

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT

## That Stuff Don't Go With Rumhauser

## Drawn for The Bee by Tad



### Captives of Fate

By WINIFRED BLACK.

We saw her up there on the mesa the other day—Lorna Doone, the sweet maiden poplar tree—standing light and graceful in the great gathering circle of gloomy pines. Stolen, dear thing, from a quiet valley by some wandering breeze of mischief, and set there in the woods with the dark evergreens soughing around her like some fair maid carried off by robber chieftains and kept captive in their mountain fastness.



How light she was, how graceful, how modest and timid, and yet she stood her ground, too, and would not let any of the rough, burly pines, or the melancholy brooding cedars come too close. Even the tall spruce with his silver tipped fingers she kept at a distance, like some modest princess of royal blood keeping up the tradition of proud aloofness even in her captivity.

Flutter, flutter, all her graceful leaves seemed sending signals to her tall brothers there in the valley.

"Come up," she seemed to cry to them, "come up and take me home. I want to be by the water. I do not like this high mesa, I am afraid of all these dark trees around me. Come brothers, march up the hill tonight when the moon is gone and take me home again."

But the brothers down there by the stream in the green valley do not even take the trouble to wave back to the captive princess, and so there she stands today—Lorna Doone we have named her—a captive among the dark robber trees, there on the wind swept hill.

Lorna Doone! I have a friend I call by that name when she does not hear me. She married when she was 17, married a man she scarcely knew, carried away with his dark handsome face and his fine manner, which made all the men she knew seem dull and commonplace.

And now poor Lorna is marooned with the man she married, marooned on a queer little island where the man lives with his strange family, and the uncanny friends he gathers about him.

She is gay, is Lorna, and pretty, and soft voiced, and gentle hearted, and the man who carried her away with him is saturnine and sarcastic and cynical.

He doesn't believe in anybody, he thinks people who laugh are all fools. He never reads anything but some book which proves that everything is all wrong everywhere, and when poor Lorna forgets for a minute her melancholy fate and tries to sing a simple little song of love

and laughter, the robber chieftain frowns and the song dies in poor Lorna's throat. Captive, poor little girl, a captive bowed down with iron chains, though the world thinks they are nothing but pretty bracelets.

I wonder how long she will live in prison? They are not always women, the captives of fate. I know a man who's a captive, too. He's a big-hearted, generous soul with a laugh like a burst of primal joy. He has a brain, too, a quick, keen active brain. He likes to eat and to drink, and he is never really happy without a lot of friends around him, and he married a wife who lives to save.

She haunts the shops looking for "barbecue;" she screws down the cook's wages; she haggles over a quarter on the gas bill.

She wears a dress till she's tired of it, and then what? Does she give it to a poor relation and be glad she has it to give? Not she. She sells that dress to the maid or some friend less well off than she.

Her husband is froned, and out, and rimmed down to suit her little sorrows, narrow schemes. Poor fellow, I am always wondering when he will find the courage and the chance to escape down the hill, off the wind-swept mesa, and go home to his own folk.

I've seen children captives in their own family, haven't you? Clever children in a family of dots, and the dots all feel so superior, because "poor Mary is so queer."

Dull children in a clever family, poor things, my heart aches for them, but they are not so much to be pitied as the clever prisoners of dullness. Clever people have warm hearts, as a rule, and quick sympathies, and there's no one so cruel on earth as a dullard.

An honest boy in a family of crooks, a good woman in a bevy of selfish, mercenary, worldly sisters. Stolen, every one of them, stolen away from the home they should have, and brought to sorrow among aliens.

My heart goes out to them, and for their sake I am going to climb the wind-swept mesa tomorrow and take with me a little sprig of quivering aspen, or a branch of poplar, and set it in the ground beside the lonely, pale captive poplar who waves her slender arms in such pathetic appeal to her brethren down there in the valley to come and rescue her. She shall have company of her own sort if I can manage it. Poor, pretty, bright-eyed Lorna Doone, up there in the robber's stronghold with the dark pines.

And maybe sometime when some kin of mine wanders lonely and misunderstood, some kindred souls will see him far off, and recognize him, and go and bear him, friendly company.

### Little Bobbie's Pa

By WILLIAM F. KIRK.

Husband, sed Ma, to Pa at breakfast yesterday. Husband, I have just learned a new way for a man to keep his temper and stop himself from knocking some man cold in a fit or from jawing too hard at his faithful and patient wife.

Well, sed Pa, what is the prescription? Pa looked kind of suspicious at that, because he never knows when Ma is joking and when she isn't.

This is the idea, sed Ma. I was reading about it in an editorial & it was a wonderfully sensible editorial at that. The editorial sed that, wpp, you feel a violent fit or rage coming on you the best thing to do is to chew on a straw or a toothpick & that will draw the blood away from the brain. You ought to try that the next time you fly into a rage.

Husband, sed Ma.

But what if I shud happen to fly into a rage some place where I cndnt find a straw or a toothpick? sed Pa. Then what wud I do?

There was plenty of toothpicks in the restaurant where we was the other nite, sed Ma, there was even sum on the tabel, but you didnt even try to chew one befor you h't that man that speak to me when you were at the cigar counter. You happened to hear what he sed, & you never even looked at a toothpick, you knocked him out & made a scene rite in the hotel dining room. I heard a lady setting near me say that you were a brute to fite in a place ware peepul dine.

Dear, dear, sed Pa. What a knock. Lis sen, wife, sed Pa. I may be a brute, wether I fite in a place ware peepul dine or wether I dine in a place ware peepul fite, but as long as there are

warts in this world that go around trying to win out with the ladies & acting like cheap rat mashers. Just that long I am going to be brute enough to start on from my knee & flatten somebody's nose. Don't ask me to chew a toothpick to keep my temper when I have a real cause for losing it. Up in the woods when I was a lumberjack, Pa sed, they didnt chew toothpicks when a fite calm up. They chewed ears, Pa sed. Now let me read the paper & tonite you and Bobbie can cum out to dinner with me.

So last nite we went to dinner at a cafe on 8th Ave, wich a friend of Pa's had recommended to him. It was a pr'ty tuff place, & all of us noticed it the minnut we sat down.

Pa, I sed, those two men over there look like gun men.

Mercy, sed Ma, I am afraid, let us get out of here.

There is nothing to fear, sed Pa, they know wen they look at me that you are safe.

Just then one of the men started to glare at Pa kind of hard & he sed so loud that every body cud hear it: I know that big stiff over there with his lady friend & the kid. One time when I was broke he ruffent buy me a drink. I've got munny now, & I think I will go over & shove it down his throat.

Lets get out of here, sed Pa. Ma & Ma was as scared as Pa. So we canceled out order & went out & wen we got on the sidewalk Ma sed, Well noble hero, what are you doing with that toothpick?

I am chewing it, sed Pa.

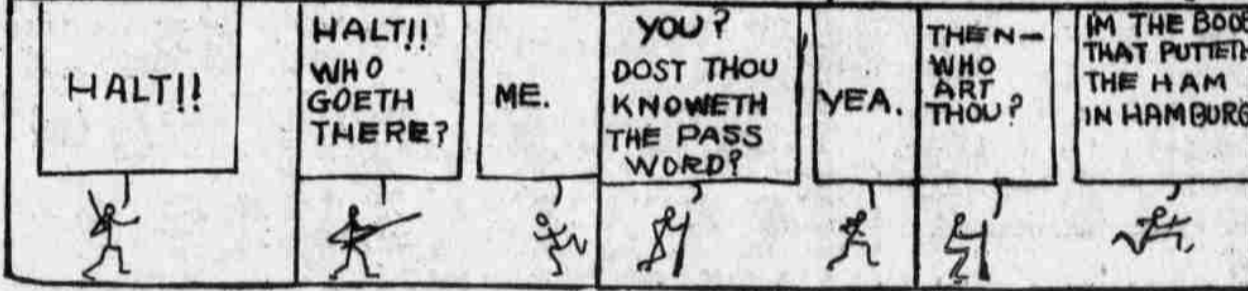
Key to the Situation—Bee Advertising.

### Daddydilly THE MAIDEN BAND OF HOPE IS HUSBAND

IT WAS FRISCO PETE'S WAKE. HE HAD DIED WITH HIS GOOTS ON THE JURY GIVING THE DECISION TO THE OTHER MAN ON HIS ABILITY TO SHOOT FIRST. MR. BROWN'S FRIENDS SAT DRINKING AND TELLING FUNNY STORIES TILL THE WITCHING HOUR, WHEN PETE JUMPED UP AND GRABBING LONGY ROUTH BY THE ARM HE YELLED, "IF YOU FOUND AN OLD SHOE IN DEAD MAN'S LANE WOULD YOU CALL IT AN ALLEYGATOR?"

TA-RA-RA-RA-RA GENTLEMEN BE SEATED RASTUS—MR. BROWN DAT WAS A DISASTROUS FIRE YESTERDAY MR. BROWN—YES INDEED, A GOOD DEAL OF PROPERTY WAS LOST. RASTUS—AND JUST TO THINK, DAT DEY HAD IT OUT WITHOUT ANY LOSS, WHEN A BREWERY TRUCK PASSED, AND DE HOSSES FANNED DE FIRE UP AGAIN. MR. BROWN—WHY, HOW COULD RASTUS—SURE DEY COULD, DEY WERE DRAFT HOSSES.

HE WAS LOOKING OUT OVER A ROOF LIKE THIS AND HE FELL OFF LIKE THIS AND WHEN BROUGHT TO HE ASKED, "IF YOU TELL SOME BODY TO STOP THEIR CHATTER WOULD THEY BE CANNING TONGUE"



### Girls, Don't Marry Sharp-Nosed Men

By MARGARET HUBBARD AYER.

Beware of the man or woman with a sharp, thin nose.

If you are about to marry such a person delay, linger and wait; if you have married him or her, however, there is still hope. The shape of the nose can be changed; not with a surgeon's knife, but just by the proper use of the nostrils.

Mrs. Marie Leavitt, clerk of the court of domestic relations in Chicago, was the first to call general attention to the meanness of the man with the sharp, thin nose, and to warn girls against him.

Prof. Charles Munter is the one who holds out hope for the person whose nasal organ doesn't come up to the mark. At the same time explaining why you should beware of the man whose nose is too long, too sharp and too thin.

Prof. Munter's mission in life is to make people breathe properly, and eventually, almost every one drifts into his spacious and ornamental office, for he has various side lines which interest many different kinds of people.

It was this same Prof. Munter who woke the blind man from his hypnotic sleep to show him that he really could see, and who recently has astonished the musical world, and the medical faculty especially, by hypnotizing a beautiful young girl ordinarily entirely without a speaking voice, and transforming her into a modern "Tribby" who can sing both high and low at command.

"Women should use the nose as a kind of barometer of character when selecting their husbands," Professor Munter told me. "And for this reason: The nose indicates accurately the physical and mental functions of the body; in fact it controls these functions. It is the medium through which the invisible power of oxygen is transmitted to the internal organs, and it is this oxygen which goes to make up and rebuild the invisible life that is beyond the power of the individuals themselves."

"The general opinion, both of the public and the medical practitioners, is that the bony protrusion extending beyond the face regulates the shape of the nose, and consequently, that we are not really responsible for the shape of our noses. But this is not true.

"Each person makes his own nose—creating it, forming it, and rechanging it from time to time, according to the amount of air draw through the nostrils, through the deep breathing of the lungs.

"The nose you want to avoid is the nose which is pinched at the nostrils and bulges a little at the point, showing that some of the air is forced into the tip of the nose instead of back and up into it.

"The nose can be compared to the rudder of a vast ocean steamer, with its great wealth, wonderful machinery, and crew.

"All this wonderful ship is subject to the invisible workings of the simple rudder which gives the ship the direction in which it must go.

"The nose is the rudder of the human ship.

"The amount of air that rushes in through the nostrils shapes and forms the character as well as the body of the man and it also shapes the nose.

"Every individual is what he breathes, and his capacity for doing good or wrong depends upon the regularity of his breathing.

Miss Graham had a sharp-pointed nose and taught her how to breathe properly. Today her nostrils are well arched and her general vitality is much improved.



MISS MARION GRAHAM.

Today Prof. Munter took her in hand and taught her how to breathe properly. Today her nostrils are well arched and her general vitality is much improved.

"If one nostril is lax, only half the section of the brain is supplied with air, and this makes the individual erratic, spasmodic and miserable within himself.

"The small amount of oxygen which he inhales produces improper circulation of the blood, and such a person sees things in a distorted way, both his mental and physical vision showing immediate signs of the stoppage of the nasal passage, or the badly developed nose.

"The narrow, thin nose, like the rudder held straight, must always go in one direction. A person with a nose like this follows a narrow line of human endeavor, and his pessimistic view of things narrows life down to a very fine point.

"He is afraid to deviate from the beaten path himself, and he prevents others from growing and enlarging, because he can only see the narrow, small view of all existing things.

"The person with the narrow, thin nostrils is governed by fear. Through this lack of physical deep breathing and a consequent lack of mental exertion his

### New Fields for Human Enterprise

Selected by EDWIN MARKHAM.

Robert Kennedy Duncan in his scholarly book, "Some Chemical Problems of Today," opens up many vistas into the what and whys and hows of the world about us. Among scores of suggestive pages I note the following:

"A matter of much contemporary interest and anxiety relates to the increasing scarcity of wood—particularly the hard woods. Many men are today making and selling composition woods out of wood waste—for the most part sawdust. This sawdust is mixed with a binding material, and as such is finding its way into the market as flooring compositions.

"Still other men manufacture their composition wood out of waste wood pulp from the paper factories. Both types of manufacture have the regular tribulations of an unperfected process.

"Composition wood has an unquestionable future, but its success depends upon the discovery and utilization of a suitable binding material; and this, I am sure, has been found either in bakelite (that remarkably strong and resistant material discovered by Bakeland) or redmanite, a different substance, which is being developed in our laboratories at the University of Kansas.

"Apart from artificial wood, a great desideratum is artificial wood for special purposes. Thus, owing to the serious depletion of the cork trees, an artificial cork is desired.

"The art of paper making, into which 50 per cent of our pine and hemlock passes, is, according to certain inquiries, by no means in a satisfactory condition. Owing to tariff conditions, actual and potential, and for other reasons, it is necessary now to make paper with qualities different from those that obtained in the past. Thus a paper is now desired having a higher finish on a lighter weight, and for a less cost. This is as yet an unsolved problem.

"Did the paper makers but know it the solution of the problem of paper manufacture and the provisions for cheaper paper lie in the transformation of the nitrocellulose waste material and residue from the pulp mills into valuable applicable chemical substances. It is incredible that in this age of progress 90 per cent of the wood should pass heedlessly down the drains.

"The wood refuse from the sawmills, cornstalks, waste paper—indeed, all kinds of cellulose refuse—are industrially convertible into denatured alcohol, and consequently many inquiries arrive as to the industrial value of such materials.

"The only hamperment to the conversion of wood refuse into denatured alcohol is the fact that the process is not present in the hands of one corporation and its ramifying connections. If these holders of wood refuse will but bide a wee' until such time when, through the exhaustion of an adequate gasoline supply, industrial alcohol becomes inevitable as the source of power for automobiles and other power consuming mechanisms they will find their material both useful and valuable.

"Finally, in relation to this business of wood supply there are fiber-making plants whose possibilities are hardly more than suspected. Down in New Mexico there is an immensely plentiful and widespread form of vegetation known as the yucca, plant, or vulgarly, as the 'sage weed' or 'pear grass.' This grass yields a fiber of remarkable tensile strength and quality. The only reason that the fiber-making possibilities of the grass have not been exploited is because it has not been properly investigated by men of scientific education and training."

### Fox Terrier as a Boozer

Bosco, a little fox terrier inhabiting the corner of Western avenue and Madison street, Chicago, lays no claim to a musical ear, a speaking tongue or an eye for art, but his claim to near humanity is based on the fact that nightly he acquies a joyous jag.

Bosco belongs to no one. His love of the amber thirst extinguisher has so lowered his "doghood" that even his family speak of him in shamed whispers and the neighbors in dogdom tell of his latest misdeeds in the sewing circles and at tea parties of dogs biscuits and water.

Every night Bosco leaves his home, wherever it may be, and trots soberly to the corner of Madison street and Western avenue. He enters the first saloon, puts his paw against the bar and barks. The bartender, through long association, has learned to translate that bark into "one long cold one." The beer is placed on the floor before Bosco, who, after blowing off the "collar," absorbs the "suds."

No drink is complete without a little lunch, and so the next stop in Bosco's "jag procuring" process is a trip to the free lunch counter.

Bosco will stay in this saloon just as long as any one will buy. He forgets his home, wife and family.

If his welcome is worn out before his third Bosco will leave one saloon and trot across the street to another, where the same process is repeated. By closing time, Bosco has acquired a glorious jag. He will stagger, bark in a loud voice and offer to fight any other member of the canine family that enters.

If by 1 o'clock he is unable to walk without assistance he is given a bed in the cellar of the last saloon.

Bosco has resisted the tender pleadings of his family for many weeks and has turned a deaf ear to the prayers of the Salvation army, which holds meetings nightly at the corner, to turn from his evil ways and become a real dog.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Two-Line Ticklers. Second thoughts may be best, but they are not always on time. The fireman's sure of a warm reception when he goes to work. You rarely find a girl with teeth like pearls dumb as an oyster.

Even if money is called hard cash it's a nice thing to fall back on. Get busy and attend to business—but be sure it is your own business.

It would be a poor business policy a fruit dealer to keep all his dates. A man and his wife may be one, but it is necessary to provide for two.

The easiest way for an ambitious young doctor to make his mark is to vaccinate someone.—Boston Transcript.