



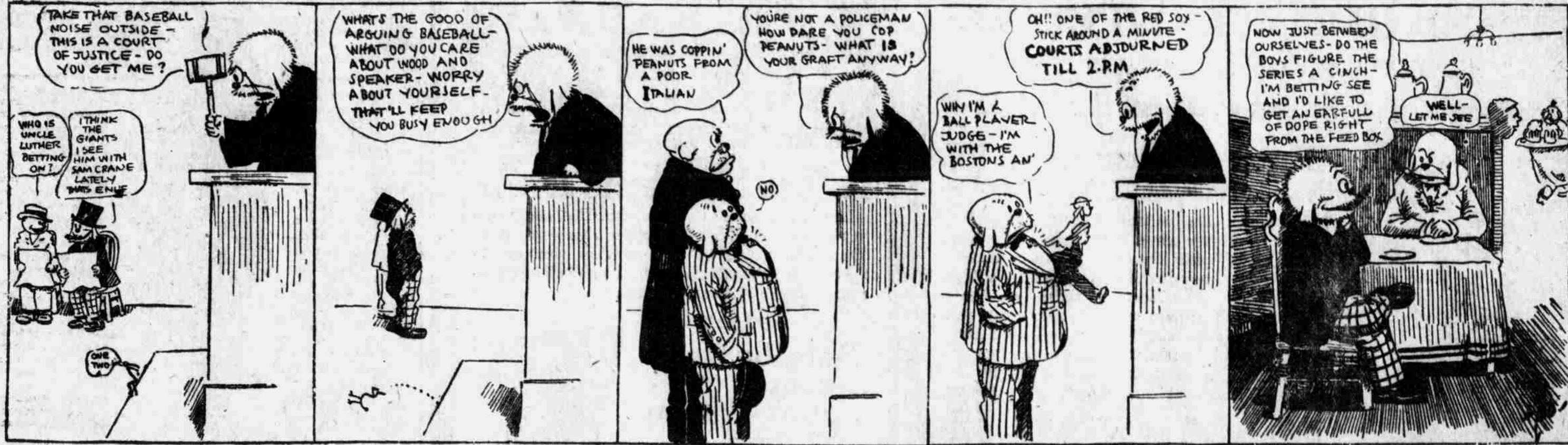
The Bee's Home Magazine Page



SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT

"Keep Your Mind on Your Work," Says Rummy

Drawn for The Bee by Tad



Hunting a Husband

Dr. Haynes Cannot Conceal His Admiration for the Widow and She Begins to Admire Him.

By VIRGINIA TERHUNE VAN DEWATER.

On the way to the hill where stood the Robbins' house Helen explained that she was going to stop at her home and give Beatrice a cup of tea before taking her on to the bungalow which she was to occupy for the summer.

"Dr. Haynes got here with the little girl in time for luncheon," she exclaimed. "and as she was very tired he has insisted on her lying in the hammock on my veranda until your arrival, after which we will take her over to your bungalow. I have ordered tea served just as soon as we reach the house."

"That is kind of you," said Beatrice, gratefully. It seemed suddenly good to be here away from the noise and heat of the city. They passed other equipages containing commuters returning from town, all having the faded appearance common to those who have toiled in offices all day in the heat.

"Really, dear, as Mary and Jack have gone on to the bungalow, I think you would better take me there too. I want to make myself presentable before I am seen by strangers."

"But Mrs. Robbins was determined. 'Indeed, you look all right,' she insisted, 'and there are no strangers at my place just now—only Dr. Haynes, whom you know already. Besides that, we want to have a little chat together, you and I. For now that we are to be near neighbors for some weeks we must plan for some good times.'

"Very well," agreed Beatrice. She would not let her friends guess how uncomfortable she felt at having Dr. Haynes see her in her dusty traveling garb. And yet, after all, what could one expect of a woman who had been for an hour and a half on a stuffy suburban train?

"The doctor himself was on the veranda as the two women drove up to the Robbins home. 'All hail!' he called out gaily, coming forward to help them alight. 'Here is the little princess lying in state in the hammock and almost ready to go home and to bed.'

"He did not ask how Beatrice had stood the journey. All his thought was for the child. The mother bent over her little girl and kissed her tenderly.

Daffydils

A collection of short jokes and puns. Includes: 'THE DASSES WERE FULL WITH TRIS SPEAKER UP...', 'JERRY JAM WAS ON HIS FIRST TRIP TO EUROPE...', 'BOSS DIDN'T FEEL WELL SO I CLEANED THE 12 HORSES...', 'I MADE 50 LBS. OF BUTTER THEN TOOK UP THE CARPETS...', 'GEE YOU'RE A LUCKY GUY', 'YEP NOTHING TO DO TILL TOMORROW'.

Beauty Secrets of Footlight Favorites

Don't Try to Follow the Fashions of the Moment.

By FRANCES REEVE. I am going to give a little advice to women regarding the care of their hair. I feel sure that everyone will agree with me that her hair is one of a woman's greatest charms, and I think it is every woman's duty to take care to preserve it. There are so many women who are not actually good-looking but who possess beautiful hair, which seems to make up for the lack of every other charm.



MISS FRANCES REEVE. I have never craved for masses of hair reaching long past my waist. This is not a question of sour grapes, but because people who possess it have told me how difficult it is to dress, and how it often is the cause of headache. No! I shall be quite contented so long as my hair continues to be moderately thick and long, and shall not worry until I get really old and have no hair, because without my hair I know I shall look hideous. I do now, when it is pulled away from my face.

What Has Become of the American Dude?

What has become of the American dude, the dandy of yesterday? The question has been brought forward by the assertion, just delivered in Paris by M. Le Barry, renowned upon the continent as the best dressed man in Paris. This great beau, actor and matinee idol, has announced that his minimum expenditure annually for clothes is \$6,000.

Agreeability

By ELBERT HUBBARD.

George Peabody, the great American banker, had one thing which will make any man or woman rich. It is something so sweetly beneficial that well we call it the gift of the gods.



The asset to which I refer is agreeability. Its first requisite is glowing physical health. The second ingredient is honesty. Its third is good will.

Nothing taints the breath like a lie. The old parental plan of washing the boy's mouth out with soft soap had a scientific basis. Liars must possess good memories. They are fettered and eyed by what they have said and done. The honest man is free—his acts require neither explanation nor apology. He is in possession of all his armament.

If I were president of a college, I would have a chair devoted to agreeability. Ponderosity, profundity and insipidity may have their place, but the agreeable man keeps his capital active. His soul is fluid.

I have never been in possession of this social radium, so as to analyze it, but I know it has the power of dissolving opposition and melting human hearts. But so delicate and elusive is it that when used for a purely sordid purpose, it evaporates into thin air, and the crust of mask of beauty and the husk of personality.

George Peabody had agreeability from his nineteenth year to the day of his death. Colonel Forney crossed the Atlantic with him when Peabody was in his seventy-first year, and here is what Forney says: 'I sat on one side of the cabin and he on the other. He was reading from a book, which he finally merely held in his hands, as he sat idly dreaming. I was melted into tears by the sight of his dove-like head framed against the window. His face and features beamed with high and noble intellect, and his eyes looked forth in divine love. If ever soul revealed itself in the face, it was here. He was the very king of men, and I did not wonder that in the past people had worked the apotheosis of such.'

The Manicure Lady

"George," said the Manicure Lady to the Head Barber, "have you ever did any crying since you grew up?" "I might have sniffed a little," replied the Manicure Lady's friend George, "but I can't remember it. Why? What's the answer?"

"Oh, I was just wondering if grown up men ever cried much," said the Manicure Lady. "I seen the old gent crying last night and it seemed sort of funny, because he had just come home from organizing a new lodge with some of his brother order joiners and usually, George, after one of them sessions the old boy is as full of sunshine as the aurora parabolis is full of color."

"You mean the aurora borealis," the Head Barber said, by way of correction. "Parabolis is something that they give kids to make them go to sleep." "I guess you couldn't sleep peaceful if you didn't get a chance about once every ten minutes to air your knowledge," said the Manicure Lady, favoring the Head Barber with a glance of supreme disdain. "But, anyhow, I ain't the kind of a girl that lets the vaporing of a whizzer whittler's brain put me off my mental equity, or whatever they call it. I wanted to tell you about the old gent, and so to get back to him.

Big Business as a Pioneer

For fifty years in all America there was no more forbidding place than Death Valley in California. It was a seething desert, insufferably hot, below the level of the sea. Its inhabitants were rattlesnakes, tarantulas and centipedes. Death Valley might well be called Life Valley today, for it has become a thriving land. Business has taken, and is already taking, millions of wealth out of it, a cleansing material that finds a market in every household. Not far away from Death Valley it was found that there were clays that could be used for the making of tiling of the finest kind.

American business works best in cooperation. When many industries can combine, as it were, and each reach out the helping hand to one another, there are achieved the best results. Thus the cleansing substance and the clays brought in their train other things. The demand for water to make life really comfortable in time introduced irrigation, and on the desert's very edge orange groves and fruit farms commenced to blossom. Big business had scored another victory. It had made habitable a region which men once thought was created only to increase the mileage to the Pacific coast. In the big eastern cities today, and abroad, may be seen many men who have become rich through the opening of this new land, though they were not in the original enterprise.—Harper's Weekly.