

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT

Jenkins Knew, Believe Us

Drawn for The Bee by Tad



Married Life the Third Year

Helen Interviews a Number of Girls for General Housework.

By MABEL HERBERT URNER.

"And the washing ma'am, you have that done out?"
"We have a laundress who comes every Thursday and does the washing and part of the ironing," answered Helen. "But I'd expect you to finish whatever ironing she couldn't do in the one day."

"Well, I might iron a few pieces," Helen said, "but I wouldn't want to go no place where I was expected to wash. Every place I ever stayed they always had the washing done out. What days do you give off?"
"Every Thursday and every other Sunday."

The girl was glancing around now with a critical gaze. "These are mighty big rooms, ma'am. You wouldn't expect a girl to get down on her knees and wash up these floors would you?"
"Why, yes, of course. How else would you keep them clean?"
"Well, there's mops and brushes and all sorts of things nowadays for hardwood floors. There ain't no need getting down on your knees."

"Yes, I have a long brush and a polisher," explained Helen, "but you'd have to wipe them up with a damp cloth at least once a week."

"Well, I keep my floors clean, all right," Helen said, "but I don't want to get down on my knees."
"Now, is there anything else you don't want to do?" asked Helen, quietly. "You don't want to wash, you don't want to iron and you don't want to get down to the floors. Now what else?"

But Helen's quiet sarcasm was wholly lost, for the girl answered complacently: "That's all, I guess, except of course house cleaning. I don't never do that."

"House cleaning?" Helen repeated coldly. "Just what do you mean by house cleaning? I told you we didn't keep any other maids, and we don't expect to have any outside help."
"You'd have to have somebody house-cleanin' times. I couldn't wash all this wood work."

"Oh, I see," murmured Helen. "Well, I'm afraid the work here would hardly suit you."
"No, ma'am," pertly, as she rose to go, "I guess it wouldn't."

"Here's your car fare," handing her a dime. "I don't want you to be out that." The girl took it with a begrudging "Thanks," and stalked out.
Helen went into the kitchen where Mrs. McGrady, her washerwoman, was helping with the work until she could get a servant.

"Oh, she was dreadful!" laughed Helen. "Why she didn't want to do anything."
"That's the way most 'em are now, ma'am," as she hung up the tea-towels. "They all want big wages and don't want to do nothing for it."

"Well, I wouldn't have had her at any price. She was the most overbearing—Oh, there's the bell. I suppose that's another one."
Mrs. McGrady went to the door and ushered in an overdressed young woman with a neat willow plume, a gold bracelet and an air of assurance.

"I got this letter yesterday," taking an envelope from her handbag.
It was one of Helen's letters. So far there had been no applicants from those Warren had written.
"You've been doing general housework?" asked Helen.

"Yes, ma'am, but my last place I was second chambermaid. That was with Mrs. Van Tassel," loftily, "the Van Tassels on Park avenue. Guess you've heard of them?"
Helen admitted that she had not.
"Well, they're great society folks. And 'fore that I was with Mrs. DeLacy three years. I got her reference right here," taking out another envelope.

and vegetables. Both Mr. Curtis and I like plain, wholesome food."
"Yes, um. Well I ain't never had nobody find fault with my cooking. What do you give a girl?"
"Twenty-five dollars and have the washing done, or thirty and you do the washing."

The near-willow plume tossed arrogantly. "Mrs. DeLacy gave me thirty and she sent all her clothes out. Since I had my operations for appendicitis, proudly, "the doctor says I mustn't do no washing."

"Then if you don't do the washing I could only pay twenty-five."
"Well, of course, since it's a small family," with a patronizing air, "and if the work ain't heavy—I might think about it." Then as an after thought, "About the windows—of course I wouldn't have to do them."

Helen's patience was now exhausted. "No, we don't expect the maid to wash the windows, but I think you can find some place you would like better. I want a girl who isn't afraid to work."

"Well, if you only pay twenty-five dollars," impudently, "you can't expect a girl to do everything."
And when the door closed after her it was with an indignant bang.

The afternoon passed and there were no other applicants. Helen was thoroughly worried. Mrs. McGrady could stay with her tomorrow, but Friday and Saturday were her regular cleaning days for two other customers. So they must get a maid by Saturday. They could not get without one over Sunday.

It was almost 6 when the doorbell rang again. This time it was a middle-aged Irish woman, plainly dressed. Helen liked her at once. She had not the assertive, independent air of the others, but seemed really to want the place. And for the first time Helen found herself in the position of questioning instead of being questioned.

"We want some one who is a good plain cook and a good general houseworker, and who is pleasant and willing. I suppose you have references?"
"Oh, yes, ma'am. Mrs. Ellison, the lady I was with last never gives written references, but she told me anybody could call her up. And here's some other references," handing Helen several letters.

One was written from Driscoll Court, a most exclusive apartment.
"Mary O'Connor was with me for three years and I always found her an honest and conscientious worker. She is a good cook, very economical, and takes an interest in her work. I shall be glad to recommend her personally at any time."
"MRS. G. W. HUOBELT."

"Yes, these are very good," murmured Helen, as she glanced through the others and handed them back.
Just then came the sound of a closing door, and Helen heard Warren's step in the hall. She ran out to meet him.

"Oh, dear," in a hurried whisper. "There's a woman here now. There's been two others who were impossible—but I think this one's very good. You go in and see her and make the arrangements."
"All right," as he hung up his hat and coat. "I'm on the job."

"Mary, this is Mr. Curtis," as they went back into the sitting room.
Warren in his brisk, businesslike way asked her a few questions and then said briefly:
"Now, Mary, if you do your work well, you'll find a good home here. If you want to try it for a week, you can come tomorrow. We'll look up your references in the meantime—but I think they'll be all right."

"Yes, sir. I'm sure you'll find they are. What time do you want me to come tomorrow, sir?"
"Soon as you can get here. First thing in the morning."
"Oh, dear, don't you like her?" asked Helen eagerly, when she had gone. "Don't you think she'll be all right?"

"Yes, looks like a good, sensible woman. If she doesn't drink I should say she'd make a first-class maid."
"Don't drink?" repeated Helen in astonishment.
"Yes, most of the middle-aged ones do. But she doesn't look like a drinking woman."

"Why, dear, you don't mean that when they get older most of these girls drink?"
"That's about the size of it. As a rule people don't want them over 35 or 40 years old."
"Then what becomes of them—after 40 years of it?"

Warren shrugged his shoulders. "Scrub women, I suppose. Not much else they could do."
"Oh, how cruel! To have to spend the best of their life at housework, knowing that when they get a little older they will not be wanted even for that! No wonder they drink. We're always reading about the old men and how hard it is for them to get work—surely, dear, it's harder for the old women."
"Yes, it's pretty tough," admitted Warren.

Beauty in Vaudeville

Belle Baker Tells How Hard Work and Good Clean Living Preserves Her Good Looks.



MISS BELLE BAKER

By MARGARET HUBBARD AYER.

Outside the Bronx theater the great big electric sign spelled "Belle Baker" in flashing letters, proclaiming to all the world how important a person that young favorite is in vaudeville.

But behind the scenes in her dressing room Belle Baker, wrapped up in two warm kimonos, despite the warm weather, was shivering with nervousness and worry, and was far removed from the joyous and joy-inspiring artist who wins the hearts of her audience by her excellent comedy work, her rich voice and her winning personality.

"Oh, I'm always so nervous every Monday," said Miss Baker, looking at me with great big mournful eyes.
"But this is Tuesday. Why should you worry? Besides, you're a headliner and you always make good. Doesn't the electric sign say so?"

Belle Baker wouldn't be comforted. She is not yet 19 years old—that is, her actual age; not her stage age.
Her pretty round face is still that of a child, and only the great, big, dark eyes show that Belle Baker's career has not always been an easy one, and that her success has been earned by much work, hard struggle and anxiety.

I am going to repeat what Miss Baker told me about her life, because while I hope it will scare some foolish girls from the mad desire of breaking into vaudeville, it will show others, those few who really have the talent, nerve, persistence and who lack vanity enough to learn by their own mistakes, that this great country of ours is full of opportunities for the girl with the right spirit.

You've probably all seen Belle Baker; you know that she can take her audience right along with her; you've seen her name printed in fat type on the program; you know that she's the hit of the bill and that she gets a corresponding big salary.

"I know I'm foolish to worry," explained Miss Baker to me. "But you see, there's responsibility; it just weighs me down. The responsibility of making good at every single performance, and especially Monday, with a new audience at a new theater."

"I always feel I have to 'make good' all over again, and that's why I just dread Monday, and why I get so nervous that I almost lose my voice, and I'm always hoarse and sick."
"I've been working for a long time, ever since I was a little bit of a girl, and I've had heavy responsibilities, my parents to take care of and now that I'm

women, I suppose. Not much else they could do."
"Oh, how cruel! To have to spend the best of their life at housework, knowing that when they get a little older they will not be wanted even for that! No wonder they drink. We're always reading about the old men and how hard it is for them to get work—surely, dear, it's harder for the old women."
"Yes, it's pretty tough," admitted Warren.

For the rest of the evening Helen was haunted with the tragedy of all the servant girls who grow old in the drudgery of housework, and who can only look forward in their old age to the greater drudgery of the scrub woman.

And when they are too old and too feeble for scrub women—what then?

really doing well I always worry for fear that something will happen."
"When I was a little girl I worked in a waist factory; I was so little and so much under age that when the factory inspector came around they used to put me in the big boxes and cover me over with the waists. Then I sold lemonade for a time and finally I got a little engagement with Jacob Adler at his theater."

"Oh, that was a wonderful time, because that was where I got so much of my training. Everybody worked with their whole heart and soul in that theater, and I learned to do it, too. Mr. and Mrs. Adler were wonderfully kind and clever, and they taught and encouraged me a great deal. But, alas, the theater closed down, and I couldn't find any kind of an engagement."

"There was nothing I could do. My mother was ill, and I felt all the responsibility of her welfare resting on me; finally, I got a job at a moving picture theater. I signed with them for \$2 a week, but before I began with them I sang one Sunday night at the Academy of Music, and got several offers from managers right away. But I felt that I had promised the moving picture people, and that I mustn't go back on my word. So I went down and sang between the pictures all the afternoons and evenings, and sent my mother to the country with the money I had made."

"Well, in a little while I felt that I could end that engagement and take one of the better ones that had been offered me in straight vaudeville. So I was sent out on tour, and I did make good that time."

Miss Baker's eyes beamed. That tour seems to have been a triumphant procession in which the burber of New York had not yet appeared.

"Well," continued Miss Baker, "the managers thought I was doing so well out there that they sent me to come

to New York. But it was a very different thing. I only had a little old dress that I had worn at a wedding, and oh, I was very sad, indeed."
"One critic especially simply roasted me to a crisp. I had saved enough money to stop for a little, and I took six weeks to get new songs and study, and get a nice dress. Then I went to the same critic and said, 'I won't ever go back on the stage until you say that my work is good.' He didn't want to hear me, but I made him. I sang all my songs through, and his verdict was, 'You're bad, but not quite as bad as you were.' 'Very well,' said I, 'I'm coming back tomorrow.' He gave me a few suggestions to improve my work. I went home and worked on those suggestions and came back to sing for him again the following day."

"Each day he said my performance was less impossible than the day before, and finally he got interested enough to really help me with my singing and acting, and every one of his suggestions was gratefully accepted and acted upon. On the day he said my act was good I started out and got a new engagement and I've been working now steadily for two years."

"Whatever I am I think I owe to that critic and to my husband, who manages my business arrangements for me, and it's the responsibility of living up to the good work they expect of me that worries me so much," continued the vaudeville star, with a little shiver of nervousness.

"Do you know, Miss Baker, I was going to ask you how you keep your health and good looks. You can't help being young, and you are an absolute contradiction to the adage that says 'Worry makes wrinkles.'"

"I don't do anything but work, sleep and eat," said the headliner, who is still almost a little girl, "but some day when I've made enough money, I shall retire

Ella Wheeler Wilcox

—ON—

Wifhood and Motherhood—Complete Devotion to Children Often Drives Cupid from the Former's Side.

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

The devoted mother, absorbed in her children, is an admirable being oftentimes. But it depends upon the extent of her absorption, whether she is really admirable or not.

She has been known to drive Cupid from her side to destroy the happiness of her home, and to obliterate beauty and charm from her personality.

A pretty girl married a young man of her own age. He was proud of her attractive appearance, and he loved to see her attired in dainty garments, and to take her forth pleasing. They were great comrades and friends, and his pet name for her was "Little Bell."

By and by the baby came, and it was a new delight to both lives. It seemed for a time to add much and to take way nothing.

But as the newness of fatherhood passed, the husband was conscious that he received little attention from his wife. She was rarely able to go out with him. There was always something which required her presence at home even when provided with a nurse or the assistance of competent relatives to look after the baby.

And when she did go, she was restless to be back with the baby. After the second child came, it was still more a dejected fact that the husband was eliminated for the children in the thoughts of the wife.

Reckless forgetting his needs of her companionship, the wife forgot to make herself attractive. All her pretty woman's vanity was put aside.

She coiled her lovely hair in a tight unbecoming knot. She wore plain garments; with the little touches of grace and beauty which a man loves to see about a woman.

She said she had no time for such vanities; she was absorbed in maternal duties, the holiest duties of life.

She urged her husband to be sensible, and see how she was situated and not expect too much of her.

He ceased to expect anything of her save her duties as a mother after a time. So he sought his comradeship at the club, and in stag parties; and then after a time, he found widows, and single women and the wives of other men companionship.

He observed that many women were good mothers and good comrades and sociable citizens at the same time; and made up his mind that he had married a woman who was only capable of being a devoted mother and so he left her to fill her sphere.

As time passed, the woman grew prematurely old; from lack of attention, her physical charms faded; but she believed she had sacrificed them on the altar of motherhood.

Her hair was dry, and began to grow grizzly gray; merely because she took no time to brush it, and feed its roots with oil, and to comb and love it into becomingness, and beauty.

movable blooms, became sallow and parched for the same cause—lack of care. And all the time the woman believed she had given her charms to her children, and that she was a martyr to maternal duty.

There was no subject on which she and her husband could meet in sympathy, save the children; and even there they disagreed; for he told her she was making them selfish by giving her whole life to them; and that they would be better off were she to consider herself and her husband, and her friends to the same degree, and teach her children to wait upon her instead of being a willing slave to their caprices and pleasures.

He was absolutely right and time proved it.

The son and daughter took her devotion as a matter of course, and when they married the daughter expected her husband to be her slave, because her mother had been; and the son expected the same sacrifice from the wife that his mother had made, and both were disappointed, and so three families were unhappy, through the short-sighted outlook and narrow understanding of one woman.

When a woman marries, her first duty is to her husband. That means that she is to make herself in every possible way his comrade, friend, companion and helpmeet.

She is to keep herself physically charming, mentally awake and spiritually in advance of him; and if she does the first two, he will be ready to follow her in the third part, to such an extent as the masculine soul can follow the feminine on this planet.

And if she does all these things, with high ideas regarding them, she is sure to be a good mother, and a good neighbor, and a good friend as well.—Copyright, 1912, by American Journal-Examiner.

Red and Blue Colors Do Some Queer Tricks.

If on a screen of black velvet placed at a distance of ten feet from the spectator large letters are pasted, some blue, some red, they will not appear to be at an equal distance from the eyes. To some persons the red letters will seem nearer than the blue letters, while to other persons the contrary effect will be manifested.

To produce this effect both eyes must be employed. When one eye is closed the letters are all seen at the same distance. On opening the other eye one set of letters immediately seems to take a position in advance of the others.

The explanation offered for this effect is that a sort of stereoscopic illusion is produced in the eye itself, depending upon color. The image of a blue object is shifted by the eye toward one side and that of a red object toward the other side.

If on looking at blue and red letters on a black background placed ten or twelve feet away you see the red letters nearer than the blue, screen off one-half of the pupil of each eye and the other and you will see the red letters outside behind the blue ones.

If you screen the pupils on the side toward the nose, you will see the red letters advance apparently still further ahead of the blue ones. If, on the other hand, you naturally see the blue in advance, screen the inner side of the pupils of your eyes and the red will come to the front.

Beautiful effects are produced with one eye alone, when, instead of letters, red or blue rings are pasted on a background of the opposite color. Placing red rings on blue paper and using the right eye with the inner side of the pupil covered the appearance is that of circular red hillocks resting on a blue ground.

To produce this effect in its highest degree the paper must be held to the left and sloping in that direction. When the outer side of the pupil is screened the red rings will become circular trenches in the blue paper.—New York Post.