

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT

There's No Such Thing as a Cinch
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Drawn for The Bee by Tad



Married Life the Third Year

It is a Sultry Night and They Go to an Open Air Moving Picture Show.

By MABEL HERBERT URNAER.

"Through?" Helen nodded, and he beckoned to the waiter for the check. Usually Helen enjoyed the change of a restaurant dinner, but tonight she had been almost too tired to eat. All day she had been in the throes of packing. They were to move Wednesday. This was Monday, and they had gone out to dinner because most of the kitchen things were packed and the whole apartment upset.

Warren took his hat from the boy at the door and passed on, calmly unconscious of that youth's resentful stare. "Never tip 'em unless they've got pockets," was his creed.

He pushed Helen through the revolving door, and for a moment they stood outside gazing down Broadway with its myriad of flashing signs.

"Which way? Want to go over and take a bus-home?" "Let's walk up here a few blocks first," proposed Helen. "We don't have to go back just yet, do we?"

"No, we don't," assented Warren, heartily, for he too had visions of the disheveled apartment. "But I've walked about enough for one day, let's go somewhere where we can sit down. How about this? Want to go in here for a few minutes?"

He paused before a place gay with highly colored lithographs. "Admission 10 cents" read the sign over the ticket window. A huge billboard stood in front. "Today! The outlaw's Revenge!"

A girl in a pink evening dress with flowing yellow hair was bound to the tracks, while around a curve an express train came sweeping down upon her.

"Why, Warren, this is a moving picture place!" "Well, what if it is? Not too good to go to a picture show, are you? Some of them have mighty good pictures."

Helen had, of course, seen moving pictures in vaudeville, but she had never been to the regular 10-cent "movies."

As Warren thrust his hand into his pocket and approached the elaborately outfitted and blonded lady at the ticket window, Helen hastily drew him back.

"Oh, dear, let's not go in here—at least not tonight," apologetically. "Why not?" curiously.

"Oh, I've read they're so crowded, I'm afraid it would be so close in there—it's so warm and sultry, anyway."

"Well, what about an open-air place? Lots of those uptown."

In a few minutes they were on the elevated speeding Harlemward. Even though Warren had only a general idea of where to go, they had little trouble in finding an "outdoor show." Helen was amazed at the size of the place. The whole of a large vacant lot had been used.

There were rows after rows of rough board benches. At the end was a platform with the huge white-sheeted screen, and a young woman strutting popular airs on a long-suffering piano.

Evidently they entered just at the end of a wild-west stretch, for a group of cowboys were throwing a rope over a limb, while beneath stood a young man (of the hero type) with his hands bound behind him.

entry. Discovery of theft. Group of bank officials bending over ledger. Guilty clerk at desk, unsuspected. Next a letter on the screen—a bank president's son asks father for \$50 loan. The son suspected. Arrested. Stern father refuses to shield him. Prison scene, banker's son visited by his fiancée. Then the girl seeks detective and implores aid. Detective follows clerk. Finds him betting on races. Clerk arrested—confesses. Banker's son liberated. Touching scene—father repentant, consents to wedding.

"But dear," whispered Helen, "why don't they have more realistic stories? The pictures are so good, they're so steady and so wonderfully taken. But it's all so unreal."

"Don't want realism in a place like this, romance and melodrama is what they're after. Most of these people get enough realism at home! But I do not to a hundred-dollar butler in a thirty-seven-dollar flat!" as a new picture showed the interior of what was evidently a cheap Harlem apartment.

A young woman seated self-consciously at the piano, while a solemn-faced butler, who would have graced a Fifth Avenue mansion, brought in the mail and with haughty dignity laid it on the cheap looking table.

"That's great," laughed Warren. "Butler goes well with golden-oak installation house furniture! I'll wager this is supposed to be a millionaire's home—they're always a scream!"

And even Helen could not help laughing at the absurdity of a butler among such furnishings.

The next was another western story. More cowboys and pistols and galloping ponies and the inevitable western girl in her slouch hat, short riding skirt and leggings.

"Huh," grunted Warren. "If the automobile drives out the horse, they'll always breed 'em for moving pictures."

And all the time the girl at the piano was grinding out pathetic or lively airs to suit the character of the scenes. Helen wondered how she could keep it up, how long she had played that day and how much longer would she have to play. Plainly the management thought the music gave an atmosphere to the pictures, and so it was continuous.

"Had about enough?" asked Warren. "But just then there flashed on some scenes from India. 'Washing the Sacred Elephants in the Ganges.'"

"Oh, wait, wait, I do want to see these. This is really wonderful!"

So steady and clear were the pictures that one could see the sides of the hugh beasts rise and fall with each breath, as they lay patiently submissive while the half-naked natives crawled over them, vigorously scrubbing their thick creased hides.

As they passed out Helen was enthusiastic in her praise of the last pictures. "Don't you see, dear, how interesting and instructive it was? Why don't they have more like that—travels and scenes from foreign lands?"

"Cause they're not popular. These people want their emotions stirred. 'But in all these cheap melodramatics—the situations are so impossible. Why don't they have something more real.' Helen persisted. "Something that could actually happen?"

"You'd better write out a few scenarios," sarcastically. "They bring big money—\$50 apiece."

"Well, I think I could write something that would be more real than these hair-breadth escapes," insisted Helen stoutly. "Just a simple story of everyday life—I'm sure it could be made more interesting, at least to women."

"That's all very well in theory," scoffed Warren. "But these things have to be acted by action. The action must be darned obvious, too—obvious and psychology don't go. And there has to be something doing every minute. Guess if you had to write them for a living you'd be mighty glad to fall back on the pistol and the forged check."

The Unexpected. "Esra, the man who saved your life by pulling you out of the water yesterday is at the door."

Daffydils

DENVER DUG AND GALERA GUS WERE CRACKING A SAFE. DUG DRILLED THE HOLE AND INSERTED THE EXPLOSIVE WHILE THEY TALKED AS CARE-FREE LIGHT HEARTED MEN WILL. "SAY GUS, SAID DUG, IF A FELLER BOASTED OF CRACKING A SAFE AND GETTING AWAY WITH IT WOULD HE BE A SAFE-BLOWER?" GUS PONDERED OVER THE QUESTION. THEN ASKED THOUGHTFULLY "CAN A ROPE STRETCH WHEN IT'S TAUT?" YES REPLIED DUG MERRILY. IT CAN STRETCH BUT IT CAN'T YAWN. ONLY GUS AND ABYSSUS CAN YAWN.

GENTLEMEN BE SEATED TA-RA RA-RA JAMBO-MISTAH HAYDEN DO YOU KNOW ANY REASON WHY JAMES RYAN SHOULD BE EVADIN' DE POLICE INTERLOCUTOR—I DO NOT. IN FACT I DON'T KNOW JAMES RYAN WHO IS HE SAMBO—I CAN'T TELL YOU WHO HE IS BUT WHEN I WAS COMIN' TO DE THEATRE TO-NIGHT I SAW A SIGN IN FRONT OF A STORE DAT SAID. JAMES RYAN, SKINS AND HIDES. I WONDAN WHAT HE SKINS AND HIDES FOR GRANDPA! TAKE YOUR WHISKERS OUT OF THE CUSTARD!!

HAW, HAW, HAW, LAUGHED PERCY FROM DEAR OLE LUNNON: WHAT'S THE JOKE ASKED BOWERY JAKE. THAT CHAP OVER THERE JUST GOT OFF A DEVED CLEVAH THING DONTCHA KNOW, SAID PERCY. HE SAID, IF A WOMAN SHOOS HENS WHAT DOES AN OVERSHOE? JAKE DIDNT CRACK A SMILE. HE LOOKED AT PERCY DISGUSTEDLY AND REMARKED, SAY, IF AN AEROPLANE LANDS ON THE GROUND WHERE DOES AN ELECTRIC LIGHT AUNT JANE!! HERES YOUR SNUFF

Ashamed of an Old-Fashioned Mother

By WINIFRED BLACK.



I saw her at a theater party the other night—the mother who is afraid of her own daughter. Poor thing, she looked miserable, and no wonder. Daughter sat in dressed to kill, and front of the box mother sat in the shadow, scared half to death for fear she would say something wrong or not say something at the right minute. Daughter kept a polio gazing for mother. She laughed when she did it, but she laughed just the same. "Mother doesn't approve of this," said daughter, when a half-naked woman leered across the footlights and made eyes at the men in the box with daughter. "Mother is scandalized," and mother to do her justice, was scandalized, and she couldn't help showing it, though she did her very best to look pleased and amused. "Mother likes problem plays," said the daughter. "Just a little, for malice, when she can do alone or with some old lady friend, and they can both cry and say how mean men are and how sorry they are for the abused heroine. But what she really loves is 'Mother and the Three of Us,' and 'Uncle John Whitecomb,' and things like that, with 'Trabes' and somebody doing a hymn somewhere in the first act." And the half-grown hobbler in the box with daughter roared with laughter. "I do not," protested poor mother, blushing the color of the roses that daughter carried; and daughter giggled and looked her half-veiled contempt, till every one who saw the party and realized what it meant felt like taking daughter out somewhere and giving her a good, old-fashioned spanking.

Ashamed of mother, and making fun of her to hide it! I'd like to see a girl of mine try any such capers while I was young enough to hold my own head up without a trained nurse to help me do it. Ashamed of mother? Why? Because mother doesn't smoke cigarettes, and can't bear cocktails, and doesn't like risky stories. Ashamed of mother because mother wasn't "in society" before she was married, and never heard of a butler till she married father and they grew rich together.

Ashamed of mother because she likes peppermints instead of chocolates, and prefers cream in her tea instead of lemon. Poor child, poor child, I do hope the time will never come when the mother you are ashamed of will have to be ashamed of you.

Human nature is just the same here in town that it was when mother was a girl in the little village where she was born. She has seen you act exactly as the girl acted back home who ran away with the circus clown and came back disgraced for life.

Mother may not know what the French song the half-naked person is singing means, but she knows what the young fellow with you means when he leans over you and laughs with that look in his insolent eyes. Mother is funny, isn't she, and out of

down on one knee in offering his hand to a woman, though that was the accepted fashion years ago. Men who took this humble position before the lady of their heart, were quite capable of being brutal and cruel to her after marriage, and modern times, which have brought a little less chivalry, have opened woman's eyes to the hypocrisy which it so often concealed.

Miss Eleanor Mullin, who is a practical young business woman, says: "The ideal proposal should combine sentiment with a sense of practical responsibility. It is no longer sufficient to say, 'Oh, come with me and be my bride.' The modern man must be able to add, 'I can support you.' Though, of course, this rather sordid element should be cloaked in the proper words and hinted at rather than expressed.

"Most men dread proposing, because they are afraid it makes them ridiculous. One man of my acquaintance is so morbidly afraid of ridicule that he says, 'The only way I can ever propose is to lock myself in a vault, for I should say so many ridiculous things that I won't want anybody to hear me.'"

But how about the 'best' girl? She wouldn't be able to hear either. Anyhow, this man is still a bachelor. Now I am anxious to know what the men as well as the girls consider an ideal proposal of marriage.

What is the Perfect Proposal of Marriage?

Women Tell How Bashful Young Men May Win the Girls They Love.



We don't expect the man to go down on one knee in offering his hand to a woman, though that was the accepted fashion years ago. Men who took this humble position were capable of being brutal to her after marriage.

By MARGARET HUBBARD AYER. What is the perfect proposal? If your 'best bean' were to offer you hand and heart, as of course, it is expected that he will do, in what way should he propose? How should he word that little speech which is to make you happiest among women? Every girl dreams of what her first proposal will be like, and usually that episode is wreathed in all the poetic and romantic fancies of which her imagination is capable. If you should have your choice, in just what setting, under just what circumstances and just how would he propose? Would it be a proposal in a Robert Chambers, the seething and glowing kind, set in a most expensive brocade and perfumed environment, redolent of high society, or would it be a simple Mary Wilkins-like effect? Would it be a proposal over the telephone? Readers of this newspaper are asked to help find the ideal proposal. To start off in the search and more or less to encourage the bashful, I asked

three well known women what their idea of the ideal proposal would be. First, I went in search of Mrs. Arthur A. Brooks, the president of the Gotham club and a member of scores of other clubs. Mrs. Brooks is a handsome brunette, with flashing blue eyes, and one can well believe that she's had much personal experience and in an excellent judge of what a good proposal ought to sound like. "The ideal proposal," said Mrs. Brooks, "is one that's accepted, and where there is never any regret. But you oughtn't ask me such questions; I have a grown-up son, you know, and it's a long time since I thought of anything like that. However, I heard the other day of an interesting proposal, which would appeal to those who like unique adventures. "A young man and a young woman had been friends for a number of years. He had never proposed to her directly, though it had been generally understood that they were well fitted to each other and would probably marry. "Suddenly, out of a clear sky he telegraphed her about as follows: 'Let me know what day and hour you will be at the door of your hotel. The cave man

of the woods will swoop down and carry you away by the hair of your head.' "She wired back, 'Three o'clock on Tuesday,' and lo, and behold, exactly at 3 o'clock she stood at the door of her hotel, which was really a magnificent colonial mansion, with a garage that held three automobiles, and everything that could be desired. "Her suitor arrived in his automobile, and they set out to find a clergyman. On their way they met her grandmother out driving. 'Come on, grandmother, I'm going to be married to this cave man from the woods,' cried the girl. "Of course, the grandmother thought they were joking, and said she had a very important call to make on a sick friend. "But we're really and truly going to be married," said the young couple. "Well, children, if after all these years, you've at last gotten as far as that, I'll postpone my call and come along with you," said the grandmother. "Eventually they found a clergyman and were married." "And did they live happily ever after, Mrs. Brooks?" I asked. "They haven't begun yet. I saw him

a couple of weeks after the wedding and asked him how his bride was. He said, 'Oh, she's still troussing,' as the proposal and the marriage were so nearly simultaneous that she had no time to attend to that very important item—her trousseau. "However, they thought they were most romantic, because they alluded to their home as novel, and he felt that he had all the chivalry of an impetuous young Lochinvar and some of the fascination of the cave man. "I remember a long time ago a personal experience with a millionaire who had made his fortune mining. He worded his proposals always in the same manner: "When will Anita share —'s hut?" "He wrote it in letters and sent it by wire, and for a long time he got no response at all, though he probably wondered why a proposal that sounded so romantic should be met with absolute silence. "A millionaire's proposal should not be taken too seriously; he should be given plenty of time to change his mind; it's better that he should do it before than after marriage?"

While Mrs. Brooks' young suitor aimed to be romantic, Miss Mabel Hill, artist and teacher declared the man who tries to be chivalrous and only succeeds in being ridiculous. "Certainly we don't expect a man to go