



# The Bee's Home Magazine Page



## SLK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT

And the Judge He Kept Right On

By Tad

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## Married Life the Second Year

The Box of Candy Was Not Warren's Gift, but the Elevator Boy's Mistake.

By MABEL HERBERT UERNER.

With eager fingers Helen cut the string and tore off the wrappings from a large box of candy.

How dear of him! He had not forgotten after all!

A layer of crystallized fruit was on top. She lifted out the pasteboard tray and underneath was an attractive assortment of chocolates. Oh, it was dear of him! And what a big box—surely five pounds! It must have been at least four dollars—this candy was never less than eighty cents!

Oh, he shouldn't have spent so much! But Warren did nothing half way. If he gave her anything—it was always something worth while. And to-day was the second anniversary of their engagement.

She had determined not to remind him, and when he left that morning without the slightest reference to it she had gone about her work with a heavy heart. Try as she would, she could not keep back the sickening sense of disappointment. That he could ever forget this day! It was just two years ago he had taken her in his arms with a murmured, "We'll always celebrate this day. It will be a day apart from every other because of this!"

And he had not forgotten! This was his remembrance. It was like him not to speak of it in advance. He never talked of things—he only did them. And now, as was her nature when given the least chance, she began to dwell on and exaggerate his every virtue and to minimize all his faults. Did not this show he thought of many things that she believed he had forgotten? Perhaps very often in the same way his thoughts were full of love and tenderness of which he gave no sign. Perhaps all she had felt was indifference, was only a lack of demonstration!

Her heart went out to him in a wave of tenderness. Oh, she would try to understand better after this, she would try not to be hurt at his seeming coldness, but to remember that deep in heart he did love her—only she must not expect him to show it, that was not his nature.

She started up—she would phone him! She could not wait until he came home—she must tell him now that the box had come and how happy she was, and that she felt it had helped to make her understand him better than ever before. Joyously she ran to the telephone—

"Hello! I'd like to speak to Mr. Curtis." "Oh, then will you ask him to call up Mrs. Curtis as soon as he comes in?" She had hardly hung up the receiver when the door bell rang. It was the elevator boy with a very worried look on his usually stolid face.

"I'm sorry, ma'am, but that package the other boy brought up a while ago—that don't belong to you. That's for Miss Cuttings."

"Miss Cuttings?" Helen gasped. "Why, that was addressed to me." "No, ma'am, it weren't. It might have been wrote badly, but it belongs to Miss Cuttings. She gets a box like that every few days. The other boy brought it up—and he's new—he didn't know."

Helen's cheeks were crimson as she went over to the waste basket and took out the wrapping paper that had come around the box. The address was hardly more than a penciled scrawl.

"But it's Mrs. W. Curtis—don't you see?" handing it to the boy. "No, ma'am, it's 'Miss M. Cuttings'—that's her name."

With a sick weight at her heart Helen realized the boy was right. Now that she looked at it closely—it was "Miss M. Cuttings."

"But I've opened the box—I've eaten some of the candy. What shall I do?" "Just have to say it was opened by mistake, I reckon."

Helen brought out the box. "Oh, there ain't much gone," the boy's voice expressed relief. "Just spread it out a bit and tie it up and she'll never know nothin'."

"Oh, but she'll know by the ribbon and broken seal—you'll have to tell her." The boy looked sullenly obstinate.

"Then I'll have to take it up to her and tell her myself—I ought to anyway." "Just have to say it was opened by mistake, I reckon."

"Yes, ma'am, you should," agreed the boy, anxious to shift the blame. Helen rewrapped the box in the paper and followed the boy to the elevator. "What floor is Miss Cuttings on?" "Eighth floor, front, ma'am."

When she rang the bell at the door of the eighth floor front she was not at all embarrassed or self-conscious as she would have been had not the weight of her own disappointment dulled her to any other feeling.

The door was opened by an attractive young woman in a dainty house gown. "I am Mrs. Curtis from the fifth floor. They brought me this package of yours—it is addressed so carelessly that it looked very much like 'Curtis' and I opened it—I'm very sorry."

Miss Cuttings laughed pleasantly. "You need not be. I got one of your letters the other day and just noticed in time or I would have had it open. Won't you come in? If we're to get each other's letters and packages we ought to be a little acquainted."

"But you didn't let me finish," said Helen as she entered. "You see it's candy, and I had taken some out before I knew."

"And you will take some more now," laughed Miss Cuttings opening the box. "Please do," as Helen drew back.

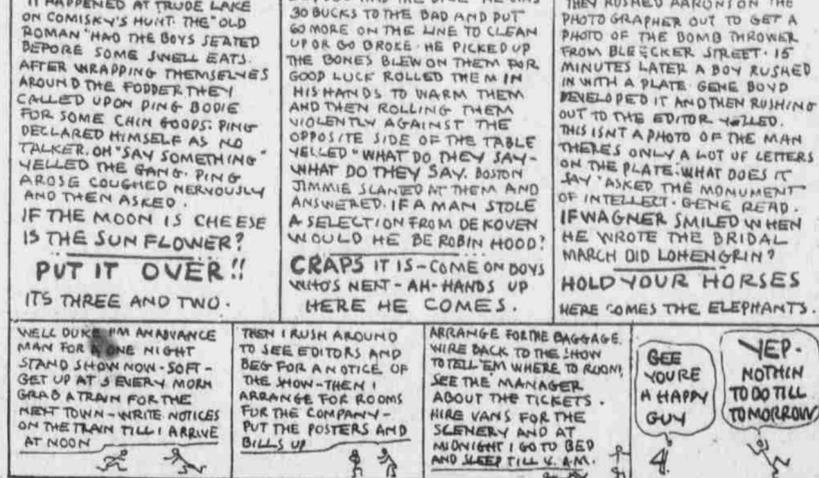
Miss Cuttings was very charming, and had it not been for the disappointment that tugged so heavily at her heart, Helen would have been almost glad of the mistake.

And she seemed so radiantly happy. There was something about her that made one feel her joyous interest in life. It had been a long time since Helen had met anyone who seemed to radiate happiness as she did.

"I'm glad you came up," she smiled. "I can never get used to New York custom of not knowing one's next door neighbor. I'm from the south, you know, and I've never been able to suppress my social instinct. You can imagine how hard it has been to live here two years without knowing a soul in the building! Oh, I've been so fearfully lonely! But I'm not going to be any longer, with a happy laugh. "I'm to be married next month."

## Daffydub

OPPORTUNITY KNOCKS ONCE AT EVERY MAN'S GATE BUT SHE NEVER PICKS THE LOCK.



IT HAPPENED AT TRUDE LAKE ON COMISKY'S HUNT: THE OLD ROMAN HAD THE BOYS SEATED BEFORE SOME SWELL EATS. AFTER WRAPPING THEMSELVES AROUND THE FODDER THEY CALLED UPON PING BOOIE FOR SOME CHIN GOODES: PING DECLARED HIMSELF AS NO TALKER ON "SAY SOMETHING" YELLED THE GANG: PING AROSE COUGHED NERVOUSLY AND THEN ASKED: "IF THE MOON IS CHEESE IS THE SUN FLOWER? PUT IT OVER!! ITS THREE AND TWO."

WELL DUKE I'M AN ADVANCE MAN FOR A ONE NIGHT STAND SHOW NOW—SOFT—GET UP AT 5 BENEY MORN GRAB A TRAIN FOR THE NEXT TOWN—WRITE NOTICES ON THE TRAIN TILL I ARRIVE AT NOON.

THEN I RUSH AROUND TO SEE EDITORS AND BEG FOR A NOTICE OF THE SHOW—THEN I ARRANGE TOE ROOMS FOR THE COMPANY—PUT THE POSTERS AND BILLS UP.

ARRANGE FOR THE BAGGAGE. WIRE BACK TO THE SHOW TELL 'EM WHERE TO ROOM, SEE THE MANAGER ABOUT THE TICKETS. HIRE VANS FOR THE SCENERY AND AT MIDNIGHT I GO TO BED AND SLEEP TILL 4 A.M.

SEE YOU'RE A HAPPY GUY.

YEP—NOTHIN TO DO TILL TOMORROW.

THE LITTLE WOMAN WITH the laundry blue and gangrenous green flowers on her hat sat scurried up into a Wilton rug design got on the car carrying a dog. It was one of those aristocratic, foolish-looking dogs that couldn't overtake a Welsh rabbit.

"Get a permit for that dawg?" asked the conductor when he came around for the woman's fare. "Haven't!" Then "well, I'll not get off the car," retorted the woman.

"You can't stay on here with that dog unless you've got a dog permit," insisted the conductor.

The woman got up, dog under one arm, as if to get off. But as she rose she repeated: "I'll not get off. So there!" Still, she walked to the rear platform as if in contradiction of her own assertion. The conductor was ready to signal the motorman to stop.

But the woman had declared she wasn't going to get off and she intended to keep her word. She poised the dog carefully in her palms, tossed him off into the street, at the same time bidding him "Go home!"

Then she went back into the car and dropped languidly into her seat with a bored tilt to her face.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

TANIES POPULAR. A long, straight tunic reaching almost to the bottom of the skirt is a fashionable development of both the one piece dress and the suit skirt. One of the most popular cuts of the autumn is the slashed skirt, already firmly established in Paris. Most of the models show the slash extending only slightly above the three-inch hem. If a longer slash is used it extends to the knee in director's fashion and is filled in with a pleated drop of silk in a contrasting shade.

## The Working Girl and Her Mother

By DOROTHY DIX.

Here is a true story that turns a searchlight upon one of the unaccountably cruel and unjust situations of life:

A woman's husband died, leaving her with a boy and girl baby and no means of support. By the most heroic efforts the mother managed to rear these children. As soon as the girl was able she went to work to help her mother. The mother expected, even demanded, it of her, but she spoiled and indulged the boy so that he grew up to be idle, shiftless and worthless.

The mother is not able to work any more now, and the girl supports the family, the husky brother included. She is a delicate little creature, prematurely aged by long years of grueling office work, but she sticks to her post like a martyr. Silent and submissive, she hands her pay envelope over to her mother every week without even so much as a peep at the contents. She denies herself everything possible, even necessary dental work, while the mother supplies the son with money for cigarettes and base ball and beer that the girl has earned.

It seems impossible that such a condition as this could exist, or that any mother could ever be so prejudiced in favor of a bad son that she would be willing to sacrifice a good daughter to him, yet such cases occur every day. I know one similar to that cited above, in which, when a frail girl rebelled at having to support a big drunken loafer of a brother, the mother turned upon her fiercely and reproached her for being so hard-hearted and stingy as not to be willing to feed her poor brother. The best and most dutiful daughter on earth has to take a back seat in a mother's affections when the prodigal son comes along.

Biologists tell us that there is a perfectly good reason why mothers love their sons better than they do their daughters, and why a mother has a tenderness and sympathy for even a worthless son that she doesn't feel for an angel daughter. It's the way mothers are built, and they can't help themselves, poor things.

Anyway, we do not have to be biologists to perceive that this is the way the world is run. It is always the cakes and ale for my sons, while the crusts are good enough for my daughters, so far as the mother is concerned.

This partiality of mothers for their sons is common to all ranks of society, but nowhere else is it so plainly exhibited as in the unjust attitude which poor mothers exhibit toward their children who work.

In almost every case in which a girl is a bread-winner her mother requires her to turn over to her her entire earnings, and the mother then gives back to the girl what she considers proper for her to have. The rest of the girl's earnings go toward the family support.

But does a mother treat her son this way? Not once in a thousand times. If he is a good, conscientious lad he pays his mother a reasonable board, and keeps the balance of his money for his own enjoyment. And mother goes about among her acquaintances boasting of what a perfectly lovely son she has got because he gives her a little money. But she never dreams of confiscating his pay envelope as she does her daughter's.

Many households are entirely supported by the labor of the daughters of the family. The sons are lazy and dissipated, but in such cases you never hear

of a mother who is fair enough and just enough to shut the door in the idle loafers' faces, and tell them that she will not permit them to live upon the labor of their sisters. On the contrary, the mother thinks that it is nothing more than right that the girls should provide for their brothers.

Observe, also, the difference in the demands which a mother makes upon her sons and daughters. When Tom comes home from his day's work, mother has his dinner all ready for him, and a comfortable chair for him, and after he has eaten he is perfectly free to sit and smoke and read, or put on his hat and go out to find some amusements. Mother wouldn't think of asking that poor, dear, tired boy to do a great lot of chores that she had saved for him.

But when Mary comes home, exhausted with her day's work, mother expects her to get busy and help with the dinner, and after dinner to do the dishes, and assist her with the family sewing, and lend a hand in a dozen tasks that have been laid aside for her. If Mary were to sit down and leave mother to do the dishes alone, as Tom does, or if Mary were to put on her hat and go out to enjoy herself, mother would consider herself the most ill-used woman in the world, and Mary the most ungrateful daughter.

Yet Mary is far more tired from her day's work than Tom is from his. She needs rest and change and diversion a hundred times more than he does. Only mother never considers Mary, and she always does Tom.

Also a mother will take everything she has, her food, her clothes, her lodging from her daughter without a word of thanks or appreciation, but she will prostrate herself with gratitude before a son if he gives her a pair of gloves at Christmas. This is because she considers it her duty for a girl to sacrifice herself for her family, but that a man's family should not be a burden on him.

Why this is I do not attempt to explain. It is merely a fact, and I call attention to it in the hope that the mothers of working girls may perceive how unjust they are to their daughters and treat them with a little more consideration.

The girl who earns money has just as much right to it as any boy has to his pay envelope, and if she pays her way at home she is entitled just as much to be the star boarder as her brother. More than that the working girl's strength, being less, should be more conserved than a boy's, and her mother should not expect her to do the work of a man outside of her home and the work of a woman in it. Many a girl breaks down because of the added work her mother lays upon her shoulders.

## It Was Only a Dream

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## By Winsor McCay



NOW, YOU SEE HE'S KICKING THE BALL! IF IT GOES TO THE GOAL HIS SIDE—

OH! IT IS BOUNCING BACK! SEE THE MAN GRAB IT—

SEE HOW HE HANGS TO IT WHILE IT IS FLYING THROUGH—

THE AIR BACK TO THE OTHER GOAL NOW, YOU—

SEE A MAN ON THE OTHER SIDE TRIES TO GRAB IT—

BUT IT BOUNDS BACK AGAIN TO THE OTHER GOAL!

AS THE BALL GOES FROM ONE GOAL TO ANOTHER IT—

GATHERS PLAYERS' FLING THROUGH THE AIR—

OH! OH! WHAT A DREAM! EVER SINCE I SAW THAT FOOT-BALL GAME I SEEM TO DREAM ABOUT IT!

WINSOR MCCAY