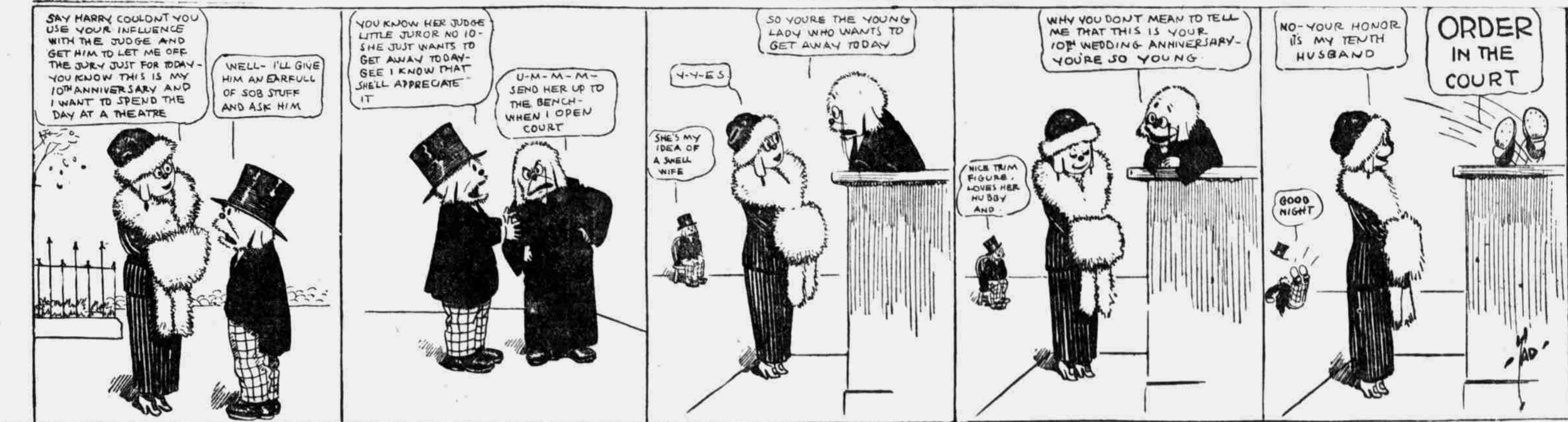


The Bee's Home Magazine Page

SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT You Can't Judge a Chicken by the Parsley 'Round the Dish Drawn for The Bee by Tad



Hunting a Husband

The Widow's Gloomy Day in the Country is Brightened by Some Pleasant Anticipations.

By VIRGINIA TERHUNE VAN DEWATER.

Day dawned dull and gray on the morning following the Minors' arrival at Pleasanton. Beatrice, awakening late, heard the drip, drip of rain from the eaves over her window, and turned upon her pillow with a sigh of disgust. The sentence, "As gloomy as a day in the country," came to her mind. She wondered who had ever said it to her. Then she remembered that Robert Maynard had once used the expression and that she had laughed at the earnestness of it. What could be more dreary than such a day as this? Her first in this summer resort? She pondered upon Dr. Haynes' sudden appearance last night, trying to decide whether his manner had been the result of professional interest or mere pity for a lonely woman. Somehow, this morning, the whole affair seemed flat, stale, and unprofitable.

The sound of Mary in the kitchen at the other end of the bungalow was carried to her ears. In the small building, finished in wood throughout, with no plaster to muffle the sounds, a step on any of the floors could be heard in every room. From Mary's vigorous handling of the pots and pans this morning one would infer that she was as gloomy as the day. The acrid odor of kerosene smoke startled the mistress of the house, and as soon as she was dressed she hastened to the kitchen.

"Did I smell kerosene, Mary?" she queried suspiciously. The maid's flushed face attested to the fact that she had been having her own troubles with the range.

"Sure, ma'am, it's years since I've made a coal fire and I've had a fierce time of it this morning. So I just put a little kerosene on to hurry things along a bit. There wasn't any fire in the stove when I poured in the fuel."

Beatrice looked grave. "It's a risky thing to do," she warned. "You know, I suppose, that if it could be proved that you used kerosene in your range no insurance could be collected if the house burned down."

"An' what's the difference, seein' the house don't belong to you?" remarked Mary, with the inconsequence of her kind.

Beatrice did not wish to continue the argument, and arouse her maid's combative spirit, so after a gentle request that she be very careful, she returned to the children's room to assist them in their dressing. Both Jack and Jean were in ecstacy at finding themselves in the country and their spirits were not damped by the information that they could not go off the veranda until the rain ceased.

The downfall lasted all day, however, and for a while domestic matters indoors seemed as unpromising as the weather outside, for, soon after breakfast, Mary sought out her mistress with an account of her range troubles. She found that unless she had a very hot fire in the kitchen she would get no hot water with which to wash her dishes. But this same big fire, she claimed, would make the small kitchen unbearably hot.

"If we only had some way of heating water in a pot on top of the range without havin' a fire in the range itself!" she wailed.

After the maid had returned to the kitchen, Beatrice moved by the necessity for advice telephoned to Helen Robbins and proceeded to pour forth her tale of woe. Helen, always practical and quick-witted suggested that Beatrice and Mary bring up from the cellar an oil stove which the former inmates of the bungalow had always used during the summers.

"Mary can heat water for the dishes on that without the discomfort and work of a coal fire," she explained. "But, of course, you will not have hot water in the boiler for your baths."

"Oh, never mind about that," replied Beatrice. "After all," she added, sarcastically, "what is the comfort of an entire family compared with the conveniences of one maid?"

Helen laughed sympathetically. "Well, dear," she said, "you know we all have to put up with that kind of thing out here. I am sorry that your first day should be so damp and dismal. What are you going to do this afternoon?"

Henpeck on His Travels

"Dan" Sully, the former cotton king, was talking on the piazza of his hotel at Watch Hill, R. I., about matrimony.

"You can easily tell," he said, "whether or not a man is happily married."

"How can you tell?" a guest demanded.

"Well, for instance, there was a chap came up here from New York in June to engage a room for himself."

"I only want a small room," he said, "for the month of August, while my wife is traveling in Europe."

"So I showed him a small room; but he said:

"No; my wife wouldn't care about this. A good view, you know, isn't essential. Haven't you something cheaper?"

"I showed him a smaller, cheaper room, but he shook his head.

"My wife," he explained, "doesn't think I need to be on one of the parlor floors. Haven't you got an attic room?"

"I showed him the cheapest, smallest room in the house.

"How much is this room," he asked.

"I mentioned a very low rate.

"Oh, dear!" he said, frowning; "my wife thinks I ought to get a room for half that."

"Then I looked the poor chap right in the eye.

Daffydils

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TAMBO—WHY, A LITTLE GAL OF SIX YEARS HELD UP A TRAIN OUT WEST.
INTERLOCUTOR—OH, COME NOW, TAMBO, SURELY YOU DON'T EXPECT US TO BELIEVE THAT A CHILD OF SIX YEARS COULD HOLD UP A TRAIN OF ABLE-BODIED MEN AND WOMEN.
TAMBO—AH NEVAH SAID NUFFIN ABOUT HOLDIN' UP A TRAIN OF MEN AND WIMMIN SHE HELD UP A BRIDES TRAIN AT A WEDDIN'.
WOOPS BY GOSH!!
THERE'S A RING AROUND THE MOON

CHIC LOVED MUSIC BUT HE COULDN'T PLAY A NOTE. HE SAW A SALE OF PHONOGRAPHS ADVERTISED SO HE WENT DOWN AND BOUGHT A DOZEN RECORDS. HE TOOK THE MACHINE HOME AND SELECTING ONE OF THE RECORDS HE READ THE NAME ON IT 'SILVER THREADS AMONG THE GOLD.' SURE THAT'S A GRAND OLD SONG. I'LL PUT IT ON. HE PUT THE RECORD ON WOUND UP THE MACHINE AND STARTED HER OFF. A GENTS VOICE SQUEALED, "IF DOGWOOD HAS FLEAS HAS MAHOGANY?"
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ATTENTION!
FORWARD MARCH!
SAY WHY DON'T YOU MARCH?
FOR WHY?
WHO DO YOU THINK YOU ARE ANYWAY?
IN THE BOOB THAT PUT THE NECK IN NECKTIE

Florence Moore Tells "How to Be Beautiful, Though Ugly"



MISS FLORENCE MOORE

By MARGARET HUBBARD AYER. "Get right along out of here," said Miss Florence Moore, as she pushed her life and stage partner, Mr. Montgomery, out of the dressing room at the Broadway theater, New York.

"I am going to be interviewed on 'How to be beautiful, though ugly,'" Miss Moore perched herself on a trunk as big as a touring car, and I sat before her to take account of stock, so to speak. She had had time to wash off her makeup, but I had not yet been able to realize just what kind of a person was the girl who is called the funniest young woman on the stage.

You see it was like this: From an aisle seat in the theater I had watched Miss Moore pick up Hanky Panky and walk off with it. In the slang of the stage, with a physical vitality which seemed extraordinary for a person of so slight a build. She acted her scenes with whirlwind quality that takes your breath away, and she had been genuinely whimsical and irrepressibly funny.

In the first act, in a weird trosserette costume, anyone else but Miss Moore would have been vulgar, but some indefinable quality keeps her from erring in this way and a preposterous sense of humor with a spontaneity which seems

"No matter how you feel about it, or what you really look like, the laughing, humorous face, even if it isn't strictly beautiful, is the face that people like to look at in a preference to the sad-eyed, despairing beauty."

"But do you think a sense of humor can be cultivated?"

"Yes, I do, and I think it should be part of their education. If women would learn to look on the funny side of life, that side would grow, and they would see more and more funny and amusing things to interest them. Often when I go on the stage, feeling down, as one is apt to do, I see someone in the audience that strikes me as funny, and I begin to laugh and a whole lot is lifted from my shoulders."

"Nobody knows what I'm laughing at, and I suppose they think it's part of the show, but sometimes I catch sight of those stern people who come to the theater with the firm determination not to be amused, and not to think any joke funny. They sit there with the expression that says 'I dare you to make me laugh.' I always take the dare, and nothing gives me more joy than to bring a reluctant, shame-faced grin on such a face."

"Where did you get all your strength from, Miss Moore?" "You certainly don't look robust."

"Do you know I'm not the least conscious of it, until I come off and look over my gown, which is generally in shreds after the performance. This dress tells the story of how hard I work," and Miss Moore looked ruefully at her spangled frock to put her finger through numerous tears that bore witness to that evening's strenuous performance.

Though we were getting on nicely in a conversational way, I hadn't found out yet what was the secret power in this extraordinary young woman who can make a big audience laugh at her antics on the stage, and who is so earnest, so simple and unaffected, so anything but comic in private life.

She was still sitting on the touring trunk, brushing her long mane of hair, which unlike ordinary theatrical hair grows on her own head and not on the dressing table.

"Miss Moore, do tell how you do it. Your life is harder and more strenuous than that of the average woman in the audience. You have to be keyed up to a certain pitch every night to get your audience, and yet you don't look tired; in fact, you look younger off the stage than you get to. Now, confess, what you do when you get to this theater feeling that you haven't any vitality or any strength to work with, and yet knowing that you must play your part with all your usual vivacity?"

Miss Moore looked at me with those deep, penetrating eyes from which all mirth and roguishness were banished and said:

"I pray. I'm a Christian Scientist and it often happens that when I get out before that big audience and feel my strength oozing from me, and my audience getting away, I just stand there and pray."

"I may be saying a joke with my lips, but right down in the bottom of my heart I'm praying for strength."

There was no need of questioning her any further, for despite the fact that she is known as the funniest woman on the stage, the secret of her power which will be the secret of health and youth as long as she needs it, is a deep and spiritual one, which preachers and lecturers talk about.

The Manicure Lady

"This is a funny sort of a world," said the Manicure Lady. "Today we are here and tomorrow we are in the Klondike, as one of them poets once said."

"What's the matter now?" asked the Head Barber.

"Oh, Wilfred got sore again the other night," replied the Manicure Lady. "He was saying something about writing a comic opera and father told him he ought to be able to write one, seeing what a joke he was himself. I don't think the old gent ought to stink the harpoon into brother so hard. The poor boy is only a poet, and I guess, George, that he is a kind of a minor league poet at that, seeing that he can't get none of his stuff into the papers, but that ain't any reason why the old gent should get after him so hard. I think a son ought to be a true friend to his father, but when a father calls his son a joke and says that a man can't be a poet when he has a head shaped like a hubbard squash, I guess that the son has a right to object. How is a hubbard shaped, George?"

"All I remember is that it ain't round, but kind of big at one end and small at the other. I don't think it is right for your father to compare your brother's head to a hubbard, because from what poetry you have shown me of his I don't think his head is big anywhere."

"That's where you are wrong, George," said the manicure lady. "Wilfred's head is too big altogether. He has one of the biggest heads for a young man that was ever set on two shoulders. That's the real trouble with him, George. He thinks that when it comes to writing poetry he has Milton and Mister Dante looking like two deuces, and you know as well as I do, George, that ain't any way for a young man to think that never got no poems published except a few in a flour and feed trade paper."

"Well, what is all the chatter about?" asked the head barber.

"Oh, nothing much. I was just talking to you, George, so that there would be something running through your empty head. The way I came to mention the thing at all was that Wilfred showed us a lyric that he thought was going to be the best lyric in the comic opera he is going to write. Listen to it:

"The moon is shining on the lake, And you into my heart I'd take— If you would swear by all the stars, Including the planets such as Mars, That you would be my love, my queen, You are the best I ever seen."

"I don't blame your father for bawling him out," said the Head Barber. "A kid that would write a thing like that and call it a lyric ought to be shot."

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