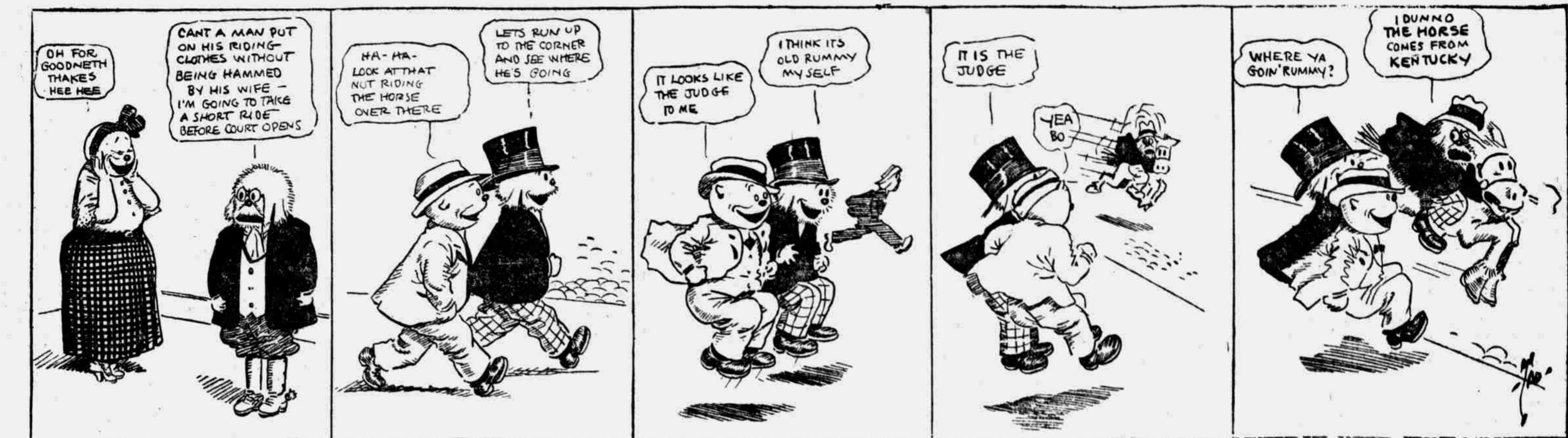


# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## ILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT—The Judge—He Should Know

Drawn for The Bee by Tad

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### Hunting a Husband

The Widow Finds That She is Growing Intensely Interested in the Young Artist.

By Virginia Terhune Van de Water.

The tall clock in the corner of the Robbins drawing room had chimed 11 before Beatrice arose to leave. For the past hour she had been tete-a-tete with Sidney Randolph. Her host and hostess had been conversing in low tones with Dr. Haynes by the open window, while the widow seated some distance from them in the soft glow cast by the shaded lamp, held the artist a willing captive. She felt the subtle intoxication which possesses a woman who is conscious that she appears at her best and is appreciated by some man who interests her. And in the self-confidence brought about by this ideal condition, Beatrice talked gaily and willingly, the increasing admiration in Randolph's eyes serving as a spur to further effort.

"I would be delighted to come!" Beatrice exclaimed. "Will you come tomorrow at 4?" queried Randolph. "I think I can be there at that time," she assented. "So be it then!" declared the artist. "I would set some other date, but I suppose you might hesitate to come alone, and Mrs. Robbins and a young relative or friend of hers are to be there tomorrow. I shall be glad to have a rose as well as thorns," he added. "Mrs. Robbins cannot appreciate art a bit."

His tone was so plaintive that Beatrice laughed in spite of her knowledge that the remembrance that Helen had been his hostess but a few minutes ago should have restrained him from such a boorish comment upon her or her opinions. But Beatrice also appreciated that in his remark there lurked a compliment for herself, and this determined her to overlook the lack of good form evinced by her companion. A thrill of personal pride will do much toward mitigating one's indignation at an unkind criticism uttered about one's friend.

Chatting lightly of one topic after another, the pair strolled along the most quiet streets. People who had been to the theaters and had gone straight home, were already safely housed, while those who had lingered in restaurant or cafe for the after-theater supper in which the genuine New Yorker delights, had not yet started upon their uptown course. So the residential district of the city was comparatively deserted, and the pair walked as slowly as if they had been pacing the pavement of a quiet country town. When they reached Beatrice's door, Randolph handed her into the elevator, bidding her good night with a courtly bow which bespoke his Parisian training.

"Au revoir," he said. "Until tomorrow."

"Until tomorrow," Beatrice replied, as the elevator door closed, and the car began to ascend, while she, glancing down as it shot upward, saw him still standing, hat in hand.

And even as she fell asleep that night she was still thinking of the morrow.

### The Old Orchard

By MINNA IRVING.

Oh, I know an ancient orchard,  
Where the trees are all in bloom;  
You will find it if you follow  
Bee and butterfly and swallow  
And the wafts of rich perfume.

There the robin builds his dwelling  
On a pink and dewy spray;  
When the wicket clicks behind you,  
Care and pain can never find you,  
For the world is shut away.

Gray the broken fence around it  
(Painted by the suns and rains),  
But the hand of Time embosses  
With the green of velvet mosses  
Every picket that remains.

Overhead the apple blossoms  
Spread a tent of rose and snow,  
Marking off the golden minutes  
For the thrushes and the linnets  
With the flakes that fall below.

'Tis the orchard of our childhood  
Where all day we used to swing,  
When the winds were sweet as honey,  
And the hours long and sunny  
In the bridal bowers of spring.

### Not Quite.

A Humboldt rancher returned from a year's trip through the east to find that a one-time neighbor of his, a man noted for his perfect patience, had been having a siege of bad luck. Upon hearing the news he immediately sought out the neighbor to condole with him.

### The Other Man Nodded.

"And they say that the river cut off your best bottom land; that your boys all died of cholera; that your wife and children have been sick, and that they have now foreclosed the mortgage on your other place."

## Daffydils

OAT A BARR SAYS: TO HAVE DUCK SOUP YOU MUST FIRST FEED YOUR GULL.

THE RAM RAM BOYS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF LONG BRANCH WERE OUT FOR A RIP ROARING TIME AT FLANAGAN'S MERRY MULLAGE PARLOR. OLD POP WHO HAD BEEN INDULGING IN ORANGE PHOSPHATES AND INFLATING HIS LUNGS WITH CIGARETTES STOOD UP AND GRASPED THE HAND OF HIS OLD FRIEND BRAZO AND CHIRPED THUSLY: "IF FRIDAY MORNING IS DAYTIME IS SATURDAY NIGHT?"

HUH - BLACK BUGS BLOOD!!

OH YES - BEIN' A PRINTERS DEVIL IS SOME JOB. I COME ON AT 8 IN THE MORNIN' SWEEP OUT THE OFFICE, CLEAN THE TYPE OIL

THE PRESS LIGHT THE FIRE UNDER THE MELTING POT SWEEP OFF THE FRONT OF TOOP POLISH THE BRASS DOOR KNOB PUT ME AT GO TO SAGIN AND GO TO THE JOBBERS

FOR A PACKAGE OF BRASS RULES COME BACK START THE PRESS PRINT THE DAYS JOBS STOP THE PRESS OIL HER, CLEAN HER, PUT ON ME COAT AN' IM DONE

OLE HANK HECKLER THE FIRST CITIZEN TO WEAR A TRICK HAT

THE IOWA WAS SPEEDING OVER THE OCEAN WHEN SUDDENLY HER WIRELESS OPERATOR PICKED UP AN S.S. FROM THE ATMOSPHERE. THE SHIPS CAPTAIN AT ONCE PUT ABOUT AND IN FIVE HOURS CAME WITHIN HAILING DISTANCE. "WHAT DO YOU WANT?" HE HOLLERED TO THE SHIP THAT SENT OUT THE AMBULANCE CALL. "I WAS JUST WONDERING IF THE WIND GOT UP A SPEED OF 100 MILES AN HOUR WOULD IT MAKE THE WEATHER-VANE?" SAID THE STRANGER

AROUND THE ROUGH AND RUGGED ROCK - THE RAGED RASCAL RAN

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GEE YOU MUST BE A HEPPY YOUTH!

I YAM-GOT NUTHIN TERDD TILL TER MORNER

### The Making of a Pretty Girl

By MARGARET HUBBARD AYER.

Most of the pretty girls have been wearing those fetching turnup hats this summer, or those nice little bonnets that shade one's forehead but never keep the sun off one's nose, and consequently the summer girl is beginning to worry about her tanned skin and very large assortment of freckles.

Added to these troubles there are various skin afflictions which generally arise from the extraordinary collection of things eaten to coax the summer appetite.

A girl will eat quite rationally all during the winter, but as soon as summer comes she must depart from her sensible menu and develop the most outlandish combinations, washed down with quantities of iced tea or iced coffee. One is as bad as the other.

Shun greasy food in the summer as you would the plague. Iced tea is a very strong stimulant and iced coffee is completely indigestible, especially if taken with cream.

In winter if you have eaten not wisely but too well you may be able to avoid the consequences, but in hot weather they are sure to show quite plainly in your face—in disfiguring blotches and eczema. If there is the slightest tendency to that trouble.

In the latter case, and, indeed, where there is any trouble with the skin, don't eat salt meat or pork in any form. Instead of drinking soda water by the quantity and then wondering why you have no appetite for supper take lemonade. Avoid fish, too, and eat all the fresh vegetables that you can get.

For eruptions of the skin generally, especially when it is scaly, use zinc ointment, which can be had at any drug store. Five cents' worth will do to see if it agrees with you. Many of the skin foods and creams are excellent to cover the face with a light coat of cream before going out. Any good cream will do, but there are many which come especially for this purpose.

Five drops of glycerine to one ounce of rose water is the ordinary preparation called glycerine and rose water. You can use plain distilled water if you want to make the lotion cheaper. Dab this one the face and then wipe it off in about five minutes. It often happens that glycerine does not agree with the skin. This can only be found out through experience, however.

Where the face is very red from sunburn and slightly swollen, make a paste of buttermilk and cornstarch, and spread it over the face. Personally I dislike



A SUMMER GIRL.

the odor of buttermilk except for drinking, and warm milk and cornstarch are almost as good and certainly much pleasanter to use. Leave the paste on until dry and wash off with more milk.

A famous beauty, not an actress, always used milk to bathe her face in. She is inclined to freckle, and insisted that she would be a sight if it hadn't been for the milk treatment. I think she could have done the same amount of good at less expense by using soft water, rain water preferably, and a small bit of borax or a few drops of benzoin in the wash basin.

A good preventive for sunburn and freckles is found in quince seed. Take

### The Heavens in August

This seems to be a vacation month in the heavens, no planets are to be seen except two, and they appear only once at a time, old Jupiter guarding the heavens in the evening, while still older Saturn takes his turn in the morning hours, and the moon makes her accustomed and uneventful round among the stars.

The days are getting shorter quite noticeably, the length being fourteen hours, twenty minutes on the 1st, thirteen hours, forty-nine minutes on the 15th, and thirteen hours, nine minutes on the 31st. The sun rises on these days at 5:20, 5:34, 5:50, and sets at 7:40, 7:33, 6:59. On the 23d the sun enters Leo. It is six minutes slow on the 1st, and on time on the 31st.

Mercury is not visible the whole month. Venus is slowly getting away from the sun in the evening twilight, in which Mars is only a star of the second magnitude and scarcely discernible.

Saturn rises at midnight on the 11th. Jupiter is therefore the only planet plainly visible in the evening sky. It comes to the meridian at 7:35 p. m. on the 15th, and is a never-failing delight to the possessors of small telescopes. Jupiter is in east quadrature with the sun on the 27th, and Saturn in west quadrature on the 30th, so that these two planets are almost directly opposite to one another in the heavens during the month, Saturn always rising when Jupiter sets.

The moon is in last quarter on the 8th, new on the 15th, in first quarter on the 22d, and full on the 29th. It is in conjunction with Saturn on the 7th, with Venus on the 15th, Mars on the 14th, and Jupiter on the 20th.

WILLIAM F. RIGGE.

### The Manicure Lady

"Gee, I think it is a shame the way the folks is getting after the police force these days," said the manicure lady. "I always got treated civil by the cops. Them big traffic fellows has saved me more than once from being run over, and they are so nice and gentle about it, too. Then along comes this Rosenthal case, and on account of a lot of bad talk folks gets it into their heads that the cops is all wrong. You bet they ain't, George."

"Of course, they ain't," agreed the head barber. "Any man with a clear head knows that there's thousands of mighty clean, fine fellows on the force. Waldo's pretty clean himself, and if you had seen that Fifth Avenue parade a month or so ago, with thousands of clean athletes in uniforms, you wouldn't let a little scandal change your mind."

"Nothing can change my mind," said the manicure lady. "Brother Wilfred got a little hysterical right after this Rosenthal case, and wrote a ode against the police. You see, Wilfred has been some since the force over since one time last summer when he was standing in front of a hotel on Broadway and Fortieth street, and was told by a cop to move on. Wilfred talked back a little and the cop had to fan him a little in return, so, of course, brother ain't on exactly friendly terms with New York's finest. So he wrote this ode. All I remember of it is the first four lines, because after I had read that far I made him throw the whole thing into the waste basket. The first four lines was like this:

"Oh, cruel, implacable police force,  
Who seek to tie to our feet an iron ball,  
The only time a smile your face comes  
Is when you get a drink at the side door!"

"You're sure a wise kid," said the Head Barber, approvingly. "You know something. No wonder you made your brother tear up that kind of mush. There's a lot more good cops in this world than bad ones."

"You bet there are a lot more good cops than bad ones," said the Manicure Lady, earnestly. "I don't claim to know a whole lot, George, but when I think of all the fine things policemen do I just have to warm up to them. Think of all the dark hallways that they go into to drag out bad men. Think of all the run-aways they stop. Think of the thousands of women and babies that they help across streets. They don't get much praise, George. Everybody takes it as a matter of course when the police officer is dragged two blocks by two big runaway horses. Everybody that reads in the morning paper about one policeman arresting three desperate burglars says to himself, 'Why, he was successful, but why shouldn't he arrest them?' That's what he's there for, Goodness knows. George, Mister Waldo has got a lot of swell men under him, and nobody can't tell me no different about him or them."

"Right you are," said the head barber. "Now let's think of something to quarrel about. We've agreed too long for a cool morning."

### The Sea Nymph's Song

By J. LEWIS MLLIGAN.

Come with me, with me, with me!  
Down into my deep-sea caves;  
Come, I'll make you glad and free;  
Come, and leave the haunts of slaves!  
I will press your lips with mine,  
Make them pure and sweet with brine;  
Smooth the furrows from your face,  
Press round dimples in their place!

Come with me and you shall share  
All my ocea palace fair:  
It is built of pink seashells,  
Thro' its hall for ever swells  
Music such as ne'er since birth  
You have ever heard on earth—  
Save that soothing song of rest  
Which you heard at mother's breast.

Come, and all your past shall seem  
Like a child's disremembered dream;  
Every hope and pure desire  
You shall in my home acquire;  
Life shall be an endless joy,  
Pleasures there can never cloy—  
Come and dwell for aye with me  
In the caverns of the sea!

### An Example.

"Willie," said the mother sorrowfully, "ever since you are naughty I get another gray hair."

"Gee! said Willie, "you must have been a terror. Look at grandpa!"—Ladies Journal.

### Common Sense Idea.

Speaking of common sense, Dr. Faulkner, head of the Vineland, N. J., hospital, told the following story: "A mysterious building had been erected on the outskirts of a small town. It was shrouded in mystery. At last, it was known about it was that it was a chemical laboratory. An old farmer, driving past the place after work had been started, and seeing a man in the doorway, called to him: 'What be ye doin' in this place?' 'We are searching for a universal solvent, something that will dissolve all things,' said the chemist. 'What good will that be?' 'Imagine, sir! It will dissolve all things. If we want a solution of iron, glass, gold, anything, all that we have to do is to drop it in this solution.' 'Fine,' said the farmer, 'fine! What be ye goin' to keep it in?'—Everybody's.

### Conservative Shetlands.

One portion of the British Isles is not likely to take much interest in the bill for reforming the calendar, which is to be introduced into Parliament. The act for forcing the Gregorian calendar was passed 161 years ago, but it is still ignored in Shetland. Almost all through the group of islands the old style of reckoning time is still followed. What the calendar is in New Year's day among the Shetlanders and celebrated by them with all manner of old observances, including the solemn drinking of the national toast—"Health to man and death to the gray fish!"—London Globe.

### Machines.

Little-Hardup bought his wife a machine. "Tattle—Touring, talking, sewing or washing?"