

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT

The Judge is Happy, but Worried

Drawn for The Bee by Tad



Hunting a Husband

The Widow, in Despondent Mood, Has It Borne in Upon Her That She Ought to Marry.

By VIRGINIA TERHUNE VAN DEWATER.

Every woman knows that it is an easy matter to get ready to leave town for the summer in three days, especially when one has expectations to have a week in which to make preparations. Beatrice had a sensation of impotent rage when, after giving his orders, Dr. Haynes had taken his departure. The strong necessity of speech was upon her, and she went into the kitchen and spoke her mind to Mary.

"I wish," she said, "that my own doctor was in town. He, at least, would have more consideration for me than to insist that I get away from here by next Monday."

"Is it Monday you'll be leavin' town?" asked the maid, astonished.

"Yes, it is, so Dr. Haynes says," replied her mistress. "But, when I think of it, I've half a mind to take my own time about it. Tell me Mary, do you believe that a few days more or less will make any difference in the little girl's condition?"

The maid's kind Irish face showed genuine regret.

"Well, ma'am," she acknowledged, "since you ask me for the truth I must say that I do think the poor darlin' should be out of this heat as soon as she can be got away. And it's for her sake I say this, for it ain't no fun for me to go out to a lonesome country place away from my friends. But, sure ma'am, she does look bad."

"Well, there's no use wasting time then," said the mother with a sigh. "I'll just have to hurry and get things together for going. Have luncheon as soon as you can, for all the shopping to be attended to must be done this afternoon and tomorrow morning—since tomorrow will be Saturday and most of the shops close at noon. Before luncheon I'll make out a list of what's wanted for the children and myself."

"But you have most of the summer clothes bought already, haven't you, ma'am?" asked Mary.

Beatrice made an impatient movement. "No," she said, "I haven't all the clothes needed for Pleasanttown, although I have enough for us all if we were going to stay quietly in town. And, of course, we will need fewer things than if we were to be at a summer hotel. But, even so, Mrs. Robbins entertains a good deal, and will expect me there, and I must have a plenty of dresses for that purpose."

The day was humid and warm, and the trip through the various shops wearying even to a woman who loved to buy as did Beatrice. Today she felt oddly depressed, and was conscious all the while that she was extravagant in her purchases. Few things are more depressing than the knowledge that one is spending more money than is wise and that ahead of one are greater expenses—especially when this knowledge is unaccompanied by the will power to determine one to stop buying. Beatrice did not forget that there was a doctor's bill as yet unrepresented, that she was taking upon herself the additional expense of a summer cottage, and that, meanwhile the rent of her closed city apartment must be met all through the heated term, although she would be out of town and getting no benefit from her New York residence. Yet, the pretty things in the shop tempted her, and she did not leave the last department store until the sound of the gong gave notice that work was to cease and that the jaded clerks could go home.

Wishing that she had shopped a little faster, Beatrice turned reluctant steps toward the subway. It seemed to her that thousands of others were doing the same thing.

People who leave the city in the summer have a way of saying that "everybody is out of town," a statement they would be forced to retract if they attempted to board the subway train during rush hours. This was the widow's thought this afternoon as she forced her way through the throngs that waited at the express station. As her train drew in, she was borne along, wedged in between men and women—most of them chatting and laughing good naturedly in spite of the heat and general discomfort. The widow, in musing of her own affairs and in her absorbing self-pity at being in this rough and perspiring throng, did not heed the guard's warning iteration of "Watch your step." Indeed she was so tired that she paid little attention to anything but her own morbid thoughts, until, as she reached the edge of the platform, she stepped, heedless of the gap between it and the car, into the yawning space between the two.

She slipped down with a sickening jolt, and for a terrifying instant felt the pressure of the crowd behind her and

Daffydils

OAT ABAR NAMES THE FIVE GREAT POWERS: LOVE-MONEY-REVENGE-AMBITION AND A GOOD DINNER

GENTLEMEN BE SEATED

TA-RA-RA-RA-RA
TAMBO - MISTAH FLYNN CAN YOU TELL ME DE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN JESS McMAHON AND AN EMPLOYEE OF A MATCH FACTORY? INTERLOCUTOR-NO TAMBO. WHAT IS THE DIFFERENCE. TAMBO- WHY JESS McMAHON IS A MATCHER OF BOXERS AND THE OTHER GENT IS A BOXER OF MATCHES.

SOUPBONE SAM WILL NOW SING US A TUNE WRITTEN BY HIMSELF ENTITLED, "I SLEEP IN THE BARN BY REQUEST."

I HEARD DIFFERENT

MAKE IT A HALT!

WHO IS MAKING THAT NOISES?

IM - WHAT'S THAT TO YOU?

RIGHT AWAY YOU GIVE ME BACK TALK

I SHOULD WORRY

GIVE ME A TELL WHO ARE YOU?

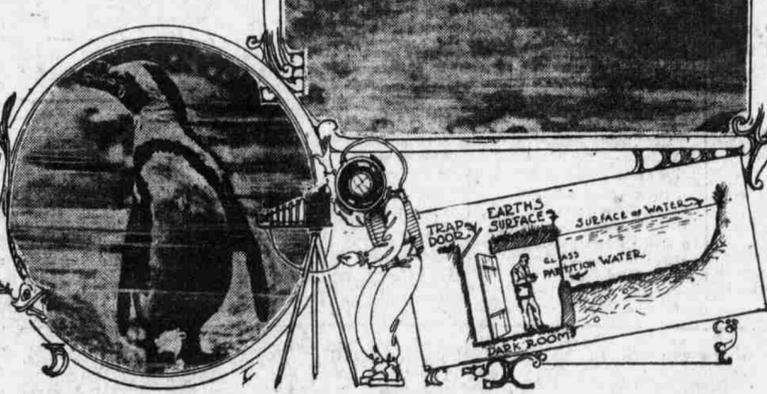
IM THE BOOB THAT PUT THE WASH IN WASHINGTON

Under-Water Photography and Its Marvels

A SIMPLE DEVICE REVEALS THE HABITS OF SUBAQUEOUS AND AMPHIBIOUS LIFE

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

If Jules Verne's Captain Nemo, during his journey of 20,000 leagues under the sea, had thought of it he might have left photographs of the extraordinary scenes that he witnessed which, because "photographs never lie," would have convinced the readers of his strange history that nothing but the simple truth was being presented to them.



PENGUIN, ON SEA BOTTOM, ABOUT TO SEIZE A FISH.

hold him and his camera, cover it with a trap door to keep out the light from the sky, and then place a large sheet of clear glass, hermetically sealed, on the side toward the water. Enough light, he found, penetrated down through the water to render everything in it clearly visible and photographable.

It only remained to get the living creatures in the water within the focus of his lenses. This proved to be easy, for, since the creek was connected with the sea, aquatic life of many kinds entered it and passed freely before the camera.

A Puppy and a Romance

By WINIFRED BLACK.

This has been the pup's busy day. He was up before the dawn, and when we went out to see what sort of a day it was before breakfast the doorstep was decorated.

On one side stood a fine, hearty old boot, on the other lay a torn glove that had been in the gutter for a year or so, if looks are to be taken into account—and in the center, proudly displayed like the piece de resistance at a smart luncheon, was an old rag that had come from who ever dared guess what rag it was.

And the pup lay in the midst of his treasures so blissfully happy and so proud that I, for one, hadn't the heart to scold him, but stooped and patted him instead.

What a shameful breach of discipline! That pup will grow up into a disgraceful dog, I know. He'll have to, after the way he's being trained; but, dear me, he'll never be a big-fotted, lop-eared, bright-eyed pup but once, and I'll never have the fun of him again, so spoiled he is, and spoiled, I'm afraid, he'll remain.

Last night he was lonely, and he went to the bed before the little boy lay sleeping the deep sleep of childhood, and pulled every one of the little boy's bed clothes off and made a bed for himself.

I heard him sighing with content and found him wagging his tail in the friendliest fashion, while the little boy turned over and snored and doubtless dreamed of falling into the ice cream freezer.

When the clothes were back and the little boy tucked in again the pup was lonely. Oh, how lonely and sad and forsaken and forlorn that pup was! So he leaped and he jumped and he performed unheard-of feats of agility until at last he was snuggled under the covers and puzzling comfortably at the little boy's ear.

Balked of that place of comfort, he ran to a trunk, climbed up, pulled away at the things that hung about it, and came down in triumph with the little boy's cowboy suit. The cowboy suit was just the thing, and he made that into a nice soft bed and snuggled down again as innocently as a baby.

When I took that away from him and put him out of doors he told the moon all about it and the stars; and then he got up some kind of wireless connection with Jupiter and told him about the heartless injustice of the world till he fell asleep.

Where does he get all his energy, I'd like to know, that pup? The old dog wonders about it, too. I see him looking at the pup as an old man look on and marvel at the folly and the magic endurance of youth.

"Was I ever like this?" the old dog thinks. I can tell by his eyes and by the satirical twitch of his long upper lip. "Was I ever as foolish and good-humored, and so outrageous and so impudent, and so absolutely happy as that idiot of a pup?"

And the pup tweaks the old dog by the tail and wools him by the scruff of the neck, and snatches the old dog's bone from his very mouth and runs away and buries it, wagging all the time. How much more admirable the old dog is than some men.

There's old Croesus across the way, his boy is replica of him with all the lines and the marks of conflict rubbed out. Just like him, they say, though we who never knew Croesus when he was young, and gay, and light of heart, and generous, and foolish and extravagant, can scarcely believe it.

He's in love, is Croesus' son—dead in love with little Miss Poverty around the corner, and little Miss Poverty is in love with the son of Croesus, but they don't dare mention it.

Little Bobbie's Pa

By WILLIAM F. KIRK.

I have jest rote a song, wife, sed Pa, that I think you wud like to hear.

I wud like to hear it all rite if you will let Bobbie sing it, sed Ma. I am afraid that you wudden be abel to do so fine a song justice.

Well, sed Pa, then Bobbie can sing it. I knew that he wanted to sing it, himself, but what Ma sed about it beeing a fine song made him feel kind of good after all. So Pa headed me the song, & I sang it the best I cud for the kind of song it was. This was the naim of the song:

The drawing room was crowded in a city far away, it was a politician's hoam, so brilliant and so gay.

His wife was cooking dinner went a guest calm through the door & sed by you think William Taft will get just one turn more?

She hit him with a turnip on his bald & shiny pate & sumthing like the following was the word that she did state.

Chorus:
Nix, Nix, Nix on Polyticks,
I'm tired of Teddy Roosevelt & his litle Bull Moose tricks.

I wudden care if I aft grew Daft & I'd soon crossed the styx,
Nix, Nix, Nix on Polyticks!

Well, sed Pa, what do you think of that for a song?

It didden seem to impress me favorable, sed Ma. It is not true, not true to life & not true to wimmen, sed Ma. Did you ever see me, for instens, throwing a turnip at a man's bald head?

In the first place I never cooked a turnip & wudden have one in my hand, & in the second place I didden throw strate enuff to hit anybody in the hed unless I aimed at his feet.

Pa got kind of mad then. Wife, deer, sed Pa, is there anything that I ever did that you liked? I was almost sure that this one time you wud like this song. I spent a lot of time on it. I thought the chorus was kind of catchy.

You poor old boy, sed Ma. I didden think that you was going to cry so hard, or anything like that. If it will make you feel any better to tell you that I think the song is good, I will say that the song is good. I only thought that you wanted by real ophynim, Ma sed.

You know as well as I do that polyticks is everthing rite now & that it is always a important part of American life. Why doant you rite a song about the moonlite on the lake, or sumthing of that kind. Everybody knows that there is moonlite on the lake when there is a lake & a nite that the moon is out.

I guess you better lay off on song-writing, sed Ma & try sumthing else. I was reading the other day about a man that got ten thousand dollars for curing a horse that belonged to a rich man. Why doant you try beeing a veterinary surgeon instead of a poet.

Beeing a what? sed Pa.
Oh, anything sed Ma. Try beeing a shipping clerk. But doant be a song riter.

So then Pa toar up his song as easy as he used to tear up Broadway.

What They Don't Say.
"This weather is better than last year's."
These were not the best seats I could get. I had an attack of stingsness when I got to the box office.
I am glad to have you go, Mr. Bore-sum. Come and see us as seldom as you can.—Life.