

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT

## Judge Rummy is the Remembering Kid

## Drawn for The Bee by Tad



## Hunting a Husband

The Widow is Near Collapse Over the Illness of Her Child.

By VIRGINIA TERHUNE VAN DEWATER.

Within twenty minutes after Mary telephoned for Dr. Haynes, his ring at the door of Mrs. Minor's apartment announced his arrival. But to the anxious woman who sat by the ill child, watching the flushed face and listening to the hurried breathing, the time dragged heavily.

"Oh, Doctor," she exclaimed with relief as the physician entered the room, escorted thither by the maid, "I thought you were never coming."

The physician smiled as calmly as if there were no such thing as mothers' terrors in all the world. Taking a chair from which Beatrice had arisen, he bent over the little girl and busied himself with her. He nodded silently when the mother told him of the chill Jean had had, asked a few questions, and took the child's temperature when she, awestruck, opened her heavy eyes and looked at him. Children always liked Dr. Haynes, and Jean obeyed with docility all his orders, allowing him to examine her throat, listen to her breathing and go through the usual processes used by the profession in locating the cause of any indisposition. Then, adjusting the pillow under the little girl's head, he turned to the overwrought and anxious mother.

"A glass of water, please?" he said briefly.

"Is she very ill?" faltered the woman, weak with fear.

"She is ill," answered the doctor, "and she is suffering a good deal. But her malady is not a dangerous one. It is malaria. Will you get the water, please, Mrs. Maynard?"

His mistake in her name stung the woman, in her present nervous state, to sudden and irritable impatience.

"My name is Minor!" she said sharply. Then, to her own surprise and consternation, she burst into tears. Her weeping increased to hysterical sobs, and her overtaxed nerves gave way, and her last remnant of equilibrium was swept from her. The strain of the last week, her expectation of Randolph's proposal, her disappointment, and now her anxiety, coupled with the enervating heat, had proved too much for her self-control.

Jean, startled from her slumber by Beatrice's outburst, added her cries to the general confusion.

"Am I going to die?" wailed the little girl as she became aware of her mother's stormy emotion. "Am I going to die?"

After a second of helpless surprise the astonished physician took charge of the situation with the characteristic decision of his kind. There was no time to lose, for the widow's sobbing was becoming "epsemodic," and the catch in her breath denoted the approach of the wild laughter of hysterics. Dr. Haynes chose the only effective course.

"Be quiet!" he commanded sharply. "Do you hear what I say? Be still! Stop that infernal racket, immediately and go into the other room! You—turning to the frightened maid standing transfixed beside the bed—take your mistress away. She's making a fool of herself and harming the child!"

Surprise and involuntary obedience to his sharp commands checked Beatrice's weeping, and the maid led her from the room.

Lying on the couch in the darkened parlor she could still hear Jean's whimpering and the deep, soothing voice of the physician. Before long the little girl was quiet.

But Beatrice was still too unsteady to take a sane or even a characteristic view of the scene in which she had just played a leading, though not credible part. Strangely enough, she was not angry with Dr. Haynes for his rough conduct. As a rule, it is hard for a woman to forgive anyone who has witnessed her loss of poise or self-possession.

lon, but now the widow was only conscious of a quail of shame at her own behavior and a fervent respect for the man who had dominated her. Respect often arises from our admiration of certain qualities in others which we do not possess ourselves. We do not respect greatly those whose thought, whose souls are only as exalted as are our own. There must be a superiority of which we are acutely conscious in the person who commands our deference.

So Beatrice lay with closed eyes, weakened in mind and body by her violent outburst, and felt no resentment toward the man who, in other circumstances, she would have declared had insulted her. After a few minutes she struggled to her feet and went across the hall to the lighted bedroom.

She found Jean asleep and the doctor just closing his grip.

"I am all right now, Doctor," faltered the woman. "Are there any instructions which you wish to leave with regard to Jean?"

The physician looked at her gravely for a minute before answering.

"I have given her a soothing medicine already," he said. "She is to have this every two hours." He directed in his calm, professional voice, pointing to the liquid in the glass on the table, "and these powders three times a day. I shall call again tomorrow morning. Do not worry about the little girl. I hope she may be all right in a few days."

"Thank you," said Beatrice meekly.

"Get some rest yourself," went on the physician more gently. "You need it badly. Don't wake the child to give her medicine. I think she will sleep until morning. Go to bed and to sleep."

"Thank you," said the woman again. He picked up hat and satchel and, with a brief good night, took his departure.

After a last look at the sleeping child, and a light kiss dropped on her flushed cheek, Beatrice crept into bed and soon fell asleep, exhausted.

Jean was better in the morning, although her hands were still hot and she complained that the pain in her head was bad yet.

"Does it hurt very much, darling?" asked the mother.

"Yes, it does," whined the child fretfully. "And I wish the doctor would come. He makes me feel better."

"Don't you want to play dominoes with me?" asked Jack, who had been allowed to come in to see his small sister. "I'd make you feel lots better."

"No," fretted Jean. "I don't, and when you knock my bed you make a hurt come back in my head. Please go away."

Whereat Jack, discomfited, left the room with much dignity. His mother followed him into the hall and suggested that he go out into the park and sit in the shade and read. She was sorry for the lad's loneliness, but the sick baby needed her now. When she returned to Jean, the child queried wistfully:

"Won't the doctor come soon, Muvver?"

"I hope so, dear," answered the mother. Then she asked curiously:

"Was he very nice to you, honey?"

"Yes," affirmed the child. "Don't you like him, Muvver?"

"He's a very good doctor," the widow answered gravely. "She did not know if she liked him or not, and, in her soul, she felt that it would be best, not she, who would arrange the relations between them. It was a new experience for her, a woman whom men had always adored and deferred to, to meet a man whose strength of character had so impressed itself upon her that she was not at all certain that she could make him her friend, even if she tried.

"Yes, he's awfully nice," murmured Jean, drowsily, as she fell asleep.

### Garlic Cures Consumption

Ireland, which has the honor of originating the outdoor cure for consumption and all tubercular affections, now comes forward with a direct specific for the disease, a thing which physicians have despised of finding.

Dr. Minchin of Dublin has discovered that garlic is of great value in treating the disease.

He declares that garlic is not only of value after other treatments have failed, but that it is highly efficacious in all cases where the feet, hands and joints have been affected, and that amputation has, in a number of cases, been avoided

## Daffydils

GENGLEMEN BE SEATED TA-RA-RA-RA BONES-MR JOHNSON, CAN YOU TELL ME WHY IS A CROW INTERLOCUTOR-NO BONES, WHY IS A CROW? BONES-CAWS"

"APPLE HEADED JIMMY WILL NOW FAVOR US WITH A TOUCHING LITTLE TUNE DEDICATED TO HIS LANDLADY'S DAUGHTER-

"OFT I FIND HER GOLDEN TRESSES IN THE BUTTER"

OUR AGENTS WILL NOW PASS AMONG THE AUDIENCE SELLING GOLD DOLLARS FOR 90 CENTS.

"CLUB FOOT CHARLIE THE NOVA SCOTIA HERMIT SAT IN HIS CAVE PEACEFULLY SMOKING A PIPE HEARING A NOISE HE WENT OUTSIDE AND SAW A FIGURE TEARING MADLY ABOUT THE LANDSCAPE. CHARLIE GRABBED IT AND CHOKING IT INTO SUBMISSION DEMANDED THE MEANING OF IT WHEN A DYING VOICE SQUEALED,

"I WAS BORN IN SIBERIA, THATS WHY I GO AROUND A RUSSIAN"

GET ME THE HAMMER! THERES A FLY ON BABYS HEAD.

OAT ABAR SAYS- ADAM WASNT FAMOUS AS A SPRINTER YET HE WAS FIRST IN THE HUMAN RACE.

THE FIREMAN AND THE ENGINEER OF THE GOOD SHIP ALPHONSE WERE DOWN IN THE BOILER ROOM HAVING A HEATED ARGUMENT WHEN A CRY WAS HEARD FROM ABOVE. THEY RUSHED ON DECK AND SAW AN ICEBERG STRAIGHT AHEAD. APPROACHING THEY SAW ON IT IN BLACK LETTERS,

"IF THE BARNYARD GAME A DANCE WOULD THE TURKEY TROT."

WILLIE!! RINSE THE CAN. HERE COMES FATHER!!



## Beauty Secrets of Footlight Favorites

How to Have Beautiful Hands and Nails.

By EVELYN KODNER.

Somebody has said that the hand is the second face, and I believe if one has pretty hands one has a good right to be proud of them, for there are more pretty faces than pretty hands in the world, and it's much easier to beautify the face than to make the hand graceful and charming.

A woman's hand has so much to do. I mean of course, the average woman, who has to care for her house, to look after her children, and who has her hand in 101 different things during the day. So it is no wonder that there are so few classically beautiful hands in the world.

The hand that rocks the cradle may still be white and soft, but when it shreds the codfish, blacks the stove, does the family mending and washes clothes besides, you can forgive it for looking worn at an early age.

However, even housework no longer has terrors for the woman who wants to keep her hands pretty, and who knows how, for a cure has been found for almost all the troubles that beset a busy pair of hands.

When a woman's hands get very red for no apparent reason, she is usually wearing some tight band around her body, either a corset that is too snug or tight garters. Even tight shoes will make the hands red; and, of course, long immersion in cold or hot water will do the same thing. Then, again, when the hands grow red and none of these causes are found, the person may have rheumatism or gout, for it is one of the first signs of these troubles; and, of course, the cure has to be found at the doctor's office.

If one has any dirty work to do like polishing shoes, for instance, or the kitchen stove, and one cannot save one's fingers from getting dirty, a little grease or lard rubbed around the finger nails will keep the dirt from getting in them.

After the hands have been thoroughly washed they should be dried with powdered starch, and sometimes it is a good thing to use oatmeal boiled and strained, instead of using soap. Oatmeal makes the hands nice and soft, and so will almond meal or bran.

For the woman who has much housework to do, there are various kinds of gloves to protect the hands while doing it, and if she objects to the odors which may linger on the skin, she can remove the unpleasant odor by rubbing them with powdered mustard or by putting mustard in the water in which she washes her hands.

I have found that the best whiteners for ordinary purposes is plain lemon juice and the oil in lemon peel. This softens the skin and makes it delightful to the touch.

When your hands are very rough and you want to get them soft in a very short time take a little sweet cream, cold cream, butter milk or butter, wash your hand thoroughly in warm water; then rub in any one of these creams you may have while the hands are still wet. Rub until there is nothing left to absorb; then wash off quickly in warm water, just enough to do away with the sticky feeling which is so unpleasant. People whose hands chap very easily ought to do this every time they wash their hands, using an inexpensive cold cream, and a pure soap.

I have heard lots of women complain that the use of grease in any form on the hand and forearm would make the



MISS EVELYN KOERNER.

(Another of the beauties in Ziegfeld's "Winsome Widow" Company.)

hair grow. Well, there is a simple remedy for that. It consists of a five cent piece of pumice bought at the drug store, and rubbed on the arm, in this way.

If your pumice stone is soft and fairly smooth, as it sometimes is, you won't need anything else but a little light rubbing over the hairy surface. But if the pumice stone is coarse and rough wet it a little with soapy water, and then rub it briskly and lightly in a circular manner over the skin on which the hair is growing. You will soon wear off the hair, and if you rub lightly you won't irritate the skin. If you do apply a little glycerine or cold cream.

Most people can use glycerine on their hands and arms, though they cannot use it on their face; and it is a good thing to have on one's washstand, for its constant use will keep the hands very nice and soft.

Probably the main reason why the skin of so many hands is so coarse and ugly is because people don't take time enough to dry their hands properly, but hurry over them as best they may.

The little white spots on the nails are due to poor circulation, and the ridges on the nails come from excess uric acid in the blood.

The white spots occasionally come from bruises of bumps, and then they soon disappear, but when they are the result of other troubles one must seek the remedy elsewhere.

If you want to get your hands very white, here is a paste which isn't difficult to make and which keeps them in good condition. Take about two ounces of almond meal and four ounces of sweet olive oil, four ounces of strained honey and a quarter of the yolk of an egg. Melt the honey in a double boiler, pour the almond meal in it and mix it thoroughly, then beat in the yolk of the egg, add the oil drop by drop and knead until a firm paste is produced. When the paste is cool, apply to the hands and wear gloves over it. These cosmetic gloves, as they are called, which come for the purpose, are very large, chambray skin gloves, with several holes punched in the palm for ventilation. An ordinary glove will do if it is clean, but of course it must be several sizes larger than one would wear ordinarily.

People no longer wear gloves that are too small for them, not only because they are ugly, but because they deform the hand and give them a puffy, unpleasant appearance. A large hand looks smaller in a loose glove than it does pressed into one-half a size too small.

## Courtesies of the Road

By ELBERT HUBBARD.

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On a recent trip of about 300 miles through the middle states by automobile, I noted the uniform good nature, patience and courtesy of the automobile drivers.

Before the days of the Hepburn bill we had a fine phrase, to-wit: The Courtesies of the Road. This meant a railroad pass. The tendency of the times wiped out that particular kind of "courtesy," and now the term means simply the good will which gentlemen always manifest toward each other when they meet.

Six years ago the automobile was a plaything. Men who drove a machine

were more or less heroes; also more or less brigands. The spirit of the larkish, and the hoodlum sat at the wheel. If a farmer did not get out of the way quick enough there were shouts of "Clear the track!" "Don't you know anything?" "What's the matter with you?" "I will take a wheel off you next!"

In the rule now of the good autoist never to use such language, nor even resent coarse language and epithets when applied by others.

If you sit at a wheel, you cannot afford to lose your temper. All of the nerves you possess should be used in carrying your machine through to safety.

As for stinging somebody up with a few hot words—that is a thing of the past. The traveler now no longer considers himself a section of the day of judgment.

We used to talk about the dangers of travel; now we are beginning to understand Aristotle's dictum to Alexander the Great: "The enemies of an army are in its own camp."

A man's enemies are in his own heart; his enemies are his limitations, his impatience, his hot haste, his desire to get even, his fear of being injured or defrauded.

Well has it been said: "There is no devil but fear."

There is something heroic about having sixty horsepower at your fingers tips, or, reached by the pressure of the foot, and yet never using this power to the limit. About it there is a quality that makes you proud and gives a dignity which men without power never possess.

It so happens that the running of an automobile with this tremendous power within your reach tends to give a sort of freedom from all little perplexing cares. If a teamster blocks the way unnes-



cessarily, you do not roar at him; but, if possible, you catch his eye, smile, wave your hand, and he gets the idea and partakes of this spirit and responds.

The automobile clubs all over the country undoubtedly have done much to make peace between the man who hasn't an automobile and the one who has.

For a while we had a beautiful contempt for the man with a machine, and we spoke of the Red Devil, having the chauffeur quite as much in mind as the machine.

No chauffeur now will run over chickens, dogs, ducks or geese, if he can help it. He keeps his machine well in hand when passing by houses where animals or persons may run out or appear suddenly. He is considerate for the feelings of others.

There used to be an old Quaker maxim running thus: "If I can do a kind act or say a kind word, let me say it now, for I may not pass this way again."

The autoist, however, realizes that he will pass this way again; also hundreds and thousands of other autoists will pass this way again, and his endeavor is to leave a kindly remembrance behind rather than one of wrath or indifference. Because it is a somewhat curious fact that anybody that has been insulted by a reckless automobilist scorning the pavement in his immediate vicinity will feel a spirit of resentment and'll will even, for a little time, toward the whole tribe of men who own buzz wagons.

This being true, every good autoist now endeavors to spread good will, courtesy, kindness, as he goes, knowing that he probably will be back "this way again," and that everything he gives out, returns to him in some form or another.

Thus do we get in degree a consummation of the brotherhood of man, or the solidarity of the race. The sentiment is not analyzed, but the idea that humanity is one, and that we cannot injure another without injuring ourselves, is finding lodgment in the heart of the race.

In Ohio, in one district, I noticed at every sharp turn in the road, or on a high hill, there were signs up—"Thank you," or "Be considerate, you are approaching a village." One that always made us smile was "Good Boy—Shake!"

The man who devised these short, sharp, epigrammatic slogans and then printed them on boards and nailed these up on trees, telegraph poles and fences, was certainly a benefactor of his kind.

All through that particular district we sort of felt kindly toward everybody and, waved our hands in greeting at the passing machines and people in their houses.

The good will that somebody had given out was caught on our wireless and passed along.

## The Mind's Office Boys

Selected by EDWIN MARKHAM.

William Walker Atkinson, in a volume, "Memory, How to Develop, Train and Use It," proves that a good memory is not necessarily born with us; but may be achieved by proper effort. These sprightly paragraphs are suggested.

The subconscious region of the mind—this memory region—may be thought of as a great record file, with an intricate system of indexes and office boys whose business it is to file away the records, and to index them, and to find them when needed. The records record only what we have impressed upon them by the attention, the degree of the foot, and the degree of attention which we bestowed upon the original impression. We can never expect to have the office boys of the memory bring up anything that they have not been given to file away. The indexing and cross-references are supplied by the association existing between the various impressions. The more cross-references of associations that are connected with an idea, thought or impression that is filed away in the memory, the greater the chances of it being found readily when wanted.

"These little office boys of the memory are an industrious and willing lot of little chaps; but like all boys they do their best work when kept in practice. Idleness and lack of exercise cause them to become slothful and careless and forgetful of the records under their charge. A little fresh exercise and work soon take the cobwebs out of their brains, and they spring eagerly to their tasks. They have a tendency to remember, on their own part; and when a certain record is called for often they grow accustomed to its place, and can find it without referring to the indexes at all."

"But their troubles come from faint and almost illegible records, caused by

poor attention—these they can scarcely decipher when they do succeed in finding them. Often, however, after they have told you that they could not find a thing, and you have left the place in disgust, they will continue their search and hours afterward will surprise you by handing you the desired idea, or impression, which they had found carelessly indexed or improperly filed away.

"You will be helped if you will carry in your mind these little office boys of the memory record, and the hard work they have to do, you, much of which is made doubly burdensome by your own neglect and carelessness. Treat these little fellows right, and they will work overtime for you, willingly and joyfully. But they need your assistance, and encouragement, and an occasional word of praise and commendation."

### A Double Tragedy.

The elimination of the republican party in Louisiana because under the late law it didn't cast enough votes at a late election to entitle it to a place on the official ballot reminded Senator John Sharp Williams of a man in Mississippi who ran for congress in a Mississippi district on the republican ticket. He received two votes at the general election.

"Rather humiliating, wasn't it?" put in a bystander.

"Oh," replied the senator, "that wasn't the worst of it. They arrested him for repeating"—Saturday Evening Post.

### Foresight.

"Are you in favor of votes for women?"

"I am."

"I presume you are a married man."

"No, madam. I'm single."

"Still you favor our cause?"

"Yes, indeed."

"May I ask why?"

"Of course, I may decide to get married some day and I want to have that source of trouble out of the way when I do assume the responsibilities of married life."—Detroit Free Press.