

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Her Husband's Voice

Treating a Servant as an Equal Has Some Slight Disadvantages.

The exactness of the heights is as nothing to the exactness of the depths. Though it took Kipling's "Tomlinson" to discover that hell is not a free port of entry, any one who moves into a suburb must realize in a very short time that while society above stairs may call the queens of the local kitchens will hold courtly aloof from newcomers.

While the neighbors in Mountainville had promptly left cards at the home of the Post Graduate Husband and the Amateur Wife, the Helpful Handmaiden, remained utterly unrecognized by the social strata below stairs. She had gone religiously to mass and Lenten devotions as well. But no one spoke to her.

The deposed queen of Finland, who ruled over the basement on the left, gazed haughtily over the head of the Helpful Handmaiden when they met on their way to church.

Even though the exiled empress who controlled the culinary destiny of the family on the right had accepted the very next seat at a special meeting called to form a local "ladies auxiliary" of the A. O. H., she remained totally unaware of Mary's existence.

Of course, Mary returned scorn for scorn. "It's sort of lonesome out here," she confided to the Amateur Wife. "For, of course, ma'am, I couldn't be expected to associate with the kind of trash that's employed out here. A woman of my education would scarcely take notice of their employers, ma'am."

As the Amateur Wife had found many of her new neighbors delightful she failed utterly to understand the Handmaiden's attitude.

But suddenly, without any apparent reason, the barriers of "below stairs" were let down and the submerged social leaders of Mountainville vied with each other for Mary's favor.

Even the Amateur Wife did not suspect that she was personally responsible for the kitchen cabinet's change of policy. But she had confided to a friend next door that Mary possessed a savings bank book and, the news having gotten down the dumbwaiter in some way, Mary's stock had risen accordingly.

"If you please, ma'am, I'd like to have dinner, a little earlier than usual. I'm going to a party," Mary announced.

Almost as pleased as Mary herself, the Amateur Wife consented to the change in the dinner hour, and even persuaded the Post Graduate Husband that out of deference to the Helpful Handmaiden's party, he must come home an hour earlier.

Mary came home at 1 o'clock the next morning, and all that day an air of gloom thick as a November fog, overcast her countenance. The breakfast was execrable. Mary's deterioration, which was marked and rapidly progressive, dated from that hour.

She had begun by changing the dinner hour. It was on the second week of her social elevation that she decided to change her name.

"Mrs. Mann," she inquired one morning removing the breakfast dishes, "do you like the name May?"

"Certainly," answered the Amateur Wife. "It's a very pretty name."



"I'M BELIEVIN' YOU OF MY PRESENCE AT THE END OF THE MONTH," SAID MARY.

"But not so pretty as Mary," observed the Post Graduate Husband, diplomatically.

"I'm thinking differently," declared Mary, with some abruptness. "You'll be asking me to call me May hereafter if you've no objection."

The Post Graduate Husband frowned, but as he could find no reason in law or ethics for his objection he said nothing.

Therefore Mary's letters came addressed to the shorter and more frivolous name, and when she telephoned the orders to the butcher and grocer she opened all conversation with a conscious giggle and "This is May McGarry speaking."

And she wore pink bows in her hair! Indeed the Amateur Wife suspected her of amassing for that purpose Wood-Wood's best neck ribbon.

The Helpful Handmaiden got up later and later, and her cooking, which had never suggested any great respect for the human stomach or even the human palate, got worse and worse.

"Finally one evening, as the Post Graduate Husband and Hisc Wife sat in the dining room, the climax came.

Mary—or May—in a vivid blue silk dress stood in the doorway.

"I seen you're not usin' the parlor this evening," she said, ingratiatingly, "and I expectin' a few friends. Could I receive them there?"

Stunned, speechless, the Amateur Wife could only stare at her.

But the Post Graduate Husband, after a thunderous "No!" spoke strongly, brutally and much to the point.

At the end of his harangue the Haughty and no longer Helpful Handmaiden, wearing the air of Mary, Queen of Scots at her execution, gazed loftily past him.

Her eyes fixed the shrinking gaze of the Amateur Wife and slowly, fatefully she spoke words of doom.

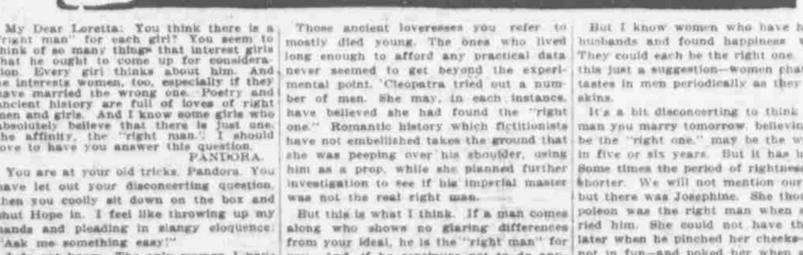
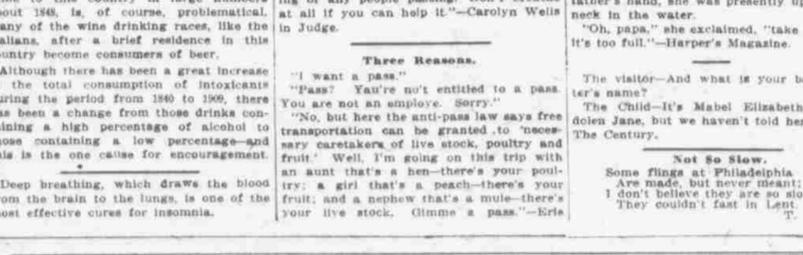
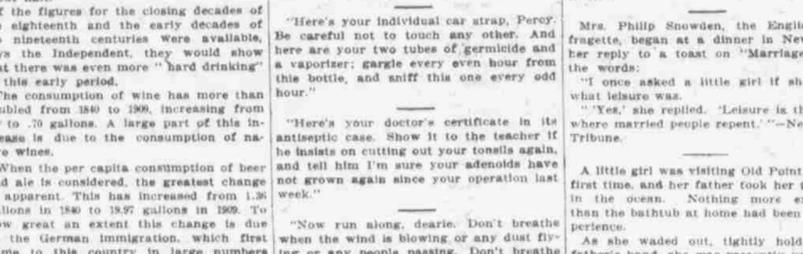
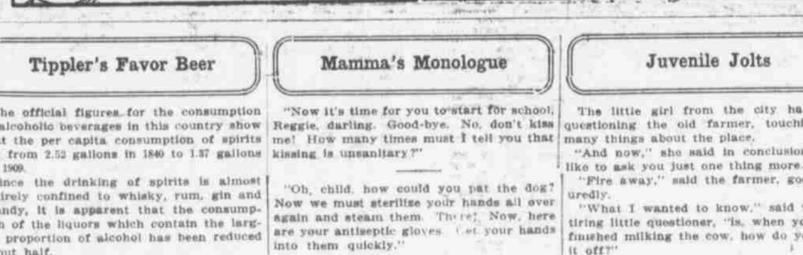
"I'll be reliev'ing you of my presence at the end of the month," she said.

And the Post Graduate Husband and His Amateur Wife sighed—a sign of genuine thanksgiving.

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PUDGE PERKINS' PETS

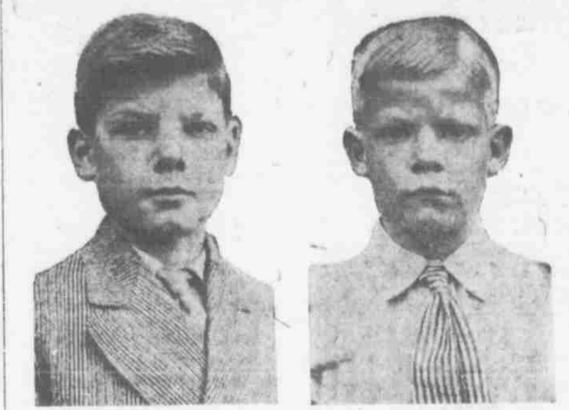
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The Bee's Junior Birthday Book

This is the Day We Celebrate



FRANK DEWEY, 432 North Thirty-ninth Street. HARRY DEWEY, 432 North Thirty-ninth Street.

Name and Address.	School.	Year.
Florence M. Anderson, Sixty-second and Center Sts.	High	1896
Nelle E. Anderson, 2429 Pacific St.	Mason	1897
Robert Applegate, 2212 Ogden St.	Miller Park	1905
Alva Barker, 1703 Castellar St.	Castellar	1900
Arthur Beach, 1916 California St.	Central	1899
Harold Bowly, The Merriam	Farnam	1902
George C. Beachler, 3331 Fowler Ave.	Monmouth Park	1901
Lottie Cohen, 1116 North Eighteenth St.	Cass	1899
Edwin Carson, 2322 Miami St.	High	1892
Frank Dewey, 4322 North Thirty-ninth St.	Central Park	1904
Frank Dewey, 4322 North Thirty-ninth St.	Central Park	1900
Clarence Falconbury, 2612 Franklin St.	High	1895
Ione Fogg, 502 North Twentieth St.	High	1895
Leander Ferragute, 417 Poppleton Ave.	Train	1904
Ethel M. Foyle, 1818 North Eighteenth St.	High	1895
Katherine Gould, 1919 Binney St.	High	1895
Harry Johnson, 3115 Miami St.	Howard Kennedy	1901
Luludell Kern, 2855 Ohio St.	High	1895
Arthur Klauschie, 409 Hickory St.	Train	1899
Edmund Jay Ledyard, 3914 North Eighteenth St.	High	1893
Minnie Langer, 1929 South Twenty-first St.	Castellar	1898
Stewart Landberg, 324 Hickory St.	Lincoln	1896
Mildred Murphy, 1837 North Nineteenth St.	Kellom	1896
Ella Miller, 2322 North Thirtieth St.	Howard Kennedy	1898
John C. McBride, 2228 South Eleventh St.	St. Patrick	1898
Harry Madsen, 4518 North Fifteenth St.	Sherman	1904
Joseph Morrissey, 408 Pierce St.	Pacific	1900
Isabel Miller, 428 North Twenty-fourth St.	Saunders	1896
Vesta Melvin, 2743 Crown Point Ave.	Miller Park	1900
Gertrude Nielsen, 2907 Martha St.	Castellar	1896
Mary S. O'Donnell, 1505 Corby St.	Sacred Heart	1903
Arthur Peterson, 3429 Patrick Ave.	Franklin	1898
Walter P. Quinn, 2952 South Twenty-ninth Ave.	Windsor	1899
John H. Robb, 2743 Crown Point Ave.	Miller Park	1900
Harry H. Singer, 2022 California St.	High	1893
Lily Smith, 1030 South Fortieth St.	Beala	1899
Ingr Stace, 1913 Douglas St.	Central	1899
Hilda Shannon, 3323 Seward St.	High	1894
Eugene E. Simmons, 3009 Haskell St.	Windsor	1897
Walter Sieberg, 1930 South Twentieth St.	Castellar	1904
Rood Smith, 4216 Douglas St.	Saunders	1902
Antonio Thomas, 2710 South Twentieth St.	St. Patrick	1898
Floyd H. Taylor, 5218 North Thirty-eighth St.	Central Park	1902
Willie Vomacka, 1031 Dominion St.	Forest	1905
Lara E. Wilbourn, Thirty-first St. and Ames Ave.	Monmouth Park	1904

Loveless Homes as Seen by a Governess

An ex-governess, writing in the New York World, passes severe strictures on a certain species of society woman. She says: "Family skeletons cannot be hidden from a governess. She is not merely in the home but of it. Provided that she is blessed with the maternal instinct and a sympathetic nature, she is often closer to the children of the household than are the parents. She sees parents as they really are, through the eyes of their children, and she hears the family skeletons rattle, as the children hear them.

After twenty years' experience as a governess, commanding a good salary and living among both the moderately rich and the inordinately rich, I can honestly say that money and ambition are building strange barriers between American parents and American children. Blood may be thicker than water, but it cannot defy the laws of propinquity and temperament, environment and personal influence. In thousands of American homes today children are not what their parents make them, but what their teachers, governesses—yes, and servants—make them.

In certain fashionable homes the father is more like a visitor than a member of the family circle. His wife belongs not to her children, but to the world. If she is to hold her own in the social game, she must be always in it. When her children are awakening to their nursery and school life she is just returning from a dance or a ball. When her children are preparing for bed she is absorbed in dressing for dinner, the play or the cotillon.

Where the family wealth is not so great the mother must work all the harder to achieve social success. She rises early tiny Jessie, pricking up her ears. "No, dear, Mr. Graston failed in business." "Oh, head failure!" cried the clever child.

Boy Father to the Man

Little George offended a genial visitor and brought confusion dire upon the adult members of the family in the most innocent of manners.

"Come here, sonnie," said the visitor, who loved youngsters, "and I'll tell you a story."

Daily Health Hint

Dry hot applications at the painful points often do much to relieve neuralgic pains. Salt or bran heated and placed in a bag, which should also be heated, is a convenient method of application.

Tippler's Favor Beer

The official figures for the consumption of alcoholic beverages in this country show that the per capita consumption of spirits fell from 2.52 gallons in 1880 to 1.37 gallons in 1909.

Since the drinking of spirits is almost entirely confined to whisky, rum, gin and brandy, it is apparent that the consumption of the liquors which contain the largest proportion of alcohol has been reduced about half.

If the figures for the closing decades of the nineteenth and the early decades of the twentieth centuries were available, says the Independent, they would show that there was even more "hard drinking" at this early period.

The consumption of wine has more than doubled from 1880 to 1909, increasing from .29 to .70 gallons. A large part of this increase is due to the consumption of native wines.

When the per capita consumption of beer and ale is considered, the greatest change is apparent. This has increased from 1.36 gallons in 1880 to 3.87 gallons in 1909. To what extent this change is due to the German immigration, which first came to this country in large numbers about 1848, is, of course, problematical.

Many of the wine drinking races, like the Italians, after a brief residence in this country become consumers of beer.

Although there has been a great increase in the total consumption of intoxicants during the period from 1880 to 1909, there has been a change from those drinks containing a high percentage of alcohol to those containing a low percentage—and this is the one cause for encouragement.

Mamma's Monologue

"Now it's time for you to start for school, Reggie, darling. Good-bye. No, don't kiss me! How many times must I tell you that kissing is unsanitary!"

"Oh, child, how could you put the dog? Now we must sterilize your hands all over again and steam them. There! Now here are your antiseptic gloves. Get your hands into them quickly."

"Here's your individual car strap, Percy. Be careful not to touch any other. And here are your two tubes of germitide and a vaporizer; gargle every even hour from the bottle, and sniff this one every odd hour."

"Here's your doctor's certificate in its antiseptic case. Show it to the teacher if he insists on cutting out your tonsils again, and tell him I'm sure your adenoids have not grown again since your operation last week."

"Now run along, dearie. Don't breathe when the wind is blowing or any dust flying or any people passing. Don't breathe at all if you can help it."—Carolyn Wells in Judge.

Three Reasons. "I want a pass." "Pass? You're not entitled to a pass. You are not an employe. Sorry."

"No, but here the anti-pass law says free transportation can be granted to necessary caretakers of live stock, poultry and fruit." Well, I'm going on this trip with an aunt that's a peach—there's your fruit; and a nephew that's a mule—there's your live stock. Gimme a pass.—Erie

Juvenile Jolts

The little girl from the city had been questioning the old farmer, touching on many things about the place.

"And now," she said in conclusion, "I'd like to ask you just one thing more."

"Fire away," said the farmer, good naturedly.

"What I wanted to know," said the untiring little questioner, "is when you have finished milking the cow, how do you turn it off?"

Mrs. Philip Snowden, the English suffragette, began at a dinner in New York her reply to a toast on "Marriage" with the words:

"I once asked a little girl if she knew what leisure was."

"Yes," she replied, "leisure is the place where married people repent."—New York Tribune.

Loretta's Looking Glass—Holds it Up to "Right Man" Question



My Dear Loretta, You think there is a "right man" for each girl? You seem to think of so many things that interest girls that he ought to come up for consideration. Every girl thinks about him. And he interests women, too, especially if they have married the wrong one. Poetry and ancient history are full of loves of right men and girls. And I know some girls who absolutely believe that there is just one "right man" for each girl. I should love to have you answer this question.

Those ancient loverses you refer to mostly died young. The ones who lived long enough to afford any practical data never seemed to get beyond the experimental point. Cleopatra tried out a number of men. She may, in each instance, have believed she had found the "right one." Romantic history which fictionists have not embellished takes the ground that she was peeping over his shoulder, using him as a prop, while she planned further investigation to see if his imperial master was not the real right man.

But I know women who have had three husbands and found happiness with all. They could each be the right one. Unless—this is just a suggestion—women change their tastes in men periodically as they do their skins. It's a bit disconcerting to think that the man you marry tomorrow, believing him to be the "right one," may be the wrong one in five or six years. But it has happened. Some times the period of rightness is even shorter. We will not mention our friends; but there was Josephine. She thought Napoleon was the right man when she married him. She could not have thought it later when he pinched her cheeks to hurt, not in fun—and poked her, when she knelt in prayer, not to speak of other omittable proofs of his unfitness.

Do you know, I do not believe there is an answer to this question. It is like "How old is Ann?" But it is interesting.

She Cried "Most Beautifully"

"I never knew until today," said Mrs. Empeon, "what a lot of suffering there is in the world."

There, and hope and death. I want to see the place again." Mrs. Empeon wiped her eyes. "It was pitiful," she said. "Of course, I showed her the room. She sat down on the edge of the bed and sobbed and cried as if her heart would break. I never felt so sorry for anybody in my life. I couldn't stand it to witness such grief. I went out and shut the door and left her there to fight it out alone."

"What brought it home to you?" asked Willie Empeon. "A woman, I never saw anybody in such awful distress. Poor soul, I can't think of her even now without crying myself."

"Poor woman," he said. "I guess we don't know half what is going on in the world. How long did she stay?" "About fifteen minutes. I only saw her a moment when she came out. She had to hurry to catch a train. She just stopped to thank me and to say goodbye."

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Stoggs Kept Boring In

Stoggs is a very sociable man. He likes to talk with any person with whom he happens to be traveling. He made a trip up the Little Miami railroad the other day, and found a seat alongside of a solemn looking man who kept his gaze out of the window. Stoggs tried to catch his eye so as to open a conversation with him, but he didn't succeed.

Stoggs waited until the stranger had quaffed a pretty liberal quaff, when he remarked: "New York is a dull place at this time of year, anyhow. Maybe you're sticking for Philadelphia to see whether the old town's changed any since the exposition."