

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT

Alekhthander Fell Asleep

By Tad

Copyright, 1911, National News Association.



Indecency of Women Who Smoke in Public

By Rev. Charles H. Parkhurst.

Women are allowed to smoke publicly in the restaurants of the Ritz-Carlton hotel. This is offered as one of the hotel's attractions.

Inasmuch as what is known as the American lady does not smoke either in public or in private this offer, made by Mr. Goulet, may be regarded as the bait which he throws to the fast set.

There is a class of females who without being quite prepared to be indecent, enjoy coming as near to it as they can without an utter sacrifice of reputation.

They are willing enough to go farther and are held back only by a lingering regard for the speech of people. They want a hotel conducted under such conditions that they can feel at home in it and be able to carry themselves in a more or less delicate way without feeling that they are out of place.

There are so many youngish women of that sort, at present that a hotel graded to that kind of taste must prove rather popular. If run on that principle it will sustain the same relation to its patrons that a dive goes to those who have carried their enjoyment of doubtful proprieties to a considerably lower level.

Both classes of institution are, however, alike in this respect—that they appeal to what American womanhood regards as not nice. Once that idea becomes associated with a hotel, and once

it is understood that it is managed with a distinct reference to women who are careless about the recognized proprieties, then, of course, such women as are particular not to have their names compromised by association with localities of shadowy character will give it a wide berth.

That is a point which, it is to be presumed, any man of business sagacity would take into serious account unless he has deliberately decided that his only aim is to make money, and that more money can be made by not being too particular as to the class he caters to.

It is not exactly to be wondered at that a hotel bidding for that sort of patronage should be established at such a time and place as this. It is one of the exceedingly sad features of our day that there are so many of our sisters who are living carelessly, who, although coming from homes that are true to the old, strict principles of American life, are becoming sporty, carrying themselves in a fashion that is a little abandoned, taking evident pleasure and pride in doing what, until recently, they have considered to be compromising—dressing in a fashion that sets observers wondering.

A gentleman who is sensitive to matters of feminine delicacy remarked to me a little time ago: "It used to be possible to distinguish the demi-monde from the rest of women, but now the two classes, many of them, dress and act so much alike that it is not always easy to tell who is who."

It is no matter of surprise that that indeterminate kind of creature, too fine to frequent a hostelry that is notoriously coarse, but not quite fine enough to seek one that is conspicuously choice, should find herself congenially at home in one that elegantly relaxes the restraints such as are demanded by all ladies who have not been touched by the taint of social degeneracy.

The Manicure Lady

"I wish I could win a king," said the Manicure Lady. "Bookmakers propose to me every day, but I have never even saw a king."

"Kings don't get you nothing," said the Head Barber. "The most one of them will ever do for you is to propose one of them Morgan marriages, and you're lucky if you get that much consideration. Why don't you wish you could meet the right kind of a handsome American?"

"I was thinking of this Gaby girl," said the Manicure Lady. "Goodness knows, George, it is pretty soft for her. Here she is in the land of the free and the home of the brave, getting \$5,000 per week, not because she is worth it, as an artist, but because a minor league king made puppy love to her. They must have had a grand time together, then two. The poor little king getting a terrible nick in his bankroll every time he called, and the smooth little siren getting colder and colder as the swift months flew by. And now, George, as I was saying, here is this Gaby drawing down as much money for one week as three college professors get in a season."

"Wilfred was saying up to the 'bous' right that he was thinking of writ-

ing a monologue for her with a few love poems for her to recite. Wilfred is always thinking of something that he is going to do, but he comes across so seldom that he is all the time out of luck money. Last night he wrote three odes and then touched me for breakfast money. The only kind of ode my poor brother can write the right way is o-w-e-d.

He was telling the old gent about this new monologue that he wants to write for Gaby, and he even had the nerve to recite one of the love poems to the old gent, mother and I. The poor boy don't know that the old gent had been to one of them Brown October Ale parties the night before, and he didn't know the old gent was as bilious as a brown bear. This is the way he starts out reciting his love poem: "My name is Gaby, Gaby of the Lillies. My father was a cabman, it is said; I love to meet a lady of a brown hair. And turn, from time to time, a foalish head. Ah, Manuel, I love thee with a fervor known only to a girl who loves a king. When I was broke you were my life preserver. To thee I cling, Thou Easy Thing!"

"Well, George, when the old gent had listened that far he gave a snort and out

Sherlocko the Monk

By Gus Mager

Copyright, 1911, National News Association.

THE EPISODE OF THE CONVERTED BATHTUB



of the room he goes, headed straight for the library. Once he gets out there, seated near the sideboard he loves so well, he gets kind of mellow in a few minutes, and back he comes for more punishment. Wilfred has been waiting for him all this time, waiting because he knows that a few poultices will make the old gent stand for anything from Burns to blank verse, and then he recites this second love poem: "Manuel, thou art grand, my brave boy king! Do suppose you can support yo' self? If you can buy me one more priceless ring, You'll be the dearest kid in Portugal! My Manuel, true love is like a sea That beats forever on a sounding shore. Don't fret, sweet, to leave a check for me; If I'm not there, leave it beneath the door. 'The old gent didn't stand for no more, did he?' asked the Head Barber. 'I'll bet he ran.' " "Hired, George," said the Manicure Lady. He was sound asleep."

The Time to Run

By WINIFERD BLACK

"I have been working for one firm for five years, and this year they tell us that we are to have no vacations. I cannot get through without at least two weeks' rest, and I cannot afford to pay for that. I hate to leave the old firm, but what would you do?"

What's the matter with the firm? Is it hard to get out? If it is, stick to it—do a year without your vacation, or pay for it yourself, and you'll get it back the minute the business is afloat again.

You see the head of the firm come down late in the morning smoking a fine cigar, and you meet his wife in the street in a brand new frock and see his daughter at the theater in a gorgeous frock—none of these things really count. They may be just a part of the bluff he's trying to make—the bluff that's good to the firm when it needs going to save him and his credit and your salary, too. If the firm has been good to you when it was prosperous, be good to it when it is in shallow water and struggling for you—as long as you can.

If the no vacation idea is just the fad of some stingy manager or other, why, you might as well leave right now as any time and get done with it. This is only the beginning. The man who cuts his employees' vacations just for fun this year will cut his employees' salaries just for luck next year. That's the kind of man he is—and, besides, he's playing a losing game and you'll stand to lose with him.

No one ever made a big success in a small way, and they are not going to be-

slim now. A firm that has made its way by the help of local, faithful employees won't go very far when it turns those same employees into a disgruntled, surly, ill-conditioned lot, all taking up the time they should spend on their work looking around for a new job.

If you are competent, industrious and conscientious you'll find plenty of room for you somewhere else.

Take your two weeks' vacation—on your own time and on your own money, and spend one-half of it looking for work with some one who will appreciate you and show that they do not with flattery, not with condescending kindness, but with good, honest return for good, honest work.

That's my advice to you, little Miss Anxious. You must be rather competent or you wouldn't be with the people so long; or, whisper, maybe they are just playing this no-vacation trick to get rid of you. Well, then, this is your time to leave. If this excuse doesn't do it, something else will, and, above all things, when you do get a new job and you leave your old one, leave it without one spark of bitterness in your heart.

Business is business. The firm you work for doesn't have to like you if they don't want to—and it is no crime to get rid of an old employee, any more than it is a crime for an employee to look for a new position when the old one doesn't suit any longer.

Don't run about talking about the old "boss"—nobody cares a whisper about him but his own family and himself. Don't worry about what he'll do without you—he's as tickled to get rid of you as you are to get rid of him. Remember what happened to Cinderella when she didn't run home when the clock struck, and when you see the minute hand and the hour hand exciting too close together, run—and run with a tight heart and a good conscience.

This is a big world, and there's lots to do in it—too much to do for you to stay with people who do not know enough to appreciate fidelity and ability. One, two, three—there, it's time to run.

The Passing of New York

By PERCY SHAW.

(Horse cars have been discontinued on the old Dry Dock line.—News Item.)

It used to be in our palmy days that visitors loved our quaint old ways; the farmer came with his Chinook new to spend an exciting month or two; to go to opera, see the sight, mix with crowds, enjoy the lights; but most of all from near and far men traveled to look on our famed horse car.

The financier on his way abroad To add a tone to his sudden board; The country teacher who knew that we were gayer by far than gay France— These answered the pull of that magnet star, Unique in the land—our famed horse car.

Accustomed to trolleys the compass wide, The country folks had a local pride; They ploughed by steam and they cut their grain

With an automatic motor train: Marvels soon pass as we all know From speeding we long for something slow. And 'twas in New York, where all things are, That tourists gazed on the famed horse car.

In our farthest towns the children grew With promise of wondrous sights to view; The highest towers, the richest bay, The Avenue and the Great White Way; Conspires of masonry, mighty ships; World treasures of art and subway trips. But best of all, where all things are, That curious thing—our famed horse car.

'Twas nineteen 'leven the world will say, Along in October or moving day, This renowned relic sighed its last, And sank to sleep with a musty past. The town woke up when the news was known, Rubbed its eyes and had to be shown. Tears filled the city, where all things are, They were tears of joy for the famed horse car.

Desperate Desmond

Claude Eclair Laughs at Danger. Once Again He Wins Out

Copyright, 1911, National News Association.

By Hershfield



Claude Eclair, helpless inside the huge steel shell, is about to drop into the vat of molten metal. It is a terrible and for the hero of so many gallant adventures, especially as he will have to die without any one to cheer him on. It is harder to be a hero when there is no gallery than when a large crowd of friends is in the bleachers.

Note how skillfully the artist brings in the second picture at this point. You are left entirely in the air as to what is happening to Claude. The suspense is trying. But we have to look at Rosamond here. The villain, Desmond Pasha, has forced her to don roller skates and keep skating round the battlements so that the chivalrous Italians won't fire.

Another transition! Shall we never know what has become of Claude? Here we see the wily proprietor of a Turkish bath establishment getting some free heat. Just as some of our big business concerns in New York get free water from the city. It is pretty handy to have a smelting furnace close to your Turkish baths, is it not?

Plop! Claude in the huge shell has landed in the vat. But the proprietor of the Turkish baths has stolen all the heat and the shell is unaffected. Claude quietly drills his way out and begins to plan a surprise for that arch-villain, Desmond Pasha, who is even more cruel than the cruel Turks themselves can ever be.

It was a surprise for Desmond. Claude, having passed into the fort as a Turk, forces the villain to crawl through a cannon and drop into the water below. Rosamond bravely jumps from the battlements, for she and Claude realize that in the Italian fleet lies their sole hope of safety for themselves and retribution for Desmond.

"I'm the boy!" cries Desperate Desmond, "but I'd sooner be Hictaner, the man who could live in the water!" Claude is carrying the villain toward the Italian ships, and Rosamond, who learned to swim when a child—as everybody should—easily keeps alongside them. Watch for startling developments.