maybe

Get the worst hat you can find, the slender-waisted mald tried to carry his one you bought for \$2.50 at the country suit case for him.

## The Manicure Lady

"Did you notice him, George?" -

enough to look like a white hope. Why?"

first real gentleman that has been in tipped me and hoped I wouldn't be ofhere this week, and about the third or fended." fourth gentleman I have met since goodness knows when. "I wish there was more men like him Iron workers is mostly pretty tough citi-

about himself in a quiet sort of way when always good to women." he sat down. I seen from the bashful iron worker, and has saved up a thousand a steel beam." dollars. He is going to be married today, and he told me that he had never had himself and some soap and bot water. He said that the girl he is going to marry has the most soft and beautiful white hands he ever saw, and he exp.nined to me the best he could that he wanted to have his hands look at least half-way good when the preacher was doing nis

"I guess I am a good deal of a femocrat. George, but I certainly liked the way that man sat there, with his big strong paws full of little scars from the kind of work he did. I have held a lot of hands since I broke into this profession, and the most of them weren't kind of hands I would like to hold courting

"The fellow that just went out was a dear, too, the way he went about it. swell fellow," sind the Manicure Lady, When I was all through he asked me how much, and I told him 50 cents, and he "Not particularly," said the Head Bar- gave me a dollar note. Then he said, ber, "except that he was big and husky I hope you won't be offended if I ask you to keep the change. This is my wed-"I want to tell you about that chap," ding day and I'm celebrating." Can you said the Manicure Lady. "He is the beat that, George, for New York? He "He looked like a regular guy, all

in the world. George. He told me all , zens in a fight, but that kind of men is "I know it." replied the Manicure Lady.

right," said the Head Barber, "Them

way he acted that he wasn't used to "It must take a awful brave man to having his nails did. It seems he is a stand 200 feet up in the air balanced on

"You bet," replied the Head Barber, "but if he is going to be married he will his hands fixed up by anybody except be farther up in the air than he ever was in his working hours."

The Irish peasant farmers are taking readily to the motor car. So, too, is the Irish farmer's wife. Prosperous harvests have sent plenty of money into circulation through the four provinces. With new riches come new social responsibilities and the necessity of being genteel. Mike Murphy, a contractor of Mallow, County Cork, celebrated one of several repeated business successes by presenting his wife with an auto and a French chauffeur. Mrs. Murphy "read up" carefully before blossoming forth in her new grandeur. Then she invited

of hands I would like to hold courting on a sofa. This chap's hands could have broken mine in two with a single twist, but he was as gentle as a kid, and he never said a word to me that he wouldn't have said to his sister. If there was more men like that getting their nails did, the manicure girls would be more happy."

"Did he tip you?" asked the cynical Head Barber.

"He certainly did, George," said the Manicure Lady, "and he was a perfect."

"An or new grandeur. Then she invited in her new grandeur. The she in the shoffer is a light to the shoffer is a light to the shoffer is a light to the s