

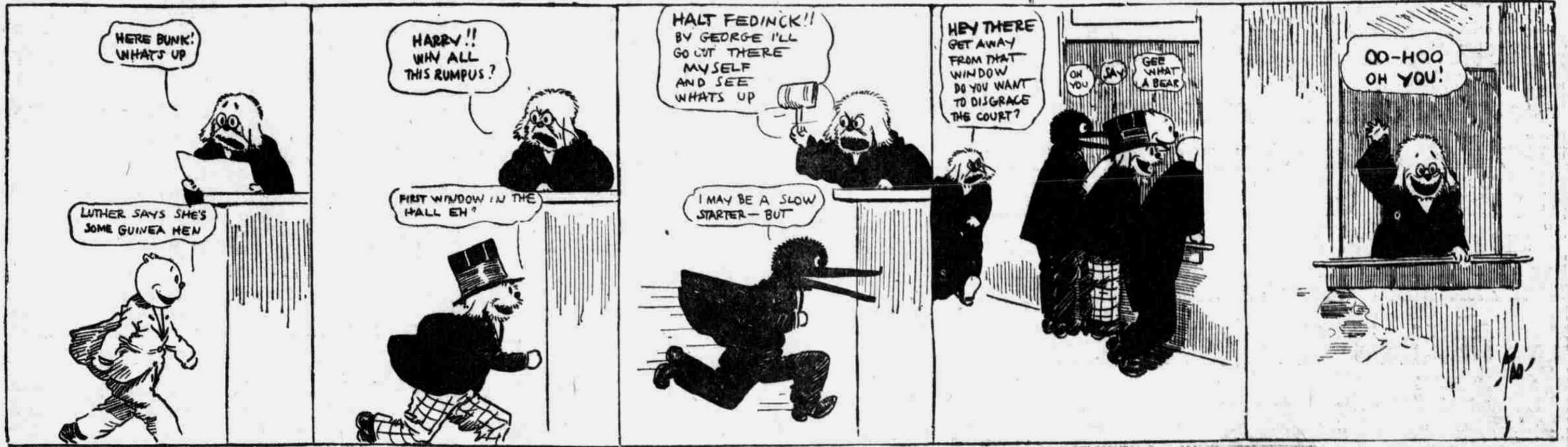
The Bee's Home Magazine Page

SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT

Why Does a Chicken Cross the Street?

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Drawn for The Bee by Tad



Married Life the Third Year

Warren Becomes Irritable and Accuses Helen of Ridiculing Their Hostess.

By MABEL HERBERT URBNER.

"He said the third house from the church," Warren frowned down the tree-shaded street. "Don't see anything that looks like a church."

"Perhaps it's the next street, suggested Helen."

"No, he said the second turning from the station and then 'five minutes walk to the top.' These Englishmen's directions are so blamed indefinite."

"Let's go on a little further—maybe it's up beyond that crossing."

It was a typical English suburban street, with the vine-covered cottages, flower gardens and stone fences.

"Rose Villa, Cedar Lodge, Ivy Manor," read Helen from the gate posts. "I love the way they name their houses here. It's so much more picturesque than having them numbered."

"Well, it's a darn sight more confusing. You know 110 comes after 108, but I'll be switched if you know what comes after Rose Villa or Cedar Lodge. Wouldn't you want the postman's job?"

"Oh there—could that be it? He said gray brick, didn't he?"

"No, that's too pretentious. Boothby's only a clerk on about five pounds a week."

"Why, I thought you said he was a middle-aged man with a family?"

"So he is. But there are a lot of middle-aged clerks in England living on five pounds a week—and they're content with it, too. If a man's a clerk here, he stays a clerk, and he doesn't think he ought to be promoted to the head of the firm."

This was a trait of the English character that appealed strongly to Warren. He often said that "over here servants are servants and they don't expect to be anything else—that's why they're good servants." But Helen could never quite see why lack of ambition should be commendable, and she said so now.

"Ambition? It's not ambition—it's restlessness and dissatisfaction. Who was it said 'America is full of careless young people who want to be great?' Well, he had it just about right. There, isn't that a church?"

The third house beyond it was a plain, little, gray brick cottage, but the garden gave it an air of home.

As they were strolling Saturday, Warren had insisted on their accepting this invitation to tea. Mr. Boothby was only a clerk in the office where he had made his headquarters, but in many ways he had been most helpful and Warren planned to leave some unfinished business in his care.

As they went up the flower-edged path Helen saw that the table on the lawn was already set for tea. Mr. Boothby introduced them to his wife and two daughters. The girls, dressed for the occasion in their best white gowns, were awkward and self-conscious.

It was plain that to them all this was quite an event. Most of the middle-class English are convinced that every American is a millionaire. And the Boothbys had probably looked forward to this tea with much concern and trepidation.

"They were soon seated in the wicker chairs by the little table under the trees. There was no maid and the two young girls passed the tea and toasted muffins with shy embarrassment. Their white dresses were stiffly starched and their blue sashes carefully tied. It was so plainly their 'Sunday best.'"

"These are mighty good sandwiches, Mrs. Boothby," said Warren, as he took another. "Is this anchovy paste?"

"No, that's made from kippered herring. I'm glad you like it. We use that a great deal for sandwiches here."

"You buy it canned?" asked Helen.

"Oh, no, just take a herring, take out all the bones and mince it up with butter and seasoning."

to be antique, was of that unfortunate heavy walnut and marble-top period. A cheap upright piano was conspicuously placed.

When they were all seated Mrs. Boothby said: "Now, Emma, you play for us first."

"To Helen's surprise Emma, shy and self-conscious as she was, rose obediently without a demur. They all waited silently while she selected a sheet of music from the stack on top of the piano."

It was an old-fashioned piece on the order of "The Storm" or "The Battle," with thunderous chords in the bass and reckless runs and trills in the treble. Emma's awkward, unnimble fingers blundered over this as best they could. Mr. and Mrs. Boothby listened with evident pride.

When at last the piece was brought to a tempestuous, discordant end, Helen murmured some few vague words of praise.

"Yes, we think she plays very well," said Mrs. Boothby, complacently. "She's only been taking three years. Marjorie, now you play something for us."

Marjorie, like her sister, went to the piano without a word of protest. Her piece was less stormy, but her execution was equally bad.

Then Mr. Boothby suggested that they play their "duet." And to Helen's horror they took down a thick piece of music and began the "Poet and the Peasant Overture."

Here Warren leaned over and gave Helen a sly nudge, and she turned her uncontrollable laugh into a forced cough. The poor cheap piano groaned and quaked under the onslaught of the four strenuous hands. The loud pedal worked overtime, and when at last they finished both girls were flushed and perspiring from their vigorous efforts.

Helen had no words with which to commend this performance, so she clapped her hands applaudingly, nudging Warren to do the same.

"Yes, we all like that piece," said Mrs. Boothby with the same pleased complacency. "How long were you learning that girls?"

"About three months," answered Emma, who was now fingering self-consciously the end of her sash.

"Oh, what a lovely doggie!" murmured Helen, glad of an excuse to change the subject. She stooped over to pet the fat and aged poodle that now came sniffing around her skirts. The dog ignoring the caress, suddenly sat down and began scratching an elusive flea.

"Go show the lady how you can shut the door, Pughy," demanded Mrs. Boothby. "Go on," as she continued to scratch. "Shut the door Pughy! Shut it!"

Suddenly he waddled over to the half open door, backed up against it and shoved it to, then promptly sat down again in pursuit of the flea.

"Dear, let's go as soon as we can," Helen managed to whisper under cover of the laugh that followed.

But it was fully half an hour before they could break away. They decided to go back by motor bus, and Mr. Boothby went with them down the hill and put them on.

"Well, it's not exactly good form to call on people and then make fun of them," said Warren, curiously.

Helen looked up in surprise. "Why, dear, I didn't mean to make fun of them. 'Sounds mighty like it.'"

"But that music—why you were almost convulsed!"

"Well, I'm not harping on it now. They're mighty fine people, I tell you, and it's devilish bad taste on your part to laugh at them."

"But, dear," helplessly, "I didn't mean it that way."

"Then cut it out. When you accept people's hospitality have the decency not to ridicule them."

Just what had ruffled Warren, Helen did not know. But she had learned to accept these unreasonable outbursts of irritation without argument or protest. She might have recalled to him many instances where he had ridiculed their host or hostess far more severely than she had done now—but she wisely refrained.

A quick side glance showed her that Warren was still scowling.

"Dear, those herring sandwiches were delicious—weren't they?" conciliatorily.

But his only answer was a reluctant grunt.

And as so often before when these fits of unaccountable grumpiness would come over him, Helen could only remain silent. And now she resigned herself to an evening of churlish irritability, which she knew would follow.

Sallyards

I DON'T WANT TO TALK ABOUT MYSELF BUT BEFORE I WAS SIXTEEN YEARS OLD—

NEVADA SAMMY WAS TIED TO THE STAKE. THE FAGGOTS WERE HEAPED UP AROUND HIM AND THE GRINNING WHOOPING RED MEN WERE EXECUTING THEIR FAMOUS BUCK AND WING SPECIALTY PREVIOUS TO EXECUTING SAMMY. DIG CHIEF KUSHQUA SUDDENLY STOPPED THE DANCE AND SPOKE: "PALE- FACE I ASK YOU QUESTION. ANSWER WRONG, YOU BURN. ANSWER RIGHT, YOU GO FREE." "SHOOT" SAID SAM, THEN THE CHIEF ASKED, "IF THE OAK COUGHED WOULD THE BIRCH BARK?" TAKE THIS SEAT OLD LADY.

BARNEY THE EX-SOLDIER WHO SCRAPPED HIS SHINS AT FORT TOTTEN WAS AS CLEAN AS A WHISTLE AND HIS BUNK FOR THE NIGHT WAS A BENCH IN MADISON SQUARE. IT WAS RAINING CATS AND DOGS WHEN THE METROPOLITAN CHIMES PUNCHED THE ATMOSPHERE 12 WALLOPS. A COP WHO HAPPENED ALONG GOAKED BARNEY ONE ON THE SMELLER AND TOLD HIM TO MOSEY ON. BARNEY POINTED UP TO THE TOWER AND HOLLERED, "IN WEATHER LIKE THIS THOSE BELLS IN THE TOWER MUST BE RINGING WET" OFFICER! YOU'RE ON MY FOOT

ALL THE FARMERS WERE AT THE COUNTRY BARN DANCE SILAS KORNON COBB WAS DOING THE GAUSALITO SLIDE WITH YEDOWN MEENIT, THE BELLE OF THE YILICHT, B'GUM PURTY SOON IN COMES HIRAM FOZZLES WHOM THEY CALL HIGH FOR SHORE. HIRAM WASN'T IN A MINUTE WHEN HE BABBLED OUT, "IF YOU WERE TENTING OUT FOR THE SUMMER AND IT WAS HOT, WOULD YOU SAY THE HEAT WAS INTENSE (INTENTS)?" HIST!—TIS THE SNORE OF YON COP

The Hated Mother-in-Law

By WINIFRED BLACK.

So you love your husband and hate his mother. You are perfectly happy with him except when you think of her and then you are miserable.

She lives near you and she never comes across the threshold of your door, nor do you ever go to see her and the one grief of your life is that your husband will visit her. Nothing will keep him at home on "mother's evening," as she calls it.

And she is narrow minded and bigoted, and mean and critical and you hate, hate, hate her, and please what shall you do?

Why, you foolish, foolish, small-minded, bitter-hearted little woman you whatever is the matter with you? Look, look, look back. Are they any insane in your family? Does some relative of yours see the world through the bars of a madhouse? For to be quite plain, that's where such thoughts as those you cherish lead, and that's the honest truth.

Who is she, this woman that you stay awake nights to hate? The mother of the man you say you love. If it were not for her there would be no such man. He has his mother's eyes, his mother's walk and his mother's brain, they say. Why do you hate all these things when she has them and love them when you see them in him?

Jealous? Why she carried him in her tired arms before you were even thought of. She stayed up nights with him and she knelt and held out her arms and taught him to take his first faltering steps, and almost cried for joy to see him do it.

What do you know about love, you poor little jealous-hearted thing? She knows—she knows. She watched him grow then by inch and devisor hour by hour. She knew when he fell in love with you. How? No, he didn't tell her, but she knew just the same. She's a mother—that's how. And she thought what a lucky girl you were to gain the love of such a paragon among mortals, her son, the son of her heart and soul.

She wasn't always old and queer, you know, this mother of your husband. She was young, too, once, and pretty, some say much prettier than you. And she has kept all the letters her boy's father ever wrote her.

Prize, matter-of-fact letters they'd seem to you, but do you know that the queer little old lady you hate reads them over and over, and never fails to thrill over the one with the faded rose pressed in it, and the line of poetry written around the edge of it.

She could tell you a whole lot of interesting things about the first years of married life, if you'd let her. Why don't you do it?

You don't like to be first. Nonsense! A pretty thing like you, why, one smile, one real, genuine, honest smile from you would melt the ice around any elderly heart. Go to see her today, his mother, and go in the right spirit.

Have you finished the first baby clothes yet? Run and ask his mother what she thinks of the new buttoned bands and see what she says about safety pins.

Find out whether she approved of baskets of cribs for little new arrivals. Let her show you the picture of him when he was six months old and had "such wonderful hair, my dear, enough to reach clear across his dear little round head." Find out whether he was subject to colic and what she did for him.

What, no babies—and none wanted? Well, well, no wonder you're in trouble. You've got to have something to take up your time, so you've invented a hatred.

"Dear, dear, what a mistake. A baby would be better, my dear—oh, so much better."

Come down from that high perch—come down and walk among the children and the flowers and the common folk. It will do you good. And, whisper: Stop being a "petted wife" for a while and be just a plain, honest, warm-hearted, forgiving, open-minded, loving woman. You'll be surprised to see how well it pays.

Necromancy

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX. Copyright, 1912, by American-Journal-Examiner.

What necromancy lies in little things! A yellow rose, set in a yellow jar, Smiled through the window of a city shop, And lo! the hot street vanished, and the voice Of blatant commerce suddenly was hushed, I seemed to walk along cool corridors, Where fountains played, the priceless statues gleamed; Out from an alcove tiptoed tender notes, Of harp strings, lightly touched; a woman laughed, And silken garments, kissing marble floors, Exhaled a fragrance, subtle as their sound. No discords marred the harmony of life— Beauty and mirth, and music, made the world. What necromancy lies in little things!

What necromancy lies in vagrant airs! Idle and happy, basking in the sun, Where art with nature holds high carnival. One Summer day there fell upon ear A half forgotten melody. It played My heart out into strings whereon the hand Of Pain thrummed misereres, and the light Spilling upon the earth from flawless skies Was changed, and charged with darkness. From deep graves, Dead Sorrows rose, with mould upon their shrouds; And in the eyeless sockets of their skulls— Burned old despair. The haggard Past stood forth, And hid the radiant Present from my sight. What necromancy lies in vagrant airs!

The Ten Ages of Beauty

The Modern Maid



This picture, the last of this series by Miss Nell Brinkley, is produced by permission from Good Housekeeping Magazine for September.

It accompanies an article by Octave Uzanne, entitled "The Story of Furs and Muffs." In this picture Miss Brinkley shows the fashionably dressed girl of today, and, as pointed out by Miss Ayer in her accompanying article, she is easily the

THE AUTUMN GIRL OF 1912.

Here at last is the most perfect type of beauty—the Autumn girl of 1912. It has taken nineteen Christian centuries, besides all the thousands of years that went before, to evolve this delicate and exquisite flower of the human race, and she shows her gratitude by remembering "the glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome," and borrows a fillet from the one to bind her modern marcelled tresses, and a tunic from the other to wear over her well-corseted little figure. She is the queen of all the centuries; time and history are annihilated for her.

By MARGARET HUBBARD AYER. wears are more perfect than anything Cleopatra could have obtained, for chiffon and liberty velvets are modern inventions. Only the richest and greatest of the earth could afford to wear cloth of gold in olden days. Sabie and ermine were theirs by right of law and power. A "commoner" was punished for dressing like his peers, and no woman was permitted to dress above her station. That may have had its disadvantages, as fathers and husbands will tell you, but the girl of 1912 knows how to cheer up poor old father as he groans over the

ills, and she is no true daughter of Eve if she can't fascinate her husband into signing checks at her command.

and no wonder she wears her frocks and furs and jewels as if they were hers by right. The electric sign reveals in its own glory and never thinks that it does not create its own radiance. But the man who works to earn all this splendor, the men and women who toil at starvation wages to make these wonderful frocks and coats, often ask if it was really worth while, and if she wouldn't have looked pretty in a plain little dress. The ghostly little rabbit by her side looks up in humble admiration. He has sacrificed his very skin for her adornment, and beholds it now glorified as electric seal. He is one of many to contribute his life to make her beautiful.