



# The Bee's Home Magazine Page



## SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT



## His Honor's Goat is Gone for Fair

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## Drawn for The Bee by Tad



## Married Life the Third Year

**Warren Fails to Keep an Appointment and Helen is Sick with Fear.**

By MABEL HERBERT URNER.

When Helen entered the writing room of the Hotel Cecil it was twenty-five minutes after six. Warren was to meet her at half past. She took a seat where she could see him as he entered. It was interesting to watch the people as they passed in and out. There were many Americans—how quickly one could tell them.

A pretty American girl and an elderly woman, evidently her mother, came in and sat down near Helen. They were stopping at the hotel, for the girl had a room key which she jingled impatiently. They, too, were waiting for some one.

A few moments later a young Englishman with a top hat, white spats and monocle came hurrying toward them. "Awfully sorry to be late. It's a beastly shame to keep you waiting, but there was a nasty jam in the traffic—the taxi couldn't get through."

Except that he did not suck his cane, he was the exact type of the young English clubman one sees on the stage. Helen had always thought it an exaggerated type but here evidently was a specimen from life. She wondered if he had a title, and if he wished to bestow it on this American girl in exchange for her possible millions. When he drew out a handkerchief strongly scented with lavender, Helen turned away in disgust. How could an girl tolerate a man who used perfume?

In her absorption she had forgotten the time. It was now 6:40 o'clock, and Warren had not come. He was usually prompt, but he said this morning that he had an important appointment at 5 o'clock. And since they were to dine at the Cecil, perhaps, to save time, she had better meet him there.

It was not until after 7 o'clock that Helen was really worried. Surely if he found he was going to be so late he would have phoned her. He could easily call up the Cecil and have her page. Every few moments a bell boy would come through calling a room number or a name, but the name would not be hers.

Perhaps there had been some mistake—perhaps he had telephoned. She went through to the desk and anxiously asked one of the clerks; but after some inquiry he said there had been no message for Mrs. Curtis.

Then with a flash came the thought—could she have misunderstood him this morning? She felt sure he had said the Cecil, but he might have meant the Savoy. Only yesterday he had said they must dine there some evening.

The Savoy was just next door. The two big hotels so near together on the strand were often confused. Suppose he was waiting in the writing room there. She remembered the mistake they had once made in New York, the wretched hour's wait and the spoiled evening. He had said the Forty-second street subway.

## The Paleface Chief

By WEX JONES.

Roosevelt pats papooses.—Dispatch from Blackfoot Reservation. Oh, there's joy all over the Blackfoot camp; the squaws all dance; the braves all ramp; they lash their ponies; they fire their guns; on the biggest spree in a thousand suns. The Blackfeet yell, as the Big Bull Moose playfully pats a plump papoose!

It hasn't come to the tepees yet. That the squaw should pose as a suffragette, But you never can tell in this age of change. What political jolt may strike the range. And so we observe the Heap Big Moose. Pleasantly patting a plump papoose!

Old Sitting Bull was a chief of fame, And Rain-in-the-Face had a bear of a name; Eat-Horse-When-Hungry delights the scribe, And Run-from-a-Grizzly was jeered by his tribe. But never was chief like the Heap Big Moose, Playfully patting a plump papoose!

through the iron grating the loop of moving rope showed that it was slowly coming down. But Helen did not wait. She ran up the four flights of stairs, her trembling fingers seeking the key in her purse.

The door was unlocked. She threw it open. Warren in his shirt sleeves sat reading by the center-table.

"Hello! Had your dinner?"

Then as she didn't answer he asked,

"What's the matter? Can't you talk?"

"Oh, I—I've been so frightened," leaning against the door from sheer weakness.

"Frightened? What about?"

But the strain had been too much. Helen sank into a chair and began to sob.

With a muttered oath Warren threw down his paper and strode angrily up and down the room.

"Now, see here! I'm not going to stand for any hysterics because for once I wasn't Johnny-on-the-spot. I told you I had an appointment at 5, and a mighty important one, too. I couldn't get away—that's all there was about it."

"Oh, but you could have telephoned," she sobbed.

"Telephone where?"

"To the Cecil." "Yes, and with the infernal slow service over here I'd have wasted half an hour. And I didn't have any half hour to waste. I had this man just where I wanted him. We'd gone over the thing thoroughly and he was just about to sign up for a good big block of stock. Think I was going to leave just then to call up any hotel?"

"But afterwards—couldn't you have telephone me afterwards?"

"Didn't get through with him till 7:30. Thought by that time you'd have sense enough to have had your dinner and be on your way home. I got something to eat at a chop house—and came here as soon as I could."

"Oh, then you've had your dinner?"

"Of course I've had my dinner. Any reason why I shouldn't? Didn't you have yours?"

But Helen did not answer—she couldn't. She picked up her hat, which she had thrown on the sofa, and her gloves and purse, which had fallen to the floor, and went into the other room—closing the door after her.

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## The Heavens in October

The great astronomical event of this month will be a total eclipse of the sun on the 10th. It will be visible on a line drawn from near Quito, across South America, to near Rio Janeiro, and thence across the South Atlantic ocean. The longest duration of totality will be one minute and fifty-five seconds.

As a partial eclipse it will be visible throughout the whole of South America, and for a considerable distance on the oceans and seas that bound it. The United States will just get a glimpse of the eclipse at sunrise in Florida and in parts of the adjoining states. Nothing at all will be visible in Omaha.

The days are getting shorter rapidly the whole month, being 11 hours and 46 minutes on the 1st, 11 hours 8 minutes on the 12th and 10 hours 30 minutes on the 31st, the diminution being 1 hour 6 minutes during the month. The sun rises on these dates at 6:21, 6:39, 6:54, and

sets at 6:07, 5:44, 5:24. The sun is 104 minutes fast on the 1st and 16½ minutes fast on the 31st.

Mercury becomes evening star on the 4th, but remains invisible the whole month.

Venus is becoming more conspicuous in the evening sky. Mars is invisible. Jupiter is becoming less and less prominent every evening. It sets on the 15th at 8:12 p.m.

Saturn, however, is in the ascendant. It rises on the 13th at 7:45 p.m., and will soon be well placed for convenient observation.

The moon is in last quarter on the 3d, new on the 10th, in first quarter on the 17th and full on the 25th. It is in conjunction with Venus on the 12th, Jupiter on the 14th and Saturn on the 28th.

WILLIAM F. RIGGE,  
Creighton University Observatory.

## The Power to Go Alone

Selected by EDWARD MARKHAM.

Some of the wisest little gospels a parables now preached in the press to those given the multitude of Frank Crane. From his last collection, "Lame & Lovely" (an echo to Charles Lamb's note this arresting little essay:

"Strait is the gate and narrow is the way that leadeth to eternal life, al-ways there be that find it."—Jesus.

"Let us, at least for the moment, consider this shattering statement of Jesus not as describing the difficulty of getting into any sort of success, efficiency and poise of soul while we live. Look at once, not as a day of judgment decree but as a simple law of our human nature."

"That law is that whoever gauges and models himself after other people is on the road to deterioration and eventual ruin; that all real moral advancement and true success are solitary and along 'the lone trail.'

"Men go to the devil in crowds. One goes because the rest are going. The boy gets drunk because he does not like to refuse 'the fellows.' The politician steals because he hears they all do it.

"In fact, the devil's other name is 'They-all-do-it.' girl becomes bad usually trying to keep step. Almost all vice is social; almost all righteousness that is of any account is purely personal.

"The real gist of any kind of genuine salvation, Jew or Gentile, Catholic or Protestant, is that a man has formed a partnership of two, himself and God, against the universe and all that dwell therein. Saving one's soul is, in its last essence, a sort of a declaration of independence, a sworn allegiance to one's own inner, individual convictions and ideals, and a renunciation of all outside authority.

"This makes plain why the Bible tells us to beware of the world. The world means the mob—other people. The prince of this world is one of the names Jesus gives satan. He is 'Mr. They-all-do-it.'

"When the devil was cast out of the Gadarene swine he confessed his name was Legion. God it one; the devil is the many.

"The truth of this appears in ordinary business. The kind of clerk that is hardest to find is the one who simply does what we ought to do. Says Kipling:

"Creation's cry goes up,  
From age to cheated age,  
Give us the men who do the work  
For which they get the wage!"

"It is a pity, but true as gospel, that the average servant is inefficient, the average mother incompetent, the average business man incapable, the average actor a poor one, and the average preacher a bore.

"In fact, the average of any class of men is below the average, so to speak. The world's work is carried on by make-shifts. If any man will train himself properly and will correctly perform the duties of his calling, whatever it is, he will find that people call him a remarkable person, unusual! extraordinary!"

"If you want to amount to anything, follow the gleam, satisfy yourself and not others; go in for your own self-respect and not the admiration of the crowd. The curse of many a youth is that he has been content to do as well as those about him.

"You have heard possibly many a sermon on 'What Shall I Do to Be Saved?' Here is one on 'What Shall I Do to Be Ruined?' And it is a short one. Do nothing! Follow the crowd. Aim for the average.

"For wide is the gate and broad is the way that leadeth to destruction, and many there be that walk therein."

## The Victorian Girl

Illustrations from Good Housekeeping Magazine for September.

This Picture by NELL BRINKLEY is Reproduced by Permission and Accompanies an Article by Octave Uzanne on "The Story of Furs and Muffs."

By MARGARET HUBBARD AYER.

People talk so much about the high cost of living, about immodest and impossible fashions, that we women frequently forget that we are living now in the very best time that ever was, and are enjoying more freedom than our sex has ever been allowed to indulge in before.

The days of chivalry, with their tournaments of love, their courts of honor and their queens of beauty, had a very seamy side, and women in most ways were little better than slaves.

Before the French Revolution the aristocratic woman of wealth may have queened over her surroundings, but vast numbers of her poor sisters toiled in unspeakable misery and degradation.

It was only after the beginning of the nineteenth century and well along toward the middle of it that women were permitted to have some sort of an education; and it is only of late—that is, in the last twenty years—that some of the idiotic barriers of fashion which have impeded the progress of the sex have at last been ridiculed into the limbo of bygone horrors.

Look at the beauty of the picture. Your mother dressed this way, for this pretty girl is arrayed in the popular fashion of the late seventies.

She trailed a dress which contained from twenty to forty-two yards of material through the dust, for the unhygienic train was necessary to her status.

Outside stood a long line of cabs and taxis. The driver of the one nearest held open the door. She gave the address and sank back on the seat.

The car soon turned from the brilliantly lit Strand and sped on through narrow, dimly lit streets. Never had London seemed so menacing. It stretched before her in a mass of black, unknown streets, which accentuated the apprehensions that filled her mind.

Where in this great, strange city was Warren? What had happened? What would the next few hours bring to her? It was a ride that Helen never forgot. The horror of it stayed with her for days.

When at last the cab drew up she sprang out, paid the man, and in her haste almost stumbled up the steps into the hallway. The lift was not there;

In this picture Miss Brinkley has aptly depicted the ridiculous and uncomfortable style of dress of the Victorian era.

The dress being worn by the beautiful girl in the picture would have consisted of from twenty to forty yards of material, a great deal of which trailed through the dust most of the time.

You may rail against the short hobble skirt, but it is a million times more healthful than these trains, with their yards of scalloped and piped material, and the great, big, bunched-up bustle, which today seems positively grotesque.

Under this frock the girl of the late seventies wore the tightest corsets she could squeeze herself into. A waist of eighteen inches, which is considered too small for the average well-built girl today, would have been laughed at as being far too big for the high-bred gentlewomen of the seventies, who pinched her vital organs into sixteen inches of space, and then wondered what was the matter with her.

On her feet this lady wore shoes at least one size smaller than her foot, for the woman with big feet was desperately mortified, and considered that she must hide them and suffer untold agony in shoes that no sane woman of today would think of wearing.

Comparatively few women wear pads nowadays, and good figures are developed by exercise and athletics. In those days almost every woman wore pads of some sort to simulate the perfect figure which nature had denied her.

The modern girl, even when she has the puff and rat habit, would feel ridiculous if she wore the same amount of false hair which pressed upon the overheated head of the girl of 1879.

To be fashionable in those days one had to risk one's health, and a girl dressed in these garments could not enjoy one-half or even one-third of the healthy pleasures of the girl of today.

Croquet was looked upon as a spirited and almost unconventional game. Today it is almost forgotten. So do styles change. Let us be thankful.

Up the hill the bending backs labored mightily on those rides, but at the crest, where the cut was deepest, the attraction of gravitation changed sides and was with the labor of climbing the hill.

## Away With the Handcar

The Chicago & Alton railroad has decided to banish the handcar and whisk its section hands to work on some sort of motor-driven vehicle. At first blush one might say that this bit of current news is not a matter calling for any extensive overflow of emotion, but if the mature reader will turn his mind back to his barefooted days he will probably recall a time when the railroad handcar was an object fraught with deepest interest.

Was there ever a small boy in a