



# The Bee's Home Magazine Page



## SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT

## The Story Went Great Until-

## Drawn for The Bee by Tad



## A Box of Old Friends

By WINIFRED BLACK.

I met him this morning down in the basement as bright, as swagging, as conceited, as full of irresponsible life as ever, my old friend, Alan Breck, and how glad I was to see him.

It happened this way: It's time to settle down for fall, and the old books must go on a long journey to the new home in a far away city, and I went to see how they had fared all the time they've been packed.

I peered down into a dusty box and there he was right on top of the pile, Brave Alan, with his friend Davy back of him, and cheek by jowl was the gay St. Ives and his Scotch sweetheart. Dear friends, dear old friends, every one of them—how good they looked to me!

I sat right down on the floor of the basement and began to hear Alan tell his adventures by flood and field. Over the water Alan and I went together and back to the heather again, and the day grew to evening and the autumn sunshine faded and still we walked together, my old friend, Alan Breck, and I.

Are there any left anywhere so gay as you, Alan, with the bit of song you hummed in the very teeth of the enemy, "Charlie is ma darlin', ma darlin'?"

And that blithering cousin of yours who could pipe so bravely when he had wine enough, and the smell of the horse under foot, and the white line of the breakers on the shore, where you just made the boat in time. That was a narrow squeeze, Alan, you know it, you rogue, for all you laughed so boisterously in the teeth of the gale. And that French cousin of yours, St. Ives, was there ever such another adventurer born, with his sideways love-making to the dour old wife who was the guardian of his true love?

How true they were, all the lovers in the book. Do they make them like that nowadays in books or out of them? What's that making the clatter there in the Scotch plaid book behind you? "Pieces of eight, pieces of eight," why were on Treasure Island with the "Boys of Courage," and there's Long John Silver smacking through the woods right at the boys' back.

I spoke of Long John Silver to a man the other day, and he said he didn't know the gentleman. "Your loss," said I to him, and I never did tell him what I meant. What's the use? He wouldn't have understood, anyhow.

Dead. The man who called all these things into life by the magic of his wondrous brain. No, no, dead, not even will be while human hearts beat true and human eyes can see to read—Robert Louis Stevenson, the very name spells mystery and adventure to such as love his fancy. Who is this stepping so demurely out

The Cautious Politician wrote at the end of his letter: "Burn this!" The recipient didn't like the caution. He considered it a reflection on his honesty. The more he thought about it the more disgruntled he felt.

The inventor was talking to himself. "What with my headless light, my leakless fixture, my invisible ashcan, my disappearing bed, I have made the life of the urbanite well worth the living."

No Opening. A man had been absent from home for some time and during his absence had raised a luxuriant beard and mustache. Shortly after his return he paid a visit to his sister, who had a little daughter of whom he was especially fond.

Professional Definition. "So you sell only soft drinks?" we say to the fountain clerk in the local option town. "That's all, sir," he says confirmatively. "And what is a soft drink?" we pursue. "Something you can put your finger in?"

Letters of a Slim-Made Woman to Her Fat Sister. Dear Sis—in solving the fat problem I've also solved the servant problem so far as I'm concerned. My last maid-of-all-work donned her hat and departed two weeks ago. And when I say "the last" I mean "never again." I'm doing my own work now and enjoying it all because that terrible burden of flesh I carried has gone—never to return.

Fourth Letter: On the Housekeeping Burdens of the Overfat Woman. Dear Sis—in solving the fat problem I've also solved the servant problem so far as I'm concerned. My last maid-of-all-work donned her hat and departed two weeks ago. And when I say "the last" I mean "never again." I'm doing my own work now and enjoying it all because that terrible burden of flesh I carried has gone—never to return.

## Daffydils

HALF THE WORLD ARE SQUIRRELS AND THE OTHER HALF ARE NUTS

GENTLEMEN BE SEATED... THE ICE BLAST WAS WORKING OVERTIME 'WILLIE WEEVILS' AND HIS PAL 'SANDY' WERE FOLLOWING THEIR FAVORITE VOCATION PANHANDLING. QUOTH WILLIE TO SANDY 'LET US HIE TO A MORE SHELTERED SPOT THIS MUST BE THE COLDEST STREET IN NEW YORK' THEN SANDY HOLLERED BACK 'BE THAT AS IT MAY I KNOW A STREET JUST NORTH OF HOUSTON THEY CALL BLEEKER'

GRANDPA!! HERE'S YOUR SNUFF... I'LL GIVE IT A SHOOT IF YOU DON'T... GET FRESH BY ME 'ALL GIVE YOU A PUSH'... I SHOULD WORRY WHO ARE YOU, TOUGH GUY?... IM THE BOOB THAT PUT THE PURP IN PURPLE

## "Dancing is My Secret of Beauty," Declares Rita Stanwood



MISS RITA STANWOOD, LEADING LADY IN "MY BEST GIRL"

By MARGARET HUBBARD AYER. Miss Rita Stanwood had not come in from rehearsal when I called to see her. "My Best Girl" was up at the Park theater, though it was early on Monday morning, when you think at least that actresses are getting a real well earned rest.

to the principles of a hygienic diet, I played martyr to the cause, and would let neither of them tempt me to touch one of the candies.

"I just love chocolates," said Miss Stanwood, as she bit into a particularly good one, and then eyed the other half with a kind of affectionate regard. She was dressed in a pretty, sensible little suit, with a severely plain white silk shirt-waist, and her bright young eyes and clear complexion and pink cheeks prove that one can eat chocolates without the dire results that physicians croak about.

"I love my regular stage work, and the performances of 'My Best Girl' are a real recreation to me. But, besides that, I work every day at dancing, and there—that is something that I can recommend. Every woman ought to learn how to dance, and girls especially should make a real study of it. Dancing is the best exercise for girls. It's interesting, which regular physical culture is not. Dancing stimulates the imagination, it makes one graceful, and for that reason, it's a tremendous factor in social as well as stage success.

"You see if you are quite graceful," Miss Rita went on, "you aren't likely to become self-conscious and embarrassed. People who don't know how to move properly, who haven't been taught the graceful disposition of their body through dancing, are always self-conscious and subsequently awkward and often ridiculous the minute they are placed in an embarrassing or difficult situation."

"The mind has so much to do with the body, hasn't it?" continued this very young actress, who already knows so much. "Sometimes I think it's all a question of mind. I am sure that success is a matter of determination and will power. At least, it has been with me. I've never let anything or anybody down me. I'm like the little boy who won't be ticked."

"I've been determined to succeed, and I work and work to that end. There was a song which I didn't use to sing satisfactorily. That is, there was one place where I always got off the pitch. Lots of singers do that, but I'm not going to. I determined to get the better of that fault, and I would do it all right. I made my singing teacher coach me on that song hour after hour. I worked and studied and thought, and I conquered it. It goes all right, now doesn't it?"

"That why I know that if you just stick at a thing and work and work, you're bound to accomplish it. I've made up my mind to be able to sing regular prima donna parts in two years' time, and I know that I will do it."

## Our Personal Taxes

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

The girls to whom the words "Personal taxes" brings a vague memory of something that troubles father several times a year, and to whom all such questions seems mysterious problems beyond all understanding, have taxes of their own which they must pay.

Father loses his temper over the tax on mortgages, the tax on horses, bonds, automobiles and furniture. Daughter furrows her pretty brow and sheds a few tears, and scolds and pays taxes just as serious and often more trying than those he pays.

For hers are the taxes she pays on friendship! There is nothing in his business life that is more fretting and more annoying than the little taxes she pays, though hers are not paid over a counter to a county official.

A friend borrows a book and returns it with the book half off. A friend makes an engagement and then premees on the rights of friendship to break it on a moment's notice, and sometimes there is no notice at all.

A friend claims the right of criticism and exercises it beyond the bounds of criticism, the line between that gentle art of nagging being delicately drawn. A friend violates every law of confidence. A friend has been known countless times to come between a girl and the man she loves. A friend is at the same time the most worrying and the most comforting of all the companions life brings.

Father knows he must pay his taxes to keep the business credit good. Daughter must learn, if she has not already taken this painful lesson to heart, that she must pay all the little taxes on friendship with philosophic cheerfulness or be friendless.

It is better to lose an umbrella, to have one's most precious books returned looking as if spoiled children had played with them, and to spend hours after hours waiting for an appointment that has been disregarded than to go through life without friends.

There could be no fate that is worse than the friendless girl is homeless. She is morbid. She is selfish. She is self-centered.

She misses all the little pin pricks of friendship, and she misses, also, its greater joys.

She misses the joy of self-sacrifice. She never learns the lesson, every one should learn, and that is, self-effacement.

Every little tax she pays on friendship is good for her soul if she accepts the lesson it brings in the payment.

If a friend is negligent in the little niceties and tries her almost beyond endurance, she profits by even such a friendship, if, in paying her tax, she remembers the friend's many other good qualities.

The friend hurts her feelings. It is good for her to pay this tax on friendship, if, while remembering that the friend had no intention of hurting her, she must in future be less sensitive.

"The fault is half her own," is a good thing to say while paying a friendship tax. "I must not place umbrellas, books, ribbons, a few waiting hours, a few hasty words, above the value of human hearts. I need friends more than I need no tax on friendship to pay."

It isn't always easy to pay these little taxes smilingly, some of which are imposed so heedlessly and so unnecessarily, but paying them cheerfully makes the payment easier, and keeps the friend. And by "friend" I mean one who likes you in spite of your faults. I do not mean the girl or boy you met yesterday, and with whom you made a compact two hours after meeting that you would be friends for life.

I mean those who have known you long enough to know your bad qualities as well as your good, and who still like you, as well as you can be in your selection. Then is a good friend yourself. And one of the most important ingredients in the making of what constitutes a "good friend" is the ability to pay every little tax on friendship cheerfully.

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