

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.

By MABEL HERBERT URNER. shuddering glance around the hotel room, been a chill. But it was more than that the threw herself across the foot of the now, for she was conscious of a sore

She was ill-tremblingly, quiveringly ill. Hot and cold flashes were sweep-

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 ride back, which seemed endlessbut nothing was clear.

ing over her.

And now she things! What was it? Was she going to

be itte If only she could reach Warren! She was terrifled 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

moved her head for a cooler spot. 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 lie still.

When once more she finally-forced herself out of bed and over to the bell, she

The maid came, a typical English maid with white cap and rosy complexion. draw down his head. 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. dinner?" 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 had a chill," she you want send up here?" suggested, when Helen told her of the hot and cold flashes and the cold per-

, A chill. Strange that she had not Helen opened the door, gave a quick thought of that. Unquestionably it had throat and of a curious ache in every

> "Would madame like to see a doctor?" Helen hesitated. She knew nothing of the English doctors and ill as she was, she had visions of enormous bills. "No. I think I'll wait till my husband comes-he'll be here at 6."

> "If you'll take a little brandy, ma'am," ventured the maid. "That's always good for a chill." "There's a flask of brandy in Mr. Cur-

tis' satchel-the one over there on the chair. I don't think it's locked." When the maid had gone she lay back with closed eyes. The brandy was tingling through her, bringing a delicious sense of drowning. Her thoughts grew confused. In a few moments she was

"Hello there! What's all this?" She awoke with a start to find Warren standing beside the bed. For a momen she was too dazed to speak. Then she murmured a vague:

"Oh, dear, I'm so sick?" "Sick? What's the trouble?" "I'h afraid I've had a chill."

"Chill? Nonsense! Something you've

aten has upset you." "But, Warren, I've a fever now. Just feel how hot my face is."

Helen was not one of the many women who exaggerated and take advantage of every slight illness that they may receive more sympathy and attention from their husbands. Yet she was now conscious of face had warmed the pillow and she a thrill of something like satisfaction when Warren felt her forehead and found She had intended to ring for the maid it so feverish that the curt indifference of his manner was somewhat modified.

"Ves you are a little feverish." he admitted. "You've taken cold, that's all. to shink from motion, she wanted only It's this confounded climate. Upsets anybody. Don't feel well today myself."

It was one of Warren's characteristics that whenever Helen felt badly he would

and now she put up a tremulous hand to

"Oh, I'm all dusty," drawing back This London grime cuts into your skin. Let me get washed up."

"Guess you don't feel like going out to "Oh, Warren!" She could not keep the

repreach out of her tone. "Well, I'm not asking you to. "Needn't put on such an injured air. What do

In a rush it came to Helen that she was to be left alone again-that he was to send up her dinner and go out for his.

crept back again with a wave of nausea always make some remark about not begurging through her, while the whole ing well himself. "Gee, It's Great to Meet a Friend from Your Home Town."

that sort."

said the Manicure Lady, "and that is the bones of mastodons being found on

enough. When he wanted to throw the site where Mark Antony made love to Lady.

By HAL COFFMAN.



THE LIPS THAT TOUCH LICKER SHALL NEVER TOUCH MINE

GEN-TLE-MEN BE SEA-TED MARY THE STOCKING JALES GIRL TA-RA . RA WAS TAKING A TERRIFIC BALL OUT FROM THE VERY EVAH HEAR A BED TALK 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 . TOCK - TICK TALK IF A RICH OLD LADY FAINTED

WOULD HER"HEIR RESTORER BALDY !! THE JIE IS UP SMELLY THE RAT HERE COMES THE SOUP HAS CON PESSED

I GOT IT SOFT NOW

PUMPTHE WATER

'M CAMPING UP THE

STATE GET UP AT 4.A.M

UP TO THE TANK TILL 7

THEN CHOP WOOD AND

GET BREAKFAST FORS.

doubles, or some such nonsense. He told

"I don't see how that should worry

"But he thinks he is, just the same,"

the page away I took it out of his

your brother," said the Head Barber

black butterflies."

that make him crazy."

THEN WASH THE

DISHES - LEAN UP

THE HAM ACTORS STOOD ON THEIR LITTLE CORNEY UP MR KING - MR CORBETT DID YOU ON BROADWAY BEMGANING THEIR FATE ONE NIGHT NAT MR CORBETT- DID I EVER HEAR A WAS SORE A BOUT HIS TOUR OF BED TALK, WHY NO- DID YOU . OHIO, MHEN ME STANED MR KING . YES SIE - I CAME HOME TRAGEDY HE SAID THE BOX LAS NIGHT AND SAT DOWN OFFICE RECEIPTS WELE A IN MY ROOM AND OVER IN PARCE AND WHEN WE PLAYED THE CORNER THERE WAS A PARCE THEY WERE A TRAGEBY BIG GRAND FATHERS CLOCK AND I JES SAT DERE AN HEARD DE TICK-TALK-TICK UPSTAGE SAM TOOK A SLANT AT HIM AND THEN PIPED THE VILLAIN IN THE PLAY I SAV WAS QUITE A WOMAN HATER MISS VIOLA MCGINNESS WILL HE SHOT THE HERD EARLY NOW SING - I ALWAYS BUT HE SHOT THE CALCU LATER DREAM OF BILL COLLECTORS UP WITH THE WAPKINS BOYS

NIK JUHN MIK-HE'S A BURNS MAN

other people.'

the Manicure Lady. "I don't believe guess he is writing them yet. His name

THEY STALK A DEER AND TAKE THE FAMILY FISHING FOR THE MORNING ROW A BOAT AROUND THE LAKE A PEN TIMES AT 3 WE LUNCH THEN ! CHOP WOOD FOR SUPPER. PREPARE THAT WASH UD PLAY THE PLUTE FOR THE KIDS

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

some chap named Viereck or something hands and kept on reading stuff about has just been found, a mummy, in one

being a poet, he knew that poets was and left the room. Me and Sister Mayme George Ade wrote once about a janitor

bug home. He said that nearly all great and we kept talking about Matteawan wrote about Ernest that he had been

"You oughtn't to do that," said the

"Wilfred ought to know better than

"He isn't enough of a poet to ever let to believe them stories, anyway," said Barber. "He wrote lyrics for shows. I

Juliet and how the first king of Egypt

them Sunday articles in the papers about is Billy Jerome."

GEE MIHTON YOURE TO DO TILL A LUCKY TOMORROW

"I only knew one poet." said the Head

"Is he crazy?" asked the Manicure

"Like a fox,' said the Head Barber.

By WINIFRED BLACK.

She's going on the stage, my friend ; She has a pretty town house, a rather stunning country place ,a good husband,

two grown children, circle of friends, s good cook, five new gowns every season, a fair automobile, two pet dogs, a thumb ring. five sets of dangling carrings, a rather decent figure, good eyes, a voice like a pencock, well manicured hands, a fad for actors and about as much ability to act as-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 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, like that, and Mister Viereck said that 1 -to being crazy until he flared up of the pyramids. I always think of what "They are dramatizing it for me. It's a glorious part;" and the woman of 40 all either insane or on the road to the was laying for him when he got back, whose name was Ernest. Mister Ade looked at herself in the mirror, settled her hair, nipped in her walst, made eyes poets had been kind of balmy in the and Mister Thaw and Ward's Island, kicked in the head by a mule when he at the looking glass and laughed "lightly, block, thinking that they was being pur- until I guess poor Wilfred was ready was young and believed everything he like her favorite heroine in her favorite

sued by goldfish or seeing their own to let himself get tied into a straitjacket." read in the Sunday papers. When I go home tonight I am going to soothe the I couldn't stand it a minute longer; I about one French poet that died think- Head Barber. "Lots of folks has been poor boy's feelings, most likely by allpreally couldn't; so I went home.

ing he was surrounded by a flock of made nutty by what them scientists ping him half a dollar and telling him On the way home I met the actor. call mental digestion or something of that poets isn't any crazier than any 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 fort and kindness. And maybe, some day, have all got some other fad these days. It's the women who drive us mad now. What is she going to play-The Vam-

"How did you know?" I asked. "Have that's all." you met her?"

The actor laughed. "Not this one," he gurgled hysterically. "I didn'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 46, 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 Mr. Blank, whereas he was the proprietor 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 seemed somewhat puzzled and said: "I a rubber, and let it go at that? All gone, disappeared, vanished into

the beauty parlors to be made over had the wrong man. She was trying to 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 oftener with the creature than with me," no more miserable nights try- York Tribune. ing 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 giance; 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 yell and love the wind and the sun and glory of all outdoors, while poor little Sweet-and-Twenty has to swaddle herself in gause to keep that complexion that is the

of the other sort.

Stage Struck at Forty

Enemies? Not one in the world. You have found out what a nuisance it is to stay awake nights and hate anybody on earth.

Moonlight, music, love and flowers you've had them all, and have them yet if you amount to anything; and you can wear you're old shoes out into the moonlight and be comfy. Forty is the glorious age, the comfy

age, the age of reason, the age of delicious understanding, the time of quiet friendships and helpful companionships. Why, you can speak to the lonesome young fellow in the train at 40 and say something to comfort him. At 20 year would have to bridle if he even looked your way.

Life. life. life-full, rich abundanti friendly, open-eyed, sane, joyous, understanding life-that's what 40 means at its best. Who would give it up for the longings, the wonderings, the uncertainties, the anxieties, the sad hopes of 25 -who but my friend who is "going on the stage?" Poor thing, what a miserable time she'll have when she wakes up from her foolish dream!

Get the chance? Why, of course, shi will. She has money, and some one trips; I want to live, to breathe the wants some of it. She'll get the chance, all right-in Peoria, or Metuchen, or anysome wretched night and gaze at each other, and wonder what it all means and what she is trying to do in the red frock in the first act and the spangles in the second, and the eigarettes at

through.

And husband, and the boy in college, and the girl at home from boarding school? Poor things, they'll all be ashamed of "mamma," and when all her money is gone, and all the spangles arg off the black dress, and the scarlet frock is in the pawnshop, she'll telegraph home to husband, and he'll take the first train and go after her and bring her home from Podunk, or Saskatchewan, or some where-home to common sense and comshe'll see what a goose she's been, and she'll tell husband all about it, and he'll pat her shoulder and say, "There, there, it's all right; they didn't appreciate you, And then maybe my friend will look at

the good man she humiliated and the children she deserted, and be a little, just a little, ashamed-but not too much; 'tempermental" people don't seem to know very much about that sort of thing, do they?

Mystified Social Worker

Social workers, like the rest of human kind, 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 th. la-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 whold he waved his hand, saying, "This gentleman," which the young woman understood to mean that the newcomer was 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 have no grandchildren." It did not dawn upon the investigator at once that she 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

Musings of a Cynic. A blasted hope should always be pur

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.

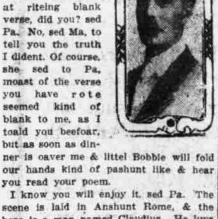
The great trouble with most young mon is that they don't think seriously about marriage until they are married.

Friends? Hosts of them—all the sort

The average woman's ambition seems
you want; you've learned how to get rid

to be to look younger than she is and to

act younger than she looks - New York



It isent vary long.

Pa sed, about three

hundred words, &

it is all in blank

verse. You dident

know I was grate

you read your poem. scene is laid in Anshunt Rome, & the know enuff to appreciate good poetry, hero is a man named Claudius. He luvs Then Pa went into the library & sat

in Latin, Pa sed. Pass the potatoes to Bobble, sed Ma. & fix that dressing for the salad. Thare is time enuff for lissening to your poem

after we have had our food. I wish you wuddent use that word "food" said Pa. It isent a poetic word. It isent poetle to talk with yure mouth full, eether, sed Ma, but nevver mind. deer hart, we will hear your poem after

After dinner Pa was in such a hurry

Pa was telling Ma last nite all about to read his poem that even helped a grate poem which he has jest finished. Ma to wash the dishes. Wen everything As soon as we have finished our dinner, was all fixed up, & we was sitting in the parlor. Pa began to read, The he sed. I am going to read it all to you. naim of the poem was Claudius & Alba. Pair Alba leaned out from the portigo

Little Bobbie's Pa

By WILLIAM F. KIRK.

Her darkling eyes were like a hidden That leafy trees conceal & yet reveal. And then he came, the grate Centurion, With shining armor and with clanking

And dreaming of her lover Claudius

For one breef moment there thay stood

He swept her to his brest & sed My 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. Peets nevver think of them things, sed Ma. I was reeding in the paiper the

other day about a poet that always took two hours to dress, beekaus he cuddent git down to erth long enough to think whare he had left his socks, etc., the nite beefoar. Go on, sed Ma. I know you will enjoy it, sed Pa. The I will not go on, sed Pa. You doant

a girl named Alba. Alba means white neer the littel walnu, closet ware he keeps round bottels & square bottels. He'd Got Religion.

"Parson," exclaimed Ephraim, "I'se 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-ree

You are going to care for the widows?" 'Ah, yes, sah.'

"You are going to pay your debts?"
"Sat? Dat ain't 'ligion; dat's busi-