



The Bee's Home Magazine Page



SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT

The Judge's Health Improves

By Tad

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HAW-HAW-HAW POOR RUMHAUSER IS CRAZY-NEAR CRAZY LIKE A FOX-THERE WAS A PIECE IN THE PAPER TO DAY SAYING THAT I WAS SICK HA-HA-I'LL HAVE FANNIE AND ALL THE CHICKENS UP HERE NURSING ME NOW-I GOT THE PHONY MEDICINE BOTTLE OUT TOO-

HI-HO-SEE I'VE BEEN SITTING HERE FOUR HOURS ALREADY AND NOT A ONE OF THEM SHOWED UP YET- WELL, SOME WASTK BUILT IN A DAY- SO I'LL JUST STICK AROUND AWHILE H-I H-O

WHOA-BILL-I THOUGHT I HEARD FOOTSTEPS IN THE HALL-I DID-BUT GOSH HANG IT THEY'RE SON UPSTAIRS- YEP I'M RIGHT-I THOUGHT THAT WAS FANNIE SURE-

WHAT'S THAT?-- THERE'S AN AUTO HORN NOW- IT MUST BE THE GALS COMIN UP TO READ ME THE STORIES AND CHEER ME UP- YEP- GEE I'LL HAVE TO TAKE A SLANT AT THEM FROM THE WINDOW



How to Raise Your Salary

By DOROTHY DIX.

I have received a letter from a young girl, who says: "I am a stenographer getting a moderate salary and would like to increase my income in some way. If I could take up some study at night, which would not cost very much, I would be glad to do so. Can you advise me what I had better study so that I may be able to earn more money?"



Yes, indeed, little girl, I can advise you about a study to take up at night that will enable you to earn more money. And it is the study of stenography. If you are getting a moderate salary for your work in an office you may be very sure that the reason of it is that you are not worth better pay. The law of demand and supply is inexorable, and if you do not receive the highest price for your services it is simply and solely because you don't deliver the high-priced class of goods.

Quit thinking of yourself as a poor down-trodden, unappreciated working woman, and your employer as a grinding tyrant and a growling, growling cur. Just try to get on the outside of yourself, and take a good, long, dispassionate look at your own work and see if you don't think yourself that it is pretty indifferent, sloppy hit-or-miss work.

All that any stenographer needs to do to increase her earning capacity is to do her work better. The market is glutted with ignorant, incompetent stenographers who can neither write nor spell, who work with one eye on the clock and their minds full of vaudeville shows and beaux. They are cheap because they do cheap work, but the world is full of rushed business men who are simply aching to pay high salaries to the kind of stenographers that can be relied upon to do quick, accurate work.

Ain't You Never Been No Place? By Tad

AS PADDY THE CABMAN SAYS IT'S A WISE WOMAN THAT KNOWS HALF OF WHAT SHE'D LIKE TO KNOW ABOUT HER NEIGHBORS.

Daffydils

IT WAS A RIOT BEHIND THE SCENES AT THE OPERA HOUSE. THE WOPERS WERE DISCUSSING THE LOVE AFFAIRS OF THE STARS AND 12 OF THEM WERE SAYING DIFFERENT THINGS ALL AT THE SAME TIME. FINALLY THE STAGE MANAGER RUSHIN' IN WITH A MEGAPHONE BARKED:

IF CARUSO IS A 'BEEG 'BEEG IS TREN TINI?

IF MIGHT IS POWER IS CAPABILITY?

HORACE!!!

LEAVE THAT WOMAN BE! TOMKINS HAS BETRAYED US.

HELLO DAVE I GOTTA JOB IN A TAILORS NOW- I RUSH AROUND TO THE DIFFERENT SHOPS IN THE MORNING AND GET THE CLOTHES.

THEN I SIT DOWN CUT THEM OUT AND FIT THEM UP- TRY THEM ON THE CUSTOMERS, MAKE ALTERATIONS, HUNT FOR BUTTONS THAT WILL FIT THE BUTTON HOLES.

SWEEP UP, OIL THE MACHINES AND COVER THEM UP AND AT NIGHT I GO AROUND TRYING TO DRUM UP TRADE- I'M ALWAYS IN BED BY 3 A.M. O' NOSH

O! SUCH A LUCKY GUYS

YEP NOTHIN' TO DO TILL TOMORROW

Did you ever stop to think why one cook gets \$3 a week and another cook gets \$10.00 a year? It's because of the difference in the quality of their cooking. One can't boil water without scorching it, or make a biscuit that isn't a deadly weapon, and the other can take a tough piece of beef, and a potato and an onion and a carrot, and make a dish that is fit for a king. One cook has never taken the trouble to learn her trade, and the other has mastered every detail of it.

Bucking the Game

By MILES OVERHOLT.

"If I could only buy a cow and save the cost of cream, and shoot the noisy milkman off, 'twould be a happy dream." That's what I told myself one day. I said: "Why, can't you see, we'd have fresh milk and butter, too, and when from microbes free? We'd have our home-made buttermilk without a cent of cost,



Except a trifling sum for feed, and that would not be lost." I said that over to myself until I made a vow To save my cash till I'd enough to buy a gentle cow. And so one day I found a man who offered one for sale; She had a pale blue gleaming eye; she had no horns or tail. He charged me ninety plunks for her, and swore I had a snap; But when I tried to milk the brute she sat down in my lap. And then I gave the neighbor's boy a quarter every day To coax a pint of milk from her. I bought a ton of hay. Besides I fed her bran and straw and built a cold-proof shed, I bought some other luxuries and saw that she was fed. Why dwell upon the piteous tale? When six months after that I figured on the cost of cream and whey and butter-fat, I found each pint of so-called milk had cost a dollar-ten In feed and cow and shed and hay and clothes and work and mess. And so in anger and in pain I killed the cow one day And sold her to the butcher for whatever he would pay.



And then I bought her back again, in little bits, of course; The second time I paid for her at prices then in force. I found that dead cows cost a lot, much more than when alive. Like murderers and skunks and things. I never more will strive To beat the cost-of-living thing; I think I've had enough; I lack the nerve—and foolishness—to try to call it bluff.

The Way of a Maid

By FRANCIS L. GARSIDE.

The conversation had drifted around to marriage proposals, or perhaps it would be more truthful to say it had been steered around to that subject, for married women delight in recalling the number of dukes and earls and millionaires they might have had, "if I hadn't married your poor father, child," and unmarried women like to coyly linger around a subject that gives them opportunity to imply a popularity perhaps they never had.

How to Keep Young and Pretty

By GABY DESLVS.

You have a proverb in your language which I do not believe is true at all. It is about "beauty unadorned." Now how can anyone say that it is less beautiful to be perfectly coiffed than disheveled or that one's complexion is better because one does not take care of it or one's nose is more fascinating for want of a wee dab of powder? As to one's hands, I can improve your proverb at once. They are adorned the most when they get the best and most constant care and some adornment in the way of rings and bracelets, both of which I adore and which set off the play of gesture which we French women use to emphasize our words.



EYEBROW CULTIVATION IS AN AID TO BEAUTY. WHEN MY HANDS ARE CLEAN I SHAPE THE CUTICLE AROUND THE NAILS. finger tips and palms of the hands. This has to be done very artistically or it shows, but it is very pretty and effective when well done and makes the hands look so young. Another bit of adornment which helps to make a beauty is in the cultivation of the eyebrows. You can train your eyebrows into almost any shape you like by taking the tweezers to pull out hairs that detract; the right line and using a little brush rubbed over wet soap to accentuate the curve you want to have. If you arch the eyebrows very high over the eye it makes the eye look larger. There are many different kinds of eyebrow darkeners which are good, but it looks very unnatural to have one's eyebrows quite a different color from the hair, and I think it is better to stay as close to nature as you can while making good use of all our modern improvements in the line of adornment.

An Appeal to Door Mats

By FRANCIS L. GARSIDE.

To what great heights of moral courage, indignation and revolution a meek married man will arise when he is all alone in the house, is known to its fullest extent by Lyzander John Appleton, and it was on one of these occasions that a bright idea came into his head. "Since nobody is anybody unless he organizes a society of some kind," he said, pounding on the table to bring his pillow cushion ladies to order, "I will organize a Family Door Mat club, and invite all who are the family door mats to join." The possibilities, the wide scope, the almost national need of such an organization for a woman almost overwhelmed him, and he paused to gain control of his emotions by blowing his nose. "Is there a door mat member in your family?" he asked, in a voice he tried to make thunder, but from which all the thunder had been removed by thirty years of matrimony. "If there is, let him come in. The title mark of our organization will be a woman, the formal emblem any faded flower, and when we meet in annual banquet we will have our heads in meekness over humble pie. "All the down-trodden, the suppressed, the smothered and the smothered-out; all who feel like most of the time, and who go through life with apologetic tread; all who crouch behind their hands and are afraid to come in the house will find at these meetings renewed courage, a ramrod for their backs and straight-front corset for their souls." The possibility that in some families the door mat member might be Mother, instead of Father, suddenly appealed to him, and caused him to look with uncertainty at his pillow cushion ladies. "I can't conceive it," he said, "but if there are any women door mats, we brave men will not regard their sex as a bar. Mothers who are door mats for princess daughters will find opportunity at our meetings to express opinions without being apoplexed, and married men who haven't had their jokes laughed at since courtship days, will get palls of laughter from us." There was a noise at the door; Mrs. Appleton was returning home. "I will draw up by-laws and find a retreat where he can gather at our next meeting," he said, his voice dying away in the faintest of whispers.