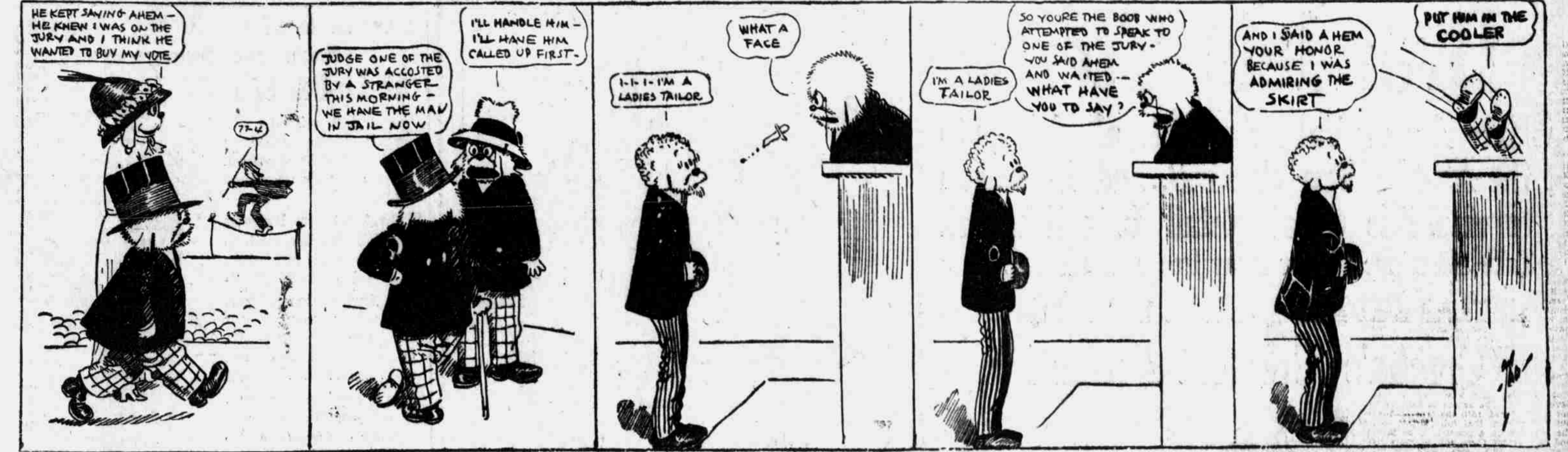


The Bee's Home Magazine Page

SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT

His Honor Handles an Admiring Tailor

Drawn for The Bee by Tad



Married Life the Third Year

The Last Night in London—They Have Supper at a Fashionable Hotel.

By MABEL HERBERT URNER.

Warren leaned out of the cab window and gazed down the blockaded street. "Love, looks like every taxi in London is jammed in around here."

"But we'll soon get through, won't we?" asked Helen anxiously.

"Don't know about that. A mix-up in these narrow London streets is no joke."

Here their cab moved up a few feet. Helen leaned forward hopefully. But the driver was only getting closer into line with those ahead.

"If we stay here much longer we'll have to cut out that supper," glancing at his watch by the light from the street. "Everything closes here at 12:30. It's 10:15 now. That was a long show."

"Twelve thirty? Why, surely the theater supper places don't close that early!"

"I said everything, didn't I? The law here is to close at 12:30 sharp, and it's enforced, too. No getting around it as they do in New York. At 12:30 the place has to be dark and everybody out."

Here the cab moved up another few feet. Helen looked out anxiously. She had so often heard of "supper at the Savoy" that it would be a real disappointment not to go. If only they hadn't left it for the last night!

But at length the policemen untangled the mass of cabs and taxis and they were allowed to make their way through.

When they reached the Savoy, Warren hurried her in and pointed out the ladies' cloak room and the great arched corridor.

"Now you'll have to hustle. I'll check my coat and meet you here in two minutes."

Helen was surprised at the luxurious appointments of the dressing room. There were at least a dozen satinwood toilet tables, arrayed with their silver brushes, powder boxes and hand-mirrors.

The maids were busy checking evening wraps and adjusting gowns that had been disarranged in the theater or the cab. The air was stifling with powder and perfume.

Helen checked her wrap and hurried out to the lobby, where Warren was waiting impatiently.

"Going to have a devil of a time getting a table here," he grumbled as they entered the restaurant.

Large as the place was, every table seemed filled. Helen's first impression was of the brilliancy of the scene. Everywhere were glimmering jewels and bare white necks and shoulders.

One of the head waiters led them through the main room to a small table back in an alcove.

"Can't you do better than this?" asked Warren.

"Afraid not sir. You see everything is taken except these tables back of the posts."

"This is not so bad," ventured Helen. "We can see very well from here."

"All right, then. Suppose there's no use putting up a kick in a place like this. Haven't more than forty minutes, anyway."

"Dear, have you noticed that not a single woman is wearing a hat?" whispered Helen. "Don't they allow them?"

"No you couldn't get in any smart supper place here with a hat. It's only in New York they allow the women to spoil a scene like this with their immense headgear."

Here the waiter placed before them some kind of jellied broth in tall, thin cups.

"What's this?" Warren took up the silver bound supper card, but it was printed in French, and he threw it down in disgust. However, the card was unnecessary for the waiter quickly brought on one course after another. It was the regular after-theater supper, and there was evidently no choice of dishes.

"They've got this thing down pretty fine," explained Warren. "They've got to get you fed and get out by 12:30, so they're not giving you a chance to order. Now, what in thunder's this?" poking disdainfully at a tiny white paper case containing an unknown spoonful. "I'd like to know when they're going to bring us something to eat. So far we've had nothing but these fancy little dabs. I'd like some food."

But plainly the idea of this supper was not to give nourishment, but rather en-

Daffydils

GENEALMEN BE SEATED TO-BA-BA-BA INTERLOCUTOR-WELL GAW WHEN DID YOU GET BACK FROM YOUR VACATION? SAM-I GOT IN NEW YORK ON DE BARGAIN TRAIN DIS MAWNIN. INTERLOCUTOR-ON THE BARGAIN TRAIN, WHAT DO YOU CALL THE BARGAIN TRAIN, GAW-DE 10-59. INTERLOCUTOR-AND WHY IS THE 10-59 A BARGAIN TRAIN, GAW-BECAUSE ITS MARKED DOWN FROM 11-00.

THE UNDERNEER WILL NOW SING-YOU MAYLINGER BUT ILL NAIL YOU AT THE FINISH.

AT THIS HOUR OF THE NIGHT IT SEEMS STRANGE THAT A MAN SHOULD PROWL ABOUT

WHO GOES THERE? ME

AND WHO ARE YOU

IM THE BOOB THAT PUT THE CAN IN KANSAS

HALT!

OUT OF MY BARN YARD! NO COW OF MINE CAN KICK ME AND LIVE

IF THE GUILT HAD A PARTY, WOULD IT BE A BED SPREAD?

IF THE LAMP FELL OFF THE TABLE WOULD THE CANDLE- STICK?

LIVE OAK PETE WAS SQUATTING ON A BLOCK OUTSIDE OF THE LUMBER CAMP PULLING ON AN OLD CORN COB AND DREAMILY THINK- ING OF THE MONEY HE WAS TO GET WHEN HE HAD HIS NON- REFILLABLE CORDUROY PANTS PATENTED. BANG WENT A GUN AND UP JUMPED PETE THINK- THROUGH TIM CAME RUSHING LIKE A TORNADO FROM THE FOREST AND WITHOUT STOPPING AT ALL HOWLED.

OAT ADAR SAYS "NO AMOUNT OF CULTURE WILL MAKE A FAT MAN STOP SNORING IN HIS SLEEP."

The Man and the Horse

By ELBERT HUBBARD.

When Chief Hale and his seventeen fire ladders from Kansas City visited Windsor Castle, King Edward VII, who was a right manly man and a good sport, came forward and shook hands with each, greeting them as equals.

The king made one remark to George Hale which is worth remembering. It was this: "Chief, I love every man who goes up against the game!"

It was the game of life and death to which the king referred.

Really now! Has anybody got any business in the world, after all, unless he is going up against the game?

The march of the world has replaced animal power with gasoline motors, and those wonderful horses of George Hale's have been turned out to grass.

Not long ago one of these horses was brought in from the farm, a horse 36 years old, that had not had a harness on his back for eleven years.

This horse used to pull the chief's wagon. He had the faculty of getting under the shafts quicker than ever any horse did that stood on four feet. He never made a mistake, never a false move. By the time the driver was in the wagon the horse was ready to go, and when he went he went on the high speed.

So, behold the old horse brought in from the country, witnessing again the frills and "trivols of the city."

The horse was barefooted, his mane, tail and fetlocks grown out long and shaggy.

The fire ladders went to work cleaning him up with loving care. The old red wagon of the chief was brought out. The shafts were lifted in the air with the harness hanging. The horse was standing, loose, 200 feet away.

At a signal the gong was sounded and like a flash of light the old veteran leaped for the shafts. A fireman snatched the harness into place.

George Hale watched the whole performance, intending to spring into the wagon, provided the horse had not forgotten his cue.

The horse knew how to do it, but, alas, George Hale, now grown gray, merely stumbled and tumbled forward, threw his arms around the old horse's neck, burst into tears and cried like a baby.

And all the time the old horse turned his head and kept saying in good horse language:

"For heaven's sake, chief, pile in! The whole thing will burn up before we get there. Don't you hear what I say? Tumble into that wagon and we're off."

But George Hale didn't hear—he was thinking of how this horse had carried him to a thousand fires—carried him swiftly and fearlessly up against the game of life and death—and together they had gone round the world and received the approval of a king—and how a horse once taught never forgets—man may!—Copyright, 1912, International News Service.



"My Secret of Beauty Is--Mother," Says Pretty Miss Madge Kennedy

By MARGARET HUBBARD AYER.

It would be difficult to find any one who looks less like the stereotyped actress, or like one thinks an actress ought to look off or on the stage, than little Miss Brown. I mean little Miss Madge Kennedy.

I can't help calling her Miss Brown. Every one does.

"Nobody calls me Miss Kennedy any more," she said as she led me into her sitting room and settled herself opposite me in a great big chair.

"I am Miss Brown to everybody now, but I really don't mind if only they like the play."

"I'm really scared to death to be interviewed," confessed little Miss Brown, and she looked at me with those great big eyes, rather dreading the questions I was going to ask her.

When it dawned upon her that she was to figure as a mine of information on the subject of "How to Be Beautiful," she threw back her head and roared with glee, and was not to be pinned down at all to any methods of diet, or dearsarte, which are supposed to improve on nature.

"You can say that the secret of me and whatever I am that is worth while is my mother," said Miss Kennedy, after awhile.

"She has done it all. I have the most wonderful mother in the world, and it's she who looks after me, who takes care of me, and who sees that I am healthy and happy."

"I'm pretty husky as it is, you know, though I'm afraid the word isn't elegant; it's the only one that applies to my condition of health. I was brought up in California, and everything there seems to grow strong and big and vigorous. Most of the girls are large, for all of them live out-of-doors and ride, drive and swim, and are constantly in the open air."

"That's the worst thing about coming to New York, and living in an apartment. I've never lived in one before, and you know when I first came here I felt as if I was caged like the little country child who was suddenly brought to an apartment, and run wild with joy and down the wide hall all day long, crying, 'Let me out, let me out!'"

"That's the way I felt, for we'd always been used to living in a house with lots of outdoor grounds and plenty of breathing space. It seems a terrible thing to live in a city and not to be able to see the sky. I have to lean out of the window and crane my neck to see the stars."

"If you want me to say something that will be of use to girls," said Miss Kennedy earnestly, "tell them that I think the best thing in the world is to have a young mother or a mother who feels young."

"Now, my mother is young; she just understands me perfectly, and we're more like sisters than mother and daughter. We share everything together, all our pleasures and all our troubles. Now that we've settled here for some time, I hope we're enjoying every minute. When I'm not at the theater or studying music or painting we gad about together and we see every thing."

"I say we're regular tourists doing the town. We've never lived here before,



When the War Drums Cease to Beat

Selected by EDWIN MARKHAM.

Dr. David Starr Jordan, in "Unseen Empire," sums the result of a close study of the financial impoverishment of the masses of the people by war and pomp of war. From these suggestive pages, here are two upon the final ceasing of warfare:

"The passing of war is marked by many conditions, both incongruous and disconcerting. From the standpoint of social evolution, these erratic and fantastic phenomena are all necessary stages in the world-process—the change from the rule of force to that of law. On the one hand we note the persistence of medieval traditions and their consequences, the burden of debt, the unwieldy and ruinous body of armament, the 'war scare,' the overlordship of the 'pawnt-broker,' the sinuous trail of secret diplomacy, the 'Great Illusion' and the 'Mirage of the Map.'

"On the other hand, and parallel with these, we remark the fraternity of trade, the unification of banking, the internationalism of art, science and invention, the steady extension of humane sentiments and the crystallization of world congresses and world courts."

It has been observed that the different nations of Europe have yielded up their sovereignty and that they are now but 'Provinces of the Unseen Empire.' This phrase referred to the subservience of debt, but it is true in another and more honorable sense. They are all in fact but provinces of the unseen empire of civilization. The world has become an intellectual unit. The thoughts of all men are the common property of all.

"In like fashion the world has become an economic unit. The currents of business flow through all nations alike. Whatever disturbs one part of the organism affects all others. The boundaries of nations really signify no more than the boundaries of counties or states. Only our outworn diplomacy and the enmities it engenders serve to conceal this fact.

"It is easy to see that these are days of transition. The past is losing its hold. The future has yet to make its grasp complete. And from the larger point of view we see that these various conditions could not have come together at any earlier stage in the history of the world. A hundred years ago these combinations would have been unthinkable.

"A hundred years hence the combinations of today will be equally incredible. The motives behind our present war preparations will then seem as remote as to us now are the motives behind the great crusades.

"Mankind does not linger over impossibilities. The coat-of-mail vanished from European history all at once, when men realized that it had no further effectiveness. The war equipment of today will disappear scarcely less promptly when men see clearly the changes which have made it futile and absurd. In the fine and true words of Admiral Wilson: 'No matter so trivial that nations will not go to war over it, if they want to go to war. No difference is so weighty that it cannot be quietly settled if nations do not want war.'

"Science has slain war. Rather it has forged the weapons by which war has slain itself. It remains for finance to give it a decent burial."

Dangerous Talk.

"Mother, I wish you wouldn't mention dishwashing when George is calling on me."

"Why not, indeed?"

"I don't like it. It sounds common."

"Common, eh? We have to eat, don't we?"

"Of course."

"And George knows we eat and use dishes?"

"That's very true."

"And George also knows that dishes have to be washed, therefore somebody has to wash them?"

"But mother—"

"What now?"

"If you keep on talking about it George may discover that you make father wipe them, and he may think the same thing is coming to him if he should propose to me."—Detroit Free Press.

Trouble

By WILLIAM F. KIRK.

I saw a little urchin chase a dog across the street; The dog was plainly frightened by the pattering, baby feet. "Be careful, kid," I cautioned, "that's a great big dog, you see."

"What of it?" said the youngster, "can't you see he's scared of me?"

A dog whose name is Trouble barks at every grown-up boy. But barks are only noises—'tis the sharp fangs that destroy. Keep Trouble ever yelping and his roar will be complete, As surely as the urchin chased the dog across the street.