

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT—The Judge's Wife—She Gambles—Oh—Oh—

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Drawn for The Bee by Tad



Married Life the Third Year

Helen is Much Impressed With the Gloomy Grandeur of the London Hotel.

By MABEL HERBERT URNER.

It was a typical London hotel room. Large, dark, high-ceilinged, and the furnishings had an air of massive solidity. There were long red velvet hangings at the window, and the bedstead, wardrobe and dressing table were of heavy English walnut. Over the open grate was a broad black marble mantel.

The velvet window hangings and marble mantel seemed to Helen particularly impressive. They gave the room an atmosphere of gloomy grandeur which satisfied her ideas of an old and famous London hotel.



"Here, can't we have any more light?" demanded Warren, frowning into the mirror, before which he was adjusting his tie. "Push back those curtains there."

Helen drew back the heavy hangings, but outside was only a grey stone wall. It might have been dusk instead of 8 o'clock in the morning. Then she turned on the electric light, but for all that large room there was only one small bulb dropped on a wire from the center of the ceiling.

Warren looked up with a contemptuous "Huh, that's a brilliant illumination for a room like this. We'd have a dozen of those at home."

"Yes, I know, but in a way a lot of lights would spoil this room. The gloominess seems to make it more distinctive."

"Well, what I want is a decent light to shave by, and I'll have it, too, if I stay here. Where's that clothes brush?"

"Here's the whisk broom, dear, you put the brush in your hair."

"He got it out and turned slowly round while Helen brushed his coat."

"Ready now? You know we're not coming back up here after breakfast."

"Yes, dear, I'm all ready," putting her hatpin in at a more comfortable angle, and taking up her gloves, purse and Baedeker.

"For heaven's sake hide that guide-book! Get a newspaper to fold it in. You needn't flaunt your Americanism—it's evident enough. Now come on, Helen, we'd better turn out that arc-light—it burns too much electricity." And all the way down the hall he chuckled at his own joke.

They had breakfast in the dining room by a great high window which reached almost to the ceiling, and was hung with the same dark velvet hangings. It was a delicious English breakfast of eggs, bacon, toast and orange marmalade.

"Oh, that curious old church right in the middle of the street!"

"Yes, that's St. Mary's; and there's Temple Bar. Now this is Fleet street we're going into—the newspaper offices are all along here. There's the old 'Cheshire Cheese.' That's where they have the famous beefsteak pie—every Thursday, I think it is. We'll take that in."

Helen was gazing with breathless interest at the famous old places of which she had often read.

"Now, this is Ludgate Hill, and that's St. Paul's at the top. Baedeker gives you a lot of dope about that. Come, we get off here."

"Again the bus refused to stop, and Helen was forced to jump off while it was moving."

"Backwards, of course!" exclaimed Warren, angrily. "A woman never has sense enough to get off a car the right way. Now this is St. Paul's court yard. There's a lot of cheap shops around here. Back there is Paternoster Row and Amen Corner, where all the old book shops used to be. After you come out of St. Paul's you might wander around here a while—it's an interesting old neighborhood."

"Then glancing at his watch, 'It's almost 10 o'clock. I'll have to hurry. Now you understand, do you? You're to meet me at the hotel at 5 o'clock. Got enough money?"

"Oh, yes, dear, plenty."

"All right, take care of yourself. And don't forget about those streets—that everything goes to the left."

He left her on the steps of St. Paul's, turned back once, tipped his hat and was quickly lost in the crowd.

Helen stood motionless for several moments looking after him. Thought she saw him jump on a bus, just as a huge van moved in the way.

"She turned and looked up at the great cathedral towering above her, then back again to the crowded thoroughfare that led down through Fleet street to the Strand—the great high road of the city."

"Alone in London!" Helen smiled at

the thought of a melodramatic play she had once seen advertised by that name. Until 5 o'clock she was to be absolutely alone.

The love of adventure was, in a curious way, very strong within Helen. To spend her first day in London alone! To roam about and explore all by herself! The fluttering fear only added to her excited exhilaration.

And she entered the great arched doorway of the dimly lit cathedral atrium with eager expectancy.

Daffydils

FRIENDSHIP TWO STRAWS AS ALWAYS GOOD NEVER HAVE SEEN BOYS ON BROADWAY SO ONE FINE BRIGHT BEAUTIFUL DAY MET AN OTHER FRIEND JERRY

JIMMIE AND JACK AS ALWAYS GOOD NEVER HAVE SEEN BOYS ON BROADWAY SO ONE FINE BRIGHT BEAUTIFUL DAY MET AN OTHER FRIEND JERRY

SAY JERRY SAID THE BOYS COME HOME WITH US WE HAVE A SOFT SEAT FOR YOU ON OUR ROOF GARDEN GERRY SITS DOWN WITH THE 2 BOYS ALONG COMES A BIG DOG BITES JERRY IN THE BAND OF LEOPARDS ARE CRAZY YES NO

THE GEMMY ONE LEG POOR AS A STRANGER ON MY CRIES THE DEAR LITTLE THING ON SORROW AND SIGHTS WILL NEVER MEET STRANGERS AGAIN NEVER MEET AGAIN NO MORE.

A STORY OF A LITTLE FAT MAN MAN THERE WAS ONCE A LITTLE FAT MAN WAS SO GO VERY VERY LEAN OR THIN HE COULD WALK THROUGH A KEY HOLE ON COUGH MY SO ONE NIGHT HIS BIG FINGER ON HIS BIG RIGHT FOOT GOT CROUCH NEVER TICKLE A FISH IN THE EAR WITH A FEATHER OR YOU WILL FEEL SARRY

AND PINCHED SO HARD SO HE CRIED AND CRIED TILL HE GOT FAT SO FAT THAT HIS CHEMKS GOT RED SO AS TELLING YOU A TRUE STORY HOW TO MAKE A FAT MAN THIN AND A THIN MAN FAT SO NOW ENDING THE THIN AND FAT MAN'S STORY A FEW FOOLISH THINGS IF A DOGS TAIL IS A FOOT LONG HOW MANY INCHES OF WIRE CORD WOULD IT TAKE TO WEAVE AN OTHER CABLE OVER THE OLD BROOKLYN BRIDGE IF A CHICKEN LAYS ONE EGG A WEEK HOW MANY CAT FISH WOULD IT TAKE TO CATCH A MOUSE GUESS THESE SMARTY

THIS WAS SENT IN BY MR. S. BERNITON THE LIGHTNING SKETCH ARTIST LATE OF ATLANTIC CITY ASBURY PARK AND PARIS

Beauty Secrets of Footlight Favorites

By GLADYS ZELL.

I spend half an hour every day on "prettying" up and two hours on Sunday. Few girls have more time than that to devote to their looks, and if one gives this amount of time regularly to one's personal appearance there is no reason why one should not always be well groomed.

This is how I manage. I divide the time up in two parts—fifteen minutes in the morning and the same at night. Of course I am not counting the time spent on dressing and a daily bath, which should take just five minutes. If you keep your hands, hair and face in good order and take one hour a week for mending your clothes, you will find that you can dress very quickly and you are really not spending any more time in "beautifying" than the girl who just dawdles around when he should be getting dressed.

Before I go to bed every night I brush my hair for five minutes by the clock. That doesn't seem a long time when you say five minutes, but if you are brushing it gives you plenty of opportunity to shine and brighten your hair, and make it glossy and smooth. After I have braided it into two plaits I pin it around my head and then start in to look after my complexion.

I get a good cleansing cream, which I use in quantities and rub this on my face thoroughly. This doesn't take more than a minute, and the cream has already made my fingers greasy, so I am ready to give five minutes to manicuring. I use the same cream to soften the cuticle around the edge of the nails, and, as I do it every night, the cuticle never has to be cut, but can be pressed down with a little orange wood stick and then with the finger and the edge of the towel. I give my nails a touch with the emery board, shaping them a little every night, so they very seldom have to be cut at all, as I keep them filed down in this way. After the cuticle is softened and the nail nicely shaped, I put on a little more of the cream, dip my buffer in the polishing powder and polish my nails for about a minute.

Now, I wash my hands in warm water and then in cold and have used five more minutes of my evening time. The cold rinsing water which I use for my hands I dabble over my face and begin a quick massage, stroking and pinching my cheeks hard. This brings color into the cheeks and the cold water is a fine tonic. After two or three minutes I wipe my face off thoroughly on a soft towel, the cream bringing all the impurities with it. In the morning I spend five more minutes on my face, bathing it with warm water and soap, and then rinsing off with cold again. In the morning I also use lemon on my neck so, as to whiten it. Just a small piece of lemon rubbed over the skin is all one needs. After that wipe the neck off with a wash cloth. In a few days the neck will be just as white as a child's and you won't have those ugly collar stains. The other



MISS GLADYS ZELL. (One of the Ziegfeld beauties in "The Winsome Widow" company.)

you feel your ribs expanding, breathe in just as much air as you can and then hold your breath as long as you can, and let it go very carefully and gently.

This is the way I spend half an hour a day in trying to make the best of what looks I may have. On Sundays I shampoo my hair, and while it is drying I give my nails a thorough manicure, which makes it unnecessary to devote more than five minutes a day to them for the rest of the week. Fortunately, the prettiest styles in hair dressing are quite simple, and if you keep your hair well brushed, it is bound to look nice. During the hot and sticky weather I brushed a handful of orris root into it at night, which helped to dry it out and free from oil.

While I am drying my hair, I make out a list of what ought to be mended in my wardrobe, and this helps me very much, because when I have the time I know exactly what sewing must be done, and I don't lose a minute trying to remember.

Vanity in Man a Detestable Thing

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

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Englishmen are, in the great generality, among the world's most manly men. They are vigorous, virile, strong-voiced, broad-shouldered and of military bearing.

Therefore, it was a shock to see two such advertisements as those quoted below in a London newspaper.

Not a prominent or highly regarded journal, to be sure; but the fact that such things could be seen in any kind of a sheet in any land on earth was shocking to the lover of wholesome and normal human beings.

Here are the advertisements, the addresses only suppressed:

"To Male Corset Wearers—Corsets made to measure; any design (ladies' shape if desired). Tiny waist a specialty. Write for particulars to the sole maker of Austrian Steel Figure Training Belt. Skilled lady always in attendance for fitting department. Fittings arranged for gentlemen by appointment. Many testimonials."

"Handsome men are slightly sunburned. 'Sunbrone' gives this tint. Harmless. Detection impossible. Society lady writes: 'Sunbrone' is wonderful, charming and genuine."

"As any land grows in wealth and luxury a certain tendency to effeminacy develops, and men of a certain type cease to pride themselves upon their purely masculine characteristics and qualities. They develop the vanity which is always attractive in a woman—and vanity which



makes her desire to be beautiful in person and tastefully and coquettishly among the world's most manly men. They are vigorous, virile, strong-voiced, broad-shouldered and of military bearing.

And just as such tendencies are understandable and more than excusable in woman, even admirable (for they preserve the feminine type in its purity), so are these qualities abominable and detestable in a man.

A man should think about his attire; he should think about his appearance, but in this way: He should cultivate whatever tends toward making him strong, virile and athletic; he should be proud to always appear well dressed and well groomed.

He should be suggestive of daily baths of careful brushing, of well-pressed garments.

The clean, elusive, odorless shaving powders and toilet waters and antiseptics should go with him lest he offend with stale tobacco smoke or the scent of other indulgences.

But when a man begins to cultivate a taste for strong perfumes, a small waist and becoming powders for his complexion he needs to be taken away to some distant island and given the remainder of this incarnation for meditation on what constitutes real manhood, so that he may possibly return to earth in the next period of his existence as something better than a distorted masque of the sex.

It has been the good fortune of the writer to meet many thousand Englishmen and to never meet one who could, by any possibility, have sent a "testimonial" to the male corset-maker or the "Sunbrone specialist." But it is painful to think such beings exist in a land so delightful as England.

That they do exist the advertisements prove.

Questions in Science

By EDGAR LUCIEN LARKIN.

Q.—Is it true that a physician can diagnose diseases in his office when the patients are in a distant hospital by means of electricity?

A.—A physician in a distant office, if he has the proper electrical devices, can count pulse, and also hear the systole and diastole of the heart in its beating. A stethoscope can be connected with a transmitting telephone, and sounds in the chest magnified and transmitted. Air rushing in the lungs can be heard by the distant physician.

Newlyweds Off for Africa

Three newly wedded couples sailed from Philadelphia, July 27, with a party of thirteen young missionaries of the Presbyterian church who are bound for the Belgian Congo, 1,300 miles into the heart of darkest Africa. For three years the young pioneers of Christianity will labor in fever-infested Katanga, where King Leopold's agents aroused the world by their atrocious cruelty on the rubber plantations, and natives still offer human sacrifices to the sun god.

All of the brides are under 25, and they have all been married less than a week. They will live in mud huts in a country so dangerous that no white man can live more than four years, surrounded by thousands of fierce Balubas, subjects of King Zappa Zappa, a latterday Solomon, who owns a thousand wives. They will hear from home once in three months, and they will be the only white women in an area of 5,000 square miles.

The youngest of the newlyweds are Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Allen. The bride was Miss Mildred Montgomery, aged 30, of Pleasant Hill, Mo.

Besides the Allens, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. McQueen of New Orleans and Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Washburn of Louisville, Ky., will make a wedding tour of the mission journey.

Little Mrs. Allen laughed at the hardships before her.

"What better honeymoon could any girl want than one that will take her where the bravest soldiers of the church are said. 'Think of the good a woman can do there. And then we shall be together—my husband and I. That is what counts most, after all, isn't it? I think women who are going to Africa will be happier there than if we stayed at home and spent our time in hunting for something to amuse us."

The other brides, who were standing near Mrs. Allen as she spoke, nodded vehemently.

"We are going to make our homes out there," added Mrs. McQueen, "but what counts more we are going to work for God in the place where he most needs workers."

Q.—Please define the word energy.

A.—I cannot. Suppose that I should be asked: "What is the cause of light moving with the incessant specific speed of 186,333 miles during each successive second of time?" I would be utterly unable to reply. First, I cannot think of the cause of this unthinkable velocity. How answer? The fact is, science does not know what anything really is.

Electrons are the vanishing points; they are on the limit of knowledge, of even hope of thought. All are agreed that they are electricity, but that does not help in the solution of any riddle of the universe.

It does not seem possible that science will come to an end in any attempt at explaining. Some new discovery surpassing all others may yet be made. Really, such a discovery must be made, or science will come to an impenetrable wall, for we cannot at present think of mind, life or an electron. How progress or advance in search of anything if we are unable to think of it? This is a gloomy outlook; but just now it appears to be hopelessly impossible to discover any fact as to what mind, life and elec-

tricity are. I have printed during thirty years that the human mind is illimitable in its powers; but I may be obliged to finally admit that it cannot find what itself is.

Nothing in Common.

"How is it that you and your husband never go anywhere together any more?"

"Well, his set and my set play entirely different forms of auction bridge."