

The Bee's Home Magazine Page



SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT

They Couldn't Fool Bunk, He Knew

Drawn for The Bee by Tad



Hunting a Husband

The Window Apoligizes to the Physician for Her Hysteria and Concludes that He is "Nice."

By VIRGINIA TERHUNE VAN DEWATER.

Early in the afternoon the door bell, the glaring hot street below, when Dr rang. Beatrice rose to answer it, then Haynes sought her. sat down again. She remembered that it was probably the doctor, and, with her am worried about your little girl. No. last night's behavior still mortifyingly it's nothing alarming!" he reassured her, fresh in her mind, she hesitated at greet- as she made a gesture of dismay. "But ing him upon his arrival. She heard the as you yourself observed, her fever has maid open the door, and her heart quick- not gone down as I hoped it would and I ened its beating as footsteps came along do not think she has much surplus the hall to her room.

"Letters for you, ma'am," said Mary. Beatrice held out her hand with an indifference that brightened into excitement as she recognized Henry Blanchard's handwriting upon one envelope and Helen flushing confusedly as she remembered Robbins' upon the other.

She opened her suitor's letter first. "Dear, dear lady," she read. "Your note came to me this morning, in the heat of a business climax and made me get really well in this atmosphere. neglect sordid matters for a few moments. in thoughts of you. I am glad that you Keep right on with those I left last are thinking seriously before giving me night, and feed her lightly on liquid your answer, but I am still happier in food. the hint you give me of your personal feeling toward me. I shall await your final decision no less patiently, if more eagerly, since you have granted me a little hopes. I could make you happy, I think-which would, at best, be but poor payment for the joy you would give me in becoming my wife.

"Even more your friend because I am now your lover.

"HENRY BLANCHARD." "How dear he can be," murmured Beatrice to herself as she opened the other envelope. This letter was truly feline.

Beatrice Darling-"Before we came out to the country you spoke of leaving the city yourcottage out here you could take, or, if near us. If you are interested, let me know and I will send you particulars. The society here is delightful and the men are many, and young and unattached except for poor old, stupid Uncle Henry, who comes out here often, but he doesn't count. He is aging rapidly. I fear, and he is becoming more querellous and parsimonious every day. The woman he never married is lucky to have escaped him! His niece speaks from knowledge of him and his ways.

"Mr. Randolph wrote me of your kindness to him. Did you turn his head or he yours? I have never thought him a man adapted to platonic friendship, and I know him to be singularly unimpressed by most women. Tell me all about him when you write. Love to you all. Uncle Henry speaks of you often. I think he regards you as a sort of a granddaughter. As ever, HELEN."

'Little cat!" and Beatrice viciously, and straightway began to plan a reply which should excel in seemingly affectionate virulence that of her correspondent. Some men are of a canine nature. They growl and then bite, from the grave, set on his feet and But there are women who purr and scratch, and then purr again.

Beatrice was still occupying her thoughts with the outline of an epistle to "her dearest foe" when Dr. Haynes entered the room unanounced nations by army surgeons and on the and with the air of one who was a habitue of the house.

He came in softly-a big, grayhaired, gray-eyed man, with a strong chin and widow's manner was unruffled and her affection of the heart. He arrived in "good morning."

physician, as he laid hat and medicine in Wall street. His appearance there ingrip on the table and turned to the dicated that his convalescence was pfo-

said Beatrice, "but her temperature is was the guest of old friends in Bath, who still high, and she complains of her head burned red fire in his honor, and on whenever she is awake-although she July 23. following a trip to Canada, it bleeps much of the time."

turned toward the bed, she added, with Trunk ratiroad and coastwise shipping

"I will send my maid in to wait on you interest. Now comes his formal re-entry in case you wish glasses, etc., to prepare into Wall street. room. If you wish to speak to me, please pretty well.-New York World. bend the maid for me.'

She would not stay in there unless he showed that he preferred to have her do howed that he preferred to have her do to she determined. And, summoning Mary States senator from Okiahoma, was in Indianapolis to attend the Marshall notificato wait on the physician, she went into tion ceremonies he told a story to illusthe drawing room across the hall. Dr. trate a political point he had made. Havnes embarrassed her, for she felt that

aroused her curios en In car.

TO-MOKROW TO DO TILL YEP NOTHIN' "Mrs. Minor," he began abruptly, "I ANSWER BUT ITS THE AS GOOD
THEY SAY THE PAPER HANGER
WHILE A BORDER BULL SKINNY SAID "THIS AIMT THE TEACHER, WHAT'S THE ANGWER! vitality. She should be taken out of the

city. New York is no place for children in the summer.' "I intended to go before this," said Beatrice, regretfully, "but I put it off"the reason for the postponement of her departure.

"You should go as soon as possible, urged Dr. Haynes. "The little girl can't have not given her any new medicines

He picked up his hat, but, moved by a sudden impulse, Beatrice checked him.

"Dr. Haynas." "I'm very much ashamed of my performance of last night. I suppose I was excited and shaken by the illness of my little girl, and cried more easily than I had any idea I ever would. In fact I fear-yes, I know-I behaved like a fool. "Your nerves, not you were to blame."

said the physician gently. "You have possiblly had lately a shock of some kind which has been a strain on your nerves. and the anxiety about your child was only the climax. Am I right?" "Yes," said Beatrice faintly.

"I think I owe you an apology myself," went on the man. "Please don't self very soon. Have you decided on a misunderstand the very brusque manner place to go? If not, I think there is a in which I spoke to you last night. I am not an unsympathetic person, really, but you prefer, there is a good boarding place there is only one way to deal with a hysterical patient, and that is to speak firmly, harshly, even brutally, and so bring her to her senses. But I beg that you will not think unkindly of me on that account. And I hope you will let me help you when I can. You have shown confidence in me in summoning me when your own physician is away, and I would like to prove myself worthy of your trust Godd morning. Should the little one be worse, call me up. I shall, of course, come again tomorrow." He turned quickly, and with a short

nod left the room. Beatrice looked after him with shining eyes.

"Yes, he is nice!" she said to herself.

The Cure of the Century

With Charles W. Morse back at his desk in Wall street his restoration to health must be regarded as complete. The conditions under which the dying convict banker was literally snatched transformed anew into an alert man of affairs, all within eight months, make timely a brief review of his cure. Morse's sentence was commuted by the

president on January 18 last, after examirepresentation that his death was a matter of a few months. On January 28 he left the Atlanta prison hospital, still presumably suffering from Bright's obstinate, yet kind mouth. The disease, hardening of the arteries and an voice steady as she bade him a polite New York on February 8, sailed for Europe soon after, returned on May 22, "How is our patient today?" asked the and a gay or two later showed himself gressing as satisfactorily as any mori-"She seems a little more comfortable," bund invalid could desire. On June 5 he was announced that he had affected a Then, as the man made no reply, but traffic arrangement between the Grand lines in which he is supposed to have ar

It Looked that Way.

When Thomas P. Gore, the blind United "Old Abe was a negro, in Arkansas who

his keen glance read her too well. She had never seen an automobile until he was unused to meeting men upon whom went to the city one day and was nearly the made no impression, yet here was a struck by the machine as it went speeding man who could look at her coolly and down the street at about thirty miles an scionately, and, who, she feared, hour. The old man jumped to the side in flesh and blood. en despise her a little. And yet walk and gazed open-mouthed after the

Abe, 'dat man's hosses mus' a been goin' some when de bruk 'way frum dat kerrioge, 'com, looking from the window late ridge.' '-- Indianapolis News.

M ROE CI NAHT A STAL

NOURE

DALY A BUMOR."

RAISED HIS HAND WELL SAID

LINDITA PKINNA PEOPHERUN

- HOUM WOH - SYACI OWT NI-

"IF A MAN - CAN PLASTER- A-HOUS

READY AND THE TEACHER READ

DOWN THIS PROBLEM, SAID THE

GET READY STUDENTS AND TAKE

DEAR TEACHER, THEY ALL GOT

A HTIW NAMOW YNG - SYAC SABA TAO

Unhorsing an Emperor

THE SCRATCHING OF PENCILS

KARAH A

MAKES ME SICK. MINCENT! WILL YOU HAVE KIZZ WE; MOTHING

SHAKESPEARE ?" PORK WHAT BID WILLIAM PICKLE ON THE END OF HIS NOTES. THEN HE LOOKED OUT HEARD FOR SOME MINUTES BUT GENTLEMAN LOOKED OVER HIS AND WORK IT OUT, NOTHING WAS

AUDITORS WHILE THE REVEREND NOW STUDENTS, 60 AHEAD HUGH FELL UPON THE ASSEMBLED CAN- A MUSTRRD PLASTER! SILENCE WHILE THE PASTOR CONGREGATION WAITED IN

THE CHOIR HAD JUST SUNG AN THE CHURCH WAS CROWDED. NEW STORE TEETH!

AN EYE ON THE STABLE HORSES AND STALLS, GUPPER AND KEEP COME BACK SET MY

SOUP BRIDGET DE AL . THERES A FLY IN THE HOUSE CLASSIC ENTITLED, DNIGRADE TAHT BUILDT BONES JONES MITT NOM 15

TAMBO-HES THE DOE (DOUGH) IF BEN JOHNSON GOT A DILL INTERLOCUTOR-YOU'VE GOT ME OVER THE CONGREGATION CLEAR.
THERE, TAMBO, WHAT IS PERKINS, ED HIS THROAT AND BEGAN: BULL MOOSE, THEN WHAT A &I TJ3V3200R TI-OGMAT DEMAT TI SASH

INTERLOCUTOR- WELL LETE A CONUNDRUM FO YOU. THEO - MISTAH FLYNN, AH GOT INSPIRING ANTHEM AND THE AR-AR-AR-AT

Make Rain Your Choice

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

but they shed them, nevertheless,

If you have not learned that it is as

troubles of later years they have spent

all their time with their eyes off the

If they were still in school and had

been as slow in learning how to do a

sum, they would be sent to the foot of

The same kind of pride should be

applied to learning the lessons of later

"I have learned," a girl should be able

to say, "that complaining does no good

whatever, and therefore I never com-

Complaints of circumstances, environ-

ments, unkind friends and cooled-off

The thing to do is to go night ahead,

doing what one knows is right, and then

sunshine, all the better. If rain, "then

rain's my choice." and the spirit of meet-

and lasting as if one left a fine garment

The damage in complaining (in walking

The corners of the mouth droop as if

The spirits are affected and the health

's a lack of lustre in the eyes and the

Every one shuns girls like these, for

And finally they become friendless. And

And all of this tragedy originated in a

learned in life, and that lesson, my dears,

Manly Beauty as an Asset

Dermatologists and other beauty spe-

increase in masculine patronage since

Prof. Michel of the University of Paris

told the International Congress of

Eugenice that manly pulchritude was an

important factor in success. Men who

have arrived, in spite of all sorts of

hairlip to early baldness, read the story

with an indulgent smile. Politicians

and statesmen, who were said to derive

a special advantage from a handsome

countenance, seemed as cheerful as usual

when they turned from the matutinal

In the first place, the Italian professor

tions. Beauty is in the eye of the be-

John Wilkes gloried in the reputation

day. The record goes far toward proving

My face, I don't mind it; You see, I'm behind it; The people in front get the jar.

The fact of the matter is that the

Turin doctrinaire has the proposition very

nearly upside down, if he regards soft-

ness and regularity of features as the

acme of manly beauty, and believes that

statesmen-who he specially mentions-

homeliness:

Star.

The futility of the whine.

there never was a worse fate than to be-

through the rain with a grumble) is that

it grows more and more difficult to laugh,

lovers never accomplish any changes.

Pride is what keeps many a

the class in disgrace.

the head of her class.

and with less damage.

out in the rain.

come friendless.

is just this:

plain."

It ain't no use to grumble and com-jation worse, and didn't scatter a cloud, plain; It's just as cheap and easy to reyhen God sorts out the weather and futule to complain of the more serious

James Whitcomb Riley. If there is any one quality that will book. help girls more than any other in traveling the long road that stretches before

them, it is philosophy. And by that I mean an effort to do one's best, and when that best falls, to recognize the failure as the very best

that could have happened. I want them to know that everything is for the best. I want them, when they desire sunshine, to know that rain was more needed or it wouldn't have rained. I want them to realize, when all the's little plans go awry, it means their plans

were not for the best. I want them to feel, when today's hopes are shattered, that it is better it happened today than if it happened tomorrow. I want them to know that it means a

valuable expenience, that will go far to- let it rain or shine. What matters? If ward making tomorrow's efforts success-When the young woman who read this ing it bravely gets one through it quicker

were little girls they sobbed wildly over broken dol! A few years later they shed tears because it rained on a picnic. The tears only made the depression and satur-

one were always on the point of taking a bitter pill. smoking chimneys towering above the poplars, the flower gardens, and the suffers, and when the health suffers there cathedral, and proclaiming the reign of modern industry. Nowhere has electric cheeks grow pale, and I have known girls power been further developed than in to complain so much that this pallor became a saffron hue. results of practical science more

promptly utilized. through so much complaining they not Italy is awake-wider awake than it only forget how to laugh, but they check has been since the days of Caesar. Inthe laughter of others. deeed, one is tempted to think, somehow, the spirit of that wonderful genius now inspires the descendants of his legionaries, so long apparently submerged by the influx of foreign blood which came failure to learn the greatest lesson to be pouring in from every side after the fall

of the imperial power. That some, at least, of the Italians now dream of Caesar, as many Frenchmen do of Napoleon, is curiously shown by an incident connected with the unhorsing of the statue of Marcus Aurelius. Now that the statue is down, the "young nationalists" have demaded that, instead of replacing it on its pedestal, after it has been "restored," it be sent to some less conspicuous place, while a statue of cialists have not reported any marked

plaza of the Capitol. Marcus Aurelius was a philosopher. He could fight and he did fight, when he had to-and he fought well-but his was not the spirit of a conqueror. He was mild and gentle in his thoughts and physical imperfections, ranging from manners. He put conscience above everything else, and his true glory, for centuries, has consisted in his book of "Thoughts," one of the greatest moral

This type of man does not fit in very shaving mirror. well with the ambition of those who want to restore the military glory of Italy, to is confronted with the difficulty which make her a great European power, with the exponents of all philosophies expeformidable fleets of battleships and rience in establishing satisfactory definiarmies that must be taken into account when the nations go to war. But Cacear boider, and every effort to fix its standwas a man after their own heart. Seated ards, even in the case of the fairer half. on his bronze war horse, in front of the of mankind, has reached shifting and uncapitol, he would, they think, better certain conclusions. Are Ganymede and represent the Italy that they dream of- Adonis and the curled darlings of the an Italy to be feared as well as admired. stage the most attractive types of manly So, there are three aspects of the new physiognomy, or is it found in the rug-Italy that are revealed by these recent ged outlines of a Roman senator, stamped events; first, the aspiration toward art with strength and virtility? and the cultivation of history; second, the determination to keep abreast of the of being the ugilest man in England. modern world in practical scientific ad- and boasted that with fifteen minutes' vance, and third, the desire to make start he could "talk away his face" and Rome once more a name of power because win his point over any Lovelace of his of the weight of her mailed hand.

Evidently war, the charmer, has not it. Governor Woodrow Wilson made no yet lost its potency over the human special effort to suppress an all too faithspirit. The gospel of peace will have to ful likeness in the Baltimore convention, be preached still for many centuries be- and later he caroled this limerick of his fore it has altogether banished its pan-

A New Jersey farmer, rhyming the phrases of "Tama Jim" Wilson secretary of agriculture, and incidentally making a plea for more farmers' bulletins, takes to the muse in this fashion:

find it an asset. The public inclines to the teachings of the Esopian fable that the gods do not give to any one favorite ply must believe: the voice of the nightingale and the Of how to bud a bank roll on a peach tree plumage of the peacock.-Washington

that has died. the side.

The Glories of Ancient Rome Reverenced by Its Aimating Spirit Today.

Caesar be set up in its stead, on the

treatises in existence.

Jim Wilson is the fellow with the know edge up his sleeve, Because he tells us many things we sim

And pollinizing butter as a nurse crop or

He issues books and pamphlets telling just how it is done. But when I write for five or six, by guin,

Wind wrapping twine into balls when taken from parcels. It is an easy way to dispose of it and it will be found useful



LOWERING THE BRONZE FIGURE OF THE EMPEROR MARCUS AUGILIUS PROM HIS HORSE. see only a big wooden shed covering the posses the Venetians, when the tower of

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

Every visitor to Rome will remember horse, in front of the old capitol. The pedestal was designed by the great Michael Angelo, but the statue is a far

him to the Capitoline museum, where ar- flicted upon them. tists are going to "restore" him-for the

pedestal, from which he strettered forth the Campanile of St. Mark fell, with a the huge bronze statue of Emperor his imperial hand with a gestare of great crash a few years ago, immediany medicine. I will be in the drawing For a dying man this is surely doing Marcus Aurelius, seated on his bronze command. With what some persons will ately set to work to restore it, after the regard as a fine sense of propriety, they old model. It is also akin to the spirit hooded the emperor's face while taking which has produced the enormous monuc him down, as if to prevent him from ment of Victor Emmanuel in Rome, a

emperor down from his horse, which he moulded features from damage addi-This undertaking, had it occurred in

looking upon his own abasement. But work so vast and splendld that, but for This summer they have taken the old the real reason was to save his finely the prestige which covers them, the other monuments of the ancient capital had bestrode for centuries, and removed tional to that which time had already in. of the world would seem diminished in its presence. This spirit is now at work everywhere

ravages of time have made sad work any other city, with any other old in Italy. It is pushing on the excavaupon him. In the long run, an emperor statue, would have been a matter of tions at Pompell, as well as in the Forum, in bronze is no more immortal than one local importance only, but it really had and in many other places where the a world-wide interest, partly because all glories of old Rome lie buried. But it is It was a considerable undertaking to nations have a certain pride in the anunhorse Marcus Aurelius, as the photo- tiquities of Rome, yet mainly because it, of art and history. It has produced a 'Foh de good Lawd' ejaculated Uncle graph shows, but the operation was suc- reveals, in a very striking form, the marvelous transformation in the plains cessfully conducted, and for some time growth of the new spirit of nationality and cities of Piedmont and Lombardy, to come tourists in the Eternal City will in Italy. It is akin to the impulse which where the traveler now sees long rows of