

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT

Is it Any Wonder that Goats Are Missing?

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Drawn for The Bee by Tad



Word Pictures Didn't Make No Sale

"As we look around us, madam," said the sentimental stranger, "we see the leaves falling from the trees—"

"Well, they'll just have to fall and be done with it," interrupted Mrs. Curfew impatiently. "I suppose you are selling some kind of medicine that will prevent the leaves from falling. In which case you can go and use it, for I haven't the time to climb the trees to glue the leaves on. There's no use opening your satellite to produce a sample bottle of your medicine, mister, and you don't need to tell me about the statesmen and prelates who have indulged in it, for I have made up my mind never to buy another thing of agents under any circumstances. My husband is lying in bed covered with poultices and tincture of iodine because of an agent who came here yesterday pestering us to buy a new kind of a back action stepladder which could be adjusted to any height by pushing a lever."

"He finally made a sale by giving Mr. Curfew a bribe pipe as a premium, and after he had gone away my husband said the pictures needed rearranging on the wall. He was suffering to use that new stepladder, like a little boy with a dumb watch, so he carried it into the parlor and began fussing around with the pictures. Presently I heard him scream, and then there was a crash as though the end of the world had come. I ran into the parlor and there was my husband piled up in a heap on the floor, with that stepladder wrapped around him. It didn't break anywhere in particular. It just broke all over. My husband is lying in bed, as I remarked before, with a broken collarbone and three splintered ribs, and his sufferings are unspeakable. But he would drag himself downstairs, shotgun in hand, if he knew there was another agent at the door."

"He surely was unfortunate," remarked the stranger, "and when you go up to his couch of suffering I beg that you will convey him my sympathy. I, too, have suffered, having once been fed into a thrashing machine by mistake, and my heart goes out in sympathy to your husband. But I am not selling glue. I referred to the falling leaves as a reminder that winter is coming. The north winds do blow and we shall have snow, as the poet says. Are you prepared for winter, madam? Doubtless you have coal in the bin and bacon in the larder and tobacco in the old tobacco box, but have you a supply of Dr. Stenwinder's Oriental ointment? There is nothing like it for frostbites, chilblains, toothache, hay fever—"

"Oh, bother your Oriental ointment! I'll go after you with an oriental broomstick if you pester me any more. Any mention of ointment always brings back the saddest experience of my life. It was last spring, when some sort of rash broke out on my face, and an agent came to the door and sold me a box of ointment which was composed of the most wholesome ingredients, he said. I was to apply it whenever my face annoyed me and

A Wonder to His Wife.
A Missouri lady is trying an experiment. Her husband is a brilliant man, but "languidous." Realizing his shortcomings, the wife is feeding him on fish. Three or four times a week she prepares for him some delectable way. He is showing some improvement and has a marked predilection for water, but being innocent of his wife's motive, continued to eat the dishes set before him.

To her pastor, the wife recently confided:
"You see," soberly, "John is a very remarkable man, but he wastes so much time sermonizing when he should be thinking. He talks altogether too much. To counteract this, I am feeding him fish. During the last two months I have served him with seventeen different varieties of fish cooked in forty-seven different ways."

"Why fish?" asked the pastor, greatly interested.
"Because," replied the wife, "fish is good for thought."

"I see," said the reverend gentleman, "but have you noticed any marked change?"
"The wife's face grew sad."

"Do you know, Mr. Jones, that husband of mine is such a chatterbox that I do believe he could eat the whole that swallowed Jonah and never lose a syllable!"—Woman's World.

Getting Their Fall Titles.
One of the New York representatives to congress told of a social function in an assembly district political club on the east side, where the chairman of the entertainment committee acted as master of ceremonies.
The chairman was very busy introducing the newly arrived members of the club to the guests, who included a number of municipal officers. The representative mentioned was presented in a way to have his official honors with his wife, as "the Honorable and Mrs. Congressman Blank." Next came a couple who were not known to the master of ceremonies, but, after receiving the correct name in a whisper, he announced:
"Mr. and Mrs. Inspector of Hygiene and Paucity and Shop Works Casey."—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Gazette.

In a day or two my trouble would be ended. I put it on the bureau in the bedroom, intending to use it at night before retiring.
"Some people were coming to our house that evening, and I went uptown to buy some refreshments, and while I was gone another agent came to the house and sold my husband a box of some sort of rat poison this was made of phosphorus. He put it on the bureau. In the evening the people came and we sat around in the dusk talking, and presently my face itched and I went to the bedroom and applied some ointment. Of course I got the wrong box and used the rat poison. When I returned to the sitting room the women jumped up and shrieked, and two fainted and one had fits. And it was no wonder, for my face was like a full moon. So if you have any sense you will disperse before I resort to violence."—Chicago News.

Exercise and Common Sense is Miss Dresser's Beauty Formula

"I believe in the very simplest toilet preparations—just those that are absolutely necessary and nothing more. Many people believe that beauty is skin deep, but you know that this is quite wrong. Beauty is a matter of health and temperament. I want to keep well, and I try to keep happy."



THE CHARMING PROFILE OF MISS LOUISE DRESSER.

By MARGARET HUBBARD AYER.
Just before Miss Louise Dresser's act, the obliging young man who runs the moving pictures at the Colonial put on a reel that is the correct term—showing Miss Dresser working hard with a medicine ball.

It's a very illuminating reel, because it illustrates beyond question or doubt what a beautiful woman Miss Dresser really is, for you can't look like much in a moving picture unless you are really and truly handsome and young, and it shows how Miss Dresser stays beautiful despite her hard work on the stage.

Miss Dresser was making up when I went behind to her dressing room to ask her what she did besides throwing the medicine ball to retain her health and good looks.

"Don't know, I don't do any of those weird things that are supposed to keep you beautiful, and that people insist all actresses must do, in order to preserve

what looks they've got," said Miss Dresser, looking at me candidly, while she paused in the act of leading her eyelashes, which means putting big lumps of black paint upon them.
"I believe in the very simplest toilet preparations—just those that are absolutely necessary and nothing more. Many people believe that beauty is skin deep, but you know that this is quite wrong. Beauty is a matter of health and temperament. I want to keep well, and I try to keep happy."

"Really," concluded Miss Dresser, as she made a perfect cupid's bow over her lips with red paint, "really keeping amiable and lighthearted is half of the battle."

"But what about the medicine ball?"
"Oh, that," said Miss Dresser, "I got it to keep me from stagnating, as so many people do around the stage. There are hours at a time when there is nothing to do, and especially if you are on the road in a town where you have not

friends or acquaintances there is no way of killing time, and too much time is bad for anyone, isn't it?"

"When I was out west one time, the manager of the theater happened to catch me while I was tossing the medicine ball about the stage, which I did every morning for at least an hour."

"Why do you do that?" he asked.
"So's not to get rusty," I answered laughingly, and then it keeps me in good condition, and I avoid even the fear of ever getting fat."

"Why don't you tell our women about that?" said the manager. "Invite them in, and I will," I answered, and the upshot of it was that I gave a lecture every morning to the women of that town, taught them how to throw the medicine ball, how to wake up naturally and physically, and the danger of stagnating or slumping."

It was time for me to go if the star was ever to get on the stage in time, and I reluctantly withdrew.

Daffydile

THE MINISTER IS A PAIRER AND THE POLICE MAN IS A PEELER

EVERYBODY OWED HAWK SHORE JOE MONEY THE RENT WAS DUE AND THE ONLY WAY HE COULD GET MONEY WAS TO DIS UP A CARD GAME AND PLAY FOR A HUNDRED. JOE COLLECTED THE BOYS TOGETHER AND THEY QUARTERED FOR A NICE QUIET GAME. THE FIRST HAND DEALT JOE SAID 500. FOR THIS HIS KNOB CONNECTED WITH A LEG OF A TABLE. IN A HALF AN HOUR HE SAT UP AND HOLLERED, "IF COUSIN JANE WAS COMING FROM HOSHKOSH ON THE 4-15 TRAIN WOULD THE TAXIMETER?"

ZEKE ZOWIE FROMDOWN BANGOR WAY IS VISITING IN NEW YORK. ZEKE SAYS BANGOR FOLKS DON'T DRINK ANYTHING EXCEPT FOR MEDICINE BUT THERE'S QUITE A LOT OF SICKNESS THERE JUST NOW. ZEKE SAT IN THE PEANUT GALLERY AT A BROADWAY SHOW AND ENLIVENED THE PROCEEDINGS BY HOLLERING OUT, "IF I HAVE FEET HAVE MOSQUITOS?"

OUT OF MY BARNYARD! NO COW CAN KICK ME AND LIVE

GENTLEMEN BE SEATED TA-RA-RA-RA INTERLOCUTOR-SAM, YOU SEEM TO BE THINKING DEEPLY ABOUT SOMETHING. SAM-YES MISTAH DAUNDERS. I WAS JUST THINKIN' HOW IMPORTANT A MERE ATOM SOME TIMES IS. FO' INSTANCE AN ATOM HELPED TO WIN DE BATTLE OF WATERLOO. INTERLOCUTOR-HOW WAS THAT SAM-WHY WHEN DE CRUCIAL MOMENT ARRIVED DE DUKE OF WELLINGTON CALLED OUT TO HIS REGIMENT-UP GUARDS AND ATOM. AND DAT CHANGE DECIDED DE FIGHT DROP THAT OYSTER AND LEAVE THE WHARF!

Deadheads Done to a Turn

Some time since we quit giving advertising to those who are able to pay. We have opportunities every day to give away space, but all of these fine chances are now declined with thanks. Several fair associations have furnished us with entertaining stories about their amusement enterprises, asking that we kindly give them several dollars' worth of space that others pay for. Also there would be included two complimentary tickets.
Now, we have tried complimentary tickets, fried, scalloped, on toast, and smothered in onions, but found them unpalatable in every style. Chopped fine, they might make good breakfast food, but we have no chopper. And at the end of the week we are unable to unload them on the pay roll, the obstreperous employees seeming to prefer cash. And so much of the time in days gone the help got all the money, leaving the boss to subsist on complimentary tickets and

commendatory resolutions. It's a poor diet, and we quit it some time since. A base ball team will pay rent for grounds to play on, hand out money at the drug store for a ball, give the hardware store the price of a bat, fork over to the clothier the cash for a suit, lay down the coin for a pair of shoes, and then ask the newspaper to donate sufficient space to get out a crowd.
A church society will give a chicken pie supper, dishing up a bunch of antiquated hens in indestructible crusts, and the newspapers give sufficient free advertising to bring out a crowd of customers. Maybe they say "Thank you," and maybe they lay down a couple of tickets. In the latter case it is nine chances to one that when Mrs. Jones sees the editor approach, her nose curls into a pretzel, and she says, spitefully, "Well, there comes Deadhead Brown to sponge two meals off of the church."—Wellington (Kan.) News.

THE MAGICIAN

A chilly draught came through the closed window and the sharp cannonading of raindrops driven by a northeast wind sounded against the pane.

Within the room was noisy chatter, and some one drummed a ragtime air on the piano. Loud voices joined in the refrain, and then the song ceased. The guests moved toward the supper room.

Passing where I sat, a woman spoke a single sentence.

I do not even recall the words; the sound, not the sense reached me.

But a curious change seemed to take place in my environment.

The too splendid furnishings of the metropolitan drawing room faded from sight and the sharp cannonading of the northeast rain ceased.

I saw wide casements opening upon green lawns.

A full moon was shining sumptuously in the arched skies, and a woman clothed in white with floating daperies of ashes of roses walked along the garden path, leaning on the arm of a courtly man.

They paused midway in the garden, and the woman placed a slender finger upon the one crimson spot in her gloriously pale face. Then

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By Ella Wheeler Wilcox

both looked toward a stately tree from which fell a silver shower of song, the incomparable song of the southern nightingale, the mocking bird.

Everywhere there was a subtle, elusive smell of magnolia blossoms.

The woman and the man walked on and found a seat under a spreading tree.

She lifted her eyes to his face, and he looked down upon her, and in both faces love shown, as radiantly, as softly, as sumptuously as the full moon in the midsummer skies.

And as silently.

In the whole world was nothing but love and beauty and the song of nightingales and the scent of magnolia blossoms.

All this necromancy was performed unconsciously by the lightly uttered words of the woman who passed by me where I sat; the woman who had come north from below the Mason and Dixon line, bringing with her the magic of her southern voice.

The guests flocked back from the supper room, there was chatter and laughter, and I was again in the too splendid drawing room of a great metropolis, listening to the cannonading of the northeast rain driven by a cold wind against the window pane.

Changing Seasons

By WINIFRED BLACK.

"Honk, honk," they are flying South, the wild birds. Last evening, deep in the purple mystery of the gathering dusk, I heard them. "Honk, honk," they cried far, far above the circling hills; "honk, honk," flying South.

"Goodbye, Summer," cried the wild voices of the flying birds; goodbye, Summer, goodbye, goodbye. Farewell, sweet springing flowers; adieu, long days of idle pleasure. Goodbye, light laughter of the flying hours under the Summer moon. Life, time is going, play time is passing, the roses have packed their fluffy ruffles and departed, the poppies hang their heads in the quiet garden, the tall hollyhocks are not quite so straight and tall as they were.

Gone are the delicate wild flowers on the hills and in the valleys and meadows and the wild red lily flaunts her beauty in place of the shooting stars and the wake robins that lived there just a little while ago.

Goodbye Summer, goodbye. The jeweled humming bird that has fluttered to and fro in the hop vines, threads his shimmering needle less often now. I wonder if all his tailoring is done.

The birds have all gone, they went a week ago except such as stay by choice around the houses where people live, and last night there was a party of falling stars.

Wh-!-!-!-z, the first one flew across the purple of the autumn sky like a silver pendant falling from the robe of some great court beauty decked for pleasant dalliance. Wh-!-!-z, another followed, wh-o-o-o, there goes the third, why, it's a regular fireworks of a night,



and the Milky Way, how soft and fair and white it gleams, a broad pathway across the heavens, leading—where? I wonder. The Little Girl had never happened to remember a feast of falling stars before.

"Oh," she cried joyously, "oh! it is a message, someone is sending us a signal. Yes, yes, we see, we see, but oh, we do not understand," and the Little Girl spread her slender arms wide and held them open to the glory of the night, and the mystery of it.

"Oh," she sighed, "if we only knew what they are trying to tell us, if we only knew," and her soft eyes grew large and luminous, and she was silent for a long time.

I told her the best I could about the stars and their ways and about the great shining planets that roll on and on in space, and do not even know that we are here at all, and our tiny little whirling globe, and she listened with widening eyes and cheeks that glowed with soft excitement and vital interest.

"Oh," she said, "we are so little, and they are all so big, no wonder I get lonesome sometimes and don't know what I am lonesome for."

Goodbye, summer, goodbye, goodbye. The stars are purple on the ridge back of the little cottage where we lived this summer, the ridge where they saw only three nights ago a wild cat leaping from rock to rock, and heard him purring in the moonlight like some giant tabby.

The golden rod shakes out his yellow pennants to flaunt in every vagrant breeze; the milk-weed pods are full, and the stiff Spanish bayonets are sharp as the ingratitude of the one we loved and trusted.

The thistles shake their crowned heads in every by-path, and in some green valleys, high above the rest of the world, there stand the dandelion sentinels, all white with age.

Puff, puff, does your mother want you?

What time is it, dandelion. Puff, puff, go sow your yellow button seeds for the coming of next spring.

Puff, puff, the air is white with the wool of the cottonwood. Goodbye, summer, goodbye.

How stiff and prim the dahlias stand; look at that red one with the double ruffle around her old maid's cap. Why she wouldn't speak to you without an introduction for all the world, and all the watering pots in it.

How shy and delicate the cosmos beside her, blue, pink, white, faint yellow, butterflies changed to flowers, the last offering of summer.

Goodbye, sweet summer, goodbye, goodbye. I have learned much during the drowsy days, much that ought to make the world a brighter place for those who find their happiness through me. May I never forget any of that I have learned.

Here is fall whistling down the road, rusty, ruddy, open-eyed fall. What a great boy of a customer, he is, anyway, th's fall, with his shoulder cap of russet, and his shoes of yellow and his throat-latch of scarlet and brown.

See, his arms are full of fruit and of strange, brown woods? How they will burn in that friendly fireplace in the real home in the city?

What's that he carries on his back? A sheaf of books? To be sure, we've almost forgotten how to read out there—in the shade and the moonlight of lazy Summer, and crowding behind him at his very heels, what a horde of kindly faces, old friends every one.

Coming home to the everyday life of work and strife and endeavor and accomplishment, and love you, sometimes I think, almost better than luxurious Summer.

There's a glint of frost in your hair. So looks the old friend of my heart, tried and true, the one I can trust with the secrets of my life.

There's a sparkle of splendid vigor in your eye. So looks, or so should look the man and the woman who are getting into the Fall of the year of life.

Vigorous, friendly, sane, kindly, the hot hates of the youth of Summer passed, the wild wishes of the winds of Spring forgotten, or only remembered with a smile.