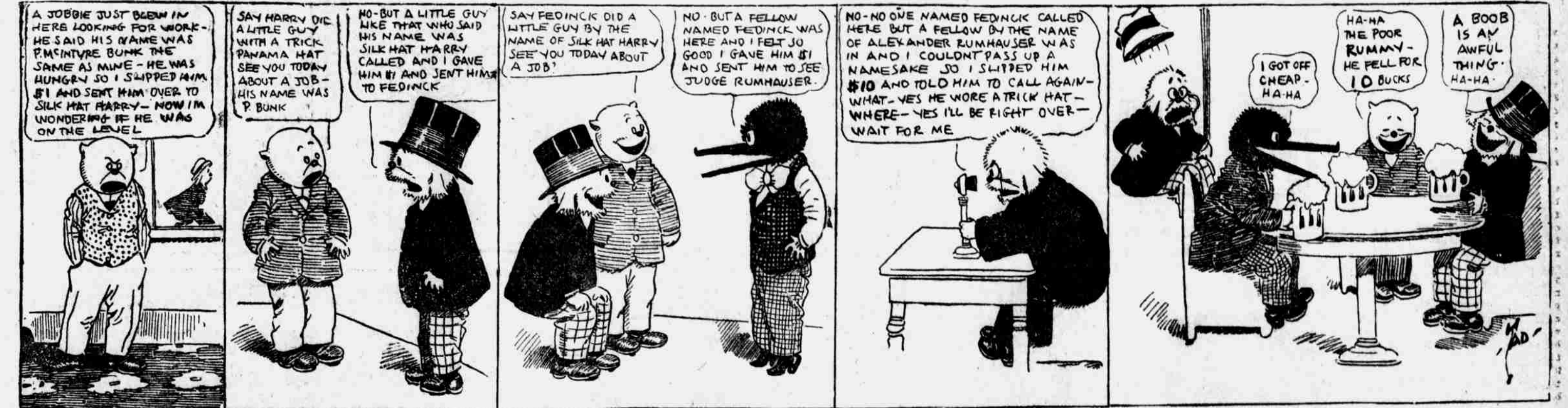


The Bee's Home Magazine Page

SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT

The Judge Met a Namesake, Too.

Drawn for The Bee by Tad



Hunting a Husband

The Widow is the Hit of the Evening and is Showered with Many Compliments.

By VIRGINIA TERH

Although Beatrice did not expect Sidney Randolph until after 8 o'clock, she had finished her light dinner and was dressed and ready to receive him by 7 o'clock.

She wandered about her pretty drawing room, surveying critically the pictures and bric-a-brac with which it was adorned, studying them from a new viewpoint, seeing them as she thought the artist might see them.

The light summer curtains, swaying in the warm breeze, caught her eye and she gazed at them with repitiation.

They had been hung only a few weeks ago, and, in spite of the open windows and New York dust, were still quite clean—or would have appeared so to the casual observer.

But Beatrice noted suddenly that they had lost their pristine starch and freshness. Moreover, Jack had that afternoon leaned from one of the windows to watch a fire engine passing in the street below, and in doing this had creased the thin net.

The longer the widow looked at the draperies, the more untidy they appeared to her, until, with sudden decision, she summoned Mary, and, with her assistance, took them down and hung in their place the new muslin curtains she had bought that day for her own room.

These were very plain, and regretted but they were, at all events, exquisitely clean and fresh.

In spite of Beatrice's outward composure, she felt embarrassed by her maid's surprised demeanor.

All women are secretly in dread of the disapproval or secret ridicule of their servants. It has been said that no man is a hero to his valet, and certainly few women are heroines to their maids. So Beatrice was foolishly conscious of the expression of suppressed vexation upon Mary's face, and the girl's remark—"Really, ma'am, them parlor curtains ain't what you could call really dirty a bit"—made the nominal mistress vaguely uncomfortable as if she had been guilty of some misdemeanor.

But she checked any discussion of the matter by the calm assertion that the new curtains looked far better than the old ones did, and told the maid that she would let her know if she needed her again.

When, a few minutes later, the door-bell rang, the clatter of china in the kitchen gave evidence that Mary was busy washing the dinner dishes and, probably, not as neat in appearance as Beatrice would wish her to be when she ushered in the expected guest, so the widow herself hurried to admit her caller.

Her pleasant smile as she faced a colored man instead of the expected visitor. The negro, in no wise abashed at her change in expression, took off his hat, grinned cheerily, and, after fumbling in his pocket, produced a letter which he handed to Mrs. Minor.

"Mister Randolph done sent dis," he remarked by way of explanation, "an' he say dere ain't no answer."

"Very well," replied Beatrice, closing the door.

She did not open the letter until she was seated in the drawing-room, for she knew already what the contents would be.

"The things we look for most are oftentimes denied us," ran the note, "and the arrival of a plutocrat fresh from the western ranges who is determined to elevate western ideals by taking back with him some of my work is, in this case, the messenger of fate to keep me from you this evening. This once mercenary triumph over Aphrodite, much to the disappointment and distress of your humble servant,"

"SIDNEY RANDOLPH."

A sigh of self-pity escaped the reader as she looked about the softly lighted room and felt that all her work and expectation had gone for nothing. She acknowledged to herself that she was saddened and chagrined by having her interview with Randolph suddenly set aside and that her disappointment was acute.

She sat alone musing, watching the stern New York skyline melt away against the darkening heavens, and was so deeply absorbed in her meditations that she did not hear the doorbell ring and started violently when Mary announced "Mr. Blanchard!"

"I am glad to see you," stammered Beatrice, as her guest entered. Then she stopped short in amazement.

For it was a new "Uncle Henry" who confronted her—a whiskered, young, graying-looking man in a fresh new suit of gray, with a carnation in his buttonhole.

"Don't recognize me, eh?" he asked, with his usual chuckle. "I hope I don't look any worse?" It was too hot for whiskers, so I shaved mine off. Now, I feel less like your father when I come to see you."

"The change is very becoming," said

Matter of Personal Pride

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

The success of any public reform depends upon the enthusiasm of the individual.

A plan is prepared for bettering public conditions. Committees are appointed, city officials assume certain responsibility, certain days are set aside for putting the reform into effect, and with a whoop and a hurrah, and perhaps a band or two, that being the manner in which men call attention to their efforts, the work is begun.

If it is a success or a failure depends not on the committee, the civic officials with sashes, or those who whoop and hurrah. That depends on the private individual!

And in ninety-nine reforms in every hundred, that "private individual" is a woman!

She is not on any committee. Her existence is not recognized by the men fostering the reform. They do not think of her as having any connection with the success or failure of their plans. But, nevertheless, without her co-operation their most widely proclaimed, their most loudly heralded reforms are a failure.

This is particularly true in the commendable attempts made to establish clean-up days for a city, the same as there are clean-up days in the home.

Certain days are set aside for collecting and destroying all the refuse found in streets and vacant lots. In some towns there are tin can days, fly days, weed days, etc., with an effort to rid the city of certain pests on certain days, with prizes offered for the individual doing the greatest amount of work.

The result of such campaign work doesn't end with a city made more beautiful; sanitary conditions are improved, and a pace has been set that means the city will never entirely relapse into former unsightly and unhealthful conditions. Backsliding is bound to follow, but the city will never slide back to the point from which it made its first advance on the first clean-up day.

The mother of the home in whose busy hands there has been laid this responsibility is not the only woman who can help in this important work.

The daughter of the home is equally responsible and I make this statement in the face of a protest that many of them leave their homes at an early hour in the morning and work behind counters downtown all day.

They haven't the time, I know, to personally engage in clean-up work. They bolt their breakfasts in the morning and rush off to a hard day's work, and are tired beyond all clean-up campaign enthusiasm when they return at night.

Many of them find time to assist overburdened mothers in the care of a house and if any spare time is left it has so many calls made upon it that the charge that these girls must also help in a public campaign seems ridiculous.

Make every plan for public good a matter of private concern and individual enthusiasm. Without such assistance no public reforms will succeed.

Lone Star Society

By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY.

The "Lone Star society," founded in Alabama sixty-four years ago today—August 12, 1848—kicked up a rumpus that lasted almost without intermission for forty years and ended finally, with nothing less than the political independence of the island of Cuba.

There has ever lurked in the famous "Monroe doctrine" the idea that it is a sort of "manifest destiny" that the United States of America shall ultimately have political control of the whole Western hemisphere, and it was in keeping with said idea that the Lone Star society was organized.

The prospective of the society, as expressed in the preamble to its constitution, was anything but a modest one, its purpose being "for the extension of the institutions, power, influence and commerce of the United States over the whole of the Western hemisphere and the islands of the Atlantic and Pacific oceans."

The society began its work with an attempt to wrest Cuba from the domain of the Dons. The attempt was battered with senatorial resolutions and presidential proclamations, but it kept on



New and Pretty Dance for the Summer Ballroom

HOW TO DANCE THE HOOP WHIRL, A FASCINATING NOVELTY



because it has to be very strong as well as light. But this would not be necessary.

The hoop which we use is aluminum, for the ballroom dance, as some of the features which require a strong hoop cannot be used, except by an expert dancer.

My hoop is covered with heavy satin to match my gown. My partner is in evening dress and the black of his

Third Position.

clothes and white frock make a good contrast.

If this dance were to be used at a cotillon as part of a cotillon, the hoops could be of different colors and might be arranged to match the girls' gowns. By simplifying the dances, as I am going to do for you, several couples could do it at the same time; the hoops could be of wood, the ordinary hoop used by children at play. The hoop should be big enough to go around two partners and leave a foot of space between them.

To begin with, the partners advance from opposite sides to the slow movement of a waltz. At the end of the fourth bar they should meet, the girl having brought in the hoop, which the man takes from her, holding it behind him. The hoop should be raised above his head, and that of the girl, placing the side of the hoop at her back and bringing both of them into the circle.

They are now held in the ring, and the leads far back against the hoop, but without holding on to it. He leans against the hoop, holding it first with either hand. They dance eight bars in this manner, and another eight in slightly quickened tempo, the man having let go

Of course it is not possible to transplant the dance as I do it on the stage directly to the drawing room, but it can be so modified that it would make a very pretty feature for cotillons, fancy dress balls and parties, where eccentric dancing is expected.

As most society girls go in for fancy dancing nowadays, some of these old dances appear at all balls. The hoop dance, which is comparatively dignified and sedate when you think of others we have had, is especially adapted for the ball room.

I dance the hoop dance to a slow waltz; the amateur should divide the waltz off in eight bars, using from eight to sixteen bars for each one of the steps and features.

The Gambler

By ELBERT HUBBARD.

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Of the "morality" of gambling nothing need be said. All I affirm is that it is simply absurd to enter on a habit where success is defeat and to win a calamity.

The successful amateur gambler gradually becomes a professional—his taste, for business men shun him.

No man who plays cards for money can keep his position long. The fact is, he has a surplus of brains, and if we are going to succeed in business we have to our credit is demanded. The man who can play cards at night and do business in the daytime hasn't yet been born.

Life is a bank account, with so much divine energy at your disposal. What are you going to do with it? If you draw your checks for this, you cannot draw for that. Take your choice. And above all, do not draw on the Bank of Futurity by breathing bad air, keeping bad hours and bad company.

The man who succeeds in business is the one who goes to bed before 10 o'clock at night; and only one thing is the jealous of, and that is outdoor exercise.

Gambling robs a man of rest, and the keen edge of life is lost in shuffling the pasteboards. All he gives to his employer or the world is the discard. Outside of his play he is a weak, inefficient person, and his weakness is very apt to manifest itself in burning his friends.

The curse of gambling does not fall on the gambler alone, any more than the drunkard alone suffers for his fault. Suffering falls upon every one within the radius of the gambler.

If your gambler is on a salary he very often comes around for his wages before pay day, then he gets to discounting his salary to a money shark; then, if he can, he will "borrow" his pay before he earns



of the hoop, so that they are whirling around. Keeping the hoop in the air by pressing against it with their backs.

Another eight bars are danced with the hoop circling them around the neck; to keep the hoop firmly in place, you have to press backward and it takes some practice before you can waltz this way, each one bending back, with the hoop around the neck.

Of course if the stronger partner pulls in one direction, the weaker one has to follow, but this looks awkward, and the direction in which the dance is to be taken must be carefully planned before you do a dance like this for your friends.

Continuing to waltz, but without touching, the girl turns round inside the hoop. This brings her with her back to her partner, facing the rim of the hoop around her neck. She takes the hoop, swings clear of the man, raises it above her head, so that it makes a frame; the man standing behind her, or I should say, waiting behind her, holds the side-

without first consulting you. He intends to pay it back, oh, yes!

He wins and pays it back. This encourages him to borrow more the next time. He takes more in order to win more. He is now obliged to play heavily because his debts are accumulating. It is an old story, and dozens of men in Sing Sing can tell you all about it.

To do business with gamblers leads, as a rule, to disappointment, because with gamblers the idea of reciprocity, mutuality and co-operation, except to skin somebody, does not exist.

From betting to beggary is only a step. No man can play the pasteboards, or the races, continually, and win. And of all the foibles, the biggest is the man who bets on "a sure thing."

John Madden has followed the business for a quarter of a century, and I say: "I quit betting years ago, and if I ever bet again it will be because the disease has gotten the better of my business judgment."

The bookmaker gets it all—he has but to wait and the whole thing is his. It is just like the game where the dealer takes care of all the bets and gives the first booster an ace in the hole. If the booster does not get the "live ones" money the dealer will. He gets all the others have, as sure as death, if they continue to play.

Do not imagine that all gambling is done in the cities. "Man made the cities, God the country, but the devil made the small towns." Hardly a village in America is free from the scourge.

Gambling means blurred vision, weak muscles, shaky nerves. Loss of sleep, lack of physical exercise, irregular meals, bad air, excitement form a devil's monopoly of bad things—and the end is disgrace, madness, death and the grave.

I am not a member of the Christian Endeavor union, the Epworth league, the Baptist union, the Knights of Columbus, or the Society for the Suppression of Vice, and all I say here is simply a little plain talk by one business man to others, with all soft sentiment omitted.

Boys, we need all the brains we have in our work.

hoop out and sixteen more bars are danced in this position. This makes a very pretty effect, and is not difficult if you have already gotten accustomed to the modern dances in which the girl dances in front of the man, so much of the time.

Without losing step, the girl waltzes around again, facing her partner, swings the hoop over his head, so that it catches them both around the waist, both partners bending very far back and continuing to waltz. This of course, quite difficult, but an inexperienced dancer would not have to be so far, and the dance couples of at this part.

After this, in regular waltz something inside the hoop.

FOR YOU.