

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT

## The Judge Takes Luther Up the Line

## Drawn for The Bee by Tad



## Married Life the Third Year

Warren's Rage at the English Laundries Makes Them Late for Church.

By MABEL HERBERT URNER.

"What in thunder's that?" demanded Warren with sleepy irritation. "Wait, dear, I'll see." and Helen, slipping into her dressing gown and slippers, hurried into the front room, at the door of which there was a vigorous knocking.



"It's the laundry, ma'am," as she held the door open a few inches inquiringly. She opened it wider and a large basket was thrust through.

"Nice time to deliver laundry," growled Warren as Helen came back into the bedroom dragging the heavy basket. Haven't they sense enough to know people want to sleep Sunday morning?"

"Haven't they sense enough to know people want to sleep Sunday morning?" Helen glanced at his watch on the stand beside the bed. "It's half past eight."

"What if it is? Got nothing to do this morning," and he turned over heavily. "Draw down that shade there, will you? I'm going to take another nap."

"Why, Warren, we're going to services at St. Paul's!"

"Then go ahead and dress, I'll be ready in time."

"When Helen came in from her bath, Warren was still sleeping soundly. She waited until she was almost dressed before she awoke him.

"Uh!" blinking. "What time?" "It's almost nine now."

"All right. You order breakfast. Tell them to serve it in half an hour. I'll be ready. And hand in those shoes out there, will you?"

"When Helen opened the door to get the shoes she saw several other pairs down the hall. Evidently the English were not early Sunday morning risers.

Helen now went into the front room to do her hair, so that Warren might have the bedroom to himself. When he wished he could bathe, shave and dress in record time. And the breakfast had not yet been served when he came in looking fresh and vigorous from the morning's grooming.

"What's the matter? Breakfast not up?" "Not yet, dear. I suppose everybody has breakfast served in their rooms on Sunday and it takes longer."

"Where's the papers?" "I didn't see any. There wasn't any at the door."

"That's always the trouble over here. It's so infernally hard to get a Sunday paper. It's about time some enterprising American came over and started a daily with a Sunday edition."

"Why, don't all the papers have Sunday editions?" "None of 'em. Didn't you know that?"

"But we had papers last Sunday?" "Yes. The Referee and The Observer. But they're weeklies. Not connected in any way with the dailies. I'll go down and see if I can get one now."

While he was gone for the paper Helen went into the bedroom and opened up the laundry. She spread the clothes out on the bed to count and compare them with her list.

"Oh, there's the breakfast," and Helen hurried in to open the door for the maid with a loaded tray. Then she helped her draw out the little folding table and spread the cloth.

"Where's my dress shirts?" called Warren. "Didn't I have any in this week?"

"Oh, yes, dear, two. I think. Aren't they there? But do come in and have breakfast. We can look at those afterwards."

"We'll look at them right now." Then a moment later, "I don't see any dress shirts here."

"Oh, Warren!" as Helen hurried in to find him pawing over the clothes that were still in the basket. "You're musing everything up. Wait. I'll get them."

"And that's the way they do up a dress shirt," he fumed as he took one over to the light. "Just look at that, will you? Is this one of my new ones?"

"I don't know, dear," anxiously. "That's just what it is—and it's ruined! Well, they'll hear from me about this, all right. I'm not going to pay \$5 for a shirt and have it ruined the first time it's laundered. Look at the way they've ironed those plaits! By jove, they scorched it, too! Where's that other dress shirt?"

"Oh, Warren, do come in and have breakfast first. Everything's getting cold."

"Where's that other shirt?" Reluctantly she found it in the basket, but its condition only increased his rage. "How about your things?" he demanded sharply.

"Oh, they're not done so badly," anxious to conciliate him. "Let's see some of 'em. What's that over there?"

"Just a night gown. And it's only an old one—it doesn't matter."

"Huh, they stick a piece of pink paper under the lace to make you think it's a fine job. How's this? Do you call this done well?" taking up one of her shirt-waists. "How about those tucks?"

"But dear, they've only charged a six-pence for the shirtwaists—bouses! they've called them—and all the laundries at home charge at least a quarter. Your pajamas are only five pence and my night gowns only four pence. You can't expect very good work at those prices."

"Cheap?" Call it cheap to have your clothes ruined? Where's some note paper? I'll write a letter to those people that'll make 'em sit up."

"But not before breakfast," pleadingly. "Warren, everything'll be stone cold."

"But Warren was already in the front room, pushing the breakfast table aside so he could draw a chair up to the desk. Helen sat down to the table, but she had no heart for breakfast alone. She felt the coffee pot; it was already cold. Then she waited resignedly until he turned around with a—

"Now listen to this: 'The Devonshire Laundry, 182 Victoria street, S. W.—Dear Sirs: When I send clothes to be laundered, I expect to have them returned clean—with the dirt washed out, not glossed over with starch. You may be able to do rotten work over here and get away with it, but it won't go with Americans. Now I'll give you another chance to do better with this lot. If it does not come back in first-class shape I'll go over it and send you a bill for the damages. If need be, I'll spend money to collect it and show you up. Very truly,

"What about that, eh? Guess that'll make 'em sit up. Now you bundle those things back the first thing in the morning and this letter with 'em."

He drew his chair up to the table and handed over his cup for some coffee. "Dear, I don't think you can drink it," as she poured it out, "it's all cold."

"Cold? I should say so. Here, ring for that maid. We'll give her a shilling and have her heat it up."

"The eggs were cold, too, and Warren jested on ordering them fresh. "It's Sunday morning and I'm going to have a decent breakfast."

"But it was 11 o'clock before they were through. "Oh, Warren, it's too late now to go to St. Paul's. The services would be over before we could get there. Oh, I'm so sorry you stopped to write that letter!"

## Daffydils

IT WAS SNOWING LIKE SIXTY. ALSO TWAS BITTER COLD. A LITTLE CHEEILD STOOD IN THE STREET CRYING BITTERLY ALONG CAME A STRANGER. HE WORE A GREAT FUR COAT AND A LARGE BLACK HAT. TWAS NONE OTHER THAN SLIM SAM THE SILVER KING. PLACING HIS HAND ON THE LITTLE ONE'S HEAD WHY ARE YOU CRYING LITTLE FELLOW? OH SIR THEY SAY MY FATHER KILLED A MAN FOR SPRINGING—IF MARK LAMB WOULDNT WALK WOULD LEGIE CARTER!

TWAS THE HOUR OF 12 AND ALL WAS STILL. THE GRAVEYARD SEEMED TO YAWN AND GIVE UP ITS VERY DEAD. HA- HA- HA! WHAT IS THIS CRIED WINCHESTER WILFRED AS HE STEPPED FROM BEHIND A TOMBSTONE AND LET FLY AT THREE DUSKY FIGURES STANDING THERE CRASH-BING- ZOWIE- OUT RANG HIS TRUSTY REPEATER AND 2 MORE SAVAGES BIT THE DUST. THE OTHER WRITHING WHERE HE FELL CHIRPED, IF ALL THE WEEDS FORMED A CONSPIRACY WOULD YOU CALL IT A GRASS PLOT?

TREES GROW OUT OF DOORS AND DOORS ARE MADE OUT OF TREES." GENTLEMEN BE SEATED TA-RA-RARA INTERLOCUTOR—HOW WAS IT THAT YOU LOST YOUR TON AS REPORTER BONES? DONES—WHY DE EDITHA ASSIGNED ME TO REPOTE A CONCERT. I WENT AND FOUND DE ENTIAH AUDIENCE WAS ONE MAN BUT HE SEEMED TO ENJOY THE SHOW SO I REPOTED DAT DE CONCERT WAS LISTENED TO BY A LAWGE AN APPRECIATIVE AUDIENCE. DAT'S ALL I WAS FIAMED INTERLOCUTOR—IDONT BLAME HIM. WHAT POSSESSES YOU TO CALL ONE MAN A LARGE AND APPRECIATIVE AUDIENCE. BONES—WELL DE GENT WEIGHED ABOUT 300 POUNDS.

## The Ten Ages of Beauty

Illustration from Good Housekeeping Magazine for September.



THIS PICTURE BY NEIL BRINDLEY IS REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION AND ACCOMPANIES AN ARTICLE BY OCTAVE UZANNE ON "THE STORY OF FURS AND MUFFS."

The face that has character, that is the ideal type of feminine beauty," said the man as he paused before Gainsborough's famous portrait of Mrs. Siddons, the celebrated English actress. "It's all very well to have character, but you can have too much, especially in your face. Character makes one's nose long," said the woman, as she drest powdered hers with a loving touch. It was short. However, the man wouldn't be deterred. "If woman would only model themselves on this wonderful type of beauty, think how superb, how dignified, how magnificent they would be and how men would worship them!"

## Good Counsel to Widows

By DOROTHY DIX.



A few weeks ago a fine and noble man, who was a peculiarly devoted husband, passed into the Great Beyond. After his death, when his strong box in the bank was opened, the topmost thing in it was found to be a letter addressed to his wife. It was a beautiful and tender love letter, telling her of his great affection for her, and of how happy she had made his life. Then, as if he stretched a protecting arm about her even from the grave, he counseled about her future life and the management of her affairs, and gave her the following marvellous pieces of advice. "Don't go to live with any of your married children." "Don't go to live with any of your relatives." "Make a little home for yourself, where you can live your own independent life. Have a place of your own where you rule supreme, even if it is nothing but a room in a hotel. From it you can visit your friends and relatives all you like, but don't go to live under anybody's roof. Don't trust anybody to manage your business affairs for you. Do that yourself. Keep all of your business in your own hands at your fingers' ends. If you find that you can't manage your business, put it in the control of a trust company, not an individual. Don't speculate. Buy nothing but gilt edge bonds. Don't be tempted to buy untried securities because they promise big interest. You can only get a low rate of interest on absolutely safe investments. Never lend money to a relative or a friend. Never go into a business deal with a relative or a friend. Take care of your money. Remember that her pocketbook is an old woman's best friend. Never forget that people do not want a poor old woman about them, and that the only way you can be sure of always being a welcome guest and made much of when you are old and feeble, is to have enough money to make it worth while for people to court you. Don't forget that all through life we have to pay as we go, and when we are old the price is doubled on us. Don't give away your money, even to your children, while you are alive. Expectation of favors to come is a stronger staff to lean on than gratitude for benefits received. These words of advice may well be taken to heart by every widow who reads them, for they are a guide and a sign post, pointing a safe road for her to money that you get."

## The Manicure Lady

"I sure had a great time last night, George," said the Manicure Lady. "I didn't know that anybody could have so good a time in this here big selfish town. I was up to see Mr. and Mrs. McBeth and I didn't get home at all. It was raining when the party broke up, and they wouldn't let me go home at all if I had wanted to go, which I didn't. There was a sweet little girl there named Gibson, from Detroit, and between Mister McBeth's recitations and the rest of the conversation everything passed away lovely. I guess if father had been here he would have passed away as lovely as everything." "Folks don't have any good times in New York," said the Head Barber. "There is too much of the downtown stuff and too little of the old gathering-around-table stuff. I was entertained myself last before last up at a home in Harlem, and every minute I was there, looking at an upstate host and his wife, I was struck out among New York people in general. The town is too big, kiddo, and that's all there is to it." "Wilfred was there, too, last night," said the Manicure Lady. "Poor brother was in fine fettle." "In fine what?" asked the Head Barber. "In fine fettle," replied the Manicure Lady. "You mean in fine fettle," corrected the Head Barber. "You ought to go to a finishing school with some of the tip"