



The Bee's Home Magazine Page



SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT—The Judge's Wife Does n't Seem to Understand ∴ Drawn for The Bee by Tac

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Hunting a Husband

Maynard Fails to Get the Widow's Letter Dismissing Him and She is Greatly Mortified.

By Virginia Terhune Van DeWater.

Beatrice was up and at work early on the morning after Helen's call, altering a gown that she had worn a few times since it was made. She would not wear the costume in which she had appeared at that first dinner a few weeks ago—the dinner at which she had met Henry Blanchard. Her friend would remember the dress, and every woman had a dread of making it possible for another woman to say truthfully, "There's that same old frock again!"

So Beatrice worked dutifully at a soft black crepe de Chine which had been fashioned with a lace yolk and sleeves. These she removed producing the delicate effect she desired. Folds of chiffon at the shoulders and sleeves reaching to the elbows, finished with a graceful ruffle of black lace, threw into relief her fair skin. She knew that she need not be ashamed of her appearance as she tried on the completed product. By artificial light the effect would be especially good.

Late in the afternoon came a box emblazoned with the name of a fashionable florist. In it was a heap of fragile, delicately-tinted orchids. Accompanying the box was a note. Beatrice gazed at the flowers and read the note with the naive delight of a girl in her teens.

"My Dear Child—Away again on business. To Chicago this time so I shan't see you until a week from Saturday. Helen has told me of her dinner company tonight. Please wear these flowers, then and think once in a while during the evening of the dinner at which I met you, and of your old friend HENRY D. BLANCHARD."

"Oh, he is a dear!" exclaimed the widow. It is strange how a little concrete evidence of affection will call forth more real evidence of affection from a woman than do unfeeling self-sacrifice and unselfish devotion. A pessimist has declared that "tact and an open purse will win any woman."

As with all cynical maxims, there are many exceptions to this one. Nevertheless, a grain of truth lurks within it. Unobtrusive fidelity may pass unnoticed and unpraised by its object, while a gift bestowed, or an extravagance done in a woman's honor will bring tears of joy to her eyes and exclamations of gratitude to her lips.

Appreciated this fact they would not forget to carry home the occasional box of candy or basket of fruit which seems to an unthinking wife to denote greater devotion than do weeks of uncomplaining and wearing toil for wife and children.

This day was destined to be one of surprises for Beatrice Minor, and not all of them were pleasant. At 6 o'clock the postman brought her a letter bearing a special delivery stamp. The envelope was crossed and disfigured by directions and redrections in red ink. It had been addressed in haste and to the number of her street on the east side instead of the west side of town. The postmark was that of another city and had been stamped early the preceding morning.

The writing was Maynard's. Tearing the letter open Beatrice read: "Dear Lady—An unsuccessful attempt to catch you by phone disappointed me in my hope of hearing your voice this morning. I am leaving hurriedly for the west on a trip as tiresome as it is important, and on two hours' notice. Forgive my inability to spend this evening with you and try to believe that I shall be with you in spirit. Hastily, but always yours, ROBERT MAYNARD."

"Then," said Beatrice slowly to herself in the silence of her own room, "he never received my letter!" Worried and chagrined, she called up the district messenger office and asked to have the matter of the delivery of her note investigated. She learned that the letter she had sent by the messenger boy the morning before had been delivered at Robert Maynard's office and signed for by one of his clerks.

What could she do? It was out of the question for her to ask Maynard's clerk to return the letter to her, for that would place her in an embarrassing position and the man would have no right to comply with her request. Moreover, she wished Robert to resolve the frigid little note; she wanted him to understand that she meant to have nothing more to do with him. And yet here he was writing to her, all unconscious that the bomb that was lying in a dainty envelope in New York, or perhaps his mail would be forwarded to him. Well, she hoped it would be, and at once.

Her futile impatience at the thought that her feminine thunderbolt had, apparently, been dissipated into thin air, was increased to helpless anger and consternation when, an hour after the arrival of the letter a five-pound box of her favorite chocolates was left at the door, and, on opening the parcel, she found Maynard's card inside. Before leaving town he had evidently directed the confectioner to send the bonbons to

Daffydils

AND THIS IS WHAT HE WROTE
New York
July 27, 1912
Dear Mother,
Tell Pa not to worry about me not getting a job for I am going to work to morrow morning working flies in a bakery to make raisins for plum pudding at present it is an made job but as soon as I finish the flies in this locality I am to get a route
Tell sister Mary to tell Agnes the girl who lives across the street to tell Virginia that if she happens to see Georgia to ask her to tell Frankie that if she sees Nellie to look up Pauline and find out where Susan lives so she can ask her to tell Mabel the next time she sees her that a man ruffery from corn is like a farmer because both have an acre across
Yours truly
Sam

I'M A CLERK NOW - HAVE A PIPE ALL DAY THEN I GET HOME AT 6 TO MY 8 KIDS HELP PREPARE SUPPER HELP KIDS TOEN THEM WASH AND WIDE THE Dishes AND PUT THEM AWAY.
HELP KIDS WITH THEIR LESSONS THEN PUT THEM TO BED, IF ONE WAKES UP I WALK THE FLOOR WITH IT TILL I GET QUIET AT 6 A.M I WAKE UP DRESS THE KIDS, FIX UP BREAKFAST.
GET THEM OFF TO SCHOOL, PUT THE ICE AWAY, MAKE THE BEDS GATHER UP THE LAUNDRY LEAVE ORDERS FOR THE BUTLER AND GROCER AND AT 8 O'CLOCK I'M ON MY WAY TO WORK.
GEE YOU'RE A HAPPY GUY.
YEP NOTHING TO DO TILL TOMORROW.

The Revolution of 1830

By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY.

July 27, 1830.

It was eighty-two years ago today—July 27, 1830—that the French people threw overboard the French monarch, Charles the Tenth, and tacked the ship of state in the direction of the democratic haven at which, after much rough weather and hard sailing, they were ultimately to arrive.



Louis the Eighteenth, the old Bourbon, who tried to hold down the throne of France after the second abdication of the great Napoleon, died in 1824, and official title of Charles the Tenth, succeeded to the royal honors. Charles was bigoted, ignorant and immoral. When it became apparent that he was about to become king he threw over his dirty life the cloak of piety, but as the "Lord's anointed" he was the same old sinner that he had always been.

It did not take the French people long to see that Charles had made up his mind to declare war to the knife against all constitutional liberties in the kingdom, and they prepared themselves to fight to the last ditch.

With wonderful patience they bore with the despot until the enactment of the famous "Ordnances of St. Cloud," which suspended the liberty of the press, dissolved the Chamber of Deputies, provided for a new system of election giving absolute power to the king and filled the council of state with the ultra loyalists, who were prepared to do the king's bidding quite regardless of the people's rights.

These vile ordinances were promulgated July 25, 1830; and two days later the lightning of the popular indignation struck. Insurrection broke out at once and did not let up until the tricolor floated over the Tuilleries and the rights of the people had been vindicated.

Charles, finding that the army had deserted him and that the people were in earnest, abdicated the throne and struck out for England, where he died in 1836. In the meantime the French people made the mistake of putting another king on the throne instead of kicking the throne to pieces and declaring a republic.

On August 9, 1830, five days after the flight of Charles, Louis Philippe, the new constitutional monarch, ruling not by "divine right," but by the will of the sovereign people, king of the tricolor, not of the lilies and the white cockade, took oath faithfully to observe the amended order.

Louis Philippe was a gentleman and personally was well disposed toward the popular rights, but his will power and judgment were not on a par with his good intentions and in the hands of bad men he became a "rock of offense" to the people who had trusted him and eventually had to go the way of his predecessor.

Getting back to the ousting of Charles X, which was the real beginning of modern democracy in France, it is well to note the fact that the beneficial revolution was largely owing to the press. Thiers, the editor of the National, shallowed the forces of the "four estates" and threw them with irresistible momentum against the enthroned wrongs. It was a battle between power and opinion, and opinion won the day.

If You Want to Be a Pretty Girl

Pay Strict Attention to the Care of Your Feet, Says Elsie Hamilton.

By ELISE HAMILTON.

Most women who start out to beautify themselves, begin with their complexion. Then they get busy with their hair, and after that they are ready for the dressmaker and the milliner. I think one ought to begin with one's feet. No girl ever feels that she is well dressed until she is well shod. If your hat is left over from last year, or your gown is not in style, you can make up for these shortcomings by your animated face and smile, but it takes an absolute genius to distract people's attention from down-trodden shoes, or badly blacked pumps, and a hole in one's stocking would upset even the president of the United Women's Clubs



MISS ELSIE HAMILTON. (Of Ziegfeld's "Wise-widow" Company.)

of the World. Besides the looks of one's feet, there is the one more important question of the feeling of them.

People who can be amiable when their feet are tired and uncomfortable deserve halos. Probably, if we knew it, most of the bad temper that shows itself, especially in crowds at the ferries and stations and at the theaters, is due to people having to hurry along on aching feet. If you want to preserve your beauty, your looks and your disposition, keep your feet comfortable.

The white stocking craze has been a lot to ease aching feet, and there's nothing so comfortable as a nice, clean pair of white stockings and a fresh pair of shoes and slippers. Stockings ought really to be changed twice a day, and the girl who hates to darn will find that this saves her a great deal of work. Changing stockings, like changing your shoes, brings the wear and the rub on another part of the foot, and consequently saves the stockings.

My hobby is shoes and stockings, and as long as my feet look all right, I feel that I can face the world with calmness. If you want to know how sensitive people are about the way they are shod at in a street car and gaze fixedly at the feet of the woman opposite you. She will get so uncomfortable that ten to one you can make her get up and leave the

car because she is quite sure she has a hole in her stocking or something is the matter with her shoes. The same applies to men, though, on the whole, men are more particular about their shoes than women are and you seldom see a man in very moderate circumstances whose shoes aren't nicely polished, while lots of women overlook this part of their toilette.

Little Bobbie's Pa

By WILLIAM F. KIRK.

What do you think little Bobbie ought to study this summer will he be having his vacation? sed Ma to Pa last night. You remember how I asked him to go down to the office & be an office boy?

sed Ma, and how you laffed at me & toald me that yure idea of being no worker was being an office boy. So I thought maybe it wud kind of nice for Bobbie to study law this summer.

You know that luvly woman, Miss Blackstone, that was up to the house last nite. Her husband is a lawyer & she toald me that he made enuff munny to go to Europe every year.

You doant say so, sed Pa. Dear me, Pa sed, that is singular. I knew a lawyer onst, Pa sed, that made enuff munny to go to the South Sea Islands & stay there. I doant remember leat how he got the munny, sed Pa, but he was certainly no piker. I think he got away with four or five hundred thousand dollars.

You are too fresh, sed Ma. I doant mean that kind of munny, I mean munny that is earned by honest lawyers, by the sweat of thare client's brows. Why doant you let little Bobbie go & study law with Missus Blackstone's husband?

He can if he wants to, sed Pa. If he wants to spend these hot days learning about the statute in such case made & provided, he can do it. If he wud like to stop going swimming in the old swimming hole & lern to draw up a foreclosure complaint in wich a widow & her nine children is the ten defendants, Pa sed, he can go rite down to Blackstone's offic tomorrow.

But you must remember, sed Ma to Pa, that you must be a lawyer. I hadly balanced and the ankle bone enlarges. If you like a high heel (I'm one of the people who do be sure and get your shoes wide enough at the toes. Of course no shoe should be more than an inch and a half in the heel, but a great many people don't find sensible flat shoes at all comfortable.)

Girls have had so much trouble keeping their pumps on for the last couple of years since pumps have been so fashionable that the whole way they walk is changed. Girls have to waddle a little to keep the pumps from falling off—that is the trouble with their walk. You can't walk well or look well if your shoes hurt you or if you have to make an effort to keep them on.

Slot Seats in Shady Lanes

San Jose, Cal., is trying to meet the demands of its people for more seats in the public park by installing a nickel slot in the seat. These contrivances are set up in shady places, and are perpendicular until a nickel is inserted and a handle shoved down. Then they become horizontal and provide room for two. They are two swinging seats and serve both for rest and entertainment.

At the outset the seats were put in every public place under the impression that persons using them would enjoy seeing and being seen. But they did not appeal to the public, and most of them maintained their perpendicular position nearly all the time. Then a shrewd official suggested that a few of them be put in secluded places, away from the throng. This was done, and straightaway they became popular, especially in the late afternoon.

Another curious thing that has been noticed in connection with the new seats is that they are never occupied by two men or two women or by very old couples. The popularity of these hidden seats has grown so that committees on public welfare are agitating putting up many more of them, only they want the seats to be free. They say that if the people show such a decided inclination to get away into quiet nooks and rest, it shows an intellectual advance that ought to be encouraged.

The park authorities, however, fear that if enough of these seats were provided to supply the demand, the park space would be entirely covered with them.—San Francisco Call.

A Cheerful Outlook. "Father, dear," said Amaranth, "While Smithers is going to call at your office this morning to ask you for my hand, isn't there some little hint I can give him before he goes so as to make it easier for him?"

"Yes," said Mr. Blinks, "tell him to take either before he comes. It will save him much pain."—Harper's Weekly.

ONLY A FAMILY SPAT

"Gertrude!"

"Yes, John."

"We've been married long enough now to talk plainly to each other."

"What's the matter now?"

"If I do something you don't like I want you to tell me of it, and if you do things I don't like I think I ought to tell you of them, too."

"I suppose I don't suit you at all!"

"Yes you do, but I think we ought to talk over our likes and dislikes. In that way we can get along so much better."

"John, I want you to understand right now that I was brought up every bit as well as you, and know how to behave. And as for my cooking, I can do as well as your mother ever did."

"I had hoped that you wouldn't lose your temper. But if you're going to act this way we may as well drop the matter right here."

"What is the matter, anyhow?"

"I only wanted to suggest that when you darn my socks it would be better for me if you would tie the knots on the outside, instead of the inside."—Detroit Free Press.