

# 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.

morning following the Minors' arrival at credulously. Pleasanton, Beatrice, awakening late, she had laughed at the aptness of it. a good humor. What could be more dreary than such a day as this, her first in this summer heartily. For the moment she was thinksudden appearance last night, trying to brother, Paul, of whom Helen had said result of professional interest or mere bachelor. pity for a lonely woman. Somehow, this stale, and unprofitable.

The sound of Mary in the kitchen at his rubber boots on and send him right the other end of the bungalow was car- along. I'll send Tom over with the covried to her ears. In the small building, ered carriage for you late this afternoon, finished in wood throughout, wih no and return the small boy at the same plaster to muffle the sounds, a step on time. Do not bother to dress for dinner, any of the floors could be heard in every for there will be only ourselves here for room, From Mary's vigorous handling of that meal. And the men who may come the pots and pans this morning one would over this evening will not expect to see infer that she was as gloomy as the day. city togs in this unfashions The acrid odor of kerosene smoke startled the mistress of the house, and as soon Beatrice. "Do not send for me too early, as she was dressed she hastened to the for I would like to see my little girl

queried suspiciously.

fact that she had been having her own ing." troubles with the range.

a coal fire and I've had a fierce time of careful about the child last night. I wish when I poured in the fle,"

to do," she warned. "You know, I sup- wake you." pose, that if it could be proved that you "Thank you!" said Beatrice meekly,

"An' what's the difference, seein' the their dressing. Both Jack and Jean were she had the chance to do so? in ecstasy at finding themselves in the Then she listened once more to Helen's

The downfall lasted all day, however, and for a while domestic matters indoors gain." Mrs. Robbins was saying, "And seemed as unpromising as the weather I am grateful to this persistent rain for outside, for, soon after breakfast, Mary preventing Uncle Henry's weekly visit sought out her mistress with an account to Pleasanton today. of her range troubles. She found that unless she had a very hot fire in the kitchen heart she knew that she spoke the truth. 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 with-

After the maid has 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- came up here from New York in June to witted suggested that Beatrice and Mary engage a room for himself. bring up fom the cellar an ell stove which the former inmates of the bunga-

low had always used during the summers is traveling in Europe.' "Mary can heat water for the dishes on that without the discomfort and work he said: of a coal fire," she explained. "But, of "'No; my wife wouldn't care about Florence Moore, as she pushed her life Now funny women are very seldom certain pitch every night to get your

the boiler for your baths." "Oh, never mind about that," replied Beatrice. "After all," she added, sar- but he shook his head. castically, "what is the comfort of an | entire family compared with the conven-

iences of one maid?" Helen laughed sympathetically. "Well, dear," she said, "you know we all nave 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?" "Nothing." replied Beatrice, "except sit half that."

around and get the blues." "Nonsense!" ejaculated her friend, the eye. "Make up your mind to come over here about 5 o'clock and stay to dinner. Uncle Henry was coming out, but he never Louisville Times. comes if it rains for"-with a giggle-"the dampness gives him rheumatism in his poor old bones. I would not ask you if he was to be here, for he would bore chased a pedigree that reached back to you to death. But he told me not to expect him on any day that was not clear pect him on any day that was not clear one of my great-great-grand
"There," said the man who had puraway, and she had been genuinely whimthe way, and she had been genuinely whimthe chased a pedigree that reached back to away, and she had been genuinely whimmy theories about remaining young, and any further, for despite the fact that
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my theories about remaining young, and any further, for despite the fact that
any further is not not to be a performed to the chased a pedigree that reached back to a pedigree that

Day dawned dull and gray on the "His brother!" exclaimed Beatrice, in-"Why, yes. Robert, you know. His

heard the drip, drip of rain from the flancee has gone to the White mountains eaves over her window, and turned upon with her father and mother, so Robert her pillow with a sigh of disgust. The comes out often to see his brother Paul the sentence, "As gloomy as a day in the to relieve the monotony of her absence country," came to her mind. She won- I suppose. He says little about her, dered who had ever said it to her. Then even to me, and he is just as good to she remembered that Robert Maynard talk to, you know, even if he is engaged." had once used the expression and that | She laughed again. She was evidently in

"Of course he is," responded Beatrice, resort? She pondered upon Dr. Haynes ing less of Robert Maynard than of his decide whether his manner had been the yesterday that he was wealthy, and a

"Come about 5 o'clock," repeated her morning, the whole affair seemed flat, friend. "Let Jack come over here and play with Dan today, won't you? Put

"All right and thank you!" responded safely through her supper before I leave "Did I smell kerosene, Mary?" she her. She is ever so much better today, so I do not think that even Dr. Havnes The mald's flushed face attested to the could object to my leaving her this even-

"Of course, he couldn't" agreed Helen. Sure, ma'am, it's years since I've made "To tell the truth, I thought he was overit this morning. So I just put a little you could have been with us, yet we kerosene on to hurry things along a had no other company, after all, than bit. There wasn't any fire in the stove Dr. Haynes. He wanted to telephone you just before he started for home and Beatrice looked grave. "It's a risky thing ask about Jean, but I would not let him

used kerosene in your range no insurance She did not think it worth while to tell could be collected if the house burned her friend of the pyhsician's unconventionally late call.

While Helen still talked, Beatrice dehouse don't belong to you?" remarked cided that this evening she would wear Mary, with the inconsequence of her kind. | an elaborately simple net and lace frock Beatrice did not wish to continue the over a pale blue slip. For blue brought argument, and arouse her maid's com- out the color of her eyes and made her bative spirit, so after a gentle request look young. And since she had gone to that she be very careful, she returned to the expense of getting pretty clothes for the children's room to assist them in this summer, why not wear them when

country and their spirits were not damp- remarks. They had been upon the ened by the information that they could weather, and of no especial interest. But not go off the veranda until the rain her final speech brought the widow to attention.

"There is no loss without some small

"So am I," agreed Beatrice. And in her

### Henpeck on His Travels

"Dan" Sully, the former cotton king. out havin' a fire in the range itself!" she was talking on the plazza 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

"'I only want a small room,' he said, for the month of August, while my wife

course, you will not have hot water in this. A good view, you know, isn't es- and stage partner, Mr. Montgomery, out beautiful funny faces are no beautiful audience, and yet you don't look tired; in "I showed him a smaller, cheaper room, theater, New York.

> " 'My wife,' he explained, 'doesn't think to be beautiful, though ugly.' " Haven't you got an attic room?"

room in the house. " 'How much is this room,' he asked.

"I mentioned a very low rate. wife thinks I ought to get a room for on the stage.

"'See here,' said I, 'you don't want a room. What you want is a divorce."-

### An Old Custom.

"There," said the man who had pur-

we'll have a good, quiet time together. "Very interesting," replied the gentle. would have been vulgar, but some inone formula and perhaps I'll telephone down to the man who was examining the thing. "Very definable quality keeps her from erring."

Well I should a like stage, the secret of her power which will be the secret of health and youth as Cedar Cliff for Paul Maynard and his brother to come up and call this evening." Indeed. I had no idea that in this way and a preposterous sense of bumor and train their use as long as that."—Chicago Tribune. The common to culti-long as she needs it, is a deep and spirit-vate a sense of humor and train their use on the sunny side of life.

## OAT ABAR SAYS. WARM WEATHER IS ABOUT THE BEST SUBSTITUTE FOR COAL

GENTLEMEN BE SEATED TA-RA-RA-RA TIS NEW YEARS EVE AT THE FISH INTERLOCUTOR - WELL TAMBO HORN CLUB SILENCE PREVAILS WHATS THE NEWS TO-DAY. FOR BUCK-EYE BILL IS ABOUT TAMBO- WHY, A LITTLE GAL OF TO RENDER THAT PATHETIC SIX YEARS HELD UPA TRAIN LITTLE DITTY," THE LACE ON THE OUT WEST. BARROOM DOOR ! LEFT HAND INTERLOCUTOR- OH COME NOW. SALUTE! ENTER THE CLEAN UP TAMBO. SURELY YOU DON'T KIDS AND EXIT BUCK EYE BILL

EXPECT US TO BELIEVE THAT A HEAD FOREMOST. AS HE IS CHILD OF SIX YEARS COULD PASSING SWIFTLY THROUGH THE HOLDUP A TRAIN OF ABLE-DOOR SOME ONE YELLS FROM BODIED MEN AND WOMEN THE TOP STORY, "IF CABBAGE TAMBO- AH NEVAH SAID NUFFIN WAS A-HEAD WOULD THE ABOUT HOLDIN' UP A TRAIN OF TOMATO KETCHUP? MEN AND WIMMIN SHE HELD UP A BRIDE'S TRAIN AT A WEDDIN

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN WOOPS BY GOSH !! WE HAVE WITH US THIS THERE'S A RING AROUND THE EVENING"

FORWARD

MARCH.

ATTENTION!

"IF DOGWOOD HAS FLEAS HAS MAHOGANY?" FUNERAL AT 2 P.M. STRICTLY PRIVATE IM THE BOOB DO YOU THAT PUT FOR THINK YOU WHY! THE NECK ARE ANYWAY IN NECKTIE

CHIC LOVED MUSIC BUT HE

ADVERTISED SO HE WENT

DOWN AND BOUGHT A DOZEN

THE RECORDS HE READ THE

NAME ON IT SILVER THREADS

AMONG THE GOLD. SURE THATS

A GRAND OLD SONG. ILL PUT IT

ON HE PUT THE RECORD ON

WOUND UP THE MACHINE AND

STARTED HER OFF A GENTS

VOICE SQUEALED,

RECORDS. HE TOOK THE MACHINE HOME AND SELECTING ONE OF

A SHLE OF PHONOGRAPHS

"This is a funny sort of a world," sati | "That's where you are wrong, George," the Manicure Lady. "Today we are here said the manicure lady. "Wilfred's head and tomorrow we are in the Klondike, is too big altogether. He has one of the as one of them poets once said."

Head Barber. night," replied the Manicure Lady. "He Milton and Mister Dante looking like was saying something about writing a two deuces, and you know as well as I do, comic opera and father told him he ought George, that ain't any way for a young to be able to write one, seeing what a man to think that never got no poems toke he was himself. I don't think the published except a few in a flour and old gent ought to sink the harpoon into feed trade paper. 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 se hard. I think a son ought to be a true friend to his father, but when a

guess that the son has a right to object. How is a hubbard squash shaped, And you into my heart I'd take George?" "All I remember is that it ain't round, Including the planets such as Mars. the other. I don't think it is right for You are the best I ever seen." your father to compare your brother's

think his head is big anywhere."

biggest heads for a young man that was "What's the matter now?" asked the ever set on two shoulders. That's the real trouble with him, George. He thinks that "Oh, Wilfred got sore again the other when it comes to writing poetry he has

> "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 father calls his son a joke and says that a lyric that he thought was going to be a man can't be a poet when he has a the best lyric in the comic opera he is head shaped like a hubbard squash, I going to write. Listen to it:

'The moon is is shining on the lake, If you would swear by all the stars, but kind of big at one end and small at That you would be my love, my queen,

"I don't blame your father for bawling head to a hubbard, because from what him out," said the Head Barber. "A kid poetry you have shown me of his I don't that would write a thing like that and call it a lyric ought to be shot

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

SAY-WHY

DON'T YOU

MARCH!



"So I showed him a small room; but By MARGARET HUBBARD AYER, absolutely natural wins the audience from than that of the average woman in the "Get right along out of here," said Miss the first.

sential. Haven't you something cheaper?" of the dressing room at the Broadway faces, though they may be lovable ones fact, you look younger off the stage than "I am going to be interviewed on 'How and watched and studied Miss Moore, I you get to this theater feeling that you I need to be on one of the parior floors. Miss Moore perched herself on a trunk vote herself to being a conmedienne. She work with, and yet knowing that you as big as a touring car, and I sat before has a very serious fact, the eyes are must play your part with all your

"I showed him the cheapest, smallest her to take account of stock, so to speak. extraordinarily earnest and penetrating. usual vivacity?" She had had time to wash off her makeup. With something of the visionary look in Miss Moore looked at me with those but I had not yet been able to realize them that belongs to the religious en- deep, penetrating eyes from which all just what kind of a person was the gir! thusiast. The mouth alone is humorous mirth and roguishness were banished and "'Oh, dear!' he said, frowning; 'my who is called the funniest young woman and very flexible. But she is pretty.

> Moore pick up Hanky Panky and walk Moore. off with it, in the slang of the stage, Oh, there is a so much bigger field in ence getting away. I just stand there and with a physical vitality which seemed this line of work, and it is so much more pray. extraordinary for a person of so slight interesting. Besides I think it's a fine a build. She acted her scenes with whirl- thing to make people laugh if one can, but right down in the bottom of my wind quality that takes your breath Laughter is healthy and there is not half heart I'm praying for strength."

> costume, anyone else but Miss Moore I've never considered myself so, but gill the stage, the secret of her power which

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 rejuctant, 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 audience. You have to be keyed up to a and are often fascinating ones. As I sat on it. Now. confess, what you do when wondered how she had ever come to de- haven't any vitality or any strength to

"Why didn't you go in for straight act- "I pray. I'm a Christian Scientist and You see it was like this: From an aisle ing, where you could have been the beau- it often happens that when I get out be-"Then I looked the poor chap right in seat in the theater I had watched Miss tiful lady of the piece?" I asked Miss fore that big audience and feel my strength oozing from me, and my audi-

The Manicure Lady

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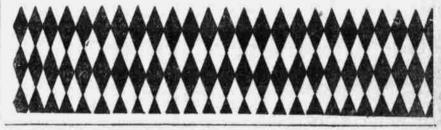
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