

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Some Rooms Are Great and Others Are Cells

Drawn for The Bee by "Bud" Fisher



The Dream of a Dying Woman

By WINIFRED BLACK.

They took her off the train in Kansas City the other day, the woman who was going home to die.

She had been out west to get well, high, dry air they told her would cure her, and so she left every one she loved, and every thing she knew, and lived alone for a year. But it was no use and so she started home to die.

Alas! It was too late—she had waited too long. When the train was nearing Kansas City the woman roused herself from her stupor, looked out of the window and saw a man running water. "Home, I'm getting home at last."

And so she was, poor thing, for before the porter could call for help she was gone. Home, well and light of heart.

Those of us who saw her carried through the gauging through in the crowded station wondered where her home on earth was, and whether it was so beautiful really, as it seemed to her.

Water, she scented, running water, it was near a little stream, the home she loved so well. "I'll warrant a little laughing, gossiping, friendly stream, with water-oreas along its shallows, and tiny darting trout hiding in its coolness."

Did she play in that stream when she was a little girl? I wonder, did she make boats with leaves for sails and set them afloat so proudly, down, down the sparkling water to the great open sea a thousand miles away?

Did she "wading" when the first soft days of spring called to her to come and be a part of the things out in the lacy shade of the green and waving willows? Did she have a play house in the old willow tree, do you suppose, was the first broad branch the parlor, and did she invite company to see her in the reception room higher up the bough?

Did she make wands of the swaying tips, and change her little brother into a green frog when he took her doll and pretended to throw her into the river?

Oh, yes! they probably called the little shining stream a river and thought it a very swift water indeed and liked to tell each other how dangerous it was down below where it got larger after Clear creek joined with the Hubby Spring.

Where did it come from, that stream of soft delight? Way up, in the green hills over past, beyond and further than way off.

Did she ever run away a whole day to follow and find out, the little vagrant girl with her petticoats all askew and her stockings hanging down and her hair all unbraided, till the very birds stared to see her? And did she hold a supple willow wand in her slender hand and sing to herself as she went away across the far green hills under the bend, past the place of the old cross dog and beyond the house with the red barn? What was it called to her from the barn yard? Something shrill and reproving. Little brother said it was a Guinea hen and he started to mock the cry, "Pot rack, pot rack, till she put her hand over her mouth and made him run with her out of hearing."

Who were those strange people they met on the road, a man and a woman in a rickety cart with a cover to it and queer table clothes or something hanging out to dry on the cover? The woman had red beads, and she had white teeth, and when she laughed it made the little girl afraid.

And what a wild dog it was that ran along the wagon, snappy and furtive. The little girl had to drive old Hero away from him two or three times, he wanted to fight so badly.

And did they find her path beside the laughing stream, or maybe they were deer tracks, you never could tell.

Spring sunshine and the spring wind and the green grass, and in a shady place a whole flock of spring beauties striped white and pink and fairly flutter with the song of spring, and in the grass little yellow stars and white ones, fallen from the skies you told little brother, and he tried so hard to believe you, didn't he, Little Girl?

No wonder you loved the little stream, the running water, no wonder you dreamed of it out there in the splendor of the burning sand where you went too

late to be helped of the deadly poison that sapped your strength.

I am sorry, Little Girl, I'm sorry you didn't get home in time to hear the song of the little stream again. I hope they bore your wasted body back home and laid it somewhere near that running water.

For those of you who love the water are never really content away from it, whether it be a mighty river rolling grandly to the great ocean, or whether it be the blue lake, opal and pearl at sunset, and rose and crimson in the early dawn, or whether it be the great grey sea itself, calling, calling, to the children who love her to come home, come home and be rocked to sleep.

Trees and running water, how long, how long they live in the memory. The dying woman saw those trees there in the squalor and the crowd of the depot, and when the Indians going to Oklahoma, the cowboys going to Texas, and the women going to Florida, and the men hurrying to catch the 10:30 to Chicago, hurried past her stretcher she listened and heard only the rush of running water welcoming her home—at last.

Sleep soft, little woman, by your running stream, sleep soft, it is a long, long time till spring and waking time.

The Manicure Lady

By WILLIAM F. KIRK

"It's funny, George," said the Manicure Lady, "how many grafters there are in this world. Now did you happen to notice that gent with the long whiskers that went out of here after having his nails did? Don't be standing there looking like a loon. Answer my question."

"I seen him," said the Head Barber, meekly.

"You shouldn't say 'I seen him' at all," said the Manicure Lady. "You are all the time correcting me, so I guess I have to hand you a little jolt. You should have said 'I have saw him.' I never done no correcting of you English before, but this time I couldn't desist the temptation."

"But, anyhow, what I was going to say was about this guy with the long whiskers. I was surprised that you even seen him, because you take nine barbers out of ten and you won't even see them take the shortest look at a man that wears a full beard. They are sore at him because he doesn't come in every day and get shaved once over. This old fellow, though, was one sketch, and I am sorry that you didn't get a line on his talk. Do you know what he wanted to sell me? A history of the world, all in twenty-four volumes, with nice calf binding, the kind of calfskin that you cut off the college boys' faces. He said it told all about history from the time them Egyptians made the pyramids and kicked up till the war of the rebellion. He said that if a girl of my intelligence got a set of them books and read about the charge of the light brigade, or whatever it is they call one of them battleships, I would be rich in knowledge, and would be able to make fun of a lot of wise guys that came in and tried to educate me."

"I don't think many of them could educate you much," said the Head Barber. "You and me has lots of scraps, but when it comes to telling you where to get off I guess it would take four college professors and four gamblers rolled into one to enlighten you very much. Anyway, I can't see what good it does to know a lot of history. It's like learning geography. You pick up one of them large flat books at school and learn that Uruguay is near Paraguay and that there is a lot of rubber down there and other products, and then you take a slant at the great Sarah desert, or some other woman's name like that, and the teacher tells you that it is all sand and wind storms, with a little pool of water here and there. But geography ain't much good to anybody in this world when there is some little boy with a good sized nose sitting next to you studying interest and percentage."

"That is what I was saying to the old gent with the lace curtains on his chin," said the Manicure Lady, "but I didn't get a chance to say very much to him about it after he found out that I didn't want to buy the history. He paid me for the manicure and walked out without giving me no tip. I guess that most folks in this world walks off on you pretty quick, George, when they don't see no nourishment in staying around."

Church Attendance Nil.

Mrs. Waynup—So, they have just had their first church!

Mrs. Blane—Yes. After fifteen years of married life they have just discovered that they belong to opposite churches.

Who Makes the Best Kind of a Wife? "WED A 'HELLO' GIRL AND YOU'LL BE HAPPY"

By FRANCES L. GARSIDE

When a girl is in love her happiness is so complete there seems nothing left to ask for, and she stops saying her prayers.

But after she has been married a few weeks she begins again, and the burden of her petition is a prayer for patience. She has found that a sweet face, a ready wit, an understanding sympathy, a charm or two, may win a husband, but that it requires patience to keep him.

This being true, and no wife will deny it, doesn't it follow that the girl who will make the best wife is the one whose business calling develops patience? The girl behind the counter who hauls down all her stock for a woman who has no intention of buying; the waitress in a restaurant who is the buffeted between an incompetent cook and an exacting appetite; the dressmaker who is paid for the impossible task of making a Venus out of a natural born scarecrow; the stenographer to whom a day's accumulation of potboilers looks like the inscriptions on an Egyptian tomb; the woman in any and every calling feels that she, and she alone, really knows what patience is.

But here is one who contends that in comparison with her education the patience required for other callings is as an understated mole hill to an overgrown mountain. She is Miss Minnie Maud Roesch, and she speaks for that angel



MISS MINNIE M. ROESCH.

at the other end of the line whom we call with mixed emotion varying from tenderness to disrespect "the telephone girl."

An angel? Of course, for who but an angel would take the abuse a telephone girl gets and speak in the sweetest voice ever heard in reply?

Miss Roesch, who has had a long experience in placating the impatient and smoothing down the feathers on the back of an irritable public, speaks for the thousands of girls who work somewhere

up in a hole in the wall, whom we never see, never know, and yet who are the custodians of all our secrets.

"If there is any position requiring patience, and a serene acceptance of the most unjust and most hasty judgment, it is that occupied by the girl at the switchboard. She is called upon every hour of the day to do the impossible, and held accountable for delays in performing it that are not in any way her fault.

"With every nerve racked, with her temper tried by tones that are exacting, imperious, impudent and quarrelsome, she is expected to amiably explain every delay, and to remember through an intervention of fifty-odd calls who called whom an hour ago.

"She must know when Jones calls 454 that he really meant 456, and that when the number he asks for is engaged she must give it to him when it isn't. She must realize that the man who has taken down the receiver is in a hurry. His business is important, every man knows that, or every man knows that when he goes to the telephone it really is important, though his object be nothing more than an inquiry at what hour the baby cut its tooth.

"This training in memory, patience and in long suffering is, needed by every wife. And it has become second nature with every telephone girl who has held her position as long as six months. She has become so trained she will make no sharp reply when complaint is made that dinner is not ready or isn't cooked to suit the pampered masculine taste.

"Then, again, her training as a repository of secrets is invaluable. She doesn't tell all she knows, and the wife who doesn't tell her husband all she knows retains his interest longer and avoids telling him much that would annoy. She becomes a veritable sphinx, with as little effect as the sand blows around that model of feminine discretion and patience in the desert.

"The training of the telephone girl qualifies her to make the best sort of a partner—in business or in the closer relationship of husband and wife. The man who is wise enough to appreciate these qualities will get so amiable when he goes wife-seeking if he selects for his partner a telephone girl.

"The central at the office becomes the central of his home—one who soothes the impatient, who bears every complaint and who is the clearing-house for every wrong."

Just Sponges

By ELBERT HUBBARD.

Sponges have been used since Marco Antony, the silver-tongued, lived in Alexandria and Julius Caesar threw up the sponge when beset by his enemies in the Roman Forum.

For 2,000 years sponges have been hooked up from the bottom of the sea. But now, in Florida, the business has been standardized and divers do the work. One diver will collect as many sponges as twenty-five workmen with hooks from a boat.

After the sponge is taken from the water it is exposed to the sun for a time. This kills the animal. The outside skin is then scraped off and the sponges are thoroughly rinsed in water so all the fleshy substance is washed out. They are then put on strings about a yard long, all sizes mixed, and offered for sale at the various markets.

Sponges are sold by the pound, but there are ways of increasing the weight of sponges by loading them. Sometimes they are colored or discolored in order to make you think that you are buying a Turkish sponge or a sheepwool sponge, when you are getting something very different.

The most important sponge market in America is Tarpon Springs, Fla. Sponges are now complimented by ap-

cial legislation that protects them. Lobsters the same.

I venture that the average citizen of America knows less about sponges that he does about lobsters.

Florida followed the lead of Maine and protected her infant industries. There are federal statutes also on the subject of sponge fishing.

There are 127 different grades of commercial sponges. These range in price from a few cents up to \$40 or \$50 a pound. The various grades are sorted into first, second and third, and these again subdivided into various sizes.

I saw a black sponge thrown into a tank. In a little while it came out of another tank a beautiful golden color. One of those soft, fluffy, blond peroxide things that you see in the druggist's window.

There is a book on sponges written by the world's greatest living thinker.

In order that no Smart Aleichander will think that I am talking about myself, I will explain at once that the world's greatest living thinker is Ernest Haeckel, of the little town of Jens, in Germany.

Darwin also had a good deal to say on the subject of sponges in his book, "The Origin of Species."

All animal life seems to start from about the same basis. Things then move off in various directions.

Nature has tried about all the processes that can be imagined, and a good many that can't, in her endeavors to make a man.

The sponge seems to be the universal embryo. Everything in animal life begins in a sack filled with a jellylike substance

Contemplating Matrimony

Dorothy Dix Writes an Open Letter to the Young Girl, Who Is Feeling the Call of What She Thinks Is the Great Love of Her Life.

By DOROTHY DIX.

My Dear Little Girl: You tell me that you are 17 years old, and that you are thinking of eloping with a young chap who clerks in the haberdashery store that you pass every day, and who has perfectly stunning eyes, and wears the sweetest clothes.

Whenever you catch a glimpse of him your heart just goes flippety-flop, and you have little chills, and a fever just exactly like Lady Gwendolyn experienced in the "Earl's Daughter," and you could listen forever to him talk while he called you "Baby Doll" and "Oh, You Kid." Besides which your step just matches his in dancing, and he likes pink strawberry ice cream like you do, and he's just crazy about the movies, as you are.

By all these signs and tokens you know that what you feel for him is a deep, unalterable love, the passion of a lifetime, and that he is the one man in the world that fate and nature destined for your mate.

And it doesn't seem so very young to you. You feel quite—quite old, and very wise, and experienced, and you haven't a doubt that you are perfectly capable of deciding the most important problem of your whole life.

Of course, your mother and father object, and say that you are nothing but a baby, and that there'll be plenty of time to think of love and getting married when you are really grown up, and parents are such old fogey people, and so unprogressive, such altogether back numbers that it's mere weakness to listen to their views, or to be influenced by them.

So you and Percy—let's just put the most romantic name—are thinking about eloping, and getting married in spite of your mamma's and papa's.

Don't do it, Little Girl. I know you are a figure, but just cast your eye over the cold, hard statistics of divorce, and they will show you that more than 75 per cent of the marriages of elopement, or where very young people got married. Naturally you are sure that you and Percy would prove a grand exception to the rule. Maybe you would, but the experience of thousands and thousands of other miserable men and women show how terribly the odds are against you. You haven't got even a gambling chance for domestic happiness.

You think that the feeling that you entertain for Percy is love. It is not. It is the dawning of sex consciousness. It is your first realization of the fact that you are a woman, and that Percy is a man, and that between the two there is the mysterious call of sex sounded by nature.

Your mother is too modest to talk to you about such things, and that is why you and millions of other little, young, ignorant girls, blunder into matrimonial misery. They mistake the flutter that happily attached to one big rock, living out a beautiful life of self-sufficiency, raising a big family that go off into the sea and attach themselves, in turn, to rocks and earn an honest living.

Sponges usually attain growth in about ten years, but in some centers we are told that they grow for fifty or a hundred years.

Sponges that are used in America come largely from Cuba and the coast of Florida.

There are other peculiar and valuable sponges that are found only along the Mediterranean coast and among the Isles of Greece.

A Great Speech.

A young Newarker had listened to the Gettysburg address at school. On his way home he said to his big sister: "Is that a great speech?"

"Is it the greatest speech in the world?" "It is thought to be one of the greatest ever spoken."

The boy looked unconvinced. "Yes," he said, "I just wish my father would write a speech."—Cleveland Plaindealer.

man in general produces in their breasts for love of some particular individual man. Distrust your emotions, my dear, as you would a band of traitors that were trying to deceive and lure you into slavery. Don't marry any man until you have known many men, and can distinguish between the excitement that the attention of society of anything in masculine garb inspires in you from the deep and pervading contentment you feel in the presence of the One Man in the world for you.

And don't answer every call that comes along for fear you will miss saying "Yes" to the right one. When he arrives you will hear his voice, though it whispered to you across the ocean.

You say that you are perfectly confident that Percy is your ideal of all that you wish in a husband and that you could never, never tire of him, though you lived to celebrate your diamond wedding anniversary. To get a line on how false changes at your age just try to recall how crazy you were over that pink dress last winter. You thought it the very quintessence of style, and smartness, and beauty. Now you wouldn't be caught dead in it.

Also recall the way you had your room fixed up with college flags, and photographs of the girls and boys, and dinky little souvenirs, and how perfectly sane you considered it. They went into the discard after you took the course of art lectures and found out that bare simplicity was the thing. And do you remember how mad you were over chocolate fudge until you got an overdose of it? Now the very name of fudge gives you nausea.

Believe me, all those disasters, and more, are almost sure to repeat themselves if you marry when you are 17. Your taste isn't formed, as just try to recall how crazy you were over that pink dress last winter. You thought it the very quintessence of style, and smartness, and beauty. Now you wouldn't be caught dead in it.

He may stay just what he was when you married him, or he may go backward, and then what are you going to do? Take it from me, Little Girl, a last year's husband is sometimes harder to put up with than a last year's hat, and you can have a spiritual nausea at the companionship of a man you've outgrown that is a million times worse than an physical affliction. So put off getting married till you have come to your maturity. There are enough risks in matrimony without taking any risk on the kind of a woman you are going to be yourself, or the sort of a husband you'll want when you grow up.

Consider, also, little girl, that if you marry when you are still a child you deliberately cut yourself out of the only play time of life that the average woman ever has. Her girlhood is the golden hour of a woman's existence. It is the time when she is care-free, and every one conspires to make her happy and give her a good time. Even the happiest wife has her burdens, her restrictions. She must sacrifice herself to her husband and children. Take a look at some poor sickly young mother wrestling with a poor sickly little babe before you let yourself in for walking the coals at an age when you should be turkey trotting.

Finally, beloved, don't elope. You may not believe it, but your parents are your best friends. They have nothing at heart but your interest, no desire, but for your happiness, and if they are not willing for you to marry, rest assured they have good and sufficient reasons.

Don't elope. Don't sneak off and marry unbeknown to those who have made so many sacrifices for you.

Wait until the law makes you responsible for your own actions and gives you a right to do as you please. Then you won't have to elope, and the chances are that you wouldn't look at the youth you once contemplated running off to marry. It will give you such cold shivers when you think of what you have escaped that you'll turn up your coat collar.

Think a long, long time before you marry, little girl. For it takes five minutes and a dollar and a half to get married, but it requires sorrow and tears and lawyers, and much money to get a divorce. It's always a lot easier to get into trouble than to get out of it—and may have preserved you from the folly of an early marriage.