



# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT—He Didn't Mean What the Judge Meant

Drawn for The Bee by Tad

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## Married Life the Third Year

Helen Finds the London Shops No Cheaper Than the Stores at Home.

By MABEL HERBERT URNER.

"Can I direct you, madame?" Helen had been in the shop only a few moments, but already four suave floor-walkers had accosted her with this polite, insistent question. "No—thank you," she murmured, in some confusion. "Warren had told her that she could not 'look about' in the London shops; that when you entered an English store you were expected to buy, and if you did not buy you were made to feel most uncomfortable."

that to dollars and cents. Eight shillings was two dollars. Why, it was almost three! And she had seen practically the same thing in New York for \$1.85. "Perhaps, madame would like a white one better? You can wear white with everything. Shall I send you one of these?" taking out her check book with the air of a sale completed. With a hurried, "No, no, it isn't quite what I want," Helen tried to break away. But the determined saleslady held her with a "We have many others, let me show madam some other styles. Now, this is quite smart."

## DAFFY DILLZ

IT LOOKS LIKE A CRULLER DOUGHNUT? (DON'T IT)

A collection of short, humorous vignettes. One features a man in a top hat talking to a woman, with dialogue like 'TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:—NATURALLY AS YOU LOOK HERE YOU EXPECT TO SEE SOME THING TO READ IF YOU HAVE READ SO FAR YOU HAVE NOT BEEN DISAPPOINTED, WE NEVER DISAPPOINT OUR AUDIENCE, EVEN IF WE DO SO IT OUR SELVES SO GO AHEAD AND READ THIS IF MARY GAUGHT HIM AND ANSWERED IF HIS COFFER CANNOT TALK, IS A KIND DUMB, (KINGDOM)'. Another features a man in a top hat talking to a woman, with dialogue like 'I'M AN OFFICE BOY NOW FOR THE BIG CARPET MILLS, GET THERE AT 7 AM, DUST UP FILE AWAY REPORT CARDS, LOOK UP BACK ORDERS FOR THE OFFICE CLERK THEN OPEN UP AND DIS-TRIBUTE THE MAIL WHEN THE BOSS COMES I RUN A FEW ERRANDS FOR HIM'. A third features a man in a top hat talking to a woman, with dialogue like 'GO DOWN TO THE PARK EAT LUNCH, MEET MY GIRL AND MAKE A DATE FOR THE EVENING, WAIT FOR THE MAIL AND GO BACK'. A fourth features a man in a top hat talking to a woman, with dialogue like 'GEE YOU'RE A HAPPY GINK'. A fifth features a man in a top hat talking to a woman, with dialogue like 'YEP ALL THROUGH TILL THE NEXT DAY'.

## Captain Gray and Old Glory

By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY.

August 10, 1790. When, 122 years ago today—August 10, 1790—the good ship Columbia sailed into Boston harbor, those who from the wharves looked upon its swelling canvas and watched the spray as it dashed from its prow little realized that it was establishing a glorious record and making a bit of history that no other ship would ever be able to repeat. Yet such was the case, as will duly appear in the course of the story. In September, 1785, Captain Robert Gray sailed from Boston as master of the sloop Washington, in company with Captain Kendrick, commanding the ship Columbia, on a trading voyage to the northwest coast and to China. Captain Kendrick decided to remain on the coast, so Captain Gray, taking command of the Columbia, sailed for China with a cargo of furs. Disposing of his furs to fine advantage in the land of the Celestials, Gray returned thence by way of Cape Good Hope to Boston—thus having for the first time carried the American flag around the globe. Hence it was a most memorable day, that 10th day of August, 1790, a day that should never be forgotten by those who love the great republic and are proud of its present-day standing among the nations of the earth. There was but little intercommunication in those days, and the strangers within our gates were consequently few. Our flag was practically unknown outside of our own country.



But Helen wanted to look about—to get a general idea of the shops before she made her purchases. She had only a small sum to spend, and out of that she must buy souvenirs and presents for all of Warren's people and her own. While of course these presents must be inexpensive, she had hoped to get them distinctly English—something they could not get at home. But how could she do this, if she was not allowed to look about, if she was expected to begin to buy the minute she entered a store? She had paused a moment to glance at some chiton scarfs, which were displayed at the well counter. One of those in black would be nice for Warren's mother, she thought. But she was afraid to go nearer to examine them, for the saleslady had already noticed her hesitation, and she was waiting for her to come close enough to make her the victim of a sale. But such hesitation was not to be allowed, for now a floor-walker hemmed her in from the rear. "Do you wish to be served, madam?" Then, with a wave towards the waiting clerk, "Madame wishes to see some scarfs."

## THE FOUR PALS

By NELL BRINKLEY



Pointed Paragraphs  
Buried hopes require deep graves. It's up to many reformers to reform their theories.  
Many a man's best friends are those who know him least.  
Probably more men would kiss their wives if it were forbidden.  
Even perfectly cold cash will burn a hole in the pocket of a spendthrift.  
A cheerful spender never outlives his popularity—if his money holds out.  
There is something wrong with the sermon that doesn't last over seven days.  
A man may get the short end of it because he imagines he is smarter than the other fellow.  
Don't try to learn everything worth while. Leave the world a few involved problems when you depart.—Chicago News.

## Over-Zealous Friends

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

"I have not so many friends that I shall grow confused among the number and forget my best ones."—Nicholas Nickleby.  
"This is the season when every girl who has the inheritance nature planned for her is interested in a flower garden. It may be nothing more pretentious than a window box. Or it may be a round, little bed in a corner of a tiny yard, or it may be as much ground as she likes. But whatever the size of her garden, I am sure that nature, the most devoted of all teachers, has taught her that she must not attempt to grow too many plants in a limited space. If she makes that blunder she has no flowers, for the fight for space becomes a fight for life, and every plant dies. If any survive, it is those of rank growth, and for which she cares the least. The same wise little girl with her flower bed is often not so wise in the cultivation of friends. She confuses number with popularity, and believes that she can be popular only by having a bosom friend in every girl she meets. She is crowding her little flower garden. The result will be that she has no friends at all. A girl cannot have a large number of friends and be a good friend to all of them. The very difference in their temperaments forbids it. A few friends are a help. Many friends become a hindrance. In trying to be kind to so many she is not kind to herself. With this friend pulling this way and another friend pulling that way she gets the feeling that she is being pulled to pieces. What she may prefer can never be considered if her aim has been popularity. And I take it it has, or she would not be the bosom friend of every girl she meets. What she does to please one friend is the thing that displeases another. In trying to be a friend to all she gets the name of being a hypocrite. And to be a friend to all she has found it necessary to so conduct herself that the charge is not wholly without foundation. When she falls in love, some of this army of friends approve and some disapprove. The former urge the match; the latter come to her with tales and gossip and discourage it. Every few days I get distressing letters from girls who are in love. "My parents approve," writes one girl, and her letter has a weekly duplicate, "but some of my friends tell me he has been seen going with another girl." They may be concerned for her welfare. They may not be. And how is the girl to know? "They made off with the goose and thus Rome was saved."—Pittsburgh Post.  
Adding Insult to Injury.  
"Why am I gloomy?" demanded the undesirable suitor whom she had heartlessly ignored. "Isn't it enough to make a man gloomy to be cut by the one he loves best?"  
"The idea," exclaimed the heartless girl, "didn't even know that you shaved yourself!"—Catholic Standard Times.