

# 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.

and gazed down the blockaded street.

"Jove, looks like every taxi in London is jammed in around here. But we'll soon get through, won't

we?" asked Helen anxlously. "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 at his watch by the light from the street. "Everything closes here at 12:30. It's 10:55 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 maze 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 down the great arched cor-

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

Helen was surprised at the luxurious pointments of the dressing room. tollet tables, arrayed with their silver plate." brushes, powder boxes and hand-mir-

The maids were busy checking eve- the supper. ning wraps and adjusting gowns that had been disarranged in the theater or

der 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 get-

ting 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

taken except those tables back of the their tables. "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 When, a moment later, the last of the this. Haven't more than forty minutes, lights flashed out, the place was almost "Dear, have you noticed that not a

single woman is wearing a hat?" whis- hopelessly crowded. Helen thought she pered Helen. "Don't they allow them?" would never get her wrap. "No You couldn't get in any smart supper place here with a hat. It's only in black chiffon and diamonds stepped n New York they allow the women to squarely on her toes. "Yes, I hope to spoil a scene like this with their im- see you at Lady Ashton's garden party

Here the waiter placed before them

"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 un- pushed her way out to Warren. necessary for the waiter quickly brought on one course after another. It was the regular aftertheater supper, and there was evidently no choice of dishes.

"They've got this thing down pretty 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. "Td off. like to know when they're going to bring "Huh!" as Warren settled himself back nothing but these fancy little dabs. I'd crowd by now, if they didn't get any

Warren leaned out of the cab window tertainment in the form of many samples of highly decorated and unknown concoctions

> "Huh," grunted Warren, as he eyed the latest morsel of culinary art that had been placed before him. "I' give the whole supper for a good roast beef sandwich. Wager they'll charge enough for it, too," glancing at the supper card. "Supper, 8 shillings," was printed at the bottom. "Eight shillings and all of it hasn't the nourishment of a good plate of soup."

> "Why, that is high, dear. Everywhere else over here we've found the food so good and so cheap, and many of the places have been just as beautiful as

> "Oh, well, we're playing for 'smartness now. This is the joint where London society is supposed to come after the theater, and where Americans go to look them over. See that old girl over there

"Why, she doesn't look like an Amer ican," protested Helen. "Maybe not. Guess they size each other

up some, too." "But the English women do know how to wear evening gowns."

"Of course. That's the only thing they can wear decently. They look like their street clothes are thrown at 'em. But they usually have good neck and shoulders and can trail around in a long-tailed gown all right." "And they dress their hair so grace-

fully; I love the way they coil it low on the neck. They don't wear a lot of bands and aigrettes as we do." "They've sense enough to know it's not

becoming. Who wants to see a woman's hair bristling with a lot of gew-gaws? Makes 'em look like Fiji Islanders." "Oh, look how low that woman's dress is-the one over here in pale blue. Why, Every one does.

Warren, they do wear their gowns cut very low." "Well, I told you English women have good necks and shoulders, and they want to show 'em. Now, what sort of a lozenge is this?" as the waiter placed be-

There were at least a dozen satinwood French cuisine. "Looks lonerome on that the play." But Helen was so absorbed in the scene about them that she hardly noticed

"Quarter after twelve," announced

Warren, glancing at his watch. "They'il the cab. The air was stifling with pow- have to get move on 'em now mighty

"Dear, you don't mean they can clear this great place in a quarter of an hour.' "Just wait and see."

Every one was laughing and talking as tor. It seemed incredible that in a few

moments they must all be out. Now the walter brought the coffee and the bill. And Helen noticed that wonderful mother in the world, and it's waiters all over the room were present- she who looks after me, who takes care ing their checks. The next intimation of me, and who sees that I am healthy was a sudden turning off of some of the and happy.

lights. The room was perfectly darkened. A "Afraid not sir. You see everything is number of parties rose rejuctantly from

> More lights went out. Only those under the frescoed edge of the ceiling were left. Every one was on his feet now and all began moving in a mass toward the doors.

cleared. The lobbies and dressing rooms were

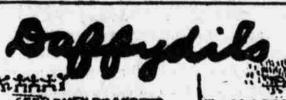
"Oh, I beg your pardon," as a stout lady on Thursday."

But this last remark was not addressed some kind of jellied broth in tall, thin to Helen, but to a tall woman in white satin and silver fringe who was crowded against her. Helen caught many interesting bits of conversation while she waited. Finally she got her wrap and

Then there was another long wait for a taxi. They stood outside while one cab after another were filled and driven away. The silk hats and cape coats of the men, and the long white wraps, satin young. fine," explained Warren. "They've got slippers and uncovered heads of the women reminded Helen of the illustrations

of an ultra-society novel. "Dear, that was really a very brilliant

more to eat than we did. If everything see everything. But plainly the idea of this supper was wasn't shut up I'd stop in a good lunch not to give nourishment, but rather en- room and get a glass of milk."



GENTLEMEN BE SHATED
TA-RA-RA-RA
INTERLOCUTOR-WELL GAM
WHEN DID YOU GET BACK
PROM YOUR VACATION! SAM-I GOT IN NEW YAWKON DE BAHGAIN TRAIN DIS MAWNIN

INTERLOCUTOR- ON THE BARGAIN TRAIN, WHAT DO YOU CALL THE BARGAIN TRAIN 6AM-DE 10.59

THE UNDERTRIER WILL NOW SING! YOU MAYLINGER BUTILL NAIL YOU AT THE PINISH".

IT WAS A DARK STORMY NIGHT THE RAIN CAME DOWN IN TOR-ON A BLOCK OUTSIDE OF THE LUMBER CAMP PULLING ON AN OLD RENTS AS THE BURGLAR WAS SLINKING HIS WAY TOWARDS THE RIVER IN THE SHADOWS OF THE GREAT BUILDINGS. CORN COB AND DREAMILY THINK ING OF THE MONEY HE WAS TO GET WHEN HE HAD HIS NOM-REPLIABLE CORDUROY PANTS SUDDEMLY HE HEARD AN OMINOUS CLICK AND A QUICK AND UP JUMPED PETE THICK THROUGH TIM CAME RUSHING COMMAND GLARING INTO LIKE A TORNADO FROM THE FOREST AND WITHOUT STOPPH

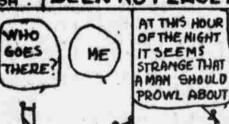
INTERLOCUTOR-AND WHY IS HIS CLENCHED TEETH WHISPERTHE IO SO A BARGAIN TRAIN! ED HOARSELY, SAM-BECAUSE ITS MAHKED IF THE QUILT HAD A PARTY WOULD IT DE A BED SPREAD! STICK?" OUT OF MY BARNYARD!

THE MUZZLE OF THE COPS GAT

HE SPAT OUT THE PILL HE WAS

SMOKING AND HISGING THROUGH

AINT YOU NEVER BEEN NO PLACE!





OAT ABAR SAYS- NO AMOUNT OF GULTURE

IN HIS SLEEP."

WILL MAKE A FAT MAN STOP SNORING

AT ALL HOWLED.

INE OAK PETE WAS SQUATTING

PATENTED. BANG WENT A GUN

"IF THE LAMPFELL OFF THE

TABLE WOULD THE CANDLE-

NO COW OF MINE CAN

KICK ME AND LIVE

# "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

"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, fore them still another mouthful of but I really don't mind if only they like

"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 o 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 delsarte, Helen looked around in wonderment. which are supposed to improve on nature. "You can say that the secret of me leisurely as though time was not a fac- and whatever I am that is worth while is my mother," said Miss Kennedy, after awhile.

"She has done it all. I have the m

"I'm pretty busky 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 cared like the little country child who was suddenly brought to an spartment, and rue'red wildly up 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

understands me perfectly, and we're more of this opportunity. Mother sees that woman who has so intelligently guided like sisters than mother and daughter. I'm busy a good part of the day, that I this pretty and talented daughter, and We share everything together, all our keep up my studies, especially music; oh, kept her healthy, girlish, simple in her crowd," she mused, as at last they drove pleasures and all our troubles. Now that and it's she who looks after my diet. ideas, full of enthusiasm and idealism, painting we gad about together and we

we've settled here for some time, I hope, That's a very important thing, too, isn't in the midst of a career which is not supwe're enjoying every minute. When I'm it? I notice it always figures so much posed to be conducive to any of these us something to sat. So far we've had in the cab, "Must be a pretty hungry not at the theater or studying music or in articles on beauty.



"Now, my mother is young; she just and we're going to make the very most | I'm going back again to meet that

I'm so proud of her, I want everybody after success like that which has at-"I say we're regular tourists doing the to know her," little Miss Brown con- tended little Miss Brown in her short town We've never lived here before, cluded.

things, and where the best balanced heads "I'm so sorry you can't meet her, for are usually lost or completely turned

#### The Man and the Horse

By ELBERT HUBBARD.

When Chief Hale and his seventeen fire laddles from Kanses 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 It was the game

of life and death to which the king referred. Really now! Has

anybody got any business in the vorid, after all, uness he is going up against the game? The march of the times has replaced animal power with gasoline motors, and

those wonderful horses of George Hale's Not long ago one of these horses was brought in from the farm, a horse 36 ble into that wagon and we're off." years old, that had not had a harness on

his back for eleven years. under the shafts quicker than ever any horse did that stood on four feet. He

So, behold the old horse brought in from the country, witnessing again the frills

and frivols of the city. The horse was barefooted, his mane, tail and fetlocks grown out long and

The fire laddles went to work cleaning him up with loving caress. 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 snapped the harness into place. George Hale watched the whole per-

formance, 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 cired like a baby. And all the time the old horse turned his head and kept saying in good horse

language: there. Don't you hear what I say? Tum-

But George Hale didn't hear-he was thinking of how this horse had carried This horse used to pull the chief's him to a thousand fires-carried him wagon. He had the faculty of setting swiftly and fearlessly up against the game of life and death-and together they had gone round the world and renever made a mistake, never a false ceived the approval of a king-and how nove. By the time the driver was in the a horse once taught never forgets-man wagon the horse was ready to go, and may!-Copyright, 1912, International News when he went he went on the high speed. | Service.

### When the War Drums Cease to Beat

Selected by EDWIN MARKHAM.

Dr. David Starr Jordan, in "Unseen | view we see that these various condiof war. From these suggestive pages would have been unthinkable. 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 medevial traditions and their consequences, the burden of debt, the unwieldy and ruinous body of armament, the 'war scare,' the overlordship of the 'pawnbroker,' 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 crystalization 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 phase 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 countles or states. Only our outworn diplomacy and the enmittes it engenders serve to conceal this fact. "It is easy to see that these are days of transition. The past is losing its hold them, and he may think the same thing

Empire," sums the result of a close study tions could not have come together at any of the financial impoverishment of the earlier stage in the history of the world. masses of the people by war and pomp A hundred years ago these combinations "A hundred years hence the combina-

tions 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 the. 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 is 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

"I don't like it. It sounds common." "Common, ch? We have to eat, don't "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?" "What now?"

"If you keep on talking about it George may discover that you make father The future has yet to make its grasp is coming to him if he should propose to complete. And from the larger point of 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 rout will be complete, As surely as the urchin chased the dog across the street.