



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.

Beatrice was not mistaken, for after a moment's reflection, Helen Robbins took up her tale of protest.

"My dear girl," she began deprecatingly, "how do you know that all this talk about poor old Maynard is true? It may be all idle gossip. Indeed, I feel that your viewpoint is but the result of your morbid fancy excited by the fact 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 sane view of them."

"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, Helen, 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!"

"I'm sure you were mistaken," insisted 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 suggest?" 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 dreadfully!"

"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 impulse 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 tactfully admitting by her manner that she had the unfortunate experience of knowing such a one intimately, thus virtually acknowledging her own social hypocrisy in posing as Tom Minor's bereaved widow.

So, not feeling it safe to talk on the disputed subject, she sat silently by the 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 supposition."

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 subject, and besides—with a slight feline touch—"I am merely his disinterested friend, and you only a chance acquaintance 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 subtle remark had had any effect.

"I really came around this afternoon," Helen continued, "to speak to you 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 ruse never

Wanted—More Guardian Angels

By Beatrice Fairfax

The girl who has a good, sensible mother, and who heads that mother, has a guardian angel sufficient for all earthly needs.

But there are girls whose mothers are weak, insane and lack judgment, though it be heresy to say it. And there are also girls whose mothers are with the real angels.

For the girls who are motherless in either way, there should be more guardian angels. Relatives, good friends, teachers, the policemen and all the laws of the land are not sufficient to keep such girls from destruction when they once set their feet that way.

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 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 describes 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.

Under this word "stubborn," I would class the writer of the following letter. She concedes that all the warnings her relatives give her are based on fact, but she continues on the path which will lead to her sorrow.

She asks advice. Are not her relatives giving it till they are black in the face? Haven't they shouted themselves hoarse with their warnings?

"I keep company," she writes, "with a young man who is very kind to me. He always dresses neatly and comes to see me three times a week. I have no father or mother. I live with my older sister. My folks say he is not truthful, and that he is a heavy drinker. I have been told by friends, also, that after he has left me at night he has been seen coming out of saloons drunk as can be. Half the time he does not work, and everyone says he can hardly support himself, much less a wife. I have seen him often when he had drunk in him."

"Because I go with him I am on bad terms with my brother and brother-in-law, and they don't speak to me. I don't like to live that way. I am 22, and my friend is 24. I have a few dollars saved, and they say he is after my money. What would you advise me to do?"

A girl deliberately plays with fire, and turns from the blaze to ask for advice! Do? What shall she do? Run from

How to Be Real English

By WINIFRED BLACK.

The English newspapers are having a fine time worrying about the dreadful "Americans" these days. "Such voices, such manners, such creatures altogether!"

And Mrs. Davenport, of New York in print in defense of our sisters, and our cousins, and our aunts, and our uncles, and all the rest of the family "The trouble in Europe," says Mrs. Davenport, "is that the old-fashioned woman is too well remembered. The quiet, dignified Americans are not noticed in Europe, they are taken for English. Oh, what a relief. Taken for 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 obsequious to those above you; never answer any well meaning stranger who dares address a harmless remark to you. Never travel first-class, it costs money. Wrap up in a manly rug and freeze-like an Englishman.

Don't have a fire in your bed-sitting room, only American boudoirs 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 and invite you to sit by his fire where you can watch the really dreadful way he fusses over his poor wife and makes her take the warmest seat—only fancy—and sits in the draught himself. Isn't it amusing?

When you meet a Frenchman, glare at him—he isn't English.

Never miss a chance to tell a German what a boor he must be to be German.

When you hear two Italians speaking in liquid music, smile at another Englishman and lift contemptuous eyebrows over the language of Tasso. That's English.

If you are a man, wear clothes that look as if they really belonged to your big brother, have a coat that rides up in the collar, put on boots that weigh a ton more or less, throw away that good cigar, get a pipe and smoke it all over the place, ladies or no ladies.

If you're a woman and want to be taken for English, that's easy, too—almost too easy.

Get the worst hat you can find, the one you bought for \$2.50 at the country

The Queen of Hearts By Nell Brinkley

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

The Manicure Lady

"The fellow that just went out was a swell fellow," said the Manicure Lady, "Did you notice him, George?"

"Not particularly," said the Head Barber, "except that he was big and husky enough to look like a white horse. Why?"

"I want to tell you about that chap," said the Manicure Lady. "He is the first real gentleman that has been in here this week, and about the third or fourth gentleman I have met since goodness knows when."

"I wish there was more men like him in the world, George. He told me all about himself in a quiet sort of way when he sat down. I seen from the bashful way he acted that he wasn't used to having his nails did. It seems he is a iron worker, and has saved up a thousand dollars. He is going to be married today, and he told me that he had never had his hands fixed up by anybody except himself and some soap and hot water. He said that the girl he is going to marry has the most soft and beautiful white hands he ever saw, and he expected to me the best he could that he wanted to have his hands look at least half-way good when the preacher was doing his duty."

"I guess I am a good deal of a fanatic, 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 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 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

- A smack for the mouth of the river.
- A collar for a neck of land.
- A brooch for the breast of a hill.
- A knapsack for the shoulder of a mountain.
- A passion for the heart of a flower.
- Boots for the feet of a deity.
- A coin for the palm of victory.
- A taste for the tongue of flame.
- A jewel for the ear of the people.
- Clothing for the legs of the furniture.
- A drink for the throat of the chimney.
- A little padding for the bones of contention.
- A wig for the baldness of a statement.
- A tonic for the blood of the nation.
- A 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.