



# The Bee's Home Magazine Page



## SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT

## You Might as Well Kill a Dog as Give Him a Bad Name

By Tad



## Married Life the Second Year

Moving Day, With All Its Worry, Confusion and Numerous Discomforts.

By MABEL HERBERT LERNER.

"Oh, wait! wait!" Helen clasped her hands excitedly. "You'll hit the chandelier!"

The heavy bookcase on the shoulders of the two men just grazed one of the glass globes.

"Oh, do be careful here," as she ran forward to hold the door open wider. "It's so narrow."

"Hold on there, Steve! Let down your end! Here, you can't get it off that way! Turn it back a bit! That's it! Easy now!"

After some maneuvering they got it out in the hall. Then it was too wide to go inside and knocked a bit of veneer off the front.

"Now, Delia," as she hurried back to the sitting room, where Delia was lying up some handboxes, "the all those sofa pillows together."

"What'll I tie them with? There ain't no cord left."

Then put them in that sheet—the one we left out for the curtains."

The men had come now. One of them stood wiping the perspiration from his face on his sleeve, while he looked around.

"Well, take this next," as he rolled out Warren's big desk.

"Better look these drawers," trying one and finding it open.

"Oh, I couldn't find the key. Can't it go that way?" anxiously.

"All right, ma'am. We'll tie a rope around it. Here, Steve, bring up a piece of that rope down there."

While they tied up the drawers Helen ran back into the kitchen to help Delia pack the last odds and ends from the pantry into the big clothes hamper.

"Just throw that away," as Delia held up a dusty package of cereal. "What's been here for months. What's this?" opening a paper bag. "Raisins! They're all dried up—throw them away, too. And that old bread board down there—give that to the janitor with those other things."

"Here the door bell rang.

"Never mind, Delia, you go on with this. I'll answer it."

It was the paper man with his bill.

"Two dollars and forty-eight cents. All right—just a moment," as she went for her purse.

Hardly had the paper man gone before the milk man came with his bill.

"But we stopped that extra quart last week," demurred Helen. "Here you've charged it for the full month."

"I don't know nothing about the bills, ma'am. Them's made out at the office."

"Oh, I'll pay it. I haven't time to argue it now."

"I'm sorry, miss," as he took out his stub of a pencil and put the bill up against the wall to scrawl "Paid" and his initials upon it. "You can phone to the office. Maybe they'll take it off. But you see I can't."

"Never mind, it's only a few cents. Oh, well, wait!" as she turned to see one of the men carrying out her tea table. "I wanted to tell you about that—those legs are so delicate. You must put it in the wagon where nothing will come up against it."

"Yes, miss, I'll see to that," as he disappeared in the hall.

"Now, ma'am, you must stop and have a bite of luncheon," urged Delia. "It's half past two."

"I'd forgotten about luncheon. Perhaps you'd better go over to the delicatessen and get up some sandwiches. There's a bottle of milk here, isn't there?"

When Delia brought her a sandwich on a paper and a glass of milk in a cracked glass they had left out to throw away, Helen sank down on a box for a moment's rest.

"Oh, Delia, see if you can't get the janitor to shake that rug up on the roof. Tell him we couldn't let him take it up yesterday because the box of books was on it. And Delia," calling her back.

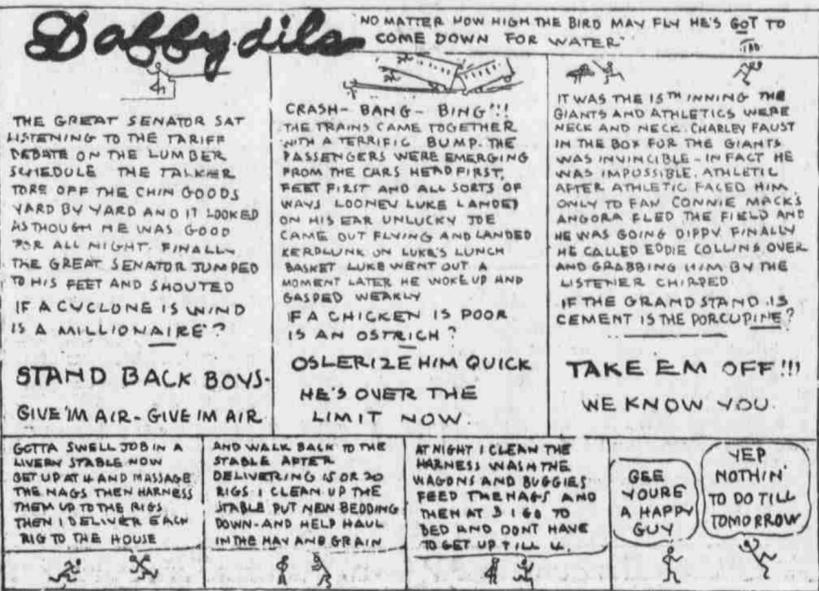
"Yes, ma'am."

"Take that couch cover and have him shake that, too. Oh, have you hurt your hand?" as one of the men who had started to lift a box put it down and examined his finger. "Oh, you've cut it! It's bleeding."

"That's nothing, Miss," wiping it on a

## Officer, He's In Again!

By Tad



## Theater Goers, Read This

By DOROTHY DIX.

A few days ago I tried to call the attention of men to the inconvenience that they put women to in the theater by forcing women to get up twice after each act, in order to let them pass in and out.

I represented to men that when a woman goes to the theater it is a gala occasion with her, in which she attires herself in her best frock, which is usually made of some perishable material that is ruined by a man dragging over it. Also that a woman, having taken off her hat in order to add to the comfort and pleasure of the men in the audience is so encumbered with her belongings that she finds it extremely inconvenient to get up after having once settled herself in her seat. She has her wrap, her hat, her hatpins, her handkerchief, her fan, her opera glasses, her bag all to take care of, and when she has to get up to let a man pass she is forced to clutch all of these multitudinous articles and hold them up above her head as she flutters herself against her seat, as the man pushes past.

It would be bad enough for a woman to be put to the trouble of doing all of this once during a play, but every woman who goes to the theater has to do it from four to twenty times of an evening, because not only is some man in the row she sits in sure to go out after every act, but there are probably half a dozen different men that decide to go at different times.

I called attention to this because I felt having once settled herself in her seat, she would not want to realize how selfish they were, nor to what real suffering they put women by going out after every act. I was confident that a real gentleman, if he had his thoughts diverted to the matter would secure an end seat if he had St. Vitus dance or some nervous trouble that prevented him remaining quiet for a couple of hours, or that he would drink enough before the play began to sustain him through it, or take such other measures as would prevent him from making a nuisance of himself to everybody to his vicinity in the theater.

It appears, however, that I was mistaken in this view, and that my mild and sensible suggestions have stirred up a perfect hornet's nest of protest from the masculine theatergoing contingent. I have been snowed under with letters from men who say that they will go out just as much as they please between acts, and that if women don't like it they can stay away from the theaters themselves, or go to the matinees.

Some of the men call attention to women's sines in public places, and one man says, "I think for women to come to the theaters drenched in perfume that nauseates every one about them is just as bad as for men to go out between the acts." Another man writes: "What annoys me is the coming in late of the 'codfish aristocracy,' who make it a point never to come to the theater until after the curtain is up. Then they stroll down the aisle to their places. Every-

## Did You Ever Know It to Fail?



## Ballad of Tips

By JAMES RAVENSCROFT.

Tips of the good old Summer time, That went in the same old ways, Handed out in the reckless prime Of the dear vacation days.

They'd come in mighty handy now, Those shakels I dilly spent; They'd help to solve the problem how To settle for grub and rent.

Tips that the pullman porter got, And I didn't dare refuse; Tips raked in by the clever lot Of the grating diner crews.

Tips that I simply had to give To that resort hotel; Freely, too, for a chance to live With the other one-month swells.

Tips for the ones who held my grip And toted it now and then; For moving my trunks around a tip, And tips for the taxi men.

Tips for brushing my clothes and hat, And for bellhop and for maid; A tip to this one and to that, And the whole hold-up brigade.

Tips of the good old Summer-wow! For the hard-earned coin I spent! The thought gives me a wrinkled brow And an aching discontent.

There Was No Flies on Him. So much so, in fact, that he gave an annual prize to the hostler who excelled. On one occasion he was about to hand the prize to Jones, when suddenly his eagle eye noted a cobweb in an out-of-the-way corner.

well-being of his horses and their dwelling places.

Jones saw it at the same moment. For an instant he thought his chance had disappeared into the nethermost never. Then he smiled.

"Beg pardon, sir," he said, "don't touch that there cobweb, sir. I keep it there, sir, because them dratted flies do worry the 'cesses something cruel."

## A Fight that is Never Won

By FRANCES L. GARSIDE.

Thoughts, a dark suspicion crossed her brain that something was lacking. She thought and thought, and at last she remembered.

The pose. The book had given the pose for perfect relaxation, and she couldn't remember if her feet were to be higher than her head, if she were to lie on her face, or if she were to cross her fingers. There was only one thing to do; she must find the book. And this explains why she turned the house upside down, and was still looking at three, still turning things upside down at four, and still rummaging at five, and why Lyander John found a cold stove and a warm wife when he came home for dinner at six. It also explains why the Appleton home is always upset, and why Mrs. Appleton is not any younger. She hasn't yet found the book.

"I find," said Mrs. Appleton, who is an honest woman, "that when I get on my rough, powder, link sausage puffs and an expression of tranquility, I look as young as 35, but when I run to fires in the night without any previous preparation I look at least 60. I have also found that the only part of these beauty directions of which a man approves are the Beautiful Thoughts. They do not cost a dollar a bottle."