



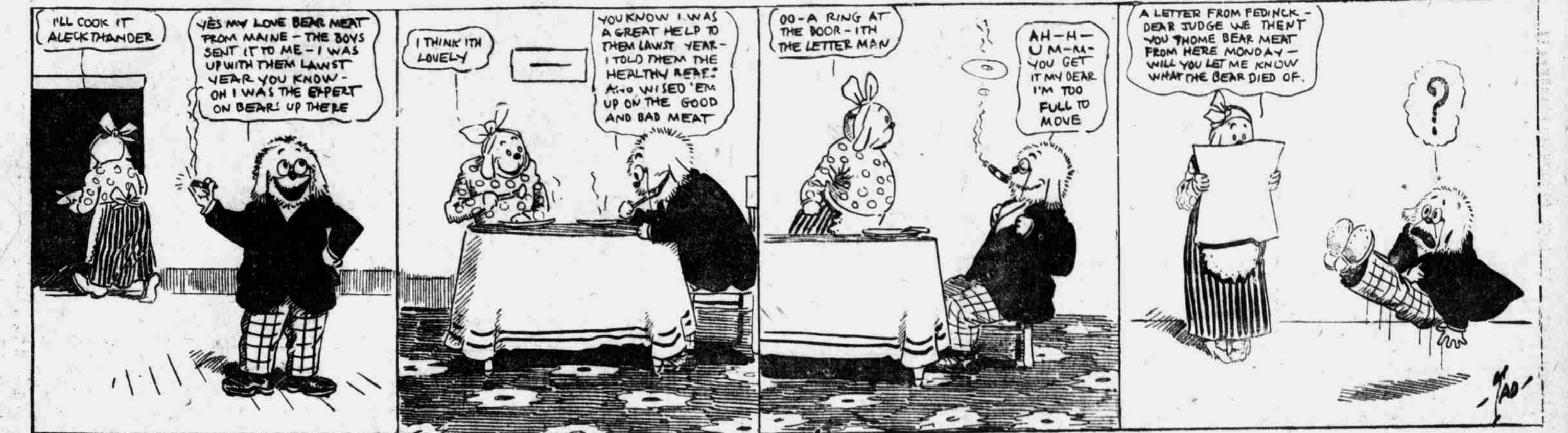
The Bee's Home Magazine Page



SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT

His Honor Gets Some Bear Meat from Maine

Drawn for The Bee by Tad



Hunting a Husband

Jean is Taken Suddenly Ill in the Night, and a Strange Doctor is Called.

By VIRGINIA TERR UNE VAN DEWATER.

After dispatching her two letters, Beatrice prepared for bed. She undressed in a leisurely manner, so busy with her thoughts with the new problem which she faced. Yet it is possible that her musings on the fact that Henry Blanchard's heart and fortunes were awaiting her acceptance gave an added significance to the rest with which she brushed her shining hair and massaged into her face the skin-foam which might ward off the wrinkles pressed by all women after their girlhood is past. She smiled at herself in the glass as she remembered that, with a husband of Blanchard's age, her youth would be intensified.

"I will look like a girl by comparison with him and his gray hairs," she whispered. "But he is, after all, a dear man, and a good looking one, too, now that he has shaved off that horrid bunch of whiskers. Any woman might be proud of his appearance."

It did not occur to her that she was reassessing herself and trying to strengthen her resolution by recalling points in favor of a union with the rather elderly bachelor—somehow as a boy's whistles in the dark to show that he is not afraid. Nor did she acknowledge to herself that there was a sense of relief in the knowledge that she need not say "yes" or "no" just yet. Was there, away back in her mind, the thought that she would postpone her answer as long as possible on the chance that in the meantime a younger and more attractive man might present himself?

Of too happy a nature to dissect her feelings and motives unnecessarily she sank to slumber with a happy face. It was only twenty-four hours since she had sobbed herself to sleep, but if she recalled that fact it was with a self-congratulatory thought at the contrast between her mood now and that of last night.

She had slept for several hours when, in her dreams, she heard a moan, becoming louder, until it awoke her, and she started to a sitting posture. The weather had been so hot of late that she had put her children to sleep each night in two beds in the room adjoining hers, and she became aware, with a pang of dread, that the sound that had aroused her came from that chamber. Switching on the light by her bed she hurried to her little girl's bedside, for she recognized in an instant Jean's voice.

"Oh, dear, oh dear!" the child was reiterating. "It does hurt me so bad!"

"What hurts you, darling?" asked the anxious mother. As the light fell on the baby's eyes the little one buried her face in the pillow with a moan.

"My head hurts me," whimpered Jean. "I called you lots of times and you wouldn't come. And I want a drink of water."

"I am sorry, darling," said the mother. "I was so fast asleep that I did not wake up right away."

"I want to go into your bed!" begged the child. "I'm afraid away off in here in the dark. There's been a big dog chasing me!"

Thoroughly alarmed, Beatrice felt the small hands and found them burning hot, while the face, turned now from the pillow, was flushed with fever. Lifting the baby in her arms she carried her swiftly to her own room and bed, there, as is the habit with many nervous mothers, she took the patient's temperature, and when she saw that the quicksilver mounted to over 104 her heart sank within her.

She remembered that Jean had complained of feeling cold just before she went to bed, and that she had been fretful while undressing. The mother had been too much absorbed in writing letters to place any significance on these facts—indeed, had told the youngster not to be silly, that nobody could be really cold on such a warm night. Now she appreciated that perhaps the baby had had a chill at that time and that she the mother, had been so self-centered that she did not notice it. In her present anxious state of mind she wondered how she could have put any thought before that of her child's comfort. "She and Jack are all I have!" she muttered over and over as she prepared a hot bath. Her fears made her wretched, and she disliked to be alone. She went to Mary's room and asked her to come in and help bathe Jean. The good-natured Irish girl, who, like all her race, was kind and willing in cases of illness or suffering, responded readily, and soon the feverish patient had been put into a hot bath, dried swiftly, though gently, and laid back in her mother's bed. But still she complained of her head, and when she

Daffydile

A DENTIST IS PAINSTAKING, BUT HE GIVES LOTS OF PAIN.

MURMURING MOE WAS OUT TAKING HIS MORNING CONSTITUTIONAL ALONG 3RD AVENUE, WHEN HE CAME TO A SIGN WHICH READ "DICKENS WORKS ALL THIS WEEK FOR 25¢. MOE CALLED THE CLERK A CHEAP SCAB AND RAN UP THE STREET, YELLING "IF DOC JOHNSON STABBED A DILL PICKLE AT THE PLATE 'VAS PASSED WHAT DID WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE' KISS ME KID. NOTHING MAKES ME SKK."

GERTIE WHITAKER, THE CONEY ISLAND WATER WREN WAS DOING A FAST MILE, WAY OUT ON THE WILD WAVES WHEN SHE WAS SEIZED WITH A CRAMP AND YELLED FOR HELP. DARE DEVIL JACK, THE STOCK COMPANY LIFE SAVER, DASHED INTO THE WATER AND CAUGHT GERTIE JUST AS SHE WENT DOWN FOR THE THIRD TIME AS HER HEAD CAME ABOVE THE WATER SHE CHIRPED "IF A GAMBLER STACKS THE CARDS WHAT DOES THE SMOKE STACK. LEAVE THET THAR WOMAN BE."

MR. HAYDEN DID YOU EVER HEAR OF A FLOATING CITY ALONZO—MR HAYDEN DID YOU EVER HEAR OF A FLOATING CITY MR HAYDEN—THEY CALL THE BIG OCEAN LINERS FLOATING CITIES, IF THATS WHAT YOU HEAR ALONZO—NO SUH. DONT CORK FLOAT. MR HAYDEN—YES, CORK FLOATS ALONZO—WELL CORK IS ON THE RIVER LEE. SIC HIM PRINCE HE BIT YOUR FATHER.

HALT!! WHO GOES THERE? ME. SEEMS STRANGE THAT A MAN SHOULD PROWL ABOUT AT THIS HOUR OF THE NIGHT. AND WHO ARE YOU? WELL, I'M THE BOOB THAT PUT THE CHILL IN CHILE.

College Degrees

By ELBERT HUBBARD.

So long as some men who are not colported bred take first place on the roster of fame, and other men who are colported, working alongside of them, sink out of sight, most thinking men are quite willing to admit the so-called Higher Education is not a necessity.

Of the college men who succeed, who shall say that they succeeded by and through the aid of the college gave, or in spite of it?

Yet many men who win will wait, "If I only had the advantage of college training!"

If so, it might have froned all the individually out of them.

However, I would have every man have a college education in order that he might see how little the thing is really worth. I would have every man rich that he might know the worthlessness of riches.

To take a young man away from work, say at 18 years of age, and keep him from useful labor, in the name of education, for four years, will some day be regarded as a most absurd proposition. It is the most gigantic illusion of the age. Set in motion by the theologians, the idea was that the young persons should be drilled and versed in "sacred" themes.

Hence, the dead languages and the fixed thought that education should be esoteric.

This separation from the practical world for a number of years, where no useful work was done, and the whole attention fixed on abstract themes and theories, often tended to cripple the man so that he could never go back to the world of work and usefulness. He was no longer a producer and had to be supported by tithes and taxes.

And, of course, as he did not intend to go back to the world of work and usefulness, it really didn't make any difference if he did sink into a pupa-like condition of nullity.

In the smaller colleges many instances are found of students working their way through school. My experience leads me to believe that such students stand a very much better chance in the world's race than those who are made exempt from practical affairs by having everything provided. The responsibility of caring for himself is a necessary factor in man's evolution.

And the point of this preachment lies right here—that to make a young man exempt from the practical world, from 18 to 22, is to run the risk of ruining him for life. Possibly you have taken opportunity from him and turned him into a memory machine.

There are persons who are always talking about preparing for life. The best way to prepare for life is to begin to live. A school should not be a preparation; a school should be life.

Isolation from the world in order to prepare for the world's work is folly. You might as well take a boy out of the blacksmith shop in order to teach him blacksmithing.

Any college that does not teach its pupils to work at practical, useful tasks, is a make-believe, and every college student knows it. From the age of 6 or 7 and upward the pupil should feel that he is doing something useful, not merely killing time; and so his work and his instruction should go right along hand in hand.

The educated man is the useful man.

And no matter how many college degrees a man has, if he cannot do something that the world wants done, he is an educated ignoramus, and is one with the yesterdays, doing pedagogic goosestep down the days to dusty death.

Copyright, 1912.
International News Service.

Beauty Secrets of Footlight Favorites

Advice for Woman Who is Getting Fat

By FLORENCE GARDNER.

The nightmare of my life is the dread of getting fat.

Oh, yes, thanks, I know I'm quite thin now, but the fear of becoming fat and falling in large billows over myself must have begun in my cradle days, for I don't remember a time when I didn't think the worst kind of punishment in the world would be to weigh 150 pounds.

I've put the weight up to 200 now, because I know there are lots of women who weigh 150 pounds and look all right. But I hope the time will never come when I weigh more than 130.

There's nothing about reducing weight that I don't know. I've studied the question as seriously as if I were training for the human skeleton at the circus, and I've never let any suggestion as to how to get thin escape me. I have a whole scrap book on the subject.

I know that I don't need to take my own advice, yet, but I may some day, so I am preparing to reduce a double chin long before I've got one, and to deduct pounds from my weight while I am still in the thin category.

Just this afternoon I rode in a Fifth avenue bus with one of those women whom I fear to resemble some day. She was not very tall—about my height—and I don't think she was very old, either, though that is one thing you can never tell about fat people. When they are all puffed out they have neither lines nor expression to their face, so that they look 25 or 35, and all the years in between.

Well, this woman had two daughters, who sat beside her. One was evidently 14 and the other was 18, and both were beginning to resemble mamma. Mamma sat in her seat like an enormous feather bed tied in the middle, with a pair of fancy yellow shoes attached to one end. The shoes dangled about two inches above the floor and I am perfectly certain that mamma had not seen them, for several years, and probably had said goodbye to her waist line before she was 20. She had five double chins—I counted them—and her necklace, at least the front part of it, was completely hidden from view by the large fold of flesh that hung over it.

Her eldest daughter already had one double chin, and the little girl who was quite puffy in appearance, had already a good sized dent under her chin, which is the first promise of what is to be.

My eyes were riveted on that fat lady, who by the way, was encased in the most expensive of lingerie dresses. It must have taken a terrible tug to get her into it, but probably the fat children helped. As I sat there, worrying myself sick, and imagining that I, too, would look like that, I suddenly came to the conclusion that the two girls were what the boys call "chumps."

There they sat next to mamma, with her terrible example always before them. Probably when she's at home she groans and grunts and has heat prostration in the summertime, and nervous chills in the winter and heaves when she goes upstairs, and comes down as if an invisible derrick was slowly aiding her to descend; yet these girls have not the sense to say, "We won't be like mamma."

If I were one of those girls I'd make up my mind to avoid fat, if I had to be



MISS FLORENCE GARDNER. A Ziegfeld beauty in "The Whimsical Widow" company.

as heroic as Joan of Arc, or a lady aviator. I would not eat fat-building things. I wouldn't drink water with my meals, and I'd give up potatoes and bread and beans and peas and corn and starchy puddings, and eating meats more than once a day.

You see, I'd know all about it, for I will never, never be fat. I weigh myself once a week, even in summertime, when I get steadily thinner from dancing. I think dancing is an excellent way to reduce, especially if you take very little liquid refreshment; but you can't ask fat people to dance. In the first place they look funny when they're trying, and then they are also lazy, they don't like to exert themselves.

Of course, people get fat because they are lazy and even all the methods I know about won't help you reduce unless you are very determined and severe with yourself.

When I find I'm gaining more than a pound for two in a year, I rush to the Turkish bath to melt myself down, and that is where you see the most ridiculous display of feminine inconsistency. A woman will spend \$2 for her bath and massage. She will stand heroic pumping, and stay in the hot box until she is almost parboiled; then she'll come out and have herself weighed, say to the patient attendant, "Lizzie, isn't it grand? I've lost three-quarters of a pound. Oh, dear, I do feel so faint, though. Just be a good girl and order me a nice little snack of something to eat—let me see, this is the day they have spare ribs at the restaurant; of course, I'm afraid they are fattening, but I have just reduced, so I can afford to eat something. And oh, Lizzie, there's some sweet potatoes au gratin, and a little patie, and I do love macaroni so, and just a little bit of pudding, and a bottle of beer. Beer is so strengthening, and I feel the need of it."

And Lizzie laughs in the sleeve of her bathing suit, if it has any, and winks at me, and says, "Can you beat it?"

That's how they get thin at Turkish baths. It costs them \$2 to reduce, and about \$200 to put the weight back again, via the restaurant, so it is cheaper to stay at home.

If you are going to take the Turkish bath treatment you want to be very careful not to counteract the good the bath does you by an enormous supper. With a weekly Turkish bath, careful

Story Spoiled in Making

Bass lake, which is in Indiana and is fished thoroughly all summer by Chicagoans, is a peculiarly safe body of water. It consists chiefly of a sandbar over which water about four feet deep is lashed into terrifying waves by every little summer breeze. To the stranger it presents the appearance of a real inland sea, where none but the best swimmer should venture.

A Chicago newspaper man and his wife arrived there on the annual vacation. It was their first visit. Early the next morning they were out in the middle of the lake fishing. The man leaned over to adjust some tackle, lost his balance and began swimming madly as soon as he hit the water. In falling he had given the boat a kick with both feet, sending it farther out into the lake—and his wife could not row.

The woman stood up in the boat and screamed. The man swam desperately toward the shore, praying that his shoes and sweater wouldn't drag him under.

He and his screaming wife were watched by an old man who sat fishing from a pier, while the wind toyed with his lavish beard.

The woman in the boat frantically implored this old man to save her husband. The ancient fisherman arose impassively, megaphoned his hands and shouted to the swimmer:

"Stand up, you lunkhead!"

Experimenting, the man in the lake let himself down. Then in water up to his chin he stalked back to his boat—Chicago Post.

Works Engines from Bridge

It will be news to the general public, as well as to the engineering profession, and the mariners generally, that the engines of steamships can now be controlled from the navigation officer's bridge without the use of signals passing between the bridge and the engine room. By the use of a little lever on the bridge the engines can be started, accelerated, slowed down, reversed or stopped, thus saving important time, and insuring accuracy in handling the ship. The bridge apparatus which controls these operations is as compact and reliable as the air brake control in every railway locomotive, and it is introduced to the maritime world by the inventor of the air brake, the great engineer, George Westinghouse.

The remarkable invention which from the bridge controls the operations of the ship's engines is not an untried plan existing on paper only; it has been working for more than a year on a vessel of the United States navy, the Neptune, where, according to the testimony of a naval officer it has not only given entire satisfaction, but has twice saved the ship from serious collision.

When Admiral Cone, engineer-in-chief of the United States navy, determined to try on the Neptune Mr. Westinghouse's system of gearing interposed between the propeller shafts and the turbines, thus enabling the turbines to be driven at high speed while the propellers themselves turned, as propellers must, at a comparatively low speed; he enabled our navy to prove that an invention hitherto regarded as impracticable is of the highest importance to mechanically propelled vessels of any kind. The reports to the Navy department by the engineer in charge of the ship show that the geared drive is perfectly successful, and that by its use smaller and speedier turbines can be used, thus effecting a great saving in weights and dimensions in the engine and boiler rooms, a saving which can be devoted to increased armament on warships or increased cargo or passenger accommodation on merchant ships.

At the same time Admiral Cone arranged to try Mr. Westinghouse's suggestion for controlling these turbines from the bridge of the ship. After using the control apparatus more than a year the verdict is: Success beyond the slightest doubt. George Westinghouse himself gives the full credit for working out and perfecting the control invention to his able assistant, H. T. Herr, vice president of the Westinghouse Machine company. Mr. Herr himself acknowledges that Mr. Westinghouse suggested the idea.

"This bridge control mechanism installed on the Neptune was most satisfactory, and proved beyond the slightest doubt that the turbines of a vessel can be operated from the bridge with an accuracy and rapidity which has been hitherto unattainable.

"The turbines were operated from the bridge, and, when desired, from the engine room. It made no difference which station was used, because the response of the turbines to the bridge operator was exactly the same as to the engineer. Both used the same system, but controlled it from different places.

"The automatic action of the control mechanism made the reversals and changes in speed very rapid. The rapid response of the turbines is of importance because it causes the ship to respond quickly and handle well.

"The gauges provided kept the bridge operator informed of the steam pressure, speed and direction, so that he had all the information necessary for operating the turbines. In fact, the officer on the bridge knows exactly what the turbine are doing, which is of importance, and which is not known when the ordinary installation of mechanical telegraphs is provided."

"When the operating lever on the bridge is set for a certain speed that speed is automatically maintained. This is true under all conditions, regardless of steam pressure, vacuum, etc., which makes the operation easy and precise. There is no guesswork as to speed, and there are no revolutions to be counted while maneuvering. This makes it possible for one man to do what several are required to do with the usual operating methods, and it is done better by the new device."—New York Times