



# The Bee's Home Magazine Page



## SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT—

Well, That's Different

Drawn for The Bee by Tad



## Married Life the Third Year

Helen is Taken Ill in London and Warren Leaves Her in the Hotel Alone.

By MABEL HERBERT URNER.

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Helen opened the door, gave a quick shuddering glance around the hotel room, she threw herself across the foot of the bed.

She was ill—tremblingly, quiveringly ill. Hot and cold flashes were sweeping over her.

"It had come upon her suddenly while she was going through the British museum. How she got back to the hotel she did not know. There was a dazed recollection of asking a policeman what bus to take, and of the rifle back, which seemed endless—but nothing was clear.

And now she lay there two weak to even take off her things! What was it? Was she going to die?"

"It only she could reach Warren! She was terrified at the thought of being there alone until 6—the time they had arranged to meet. But there was no way she could get him by phone.

"With a determined effort she arose, got out of her clothes and into a loose dressing gown, but she was so dizzy she could hardly stand.

"Oh, how good it felt to slip in between the cool, fresh sheets, for now she was burning with fever. In a moment her hot face had warmed the pillow and she moved her head for a cooler spot.

She had intended to ring for the maid while she was up, and now she lay looking at the bell, dreading the effort it would take to reach it. Her whole body seemed to shiver from motion, she wanted only to lie still.

When once more she finally forced herself out of bed and over to the bell, she crept back again with a wave of nausea, surging through her, while the whole room seemed to sway.

The maid came, a typical English maid with white cap and rosy complexion. With quick sympathy she asked if madame was ill.

Helen sent her for some ice water—"with ice in it." For the lukewarm water the English drank always sickened her.

Never had the clinking of ice against a pitcher sounded so grateful. The maid put the water on a stand by the bed and Helen drank eagerly a large glassful.

"Perhaps madame has a chill," she suggested, when Helen told her of the hot and cold flashes and the cold perspiration.



## Daffydils

THE LIPS THAT TOUCH LICKER SHALL NEVER TOUCH MINE

MARY THE STOCKING-SALES GIRL WAS TAKING A TERRIFIC BALL OUT FROM THE VERY IMPORTANT FLOORWALKER WHO HAD JUST HAD HIS FEET BREADED. "WHAT DO YOU MEAN HE PIPED BY SELLING THAT MIDGET SOCKS 2 FEET LONG? MARY THREW HIM A HAUGHTY LOOK, GAZED AT HIS BALD DOME AND TITTERED. IF A RICH OLD LADY PAINTED WOULD HER 'HEIR RESTORER'?"

BALDY!! THE JIF IS UP SMELLY THE RAT HAS CON FESSED

AND TAKE THE FAMILY FISHING FOR THE MORNING—ROW A BOAT AROUND THE LAKE A FEW TIMES. AT 3 WE LUNCH THEN I CHOP WOOD FOR SUPPER. PREPARE THAT WAIN UP, PLAY THE WAIN FOR THE KIDS

THEY STALK A DEER FOR A FEW HOURS COME BACK AND READ STORIES TO THE KIDS TILL BEDTIME THEN I CHASE FLIES AND MOSQUITOES TILL 3 AM AFTER THAT I SLEEP FOR AN HOUR.

GEN-TLE-MEN BE SEA-TED-TA-RA-PA MR KING—MR CORBETT DID YOU EVAN HEAR A BED TALK MR CORBETT—DID I EVER HEAR A BED TALK, WHY NO—DID YOU? MR KING—YES SIR—I CAME HOME LAS NIGHT AND SAT DOWN IN MY ROOM AND OVER BY THE CORNER THERE WAS A BIG GRAND FATHERS CLOCK AND I JES SAT DETER AN HEARD DE TICK-TALK-TICK TOCK—TICK TALK MISS VIOLA MCGINNESS WILL NOW JING—I ALWAYS DREAM OF BILL COLLECTORS UP WITH THE NAPKINS BOYS HERE COMES THE SOUP

THE MAN ACTORS STOOD ON THEIR LITTLE CORNER UP ON BROADWAY BEMOANING THEIR FATE ONE NIGHT NAT WAS SORE ABOUT HIS TOUR OF OHIO WHEN HE PLAYED TRAGEDY HE SAID THE BOY OFFICE RECEIPTS WERE A FARCE AND WHEN HE PLAYED FARCE THEY WERE A TRAGEDY UPSTAGE SAM TOOK A SLANT AT HIM AND THEN PIPED THE VILLAIN IN THE PLAY I SAW WAS QUITE A WOMAN HATER HE SHOT THE HERO EARLY BUT HE SHOT THE CALCU LATER

NIX JOHN NIX—HE'S A BURNS MAN WITH A MAKEUP

I GOT IT SOFT NOW I'M CAMPING UP THE STATE—GET UP AT 4 AM DUMP THE WATER UP TO THE TANK TILL 7 THEN CHOP WOOD AND GET BREADFAST FORKS. THEN WASH THE DISHES—LEAV UP

THEY STALK A DEER FOR A FEW HOURS COME BACK AND READ STORIES TO THE KIDS TILL BEDTIME THEN I CHASE FLIES AND MOSQUITOES TILL 3 AM AFTER THAT I SLEEP FOR AN HOUR.

GENE YOU'RE A LUCKY GUY

YEP NOTHIN TO DO TILL TOMORROW

## Stage Struck at Forty

By WINIFRED BLACK.

She's going on the stage, my friend of 40.

She has a pretty town house, a rather stunning country place, a good husband, two grown children, a circle of friends, a good cook, five new gowns every season, a fair automobile, two pet dogs, a thumb ring, five sets of dangling earrings, a rather decent figure, good eyes, a voice like a peacock, well manured hands, a fad for actors and about as much ability to act as—oh, as to cook a good dinner, and if her cook should leave her you'd starve to death rather than dine at her house.

But for all that, she's going on the stage.

"I have the temperament, the physique, the face and the ambition," she said when she told me about it. "I'm tired of this empty life of teas and bridges and auto trips; I want to live, to breathe the higher air; I want to express my soul."

"What piece have you selected for your debut?" I ventured to ask.

"The Vampire," she replied promptly. "They are dramatizing it for me. It's a glorified part," and the woman of 40 looked at herself in the mirror, settled her hair, nipped in her waist, made eyes at the looking glass and laughed "tightly," like her favorite heroine in her favorite book.

I couldn't stand it a minute longer; I really couldn't; so I went home.

On the way home I met the actor, I know. I told him about the woman of 40. He threw up his hands.

"Save us," he said, "what is the stage coming to. They are all there at the stage door, the women of 40. The girls have all got some other fad these days. It's the women who drive us mad now. What is she going to play—'The Vampire'?"

"How did you know?" I asked. "Have you met her?"

The actor laughed. "Not this one," he argued hysterically. "I don't have to, they are all going to play that. 'The Vampire,' or 'Zaza' or 'Camille.' They all fancy themselves sirens, the poor things of 40, who are going on the stage."

"One pursues me night and day trying to get me to put her on in something rather sensational, don't you know, where my face and figure would be the thing, and if I had my way I'd put her in an old ladies' home and get her to knit tidies for the parlor chairs."

"What on earth has got hold of them? Who is it that is telling them they can act, and why, oh, why, do they want to be vampires, and sirens, and ladies who lure? Scarlet frock in the first act, black and spangles in the last act, cigarettes all through. That's the way good old ma laid it all out for me the other day, and the only place in the world that good kind woman would look like herself is out in the kitchen making jam.

"Crazy, every one of them, crazy as bats. Think they can go on the stage and fascinate the public after they've brought up all their children and got father comfortable at the club. It's really too bad."

And really, do you know, I believe it is too bad. I wonder what on earth it all means?

What has become of all the good comfy women we used to know, women who were forty and glad of it, women who let out their corsets and put on loose shoes, and tied their hats on with a rubber, and let it go at that?

All gone, disappeared, vanished into the beauty parlors to be made over into twenty. I wonder why?

Forty is the fine age, the most comfy age in the world, if we'd only live it. No more weepy hours because "he danced offener with the creature than with me," no more miserable nights trying to figure out just how to manage to make over the old frock so your dearest friend wouldn't know it.

You had a struggle of it that first year or so, but the business is settled now, and things are going pretty well.

Fat? Of course you're fat. You ought to be at forty. You know what to eat and how to eat it; you know when to rest and how to enjoy it; you can pick out the kind of book you like at one glance; you can tell the summer bore with one look, and you understand just exactly how to get rid of him.

Tanned? Pooh, what do you care? You can throw back your veil and love the wind and the sun and glory of all outdoors, while poor little Sweet-and-Twenty has to swaddle herself in gauze to keep that complexion that is the only thing she has.

Friends? Hosts of them—all the sort you want; you've learned how to get rid of the other sort.



some chap named Viereck or something like that, and Mister Viereck said that being a poet, he knew that poets was all either insane or on the road to the bug home. He said that nearly all great poets had been kind of balmy in the block, thinking that they were being pursued by goldfish or seeing their own doubles, or some such nonsense. He told about one French poet that died thinking he was surrounded by a flock of black butterflies.

"I don't see how that should worry your brother," said the Head Barber. "He isn't enough of a poet to ever let that make him crazy."

"But he thinks he is, just the same," said the Manicure Lady, "and that is enough. When he wanted to throw the page away I took it out of his hands and kept on reading stuff about poets being crazy until he flared up and left the room. Me and Sister Mayme was laying for him when he got back, and we kept talking about Matteawan and Mister Thaw and Ward's Island, until I guess poor Wilfred was ready to let himself get tied into a straitjacket."

"You oughtn't to do that," said the Head Barber. "Lots of folks has been made nutty by what them scientists call mental digestion or something of that sort."

"Wilfred ought to know better than to believe them stories, anyway," said the Manicure Lady. "I don't believe them Sunday articles in the papers about the bones of mastodons being found on the site where Mark Antony made love to Juliet and how the first king of Egypt has just been found, a mummy, in one of the pyramids. I always think of what George Ade wrote once about a janitor whose name was Ernest. Mister Ade wrote about Ernest that he had been kicked in the head by a mule when he was young and believed everything he read in the Sunday papers. When I go home tonight I am going to soothe the poor boy's feelings, most likely by slipping him half a dollar and telling him that poets isn't any crazier than any other people."

"I only knew one poet," said the Head Barber. "He wrote lyrics for shows. I guess he is writing them yet. His name is Billy Jerome."

"Is he crazy?" asked the Manicure Lady.

"Like a fox," said the Head Barber.

## "Gee, It's Great to Meet a Friend from Your Home Town."

By HAL COFFMAN.



## Little Bobbie's Pa

By WILLIAM F. KIRK.

Pa was telling Ma last nite all about a grate poem which he has jest finished. As soon as we have finished our dinner, he sed, I am going to read it all to you. It isent vary long. Pa sed, about three hundred words, & it is all in blank verse. You didnt know I was grate at riting blank verse, did you? sed Pa. No, sed Ma, to tell you the truth I didnt. Of course, she sed to Pa, most of the verse you have rote seemed kind of blank to me, as I toald you befoar, but as soon as dinner is oaver me & litle Bobbie will fold our hands kind of pashunt like & hear you read your poem.

I know you will enjoy it, sed Pa. The scene is laid in Anshunt Rome, & the hero is a man named Claudius. He liva a girl named Alba. Alba means white in Latin, Pa sed.

From the potatoes to Bobbie, sed Ma, & fix that dressing for the salad. There is time enuff for lessening to your poem after we have had our food.

I wish you wuddent use that word "food," sed Pa. It isent a poetic word.

It isent poetic to talk with your mouth full, eether, sed Ma, but never mind, dear hart, we will hear your poem after the coffee.

After dinner Pa was in such a hurry to read his poem that he even helped Ma to wash the dishes. When everything was all fixed up, & we was sitting in the parlor, Pa began to read. The poem of the poem was Claudius & Alba. Fair Alba leanned out from the portico. Watching the turgil Tiber slip away And dreaming of her lover Claudius. Her darkling eyes were like a hidden pool.

That leafy trees conceal & yet reveal. And then he came, the grate Centurion, With shining armor and with clanking sword.

For one brief moment there they stood, & then He swept her to his breast & sed Ma. Alba.

If he had armor on, sed Ma. I shud think it wud have hurt Alba's face to have it slammed up aggenst a iron corset. Poets never think of them things, sed Ma. I was reeding in the paper the other day about a poet that always took two hours to dress, becaus he cudent git down to erth long enough to think where he had left his socks, etc., the nite befoar. Go on, sed Ma.

I will not go on, sed Pa. You doant know enuff to appreciate good poetry. Then Pa went into the library & sat near the Hstel waino, closet ware he keeps round botels & square botels.

He'd Got Religion. "Parson," exclaimed Ephraim, "I see got 'ligion—'ligion, I tell you!" "That's fine brother! You are going to lay aside all sin?" "Yes, sah." "You're going to church?" "Yes, sah." "You are going to care for the widows?" "Ah, yes, sah." "You are going to pay your debts?" "Sah! Dat ain't 'ligion, dat's business."—Judge.



## Mystified Social Worker

Social workers, like the rest of humankind, are liable to mistakes, and these sometimes lead to humorous complications. Not long ago a young woman was sent to ask an old man for the correct address of his grandchildren. The street number given as the old man's place of residence turned out to be one of the 15-cent Bowery lodging houses. Only one person was in evidence in the lobby and the visitor made known to him her wish to speak to Mr. Blank. The man disappeared through a door in the rear and returned with an elderly man at whose he waved his hand, saying, "This gentleman," which the young woman understood to mean that the newcomer was Mr. Blank, whereas he was the proprietor of the establishment.

Naming the society from which she came, she stated her business without pause. "I have come to get the addresses of your grandchildren." The proprietor seemed somewhat puzzled and said: "I have no grandchildren." It did not dawn upon the investigator at once that she had the wrong man. She was trying to think how she might possibly have mixed the facts of two cases, and she murmured: "That is very strange." "Not strange at all, ma'am," said the questioned one. "I am a single man."—New York Tribune.

Musings of a Cynic. A blasted hope should always be put out of its misery. Dumb luck may be the result of keeping one's mouth shut. Is the money that makes the mare go the kind that is invested in wild cats? Every man must take a certain amount of back talk from his own conscience. Wouldn't it be fine if we could only pay board as easily as we can look that way? Many a fellow gets that tired feeling after he has annexed a rich father-in-law. An optimist is a man who not only hopes for the best but actually expects to get it. There is only one thing worse than running up against a bore, and that is to have him run up against you. The great trouble with most young men is that they don't think seriously about marriage until they are married. The average woman's ambition seems to be to look younger than she is and to act younger than she looks.—New York Times.