



The Bee's Home Magazine Page



SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT

~*~ The Judge Was Right There Must Be Discipline ~*~

By Tad



New York a Habit

By ADA PATTERSON.

On the rickety back doorstep of many a humble home in many a village of this country sits The Young Person and dreams of New York.

I know the Young Person's fancies. Who doesn't who has first seen New York as a dot upon the map instead of the masonry blanket that covers Manhattan Island?

On a to him epoch making day. The Young Person crosses North river. If he is romantic and addicted to visions, he takes one of the ferry boats.

If he crosses by night he sees a great, impatient, starry set into the night as windows are built into the facade of a towering building.

If he crosses by day, the vision is far less fairylike. He sees then no beauty in New York, only a bigness that oppresses him. If he is fanciful, he sees its hurried outlines as giant jaws, yawning to swallow him, and the huge buildings as irregular teeth, ready for their easy task of crushing him.

When he makes his bewildered way about the little island that had been traded for a cow, rearing its masonry into the high blue, he is stunned by its multitudinous noise—the scream of the whistles of the speeding elevated trains, the shrieks of the sirens from the rivers and the bay surrounding it, the steady throb of continuous sound like the pulse of a mammoth heart. He is frightened, stout-hearted though he be, and he wonders what prophecy this chorus of strange sounds holds for him.

According to his mood, he sees it as a pleasure ground, a laughing city, or something beneath the faces he sees about him, so close, but so unseeing and indifferent, suggests to him a deeper meaning. He has a sudden and poignant sense of what Daudet calls "the lurking agony in great cities."

He sees that the city has many zones, the poverty zone, whose heart is the crowded east side; the zone of middle class respectability, which includes Lexington and portions of Madison avenue; the crude, but ambitious portion, which is Harlem; the leisure zone, which is Fifth avenue and its neighbor, the amusement zone, which is far different, because it makes amusement a business. It is the

street of theaters, and it is a proverb that no one ever sees a sad face on Broadway. Its code resembles that of the Casino at Monte Carlo. It is bad form to be a spoiled sport in the great gaming house by killing oneself there, and it is a crime to look other than cheerful on the great amusement thoroughfare. If a man must show his heartbreak or lifebreak, the code demands that he step into a side street. He sees that the farthest point of the island where it begins as the sharp end of a wedge, is the Battery, the gate of the city, where Europeans pour in after every international chat at Ellis Island. He sees the extreme west as one of the tattered sides, fringed, as is the east side with poverty, all save Riverside Drive, where he sees all of the prosperous fraction of the city wheel.

In a short time he catalogues the New York face. Quickly he learns to recognize it, for it is the most impressive face in the country. Vivaciously he sees in the faces from the west, smiles on the faces from the south, but the marble mask is the model of New York physiognomy.

He becomes used to the indifference of New Yorkers. He learns that the metropolitan motto is "Nobody cares for anybody else." He learns its haughty ignorance of geography. Every place not on the island of Manhattan is vaguely the sufficiently "Out of town" to the resident of Gotham.

Soon, unless homesickness and the fear which the great city inspires send him home, he joins the tired-faced crowds who bolt their meals and hurry to their tasks in the morning, returning several shades paler and more listless at night. To all of this great army, New York is a workshop. He wishes he might see it as does the later arriving cousin, as a great playground for happy visitors. Sometimes he goes back to the rickety back doorstep. He takes his seat upon it and tries to dream. But dreams have fled. New York has forced him as it forces all to translate dreams into deeds. He is considerably bruised, a good deal battered by hurrying himself against the cruel, sharp corners of the big city. He realizes, wistfully may be that had he roamed less on the old door step he might have become the great man of this town, and he knows that, no matter how much his growth since those daydreams, he will always be a little man in the big town on the small island.

But he goes back to New York. Of course he does, for New York faulty and cruel as it is, has made itself irresistible to him. It has become his habit.

The Three Wishes

By DOROTHY DIX.

The other day we asked this question: "Man, what would you ask for if some good fairy would grant you three wishes?" "Woman, what would ask for if you could have your three wishes?"

Here are some of the interesting replies that have been received:

A woman writes: "My first wish would be that I might have my mother as long as I live. She is my guardian angel on earth, as I have a guardian angel in heaven. Health is my second wish, because without health we cannot achieve what we are striving for, and where there is health there is also beauty. Love is my third wish, and as the climax of this wish I desire that the one I love may love me."

A man also makes some good patriotic wishes. He says:

"My three foremost wishes are: First, to be a good, honest, law abiding citizen, who takes an active interest in the city, state and national government. Second, to be a faithful husband. Third, to have employment, the enjoyment of which would be ample for the maintenance of the first two wishes."

Another who knows what he wants says:

"Would I wish for beauty? No. Let me remain as I was created. I no doubt look as respectable as one who trims his whiskers every morning."

"Would I wish for power? Yes. That is something which I think any man must have. Would I wish for love? Without love life is nothing. With love one can accomplish great things, because you are not working for yourself but to make someone else happy. Would I wish

for glory? Yes. A man who has power, money and love will some day be in glory if he has the grit and sand to stick by and succeed in his undertaking. For myself I would wish for love, glory and power, as money is bound to be where power is."

Love, money, power, glory. Gee, that's going some, isn't it?

And here's the wish of a deep-dyed pessimist, who says:

"If I could have my wish it would be to make people realize what fools they are, how ignorant they are and how they abuse themselves, and deprive themselves of what belongs to them. Conditions are growing worse daily, and people instead of improving are becoming more selfish and degraded, more helpless and hopeless. Something should be done to save our country and our people, and I wish I knew how to do it."

Come over into the woman suffrage party. The water's fine.

A modest youth, who wants but little here below, wants that little aquatic. He says: "I wish, first, a nice little country home at some place near the water. Second, a nice cabin motor boat about thirty-five feet long, with a twenty-four horse-power, four-cylinder engine. Third, and last wish, a steady job at \$40 a week, and, believe me, I would be satisfied with life and for life if I had that."

A wife writes:

"My three wishes are this: For a husband that realizes that a woman wants to be loved just as much when she's fat and old as she did when she was slim and young. Second, for a husband that wasn't a perpetual grouch and didn't sit up like a sore-headed bear that you were afraid to poke up when he is at home. Third, for a husband who realized that it takes money to run a home and that a woman doesn't eat up herself all of the provisions that are charged on the grocery bill."

Another woman has just one wish. She says:

"I desire to write a good story, or become a journalist, have an income of at least \$1,000 a year and KEEP SWEET."

Still another girl says:

Daddydile

"YES SIR I WAS CHIEF CLOWN WITH HANLON'S SUPERBAS FOR 20 YEARS ALWAYS MINDED MY OWN BUSINESS AND GOT ALONG FAIRLY SUCCESSFUL."

THE CAPTAIN STOOD UPON THE BRIDGE OF THE CANAL BOAT LEVIA. HE WAS TAKING THE TIME FROM THE STARS. ELIA THE OLD GRAY NULE SLANTED UPWARDS TOO. SHE SLANTED A BIT TOO FAR. THERE WAS A SPLASH AND ELIA WENT BELOW WITH OLD MR. MC GINTY RUSHING OVER TO THE CABIN THE CAPTAIN SHOUTED AT THE TOP OF HIS VOICE.

IF THEY SAY THAT HERRING IS DUTCH IS BUTTER SCOTCH?

OFFICER!! HE'S IN AGAIN.

HA HA HA IN SOFT NOW. I GET UP AT 6 FEED THE CAT TAKE OUT THE ASHES PUT THE ICE IN THE BOX RUN TO THE GROCERY EAT AND THEN—

HELLO ROBBIE

RUMMY RALPH JUST LEANED AGAINST THE MANO GANY. HE HAD LAPPED UP ALL THE LUNCH THERE WAS. DIPPED HIS DEAN INTO INNUMERABLE SCUTTLES OF SUDS AND WAS SORT OF DOZING THERE LIKE A STUFFED BEAR. HIS HEAD DOBBED TO THE RIGHT THEN TO THE LEFT. THE BARTENDER TOOK ONE PEEK THEN GRABBING RALPH'S LIPSHEER WHISPERED WE HAVE COME TO EFFECT FLOODS IN PENNSYLVANIA BUT WHY SHOULD WATERBURY CONNECTICUT?

QUICK WATSON THEN EN HOK.

GET AWAY BOYS— GIVE HIM AIR!

THEY SHINE MY SHOES, CHANGE MY CLOTHES AND PLAY BALL A BIT. THEN TO THE BUTCHER AND THE GROCERY AND AFTER ROCKING THE BABY TO SLEEP I'M ALL THROUGH

SEE YOUR A LUCKY GUY

YEP NOTHIN TO DO TILL TOMORROW

Wouldn't it Make Rembrandt Mad?---

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AFTER HE HAD WORKED HARD PAINTING "THE MILL,"

AND HE HAD WAITED AND WAITED FOR SOMEBODY TO BUY IT,

SEEING IT'S YOU, MR. REMBRANDT, I'LL GIVE YOU SIX DOLLARS FOR IT.

LEMME HAVE THE SIX, I'VE GOT TO EAT.

AND HE FINALLY HAD TO LET IT GO CHEAP, BECAUSE HE NEEDED THE MONEY.

IF HE COULD COME BACK NOW AND SEE THIS? WOULDN'T IT BUMP REMBRANDT?

My first wish would be to have my friends and relatives call me doctor, as that is a glory which everybody would like to have, and few get it. I do not say that I would like the work that a doctor has to do, but there seems to me a great deal in the name of a doctor.

My second wish is that I may get the right girl in marriage. My third wish is that I would like to settle down with my whole family in some reputable town where I have a large acquaintance, I'd like to make as many friends as possible, because that is one thing that can make a man happy. If possible I would like my parents to live with me.

In expressing his three wishes a muse bursts into song as follows:

MY THREE WISHES
First, I would perfect be.
Then second, I would wish to find
A woman just like me.
Then third, I'd wish that all mankind
Might be the same as we.

If a third person comes between you and your friend as you walk be sure that you both say "bread and butter," in order to avoid ill luck.

With all his faults the devil never puts off till to-morrow what he can do to-day.

—New York Times.

Married Life the Second Year

By MABEL HERBERT URMER.

"Man to see about the moving," announced Della, briefly.

Helen, who was clearing out the medicine shelf in the bathroom, hurried to the door with a bottle in one hand and a dust cloth in the other.

A man in a gray suit and a dusty derby had already stepped inside the hall and was looking around, inquiringly.

"From the H— Van Company—to make an estimate on moving your things here."

Helen nodded and led the way first to the dining room.

"No piano," as he stepped into the front room.

"No, there is no piano."

"Top comes off that bookcase?"

"Yes, that top lifts off."

In the dining room he examined the sideboard. "Bad piece to move. All these things have to be handled mighty carefully," making some notes on the pad in his hand.

"Oh, yes, I wouldn't want them scratched," Helen said anxiously.

"Needn't worry about that, ma'am. We've the best men in the business."

He gave only a brief glance into the kitchen. "That icebox goes too?"

"Oh, no, that belongs to the house."

"Then this is all the stuff? Just these six rooms?"

"Yes, that's all."

"Well two vans will take it—thirty dollars for the job."

"Thirty dollars! Oh, will it be as much as that?"

"That's very cheap, ma'am, for this class of stuff. And now round the first of October—we can get any price we ask."

"Yes, I know," hastily. "I guess that'll be allright. Then you'll be here what time Saturday?"

"Nine—sharp."

When the man had gone Helen called up Warren at his office to tell him about the rate.

"Fifteen a load? That's pretty stiff," he commented. "But I guess we couldn't do much better now."

The rest of the day Helen spent in packing the china, silver and bric-a-brac. She had sent around to the grocery for some empty barrels and excelsior.

But every picture and article that she took from its place caused her a pang. She couldn't conceive of these things being that new apartment. Everything had been either a wedding present or bought for some particular place in these rooms. Each piece of furniture seemed to belong to its special nook. They could never be arranged so well anywhere else.

And yet Warren's determination to move had not wavered. He had vowed not to stifle through the summer in this apartment. Outside rooms and more air—that was what he was determined to have, even though the house was less attractive and the neighborhood not so good.

"We're not going to get all that shelf full in this barrel," announced Della, as she wrapped a gray tureen in a newspaper and carefully fitted it in.

"Yes, I know. But we'll have room left for some of these with the cut glass. Oh, Della, put more paper around that—that's the bowl Aunt Mary gave me. I suppose we ought to have had the men pack this china and glass. But in cents an hour seems so much, and if we're careful I think we can do it as well."

"Sure we can, ma'am. I helped Mrs. McCarthy move three years ago last May, and she had five barrels of china and three of cut glass—and not a piece broken."

"I'd pack them tonight—but I'm not going to do it before dinner."

A little later they were seated in a restaurant a few blocks below. From now until they were settled in their new apartment they would have to dine out.

Helen who was almost too tired to eat, leaned her elbow on the table and her head on her hand and gazed abstractedly at the salt cellar before her.

"We won't have to pack that big stand lamp, will we? And the candelabra—can't they go as they are?"

"Look, here—you're to eat your dinner now. Let the packing go until you get to it."

For several moments Helen ate in silence, then she looked up with a sudden. "Oh, Warren, do you know what we've forgotten?"

"Hm."

"We haven't seen about having the gas turned on in the new place."

"That's easy. I'll phone about it to-morrow."

"And oh, I must tell the milk man and the ice man and the paper boy—I'd have the mail forwarded. We mustn't leave everything until the very last."

"Well, for heaven's sake, let up on it now."

As they left the restaurant, Warren passed at the corner.

"Want to go down to the new place for a few moments to see how they're getting along with the packing?"

Helen hesitated. "Oh, dear, I'm so tired, and there's so much more to do tonight. And you've got your books to pack."

"See here, how many times do you want me to tell you that I'll pack those books tonight?"

"But, dear, I was only saying it would make us so late."

"We make us late at all. We can get there and back in forty minutes. Come on—here's a car now."

When Warren opened the door of the new apartment they were greeted by a stifling odor of paint. He turned on the lights in the hall and front room. The walls had been partly scraped, and one side of the room was repapered. Several large cans of paint, some brushes and soiled rags were on the floor in the corner. Rolls of wall paper were piled up on the mantel, against which leaned a ladder.

"Oh, they're not nearly through," exclaimed Helen, who was holding her skirt closely about her, so as not to touch the wet paint.

"Yes, they are. They'll finish up to-morrow."

He was exploiting the other rooms now, turning on the lights as he went. Helen followed, carefully stepping over torn strips of wall paper and some boards on the floor.

There is nothing more cheerless than empty rooms in the process of painting and papering. And Helen could not know of a feeling of depression at the thought of living here. A real sense of uneasiness for the apartment they were leaving possessed her.

It was only after 9 when they got back. Helen quickly slipped into a house dress and started to pack the rest of the china.

"Now here are plenty of newspapers if you want to line that box before you put your books in. No—wait—I'll line it for you."

She carefully smoothed the papers in the bottom and over the side of the box. "There now," dragging it up to the book case, "this will hold your encyclopedias and the books on that lower shelf—and there's two more boxes in the dining room for the rest."

Warren took off his coat, and, plainly reluctant, began to put in the books. When the box was about one-third full he straightened up and pushed it back.

"Now, if you or the girl can't pack those books tomorrow I'll send up a man to do it. I've got a lot of work at the office in the morning—and I'm going to bed. I can't afford to fool around here—I need the rest."

"We will continue our service by singing the fifth hymn," said the clergyman. "Hymn No. 25."

"Four dollars!" roared Bildad, still lingering on the borderline between the province of dreams and the land of reality.—Harpers Weekly.

Bildad's Bad Bid

Bildad is as confirmed an auction fiend as Mr. Toodles of historic memory, strong in resistance to all other lures, he seems utterly unable to withstand the temptations of the hammer and the block. It is probably true, as his friend Dobbiegh has said, that in the days to come Bildad will stop his own funeral procession to go in and bid on some article for which neither he nor Mrs. Bildad has any use, if perchance the cortege passes a red flag on the way to the cemetery. However this may be, what is true is that while doing in church one Sunday morning Bildad was suddenly aroused by the minister's announcement of the hymn.

"We will continue our service by singing the fifth hymn," said the clergyman. "Hymn No. 25."

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