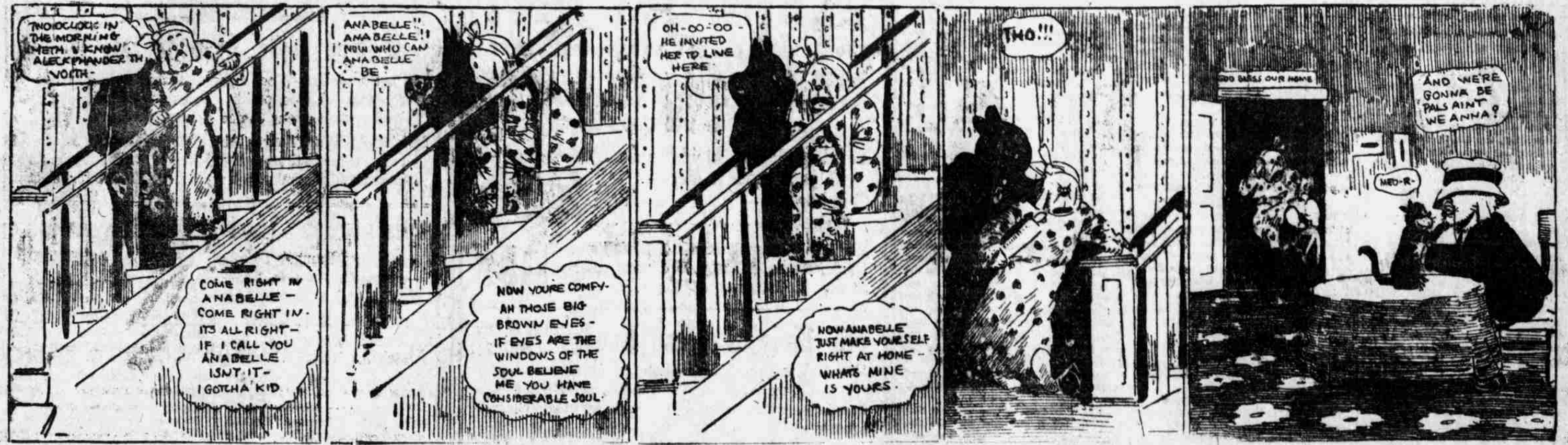


# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT

## The Judge Brings a Little Stranger Home

## Drawn for The Bee by Tad



## Married Life the Third Year

Helen and Warren Spend an Evening at Home in Their London Apartment.

By MABEL HERBERT URNER.

The cab drew up at the curbing before an imposing entrance.

Warren jumped out, dragged out one of the suit cases, looking impatiently toward the doorway. But no one came out for their baggage.

Leaving the suit case on the sidewalk and Helen in the cab, he strode inside and came back with a porter. The driver dragged the trunks from the top of the cab and the porter got them into the hallway.

"I'm afraid your rooms are not quite ready, sir," the man informed them as he took them up in the lift.

They found both rooms torn up. Rugs were rolled aside and the furniture pushed in the corner. One woman was washing the floor and another the windows.

"What's all this," demanded Warren. "Why aren't these rooms ready?"

The scrubwomen only looked up in mute inquiry.

"They wouldn't know, dear," murmured Helen. "You'll have to see the manager."

"There isn't any manager—it's a 'Manageress.' That's what they have in most of these London apartments."

A faint glimmer of keys down the hall and the housekeeper appeared.

"I'm very sorry, sir, but the party didn't leave until last night. We'll have this all in order by lunch time."

"Well, what about our baggage?" asked Warren, with difficulty restraining his impatience. He always hated to deal with women because he could not roar at them. "That stuff can't stand down there in the hall."

"Oh, the porter will take care of that, sir. If you'll come back around one, you'll find everything ready and your baggage here."

There was nothing to do but to accept the situation. Helen was devotedly glad that it had been Warren and not she who had engaged these rooms. Had she been responsible his irritation would have been vented upon her. Now he was forced to make the best of it.

Helen had not really wanted to leave the hotel. Since they were to be in London only a month, it seemed hardly worth while to move. But Warren had insisted on an apartment. Said he wouldn't stand for the "wash-stand and pitcher" any longer—that he wanted his own bath and a place where they could have breakfast in their rooms.

As they went down the lift, Helen noticed some mail addressed to "Lady" and "Sir." And there was a package on the hall table addressed to "The Honorable."

"Warren, did you notice those letters in the elevator?" eagerly when they reached the street. "Why, this must be a very good package. Did you know there were any titled people here?"

"No, and I'm not keen on knowing it now. We'll get it on our bills all right. They always lap on a few extras when they've got a 'lord' or 'lady' in the house."

He paused on the corner and glanced at his watch.

"I'll have to leave you here. It's almost eleven. What are you going to do? Loaf around the shops until noon?"

"I suppose I'll have to," ruefully, "but I'd much rather stayed there and unpacked."

"You'll have all afternoon for that. What do you say of having dinner sent up to the rooms tonight? We've been going out pretty steady. I've been going out steady, I'd love it."

"Well, well, see what kind of a dinner they can put up. And we'll get to bed early. This out-of-the-house business can't be overdone. Think I'll take the tube from here; that'll be quicker than a bus."

The next hour Helen spent in exploring the shops of that neighborhood. One o'clock found her back at the apartment, eager to begin the unpacking and to get "strengthened out."

She found the rooms in perfect order and the baggage there. The sitting room was most attractive with its white paneled walls, fresh muslin curtains and the furniture covered with white linen. There were a few good engravings on the walls and a couple of very good vases and candlesticks on the mantel. The bedroom was also in white.

Helen could not help but compare these charming, home-like rooms with the typical New York "furnished apartment," with its cheap, gaudy furniture and utter lack of taste.

Eagerly she began to unpack. There was only one tiny wardrobe, but it was so well fitted with hangers that there was room for both her clothes and Warren's. The bureau drawers were all freshly lined with white paper—another note of English thoroughness and

## Daddydilly

OAT BAR SAYS—IT'S AN ILL WIND THAT CANT FIND ANYTHING TO BLOW ABOUT

GENTLEMEN BE SEATED TA-RA-RARA BONES—AH GOT SAD NEWS TO TELL YOU MISTAH JOHNSON INTERLOCUTOR—WELL IM VERY SORRY TO HEAR THAT BONES WHATS HAPPENED BONES—WHY MAH GRANDFATHER DIED SUDDENLY, YOU KNOW MISTAH JOHNSON—AH THOUGHT THE WORLD OF THAT OLD MAN INTERLOCUTOR—THATS TOO BAD BONES, ILL BET HE LIKED YOU TOO, DIDNT HE BONES—OH YES HE THOUGHT AH WAS A GRAND-CHILD.

RUSTUS BROWN WILL NOW WISH "PUSBY" IN THE WELL BUT SHES GOT EIGHT MORE CHANCES.

FOOLISH FRITZ, THE SALT LAKE WAGON DETECTIVE, PEERING OVER THE CLIFF SAW THE OLD HERMIT MISER BURYING THE GOLD. "HA, HA, SAYETH FRITZ, HE HATH DISCOVERED SOMETHING GRASPING HIS TRUSTY FLOUR SACK FRITZ LET IT DOWN SCOOPED UP THE KALE AND IN UNISON ALL THE GOLD EAGLES SCREECHED, "IF A BARBER DIES AND GOES TO HEAVEN WILL HE BE A SKYSCRAPER"

BUT OFFICER, I THOUGHT I KNEW THE LADY!!!

IT ALL STARTED IN BIG TEDS MERRY MUGILAGE PARLOR. FOOTBALL PETE AND MIKE THE DUTCHER WERE ARGUING AND SOON CAME TO BLOWS THEN A BATTLE ROYAL FOLLOWED. MIKE WAS JUST ABOUT TO PLANT A SIZE 10 ON PETE WHEN A BOTTLE ON THE NECK DROPPED HIM WHEN THEY BROUGHT HIM TO THEY SAKE HIM UP FALLING BACK MIKE PEEPED OVER HIS CHEATERS AND GASED "IF TOM SHARKEY DIED WOULD THEY PLACE HIM OWABIER (BBER)?"

SIC EM PRINCE. HE BIT YOUR FATHER!

HALT!!

WALT! WHO GOES THERE?

ME

AT THIS HOUR OF THE NIGHT IT SEEMS THAT A MAN SHOULD PROWL ABOUT

WELL?

AND WHO ARE YOU?

IM THE BOOB THAT PUT THE COW IN MOSCOW

## The Summer Storm

By WINIFRED BLACK.

The little girl was desperately angry. She started to run upstairs, and at the first step she turned, stamped her foolish little foot as hard as she could and shouted in a strange, strained, harsh voice.

"Oh!" she said, "Oh, I wish the lightning would strike the whole world—and kill it all to pieces—I wish—"

But just then someone in authority arrived and the little girl ran upstairs and hid her head in the bed clothes and would not even listen to the rain tapping, tapping on the window pane, and rushing, rushing down the steep sides of the high shingled roof.

And yet it was worth listening to—that rain—it says so many things.

"Hark!" it whispered, "Hark!—how the whole world is stopping to listen to the rain song."

"Shsh!"—tired babies will fall asleep, worn mothers will smile at the sound of the song.

Flowers faded in the heat of the too friendly sun will revive, the parching dust in the red road will soften, the moss will begin to grow. See how the lilies hold up their thirsty cups.

Listen: the little stream silent so long begins to murmur, the tall trees bow to the oncoming storm.

Hark—the thunder; ah, there comes the lightning—it looks as if a tall man walked and swung his lantern—now here's his shadow between the light and the dark.

Now, it's a great pen writing—in fluid fire.

What is it that it says to us, all the wondrous writing there on the wall of purple clouds?

Come, children, run into the house—the rain, the real rain has begun.

And the little girl lies upstairs in the room under the peaked roof crying, "Oh, how bitterly she cries! 'I wish,' she sobs, 'I wish—poor, poor little girl—the storm has begun, hasn't it—the storm of life, for you."

How do you intend to weather it, I wonder—with anger, with tears, with dreadful wishing of dire disaster to all who oppose your vagrant fancies? Poor little foolish girl; your eyes are red, your soft hair tumbles about your flushed face, the smile that makes you beautiful is gone.

All the joyous delight in mere living for living's sake, where is that? Gone, too, with the happy smile. Dear, dear, what a tragedy—and all because you could not go out in the very face of the coming storm and play lady up and down the walk in your mother's old lilac frock (it you have taken such freakish fancy for.

Well, well—what a sorrow to be sure—you'll forget it tomorrow, little girl. In an hour from now you won't remember what it was all about—the wild storm in

your little rebel heart—I wish I could make you see what a waste of time it's to cry like that.

Someday you'll know, poor child, someday.

There's something grimly just in the course of nature after all. I never knew a heart to fairly burst over fancied sorrow that some real grief did not come along to make pretence over into sober earnest. Don't cry so hard, little girl; someday you'll need those tears.

Some one will forget to ask you to her party.

The woman next door will have an auto when you have to walk. Your husband will forget to bring you a knot of violets on your anniversary day—oh, terrible things are waiting for you down the road of life, little girl. Why don't you save all that rush of tears for them?

What—you love to cry—it does you good—you feel better now that the tears are gone.

Yes, but—well, I declare, you look better, too. Was it just a storm as natural as lightning, as necessary a thing as the rain, perhaps—and yet—

I ought to scold you, little girl. I ought to punish you some way—and I will.

There, you shall have chocolate ice cream today—not peach as you hoped—and the ribbon in your bonnie broom's hair shall be blue—not pink at all. So shall I satisfy the demand for punishment.

You are sorry, you say—your arms are around my neck. How soft they are, the little slender arms.

What a foolish little face it is that leans against my tired forehead; how fast the little heart beats that rests so close to mine. Oh, my darling, if I could only hold you so when the real troubles come—if I could only "punish" you myself instead of letting life—cruel, relentless life—do it.

Look, the clouds are breaking in the sky, the sun shines on a distant valley on the mountain side; how green, how green it is!

The air is fresh and sweet, all the flowers nod gaily in the light breeze the storm left when it raged across the hills in the next valley below. The little stream—how loudly it sings! "I live," it sings, "I live."

And you, little girl, you are glad the lightning did not strike the whole world—you are sorry you wished that—you—well, I am sorry too.

Someday, perhaps, you will wish to be again, and I may not be there to smile at the fury of your balked intent.

Will you remember then, little girl? Will you think of me, and of how we weathered through the storm together, this summer day, and kissed each other and smiled when it was all over?

I wonder.

## A Six-Hour Day for Wives

By DOROTHY DIX.

In this country eight hours' labor a day is considered sufficient for a bricklayer, or a hodcarrier, or a longshoreman. In Australia, where they do things a little better, it has been decided that six hours a day is enough for a husky man to labor.

But everywhere the idea of limiting the number of hours that a wife and mother should work is estimated so truly humorous and absurd that the comic artists use the suggestion as a theme to make people laugh.

Ha-ha! Tee-hee! It is certainly amusing to think of mother only working six hours a day, instead of twelve, or eighteen, and the artist of the Sydney Bulletin has given in the picture that accompanies this article, his idea of the side-splitting complications that would ensue should this grotesque idea of curtailing a wife and mother's working day, ever be put into practice.

Of course, in such an event, there would have to be relays of wives, working on different shifts, because you can't knock off the work of taking care of a house and the children just because the whistle blows and your six-hour day is up. There are still about eleven million other things to be done in order to insure the comfort and well-being of the family. Mother does it all now, but she doesn't get union hours. If she did she could parcel out her job among two other women, and there would be plenty of work for them all.

Suppose that Mother, like some other laborers, worked on a six-hour schedule.

The average woman's day begins at 4 o'clock, when she gets up, hurries into her own clothes, cooks the breakfast, wakes up father and finds his clothes for him; wakes up the children and helps them get dressed; fixes the baby's bottle, and serves the breakfast has prepared to her family.

Then she washes behind little Johnnie's ears, combs little Mary's hair, helps Tommy find his cap, goes over their lessons with all of the children, sees that their shoes are blacked and nicely tied up, and gets them off to school. Then she bathes and dresses the baby and gets it to sleep again, cleans up the breakfast things, makes the beds and sweeps the house and goes to market, after which she darns and patches and mends on the days she isn't washing and ironing, until time to get lunch. This brings her up to 12 o'clock, every minute of which has been breathless work.

No one can deny that she has done a fair day's work, and has earned her board and keep, which is all she gets out of it, for, alas, there is no pay envelope on Saturday attached to the job of wife.

But can you imagine mother putting down her tools at 12 o'clock and quitting work? What would happen if she laid aside the broom and the dust pan and locked up the sewing machine and banged down the top of the cook stove?

Where would the baby get its bottle? Who would give the children their lunch? Who would take the baby out for an airing? Who would make the family clothes? Who would see the children didn't run wild? Who would cook dinner for a hungry man?

So there is no earthly chance for mother winning out on a strike for a six-hour or an eight-hour day. She's got to be on her job early and late, for literally her work is never done.

And the wonder of it all is that women are able to endure this never-ending labor, to stand these long hours, this monotonous doing over and over again, day by day, year after year, the dull round of little tasks that are maddening in their monotony. For women's work is to sweep floors that are lintered the next minute and must be swept again, to cook meals that are eaten for people who are hungry again within an hour or two, to mend clothes that are torn again, to soothe fretful children that are forever whimpering and crying.

The most robust man would break down under the strain of such long hours and of work which makes such a ceaseless demand on nerves and temper, and yet such is the miracle of love that it puts into a frail, delicate little woman's body the strength to perform this herculean labor. All about us we see one woman doing three women's work so often that we don't even notice it nor count the number of hours she toils a day.

Of course great, big, husky men shouldn't be worked to death. Six or eight hours a day is plenty for them to work. But the idea of mother not working more than six or eight hours a day is certainly a rip-roaring farce. It is to laugh at the mere idea. Ha-ha, Tee-hee!

Seasonable Hints.

Frosted cars should be rubbed with snow until the circulation returns.

A newspaper folded into an oblong shape and thrust under the back of the vest makes a good substitute for an overcoat.

So there is no earthly chance for mother winning out on a strike for a



## The Manicure Lady

By WILLIAM F. KIRK.

"Gee, George, the papers is getting after Mister John D. Rockefeller and Mister Rosen, ain't they?" asked the Manicure Lady.

"You don't mean Mister Rosen, said the Head Barber, favoring the Manicure Lady with a more-sorrow-than-anger look. "You mean Mister Penrose."

"George," demanded the Manicure Lady, "is the time ever going to come when you will stop thinking that you know more than anybody that ever met you? Why is it that you are all the time looking for a chance to correct me? I got a good grammar school education, and if you ever went through the first reader class and got your honorable discharge you did more than your talk would prove for you."

"I went way past the first reader, got into the second reader, and I guess that is the last reader of them all—the reader of human nature and the reader of good books. I wish I could have gone to Yale or Princeton, but I didn't want to tax the old man too hard after all that he had done for me, so I told him after I had finished the last term at school that he could afford for me that I wanted to go to work. It turned out all right at that. I've got a pretty good job, as New York jobs go, and I manage to get by."

"I don't mean to offend you, George," said the penitent Manicure Lady. "You are all the time kidding me, so I thought I wouldn't be no more than fair if I kidded you a little. But as I was saying, they are certainly after the Standard Oil gang, I guess that they have the fear of all creation in their hearts. Brother Wilfred is writing a poem that he calls 'The Shame of Standard Oil.' He read it to me this morning and I thought the first two stanzas was pretty fierce, but I

had to humor the poor boy a little, so I told him they were good, but not so good as the third verse. The third verse wasn't bad at that. It went:

Thou art up, thou slimy, crawling thing, Crouching the bones of Progress and of Right, I see thee in my visions every night, Making the whole world writhe beneath thee.

Oh, for some Ajax with a spear to fling Against that sepulchre so deadly white.

"There ain't no head humor in it," objected the Head Barber. "He ought to have put in a few local gags, like 'How is old John D. anyhow?' and have the answer be, 'Oh, John D. is off right.' That's the trouble with your brother, kiddo. He never stops to think that if he could slip over one real humorous poem, he might be leaning you sugar instead of you staking him to caffeine."

"I guess you are right, George, but the old gent said the other night when I asked him if he didn't think Wilfred should write humorous poetry, that he thought all of Wilfred's poetry was a joke anyhow."

A Kentucky Orator.

South Trimble, a clerk of the house of representatives, was talking in Washington about a Kentucky orator.

"He is more-loquacious than eloquent," said Mr. Trimble, with a smile. "His mouth, to judge from the length of his speeches, must be as big as Peleg Anderson's."

Peleg Anderson entered a Louisville music shop to buy a mouth organ. He had a very large mouth, and, though he had a very organ in the establishment, none of them seemed to suit him.

"See here," said the salesman finally, "we'll have to make an organ to order for you, I guess, Peleg. Just try your mouth along this piano."—Washington Herald.