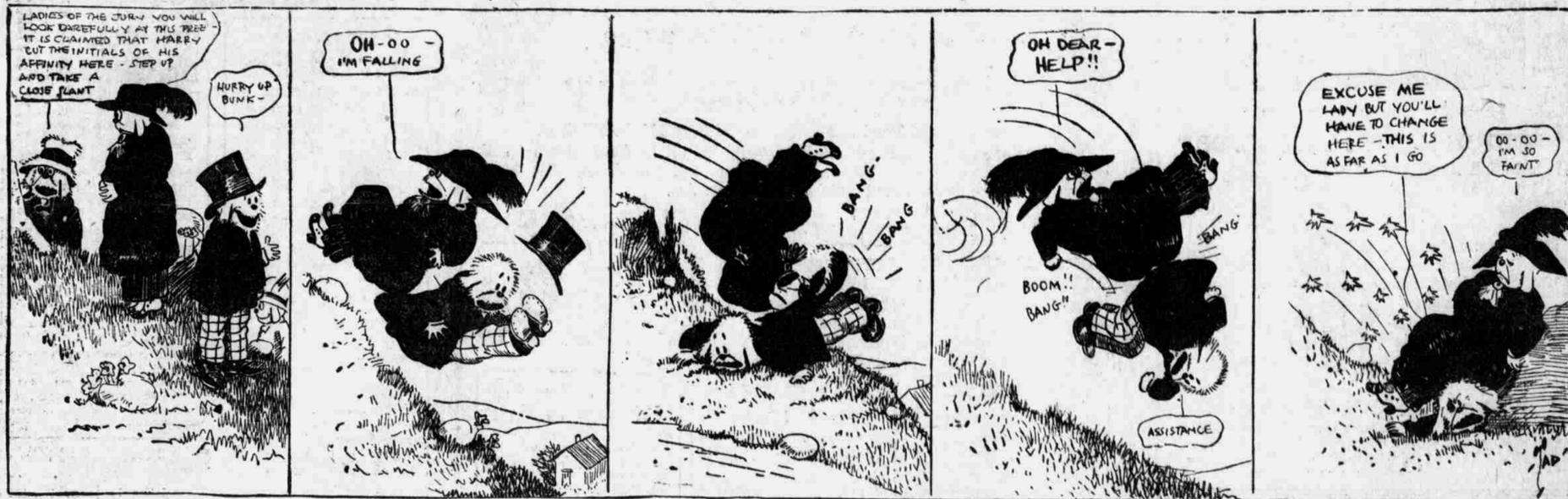


# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT

## The Jury Takes a Slant at a Certain Tree

## Drawn for The Bee by Tad



## Married Life the Third Year

Warren Ridicules the Postcards Helen Has Written to Her Friends at Home.

By MADEL HERBERT URMER.

Helen nibbled the end of her pen, and gazed frowningly at the post card before her. On one side was a picture of London bridge, on the other the address and the "This may be used for communication space."

She had written London, August 2, 1912, but her inspiration ended there. At last in despair, she wrote on at least a dozen other post cards.

"We are having a very wonderful trip. London is a most interesting city. This if written large filled the space. Then she took another card, addressed it to the next name on her list, for Helen had conscientiously made a list of all the people to whom she wanted or felt she ought to send post cards.

This list is always longest on one's first trip. The reason is obvious. The first time you are in Europe you wish all your friends to know it, and send most of your time and money in writing souvenirs. The next time you have more sense. And now, as Helen wanted to send a card to almost every one she knew, the task was most arduous. Letter writing was for her always hard, and post-card "phrasing" was even more so. She never knew what to say. She would anguish half an hour over a sentence for that blank space, which was so small to write anything connected and too large for just "with much love."

When she had written about twenty, although there were many names still on the list, she pushed the cards aside and took out some note paper. She would relieve the strain by writing to her mother.

"London, Aug. 2, 1912—Dear Mother: I know I have written you only hurried notes, but have been so rushed. So am staying in this rainy afternoon to write some letters and post cards that I have been putting off from day to day.

"Well I have seen really a great deal of London in the short time we have been here. Have had to see most of it alone, as Warren has been too busy to be with me. We did go together to Westminster abbey, and I am hoping he will go with me to the tower. But even if he had the time he hates sightseeing so. "However, we go to some different place for dinner every evening, which is really a most interesting way to see the city. There are so many beautiful restaurants here and the food is so good and so cheap. I am sending you one of the menus to show you just how cheap things are. Look at all the vegetables that are only 4d (8 cents). Imagine any of the good New York restaurants putting anything on their menus for 8 cents! And even asparagus is only a shilling. Ninety cents is what they charge at home.

"But I'm afraid I'm talking too much about food. Warren says I would make a good press agent for the London restaurants. I can't help being enthusiastic when I find what delicious things you can get for such absurdly small prices. But perhaps you would rather hear of something else.

"About the stores—I know you will be interested in them. Much to my surprise, I have not found them particularly cheap. So I am buying very little. We have about come to the conclusion that by the time we pay duty the things will cost us more than they would at home.

"Of course, there are some few things you can get much better here—rain coats, for instance. Warren and I each bought one; they are very smart as they say over here, and very well made. British, substantial, solid and thick, is Warren's phrase.

"But I don't care for their gowns. They haven't as much style and are not so graceful as ours. Perhaps I am prejudiced, but I don't think the English women dress nearly as well as we do—at least not on the street. I have bought only one dress here, and that is a little French model—gray blue chiffon. It is very pretty, and I think reasonable—all hand-made and only 9 pounds (45).

and clumsy, and no small sizes. I tried to get a pair of overshoes—"goloshes" they call them, and could not get anything small enough. Said they didn't make anything under size three.

"Warren is having a couple of suits made at a place on Bond street. The cloth, of course, is excellent, but he doesn't seem enthusiastic about the tailoring. Says they want to make everything too tight across the chest, and the work is clumsier than ours. I intended to have a suit made here, but think now I can do better at home.

"Mother, you would be astonished if you could see all the American goods that are on sale in the shops here. Every few counters you will come across a sign of some 'American made' article. And I find, too, that many of the shops are selling American goods as their own. Just yesterday I bought some black silk stockings, and when I got them home found stamped in gilt on the inside, 'Made in U. S. A.' And a few days ago I stopped in a chemist's for a couple of washcloths and a spool of dental floss, and they were both stamped 'U. S. A.'"

"You asked about Warren's business. He doesn't tell me much about it, but I can see he is getting very impatient at the slow methods over here. Says they resent the 'bustling hurry up' of the Americans, and that he can't rush things on that account. But he said yesterday he was trying to have everything closed up in about three weeks, so that we can sail on the last Saturday of this month.

Give my love to father and Aunt Mary. I will try to write them both in a few days. Am sending Aunt Mary a booklet of the Abbey and some post cards.

With much love, HELEN. When this letter was addressed and sealed, Helen took out more note paper and began to nibble at her pen. She must write to Warren's mother. Although she wrote to her on every mail, it was always hard for she could never get over the feeling that Mrs. Curtis's attitude toward her was a critical one.

"London, Aug. 2, 1912.—Dear Mother: Your letter of the 23d came yesterday. Am so glad to hear Winifred keeps well. I am sending her in this mail some hair ribbons. Tried to get the blue ones the shade of the lining on her little leghorn hat, the two-yard piece I thought would be enough for a wash.

Warren says now we will probably sail in about three weeks, but will let you know definitely as soon as—

"Hello, there!" Usually she heard Warren's step in the hall, but now she was so absorbed in her writing that she did not hear him until he opened the door.

"Well, it's a beastly day, all right. Where'll I put this?" holding out a dripping umbrella.

"Oh, wait, dear; I'll take it." "What've we got here?" as he threw himself in a chair and took up the package of postcards Helen had written.

"Who are all these to?" "Oh, to everybody," apologetically. "You know I haven't written any since we've been here."

"Oh, this is rich! Here are three: We are having a wonderful trip. London is a most interesting city. Written that on them all? Did that phrase exhaust you?"

"Oh, don't, Warren—please don't read those!" But he held her off with one hand while he turned the cards over with the other.

"Oh, you did vary this one. 'London is a most interesting city. We are having a wonderful trip.' And here—you exerted yourself on this one: 'London is a very interesting and impressive city. We are having a most wonderful trip.'"

"Oh, Warren, please—please don't read those!" "Didn't you write any. 'This is a lovely spot. Wish you were here.' That covers everything and has a note of hospitality. In it I'd recommend that as the standard postcard sentiment."

"Oh, Warren, you mustn't read any more! I won't let you ridicule my postcards. There was a suspicious tremble in her voice now, and he let her take them from him.

"Written mother?" "No; I was just writing her now. Don't you want to write something, too?"

"Not before dinner. I've had about all I want to do for one day. Get on your raincoat and we'll look up a chop-house. I heard some fellows talking about at lunch. From what they said it must be all right. We'll take a chance on it anyway. Hurry up now—it's after six."

## Ten Ages of Beauty — The Dora Girl

Illustration from Good Housekeeping Magazine for September.



THIS PICTURE, BY NELL BRINKLEY, IS REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION AND ACCOMPANIES AN ARTICLE BY OCTAVE UZANNE, ENTITLED "THE STORY OF FURS AND MUFFS."

What would have happened if Dora, David Copperfield's child-wife, had lived to grow old?

Would she ever have learned to manage her household, her husband and babies, or would she have been eternally inefficient, childish and irresponsible?

The Dora girl will always be a type of feminine beauty which many men will find bewitching, for the very helplessness of her makes an instant appeal to the masculine sense of protection.

There she is, looking out of the window waiting for him to come home. Perhaps he is late, detained by business, or perhaps he has gotten into some foolish scrape and doesn't want to bring his troubles home, because his child-wife is unequal to the burden of sharing them with him.

Possibly they had a quarrel in the morning before he left. Something went wrong in the household, something that she could have avoided, and now she looks out of the window with her tender little heart wrung in an agony of self-reproach, for the Dora girl always reproaches herself when it is too late. Her experiences in life leave no impression on her and she gets no further in life's school, despite the hard lessons she has to master.

She is either light-hearted and sunny or in deepest despair; of her own shortcomings. But generally she is incapable of helping herself out of her troubles or finding the key to her misfortunes.

When the Dora girl makes a success of life, though, she has done more than the ordinary girl would be capable of, for she has had to triumph over herself, over her weak and clinging nature, over her childish feelings and general incompetence. The strong character can hardly understand her trials and her little childish temptations. It is only the Dora woman who has succeeded who can show her the way.

One of these little Dora wives had reached the brink of matrimonial unhappiness, and her feet were already trembling over the dark waters.

By MARGARET HUBBARD AYLES.

Her particular David had always been the most devoted husband, until lately, when he found his home occupied by a mother-in-law, a sister-in-law and various other relations of his wife. Dora had weakly allowed this invasion of her home, and her kind heart could not bear the idea of saying "no" to any of her kin. The consequence was that her husband's home no longer belonged to him, and being a very uncomfortable place he avoided it as much as possible, and Dora looked out of the window and watched for him, until an older woman of her own kind came and pointed out her failings.

## Out of the Ordinary Name

Thousands of newspaper printers and proofreaders will have an interest peculiarly their own in the announcement of the death of Dr. W. J. McGee, the well known scientist and author. Their peculiar interest lies in the typographical difficulty which the doctor has caused them all over the country for the last thirty years. Dr. McGee, through some bit of parental erraticism, was christened W. J. at his birth. In other words, W. J. was his "front name," and not mere initials. Then it was improper to put periods after the W and the J. Very early in life Dr. McGee pointed out this typographical situation to the printer who first set up his name in type. The government proofreaders, especially those handling the publications of the geological survey and the Smithsonian institution, had to be instructed as to the surname. Then it passed to the proofreaders who supervised the printing of the Popular Science Monthly, to which Dr. McGee was a frequent contributor. During the St. Louis exposition the nau-

"You'll have to choose," said the older Dora, "whether it is worth while sacrificing a perfectly good husband to the whim of your own family. You chose him and it is up to you to stick to him. You have virtually given his house away. His wife's time no longer belongs to him, so, naturally, he doesn't come back. If you prefer the others, go with them, but this is a house divided, which cannot stand, and you will be the loser."

And little Dora gathered up her courage and gave formal notice to her relatives that the house was David's, and he would have to come first. They left in high dudgeon, but happiness and David returned.

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lities of Dr. McGee's name percolated out to the newspapers. The Evening Post was one of the first to become aware of the situation, and it has devoted energy to the education of its editorial and mechanical departments on this important matter to run the entire newspaper for thirty minutes. The New York Sun is another newspaper which has paid scrupulous attention to this typographical oddity, but that can't be said of other New York newspapers. One trouble has been that the thing has spread largely by word of mouth. If Dr. McGee had bombarded the printing world with little yellow slips of paper calling attention to the situation, things might have been easier all around. But he never did that. It was an oral tradition, spreading from scientist to scientist, from editor to editor, from proofreader to proofreader. Once learned it was rarely forgotten—but there are such a lot of things to learn in this world, and the doctor added an appreciable burden to the pile—Chicago Post

## Woman to Man

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Woman is man's enemy, rival and competitor.—John J. Ingalls.

You do but jest, sir, and you jest not well, How could the hand be enemy of the arm, Or seed and sod be rivals! How could light Feel jealousy of heat, plant of the leaf, Or competition dwell 'twit lip and smile? Are we not part and parcel of ourselves? Like strands in one great braid we entwine And make the perfect whole. You should not be, Unless we gave you birth; we are the soil From which you sprang; yet sterile were that soil Save as you planted. (Though in the Book we read One woman bore a child with no man's aid, We find no record of a man-child born Without the aid of woman! Fatherhood Is but a small achievement at the best, While motherhood comprises heaven and hell.) This ever-growing argument of sex Is most unseemly, and devoid of sense. Why waste more time in controversy, when There is not time enough for all of love, Our rightful occupation in this life? Why prate of our defects, of where we fail, When just the story of our worth would need Eternity for telling, and our best Development comes through your praise, As through our praise you reach your highest self? Oh! had you not been miser of your praise And let our virtues be their own reward, The old-established order of the world Would never have been changed. Small blame is ours For this unsexing of ourselves, and worse Effeminizing of the male. We were Content, sir, till you starved us, heart and brain. All we have done, or wise, or otherwise, Traced to the root, was done for love of you. Let us taboo all vain comparisons, And go forth as God meant us, hand in hand, Companions, mates, and comrades evermore; Two parts of one divinely ordained whole.

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## What Do You Stand For?

Selected by EDWARD MARKHAM.

James L. Gordon, in "The Young Man and His Problems," runs together homily and story, setting before young men the needs and deeds that make life worth while. Here is the opening of his chapter on "Individuality": "When God would move men, He moves one man. This one God-moved man moves men. Then God-moved men move men for God. And then follows the swing and sweep of a spiritual momentum—a movement—a mighty movement of men; and this is the history of the origin of every movement which has ever biest the world."

"Every man is the incarnation of a thought. There is for each one of us a peculiar and predominant characteristic. In the life of the great man some leading feature of his character is chosen by the people and expressed in a popular phrase or appellation. Gladstone was 'The Grand Old Man,' Wellington was 'The Iron Duke,' Shakespeare has gone down in history as 'the Myriad-Minded,' Luther was 'the Solitary Monk,' General Grant was labeled 'the Silent Man,' Garrison is known as 'the Liberator,' Lincoln has been crowned with the title of 'the Emancipator.' David is spoken of as 'the Sweet Singer of Israel,' while Abraham stands alone as the possessor of the supreme name, title and appellation, 'the Friend of God.' What do you stand for? What is thy name?"

"A wise philosopher has said that we are all alike in one respect—namely, we are all different. Most people are right-handed. Some people are left-handed. It is well we are not all alike. "Napoleon's favorite word was 'Glory.' Wellington's favorite word was 'Duty.' In the making of modern Italy, Cavour stood for a republic; Mazzini fought for a republic, while Garibaldi struck for liberty, and was indifferent to the form of government. "In the American Civil war there came to the front three great generals—Grant, Sherman and Sheridan. Grant could plan a great campaign; Sherman was a great master of detail; Sheridan was built for hard fighting. Every man to his work. "The English Reformation developed two great characters—Wesley and Whitfield; Whitfield the orator, and Wesley the organizer. Whitfield left a name, Wesley left a denomination. "A past generation produced two great prophets—Emerson and Carlyle. Carlyle tried to settle everything, while Emerson tried to unsettle everything. Emerson was like the swabman; Carlyle was like the sephyr. Carlyle was like a cyclone. Emerson dwelt in short sentences; Carlyle spoke in long paragraphs. Emerson was the philosopher and prophet; Carlyle was the prophet and poet. "Great men differ. What a difference in preachers—Guthrie was strong in illustration, Spurgeon dwelt in short, pungent sentences, Talmage was dramatic, Joseph Parker was the incarnation of originality, Beecher was a lover of nature, Luther was the incarnation of force, Phillips Brooks was boundless in his sympathy."

"It is well for a man to know his own forte. The prayer of the Scotch elder was a wise one. 'Grant, O Lord, that I may always be right; for Thou knowest that I am hard to turn.' "Figs Is Pigs, but Tortoise— "The processes of ratiocination of the human animal is something devious," philosophized Bob Woolley, once a prominent newspaper correspondent in Washington, but now reformed and living on his amateur farm in Fairfax, where he divides his time between writing for the magazines and raising an occasional can of tomatoes. "As I boarded the electric car at the Fairfax terminals today the conductor spied a tortoise I was bringing into Washington to a small boy. "No dogs allowed on the car, sir," he politely objected. "But this isn't a dog," I protested, "it's a tortoise." "Well, I'll have to ask the office about it," he finally dodged, and disappeared in to the telephone. "It's all right, Mr. Woolley," he said, emerging a few minutes later and ringing the starting signal, "cats is dogs, and rabbits is dogs, but a tortoise is an insect."—Washington Times.

Queer, but Correct. Prof. Brander Matthews in his quality of philologist said the other day in New York: "The past participle, 'gotten' has gone out in England, though it still lingers on with us. In England, however, 'gotten' is almost as obsolete as 'putten'." "In some parts of Cumberland the villagers still use 'yotten' and 'putten'; and a pupil teacher once told me of a lesson on the past participles wherein she gave her pupils an exercise to write on the blackboard. "In the midst of the exercise an urchin began to laugh. She asked him why he was laughing and he answered: "Joe's put putten where he should have written 'yotten'."—