

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT

## The Judge is Considerable "Fan" at That

## Drawn for The Bee by Tad



## Married Life the Third Year

### Warren Goes Through Westminster Abbey, but His Remarks Are Most Irreverent.

By MABEL HERBERT URNAER.

"Here to the right we have the recumbent figures of the Earl of Shrewsbury and his lady. You will notice they are carved in wood and overlaid with metal. The feet rest on a lion, a symbol of power."

And the verger in his long black robe moved on to the next tomb, while the little group of tourists with their Baedekers and note books followed eagerly.

"We have here one of the most interesting monuments in the Abbey—the duchess of Gloucester. Her husband was smothered at Calais by order of Richard II. The canopy, as well as the figure, you will observe, is of brass. We now approach the tomb of Henry VII."

"He was a cold-blooded old cuss," whispered Warren.

"Oh, hush-sh, dear," pleaded Helen, who was in constant terror of Warren's irreverent comments. "They will hear you."

"Then why did you want to tag along with this bunch? I'd rather walk through and see things myself than to be mouthed at by that old boy."

"Why, I thought he could tell us so many things. Listen!"

"Now we come to the tomb of Edward I. As you see, it is simply a slab without an effigy. The body was recently found to be in remarkably good preservation, with a crown of gilded tin on the head and a sceptre in the hand."

Warren nudged Helen with a whisper. "Do they dig 'em up every now and then to see how they're keeping?"

"If you will kindly step that way, you will now observe before you the shrine of Edward the Confessor."

After briefly calling their attention to the despoiled splendor of this tomb and the crumbling iron-bound coffin within, the verger led the way to the next chapel.

But Helen lingered to gaze a moment longer at this ancient sepulchre standing in the gloomiest and most impressive part of the abbey. In the dim light which struggled through the high stained-glass windows she could hardly trace the flutes on the stone arches.

All about lay mouldering stone effigies of knights and warriors, some in their full suits of armor with hands piously folded, others kneeling in the supplication of prayer.

Helen longed to stay and draw in this atmosphere of the past, but Warren was now beckoning to her. In the adjoining chapel the verger was standing before a large canopied tomb.

"This recumbent figure is Thomas Chelch, the earl of Exeter. The lady who lies beside him on his right is his first wife. The space on his left was intended for his second wife, but that lady declined to accept the inferior place of honor."

"Spunky old girl!" was Warren's comment.

"How dreadful," whispered Helen. "Imagine any man wanting two wives carved on his tombstone!"

"Well, they weren't overburdened with delicacy in those days."

"Now, ladies and gentlemen," the verger turned and addressed them. "We have finished with the royal chancels, noting the tombs of most interest. Those who wish to linger here may do so."

"Are you expected to tip this old snot?" asked Warren.

"Oh, of course not! Why he must be a sort of curate-look at his robe. He'd be insulted at a tip!"

"Don't know about that. Haven't found anybody over here yet that you couldn't tip."

Then to Helen's amazement as the group passed over several coins were slipped into the verger's hands, and he received them most graciously.

"Didn't seem exactly insidid, did he? Chucked Warren as he drew out a shilling."

"Do let's stay here a little longer," begged Helen. "I should love to go back again through Henry VII's chapel."

"No you don't! I've had enough dead kings for one day. If you've got to see the poets' corner, all right. But that's all I stand for."

"They made their way back to the north transept, then through to the poets' corner."

"Oh, do you know what I want to see first?" asked Helen eagerly. "That monument of Gray's. You've heard that mocking couplet about 'Life's a Jest.' I've forgotten how it goes—but it's very irreverent. I've always wondered if it really was on his tomb. Let's look it up now."

"If it's here, we'll come across it. Better take them in order—that's the only way to see anything. There's Garrick's monument. That's impressive. Yes, that's a mighty fine piece of work."

It was Warren's first real approbation, and Helen looked at it with much interest. Garrick was represented as stepping out from behind a curtain which he opened with extended arms.

They walked on through the dusky aisles lined with tombs. Many were crowded back in darkened niches, but each stone bore a famous name.

"Why, Warren, here's a bust of Longfellow. I didn't know he was buried here."

"He's not. A monument in this place doesn't always mean the man's planted under it. Here's John Gray—is that the guy you wanted?"

"Oh, yes, yes. That's it," excitedly, "and here's the inscription." She leaned over and read it aloud.

"Life's a Jest, and all things show it! I thought so once, but I now I know it!"

"Cheerful sentiment," remarked Warren.

"Why, it's scariest! I shouldn't think they'd allow it in here. Let's see what Baedeker says about it."

"For heaven's sake put that away. We're here now to see the abbey. You can read Baedeker's dope when you get home. Here's a nice moldy old tomb of Chaucer. I took a dislike to that gentleman when they made me read his 'Canterbury Tales' at school."

"O rare Ben Johnson," read Helen from a tablet. "Is this the one?"

"Of dictionary and Cheshire cheese fame? No, that was Samuel. You've got a fine memory."

Helen had now paused before the impressive statue of Shakespeare.

"Guillelmo Shakespeare Anno Post. Martem CXXIV Amor Publicus Posuit."

"Why, Warren, I thought Shakespeare's first name was William."

"Yes, I had that impression myself."

"Well, what does this mean—'Guillelmo Shakespeare? It that Latin for William?"

But Warren, who would never admit he did not know, ignored the question by passing on to the tomb of Addison.

The same group of sightseers who had been with them in the royal chapels now entered the poets' corner.

"Let's get out of here. I can't stand for that bunch again. Time to go, anyway—it's after 5 o'clock."

"But Warren, there's one more thing we must see—that tomb of Lady Nightingale's. The one with the skeleton of death coming out from the vault. It won't take a moment."

"Well, how're you going to find it?" impatiently.

But Helen was already hastily turning through her Baedeker, while he watched her scowlingly.

"Here it is—in the Chapel of St. John the Evangelist." Then, turning to a map of the Abbey, "That's in the North Transept."

They found the tomb, and Helen gazed at it with breathless awe. From the gaping vault beneath a half shrouded skeleton was about to launch his spear at the dying woman, while the husband tried to stifle her shrieking figure in his arms.

"Oh, that's wonderful!" murmured Helen. "As you look at it, she seems to cling closer to him!"

The sentiment of the group appealed strongly to Helen, and she pictured the young wife and the love of the husband who had erected this to her memory.

"It may be very fine," admitted Warren, "but is damned gruesome. Come on now—here's the way out."

At the great arched doorway Helen turned back for a last look at the Abbey.

The shadows had deepened in the high vaults overhead, and now only the faintest light filtered through the stained glass windows. There was a sound of soft chanting and from a distant chapel came the white-vested figures of choir boys, winding their way through the dark aisles up to the candle-lit altar.

Outside the spell of it all was still over Helen, and Warren's irreverent comment about the "moldy old pile" not being particularly "cheerful soul" did not grate on her, for she hardly heard it.

She was thinking of what the Abbey would be like at night, of the darkness and stillness—and the generations of the dead.

## Daddydilly

GENTLEMEN BE SEATED. TA-RA-RA-RA

BONES-I HEAR THE AUTHORITIES ARE GOING TO SEND ALL THE PEOPLE THEY CATCH FLEEING THE PUBLIC TO THE HOSPITALS. HEREFTER INSTEAD OF TO JAIL INTERLOCUTOR-WHY? BONES-BECAUSE THEY SAY FLEEING THE PUBLIC IS A DISEASE. INTERLOCUTOR-WHAT KIND OF A DISEASE? BONES-A SKIN DISEASE

NEXT WE WILL HEAR MR. SCOTT, THE HOBOKEN TENOR, SING, OH WASN'T SHE THE FOOLISH GIRL TO BE A BARTENDERS BRIDE.

PLODDING PETE WAS JUST FINISHING HIS TRANSCONTINENTAL TOUR. HE HAD BEEN TRAILING THE RAILS FOR TWO MONTHS AND WAS JUST HITTING THE BIG TOWN WHEN A TRAIN CAME UP BEHIND HIM AND SWATTED HIM BY A MASTERLY FLANK MOVEMENT UNDER COVER OF NIGHT. HE WAS LIFTED INTO A NEARBY FIELD CLEARING FENCES AND OTHER OBSTRUCTIONS. PETE CAME TO JUST IN TIME TO SEE THE TRAINS LIGHTS DISAPPEAR ROUND A CURVE. THEN PETE GOT HIS IRISH UP AND YELLED, "WHAT WE NEED IS CHEAP ICE. WE HAVE PLENTY OF CHEAP SKATES." I HEARD DIFFERENT!

QATARBAR SAYS-"IT'S A WISE MOTHER-IN-LAW WHO KNOWS HER OWN DAUGHTERS HUSBAND."

HALT!-RUDE RUFFIAN

WHO GOES THERE?

I SIR

OFF MY GROUNDS IMMEDIATELY

TO WHOM ARE YOU SPEAKING TO WHOM

YOU- WHO ARE YOU ANYWAY

IM THE BOOB THAT PUT THE RIB IN RIBBON

## The Yesterday Girl

By WINIFRED BLACK.

Well, now they've got it into a song—"I want a girl just like the girl that married dear old dad."

I heard it at the picture show the other day, and it made me just the least bit cross.

I've heard them say it—the young fellows—time and again, and laughed to hear it, for of course it isn't true, not a word of it, though I suppose they think it is, poor young gumps. And now they've taken to singing about it.

Let's get together and talk it over and see just how much truth there is in it after all.

You want a girl just like the girl that married dear old dad, do you? A nice, quiet, modest girl who stays at home and helps mamma; a little mouse of a girl without a thought outside of the house and the yard gate. A domestic angel ready to sit up all night with a sick baby and be up at dawn to get breakfast for father, with a smile on her lips and a song in her heart. A girl who can mend a torn coat so that you couldn't see the darn, a girl who wouldn't miss a prayer meeting to save her life. A girl with a genius for cooking and a talent for children and a gift for managing. A girl who can put up fruit and make pickles and keep the bills down and never turn a hair when you bring home three great hulks of hungry men to dine without a word of notice.

An economical girl, a girl who can make over her Sunday black with three times and have it turn out prettier the last time than it was the first. A pretty girl, with her own hair and her own figure and her own blush—just such a girl as you see on the cover of the old-fashioned handkerchief boxes with a lace scarf over her head and a canary perched on her pointed figure.

Yes, we've all heard about that kind of a girl—and a mighty nice kind of a girl she seems to have been, too, in her day—but how about the man who went with her. What's become of him? The man who saved his salary for the house furniture instead of spending it for moving picture shows and pool tickets. The man who stayed at the office to get in the kindling wood; the man with the new suit a year and the ear muffs and the writers. The man with just one ambition on earth up to the time he was a red-wheeled buggy, a white with a red ribbon around it, and a moonlight night to take his girl out "buggy riding."

The man who "settled down" when he married and stayed settled; the man who

never went a step outside the house without his wife any more than he'd go without his shoes. The man who took turns walking the floor with the baby, the man who sat up with his sick mother-in-law, and the man who slept out in the barn when his wife's folks came to visit and filled up all the bedrooms.

The man with just one girl and that girl his wife; the man with no club and no golf links and no ball games; the man who went to the circus once a year and felt disappointed when he took his wife and the children to the side show—that's the kind of man who went with the girl that married dear old dad, young man. Where's he gone?

Can you find one like him somewhere in the woods? If you can you must find the girl right there with him, and then we'd see how much you really wanted her and what chance you stood to get her.

Why, she wouldn't look at you. She'd think you were "fast." You go to the picture show three times a week, and you'd stay at home with her and help peel the apples to dry for winter?

Play golf, you? Why, that is boys' play she'd think. She got along with out games and she expects you to do it too.

Theaters, pleasure trips—why, the idea and you could be saving all that money to buy a nice ample lot in the graveyard. No, no, young man, you and the girl like the one who married dear old dad wouldn't get on at all—not in the least, at all.

Why should you? She belonged back there with the red-wheeled buggy, and you belong down here with the automobile and the street car.

You want a girl that belongs now, not then. You want a real girl, not a dream one; a girl with the prettiest hat she can buy and the frock that goes with it; a girl that laughs when you laugh, and waxes to cry when you are sad; a girl that would go to the end of the world with you.

A girl with the new ideas that go with the new times; a girl that has her own friends, her own interests; a girl that won't hang around your neck like a mill stone; a girl that will get someone to help her with the housework so that she can be a companion to you and not a housekeeper alone. A real girl, a live girl, a girl with a temper. What's the good of a woman who can't get mad once in a while? A girl with a big heart and an active brain; a brain that has to have something to think of besides a grocery bill. A girl that can make a home a real home with love in every corner of it.

Not the girl that married dear old dad, young man, nor one like her. She'd bore you to death in a week with her old-fashioned don'ts and mustn'ts. Not that sort at all; but your girl, your kind of girl, all yours, not dad's nor grandpa's. Go and hunt her up this minute. She's around the corner of the road waiting for you, just you, and no one else will do. Hunt her up and be happy.

## Beauty Secrets of Footlight Favorites

By AMY WEBB.

When I was a little girl I worried me greatly because my eyebrows and eyelashes were so very light and so faint that they were barely perceptible.

I must have looked like an animated question mark, for nothing makes the face look so inquisitive, not to say foolish as extremely light and faint eyebrows, and while it's all right in a child, it becomes very distressing as one gets older.

So one day in real despair, I set to work and clipped such meager eyebrows as I had and cut them off completely. Then I got a little girl friend to cut off my eyelashes, too, because I had read somewhere that that would make them grow.

Nobody noticed that anything special had happened to my appearance until I suddenly dawned upon the family at the supper table that I had lost my already stunted claims to good looks, and that they had been sacrificed upon the altar of early vanity.

What is the use of remembering past scoldings? I got a very good one, which I remember to this day. Also my eyelashes did not come in for a long time, and finally I had to be taken to a doctor and salve was applied every night to make the hair grow. Sometimes the salve got into my eyes and made them smart, and at all events the performance made an indelible impression on my memory, so I have come to think nice eyebrows and eyelashes quite invaluable to good looks.

As clipping them proved perfectly useless, in my case, I doubt if it is of any use at all, though I know it is frequently recommended. However, if the eyebrows are too scant, a little vaseline will generally make them grow, and so will hair tonic if you use it regularly.

Many people would have beautiful eyebrows if they only took a little care of them, and I often wonder why it is that girls who want to be pretty don't pay more attention to this very important feature.

In the first place there are the eyebrows, which look dirty and untidy, because there are tiny particles of dandruff in them. I think this can be all removed if the eyebrows are scrubbed out every day, using the nail brush and soap.

Another thing that I find most unpleasant to look at are the wild-looking eyebrows which one sees even on young girls. These look as if they need brushing and combing, sometimes even braiding; they are so wild looking and coarse.

No one has to be inflicted with even brows like this. The coarse hairs can be pulled out and the eyebrows trained into better behavior by brushing them once a day with a tiny brush dipped in olive oil or coconut oil. Brushing is very good for the eyebrows and one can give them a nice shape and make them look neat and prettily arched simply by using a brush and a little oil.

The long, straight, archless, narrow and delicate, pencilled eyebrow, was the ideal, but the modern eyebrow, at least the one which our modern artists like Christy, Gibson, James Montgomery Flagg and Hutt draw on their pretty girls, is not the straight kind, but the slightly arched brow. If you can make your eyebrows look as if they were very far away from your eyes, the eye will look larger and the face more refined.

## Beauty Secrets of Footlight Favorites

Eyebrows and Eyelashes as Aids to Good Looks.



MISS AMY WEBB. (A Ziegfeld beauty in the "Winsome Widow" Co.)

When the eyebrows are very scant, it is usually a sign of poor health, except in red-haired persons. These scant eyebrows can be so strengthened by constant brushing and they can be made to look darker by combing them with soapy water and letting the soap dry on them.

A great many people have eyebrows that meet over the bridge of the nose. This is supposed to be the sign of a jealous or melancholy disposition. I suppose if one can't change your disposition it would do no harm to take away the guide post and pull out those quite superfluous hairs.

Eyebrows can be trimmed into almost any shape with a little 10 cent pair of tweezers, and there is no reason why one should allow them to grow across the nose or to scatter, as they sometimes do, right in the middle of the arch.

Very few girls have the pencilled eyebrow, which is supposed to be such a natural beauty. More of them have eyebrows that are made with a pencil, and look it. It is really not necessary to color the eyebrows artificially, unless they are absolutely white, or flax blond—then they can sometimes be darkened by brushing them with dark, black tea. Let the tea get just as dark as possible, have eyebrows clean and free from grease, and brush the tea over them.

Massaging the eyebrows, pinching them and kneading the flesh beneath with the forefingers and thumb will often stimulate the growth and is another way of making the line shapely.

I think that many girls make a great mistake when they pencil an otherwise fine line of eyebrow, making it darker and thicker. These thick lines not only look artificial, but they take away from the refinement of the face and make it look coarse and heavy.

For myself, I cultivate my eyebrows with a tiny little brush dipped in glycerine and rosewater, half and half. I would no more think of going on the street without brushing my eyebrows than I would go out with my hair untidy, or my shoes not polished, for I believe that the eyebrow has so much to do with making the face pleasing and attractive, and especially in making one look tidy and well dressed.

**Remedy.**

"This latest controversy has brought me altogether too much publicity," confided the politician. "What would you advise as a means of avoiding the spotlight?"

"Get married to some woman of social prominence and by the time people have left off discussing the bride this other incident will be forgotten."

## Lillie's Smiles

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Fair Lillie's smiles were full of wiles. And won my heart completely. I lazed in the sunshine Of her friendship given sweetly. But when she found 'twas time I had To spend, instead of money,

"Thomas F., the author of this unhappy little poem, adds a postscript in which he suggests that his sad experience has undoubtedly been the experience of other poor, but honest chaps. Also that "though capable of sitting up alone with his dead," he wishes for the sake of other men that this little "obituary" in his love for Lillian" be published.

The request of poor Thomas is granted in the hope that his publication will do more than warn other men against Lillie. That it may make him realize when he sees the poem in black and white what a very poor poet he is.

With this realization may come the more important one. That he has been wasting his time.

He wasted time in making love when he had no financial resources; he wasted more time in writing a poem about it.

Now that he has had the experience of having "lazed in the sunshine of her friendship," and knows the bitterness of being laughed at, instead of with, he should put the incident out of mind and go to work.

He may resent this, and claim he is working now. I have his own poem to prove that he isn't, for "when she found 'twas time I had to spend, instead of money," tells a tale of idleness; of love-making when one should be at work, of

laying in the sunshine of a girl's friendship when one should be working in the sunshine sent from above.

No wonder she laughed at, instead of with him. Every girl should laugh at the man who doesn't make effort to turn his time into money. And the laugh should have enough of contempt in it to waken the manhood in him, and send him hustling.

He says he is capable of sitting up alone with his own dead. If he can do that all through life he will show a spirit of courage, of unselfishness, and of self-reliance that few men display. The world is full of women who "sit up alone with their own dead" and make no mean; and no one knows it, but it is the natural tendency of a man to call attention to his woe and demand that the world pause, while it gazes with solemn eyes at his sorrow.

Thomas is letting a little incident make him morbid. He has no dead to sit up with beyond the dead that exist in such moments of poetic frenzy as he is experimenting. But he has the living to deal with, and life to face.

And that life will never amount to much if he is content with having more time to spend than money, and sitting around writing poor poetry about it.

The contents of my cup of joy Were changed to gall from honey. Though once my wit had made a hit And roused her girlish glee, Her mirth refused to be enthused, She laughed not with, but at me.